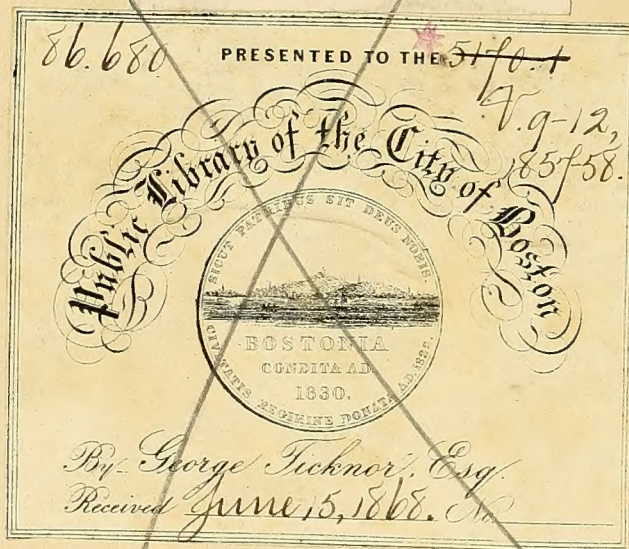
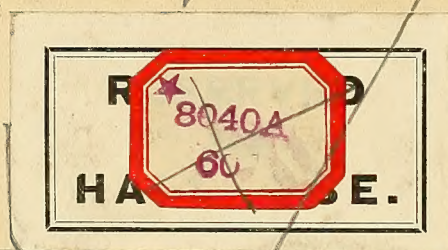


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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudevant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Before reaching that part of my life which forms the subject of my story, I must relate in a few words who I am.

I am the son of a poor Italian tenor singer and a beautiful French lady. My father's name was Tealdo Soavi; I shall not name my mother, as I was never owned by her, which did not prevent her from being always kind and generous to me. I shall only say that I was brought up in the family of the Marchioness of — at Turin and at Paris, under a false name.

The marchioness admired artists, without loving Art. She understood nothing about it; a waltz by Strauss or a fugue of Bach's pleased her alike. In painting she had a weakness for green and golden draperies, and could not endure a badly framed picture. Gay and charming, she danced at forty like a sylph, and smoked cigarettes with a grace which I have only seen in her. She had no remorse at having yielded to the temptations of her youth, and although she made no secret of it, would have thought it in bad taste to proclaim it. She had by her husband a son, whom I never called my brother, but who has always been to me a kind comrade and a pleasant friend.

I was brought up as it pleased God; money was not spared upon me. The marchioness was rich, and although she took no interest in my abilities nor in my progress, she considered it a

duty to refuse me no means of development. If she had really been only my distant relation and my benefactress, as she seemed to be, I should have been the happiest and most grateful of orphans; but the servants had too much part in my early education to let me remain long ignorant of the secret of my birth. As soon as I left their hands I strove to forget the grief and terror which their indiscretion had caused me. My mother allowed me to see the world by her side, and I perceived from the levity of her character, and from the little care that she gave her other son, that I had no reason to complain. So I treasured no bitterness against her, as I never could have done fairly; but there was in the depths of my soul, early and forever, a shade of melancholy, united to a great deal of patience, outward forbearance, and deep resolution.

At times I felt a strong desire to love and embrace my mother. She granted me a smile in passing, a caress by stealth. She consulted me in the choice of her jewels and her horses; she congratulated me upon having *taste*, praised my instincts of *savoir-vivre*, and never scolded me in my life; neither did she ever understand my need of sympathy with her. The only motherly words which escaped her were in asking me one day, when she observed my sadness, if I was jealous of her son, or if I did not think myself as well treated as the *heir of the house*. Now, except the empty pleasure of a name, and the false pleasure of a position in the world fitted only for idleness, my brother really was no better off than I. I understood, once for all, at rather a tender age, that any feeling of envy or spite would be mean and ungrateful on my part. I perceived that my mother loved me as much as she was capable of loving, more, perhaps, than she loved my brother; for I was the child of her love, and my face pleased her more than the image of her husband in his heir.

I strove then to please her by applying myself more closely than he to the lessons, for which she paid with the same liberality and the same *insouciance* for both. She noticed one day that I had profited by them, and that I was capable of getting along through the world. "And my son," said she, with a smile, "he is in great danger of being ignorant and lazy, is he not?" Then she added, naively: "See how fortunate it is that these children should have each understood their position." She kissed my forehead, and all was said. My brother thought it no reproach to him. Thanks to her delicate instincts, without suspecting it, she had destroyed in us all leaven of emulation, and it is easy to be seen, that between a legitimate and an illegitimate son emulation might easily be changed into hatred and jealousy.

I worked then on my own account, and I could devote myself, without anxiety or morbid self-love, to the pleasure which I naturally found in knowledge. Surrounded by artists and people of the world, my choice was also naturally made. I felt myself an artist, and had been badly treated by those who were not. I might have pressed forward in my career with a morose and haughty eagerness. But there was none of that. All my mother's friends encouraged me with their good wishes; and feeling in no ways hurt, I entered into the path which seemed to be mine with the calmness and serenity of a soul that freely takes possession of its high estate. I gave all my faculties to the study of painting, without restlessness, irritation, or impatience. Not until I was twenty-five did I feel that my powers had reached the first degree of development, and it would then have been too late to regret any waverings.

My mother was no longer living. She had forgotten me in her will, but she died in dictating for me a very graceful note, congratulating me upon my first successes, and in signing a check to her banker for the payment of my brother's first debts. She had done as much for me as for him, since she had put us both in the way to become men. I reached the goal first; I only relied upon my courage and my intelligence. My brother relied upon his fortune and his manners; and I would not have exchanged my fate for his.

For the past few years I had rarely seen my mother. I wrote to her but seldom. It pained me to call her, as she desired, "my kind protectress." Her letters gave me a sad delight, for they only contained questions of essential detail and offers of money corresponding to my work. "It seems to me," wrote she, "that it is some time since you have asked anything of me, and I implore you not to get into debt, for my purse is always at your disposal. Treat me in such matters as your true friend."

No doubt all this was kind and generous, but it wounded me every time more and more. She had not noticed that for several years I had cost her nothing, without getting into debt. When I lost her, I regretted most the hope I had eagerly cherished, that she might love me some day. I wept at the thought that I might have loved her passionately if she had wished it. In short, I mourned that I could not more truly mourn for my mother.

What I have now related has no connection with the episode of my life which I am about to retrace. There is no bond between my early youth and the adventures which follow. So I might have dispensed with this explanation; but it seemed necessary to me. A narrator is a pas-

sive being, who tires when he does not relate all the facts which concern his own peculiar character. I have always detested stories in which the *I* predominates, and if I do not relate mine in the third person, it is because I feel myself capable of rendering an account of myself, and of being, if not the principal hero, at least an active sharer in the events whose remembrance I here recall.

I give this little drama the name of a place where my life was revealed and unfolded. My own name, or rather that which was given me at my birth, was Adorno Salentini. I do not know why I was not called Soavi like my father. That might not have been his real name. One thing is certain—he died before I was born. My mother, frightened and surprised, had hidden from him the result of their liaison, that she might break it off the more thoroughly.

From such causes as these, feeling myself twice an orphan, I became used to relying solely upon myself. I cultivated habits of discretion and reserve, in consideration of those instincts of courage and pride which I carefully cherished within.

Two years after the death of my mother, when I was twenty-seven years old, I was already free and independent according to my ideas, for I earned a little money, and my wants were few. I had reached a certain reputation without the annoyance of too many patrons, a certain excellence without dreading or courting the opinion of any, and the inward satisfaction of a sure progress, and the distinct vision of my artistic future. I felt growing within me all I then wanted, and I awaited its fulfilment with a secret joy which sustained me, and a calm behavior which prevented me from having any enemies. No one had foreseen in me a fearful rival; and as for me, I was troubled by no fatal competition. No professional glory made me fear. I smiled to myself in seeing men, more uneasy and impatient than myself, become dazzled by any slight success. Quiet and easy in my life, I could see in myself a strength of patience of which I knew those more violent natures, carried away around me like leaves by the stormy wind, wholly incapable. Hence I offered to the eye of Him who sees all, that which I hid from the dim and dangerous glance of mankind: the contrast of a peaceful temper, a lively imagination and a firm will.

At twenty-seven I had never loved, and certainly it was for no lack of love in my blood and in my head, but my heart was still my own. I knew it so well that I blushed at a favor as if it was a weakness, and I almost reproached myself for what others would have considered good fortune. Why did my heart refuse to share the intoxication of my youth? I cannot tell. There is no man who can so explain himself as not to be at times a mystery to himself. Neither can I explain my inward coldness except by inference. Perhaps my desires bore too strongly towards my art. Perhaps I was too proud to give up myself before I was understood. Perhaps indeed—and it seems to me that in my distant memories I can recall such a feeling—perhaps I had in mind an ideal woman whom I did not yet consider myself worthy of possessing, and for whom I wished to keep myself pure from all stain.

But my day drew near. As the expression of my life became easier to me in painting, the out-

burst of my concealed power was preparing within me with an increasing restlessness. At Vienna, during a severe winter, I became acquainted with the Duchess de ———, a noble Italian, beautiful as an antique cameo, a dazzling woman of the world, and *dilettante* in every kind of art. She chanced to see a picture of mine, and understood it better than the others who surrounded it. She spoke of me in terms which flattered my vanity. I saw that she placed me higher than did the public, and that she exerted herself for my fame for the sake of Art, without knowing the artist. I was flattered by it; gratitude began to melt my pride. I sought an introduction, and was received even better than I had expected. My face and manner of speaking seemed to please her, and she told me almost at our first meeting, that the man in me was superior to the painter. I felt myself more impressed by her grace, her elegance, and her beauty, than I had ever before been by any other woman.

One thing only troubled me: a certain indolent manner, measured phrases of approval, and certain forms of sympathy and encouragement, reminded me of the mild, generous and thoughtless woman whose child and protégé I had been. At times I tried to persuade myself that it was one reason more for my attachment to her; but again I trembled lest I might find under such a charming exterior a woman of the world, that frivolous and cold being, skilled in trifles, out of her sphere in serious things, generous in her acts, without being it intentionally, delighting in the happiness of others when it does not endanger her own.

I loved, doubted, and suffered. She had not a decided reputation for austerity, although her failings had never excited scandal. I had every hope of inspiring her with a caprice. That did not intoxicate me; I was not child enough to be flattered by a caprice; I was enough of a man to aspire to be the object of a passion. I burned with a secret fire too long suppressed to hide from myself that I was almost the prey of a violent passion; but when I almost yielded, I trembled at the thought of giving so much for so little—perhaps nothing. I was afraid, not exactly of being one more victim—what of that, when the evil is sweet and deep?—but for fear of wasting my soul, my moral strength, my artist future, in a struggle full of error and anguish. I was afraid of not being enough deceived never to dread the return of my fast-escaping penetration.

One night we went to the theatre together. I had not seen her for several days. She had been ill, or at least her door had not been open to me, and her features were slightly changed. She had given me a place in her box, to be present with her and another friend, a sort of convenient nobody, at the *début* of a young opera singer.

During the real or feigned illness of the duchess, I had worked with great ardor and a sort of feverish spite. I had not left my atelier and had seen no one, so that I was not in the way of hearing the gossip of the town.

"Who is to make his *début* to-night?" I asked her just before the overture.

"Is it possible that you do not know?" she asked, with a fond smile, which seemed to thank me for my indifference to anything not belonging to her.

Then she continued, with an air of indifference:

"It is a very young man, from whom much is hoped. He boasts a name celebrated on the stage; that of Celio Floriani."

"Any relation," asked I, "of the famous Lucrezia Floriani, who died two or three years ago?"

"Her own son," replied the duchess; "a youth of twenty-four, beautiful and intelligent as his mother."

I thought this praise too strong; jealousy was rising within me. I thought the duchess too hasty in praising youthful talent, without remembering how grateful I should have been to her on my own account.

"Do you know him?" I asked her, with as much outward calm as I felt inward emotion.

"Yes, slightly," she replied, unfolding her fan; "I have heard him twice since his arrival."

I made no further remark, but changed our conversation, to see if I could not get out of her, unsuspected, the acknowledgment which I dreaded. After five minutes' seemingly aimless talk, I learned that the duchess had heard young Celio Floriani twice in her own salon, while the door had been closed upon me, for he had been in Vienna but five days.

I concealed my anger, but it was guessed at, and the duchess smoothed it over as well as she could. I was not yet sufficiently intimate with her to claim an explanation. But she made a tolerably sufficient one, and my bitterness gave way to gratitude. She had known the great Floriani intimately, and had first seen her son with her. He came, as a matter of course, to pay his respects to her upon his arrival, and, although ill and confined to her room, she consented to receive and hear him, thinking it her duty to grant him her aid and patronage. He had sung to her before her physician and at his advice. "I do not know whether I was weary of being alone," she added, languidly, "or whether my nerves were unstrung by my diet; but I am sure that he pleased me, and I hoped for a great deal at his *début*. He has a superb voice, fine execution, and a charming person; but what will he be on the stage? It is so different to hear a virtuoso in private. I dread for the poor child the terrible ordeal of the public. The name he bears is a heavy burden for him; much will be expected; *noblesse oblige*."

"It is cruel, madame," said the Marquis R., who was seated behind us. "The public is stupid; they ought to know that the children of geniuses are always inferior. It is a law of nature."

"I am happy in believing you mistaken, or rather in thinking that nature is not always so foolish," replied the duchess with a quizzical look. "Your daughter is a charming and sensible person." Then, as if she sought to waken the disagreeable effect which such a hasty repartée might have had upon me, she whispered behind her fan:

"I chose the marquis for my cavalier to-night because he is the stupidest of all my friends."

I knew also that the marquis invariably went to sleep when the curtain rose; and I felt pleased and full of good wishes for the young debutante.

"What sort of a voice has he?" I asked.

"Who? the marquis?" asked she, smiling.

"No, your protégé."

"*Primo basso cantante*; he ventures in a difficult rôle to-night. Hush! they are beginning;

he comes on the stage. Only look ! Poor child ! how he must tremble !”

She waved her fan. A slight applause greeted the entrance of Celio. She joined in it so eagerly with the faint noise of her little hands, that her fan fell. “Come,” said she, as I picked it up, “applaud the name of Floriani ; it is a great and honored name in Italy, and we Italians must sustain it, for she was one of our greatest glories.”

“I heard her in my childhood,” answered I. “Why, you must have known her after she left the stage, for you are too young——”

There was then no time to find out by round-about talk whether the duchess had seen the Floriani once or twenty times in her life. I learned later that she had never seen her except from her box, and that Celio was simply introduced to her by the Count Albani. I learned other things too—but Celio began his recitative, and the duchess coughed too much to answer me. She had such a bad cold !

CHAPTER II.

THE GLOW-WORM.

At that time there was at the imperial theatre a cantatrice who would have impressed me had not the Duchess de —— victoriously filled all my thought. This singer was neither very beautiful, very young, nor of the first order of talent. Her name was Cecilia Boccaferri. She was thirty years old ; her features wore a slight shade of weariness ; she had a fine figure, distinction, and a voice rather sweet and sympathetic than powerful ; she filled quietly, without dispute on the part of the public, the place of a *seconda donna*.

Without dazzling me, she pleased me more in private than on the stage. I had met her sometimes at the house of a professor of singing, who was my friend and her former teacher, and also in a few drawing rooms, where she had sung with great stars. She was said to live discreetly, and to support her old father, an artist, lazy and irregular in his habits. She was a calm and modest person, who was everywhere received with respect, although in society no one troubled himself about her.

She entered with Celio, and although she never busied herself with the public when she sang her rôle, she turned her eyes towards the box where we were sitting. There was something that struck me in her hasty and stolen glance. It disposed me to be on my guard that night.

Celio Floriani was a youth of twenty-four or five, and of wonderful beauty. He was said to be the image of his mother, who was the most beautiful woman of her age. He was tall, without being too much so ; slender, but not lank. His unconstrained limbs were full of elegance, and his large, full chest showed great strength. His head was small as that of a beautiful antique statue ; his features pure and delicate, with a lively expression and marked color ; his eyes black and sparkling ; his hair thick and waved, and parted naturally upon his forehead according to the rules of the Italian art ; his nose was straight, his nostrils clear and dilated, his eyebrows distinct as the trace of a pencil, his mouth vermilion and finely chiselled, his moustache silky and surrounding his upper lip with a natural wave full of coquettish grace ; the contour of his cheek was faultless, his ear small, his neck free, round, white and strong, his hands and feet

well formed, his teeth dazzlingly white ; his smile was satirical, and his glance very bold. I looked at the duchess. I could observe her much better, as she did not mind me, so much was she absorbed by the entrance of the debutant.

Celio's voice was superb, and that he knew how to sing was evident from his first notes. His beauty could not injure him ; and yet when I looked from the duchess to the actor, he became insupportable. At first I thought it a jealous prejudice, and was ashamed of it. I applauded him and encouraged him with one of those low bravos which the actor hears so plainly upon the stage. Then I met the glance of Signora Boccaferri fastened upon the duchess and myself. This preoccupation was unlike her, for her carriage had always been remarkably grave and conscientious.

But it was in vain for me to assume indifference. On one hand I saw the duchess, disturbed by a strange trouble, an emotion which she could not hide, or which she did not even try to conceal ; on the other I saw the handsome Celio, in spite of his boldness and his resources, fast approaching one of those falls from which one so seldom rises, or at least towards such a fiasco as is followed by years of discouragement and powerlessness.

Really, this young man presented himself with a coolness which bordered upon insolence. It seemed as if he had written his great name upon his forehead, to be greeted and worshipped without examining his own individual merits. It seemed as if his beauty should make even men abashed. Nevertheless, he had talent and undisputed power ; he did not act badly, and he sang well ; but his soul was insolent, and that shone from every pore of his body. The manner in which he received the first applause displeased the public. In his bow and in his eyes this modest mental soliloquy was easily read : “Crowd of fools that you are, you will soon be obliged to applaud me more. I scorn the feeble tribute of your indulgence ; I claim tempests of admiration.”

During two acts he kept up this disdainful hauteur, and the uncertain public generously forgave his pride, wishing to see if he could justify it and if it was his lawful right or an impertinent presumption. I could not tell myself which it was, for I listened to him with bitter interest, since I could no longer doubt the infatuation of my companion for him. I told her so, bluntly enough, but without offending her, without diverting her ; she only awaited a moment of signal triumph for Celio, to tell me that I was a fool, and that she had never given me a thought. This moment of triumph upon which both counted was a duet with Boccaferri in the third act. That good creature seemed to enter into it with good grace, and to wish herself forgotten in the success of the debutant. Celio had saved his powers for that ; he reached the grand point, sure of carrying it.

But what passed between the public and himself so suddenly ? No one could explain it, while all felt it. There he stood like a magnetizer, striving to get power over his patient, discouraged by the slowness of the action. The public was like the patient, waif and doubtful, who only waited to confess or to deny the spell, to say : “He is a prophet or a charlatan.” And yet Celio did not sing badly ; his voice did not fail him. Perhaps he wished to increase the

effect by a trick that was too palpable ; was it a false gesture, a doubtful note, or a ridiculous attitude ? I cannot say. I saw the duchess ready to faint, while the sinister coldness spread over the audience, and a ghastly smile glimmered on every face. When the aria was finished, a few friends tried to applaud ; two or three distinct hisses, against which no one dared protest, made deep silence ; the fiasco was accomplished.

The duchess was pale as death, but it was only for a moment. Recovering her self-possession with wonderful tact, she turned towards me, smiling and braving my glance as if nothing had changed between us : “*Allons !* that singer needs three years more of study. The stage is a very different test from the private auditory, prepossessed in his favor. But I did believe he would get through it better. Poor Floriani ! how she would have suffered had she been living ! But what ails you, Salentini ? I should not think you were so much interested in the *début* as to be stunned by the failure.”

“I was not thinking of it, madame,” answered I ; “I was observing and listening to Mademoiselle Boccaferri, who has just sung a simple sentence wonderfully well.”

“Ah ! bah ! you are listening to Boccaferri, are you ? I don't honor her so much, and don't really know whether she sings well or badly.”

“I do not believe you, madame ; for you are too good a musician and too much of an artist, not to have observed that she sings like an angel.”

“Anything but that. But what do you mean, Salentini ? Are you really speaking of Boccaferri ? I must have misunderstood.”

“You have understood me perfectly, madame. Cecilia Boccaferri is an accomplished person and an artist of great merit. It is your doubt that surprises me.”

“Indeed ! you are facetious to-day,” answered the duchess, not at all disconcerted.

She was charmed at what she supposed was my malice ; she was far from believing me calm and entirely freed from her, or anywhere near it.

“No, madame,” answered I, “I am not joking. I have always admired those souls who respect themselves, and who keep whatever place the public assigns them, without envy, disgust, or foolish ambition. Signora Boccaferri is a person of such pure and modest talent, that she has no need of applause or garlands to keep her in the right path. Her voice lacks brilliancy, but her singing never lacks roundness. Her timbre, rather veiled, has a charm which strikes me. Many prima donnas now in fashion, have no more fullness nor freshness in their throats. There are enough who have none at all. Then they call artifice, which is falsehood, to their aid, instead of art. They make an artificial voice, a peculiar method, which consists in escaping the faulty parts of their register, to show off certain notes, screamed, shaken, sobbed, smothered ones, which they have at their disposal. This pretended learned and dramatic style is mere sleight of hand, an awkward juggling, an imposture which only deceives the ignorant ; but surely it is not singing—it is not music. What becomes of the composer's idea, the sense of the melody, the genius of the rôle, when, instead of a natural declamation, which is only true and pathetic when it has its changing shades of passion and of calm, of sadness and of rapture, the cantatrice, incapa-

ble of *saying* or *singing* anything, screams, sighs and shrieks through her part, from one end to another? Besides, what coloring, what expression, what sense can a song have written for the voice, when, instead of a human, living voice, the worn-out performer uses a shriek, a grating, a continual choking. One might as well sing Mozart with Punch's whistle between his lips; one might as well listen to the groans of epilepsy. It is art no longer—it is a positive reality."

"Bravo, sir painter!" said the duchess with a fond and cunning smile; "I did not know you were so learned and subtle in musical matters. Why is this the first time you have talked so well? I should always have been of your opinion, theoretically that is, for your application is bad. Poor Boccaferri has exactly one of those worn and used voices that can sing no more."

"And yet," said I, firmly, "she always does sing, and never does anything but sing; she never screams or sobs, and that is why the frivolous public never notice her. Do you believe her so unskilled as to be incapable of aiming at effect like everybody else, and of substituting artifice for art, if she should deign at any moment to lower her soul and her knowledge to that point? If to-morrow she should grow tired of being unnoticed, and should wish to act upon the nerves of her audience, she could eclipse her rivals, I am sure. Her voice, habitually veiled, is just one of those which would clear itself by a physical effort, and would vibrate powerfully when the possessor wishes to sacrifice pleasing to wonder, truth to effect."

"But then, agree with me, what remains to her if she has neither the courage nor the wish to produce effect by artifice, nor that health of organ which possesses a natural charm? She neither acts upon a mistaken imagination nor upon an accomplished ear, poor girl! She sings properly what is written for her; she never shocks, she never disturbs. She is a good musician, I must own, and useful in the ensemble; but alone she is nothing. Whether she enters or whether she goes out, the theatre is always empty when she glides through it with the morsels of her rôle and her little pearly phrases."

"I deny that, and for my part, I feel that she not only fills the theatre with her presence, but that she penetrates and enlivens the whole opera with her intelligence. I also deny that the absence of fulness in her voice takes away all charm; for it is not a weak voice; it is a delicate one, just as the beauty of Mademoiselle Boccaferri is not a faded, but a veiled beauty. That gentle beauty and sweet voice were never made for the gross tastes of the public; but the artist who understands them guesses at the truth which lies under that subdued expression, where the soul always reserves more than it promises, and never exhausts itself because it is not lavishly thrown away."

"O, a thousand times pardon, my dear Salentini," cried the duchess, laughing and stretching out her hand with a kind and merry air; "I did not know you were in love with the Boccaferri; if I had suspected it I should not have vexed you in speaking ill of her. Are you offended with me? Now, really, I did not know it."

I watched the duchess carefully. Had she been sincere in her kindness, I should have loved her again; but she could not bear my gaze, and the diabolic light gleamed stealthily from her eyes.

"Madame," said I, without kissing the hand I pressed so feebly, "you never need apologize for awkwardness, for I never was in love with Mademoiselle Boccaferri before to-night, and am beginning to understand her for the first time."

"And I have doubtless brought you to this discovery."

"No, madame, it was Celio Floriani."

The duchess shuddered, but I continued, calmly:

"It was in seeing how little conscience that youth had that I felt the value of it in painting and the other arts."

"Explain that to me," said the duchess, pretending to defend Celio. "I did not see that the handsome fellow lacked conscience; he lacked success; that was all."

"He missed everything that is most sacred," answered I, coldly; "he lacked love and respect for his art. He deserved to be punished by the public, although the public has rarely such instincts of justice and pride. Comfort yourself however, madame; his success only hung by a thread; and in proceeding always with boldness and self-satisfaction, an artist may be applauded, make dupes and find his victims; but I, who can see clearly and impartially through the matter, understand that the absence of charm and power in this young man is owing to his vanity, his desire for admiration, and the little love he felt for what he sang—to his lack of respect for the spirit and traditions of his part. I am sure that he has always been brought up with the idea that he could not fail, and that he had the gift of making an impression. Probably he is a spoiled child. He is pretty, bright and graceful. His mother, very likely, was his slave, and all his lady friends doubtless elate him with indulgence. That of praise is the most fatal of all. So he presents himself to the public, like a daring coquette, who dashes triumphantly by, spattering with mud the poor world from her high equipage. No one can deny that Celio is young, handsome and brilliant; but they have begun to hate him, because there is something coquettish in his manner. Yes, coquettish is the word. Do you know what a coquette is, madame la duchesse?"

"I have no idea, Signor Salentini, but you can tell me, doubtless."

"A coquette," answered I, undisturbed by her disdain, "a coquette is a woman who sells herself for vanity, as a courtesan for avarice. She assumes boldness to hide her own weakness; she pretends to despise all, that she may rid herself of the heavy weight of public scorn; she tries to crush the crowd, that others may forget how she bows and cringes in the dust to every one; she is a mixture of boldness and meanness, of rash bravado and secret terror. God forbid that I should apply this portrait to any of your friends! To Celio himself I do not apply it without great qualification. But I do say that almost every artist who labors for success without conscience and holy meditation, follows a little in the steps of the prostitute without knowing it. They affect to despise the good opinion of others, while they have labored all their lives to obtain it. They are angry at failing to triumph, because that triumph was their only aim. If they were in love with Art itself, they would be more calm, and would not trust their progress to a little praise or blame. Courtesans affect to despise the virtue which they envy. These artists of whom

I speak affect self-satisfaction because they are so ill-at ease. Celio Floriani is the son of a great and true artist. He would not follow the traditions of his mother, and he is cruelly punished for it. God grant that he may profit by this lesson, and not fall back, but put himself to the work without anger or disgust. Shall I go and find him, madame, and invite him to sup with us after the play? He needs consolation, and it would be generous in you to cheer him in his misfortune. We are at the finale. I have a pass to go behind the scenes, and I will go and bring him here."

"No," answered the duchess, "I did not intend to sup to-night, and if you wish to prolong your evening, come and take tea with me and the marquis, whose obstinate sleepiness will leave the field free for our talk, and it seems that we have much to say to each other—that is, on the subject of Celio Floriani; so he would be *de trop* as much for me as for you."

She accompanied these words by an expression full of languor and passion, and rose to take my arm, but I waived the honor in placing myself behind the marquis. This woman, who only petted youthful talent when it was successful, and could abandon it so easily when it failed in public, suddenly became hateful to me. She affected me like those ugly and stupid children who chase a glow-worm through the grass, seize it, fondle it, and admire it while the phosphor brightens it, and then crush it, when the touch of their rude hands has quenched its light. Sometimes they torture it to reanimate it, but it grows dimmer and dimmer. At last they kill it, for it gives no more light, it shines no longer, it is utterly worthless. "Poor Celio," thought I, "where is your phosphor? Crawl into the ground for fear of being crushed. But I certainly will not profit by the *tête-à-tête* prepared for your triumph. I have a little light left, and I had rather keep it."

"Very well," said the duchess, imperiously; "then you are not coming?"

"Pardon me, madame," answered I; "I am going to congratulate Mademoiselle Boccaferri in her box. She has not succeeded better to-night than at other times, and she will sing as well to-morrow. I like to pay the feeble tribute of my admiration to those unknown and unappreciated talents who respect themselves, and console their hearts for the indifference of the public by the sympathy of their friends, and the inward certainty of their powers. If I meet Celio Floriani I shall seek his acquaintance. May I use your name? We are both your protégés."

The duchess crushed her fan and left the box without answering me. I felt that her suffering wounded me; but it was the last thrill of my heart for her. I sprang forward into the passages which led to the stage, resolved really to pay my homage to Cecilia Boccaferri.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL VILLAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERSPERG.

There is, in Bohemia, a village to see,
Where each living thing a musician will be,
Like swallows reversed, in *spring time* flying,
In *autumn* you see them homeward hieing.

You think the nightingales all the world round
Must here, in one bush, together be found;
You think a thousand fountains gushing
In one melodious stream must be rushing.

Hark! with what rapture, in yonder inn,
An amateur twangs his violin!
The countries round are waiting to cheer it,
And you, lucky creature, already hear it!

But frightfully now, from a dwelling near,
The thumping kettle-drum stuns your ear,
As when, the miner's ear-drum smashing,
An avalanche down in the shaft comes crashing.

Hark! dulcet flute-tones, across the street,
Lull you to dreamy slumber sweet.
But here the trumpets, the whole air shaking,
Secure, with their din, your speedy waking.

Hark! voices of maidens! what lovely notes!
Your ear on a sea of harmony floats!
But alas! the bass-viol a neighbor pleases;
Your skiff, in the tempest, is shattered to pieces.

Hark! the wild bugle! magnificent sound!
The fragrant green-woods rustle around;
But yonder bagpipe's buzzing and humming
Warn you that bears to the woods are coming!

Here whispers the tender guitar the bliss
Of bowers of rose and the stolen kiss;
But a din of bassoons from yon house is sounding,
Like a gang of drunkards your sense confounding.

One practises on the clarionet,
Another his heart on the hautboy has set,
While down from the window comes harmony shattered,
Like a suicide's limbs on the pavement spattered.

Each single tone sounds pure and true,
And yet no concord will ever ensue,
As the chopped-up joints of snakes forever
Wind in and out, reuniting never.

And so it howls and whimpers and moans,
And screams and buzzes and mutters and groans,
As if the spirits of discord in choir
Were playing, with Satan to lead and inspire.

You fly to the door, a refuge to find,
And you feel that the birds are of just your mind,
The storks and swallows, who fled, on learning
That the crowd of musicians were homeward returning.

But when the snow is melted in spring,
Then forth from the village each living thing!
Man, woman and child, where fancy takes them,
North, South, East, West, or fortune directs them.

United now, as divided at home,
In couples, in trios, in bands they roam,
As the spirit of harmony garland-wise strings them,
And through the countries like flowers flings them.

All comes right in the village then,
The tribe of Larks make music again,
And back comes Lady Swallow flying,
And Master Stork is homeward hieing.

The players greet many a distant land,
Well-known and welcomed on every hand,
Find open ears and arms in all places,
And foaming tankards and smiling faces.

And now every bush has its nightingale,
And its waterfall every rocky vale;
In all the woodlands birds are singing,
Through all the valleys fountains are springing.

C. T. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 5, 1856.

CONCERTS.

COMPLIMENTARY TO—our Journal of Music!—The bantling has received a hearty God-speed upon entering its fifth year. On the very evening of the last publication day, which marked the completion of the first lustrum, or Olympiad rather, of its busy little life, we found it our first

pleasant duty (by way of prologue, as it were, to another round of musical reportership,) to attend a concert given to the child—our four-year-old-er, which has been on its feet and practising its parts of speech now long enough to answer for itself. Therefore please understand, dear reader, that it is the bantling itself that speaks, and that the parental editorial "we" is not after all entrapped into any personal self-reference.

The compliment proceeded in the first instance from the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, a society of amateurs, with which from its first formation on the basis of a little college musical club, about the time of our graduation, many of our pleasantest musical experiences and aims have been connected; a society of liberally educated men who have simply sought to elevate the character of music (in a land where it was but a pastime or a trade,) by bringing it somewhat into recognized relations with all serious and true gentlemanly culture, and by inducing possibly our Alma Mater to adopt and honor the divine vagabond and foundling; a Society which, claiming no place among the professors of the Art, (although it does not abandon the hope of counting among its other fruits some day a real live Professor of Music in the University at Cambridge,) has yet exerted not a little influence on the musical growth of this community: for instance, in founding the first musical library; in setting the first example of classical chamber concerts in this city; in initiating and placing beyond a peradventure the movement from which sprang our noble Boston Music Hall; and finally, in first welcoming into the world with its substantial sympathy this very Journal of Music, which it now cheers and encourages again, lest it should faint in the unceasing battle with the prosaic apathy, the open utilitarian hostility, the vulgar glittering counterfeits, the pretentious services of merely speculating and self-seeking allies, all conspiring to strangle the true life of Art in this so prosperous and rapidly expanding nation. Our Journal therefore has almost a filial tie with the Harvard Musical Association, and at the concert on Saturday evening we felt as if these first and best friends of the child had invited themselves there, with gifts in their hands, to celebrate its birth-day.

The compliment proceeded secondly, and equally, from the accomplished artists who so warmly testified their sense of social duty to an organ which with its humble means endeavors to uphold the true ideal of their Art, by furnishing the fine music of the occasion,—as well as from not a few besides of our best artists, vocal and instrumental, who cordially offered their services to the committee. With great regret these offers had to be declined, in deference to the indispensable unity and limitations of a chamber concert. The will is as good as the deed.—And thirdly, acknowledgments are due also to the large, intelligent and sympathizing audience assembled in the lecture room of the Music Hall that night, drawn, we are sure, as much by interest in the Journal which has been so long a familiar guest in their houses, as by the exquisite music which so well illustrated the artistic spirit which it is our common aspiration to possess and cultivate.

The concert itself was truly one of the most beautiful of the season, and gave general delight. All the selections were of the choicest. We never heard our friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB play more finely than they

did in the Allegro and Andante of that delightful Quartet in B flat (No. 3) by Mozart. The Allegro is the most joyful, childlike, genial thing imaginable, and sounded like the most delicate and sure harbinger of Spring, singing, "Why, now comes in the sweet 'o the year." It confirmed all in the best humor, which the Adagio (as — is wont to say) "carried up to ecstasy." The only regret was that we could not have the other movements. MR. KREISSMANN, who in point of true artistic style and feeling is unsurpassed by any singer that we have among us, and who is perhaps our best interpreter of the best types of German song, sang first from Mozart,—not from the *Così fan tutte*, as set down in the programme, but from the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, that beautiful song in which the lover is full of hope and longing on the point of again seeing his mistress. *Gieb, Liebe, mir nun Freuden, und bringe mich zum Ziel*, (Give me, O Love, the long promised joys, and bring me to the goal). On these last words, repeatedly, the voice lifts itself by semitones through long sustained high notes in a manner most expressive of the ardent yearning, and the singer, so far as his voice enabled, did it with the utmost skill and feeling. OTTO DRESEL played but once, but that was a piece and a performance not to be forgotten. With a quintet accompaniment of muted strings, fit mystical background for such delicately dreamy, spiritual confessions of the tone-poet, he played most exquisitely the Romance (Adagio) from the first Concerto of Chopin. He was applauded and recalled most vehemently, but simply bowed acknowledgments, and would not volunteer the little gems of solos which everybody hoped to hear, knowing too well the danger of expanding the first part of a programme till the mind becomes too full, too weary for the last. MRS. J. H. LONG's first selection was most admirable, that best perhaps of the "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini, the barcarole, *La Gita in Gondola*, with the exquisite accompaniment played by Mr. Dresel, and of which we have before spoken as reminding us of the freshness and richness of the music in the opening of "William Tell." For so difficult a piece it was sung remarkably well, but should be heard more than once to be quite appreciated by an audience.

Part II. opened with the Adagio ("God save the Emperor") and variations, from Haydn's 77th Quartet, finely played by the Quintette Club. Then came three of the fresh and original songs of the great song genius of our day, ROBERT FRANZ, admirably sung by Mr. Kreissmann, and accompanied (in these songs as delicate and as essential a matter as the singing) by Mr. Dresel. All three songs were extremely seasonable; all fresh and fragrant with the coming in of Spring: the first a "Welcome to the Woods;" the second, entitled *Im Frühling*, tells how the new songs come with the earth's awakening and bursting its icy chains; the third, *Frühlingsgedränge*, sings the glad wild impulses and sad mysterious longings which revisit the poetic soul when Spring returns. MRS. LONG surpassed herself in rendering the dear old gem of melody, *Porgi amor*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. The whole closed with the richest and grandest thing it would be possible to find in the whole category of instrumental chamber music, the B flat Trio of Beethoven, for piano, violin, and 'cello. MR. TRENKLE played the piano forte in a way that

called forth general enthusiasm, and the brothers FRIES came in for a full share of the applause. With Otto Dresel turning over the leaves for his younger brother pianist, the whole thing had a truly artistic look, and Beethoven again spake to us, and was glorified in a true heart's homage.

The concert seemed as short as it was beautiful. We can only return sincere thanks to all who were so generously concerned in it, and to all who would have been had there been room for them. And we thank them the more that we may thus make this report and this acknowledgment save us the trouble of all other trumpet-blowing that might have been incumbent on us at this beginning of another volume. Let "these presents" signify that the Journal of Music has not failed to win friends and acquire a certain recognized value among music-lovers, even in its day of small things; and may this encourage others to subscribe and read, that it may have the means of doing greater things!

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second of these orchestral entertainments drew out a crowd worthy of the music, and of the sweetest, sunniest Spring day we have yet had. Indeed nearly every seat in the Music Hall had its contented occupant, and the scene itself, without the music, was well worth the admission price. The Symphony was that charming one of MOZART, in E flat, which ranks only next to the "Jupiter" and the G minor. We know not when we ever have enjoyed a work of Mozart more. It was in perfect harmony with that sunny Spring day. Each of the four movements is unspeakably beautiful, so that we could hardly tell which we liked best; indeed they form an indivisible and perfect whole. The rich, majestic introduction commands and fills the mind at once; you give yourself up in glad, unquestioning faith to a guide who cannot mistake the way of beauty and of inspiration; and the Allegro is a glorious fulfilment of the promise. The Andante breathes the pure ecstasy of love, modulating anon into darker moods and shadowy terrors of the infinite, only to measure the height of so much bliss. It is one of the loveliest of Mozart's slow movements, exquisite in every detail, and leaving a most harmonious and profound impression. The naive, happy little Minuetto, which has recently become so familiar hereabouts in piano arrangements by SATTER and others, was intensely relished; and the Finale, so quaint and Haydn-like in its merry rondo theme, but interrupted by, or rather insensibly yielding to that purely Mozartean sigh of too much happiness, seemed quite as much an inspiration as all the rest. To describe the delicious instrumentation, the manner in which the strings, the reeds, and the sparingly used brass, conspire to perfect clearness and unity with never ceasing variety of utterance, would be to enter again into an analysis of the wonderful art of Mozart, which M. OULIBICHEFF has done for us better than we could do. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra were remarkably successful in the rendering of every part of it; it evidently took effect upon the general audience; we did not feel our own enjoyment interfered with by the suspicion even of unsympathetic or apathetic presences. We believe a proposition for the repeating of the whole would have commanded a pretty large vote. Gungl's "Dreams on the Ocean" had perhaps more attraction to the younger audience; but he

never dreamed anything so fine as Mozart always lived and realized; indeed we fear his dreams, on the ocean or elsewhere, have been more of dollars than of divine beauty. Yet it was well after a solid symphony and overture to gratify the lighter tastes with Gungl, and the "Brightest Eyes Galop"; and to recall a touch of the dear Italian opera by the *Lucia* finale for those who find luxury in tears, and the MEYERBEER "Coronation March" for those who delight in pomp and celebration.

But before these various sweet-meats came the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Nothing could sound more utterly unlike the symphony by Mozart. Here was music altogether of another nature; somewhat hard, ungenial perhaps in contrast with the symphony, and yet music of decided power, music that shows imagination, that quickens imagination in the hearer; music in which the modern art of instrumentation is carried to a rare pitch of splendor and effect. Perhaps it was the influence of the Mozart music, but our ears were more sensitive than usual to the screaminess of those high violin passages, and to the jarring roughness of the trombones, and to the too literal pandemonium of the tamborine and cymbals. But we cannot resist the mighty progress of the piece, and the finale is indeed most powerfully worked up. Bating a certain roughness in some parts, the overture was clearly and effectively played, and the applause was hearty and emphatic.

GUSTAV SATTER'S PHILHARMONIC SOIREEs. The third and last of these soirées filled the spacious room of Messrs. Hallett & Davis to overflowing. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1. Overture: "Coriolanus," Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos.
Messrs. Gustav Satter and B. J. Lang.
 2. Adagio and Finale, Quartette in D. Haydn
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
 3. a "Bäclein, lass dein Häuschen sein," Haertel
b The Bard. Silcher
August Kreissmann and Club.
 4. Duo Concertante, Benedict & David
For Piano and Violin.
Messrs. A. Fries and G. Satter.
 5. Andante and Finale, of the Quintette, Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
- PART II.
6. Quartette, F Minor, Mendelssohn
Messrs. A. & W. Fries, Ryan, and Satter.
 7. Ronde et Barcarole "Northstar," Satter
Miss Eliza Josselyn.
 8. a Praise of Song, Maurer
b Serenade, Marschner
A. Kreissmann and Club.
 9. Overture: "Egmont," Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos.
Messrs. Satter and B. J. Lang.
 10. Overture to "William Tell," (by general request,) Rossini
Gustav Satter.

Certainly a very rich programme, but too long. Several items in it might have been retrenched to advantage, both in respect to quantity and unity. The two overtures by BEETHOVEN are two of his best, both intensely dramatic, full of rapid, concentrated fire, the counterparts to one another, yet essentially distinct creations. Nothing have we more longed for some years to hear our orchestras play than the overture to "Coriolanus." It embodies all the fire and spirit of the Shakspearian tragedy, as its companion piece does that of "Egmont." To hear it, to hear both well played upon two grand pianos, was next to the coveted satisfaction. Mr. SATTER and his young friend, Mr. LANG, played them with precision, force and brilliancy, and the effect was quite imposing. The Duo Concertante was on well-known themes from "Oberon," a very ingenious and pleasing variation piece, in which Mr. Satter displayed all his wonderful facility, equality and clearness of finger in the most difficult and liquid

running passages. MENDELSSOHN's piano quartet in F minor produced a great impression; it is a superb work; but some of the strong passages, especially the conclusion of the finale, were brought out with rather too much *furor* by the pianist. Mr. Satter's little Barcarole, &c., (from *L'Etoile du Nord*.) was creditably played by the young lady, whom we take to be his pupil; but considering the length of the programme, it could have been spared.

The contributions of the Quintette Club were of their best. That Adagio and Finale by HAYDN are always a luxury to hear; and those two movements from the Clarinet Quintet of MOZART are luscious as a golden pear. Nothing, however, in the evening gave us a fresher pleasure than the German four-part songs sung by Mr. KREISSMANN and a selection of voices from the Männerchor. The pieces were fine in themselves, and were sung with most admirable blending of parts, and observance of light and shade and all the points of expression. One or two of the voices, especially among the basses, were of quite a rich and refined quality; and the whole was really a model of male four-part singing.

We did not stay to hear the overture to "Tell," of which we had before heard Mr. Satter's wonderful piano-forte reproduction. After the "Egmont" it was too much; we renounced it contentedly, as we did gladly the "National Airs" promised in a note at the bottom of the programme, in answer to the "urgent solicitation of many."

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 4. I have taken the liberty to send you a programme of choice music performed at a private concert in Worcester last evening. This most agreeable entertainment, generously provided by our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. B. D. ALLEN, assisted by eminent instrumental performers and by vocal talent of a high order, was listened to with undivided attention and even musical appreciation, and the performance as a whole was entirely worthy of so excellent a programme.

- PART I.
1. Piano-Forte Duet. Sonata in F. Mozart.
Allegro di molto.—Andante.—Allegro.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.
 2. Four-Part Songs, Mendelssohn.
(a) O fly with me. (b) The hoar-frost fell. (c) Over the Grave.
Hauptman Club.
 2. Piano-forte. Andante Favori, Beethoven.
B. D. Allen.
 4. Four-Part Song. "Vale of Rest," Mendelssohn.
Hauptman Club.
- PART II.
5. Piano-Forte and Violin. Sonata in G. No. 5. Mozart.
Adagio.—Allegro Molto.—Tema con Variazioni.
Messrs. Burt and B. D. Allen.
 6. Songs. (a) The Summer's Call. (b) The Baby. B. D. Allen.
Miss Fiske.
 7. Piano-Forte. Rondeau. Op. 16. Chopin.
Miss Bacon.
 8. Four-Part Songs, Mendelssohn.
(a) Presage of Spring. (b) The Primrose. (c) Festival of Spring.
Hauptman Club.
 9. Piano-Forte Duet. Schubert.
Marche caractéristique. Op. 121. No. 1.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.

The rendering of Mendelssohn's "Four-part Songs," by the Hauptman Club, a private "Sängerbund" of twelve members, three for each part, under the very able direction of Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON of this city, formed one of the most noticeable and novel features of the evening's entertainment. The piano selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Schubert, performed by Mr. B. D. ALLEN and Miss BACON, were, as usual, unexceptionable in character and interpretation, and the Violin Solo from Mozart, executed by Mr. BURT, with accompaniment, was highly creditable and pleasing. Without allowing

ourselves any further comment or criticism, may we not hope for "many happy returns?"

W. S. B.

NEW YORK, April 2. I will just mention an interesting affair at which I was present last week, as an item of musical intelligence. Mad. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, and BRIGNOLI sang for the pupils of the Blind Asylum at a private matinée on Thursday afternoon. They did it with a hearty good will and with an obvious interest in the poor unfortunates that was very gratifying. Mad. Lagrange surpassed herself. She sang "*Qui la voce*," her own waltz, a Trio from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, with Morelli and Boignoli, and the *Inflammatus* from the *Stabat Mater*, with the chorus by the pupils, thus showing a variety of styles. Morelli sang the "*Pro peccatis*," also from the *Stabat Mater*, but was hoarse, and Brignoli "*Com é gentil*" and "*La Donna é mobile*," very finely. These pieces were interspersed with choruses by the blind, sung with a correctness and precision that did great credit to their teacher, Mr. LASAR, and among which two or three of Mendelssohn's Quartets were conspicuous. It was altogether a very agreeable occasion, but at the same time deeply touching. Several of the pupils, particularly the boys, could hardly restrain their delight, and will probably long remember their great enjoyment.

Musical Chat.

OTTO DRESEL's fourth and last Soirée is unavoidably postponed. We misunderstood the nature of the Complimentary Concert which has been tendered to him; it is to be altogether a *private* affair. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY gave a good performance of "Moses in Egypt" before a large audience last Sunday evening. The chorus seats were very full, (the many among singers love to sing this brilliant music as the larger many love to hear it), and both the choruses and accompaniments, under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction, sounded finely. The part of the queen was sung, for the first time, by Mrs. HARWOOD, with a brilliant telling voice, with spirit, and considerable execution, although there is room yet for artistic cultivation. The other solos, quartets, &c., were sustained by Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HILL, Mr. ARTHURSON, Mr. WETTERBEE, Mr. BALL, and Mr. ADAMS, with their usual ability. It is to be repeated to-morrow evening.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers an uncommonly fine programme. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and the overture to *Freyshütz* are good enough for any classicist; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" scarcely less so; it is as poetic as it is brilliant. The "Zanetta" is among the best of the light overtures, and that "vagabond" Polka ought to "comprehend all vagrants" for whom the rest is too good. The few opportunities still left for hearing this fine orchestra must not slip through our fingers.

A concert is to be given in the Tremont Temple next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Church of Rev. Mr. GRIMES, the devoted pastor of the colored people in this city. The object is to liquidate a debt of \$4,000 which rests on the church; \$1,000 has been subscribed on condition that the whole shall be raised. Mr. and Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, and Mr. J. R. ADAMS will sing, and Mr. B. J. LANG will play upon the piano; the programme is various and popular; the object certainly most worthy. . . . The concert for the German Benevolent Society, next Saturday evening, offers rare attractions; with the best overtures of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner, and the Andante of the Fifth Symphony, played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra; choruses by the German "Orpheus," led by Mr.

KREISSMANN, and solos by Mr. SATTER and Mr. SCHULTZE, it will be as good as one more "Orchestral Concert."

Worse than the "old clothes concerts," which hang their huge bonnet banners upon every wall, "Gift Concerts" still infest the musical atmosphere. One is announced in Portsmouth, N. H., in which Mr. Satter, the pianist, is to play; the gifts range from sleeve buttons to a horse and buggy. A friend, in sending us the programme, says upon the margin: "What a pity that Art's high priests are found serving in menageries!"

Sig. ARDITI's opera, *La Spia*, has run five times, and the season at the Academy was to close last night. Most of the New York critics complain of this cutting short; they agree that *La Spia* has in it the elements of success, and ought to draw for months. . . . At the third Sunday evening concert of BERGMANN's orchestra, a Symphony by Schumann (new in America), Beethoven's Septet, Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture, and an original overture by Mr. Bergmann, which was received with much favor. A march from *Tannhäuser* was encored. Miss BEHREND sang, among other things, the *Ave Maria* of Franz, with orchestral accompaniment. . . . The New Orleans *Picayune* learns that Signora ELISE OSTRELLI BISCACCANTI has been engaged for next winter at the Italian Opera in Paris. . . . The German papers in this country contain the call for the next great festival of the "Sängerbund," to be held in Cincinnati on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June next.

Some concerts have taken place in Lawrence, Mass., during the past month, which speak well for the progress of taste. In two of them Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD of this city conducted; overtures were played by a local orchestra, leader Mr. N. FITZ. Other overtures for four hands, among them that to *Egmont*, were played by Messrs. FITZ and G. W. COLBY, of Lowell. Each concert commenced with copious extracts from Handel's oratorio of "Samson," and a goodly variety of songs, glees, piano solos, &c., made out the remainder.

At a Charity Concert, too, given in one of the churches on a Sunday evening, the following was the programme:

1. Fugue for Organ Righini.
2. Kyrie. Gloria and Agnus Dei. 7th Mass. Mozart.
3. "If with all your hearts," (Elijah) Mendelssohn.
4. "Where are thy bowers, O Canaan?" Rossini.
5. Flute Concerto for Organ, Rink.
6. Offertorium: "O Gloriosa Domina," Lambillotte.
7. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Handel.
8. Kyrie, 1st Mass. Haydn.
9. Offertorium: "Alma Virgo," Hummel.

The concert given in London by Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT and her husband in aid of the Nightingale Fund was crowded to excess. The programme contained a mass of good things, solid English measure, to wit:

Part I.—Symphony (G minor). Mozart; hymn for soprano, chorus and organ, "Hear my prayer, O God!" Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn Bartholdy; air, "Ah me di tanti affanni," Mr. Swift, (*Davidde Penitente*), Mozart; choral fantasia, piano-forte, orchestra, and chorus, piano-forte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Beethoven; the 137th Psalm, and other passages of Scripture paraphrased, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, Otto Goldschmidt.

Part II.—Overture to Shakespeare's play of the *Tempest*, Benedict: aria and chorus. "Squallida veste e bruna," (*Il Turco in Italia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Rossini; concertstück, for piano-forte, with orchestra, piano-forte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Weber; trio, for soprano and two flutes (*camp of Silesia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, flutes, Messrs. R. Sidney Pratten and Rémusat, Meyerbeer; part-song, "When the West with Evening glows," Mendelssohn; finale, "Alziam gli evviva" (*Euryanthe*), soprano part by Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, C. M. v Weber; march and chorus, from the *Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven. Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

We clip the following from the London *Athenæum*:—

We had occasion not long ago, to express our surprise at the few good and real street songs which the American collections display. Yet there is no want of poetasters and tune-makers in the "Land of Promise"; its drawing-rooms seem to be as liberally provided with

namby-pamby as our own; and the art of recommendation has rarely been more sweetly practised, and with more ingenuity, than in the following Advertisement, which caught attention in the columns of the *New York Musical Review*:—

"The 'Juniata Ballads,' by Marion Dix Sullivan—This work is a collection of original Ballads, intended for the use of Schools, and particularly adapted to the wants of little singers. They will be found very interesting and pretty. We give the Author's Preface:—'To my friends of the forest and the mountain, the river, the lake, and the sea-shore—of the poor—of the laboring—and to every child, the 'Juniata Ballads' are affectionately and respectfully dedicated. They are to be sung to the oar, the loom, and the plow—through the forest, over the prairie, and in the small log-cabin by the light of a pine-knot. They are written as they came to the mind of the composer, often unsought and undesired: the melody and the words together. The latter may not be poetical, but they at least harmonize with the former. Most of them commemorate in the mind of the writer some event, or place, or circumstance. 'The Blue Juniata,' [not inserted in this book, as it is not now my property,] was a wave of memory, bearing to my mind the beautiful river, with its voices, its color, and its wild surroundings. 'The Field of Monterey,' [not now in my possession,] commemorates the death of a brave young officer who fell in the streets of that city. 'Lightly on' was written as I riding along in the forest-land of Gen. J. J. Jackson, of Virginia, and its movement is the precise musical step of my brave and beautiful horse, Selim. The song is not now in my possession. Every one which the book contains is now published for the first time. The 'Surf-Song' was composed on the Pavilion Rocks in Gloucester, amid the shouts of the bathers and the coming-in of the flood-tide. The 'Evening Hymn to the Savior' was first written upon a broken shell with a pencil, in a small boat, coming across the harbor of Plymouth, near sunset. If I knew which were the heavy and uninteresting songs in this collection, I would leave them all out; but as I do not, I will trust those to whom it is frankly offered, to do that favor for me, and to their kindness it is cheerfully confided. M. D. S.'"

The *New Yorker*, a new paper, serves up musical matters in that city in the most original manner. It appreciates Gottschalk with a vengeance:

Of all the soloists, singers, harpists, violinists, flutists, guitarists, violoncellists, or pianists, our own *American* pet, GOTTSCHALK, is the greatest rage. The long hidden, modest, unassuming, mysterious Gottschalk. The accomplished gentleman, the ardent student, the for so long a time "poetical myth," of whom vague and curious accounts used to come to our ears, as being a monster with ten fingers on each hand, &c., has appeared among us bodily, and, whether considered as a pianist, musician, linguist, gentleman, or scholar, must hold a rank attained, to equal perfection, only by the favored few in any single one of these various departments.

Let us consider him here as merely a pianist. What is so god-like in any art as perfection? His piano performance is perfection personified. How, therefore can our admiration for him fall much short of *worship*? O wonderful, electric, fascinating GOTTSCHALK! we can scarcely wonder that the ancients, ignorant of the Christian religion, and the existence and divine attributes of an ever-living God, bowed down to the glory of the Sun and the beauty of the Moon; but if *thou* hadst appeared amongst them, we firmly believe their adoration would have been quickly changed to *thee*, as soon as the dazzling effulgence of thine overpowering superiority began to unfold itself to the wondering gaze and open ears of those benighted nations!

There, let us take breath! Does not that beat all the high-falutin' puffs you ever read? But is the writer really in earnest? we are led to ask by finding in another portion of his article the following:

As to GOTTSCHALK's solos, what more can we say than has been said about this terrific, and yet semi-celestial pianist? As to his compositions, his melodies certainly are built upon a framework of fundamental chords which renders them very much alike, and though each piece of his is a gem alone, yet when two or three of them are played in succession, the idea of something spelt in very much the same way that *sameness* is spelt naturally occurs to one's mind.

Advertisements.

PROGRAMME
OF THE
THIRD AFTERNOON CONCERT,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Wednesday, April 9th, 1856.

1. Symphony: A minor (Scotch). Mendelssohn.
2. Overture: Zanetta. Auber.
3. Invitation to the Dance. Weber.
4. Vagabonden Polka. Gung'l.
5. Overture: Der Freyschütz. Weber.

Concert to commence at 3½ o'clock.—Package of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cents.
The Fourth Concert will be given Wednesday, April 16th.

Advertisements.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

A GRAND ORATORIO BY ROSSINI,

Will be repeated at the Music Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, April 6th, assisted, as at the first performance, by

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH,
 Mrs. S. E. HARWOOD,
 Mrs. F. A. HILL,
 Mr. A. ARTHURSON,
 Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE,
 Mr. S. B. BALL,
 Mr. J. W. ADAMS.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor..... F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the Hall on the evening of the Concert.

Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,

In aid of the GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SATURDAY EVENING, April 12th, when will be performed the Overtures to the "Freischütz," "Magic Flute," and "Tannhäuser," and the Andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, by a full Orchestra, led by Mr. ZERRAHN.—Four Choruses by the German Singing Club, "ORPHEUS," under direction of Mr. KREISSMANN.—Solos by Mr. SATTER on the Piano, and Mr. Wm. SCHULTZE on the Violin. All the gentlemen have kindly volunteered their services. Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores, and of the undersigned Committee.

C. H. F. MORING, 39 Commercial Wharf.
 B. ROELKER, 39 Court Street.
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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER III.

CECILIA.

But it was written in the book of my destiny that I should meet Celio on my way. I reached Cecilia's box, knocked, and some one opened; instead of the sweet and sad face of the cantatrice, I saw the angry visage of the debutant, who received me with a scornful glance and these insolent words: "What do you want, sir?"

"I thought I knocked at Signora Boccaferri's door," answered I; "has she changed her box?"

"No, no, this is it!" cried Cecilia from within. "Come in, Signor Salentini, I am very glad to see you."

I entered; she was changing her costume behind a screen. Celio sat down upon the sofa; without speaking to me, and even without deigning to pay the least attention to my presence, he resumed the conversation where I had interrupted it. To tell the truth, it was rather a monologue than a conversation. He went on with his exclamations and his curses, sending to the devil the dull and stupid pit of Germans, tipplers as cold as their beer, as pale as their coffee. The box-holders were no better used.—"I know that I sang badly and acted worse," said he to Boccaferri, as if in reply to a remark she had made before I came in; "but who could be inspired before three rows of diplomatic asses and frightful dowagers? Cursed be the thought that made me choose Vienna for my debut! Nowhere are the women so ugly, the air so close, life so dull, and

men so stupid. Below, brutes freeze you, above, monsters frighten you. There are devils everywhere. I was like my audience, insipid and detestable!"

The naiveté of this tirade reconciled me to Celio. I told him that as an Italian and his countryman, I proclaimed against his sentence, and said I had not listened coldly, but protested against the severity of the public.

At these advances, he raised his head, looked me full in the face, and came to me with outstretched hand: "Ah! yes!" said he, "you were in one of the stage boxes, with the Duchess de —. You sustained me, I noticed that; Cecilia Boccaferri, my kind companion, observed it too. That jade of a duchess deserted me too! but you struggled till the last moment. Well, give me your hand; I thank you. It seems that you also are an artist, that you have talent and success. It is a good thing to wish to assure and console the fallen! it will bring you good fortune."

He spoke so quickly, with such a firm accent, and so free a cordiality, that, although shocked by the harsh expression which he applied to the duchess, so lately my love, I could not resist his advances, or remain unmoved by the pressure of his hand. I have always judged people by this sign. A cold hand annoys me, a damp hand disgusts me, a dry pressure irritates me, a hand which only touches the tips of my fingers frightens me; but a hand soft and warm, which knows how to press mine without hurting it, and which does not hesitate to give its whole palm to a manly hand, inspires me with confidence and quick sympathy. Some observers of the human race judge by the expression, some by the shape of the forehead, some by the voice, others by the smile, others by the handwriting, &c. But I believe that the man shines through every detail of his being, and that every action is an index to his character. So that if one has time, all is to be examined; but from the very first, I own that I am won or repulsed by the first shake of the hand.

I sat down by Celio, and strove to console him for his disappointment, in speaking to him of his resources and his sure talents. "Do not flatter me, do not spare me," cried he frankly; "I was bad and deserved a fall; but do not judge me, I beseech you, by this miserable debut. I am better than that. Only I am not old enough to be self-possessed in the cold. I need an audience that inspires me; and I found one to-night, that, from the very first, could only tolerate me. I felt wounded and vexed, before the trial; when I came on the stage I was chilled and struck by a gloomy presentiment. Anger is good sometimes, but it must act with the will. Mine was

not sufficiently cooled, neither was it hot enough: and I sank under it. O my poor mother! if you had been there, you would have inspired me by your presence, and I should have been worthy to bear your name! Sleep well, under the cypress, dear saint! This is the first time that I ever rejoiced that your eyes are forever closed upon me!"

A great tear ran down Celio's glowing cheek. This sincerity, this enthusiasm towards his mother, and his expansion before me, effaced all the bad effects of his appearance on the stage. I was softened, and felt that I loved him. Then, in seeing how truly beautiful he was, how thrilling his tones and sympathetic his expression, I forgave the duchess for loving him two days; I could not forgive her for loving him no longer.

It remained for me to find out whether he was loved also by Cecilia Boccaferri. She left her dressing room and sat down between us, taking us both by the hand, and turning to me, she said: "It is the first time that I press your hand, but it is with all my heart. You have come to console my poor Celio, the friend of my childhood, the son of my benefactress, almost my brother. But it is easy for you; I know you are a noble soul, and that true talent possesses kindness and frankness. Listen, Celio," said she, as if struck by a sudden idea; "go and change your costume; it is high time. I have a few words to say to Monsieur Salentini. You will come back after me, so that we can all go home together."

Celio went without hesitation and with perfect confidence. Was he then so sure of her fidelity to him? or was he not Cecilia's lover? And why should he be? Why should I have thought of it, when perhaps they never had?

All this passed quickly and confusedly through my mind. I still held Cecilia's hand in mine; I had kept it there, and she did not seem to dislike it. I questioned the mysterious fibres of that little hand, rather strong, slightly warm, and very calm, while I plunged into the depths of the large and grave eyes of the cantatrice; but a woman's eyes and hands are not so easily read as a man's. My skill in observing and my delicacy of perception have often enlightened or betrayed me according to the sex.

By a very natural movement to draw up her shawl, the Boccaferri withdrew her hand as soon as we were alone, without turning her eyes away from me.

"Monsieur Salentini," said she, "you are attentive to the Duchess de X—, and you were jealous of Celio to-night, but you are so no longer? Am I not right? You see you have no reason to be so."

"I am not sure but that I might have been

jealous of Celio had I been paying my court to the duchess," replied I, drawing near to the Boccaferri; "but I swear to you that I am not jealous, for she is not the woman I love."

Cecilia lowered her eyes, but with an expression of dignity and not uneasiness.

"I do not question your secrets," said she; "I am not so indiscreet. They cannot excite my curiosity; but I speak frankly. I would give my life for Celio. I know that some women of the world are very dangerous, and it has pained me to see him visit some of them. I foresaw that his beauty would be fatal to him, and perhaps his misfortune of-night is the result of intrigue and jealousy. You know the world better than I; I go into it sometimes to sing and observe without seeming to. Well, I saw Celio hissed to-night by people who promised their plaudits this morning, and I believe I understood some little dramas in the boxes near us. I also observed your generosity, and it touched me deeply. Celio, even during his short stay in Vienna, has made enemies. I am not in a position to save him from them; but when I have an opportunity of making and keeping a noble friendship for him, I must not neglect it. Celio did not aspire to please the duchess; that is all I had to say to you, Signor Salentini, and I can affirm that upon my honor, for Celio has no secrets from me, and I questioned him about that before you came in."

Every one knows the figure he makes when he finds the place occupied which he dreamed of conquering. I did my best to hide my disappointment.

"Kind Cecilia," answered I, "I assure you I do not care, and I give Celio permission to be or not to be the lover of the duchess, without changing my sympathy for him in the least, my impartiality as a critic, or my zeal as a friend. Yes, I will be his friend from the bottom of my heart, since he is yours, for you are one of those persons whom I esteem most highly. You understand it so, since you have so frankly told me the secret of your heart, and I thank you for it."

"The secret of my heart!" cried the Boccaferri, with a sincere tone which amazed me. "What secret?"

"Are you then so absorbed as to have told me without knowing it of your love for Celio, or have you already forgotten it?"

Boccaferri began to laugh. I had never seen her laugh before, and a laugh also is a sign to study. Her grave and reserved face seemed hardly made for gaiety, and yet that ray of mirth lit it up with a beauty I did not know to be hers. It was the fresh, harmonious laugh of a kind and merry little girl.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I have been very absent-minded to have talked as I did about Celio, without knowing that you must have supposed me to be in love with him; but what of it? It would be pedantic in me to defend myself, for it must seem very natural to you, and at all events very indifferent to you."

"Very natural, possibly—very indifferent—that too may be possible; but I beg you to explain yourself;" and I caught hold of Cecilia's arm with an involuntary brusquerie which I regretted in a moment, for she looked at me with astonishment, as if I had brushed away a spider or saved her from a burn. So I calmed myself and added: "I long to know if I am enough of a friend to be

confided in, or only so little of a friend that you care not to be known by me."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered she. "If I had such a secret, I must say that I should not confide it to you without knowing you and proving you better; but as I have no such secret, I am willing you should know me as I am. I will explain my devotion to Celio, and first will tell you that Celio has two sisters and a little brother, for whom I would devote myself even more, because they may need a woman's protection more than he. O yes, if I were independent, I would consecrate myself to filling the place of Floriani to her children; for the being that I love with passion and enthusiasm is a name, a departed woman, a holy souvenir, the great and good Lucrezia Floriani!"

The thought crossed me that an hour ago the duchess had charged her fondness to Celio upon an old friendship with his mother. The duchess was thirty years old, like the Boccaferri. The Floriani died at forty, having left the stage some twelve or fourteen years before.—Had these women known her so very much? I do not know why it seemed so improbable to me. I feared lest the name of Floriani served Celio better with women than with the public.

I do not know whether my doubt was visible in my face, or if Cecilia naturally anticipated my objection, for she said without changing: "And yet I never saw her more than five or six times in my life, and our longest intimacy was but a fortnight long, when I was still a child."

She paused; I did not break the silence; I watched her. A doubtful embarrassment came over her, but she soon continued: "It pains me to tell you why my heart is devoted to the worship of this woman, but I presume I shall tell you nothing new. My father, you know, is an excellent man, of ardent, generous soul and superior intelligence—or, perhaps you do not know that; and you only know with the rest of the world, that he has always lived in disorder, carelessness and want. He was too agreeable not to have a great many friends; he made new ones every day, because he pleased, but he never kept any, for he was incorrigible, and their aid could never cure his imprudence or his delusions. The list of those to whom we are indebted would be long indeed; but only one person has a right to our eternal adoration. Only one among the others, one only in the world never wearied of saving us every day, sometimes oftener. Inexhaustible in patience, in forbearance, in understanding and in her generosity, the great Floriani never despised my father, and never humiliated him by her pity or her reproach. Never did these cruel and bitter words escape her lips: 'That poor man had talent, but poverty has degraded him.' No! Floriani said: 'Jacopo Boccaferri may do his best, he can never be anything but a genius!' and it was true; but to see that, one must be his daughter or the great artist Lucrezia."

For twenty years, from the day she first saw him to the day she died, she treated him with the confidence of a friend who never doubts. She knew, at the bottom of her heart, that her gifts would not enrich him, and that every enormous debt which she paid, would lead to others. But she never stopped. My father only had to write her one word, and the money came immediately, and with the money came consolation, the soul's delight, a few lines beautiful and good! I have

kept all those precious notes, like so many relics. The last one said: 'Courage, my friend, *this time* fortune will smile upon your efforts, I am sure. Kiss Cecilia for me, and rely always upon your old friend.'

"Only see what delicacy and knowledge of life! It was the hundredth time she had so spoken. She always encouraged him to begin some new work. It never lasted, and made matters worse; but without that, he would have died in misery, long ago, and now he is alive, and may yet save himself. Yes, yes, Floriani bequeathed me her courage—without her I too might have doubted my father, but I have always faith in him, thanks to her! He is old, but not ruined. His wisdom and pride have lost none of their strength. I cannot make him as rich as a person of his imagination should be, but I can keep him from poverty and depression. He shall not fall; for I am strong!"

She spoke with wonderful zeal, although it was subdued by the calm dignity of her manner.

She was transfigured in my eyes, or rather, she revealed to me those treasures of soul, which I always imagined hers. I took her hand frankly this time and kissed it without reserve.

"You are a noble being," said I to her, "and I am proud of the effort which you have made to confess to me that nobleness which you hide from the world, as others hide the shame of their baseness. Speak on, I beg you; you cannot know the good you do me, to me, who was born to trust and love, but whom the world always saddens and alarms."

"But I have nothing more to say, my friend. Floriani is dead, but she still lives in my heart. Her oldest son is beginning life, and treads the path of his destiny with a venturesome foot. Shall I doubt him? Ah, if he is ambitious, imprudent, even powerless in his art, if he should be mistaken a thousand times and be guilty towards himself, I shall love and serve him like his mother. I can do but a very little, almost nothing; but whatever I am, I am willing it should be the stepping-stone to his glory, since in glory he seeks his happiness. You can see plainly, Signor Salentini, that it is not love I think of. My mind and heart are necessarily serious; I have no time to lose or strength to waste upon my own fancies."

"Ah yes! I understand you," cried I; "yours is a life of sacrifice and devotion! You are not on the stage to please yourself. You do not like the theatre, that is easily seen; you do not aim at success. You disdain glory; you labor for others."

"I work for my father," answered she, "and thanks to Floriani that I can thus work. Without her aid, I should still have been a poor needlewoman, gaining hardly a piece of bread all the day to keep my father from begging through the streets in our dark days. But she once chanced to hear me, and liked my voice. She told me that I might sing in drawing-rooms and even on the stage, in the second parts. She gave me a fine teacher; I did my best. I was no longer young; I was twenty-six years old, and had suffered a great deal; but as I did not aspire to the first rank, I rapidly reached the second. I dreaded the theatre. My father worked there as actor, decorator, and even as prompter, as his fortune rose or fell. I well knew, early in life, that mass of impurity in which no maiden can keep from stain without martyrdom. I hesitated a long time; I gave lessons, and sang in concerts;

but nothing was sure. I needed boldness, and could not intrigue. My patronage, from the first very modest and limited, lessened day by day. Floriani died almost suddenly. I felt that my father had no support but me. I leaped the boundary, conquered my aversion for that contact with the public, which wounds the purity of the soul, and dishonors the sacredness of thought. I have been an actress for three or four years, and shall remain one as long as it pleases God. I tell no one what I suffer by this concealment of my tastes, this wrong done to my best instincts. What good would complaining do? has not every one their burden? I am strong enough to bear mine: I follow my profession with conscience. I love my art. I should not say true, if I did not own that I love it passionately; but I wish I could have cultivated it under other auspices. I was born to play the organ in a convent, and to chant the evening prayer among the deep and mysterious echoes of a cloister. But what difference does it make? Let us talk of myself no longer; it is too much for me!"

Cecilia hastily wiped away a struggling tear, and held out her hand to me in smiling. I was beside myself. My hour had come: I was in love!

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART I.

Prior to the Revolution of 1789, no public musical institution existed in France. The only schools for music then in vogue, were the *maitrises*, or chapels (attached, mainly, to the metropolitan churches), in which ten or twelve boys were trained for Divine worship. Received in the chapel at the age of eight or nine years, they left at sixteen or seventeen, the period of change in the male voice. Their musical acquirements were limited to singing and reading at sight, no instrument being taught them, except, perhaps, the organ, occasionally, or some other instrument with which the master of the chapel chanced to be acquainted. As the voice alone was cultivated, these boys devoted themselves for the most part to operatic pursuits. The revolution having monopolized all the funds belonging to the clergy, and closed most of the religious buildings, the chapels, or *maitrises*, fell, with the corporations which supported them. And now music, with the other fine arts, seemed sunk in the waves of the revolution. This, however, was not the case.

About the year 1794, there was living in Paris a man whose name was unknown to fame. He was not even a musician; but nature had endowed him with taste and love for music; he was also a friend of learning and belles lettres, had travelled through Germany, and held intercourse with the greatest artists there. Fond of the fine arts generally, as he was, Italy attracted also his attention. He went to Rome, where he found the celebrated Zingarelli, then master of the Pope's chapel. Thence he repaired to Naples, where he met the illustrious and unfortunate Cimarosa. He also examined, with the closest care, the Musical Conservatory of this last-named city, as well as those of Milan and Florence. This man's name was SARETTE, the founder of the French Conservatory of Music.

Not to anticipate, however—on his return to Paris, Sarette found that civil disturbances were not yet settled, and the government being engaged in war with almost all the nations of Europe, it was difficult to see whence the money was to come for the enterprise he now had in view. Sarette, nevertheless, was not easily disheartened. He had frequent interviews with members of the National Convention, before whom he laid his plans, which received their approbation. However, it was not until the year 1795 that the establishment of a National Conservatory of France

was sanctioned by the decree of the Convention. The decree read thus:—That a National Conservatory of Music is about to be founded in the city of Paris, the expenses of which will be paid by the public treasury. The same decree appointed M. Sarette director of the establishment, with a fixed salary, the amount of which at that time I am not able to state. The present director's salary is 6000 francs, (1200 dollars). A building was also purchased in the *Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere*, which still continues to be the locality of the Conservatory. The passer by reads on a large stone over the door, the words:—*Conservatoire National de Musique et de Declamation*. The reason of the word *Declamation* in the inscription will hereafter be given. The Conservatory continued in the same condition until the period of Napoleon's consulship, 1800: at which time he fully developed the institution, regulated the subjects of study, determined the several departments, and enlarged the building. Sarette continued director of the Conservatory till the overthrow of the Empire, in 1814, when he was discharged, and CHERUBINI made director in his stead. Under this great man, the institution now became, and has since remained, the first musical school of the world. But we will now enter upon a detailed account of the interior regulations of the Conservatory, as they exist at the present day.

Though formed after the model of the Italian Conservatories, the Conservatoire of Paris differs very much from these schools. The Italian Conservatories are devoted *mainly* to the cultivation of the voice. Instrumentation may not wholly be excluded, but no great instrumental performer who has graduated from these schools, has been heard, I believe, in Paris, and the orchestras of the Italian theatres are admitted to be the poorest in Europe. Such is not the case in the Conservatory of France; not only particular care is given to the cultivation of the voice, but all instruments, from the violin down to the contrabass, from the flute down to the piccolo, from the sweet, melancholy horn, down to the shrill-sounding trombone, are taught in classes, by the most distinguished practical performers of the capital. Among the professors of singing, the Conservatory will always boast of Elleveion, Garat, Martin, Garcia, Bordogni, Ponchard, Duprez, and Mme. Cinti-Damoreau. In the instrumental department, the memory of the celebrated Baillot and Habeneck will never die. As professors of musical composition, counterpoint, and fugue, who knows not the names of Mehul, Gossec, Lesueur, Berton, Cherubini, Herold, Paer, Reicha, Catel, Fétis, Halevy and Auber? Of all these stars of song, some have disappeared from the heaven of harmony, some shine yet, and charm the world by their melodious strains.

The scheme of the Conservatory is not confined to musical matters. The main object of its founders in appointing classes of singing, and securing for them the most distinguished teachers in that branch of the art, was not to form mere *singers*, but they aimed also at furnishing the French stage with the most accomplished elocutionists, and they created, therefore, classes for the art of *delivery*, called classes of *declamation*. Thus, individuals of both sexes who have followed daily the several branches appertaining to the stage, are either able actors, or accomplished singers. *Fencing* and *dancing* have also been considered as accomplishments necessary for pupils destined to scenical pursuits.

The Conservatory of Paris, as regulated by Cherubini, indeed, is a model of its kind. It is an immutable rule for those who apply for admission as professors, to *compete* for their post. Should a performer of unquestionable talent seek a professorship in some instrumental department, and ask Cherubini to be excused from a *competition*, he would invariably answer:—"Sir, you must compete; I have made the rule, and can't break it." The same course holds with those who want to be admitted into any class whatever. They must submit to the severest examination.

I have stated that the Conservatory was created to impart musical knowledge to the youth of both sexes. But the pupils are not promiscuous-

ly thrust into classes suited to their capacity. Girls are instructed in a separate part of the house, and by female teachers. The boys cannot have any intercourse with them. Good morals demanded the adoption of this measure. Cherubini watched with the utmost care this particular point. If he caught a young man conversing with a girl, or loitering with her about the yards, corridors, or any other parts of the building, he would look at them with a stern and angry face, and give them a severe admonition; if found transgressing a second time, they were sent home, and without any hope for a second admission.

The first department of instruction is the *sol-feggio*, or solmization for the young people of both sexes. They remain in that class two or three years or more, till they are found ready to begin with some instrument, or make their first trials in singing. Most of the pupils in the Conservatory attend this class with the greatest assiduity; they are trained to sing the most difficult exercises written in all keys, moods, and measures, singing them in their original form, and transposing them into all the keys. It is not unusual, in the public competition for prizes which closes the year's studies, to see a pupil transpose extemporaneously an exercise for the piano from one key to another. Those who possess an accurate notion of the instrument, will have an idea of the difficulty of such an attempt. The palm is given to the young performer who accomplishes the task most successfully.

All the students of the piano, both male and female, are obliged to have attended a course of *harmony* for two years. None are received, in any class of the piano, unless they have fulfilled this condition.

The length of study, in *every* department, is *three years*. The pupils who have not been judged worthy of the first or second prize during that period, are obliged to withdraw from the class. Whether their failing be attributed to their negligence, or to their deficiency of ability, they are thought unworthy to remain in the same class. I should say, that, in order to be admitted to any instrumental or singing class whatever, it is not necessary to have learned music in the Conservatory. Whoever has received at home, or elsewhere, a sufficient musical training to undergo the examination required, has a chance for admission.

This admission is anxiously sought, particularly by the middling orders of the people of Paris; who see in it a means to secure a lucrative employment, and sometimes a glorious career for their children. (The Conservatory being supported by government, the instruction is of course given gratuitously.) Hence, to fill the place of a single pupil who has left, numberless applicants come to compete. This is especially the case with the piano, for which very often the choice is between a hundred rivals; who, in view of so many competitors and so strict an examination, have practised their instrument previously; and a place in the piano class is often given to a person who would be considered a consummate performer in a saloon. Hence it happens in many instances, that a pupil gains the first premium the very same year in which he has been admitted.

After the piano, the classes for the violin are the most crowded. These two classes, (piano and violin) have furnished France, and especially the city of Paris, with the most admirable professors and performers of the world. To the violin class thanks must be rendered for those unrivalled *orchestres*, which so marvellously perform the great works of Beethoven, Mozart, and other celebrated masters. One who has never heard the inimitable orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, can hardly boast of having ever heard instrumental music. This is the peculiar glory of the French Conservatory, a glory in which no other institution whatever shares.

Violin performers from the Conservatory earn considerable money both in Paris and the provinces. Piano players, although shut out from orchestras, have abundant occupation, on account of the popularity of the instrument. The violoncello and contrabass classes of the Conservatory have not so many applicants, and yet they produce a good number of able performers. The

classes for wind and brass instruments are also not very numerous attended, as persons who play at all on these instruments, find it easy to secure good situations for themselves in orchestras, or ball and military bands. As teachers they would hardly be able to secure a livelihood for themselves and families. Therefore, instruction on these instruments is hardly to be found, out of the Conservatory.

Every quarter the pupils of each department have to submit to an examination. There here recurs a circumstance to me in which I myself was concerned, and which may serve to illustrate, somewhat, the character of Cherubini. The pupils in Reicha's department of counterpoint were being examined, and the examiners were Lesueur, Berton, and Cherubini himself: for he considered it a duty to be present at all examinations. The pupils of the class were twelve in number, including myself. Lesueur and Berton had read through my exercises without making an observation. I considered them irrefragable. But I was greatly mistaken. Cherubini took my exercises and ran through them in the twinkling of an eye. I observed that he frowned at a certain point. After he had finished the exercise, which was a four-part fugue with 8vo counterpoint, he placed it before him, crossed his arms over his breast, and turning to me slowly, said: "Well, Sir, did you really learn harmony?"—"I believe so, Sir," I replied (a little nettled at the insinuation). "Take your exercise Sir," resumed Cherubini, "and look at the seventh measure of the last staff of your work." I took the manuscript and looked at the point indicated. "Sir," answered I, "I look, but can see no mistake in it." Lesueur, Berton, Reicha, and all the others present had their eyes bent on me, increasing my confusion and rendering it impossible for me to discover the mistake which had caught the eye of Cherubini. "As you are unable to discover your own blunders," said he, "give me the exercise again." But, at that very instant I perceived that there was indeed a hidden fifth (*quinte cachée*) between soprano and alto. "Excuse me, Sir," I remarked; "another time I will try to be more cautious." Cherubini smiled, turned his eyes to another side, and the examination went on.

This little incident will give some slight idea of the scholastic severity, and the keen perception of the great contrapuntist.

SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.—No one can fail to recognize a good deal of truth in the following contrast drawn between the two most admired German composers after Beethoven, by the *Musical Review*.

While yet Mozart and Haydn were scarcely dead, and Beethoven was in his full power of genius, there lived in Vienna, the very place where all this musical grandeur and splendor was displayed, a young man of the name of FRANZ SCHUBERT. He composed songs, trios, quartets, symphonies, some of them as good as anything which has been written, without, however, eliciting much praise from the public. He composed for his own pleasure, and for that of his friends; lived mostly in his miserable lodging or in some wine-cellar, and passed by as unnoticed as a second or third-rate music-teacher in our own city would do. He lived a poor, miserable, neglected life for some thirty years. His death was like his life—a modest death, known, noticed only by the few, and regretted only by the few.

Some few years later, when Germany, in a general dearth of genius and talent, lived only in its former musical grandeur, a young man started up in Berlin, who was suddenly proclaimed as the lawful inheritor of the powers of the golden classical epoch of music. Born of rich parents, surrounded from his childhood by eminent literary men, educated with the utmost care, and endowed besides with a very good ear, very good memory, fine taste and talent, the young man of the name of MENDELSSOHN very soon made his way even beyond the boundaries of his native country. His works were performed, praised, and largely paid for. Being himself in an eminent social position, he very soon attained a musical one in Leipzig, as conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, and held for a long time artistic supremacy in Germany as well as in England. When he died, his fame was universal and his funeral a stately one, attended with

all that pomp which is called forth on such occasions. Now, supposing Mendelssohn had lived at the time of Mozart and Beethoven, in the same miserable circumstances as poor Schubert, and the latter had occupied his cradle in Berlin, what would have been the present fate of both? Would we have Mendelssohn, and no Schubert, Festivals?

We thought of this, when we heard, at Messrs. Mason and Bergmann's *Matinée*, first the trio of Schubert, and then the quintet of Mendelssohn; and having said this, our criticism upon both men and their works is said. Schubert had not the neat miniature details of Mendelssohn; he is often careless, but he has grand ideas; almost every measure is fresh and original; and as to modulations and knowledge of the carrying out his ideas, he stands nearer to Beethoven than any body else, Schumann perhaps excepted. The lives and fate of both men is a very curious subject, which has not yet been treated sufficiently.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Two new operas have been exciting some interest. The first, by SCRIBE and AUBER, was produced at the Opera Comique in the last week in February. The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* thus describes it:

Its title is *Manon Lescaut*—it might just as well have been anything else, for M. Scribe never more abused the license of the dramatist than when he gave the title of the Abbé Provost's immortal story to this new comedy-opera. It is really curious to see how M. Scribe has contrived his plot. Manon is a young country seamstress, rich in beauty and youth, who has come up to Paris to get work, and soon forms a friendship with another grisette, who has a lover who is merely discounting his future happiness, which will be duly honored by the law and religion when the "good time" comes. Manon discounts the love of the Chevalier Desgrieux, and at once engages him (who has little fortune) to sell his last jewel for 600 livres that they may enjoy a merry dinner. Manon's youth and beauty have tangled the eyes of a colonel, who posts a boor (who happens to be a cousin of Manon) to keep him acquainted with Manon's proceedings. While Manon and Desgrieux are dining, this boor goes to a neighboring "hell" and loses all his money; he returns and borrows all Manon has, and she has Desgrieux's purse, so that when "Rabelais quarter of an hour" comes, neither can pay for the dinner, whereupon they are grossly insulted and menaced with the gaol. Manon takes a guitar, and singing on the boulevard, soon gathers a good deal of money; after paying her debt she goes after Desgrieux, and finds that he has enlisted in the regiment of the colonel who is in love with her. His misconduct soon places him under arrest, and she goes to crave the colonel's pardon for him. The colonel gives his consent very willingly, but he insists on one condition—which Manon cannot accept. She next hears that Desgrieux has broken from his prison after soundly beating his gaolers, and consequently has incurred capital punishment. She again appeals to the colonel, who consents to pardon Desgrieux, provided Manon promises never to see the latter again, and sup with him, the colonel. She consents, and the colonel is called out. Desgrieux appears; he reproaches Manon for her infidelity; she justifies herself by avowing unabated love and engaging him to eat the colonel's supper. They have scarcely commenced the attack on the supper when the colonel reappears. There is a duel between him and Desgrieux, in which he falls, and as he dies he tears up the engagement of Desgrieux, which releases the latter from the army. But Manon is instantly arrested for robbery (she is innocent, her cousin being the culprit) and is condemned to transportation. We see her in the third act in Louisiana. Desgrieux immediately rejoins her; he spends his last louis to fee the gaoler to allow them to meet; they escape from gaol and wander from bayou to bayou until they fall exhausted; as she is dying, messengers come to announce that her innocence is recognized, and that she is freed from prison.

This opera was interesting—apart from the very great attention paid to every production from MM. Scribe and Auber—as being the piece in which MME. MARIE CABEL appeared there. This songstress has long been the idol of the Théâtre Lyrique, but a good many persons thought she would not be very successful at the Opera Comique. These were mistaken. She is perhaps the most charming and brilliant comedy opera songstress in Paris. M. Auber was never younger, gayer, clearer, more elegant than in this piece.

The other is "The Siege of Florence," by the great contrabassist, SIG. BOTTESINI, in whose doings our readers will of course be interested. The *Musical World* (London) says of it:

The scene of *L'Assedio di Firenze* is laid in the beginning of the 16th century. The reader of Italian

history will remember the siege of Florence, which commenced in October, 1529, and lasted for eleven months, during which the inhabitants suffered all the tortures of prolonged famine. It is related that more than twenty thousand citizens and soldiers perished in that time. An episode in the history of the siege has furnished the story of the opera. The youthful Ludovico Martelli, on the side of the Republic, sent a challenge to Giovanni Bandini, in the army of the Emperor, Charles V. Bandini accepted the challenge. The combatants met, with two seconds, in presence of the Florentine and Imperial armies, and fought, the seconds engaging at the same time. The second of Martelli, named Dante di Castiglione, slew his opponent; but Martelli was so seriously wounded by Bandini, that he was forced to yield himself vanquished, and died shortly afterwards. The records of the period hinted that patriotism alone was not the cause of the duel, and that there was a lady in the case. It was this hint which inspired the poet, or rather the romancist. The lady was Maria di Ricci, wife of Signor Nicolo Benintendi. M. COBBI, the reputed author of the *libretto*, merely altered the original book, which was written at New York, by M. MARETTA, who took his story from *L'Assedio di Firenze*, a romance by F. D. GUERRAZZI. The librettist has interpolated the character of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who figures largely in the poem.

While differences of opinion exist as to the special merits of the music, all agree in proclaiming Signor Bottesini a thoroughly accomplished musician, and his opera a very able work. The choruses are universally praised for their vigor and character; and the orchestration for its richness and variety. A chorus of women in the first act has been particularly noticed for its grace and elegance, and is by some considered the capital *morceau* of the opera. A *cavatina* for Michael Angelo in the second act also produced a great effect. A scene in the third act, where Bandini and Ludovico meet Maria in presence of Michael Angelo, and sing a quartet, is said to recall the second finale of *Lucia*. Signor Bottesini, however, has not availed himself of Donizetti's ideas, but has treated the situation in a novel manner, and with dramatic power. This scene was greatly applauded. The opening chorus of this act, more especially the *ritournelle*, is said to be beautiful. The fourth and last act—as is too often the case in modern opera—is described as not so suggestive in situations, nor so rich in musical illustrations. The final scene, where Ludovico enters wounded and dies on the stage, again reminds some critics of the last scene of *Lucia*. Here, however, the musician appears once more to have displayed originality in his manner of treating the subject, and has nothing in common with his predecessor.

The reception accorded to the new opera must have been flattering to the composer. The execution was entrusted to MME. Penco (Maria), Signors MARIO (Ludovico Martelli), GRAZIANI (Bandini), and ANGELINI (Michael Angelo). MME. Penco sang delightfully, and Signors Graziani and Angelini acquitted themselves in their parts with excellent effect. As for Mario—a first performance being nothing more than a rehearsal—little need be said. He was not himself—he never is entirely himself on a first night. The public should wait until the second, third, or fourth. Mario, in all probability, will then be *himself*—that is something beyond comparison. The directors have spared no expense in the scenic decorations and dresses. The "getting up" of the *Assedio di Firenze* indeed, is praised by all the authorities as splendid and complete.

M. AMANDI has appeared at the Grand Opera as Robert in *Robert le Diable*. His voice and singing are praised, but his acting criticized. The change in the direction of the Théâtre Lyrique has at last taken place. M. Carvalho has been nominated in lieu of M. Pellegrin. A new opera, in one act, called *En venant de Pointoise*, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, and introduced Mlle. CLAIRE COURTOISE. Both piece and artist were successful.

M. Calzado, determined that the "Italiens" should wind up the season with *éclat*, engaged MME. GRISI for six performances. MME. Grisi had not been heard in Paris since 1848, when her first part was Semiramide (Alboni making her *début* on the Parisian stage as Arsace). The opera on Monday week was again *Semiramide*, with MME. Borghi-Mamo as Arsace, and Signor Everardi as Assur. MME. Grisi carried away all the enthusiasm, and was recalled several times in the course of the evening. It was as Semiramide that, twenty-three years ago, she made her *début* before a Parisian audience, and as Semiramide that, nine years ago, she appeared on the opening night of the unfortunate Royal Italian Opera—April 6, 1847. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should regard it with something approaching to superstition as a lucky part. She has since appeared twice in *Norma*.

London.

The destruction of the Covent Garden Theatre has made the chances of Italian Opera this season somewhat doubtful. Mr. Gye had engaged all his singers, but there are difficulties in the way of his going either to Her Majesty's Theatre, or to Drury Lane; besides,

the latter is too small for such expensive opera as the London fashionables have been used to have. There may be a chance for Lumley. Gye, having made all his engagements, must "play or pay," or both. All he wants is a house. There may now be a chance to see how far Opera is a genuine passion with the English; let it now show its recuperative vitality, if it be more than fashion.... JENNY and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT are to perform both in the Old and the New Philharmonic concerts. ERNST is to accompany them on a provincial tour of some six weeks.... Mr. G. A. MACFARREN has composed a new concert overture, entitled *Hamlet*.... Mr. ELLA is delivering lectures on Melody, Harmony and Counterpoint to crowded audiences at the London Institution.... Sig. Picco, the famous player on the "Tibia Pastorale," or common whistle, has created a *furor* at the Hanover Square rooms. He played *Casta Diva*, the "Carnival of Venice," the *Andante* by Ernst, with variations of his own, &c. He was accompanied in his pieces by the band of the Orchestral Union.... Of Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT's new Psalm, performed at the late "Nightingale Fund Concert," the *Musical World* says:

It not only shows the knowledge but the feeling of a musician. It consists of an introduction for the orchestra; a *soprano* air of plaintive character—"From the deep I cry;" a chorus upon Luther's *corale*, "Aus tiefer Noth;" an instrumental interlude; a chorus (female voices)—"See all the lilies," which is charmingly melodious; a very effective duet for *soprano* and tenor—"From thee are grace and mercy sought;" a chorus (male voices)—"Then let thy soul await;" a graceful *arioso* for *soprano*—"Though all the night;" and a grand chorus, well developed—"Then in the Lord hope." The instrumentation is good throughout. We cannot, however, judge of such a work (and it is a work of pretension) at a single hearing, and we are much mistaken if Herr Goldschmidt's Psalm does not merit another. It was generally well executed, under the composer's own direction, by the band and chorus. The *soprano* part was perfection; no wonder, it was Mme. Goldschmidt who sang it; and Mr. Swift took great pains in his duet with the accomplished Swede. The end was followed by great applause.

The election of a Cambridge Professor of Music in the place of the late Dr. T. A. WALMISLEY, took place on the 4th ult. in the School of Arts. WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT was the successful candidate, having received 173 votes. Dr. Elvey had 24, Mr. C. G. Horsley 21, and the others were scattered among nearly forty candidates. This professorship, to which no salary is attached, was founded in 1684. The late Professor Walmisley was elected in 1836.... The University and town of Oxford were greatly excited by the public performance of an exercise for the doctor's degree in music, composed by Mr. E. G. MONK, precentor and musical professor of St. Peter's College, Radley. There were nearly 4,000 persons present. The work consists of Gray's poem of "The Bard," which forms the subject of an Ode for solo, chorus and orchestra, of about an hour in length.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 16.—DEAR DWIGHT:—It is from no want of will, and just as little from any lack of material, that week after week has gone by, and now Spring has come, and yet you have had no musical reports from Berlin. Other causes have operated to break off so entirely my former frequent correspondence; and whether I shall now make out a few notes upon a fortnight spent in Dresden and Leipzig last month—we will see to-morrow. I like to go to Dresden and Leipzig—at the one place I find good pictures, pleasant walks and occasionally a good opera, and at the latter more or less good fellows digging into the mysteries of harmony and composition, who give me as much pianoforte music as I can well carry off, and take me to the *Abend Unterhaltungen* of the Conservatorium, or introduce me to the professors.

I like to go to Dresden dearly, and deposite my travelling bag in chamber No. 3, of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, a nice comfortable little German inn, where the

guest-chamber, the dining-room, the sitting-room and parlor of the family are all one and the same apartment. Everything is neat as wax and white-wash can make it. The great broad passage-way, which leads from the street to the little court in the centre of the house, is as nicely kept as the front entry of an American dwelling, though it is paved with stone, and carriages and carts pass in and out. I should really like to know how many centuries that two-story building, with its high peaked roof pierced with rows of little windows like port-holes, has stood there, looking over across to its more pretending but less respectable neighbor. No shingle palace that!

I have been several times to Dresden, and after the train reaches the Elbe and is running along the low plain between the vine-covered hills and the river, I begin to think of my inn. I imagine the madame and the master of the house welcoming me and making me at home, and wonder whether I shall get No. 3, with its two casement windows sunk in the thick wall—and have other wonderings and vain imaginations. The train stops, I take my bag and jump into the first droschky, and away we go through the gate, by the Japanese palace with its library and casts of antiques, through the narrow street which leads to the guard house and bridge; over the long stone bridge from which I get such exquisite views up and down the river and of the city beyond; across the square, with the theatre, picture gallery and Catholic Church on the right, the Bruhl'sche Terrace on the left; through the arched way under the palace,—up the street along the market place to Scheffel Gasse, down which the driver turns and soon the *kellner*, or head waiter and book-keeper of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, is running out to open the droschky door and welcome me.

I follow him into the dining-room, and Madame, though her name be *Sauermann* (Sour-man) welcomes me most sweetly. "How have I been? Has it gone well with me since I was there last? Shall I honor them with a good long stay this time?" and so on. And Herr Sauermann, a tall, thin, dark looking man, smiles sweetly and kindly and shakes hands heartily—and the dark-eyed daughter of sixteen, or thereabouts, smiles a welcome, and the son looks up from his mathematical book that he is studying in the corner, and greets me—and I go marching up stairs to my room half believing that they are glad to see me and not the guest. Now all these things make one feel good—and give him more contentment in the little *Rauch-* (Smoke) *haus* than he would get in the Astor or Tremont. When dinner is all away and the room cleared up, the mistress of the cooking department, whom I take to be a sister of madame, comes in with her knitting, and spying me on the sofa, also bids me welcome. And so would the pretty chambermaid have done, but alas! she is away and an ugly middle-aged woman is in her place, which is not satisfactory.

This last stay at "the Little Smokinghouse" was just three days, as we reckon time at American hotels, and my bill, including servant's fees, fire, lights and everything, was four thalers, 16½ new groschen—less than \$3.50. Satisfactory!

One of these three days was Sunday, and Dresden has two churches which a musically disposed American must visit—the old one, near the new picture gallery, where SCHNEIDER plays the organ and where Mr. Mason (see his musical letters) heard such magnificent congregational singing, and the Catholic Church—the church of the court. Owing to some mistake in the hour, I lost the long extemporaneous voluntary with which Schneider is said to open the service at the former church, and which I have heard described as something most wonderful. You know SCHNEIDER of Dresden, and HAUPT of Berlin, are now the two great organists. The first time I was in Dresden, April 1851, I went up to

the upper gallery of this old church and heard a choral come swelling up from I suppose a thousand voices below. It was one with which the people were familiar, and the effect was such upon me as Mr. Mason describes it to have been upon him in the same place some months later. But this morning (Feb. 17) was cold, windy and raw, and the people were shivery—the choral was one which seemed not generally known, and the organ went on ahead dragging everybody along by a chain of half a dozen measures of notes after it. Such a distressing confusion, such utter absence of anything like musical feeling, expression or effect I have seldom heard; such intolerable nasal, snuffling, wheezy, impure, cracked, brassy, tinny, wooden voices I hardly ever heard. It was unbearable, and after the third stanza I left the church to its fate. I for one do not possess enough of religious principle to ever make me willing to take up such a cross Sabbath after Sabbath.

John Murray's red-covered hand-book, speaking of the Catholic Church, says "the music in this church is celebrated all over Germany. It is under the superintendence of the director of the opera, who merely transfers his band from the orchestra to the organ loft, * * * no stranger should miss hearing it." So everybody who has Murray goes to hear the mass, and comes away saying "splendid! magnificent!" if he is an American, and "very nice! very clever!" if he is from John Bull's island. Now I have been there repeatedly, and the impressions of 1851 have been but confirmed by subsequent hearings. The music I understand to be directed by REISSIGER, and I am told that the operatic orchestra supplies the instruments, the operatic chorus the basses and tenors, but the sopranos and altos are boys. Now unless the music sung be properly adapted to boys' voices, and the want of power in their young organs be supplied by numbers, and if they are obliged to exert themselves to be heard above an orchestra, the result is universally that the soprano sounds impure, screechy and *boyish*. This has always impressed me as being the case here in Dresden. The Domchor at Berlin always sing *alla capella* (without accompaniment.) The small Domchor in Breslau, of which I wrote last year, sing to a gentle organ accompaniment or *alla capella*. Here at Dresden the attempt is made to use boys' voices like those of women, in fully accompanied compositions; and this seems to me out of place, at all events the effect of the voices is to me *not* very good.

But, suppose in all this I am mistaken, in another point upon which the music must depend almost entirely for its effect, I mean the musical composition as such, I am not mistaken, and that is that the church is built so in utter defiance of all the laws of acoustics, that there is hardly a point to be found in the building where a man can pick out even with painful attention the thread of a composer's idea. Suppose the choir is to reply to the priest at the altar in the *Gloria in Excelsis*. You hear a confused blast from trumpets, and the roll of drums, and the 'gl' of the word *gloria*—followed by roaring of tones echoed from all quarters, made up of inarticulate 'orias'—and then by an explosion of the sibilants in the word *excelsis*. You sit for a minute or two, in uproar and confusion worse confounded, and then the sound dies away in faint echoes, and the *gloria* is ended. It is utterly abominable. And it is the fashion to praise up the Dresden court music, and so every traveller, who does not know one tune from another, tells you: "Ah, if you wish to hear church music, go to Dresden!" I appeal to all the young musicians in Boston who have been to Dresden, if this statement is exaggerated. If they say it is, I can only reply that tastes vary.

I am afraid you will think that I was in Dresden this time in quite the disposition of Smelfungus, im-

mortalized by Sterne. By no means. On the other hand, I was in an excellent mood, and yet I was sadly disappointed in the NEY, and in TICHATSCHEK, at the opera. During my stay there was one performance, and the piece was MEYERBEER'S "North Star." The whole thing was beautifully put upon the stage, the orchestra, chorus and ballet fine, and MITTERWURZER, the first bass, with TICHATSCHEK, first tenor, I thought, on the whole, better than the corresponding singers at Berlin. The bass is fine, but as I said, the tenor, celebrated as he is, rather disappointed me. So did Frau BUERDE-NEY.—Though rather too fleshy, she looks very well, and her fine expressive face is very pleasing. I like her all the better for not being very tall—it is in pleasing contrast to our WAGNER and KOESTER. The voice is a delicious, pure, full soprano, but now getting a little worn. I noticed here and there false notes, though a blemish of this sort occasionally, in a long opera, is of little importance. The tenor struck me on this once hearing as being of the pure PERELLI sort, but stronger than that voice, which I remember with such delight in *Stabat Mater*!

Have you had the story of the "North Star" in the Journal? I suppose so, but do not remember. The first act is in Wiborg in Finland, and in this, Peter of Russia, under the guise of a carpenter, becomes acquainted with a confectioner, Danilowitz, and a girl named Catharine.

Peter and the girl fall in love, and she urges him to high ambition, not knowing who he is, as I understood it. A fine scene in this act is one in which she practices upon the superstition of a horde of Tartars, and delivers the village from plunder. The second act is in the Russian camp, on the boundary of Finland. Catharine appears here as a soldier, and happens to be placed as sentinel by a tent into which Peter and Danilowitz enter, have a drunken bout, and make love to a couple of girls. Catharine, for a time, has no idea that her Peter is there, but the voice strikes her, and peeping into the tent, she is shocked and amazed at what she beholds. The conduct of Peter is too much for her, she neglects her sentinel's duty, and is found by the corporal listening to what is going on. Of course the corporal cannot allow that, and finally gets a box on the ear, for which she incurs the penalties of disobedience and insulting behavior to her superior.

Peter is roused from his drunkenness and made sober by news of insurrection among his own soldiers, and of the approach of enemies. He rushes out among his troops, and promises to deliver Peter into their hands if they will only follow him and fight for the defence of Russia. He reasons with them, but they utter nothing but threats and the determination to spill Peter's blood. At last they inquire who this man is.

"Who am I? The Czar!—strike!" of course—for this is always a matter of course in these European operas—the divinity that "doth hedge a king," dazzles all, and down they go, kneel to him, and now will give their lives for him. (It is a curious thing to trace how the *jure divino* and the fine porcelain manufacture of kings and the nobility is taught here on the stage.)

The third act is in Peter's palace, and Catharine is here crazy. Her restoration to reason is brought about, as in Weigl's "Swiss Family," by surrounding her with recollections of former days; for which end a great picture of Wiborg is hung up, behind which a multitude of the people of that village, brought hither for the purpose, sing the chorus in the first act, and Peter plays a flute solo that he used to play to her. So all ends happily. Peter gets Catharine in a much more romantic manner than history says he did, and the confectioner becomes the ancestor of the present Menchikoffs, just as history says he did.

It is a military subject, and much of the music is military and capital good.

I liked the opera much. There is a good deal of the comic in it, and some quite touching points. The music is exceedingly well adapted to the subject, and some of the best of the peculiar effects of Meyerbeer's skill in the vocal and instrumental combinations are to be heard in it.

I enjoyed it much. I wish that it might even be given in our country, with such an orchestra and chorus, and such attention to scenic effects. If all I read and hear about the new Boston Theatre is true, I may yet have that pleasure. What is to hinder the translation of this work (by some one capable of it) and its production, with all its pleasant spoken dialogue, upon our stage? The spoken parts are as pleasant to me, in such an opera, as are the prose scenes which break the stately march of SHAKESPEARE'S noble verse.

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1856.

Superlatives.

To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position, there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and inimitable artists as our own. Whoever is not great in one city has only to announce himself in another to become greatest of the great. Thus OLE BULL is now in the South-west; a Memphis paper tells its readers that:

"Like a standard book which has passed the ordeal of criticism, and takes its place among the sources of thought and culture, this great, and, at the present day, unrivalled artist has elevated himself above the reach of analogy or comparison, and consequently sets the critics at bay."

Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States; nor is it limited to parts remote from the more musical centres. The other day we cited a specimen of New York ravings about GOTTSCHALK. If a man have real titles to distinction, as he has, they are sadly compromised by such superlatives. So too, not long since, appeared in the New York *Express*, a parallel of two superlatives, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON, which the *Musical Review* copied as a rare specimen of sound, discriminating criticism, "far removed from ordinary puffs," and which ended with declaring: "Gottschalk is the jeweller, Mason the Gothic architect. It is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo." Rather a tall comparison that!—to say nothing of the originality of the connection indicated between Michael Angelo and Gothic architecture! The New York *Musical World* offsets this with a biography of GUSTAV SATTER, the certainly very highly accomplished pianist now residing here in Boston, but of whom it is either too early or too late to say: "He is the very model of an artist,—ever inspired, whilst performing; a true friend of all that is beautiful and good, and an unrelenting foe to all humbug;"—that he "plays everything, from Bach down to Liszt and himself, with the same perfection, never abandoning the charm of nature for the clownish tricks of modern virtuosos," &c. &c. Now we are sorry to say that it has been just the yielding to these same virtuoso tricks, which has disappointed those

who at first found so much to admire in this young artist's talent. What becomes of "the honor" of those "wreaths and flowers" at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," &c., that they were won! What shall we say to that "Anvil Chorus" fantasia which we heard him play the other night? and how does the "unrelenting hostility to humbug" comport with the announcement to play at a lottery "Gift Concert" in New Hampshire! We may pardon these mistakes to early youth, amid the bewildering influences of such a world of trade and humbug; but until they are repented of and put away, let us not talk about the "very model of an artist," and a "true priest of Art." The tone of the whole article indeed would seem to convey the impression that here has another young Mozart been born in Germany, to be neglected there, and first appreciated here. Mr. Satter may well pray to be delivered from his friends who write him up in that style!

We have purposely selected our examples from the wholesale eulogies of men who are in some sense superior artists. Give each his due. But this ready way of placing each upon the pinnacle of his profession, in order to say a kind thing, is demoralizing and destructive to all true criticism, as it is insulting to the taste and sober judgment of the musical world proper. Such things belong to the mere flaming show-bill order of literature; and as in the modern style of announcing new books, especially novels, the advertisement is more ingenious and startling, if it be not even longer than the book itself. If every singer, violinist or pianist, who is any way remarkable, cannot be pronounced so without at the same time intimating that he beats all the world; if this is done too even in journals which are musical authorities, who can wonder that all classes of pretenders, down to musicians of no science and no gift at all, should come in for their share of such cheap spoils, and keep the newspapers all ringing with their praises, as the prime secret of success!

CONCERTS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—"Moses in Egypt" does not draw the overflowing audiences it has done in past years, yet it was a large company who listened in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. And they had abundant reason to be pleased with the performance. The solo singers all did their best and the whole thing went off with spirit. The impression of Mrs. HARWOOD'S fine, clear, equal, noble voice grew upon us. It was refreshing from the first, and in the latter more pathetic portions of her rôle (that of the Queen), she sang with such expression and sustained power as gave great present pleasure and inspired rare hopes.—The piece was repeated, to a smaller audience we understand, on Thursday (Fast) evening.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS. On Wednesday the Music Hall was crowded, and MENDELSSOHN'S "Scotch" Symphony, as it is called, the one in A minor and the best, was played remarkably well. The "Invitation to the Dance" too, by WEBER, for so difficult a piece of instrumentation, and so rapid a movement, scarcely admitting of perfect unity and cleanness in any but the original form for the piano, was made quite effective

and seemed very generally relished. With our orchestra the overture to *Freyschutz* never fails. The lighter pieces were as good as usual. The Afternoon Concerts seem now in the full tide of success.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE; Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical Philosophical, and Poetical. By SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D.

Such is the title of an elegantly printed volume of between five and six hundred pages, just published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. It contains some of the best fruits of the literary leisure of a highly cultivated, genial, Unitarian clergyman, who, educated in and loving New England, has for many years been settled in Charleston, South Carolina. It is enough here to say that Dr. Gilman is the author of the "Memoir of a New England Village Choir," a charming little book, for some time out of print, which those who have read in any of the three editions through which it has passed, (it was composed in 1828,) will rejoice to meet again in a collection of other good things from the same source. Those who never read it, have yet to know one of the most true and charming sketches of New England village life at the beginning of this century, that have been produced. So far as it is the history merely of the troubles and dissensions of a choir, the picture is almost as true of this day as of that. Indeed, these little worlds of rustic, unskilled singers of mere psalmody reflect in little nearly all the strifes and jealousies and changing fortunes of great operative troupes. The book is worth possessing, if for this alone. But besides this it is full of various interest. The graver papers, such as those on Brown's metaphysical writings, the reciprocal influence of national literatures, &c., will command the attention of thinkers. The literary criticisms are of value. The humorous sketches are exquisite. A genial, humane, Christian spirit, a tone of true, refined culture, quick perceptions and sympathies, a rare grace and sincerity of style and easy, masterly command of language, are perceived throughout. A few graceful poems, mostly occasional, complete the volume, among which it is pleasant to recognise "Fair Harvard!" the verses sung at the centennial celebration at Cambridge in 1836. But it is in the sketches of New England life that we find the most peculiar charm. These must live among the most genuine and national products of our literature. Better even than the "Village Choir" is the "Rev. Stephen Peabody and Lady," a sketch of a New Hampshire pastor living at the close of the last century. Take as a specimen this about "Sir Peabody's" musical endowments:

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost revelled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by capacious or narrow-minded visitors, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching notes, a sweet and serene half-smile all the time playing over his lip and cheek and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meeting-house, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when travelling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you, in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had

just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face, and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs, "The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills," "The hounds are all out," or some other hunting-song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round, favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with a louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meeting-house, and up to the platform of the pulpit-stairs, and too zealously practised there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, might happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain, such, for instance, as old St. Anne's, his venerable friend, in the lower story, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other, as who should say, "Were there ever two better friends than we?"

Musical Chat-Chat.

There has been a very large sale of tickets to the Orchestral Concert in aid of the German Benevolent Society, to be given at the Music Hall this evening, and the programme (see last page) is really a rich one. . . . The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY concluded their season on Friday evening of last week, by a musical entertainment before an invited audience in Mercantile Hall. Selections from "St. Paul," and other good things were sung. (What a pity that this Society has not found an opportunity to let the public hear "St. Paul" entire this season!) The first part closed with the presentation on the part of the members of a silver pitcher and salver to their retiring president, Gen. B. F. EDMANDS. . . . At the Boston Theatre Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is shortly to be produced, with splendid scenery, &c., and with MENDELSSOHN's overture and intermezzi; but the vocal music, it is said, will be by Purcell, Arne, Bishop, Mr. Comer, the conductor of the orchestra, &c. Why mix these up with Mendelssohn? Why not his music throughout, so as to make one artistic whole of it?

Our excellent friend the "Diarist," in other words our Berlin correspondent, "A. W. T." is probably by this time on his way home from Germany, and we shall soon have leaves "From my Diary" at home. His visit will be brief, however; its chief object being the benefit of a sea-voyage to a brain long over-taxed and health run down. Before the summer is spent he will return again, true to his long and faithfully pursued purpose of mastering all the materials in Germany for that "Life of Beethoven" which has occupied so many of the best years of his life, and which we are happy to hear is fast approaching its completion. It will no doubt be a work of which we may be proud, as of that other American monument to the great master, the statue in our Boston Music Hall. By the way, our friend brings with him some hundred or two complete sets of the Piano Sonatas of Beethoven, (thirty-two Sonatas in all,) which he can furnish to subscribers here at about half the price of the cheapest editions we have hitherto known. It is said to be a neat and correct edition. We shall be happy to receive the names of any who may desire to possess a set, at the very low price of *six dollars*. In more ways than one is our friend destined to be a promulgator of Beethoven upon this side of the ocean.

The *Musical Review* takes quite good-naturedly our remarks about its "Prize Songs." It admits

that there may be some truth in our suspicion that that the best song will not win the prize, and even adds: "It is a fact that decidedly the most meritorious song of the eight has thus far the least votes of all!" but intends, after the prizes are awarded, to dispute our proposition that Art is not benefited by the enterprise. Well, let us have all that can be said for it—and for the eight songs also.

Mr. HENRY AHNER, with an orchestra which he has organized into a permanent society, is giving concerts every Saturday afternoon in Providence, R. I. . . . At the last concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, on the 1st inst., the main attraction was the appearance of the new American Opera Troupe, in which Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND is the prima donna; Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, the tenor; and Mr. BORRANI, (late of the PYNE troupe,) the baritone. They met with much favor.

The Italian Opera at New York closed on Monday evening with an extra performance of *Don Giovanni*; Mme. LAGRANGE was Donna Anna, Miss HENSLEY, Elvira, and Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZKE, Zerlina. It does not appear what is to be done with the Academy of Music, whether the singers are to scatter or re-organize. There is some talk of Mme. Lagrange turning *impresario*; also of her going back to Europe; also of a tour to be made by the troupe to the Lake cities. It is only certain that, as hitherto managed, opera at the Academy is a losing business. In their short flight to Philadelphia and Boston alone money was made. Why should not the whole troupe come here and give us our usual Spring season? But if they do, why can they not give us something new? Say the *Nozze di Figaro*, or at least "William Tell," of which the novelty has not yet been worn off for us?

The Lyons papers tell a very good story. The bedchambers of two wealthy gentlemen, who belong to different social circles, are adjacent, and, as is usual nowadays, thin partitions divided them. One spends all his nights at his club-house never returning home before half-past 5 o'clock in the morning. His neighbor rises at 6 and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner. The former complained to the commissary of police, who laughed in his face, and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbor; his neighbor was paralyzed in the lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair-matresses, still the "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servant play the French horn—his neighbor had him fined by the police: the French horn cannot be played except during the *jours gras*. He made his servant take a hammer and rap against the wall—his neighbor waited until he was tired, and then began to play. He then bought a large hand organ which was sadly out of tune, and ordered a turn-spit which would turn eight days without being wound up, and which he had fitted to the organ. The turn-spit was put in motion, after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber wall. The piano-player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of the time he sent a letter of truce; he was told the club-haunter had gone out of town and wouldn't be back for a week. The pianist sold his lease. . . . the organ is still going!

Advertisements.

PROGRAMME
OF THE
FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Wednesday, April 16th, 1856.

Symphony No. 6. Haydn.
Overture: 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Mendelssohn.
Waltz: 'Magic Sounds,' Wittman.
Aria from 'Ernani,' Verdi.
Horn obligato by M. TROISI.
Allegretto from Eighth Symphony, Beethoven.
Overture: 'Semiramide,' Rossini.

Concert to commence at 3½ o'clock.—Package of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cents.
The Fifth Concert will be given Wednesday, April 23d.

Advertisements.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—Overture to the "Freischütz,".....C. M. von Weber.
- 2—Chorus: "The Young Musicians,".....Kücken.
By the German Singing Club.
- 3—Fantasia on themes from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"
Mr. Gustav Satter.
- 4—Chorus: "The Bard,".....Silcher.
German Singing Club.
- 5—Andante of the Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven.

PART II.

- 1—Overture to the "Magic Flute,".....Mozart.
- 2—Chorus: "Mine,".....Härtel.
German Singing Club.
- 3—Solo for Violin: "Sounds from Home,".....Styrian Airs.
Mr. Wm. Schultze.
- 4—"Chorus of Scotch Bards,".....Reiter.
German Singing Club.
- 5—Overture to "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudevant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER IV.

A STROLL.

She had risen to go, and drew her large shawl over her shoulders. She was badly dressed, shockingly dressed, like a poor tired-out actress, who hurries to throw off her stage costume, and joyfully envelopes herself in a large and warm dressing gown to go home on foot. She had a rusty black veil on her head, large shoes on her feet, for the weather was rainy. She hid her pretty hands (how minutely I recall that detail!) in coarse and ugly knit gloves. She was very pale, perhaps a little sallow, as I had observed she became when she removed the ashes which covered the glow of her soul. Probably she would have seemed homely rather than beautiful at that moment to any other person.

Well, I found her, for the first time in my life, the most beautiful woman I had ever looked upon, and I am sure that she really was so. That mixture of despair and firmness, of disgust and courage, that utter sacrifice in so energetic a nature, and consequently so capable of tasting life with fulness, that deep flame, that saddened memory, veiled by a smile of naïve sweetness, made her shine in my eyes with strange radiance. She stood before me like the soft light of a little lamp just lit in a vast church. First it is only a spark in the darkness, and then, as the flame grows, it becomes clearer and the eye grows accustomed to it, and the objects about it are gradually illumined. Every detail is distinct, while

the general effect loses none of its clearness, none of its sad severity. At first one cannot walk in the twilight without stumbling, but afterwards one may read by the cathedral lamp, and the images in the church become slightly colored and wave before you like living beings. The picture grows upon you every second, like a strange sense, perfected, satisfied and idealized by the gentle influence of a light which is pure, steadfast and serene.

This metaphor, so long to relate, flashed through my thoughts in an instant. Painter as I am, I saw the symbol with my imagination, as I beheld the woman with the eyes of sense. I rushed towards her, threw my arms about her neck, and cried out like a madman:

"*Fiat lux!* let us love each other, and there will be light!"

But either she understood me not or did not hear my vain words, for she was listening to the sound of voices in the next box.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" said she, "my father is quarreling with Celio. Let us go and interrupt them. My father has just left the café, and is very much excited, and Celio is ill-disposed to listen to a discourse upon the emptiness of glory. Come, my friend."

She seized me by the arm and ran to Celio's box. A long time passed before I had another chance to confess my love to her.

The old Boccaferri was half undressed and half drunk, as he always was when he was not entirely so. Celio, washing his face with *pâte de concombre*, was stamping furiously.

"Yes," said Boccaferri, "I will repeat it, even if you strangle me. It is your own fault; you were *bad*, shockingly *bad*. I knew you were *bad* enough, but I really did not think you could be quite as *bad* as you were to-night."

"Don't I know that I was *bad, bad* drunkard that you are?" cried Celio, rolling up his napkin to throw at the old man; but seeing Cecilia, he stopped this dramatic gesture, and the napkin fell at our feet. "Cecilia," began he, "deliver me from your plague of a father. The old fool is giving me a last kick, and if he does not stop, I shall throw him out of the window."

Celio's violence partook so strongly of the low actor that I was shocked; but the peaceable Cecilia seemed neither surprised nor astonished. Like a salamander, accustomed to walk through the flames, like a sailor familiar with tempests, she glided between the combatants, took their hands, and forced them to join them, saying:

"And yet you love each other so much! If my father is beside himself to-night, it is grief which makes him so. If Celio is unkind, it is because he has been unfortunate, but he knows

well enough that it is his own misfortune which makes a fool of his old friend."

Boccaferri threw himself upon Celio's neck, and, pressing him in his arms: "Heaven knows," cried he, "that I love you almost as much as I do my own daughter;" and he began to weep. His tears came both from his heart and from the bottle. Celio shrugged his shoulders in embracing him.

"It is only because," continued the old man, "I wanted to place you, your mother, your sisters, and your little brother, in the highest heaven, with a glory, a crown of lightning round your brows, like the old gods; and now you have made a *fiasco horrible* for not consulting me."

He talked nonsense for a few minutes, and then his ideas grew clearer as he spoke. He said excellent things upon the love of art, upon the personality, misunderstood, which injures that of talent. He called that the *personality of the person*. He expressed himself at first in rude, obscure and strange terms, but as he talked his drunkenness passed off, and he became wonderfully clear, and even found agreeable expressions which made the stubborn Celio accept his criticisms. He really said about the same things which I had said to the duchess; I mean that he conveyed the same ideas, but differently and much better expressed. I saw that he thought like me, or rather that I thought like him, and that he summed up my own thoughts before me. I had never before paid any attention to the old man's words, his negligence had so disgusted me; but I saw that night that he had intelligence, subtlety, and great knowledge of the philosophy of art, and at times he used words which a man of genius would not have disclaimed.

Celio listened sulkily, defending himself badly, and showing, with the generous naïveté so peculiar to him, that he was convinced in spite of himself.

The hour was passing away; they were putting out the lights in the passages, and were about fastening the doors of the theatre. Boccaferri was at home everywhere. With that admirable indifference which is a *grâce d'état* for the dissipated, he would have slept on the boards or talked until daylight without thinking of the fatigue of others any more than his own. Cecilia took his arm to lead him away, said good-night to us in the street, and I was left alone with Celio, who, too much excited to sleep, asked to walk home with me.

"When I think," exclaimed he, "that I was invited to sup at ten different houses to-night, and now none of my acquaintances seek me to console me! No one is troubled about me, no one regrets my absence, and I have not

had one friend who has fairly sought me, for I was in Cecilia's box, and not finding me in my own, they did not care to inquire if I was not on the other side of the partition. Across that accursed partition I heard words which should make me reflect: 'What! already gone? he must be in despair!' 'Poor fellow! upon my word, I am going off. I will leave my card for him. I am rather glad I did not find him,' &c. So did my sweet and faithful friends talk together, and I kept quiet, delighted to hear them go away. And your duchess, who was going to send her companion for me in her carriage—I did not even have the chance to refuse her tea. You like that duchess, hey? You are wrong; she is a shameless woman. Only wait for a *fiasco* in your art, and you will tell another story. From the first I saw she measured every one by her standard, and that to be in her favor one must carry his certificate of great man in his hand."

"I do not know," answered I, "whether it is spite or habit which makes you cynical, Celio, but you are so, and it is a fault in you. Where is the use of such bitter language? I could not even call a woman shameless of whom I had a right to complain. Now, as I have not that right, and am not in the least in love with the duchess, I beg you to speak coldly and politely of her in my presence; you will do me a favor, and I shall think better of you."

"Listen, Salentini," answered Celio quickly; "you are prudent and you manœuvre through the world like many others. I do not think you are right; at least it is not my way. One must be frank to be strong, and I wish to be that at any price. If you are not a lover of the duchess, it is only because you do not wish it, for, for my part, I know I might have been, had I desired it. I know how she spoke of you at the first flattering word which I addressed to her, (and I assure you I only did it out of sheer curiosity, for my own amusement.) I was looking at a pretty sketch which you had made of her, and which she had hung, richly framed, in her boudoir. I thought the portrait flattered, and told her so, plainly, without her contradicting it, intimating that such a noble interpretation of her beauty could only have been rendered by love."

"Speak lower," said she, with a mysterious air. "I have a great deal of trouble in managing that man." Just then the bell rang. "Ah, good heavens!" said she, "perhaps that is he forcing my door. Let us leave this room; I do not wish to make any enemy for you at your *début*."

"Yes, yes," answered I, ironically, "you are so kind to me that you would make him happy to save me from his hatred."

"She thought it a declaration, and, stopping on the threshold of her boudoir, she said:

"What are you saying? If you fear nothing for yourself, I only dread the ennui he will give me. But let him come, let him be angry—here will we stay."

"Was not that charming, Monsieur Salentini? I awaited my success or my failure. If you will come with me, we will laugh at her. Come, will you?"

"No, Celio; I do not wish to persist with women; above all, coquettes do not deserve the trouble. The bitterness of spite flatters instead of mortifies them. My vengeance, if vengeance I seek, shall be henceforth the greatest indifference of mind and manner towards her."

"Well, you are better than I. To be sure, you have not been hissed to-night, which is a very hurtful thing I assure you, and jars one's nerves horribly; but you seem to bring me calm. Do not be hurt by the word; a spirit which calms is often one which rules, and perhaps calm is one of the greatest forces of nature."

"It is the producing force," said I. "Agitation is the storm which disturbs and overthrows."

"As you will," said he; "there is a time for all—everything has its uses. Perhaps the union of two such opposite natures as yours and mine may make a complete force. I wish to become your friend. I feel the need of you, for you know that I am selfish, and shall undertake nothing without asking how I shall be affected by it; but it is only in the moral and intellectual that I seek profit. In material things I am almost as careless as old Boccaferri, who would be one of the first of men if man was not the last of the races. He was right to-night, and I was wrong not to bear his insolence just now. He told the truth. I failed because I was below myself. Upon that I agreed with him; I did not do my best, and lacked inspiration, because I have gone all wrong until now. A healthy, well balanced talent can always find inspiration. Mine is unhealthy, and I must cure it. So I shall follow his advice and not listen to yours, which was prompted by politeness. I shall not make a second trial without invigorating myself. I ought to be beyond these sudden failures, and hence I must consider differently the philosophy of my art. I must return to my mother's lessons, which I have neglected to follow, but which are written in sacred characters upon my memory. To-night old Boccaferri talked like her, and the peaceable Cecilia, that cold artist, who neither praises nor blames what surrounds her, yes, my *old* Cecilia, slipped in, like the *point d'orgue* in her father's theories, two or three words which made a deep impression upon me, although I pretended not to hear."

"Why do you call her *old* Cecilia, my dear Celio? She is only a few years older than you and I."

"O, that is only a way I have, a habit of my childhood, a term of fondness, if you will. I call her '*mon vieux fer*.' It is a nickname taken from her surname, and it does not offend her. She has always been old beyond her years, sad, thoughtful and considerate. When I was a child I used to play with her sometimes in the corridors of old palaces; she always gave up to me, which made me think her as old as my nurse, although she was then a pretty girl. We have only become intimate since my mother's death, or rather since she entered the theatre, and after I had left the nest where I was sheltered with so much love. I have learned a great deal of the world in two years. I was backward in experience, and eager to gain it; I quickly found it. The eager desire which I had of trying life alone first diverted my thoughts from my great grief; for I had a mother whose like no other man has seen. She bore me in her heart, her thought, and in her arms even, without remembering my age; neither did I remember it, I was so happy thus; but when she sought the skies, I longed to wander, to build and possess on the earth. I am already weary and my hands are empty. Now I really feel that I have no mother; now I weep and mourn for her in the loneliness of my heart, and still in this frightful solitude, heart-rending to one so used to the exclusive, passionate love of a mother, there is one

who still does me good, and near whom I breathe freely—Cecilia Boccaferri. Listen, Salentini—I will tell you something which may astonish you, but weigh it well and you will comprehend it. I do not like women, nay, I detest them, and I am very ugly with them. I shall only except one, Cecilia, for she alone resembles my mother somewhat—resembles her whose perfection makes others hateful to me. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly, Celio. Your mother lived only for you, and you became used to the society of a woman who loved you more than herself. Ah! you do not know, Celio, to whom you speak and what different tortures that name of mother awakens in my heart. The more my childhood has differed from yours, the better can I understand you, O spoiled child, insolent and handsome as good fortune! As long as your boyish inexperience lasted, you believed that woman was an ideal of devotion, and that the love of woman was man's highest good; in short, you thought that woman was made to serve us, to adore us, to protect us, and guard us from danger, evil, trouble, and even ennui, did you not?"

"Yes, yes, it was so," cried Celio, stopping and turning his eyes upward. "The love of a woman, in my idea, was the bright and trembling light of a star, which never pales nor fades. My mother loved me as a star pours out the fertilizing light. Near her, I was a living plant, a flower as pure as the dew with which she nourished me. I had not a single evil thought, not a doubt, not a desire. I did not care to live a separate life, when life might have wearied me; and yet she suffered; she died, worn out by a secret grief, and I, wretch that I was, did not perceive it. If I questioned her, she reassured me by her answers—I believed in her smiles. One morning I held her lifeless in my arms. I bore her home, thinking she had fainted. She was dead, dead! and I was clasping her corpse."

Celio sat down on the parapet of a bridge which we were just then crossing. A cry of despair and terror came from him, as if a ghost had passed before his eyes. I saw well that the poor child did not know how to bear trouble. I feared lest this awakened remembrance, embittered by his recent misfortune, might be too violent for him, and I took his arm and led him gently away.

"You can understand," said he, taking up the thread of his ideas as we walked on, "how and why I am egotistical. I cannot be otherwise; and you can see too how I became full of hatred and anger as soon as I sought love and friendship among my fellows. I was jarred and wounded by selfishness like my own. The women whom I have met (and I begin to think all are alike) only love themselves, or if they like us a little, it is for their own sake, because we satisfy their vanity or their passion. When we are of no use to them, they trample upon us and cast us aside; and do you want me to respect those ambitious, sensual creatures, who tell me that I am handsome and may have a glorious future? Oh, my mother would have loved me had I been a hunchback and an idiot; but the others! Just trust in them once, Salentini, and you will see."

"My dear Celio, you are right in general; but for the sake of possible exceptions, you should not curse all. I, who have never been indulged, never even been loved, hope still and expect always—"

"No one has ever loved you? Then you had no mother, or yours was worth no more than other women. Poor boy! Then you must have been alone with yourself, and that must be such a terrible *tête-à-tête*! Ah, Salentini, I wish I were loving, that I might love you. It must be such happiness to make others happy!"

"What a strange soul you are, Celio! I do not yet understand you, but I desire to know you, for it seems to me that, in spite of your contradictions and your inconsistency, in spite of your pretensions to hatred, selfishness, and harshness, there is in you something of that soul which showered its treasures upon you."

"Something of my mother? I cannot think so. She was so humble in her greatness, incomparable soul, that she always feared to destroy my personality in substituting her own. She developed the feelings I showed to her; she took me as I was, without dreaming that I could ever do wrong. Ah, that is loving, and not so do other women love us—agree with me."

"How is it that, understanding so well the greatness and beauty of devotion and love, you do not feel it living or budding in your own soul?"

"And you, Salentini," answered he, stopping me quickly, "what do you bear and cherish in your soul? Is it devotion to others? No, it is devotion to self, for you are an artist. Be sincere; I am not one of those who are satisfied with sounding words, vulgarly called the humbug of sentiment."

"You make me tremble, Celio," said I to him, "by so cold an examination; you will make me doubt myself. Leave me till to-morrow to answer you, for I am here at my door, and I fear lest you are fatigued. Where do you live, and at what time do you shake off the poppies of sleep?"

"Sleep! Another humbug!" answered he. "I am always awake. Come for me to breakfast as soon as you like. Here is my card."

He lit his cigar by mine and walked away.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART II.

In the regular order of the public examination, the piano-class comes next. The boys are first tested. It is not unusual to find among these young lads some of twelve or fifteen years, who have already attained a proficiency which full-grown men might envy. After the boys come the girls, who are far from affording the audience the same degree of musical gratification, although they are, oftentimes, not wanting in talent. But you seek in vain for that fulness of sound and that boldness of touch in their playing, which is so captivating to the ear. Nevertheless from other causes, they are welcomed with more enthusiastic applause and hurrahs: in which it is easy to see that the French spectator pays his usual tribute to some fine pair of eyes or rosy cheeks; and the fair owner never fails to avail herself of whatever advantages she may possess, by which to awaken enthusiasm, and elicit the favors of applauding hands.

The composers whose works were used at examinations during my connection with the Conservatory, were Hummel and Herz: now, Thalberg's works are *à la mode*. Clementi, Cramer, and Dussek, who, as composers, were superior to all the fashionable piano-writers of the present day, are quite forgotten as too *easy*, now that both performers and hearers aim only at *tours de force*.

The two most distinguished professors of the piano in the *Conservatoire*, have been Louis

Adam—now dead, and father to the present composer, Adolph Adam—and Zimmermann, equally distinguished as contrapuntist and pianist, who died last year. Louis Adam presided over the female class, and Zimmermann the male. On the death of Adam, his professorship was solicited and obtained by Herz; he soon resigned, however, having yielded to the attraction of American and Californian dollars: similarly attracted, he would, no doubt, have re-crossed the Pacific again and visited Australia, had the Australian mines been discovered at the time of his tour.

But we now pass on to the singers, who come next in order. The vocal classes are the last examined, and are the most interesting as regards the professors who have them in charge. The public here meet with names they have often greeted upon the great stage of the capital. These names I have already mentioned on a previous page. To name them is to praise them,—they are their own best commendation. The reader will easily conceive that such men impart to their pupils some of their own *prestige*. It would be difficult to express the degree of attention and sympathy which is given to these young singers, especially the female ones. Here the young ladies possess an unquestionable superiority over the young men. Some of them, even in the Conservatory, enjoy a considerable degree of fame, and are crowned with the first laurels of their class. Such pupils are, of course, destined for the great stage of the metropolis, the Grand Opera. On the day of their *début*, the house is thronged with multitudes of spectators. The examination consists in the performance of an aria, with recitatives, selected from the operas of the most celebrated masters, particularly Italian, with accompaniment of piano. The pupils of the vocal department having performed their several tasks, the general examination closes.

After the competitions in each of the classes have thus been heard, the jury, or committee, deliberate "on the spot," and then mention the names of those who have been deemed worthy of the first and second premiums. In the violin and violoncello class, the first premium is a corresponding instrument: that is, either a violin or violoncello, obtained from some of the very best makers of Paris, such as Lupot, Gaud, Thibault, and Willeaume. The instrument bears upon it the name of the successful competitor, with these words: "The National Conservatory of Paris to the pupil, 18—." The only award to the second competitor is the proclamation of his name. If I remember rightly, a flute is also given to the best pupil on that instrument. To the successful piano competitor, a selection of the best piano-music is awarded. A piano-forte has been deemed too costly a premium for the Conservatory, which has otherwise such heavy expenses to sustain. To the best singer a musical score, richly bound, is presented. The second best singer has merely his name proclaimed.

I must remark, however, that these prizes mentioned, are not *presented* at the time when the names of the successful competitors are announced: another public and ceremonious occasion is ordered for this. Immediately after the examination, a vacation commences, which lasts till the first Monday in October. At this time a great festival is arranged by the director, and publicly announced in the Parisian journals. It takes place on the day preceding the term which commences another year, and that is, on a Sunday evening. All the pupils are called upon to exert their talents to grace the occasion; and, now, the successful competitors for the first prizes are again listened to, and then receive the final award of their genius. In addition to this performance, a theatrical entertainment is furnished, consisting of an *opera comique* in three acts, sometimes, however, only in one act, and occasionally a single act of an Italian opera is performed. This beautiful festival, to which the most brilliant society in Paris is bidden, under the *monarchy* was presided over by the Minister of the Royal House, and sometimes by the Minister of the Interior. I remember to have seen Marshall Count of Lauriston presiding, who was, at the time, minister of Louis XVIII. He made the pupils and professors a

most flattering and eulogistic address, which created not only among them, but the spectators present, the warmest enthusiasm. It is by such acts as these that a government promotes the progress of ART, and makes a nation greater than by the bloody battle-field and the shock of arms.

I have thus far said nothing about the class which is most worthy of mention—a class which has furnished France with distinguished artists, and which has raised the Conservatory to a proud distinction; I mean the class of Musical Composition. This is quite distinct from the classes of harmony, counterpoint, and fugue, which have their separate teachers. I will also here state, that there are, in the Conservatory, three *Examiners*. In connection with the directors, the examiners form the High Council of the Conservatory, by which are examined, quarterly, the pupils in fugue and counterpoint. The examiners are selected from the ranks of the very best French composers, and are members of the Legion of Honor and of the Institute of France. Their only duty (beside that of examining the pupils just mentioned), is the teaching of musical composition. Each examiner has two or three pupils under his care, to whom he gives three lectures a week. He is not subject to the rules of the Conservatory, as the professors are, but instructs his pupils at home, and at any time most convenient for himself. His system of instruction is thorough and rigid to extremity; and the progress of the pupils is correspondingly certain and satisfactory.

After studying three years under these illustriously and conscientiously severe masters, the pupils come to competition for the *grand prize*. Three successive trials are had,—1st. An exercise in Counterpoint. 2d. A Fugue. 3rd. A Musical Composition, with an orchestral accompaniment. The third piece, till within the last three years, had been an *aria*, preceded by a *recitative*; but it has been enlarged, and is now a drama, in one act. I heard that, a few years ago a drama, called *Sappho*, which had gained for its author, M. Gounod, the *grand prize*, was brought out with success at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Previous to the competition for the *grand prize*, which takes place in the large Hall of the Institute of France, each pupil is for three days locked in a room; writing materials being furnished him, also necessary food. During this time, he is allowed to have no intercourse with anybody; and should he violate this rule, he would be expelled, with disgrace, from the class of competitors. And why is he thus locked up? and what does he do in his solitary room? He there composes his third piece with orchestral accompaniment; and he is thus locked up that it shall not be possible for him to gain any aid from friends or books, but that he must, in those three days, produce the composition out of his own head. The exercises on fugue and counterpoint are handed in before the competitors are locked up. When a pupil has finished his composition, he selects some device and writes it carefully on one corner of his score, as a mark by which his production shall be distinguished from all the rest. He then carefully signs, folds up, and seals his score, and then it is handed to the director of the Conservatory. The director examines every device, that he may know to whom each score belongs, and then removes the signature; so that the judges determine the merits of a composition without knowing who is its author; and thus is even the *suspicion* of partiality avoided. Let me now relate how the decision is given on this important matter.

The music section of the Institute of France, consisting of five members, all first-rate composers, meet upon an appointed day, in the Hall of the Institute. A piano has been carried there, and able artists summoned. Each composition is performed in presence of these equitable and incorruptible judges, and each of them drops his vote into a bag, giving, at the same time, his motives of praise and blame. After every piece has been thus performed and judged, the votes on each work are compared and verified, and the *grand prize* is awarded. The decision is made known publicly by the papers. All that I have described

takes place in August, in which month also the general examination comes off. But that is not the end. The composition to which the *grand prize* has been adjudged will be honored with a public execution. In October all the sections of the Institute of France meet publicly; and in that illustrious assembly, before an immense concourse, to which the first artists and the orchestra of the Grand Opera, with their great leader, Habeneck, have been called—in such a place, I say, the happy young Laureat enjoys with rapture a performance, which, alas! will perhaps be the last for him.

Napoleon was the founder of this *grand prize*. He had remarked that in every other branch of the fine arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c., a premium was granted to the pupil who produced the best work; and that music, by some unexplainable, and in his view unjustifiable, reason, was made an exception. He resolved at once to place music on the same footing in this respect with her sister arts, and to this end he founded the *grand prize*.

Great advantages were, and are still, attached to the gaining of the *grand prize*. The pupil who wins such a distinction, is maintained during three years at the expense of the government: he is sent to Italy, to stay one year in Rome, where he makes himself acquainted with the musical resources, performances, and models, which the art can afford an artist in that city. The second year he visits Naples, Milan, and Florence, where every facility is given him for holding intercourse with such celebrated masters and singers as he can meet with there. The third year he is allowed to visit Germany. This closes his tour, and he is ordered back to France. Another privilege which was invaluable under Napoleon, belongs still to the young musician crowned with the *grand prize*. He was exempt from enrollment in the army. This shows the high degree of esteem Napoleon entertained for the art of music, of which he was exceedingly fond. There is no better proof of this than his restoration of the Chapel of Music in the Chateau of the Tuileries. He loaded with presents and regards Lesueur, his Chapel Master; he summoned from Italy to France the celebrated Paisiello, to whom he gave a high salary taken from his private treasury; the composer Paër accompanied him in all foreign expeditions, to compose masses and *te Deums* to celebrate the victories gained by his armies over the enemies of France. No other sovereign ever did so much for the arts in general, and music in particular.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 17. To go on with my visit to Dresden and Leipzig: It was still dark when I bade farewell to "Smoking house" friends and trudged off, with a boy to carry my bag, down to the noble new bridge built for the railroad, and so across the Elbe to the station. The policeman watches you, and if he hears you taking a ticket for Leipzig or Berlin, he demands the passport. You present it—a pleasant little reminder of the paternal care taken of you by these governments. At last we are off, running along the smooth river bottom of the Elbe, with a vine-covered side-hill not far off. By and by we see Meissen four or five miles away to the south; for we are not so far from the river; then again we pass through a tunnel, and our vineyards have disappeared; then we reach the river again at Riesa and cross it, having accomplished some thirty miles; and now straight across the level country forty miles farther, and there is Leipzig.

There were kind hearts awaiting me still, although but one or two are left of the friends of last year; but the fewer the number the warmer the welcome. CLAPP I found plunged into the mazes of WEBER's and MENDELSSOHN's concerted music, with the pleasing prospect of being called upon in a few weeks to play one of these pieces in presence of the pillars of the musical church—a little episode in a

pianist's life, like a young lawyer's first argument before the U. S. Supreme Court in the days of MARSHALL and STORY. However, you may be sure he will do Boston credit. His touch seems to me exquisite, and his power of imitating, no, reproducing, the styles of other players, from such men as MOSCHELES down to the author of the sweet song: "Little children, love your ma," is wonderful. He has no ambition though to become a virtuoso, but is devoting himself to a thorough study of the best methods of instruction.

This visit to Leipzig is a green and sunny week in my calendar. If for no other reason, the contrast between my student lodging in Berlin, and the sitting room of a noble American woman, with its delicious home feeling, enlivened and refined by her presence and that of her children, was enough to make it so. But musically, this visit was worth more to me than any of my former ones. I had more opportunity of meeting, seeing and hearing the men to whom Leipzig owes its present musical renown than formerly, and had for the first time opportunity of attending one of each of the two great concerts, the "Quartet" and the "Gewandhaus."

To one who has lived as much as I have in the musical periodical literature of England and Germany of the last sixty years, there is hardly a living musician whom one could visit with more interest than MOSCHELES. Years ago, how I used to pore over a set of the old London *Harmonicon*, another of *Bacon's Musical Review*, and the early volumes of the London *Musical World*! Later, the *Leipziger Allg. Mus. Zeitung* came in my way, and in the columns of that noble work I found could trace back the history of him whose name filled so large a space in the English musical press, to the boy composer of fourteen years, to the boy virtuoso of ten years, astonishing the public at Prague by his performance of variations of their new kapellmeister, WEBER, and playing with Fräulein MELITSCH the double concerto for two piano-fortes in E flat by MOZART. I follow him to Vienna, and there find him arranging BEETHOVEN's *Fidelio* for the piano, and at the end he writes: *Fine, mit Gottes hülf*, (Finis, with God's help;) to which Beethoven adds: *O Mensch, hilf dir selber!* (O man, help thyself.)

I follow him from volume to volume of the *Zeitung* in his artistic journeys, gaining ever a higher position, becoming more widely known, filling the places left vacant by the setting of the great stars of fifty years since, until I reach the era of the *Harmonicon*, when he is in London, the great composer, the great director, the great pianist, the most honored and popular man, as it seems, in the London world.

And at last MENDELSSOHN comes upon the stage, and "Moscheles and Mendelssohn" are names to conjure by; and still later, covered with honors and wealthy, he leaves the great capital and settles in quiet Leipzig—to my feelings, the great link which connects the present with the past. He is still active, still guiding the young virtuoso in the true path, still impressing the great lessons of the past upon the present, still stemming the current of fate in its efforts to break away from all the restraints of the true and the classic. He knew BEETHOVEN and probably HAYDN. If not, he knew those who did know both HAYDN and MOZART; and so you can follow the chain back to the days of BACH and HANDEL.

It was therefore with no small pleasure that Clapp brought me permission to call upon one of whom I had read so much. I had seen him at the Conservatory and in other places, but to visit him in his own house was another thing. Such a call would in any case be of interest; but where a man has improved his many opportunities, and has collected so many little remembrances of the distinguished persons whom he has known, this interest

becomes an hundred fold greater. Such objects are a variety of Beethoven matters, autographs, likenesses, &c., and a volume of MS. letters of Mendelssohn, in which his talent for drawing and his wit are shown conspicuously. But this is no place to give an inventory of the objects of interest in that drawing room. During another visit he was kind enough to offer to play, and selected Beethoven's Variations, Op. 35, a work new to me, and which I now for the first time saw. Its theme forms the last movement of the "Sinfonie Eroica." Of the beauty of these variations, so played, I need not speak. Moscheles must now be over sixty years of age, but I should not dream it from his appearance. Health to him for long years to come!

Another interesting visit was to the well-known organist, C. F. BECKER, whose musical bibliographical works sustain a very high reputation. Herr Becker has devoted himself mostly to the history of church music, and certainly his collection of works illustrative of the rise and progress of modern sacred music, is one to "make my mouth water." Herr Becker seems hardly yet past the middle age, and I hope that we may yet have much from his pen. His catalogue of the musical works of the 16th and 17th centuries is a work of great labor, and one I would not willingly be without.

Besides Prof. PLAIDY, of whom I have before spoken, and who is just as industrious and as skilful a teacher as ever, I may mention that in one of our walks we met a man whose name has become known in America within the last few years, and whom I saw once or twice afterwards. This was JULIUS KNORR. He is rather a tall, slender man, somewhat past the middle age, I thought. I did not hear him play, though I saw him show some tricks of fingering, which no hand but one with such an immense span as his can ever hope to perform. I was reminded of the stories told of Wœlfli, the rival of Beethoven in the days of his virtuoso glory in Vienna, who used to play Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, for *four hands*, without omitting a note, as old Tomaschek has recorded.

One evening passed pleasantly at the *Abend Unterhaltung* of the conservatory. The pieces given were a Quartet in A by Beethoven, the performers, except the violoncello, being pupils; a sonata for piano-forte and violin, by Schumann, by pupils; Piano Trio by Moscheles, which pleased me much, and none the less so because the Scherzo, if not a regular Scotch reel, was much of that character.

The Gewandhaus Quartet Concert which I attended was on the evening of Feb. 25, and the programme was this:

Trio by Beethoven, in G, performed by Herren Röntjen, Herrmann and Grätzmacher.

Quartet, No. 1, E flat, by Cherubini, performed by the same gentlemen with the addition of DAVID as first violin.

Variations for two pianos, by O. Singer, quite a young man, and I think a pupil in the conservatory. I cannot say that I was much impressed either by the melody of the theme or by the character of the variations. There was no resting point; the hands seemed to be always full of chords; and when it was finished, one wished to know what all that was about.

The second part of the concert was filled by Mendelssohn's Octet. Once hearing is not enough for me to be able to enjoy a work of this extent, or indeed to follow its ideas, especially in the case of a composer like Mendelssohn, who deals so little in broad, clear melodies. The author of the fairy music in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," however, was fully confessed."

But how can I express my astonishment at my first look into the hall of the Gewandhaus, of which we have heard and read so much! A little, miserable, unventilated room, which can scarcely, when

crowded to its utmost capacity, I judge, hold eight hundred auditors. Though well fitted for quartet concerts, can it be possible for an audience to get more than a faint idea of the due effect of a large orchestra? This remained to be seen. Well, four days after came a so-called "Gewandhaus Concert," *par excellence*, and I had opportunity to hear for myself. First came Spontini's noisy overture to the *Vestalin*. Now it is clear that to one who is in the habit of being in the very tumult of the sounds of an orchestra, and has learned to look for this sort of effect, the clear distinctness with which we who are used to the large concert rooms of Boston and New York hear the various voices and parts, with the utterances of the themes from all the different instruments, and the subdued tone of the whole, must appear to be a defect. I do not seem to have said just what I mean. Take a comparison. An orchestral work is to me in music what a great painting with many figures is in a sister art. The artist can find enjoyment in a near view, which will enable him to trace the hand of the master and appreciate the evidences of his skill. But we, the laity, go to a distance and sit down, to let the work as a whole speak out its intent and find its way into our hearts. It is one kind of pleasure to sit in the choir and join in Handel's mighty choruses, in which the singer is borne along as upon a mighty flood of tones; it is quite another thing to sit in our noble Boston Music Hall, and follow such choruses as clearly and see their construction as distinctly as we do a vocal quartet in a small room. Some of our first critics here in Berlin are now finding fault with the great numbers of performers, both vocal and instrumental, employed in producing Beethoven's great Mass in the Sing Akademie. "For the room," says RELLSTAR, "the number of performers was too great. In such cases also there is a golden medium."

To me, then, used to the most distant seats in the Berlin concert rooms, which, though small, still are larger than that of the Gewandhaus, a seat on the main floor of this latter seemed to place me in the midst of a rush and torrent of confused sound—noisy, but not musically sonorous—loud, but dead. The exquisite manner in which the orchestra played was not to be denied, though my standard of comparison is the Royal Orchestra of Berlin; but for real enjoyment of the work played, give me either a larger hall or a smaller orchestra. DAVID can make himself more conspicuous—he is a magnificent orchestral player—doubtless, in a small room; but when one hears an orchestra he wishes to hear no single performer—not Paganini; he listens to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, not to the men who are performing them.

Well, after the overture came a scene and air by SPOHR, with Clarinet obligato, sung by Fräulein Bianchi. She is all the mode just now in Leipzig—a pretty girl and a sweet singer, but why so much praised, why rated so highly, I cannot imagine.

Concertstück for oböe, by Rietz, played by Herr Diethe; neither the composition nor its performance better than Ribas used to give us in Boston, Diethe's tone by no means so good.

Terzet from *Fidelio*, sung by Fräuleins Rodi and Bianchi, and Herr Eilers. No better singing than we often hear from Boston artists.

Overture "for the Emperor's Nedayay," Op. 115, by Beethoven; exquisitely played, but to me not effective from causes above discussed.

Trio from Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage," by the two girls above named, and the violinist Dreyschock's wife, who took the contralto. Her part pleased me best of the three.—By the way, why do not your Italian opera troupes give this work by Cimarosa? It requires no chorus, and is a perfect masterpiece of fun and music.

The second part of the concert was filled by a new

Symphony by Taubert in C minor, led by the composer, who had come on to Leipzig for the purpose. At its close there was just enough of applause to prove that it had fallen dead. I felt sorry for Taubert; but why, after so many failures in this class of compositions, does he venture new manuscript works among strangers? On the whole, this was a pretty poor programme and very unsatisfactory concert to—some.

I enclose a specimen of the programmes to the private concerts of the "Aufschwung,"* a musical club, of which our Boston representative, Clapp, is entitled to the honor of paternity. It will give you a good idea of what the young musicians in Leipzig can do and are doing.

PART I.

1. String Quartet, in E flat,.....Cherubini
Played by Herren Japha, Langhans, Koning and Lutz.
2. Cavatina from "St. Paul,".....Mendelssohn.
Sung by Herr F. Rebling.
3. Piano Pieces,.....Schumann.
a Nos. 1 and 10 from the "*Davidsbündler-Läuten*."
b "*Warum?*" and "*Grillen*," from the "*Fantasie-Stücken*."
Played by Herr J. von Bernuth.

PART II.

4. Salon Piece for two pianos, eight hands, Oesterley.
Played by Herren H. Bosch, N. B. Clapp,† J. von Bernuth, and W. Saar.†
5. a Romanza,.....Beethoven.
b Sarabande, } for the violin,.....Spohr.
c Melody, }Molique.
Played by Herr Toste.
6. Three Songs:.....Schumann.
a "Nichts Schöneres."
b "Ständchen."
c "Ausallen Märchen winkt es."
7. Sonata, op. 106, 1st movement,.....Beethoven.
Played by W. Saar.†

[To commence precisely at 5½, P. M., and end at 7½.]

And so, with no diminution in my pleasant recollections of Leipzig, the next evening I was again in Berlin.

A. W. T.

P. S. The "Stern Orchestra Society," in connection with his Singing Society, is going to give us a Beethoven night to close with, which will be as near the acme, the *ne plus ultra*, as it is easy to get. What do you think of just these three numbers on the programme? Selections from the "Ruins of Athens," the Piano Fantasia, with Orchestra and chorus, and the Ninth Symphony entire. For this latter work our public is well prepared, as the first three movements have been played by other performers some half-dozen times in public this winter, and all is fresh in our memories and ready for the addition of the vocal finale. Stern is a public benefactor.

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 19, 1856.

A Compliment to Otto Dresel.

Of all the "complimentary concerts" we have known, the most beautiful and the most hearty was the Private Concert given at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms last Monday evening in compliment to our admirable pianist, composer, and musician *par excellence* among all who have ever resided among us, Mr. OTTO DRESEL. The concert was a token to him of esteem and gratitude on the part of a little club of amateur ladies and gentlemen, including about an equal number of our best professional singers, who for two winters past have met weekly in a private house for the practice, under Mr. Dresel's direction, of some of the choicest vocal compositions of the German

* The word means *Aspiration*—equivalent here to our Longfellow's motto: "Excelsior."—ED.

† Americans.

masters. In this way they have studied, and by dint of the severest and most patient drill, have mastered several entire Psalms of MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT and ROBERT FRANZ; Motets of BACH; portions of MOZART's *Requiem*; the *Christus*, the *Athalia*, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" choruses, and many four-part songs of MENDELSSOHN; parts of GLUCK's *Orfeo*; choruses by WEBER, SCHUMANN, &c. Never probably, has so pure and beautiful an ensemble of voices (to the number of four or five upon a part) been brought together in our city, and never has such thorough drill, with such artistic spirit and result, been known in any of our vocal combinations.

The members of the club have felt it a rare privilege to be thus initiated into such satisfying music by a guide so sure and so inspiring. The fruits of their practice have several times delighted little parties of their friends at the hospitable house; this time it was their wish upon a somewhat larger scale to make the attraction of their singing serve the purpose of a substantial compliment to their instructor, and yet to do it in a way that should have as little as possible of the unpleasant publicity of a concert. The Chickering room therefore was chosen as the fittest place; the tickets were disposed of privately, even to the last seat that the room would hold, some weeks before the concert, and the disappointed applicants were almost as many as the fortunate who found admittance. The room was exquisitely adorned with huge bouquets of flowers, which, with the youth and beauty of so many female singers, and the well-dressed audience, made a charming scene. The selections were all vocal, sung by the members of the club, reinforced by a few extra voices in one or two of the last pieces, and directed and accompanied on the piano by Mr. DRESEL, aided by Mr. TRENKLE, wherever a greater breadth of harmony was required. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Psalm cxvii, for Double Chorus,....Robert Franz.
- 2—Psalm xlii: "As the Hart," &c.,....Mendelssohn.
Chorus. Soprano Solo. Recitative, Soprano Solo with Chorus of Women. Chorus of Men; Full Chorus. Recitative, Soprano Solo. Quintet for Soprano and Male voices. Finale.
- 3—Psalm xlii: "The Lord is my Shepherd," Schubert. Quartet for Treble voices.
- 4—Oratorio of "Christus,".....Mendelssohn.
Recitative. Trio for Male voices: "Say, where is he born, the king of Judea, for we have seen his star, and are come to adore him."
Chorus: "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces Princes and Nations," and Chorale.
Recitative. Chorus: "This man have we found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Cæsar," &c.
Recitative. Chorus: "He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative. Chorus: "Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative. Chorus: "Crucify him."
Recitative. Chorus: "We have a sacred Law; guilty by that Law let him suffer."
Recitative. Chorus: "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."

PART II.

- 5—Selections from "Orpheus,".....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus: "What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus."
Solo: Orpheus, answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus: "Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus: "Ah! by what magic does this mortal irresistibly soothe our fury?"
Solo—Orpheus: "Infernal gods! Pity my despair!"
Chorus: "Let him enter the infernal gates."

Chorus: "Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."

6—I. Chorus of Elves, from "Oberon,".....Weber.

II. Four-part Song: "Come, let us roam the Greenwood,".....Mendelssohn.

7—I. Chorus of Hours, and

II. "Sleep on, sleep on, in visions of rest," from "Paradise and the Peri," R. Schumann.

8—Choruses of Elves, from "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn.

It would take many pages to describe the characteristic beauties of all these pieces, not one of which, we believe, was ever publicly performed in Boston. Admirable as each was separately, the gradation and contrast of effects in the whole series was not less admirable. The Psalm for double chorus by FRANZ is a noble composition, learned, almost BACH-like in its spirit, with the same fresh originality and truth of expression which we find in his songs; a truly religious work, elaborate and very difficult, ending in a fugue, which, like all the rest, was sung with the most perfect balance, precision, and purity of intonation and expression. The sopranos were all fresh and telling, without any harshness, and sounded together like one voice; and so the contraltos, which were extremely rich and musical. MENDELSSOHN'S Psalm: "As the hart pants after the water-brooks," &c., is one of his most beautiful productions, full of sweet and tender feeling, and with such contrasts of solos, choruses, now of women, now of men, quintet, and grand full chorus for finale, as to keep the interest always fresh. The soprano solos, each by a different voice, selected with careful reference to the peculiar fitness of each to the speciality of the passage, were all sung in an artistic and expressive manner which we rarely hear in concerts. Of course we may not particularize.—SCHUBERT'S Psalm, sung by four fine, fresh treble voices, is a piece suggestive of angelic harmony, and has all the peculiar imaginative charm of that rare genius.

But the profoundest impression of the sacred half of the programme was produced by that wonderful fragment (all that was completed) of MENDELSSOHN'S *Christus*. The Trio of the three magi, which was finely rendered, excites expectation marvellously. The chorus: "There shall a star come forth," &c., has a sweet and starlike beauty. But the narrative recitatives, (admirably delivered by Mr. ARTHURSON,) with the accusing choruses before Pilate, are extremely, terribly dramatic, especially those multitudinous echoes of "Crucify, crucify, crucify him," and the inexorable sound of "We have a sacred Law," &c. And again, what is more exquisitely plaintive and pathetic than that weeping chorus at the end? The rendering of the whole fragment seemed near faultless, and everything else was forgotten in the expression and intention of the music. To judge from this fragment, (of which we published a fuller analysis a few weeks since,) the "Christus" would have been Mendelssohn's greatest sacred composition.

Part II. gave us sprites and fairies of all shades and nationalities, from Greek mythology, from German WIELAND'S brain, to music equally imaginative by WEBER; Eastern hours, and Mendelssohn's Shakspearian elves. Such purely imaginative, romantic music made the most agreeable relief after the graver pieces of the first part. It was changing from the solid to the "light," without resorting to aught trivial or empty, but keeping still to works of real creative genius.

The selection from GLUCK'S "Orpheus" was perhaps the most admired of anything that evening. It represents Orpheus at the entrance of the infernal regions seeking his Eurydice. First we have one of those short instrumental interludes, called in the score *balletta*, here representing the dance of the Furies. Mr. Dresel had arranged it, as well as the following accompaniments, for four hands in such a manner as to bring out the maximum of power from the piano for the simple but appalling harmony. The bark of Cerberus, accompanying the chorus of demons, who dispute his entrance, is strongly marked and quite impressive. All the music, incredibly simple as it seems in its construction after works more modern, is wonderfully dramatic and effective; and the alternation between these loud, inexorable choruses and the pleading melodies of Orpheus, with lyre-like accompaniment, (beautifully sung by a rich and sympathetic amateur contralto,) shows the highest art of contrast. Wonderful and beautiful is the gradual softening and yielding of the infernal chorus; a drowsiness comes over the stern chords, and the last piece is serene and peaceful as the songs of blessed spirits. Yet through the whole one musical motive, one and the same ever-repeated figure reigns, so that the change seems not one of form, but only atmospheric, imperceptible in its degrees. Here was real musical dramatic *genius*; with the simplest means, such wonderful results produced in the imagination and feeling of the hearer! Yet never before has a scene from one of Gluck's operas been heard, that we know, in this country! It moves us to repeat more earnestly than ever the wish, that some opera company, after all these highly spiced Italian operas, will deign for once to let us hear an opera of Gluck, that we may judge of opera from a standard of simple musical dramatic *truth*. Alas! too well they know that it would be to kill the charm of all their modern hot-house products.

The *Oberon* chorus is perfectly lovely; why not as finely imaginative in its way as Mendelssohn's fairy music? Indeed, we even question whether Weber's does not indicate more freedom from a certain musical one-ideaism, and whether its charm may not wear longer. It is the opening of the opera; Oberon sleeps, and his elfin ministers and subjects flit round his head with whispering, cautious strains, warning the noisy bee and fly to keep farther off, and the little rill to run more quietly and not disturb their monarch's dream. On a ground-work of exquisite accompaniment, slumberous chords, broken by little dream-like snatches, partly borrowed from the overture, the voices (soprano, alto and tenor,) hum little fragments of a low, half-connected strain, in a peculiar rhythm; voices and instrument together making one sweet whole. It was charmingly sung, with the most delicate light and shade. The merry little four-part song, called in the original "The Birds of the Forest," was sung with rare truth and unity, without accompaniment, and gave such pleasure that it had to be repeated.

The SCHUMANN choruses gave us a higher idea of his "Paradise and the Peri," than we had gathered from reports. The first one: "Deck we the steps of our Allah's throne!" is very original in its melodic design, and very beautiful; some of the modulations, two, are striking and significant. The other: "Sleep on," is a beauti-

ful soprano melody (beautifully sung by an amateur), upon a soft, suffused background of chorus.—Finally, the fairy choruses from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for female voices, (near twenty in all, and all so fresh and pure and musical, all so refined in quality), upon the ground-work of those humming figures from the overture, very nicely sketched on the piano, truly suggested the delicate chorus of the souls of little flowers—a sort of musical exhalation. They were sweet sounds to go home to sleep by.

Thus closed a most delightful and successful evening. The only source of regret was that more persons could not hear it. To the self-sacrificing artist, to whose honor these fruits of his own watering were offered, it must have been one of those sweet rewards which Providence fails not to let fall in the thorny path of every sincere and uncompromising devotion to the Beautiful and True.

Organs and Organ-building.

We alluded a few weeks since to the movement now in progress to place in the Boston Music Hall a Grand Organ, such as is now the boast of Haerlem and of Freyburg. The plan, we understand, is still being pushed vigorously—may we hope, successfully.

It may not be inappropriate, in this connection, to quote the following sound and practical hints, touching the necessary negotiations which must be had between the purchasing and building of such an instrument. They are taken from the recent work of HOPKINS, (Organist of the Temple Church, London, &c. &c.) "*On the Organ and its construction*."

After describing in detail the various elements which go to make up a perfect instrument, he says: "We have now arrived at the last, but by no means the least important question for consideration, namely, the *price* of the organ. This matter necessarily rests, to some extent, with the builder chosen, but remains to a much greater degree in the hands of the purchasers. From what has been explained in the preceding sections, it must be obvious that there is a durable, complete, but *costly* way of building an organ, and an unsubstantial, incomplete and *cheap* way of making it. It is also equally evident that organ-building may be viewed as a calling of high Art, or treated merely as a matter of business; and it will be exercised in either the former or the latter spirit, according to circumstances.

"Under the most extreme circumstances the organ-builder must *exist* by the exercise of his calling; but, at the same time, it is only consistent with the proper feeling of ambition that actuates every genuine artist, that he should prefer *also* rearing specimens of his art to which he might point with pride, as well as his successors for generations after him. But this second condition must depend obviously on the means placed at his disposal.

"On being applied to to make proposals for the construction and erection of an organ, an organ-builder may draw up a specification for an instrument of given contents, and, intending to use certain materials, and to devote much attention to various matters of detail and finish which cannot be specified in an estimate without extending it to the length of a pamphlet, place his charge at a certain sum, say £1,000. He may, however, have good reason to know that that figure will

ensure him the loss of the 'order'; accordingly, without altering one of the written conditions of his contract, or foregoing one penny of his own fair profit, but simply by reducing the standard or substance, or both, of his metal, and paying less regard to the minute excellencies of his work, he can, 'to meet circumstances,' at once lower his estimate from £1,000 to £850. It is in this sense that 'the price of an organ' is said to remain so much in the hands of the purchasers. But when the organ is completed, will it rank so high, as a *work of Art*, as it was originally intended by its designer it should do? Will it reflect more than a *temporary* credit on its builder? A few years pass, and the organ itself probably solves these problems. Crooked or bruised metal pipes, cracked wooden pipes, drumming sound-boards, twisted rollers, double frictional resistance opposed to the fingers at the keys, and numerous other such fatalities, too frequently indicate what are and probably must ever be among the most probable distinctnesses of the 'cheap organ.' Nor is the builder exactly to be held responsible for this, if he gave timely advice and warning.

"So far it has been shown by how easy a course the price of an organ of a given size may be materially reduced, to accommodate the estimate to particular circumstances. But the process may be reversed: i. e. the size of an organ may undergo great *apparent* increase, when 'a Grand Organ' is desired for the price of one of ordinary dimensions. An organ with say fifty stops, may cost either £1,000, or nearly £2,000, according to circumstances. If its specification be drawn up in a spirit consistent with the magnitude of the work, as *implied* by the number of its stops—if the stops chosen are introduced mostly in a 'complete' form, and if a just proportion be observed in their distribution between the manuals and pedal—the cost of such an instrument will certainly approach the higher of the two rough estimates above given. But then it will also be a genuine specimen of the German system of organ-building, carried out in its amplitude and integrity. Among the fundamental laws of that system are these: if a great manual be furnished with sixteen stops, these should include at least two double stops, one of which must be a double open diapason throughout. Or, to follow the German form of expression more closely, the great organ should be a 'sixteen feet manual.' Then all the manuals—by which is meant the *organs* as well as the *keys*—should be of equal, that is, of CC range; and the pedal moreover should, as a *minimum* proportion, have at least one third as many stops as the great manual.

"These and other governing rules of the science, however, can only be recognized, or at least followed, when the price will admit of their being so. But it too frequently happens that the approximate price for the organ has already been fixed, and the hoped-for number of stops also considered; in which case all that is left for an organ-builder to do, who desires to secure the order, is to prepare a design that will as little as possible run counter to these pre-formed expectations. He sees clearly that the plan for an instrument on the genuine German principle will exclude itself by its appended estimate; that there is every probability of the prize falling into the hands of him who can prepare the most 'promising' specification; therefore ideas about Art must subserve to those relating to *business*.

"Nor can organ-builders fairly be accountable for adopting the obvious alternative thus imposed upon them, and which amounts to this in effect if not in words: he who will prepare the specification that seems to promise the most extensive instrument for the stated terms—who, in fact, can the most successfully make what would seem a smaller organ look like a larger upon paper—will stand the best chance of securing 'the order.' And the ingenuity sometimes displayed in estimates drawn up to meet such expectations, almost calls for admiration. First, instead of the specification stating that the proposed instrument shall be built on the German *system*, which would be embodying a great deal, all it will promise, if it be prudently drawn up, is that it shall be made to the German *compass*, which implies but little. Next, several of the stops are planned to draw in *halves*; every such divided stop thus appearing as *two*; or they are introduced in an incomplete form, to meet other incomplete stops. In this manner a great step is made toward securing the necessary array of 'stops'; many persons judging of the excellence of an organ by the number of its *handles*, rather than by the excellence and completeness of what those handles *govern*. The couplers, even, to swell the number, are sometimes enumerated as stops. Then the important distinction between 'standard size' and 'size of tone' is overlooked; and the two portions of the stopped diapason, which together in reality form but one stop of eight feet *tone*, in consequence bear the aspect of two stops of eight feet. The bourdon, also, if divided, appears as two stops of sixteen feet. In this manner the stops in question, and by consequence the department to which they belong, are left open to a flattering estimate of their real dimensions.* The *one sesquialtera* of five ranks, again, which is to be found in all the most important organs of Germany, as well as in those of Bridge, Byfield, Harris and Smetzler in England, has to be made to draw as two or even three stops. Then the swell organ—a department in the construction of which an organ-builder takes peculiar pride and interest—this must be cut short at tenor C; which denudation deprives the swell of its finest octave, though to be sure at the same time it effects a saving of nearly £100 in the cost of that department alone, and must therefore be resorted to as one means of keeping down the price of the instrument. The swell *manual* perhaps runs 'throughout,' though that is of little value without its proper pipes. Numerous small and inexpensive stops, again, find admission, which assist in making up the required number, at no great outlay; while many large and costly ones are necessarily excluded, to bring the instrument within the narrow bounds prescribed by the stipulated terms. In this manner the admirable rule which lies at the foundation of the German system of organ-building—that the pedal shall have, at the least, one third as many stops as the great manual—and which is specially intended to check all excess in small or incomplete stops, as well as the slighting of large and more important ones, is perforce treated as though it had no existence. By the above and other such means, a specification for an organ of almost any number of stops—i. e., handles—may be provided, to suit almost any

* It must be borne in mind that it is not the *tone* of the deepest *sounding* covered stop, but the 'standard length' of the largest stop of the open diapason species, that fixes the size of a manual or pedal organ.

sum that may be named. But it cannot be supposed that any organ-builder who has a real love for his Art, can *prefer* building an instrument according to so unhealthy a system, however readily he may *consent* to do so.

"Yet despite the discouraging influences under which it has been sometimes carried on, Organ-building has nevertheless progressed marvellously, particularly in respect to those mechanical details which ensure quietness in the action generally, and which relate to lightness and promptness in the touch of large instruments, as well as in the selection and variety of the stops; but in regard to the completeness in the compass of the stops, and the excellence of the metal used in their construction, great 'progress' might still be made in *going back* to the customs of a century or more since. But these latter returns, whenever they may take place, must be *preceded* by a corresponding return to something akin to the fair and liberal terms paid to the artists of former times. We need not wonder, then, at the completeness, so far as they went, goodness of material, excellence of finish, beauty of tone, and durability of old instruments, made under such favorable auspices."

The above matters relating to the price, excellence and completeness of an organ, have been entered into thus fully and unreservedly, first, because emanating as they do from one who is wholly unconnected with the organ-building business, and who therefore can in no way be interested in the issue, beyond what is shared by all who admire excellence, irrespective of size, they may perhaps be permitted to exercise some influence with those who have to detect the actual merits of competing estimates; and secondly, because they really involve the permanent interest of the purchaser, the credit of the builder, and the progress of the Art, in equal degrees.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER V.

VEXATION.

I was fatigued, and yet I could not sleep. I counted the hours as they passed, but could not sum up the emotions of the evening and decide for myself. There was but one thing certain for me, and that was that I no longer loved the duchess, and had barely escaped learning a severe lesson in becoming attached to her; but a wounded heart soon seeks another wound to efface that which has mortified self-love, and the strong desire of loving made me feverish. For the first time in my life I was not absolute master of my will; I was impatient for the morrow. Since midnight I had entered into a new phase of existence, and not understanding myself, thought I was ill.

But I had never been so; my health had been my strong point, and I had grown up with a wonderful physical equilibrium. I was frightened in feeling my pulse slightly quickened. I jumped from my bed, looked at myself in the glass, and laughed outright. I lit my lamp, sharpened a pencil, and sketched upon a bit of paper the ideas which crossed me: I drew a composition which pleased me, although it was bad. It was a man seated between his good and bad angel. The good angel was anxious and full of solicitude for a pilgrim, whom the bad angel was tempting. Between these two angels, the principal personage, left to himself and relying upon neither of them, was looking smilingly at a little flower,

which to him represented nature. This allegory had not even common sense, but to me alone it signified a great deal. I thought I had conquered my nervousness, and went back to bed, dozed a little, had the nightmare, and dreamed of murdering Celio.

I left my bed decidedly, dressed myself by the first light of the dawn, took a walk upon the ramparts, and, when the sun had risen, went to Celio's lodging.

Celio had not been to bed, and I found him up and writing letters.

"You have not slept," said he to me, "and you have wearied yourself with vain efforts. I did better than you; I passed the night out. When a person is excited, he must seek still more excitement; it is the quickest way of finishing the matter."

"Fie, Celio," said I, smiling; "you shock me."

"Without any reason," answered he, "for I passed the night discreetly, talking and writing with the purest of women."

"Who? Mademoiselle Boccaferri?"

"Eh! how came you to guess? Can it be that—but it would be too late, for she has gone."

"Gone!"

"Ah, you are pale. Come, come, I did not notice that. I was wholly absorbed in myself yesterday. But listen: when I left you last night I felt very angry with you. I should have been glad to have talked two hours longer, and you told me to go and rest, which meant that you had had enough of me. Determined to talk until daylight, no matter with whom, I went straight to old Boccaferri. I know that he never sleeps so soundly, even after he has drunk much, as not to be able to awake instantly with a clear head and always ready to talk. I saw a light at his window, knocked at the door, and found him up and talking with his daughter. They came towards me, embraced me, and showed me a letter which had arrived during the evening, and which they had opened upon their return. I cannot tell you what the letter contained; but you will know before long. It is an important secret for them, and I gave them my word of honor to reveal it to no one. I helped them pack and am commissioned to arrange their affairs at the theatre; I talked over my own with Cecilia while her father went for a carriage. Finally, I saw them get into it an hour ago and drive out of the city. Now you see me settling their accounts, waiting the time to go to the theatre and secure Cecilia from all pursuit. Do not question me, for my mouth is sealed; but I beg you to observe that I am very busy and gay this morning, and do not mind wasting the fresh-

ness of my voice, and am devoting myself to my friend like a simple *épiciér*. Don't let this astound you too much. I am obliging, because, instead of its troubling me, it occupies and amuses me, that is all."

"Can you not even tell me towards what country they are travelling?"

"Not even that. Am I not cruel? Blame no one but Cecilia, who did not even except you in the silence which she imposed upon me, so ungrateful and perverse is woman."

"I thought you made Mademoiselle Boccaferri an exception in your anathemas against her sex."

"Are you serious? Then she is truly an exception, and I own it. She is a pure woman; why? because she is not beautiful."

"Are you quite sure that she is not beautiful?" asked I, eagerly. "You speak like an actor, but not like an artist. But I am a painter and learned in such matters, and I assure you that she is much more beautiful than the Duchess de X—, whose reputation is so great, and than the ruling prima donna, who has caused so much talk."

I expected either a jest or a denial from Celio. He answered not a word, but changed his coat and we went to breakfast. On the way he said to me hastily:

"You are perfectly right—she is the most beautiful of all women. I had the bad grace to deny it, for I thought I alone had discovered it."

"Celio, you speak like a possessor—like a lover."

"I!" cried he, turning his face towards mine with great assurance. "I am not, I never have been and never shall be her lover."

"How comes it that you do not desire it?"

"Because I respect her and wish to love her always, because she was the protégée of my mother, who esteemed her, and because after me, (and perhaps as much as I,) she is the person who best understood, best loved and best lamented my mother. Oh, my old Cecilia, never! Hers is a sacred head, and the only one which wears a bonnet that I would not like to trample under foot."

"Always strange and inconsistent, Celio! You know her to be estimable and loveable, and you so despise your own love as to guard her from it as if it were a stain! Can your breath then only degrade and wither what it touches? What sort of man or devil are you? But allow me to use one of those slang words you so much admire: this all seems *humbug* to me; an affectation of *Mephistophelism*, which your age and experience cannot justify. To tell the truth, I do not be-

lieve you. You want to astound me, affect the bold, the invincible and the satanic; but in reality you are an honest youth, rather wild, rather boastful, rather lawless, but not enough so to deny that a man ought to marry the girl whom he has betrayed; and as you are either too young or too ambitious to decide hastily upon so modest a marriage, you will not consent to lay siege to Cecilia's heart."

"Would to God I was as you think!" said Celio, without getting angry or contradicting; "then I should not be unhappy, as I am now. What I suffer is terrible. Ah, if I was pure and good, I should be candid, and marry Cecilia tomorrow and lead a calm, serene, charming life, more so than you think, as it might not be so humble a marriage as you now believe. Who knows the future? I cannot explain myself upon this subject; but know this—that even if Cecilia were a great heiress, honored with a noble name, I would not love her. Listen to a great truth, Salentini, though hackneyed and commonplace: the love of bad women kills us; the love of good and noble women kills them. We only love much that which loves us little, and that but little which loves us much. My mother, at forty, died of that, after ten years of silence and agony."

"Then that is true? I had heard so."

"And he who killed her still lives. I could never make him fight with me. I have insulted him bitterly, and although he is no coward, no, far from that, he bore it rather than raise his hand against Floriani's child. So I live like a reprobate, with a vengeance unquenched, which causes my torment, and I have not the courage to kill my mother's destroyer. You see in me another Hamlet, who does not affect grief and madness, but who is consumed by remorse, hatred and anger; and you called me good! All egoists are easily satisfied, tolerant and kind. But I shall not follow Hamlet's example, and I do not want to break poor Ophelia's heart. She should get her to a nunnery sooner! I am too unfortunate to love; I have no time nor strength for it; and the Hamlet within me becomes entangled with other passions. I am ambitious, selfish; Art is only a strife for me, glory only a revenge. My enemy prophesied that I would never come to anything, for my mother had spoiled me. I long to prove his falsehood before the whole world. As for Cecilia, I do not wish to be to her what he was to my mother, and yet I shall be; it is my destiny! The storms and griefs of our childhood fasten themselves to us, and when we try to free ourselves from them they draw us on by some fatal instinct of imitation to renew them at some later period; crime is contagious. I feel the injustice and folly I so bated in my mother's lover rising within me whenever I begin to love. So I will not love, for if I were not the victim, I should be the executioner."

"Then you are afraid lest you might be the victim unawares? You confess that you are capable of loving."

"Perhaps so; but I saw by my mother's example into what an abyss devotion may plunge us, and I shun it."

"And you do not really believe that love is subject to any laws but this terrible alternative of misplaced and sacrificed devotion, or that of mad tyranny and homicide?"

"No."

"Poor Celio! I pity you, and see that you are

a weak and passionate man. At last I know you; you are destined to be either the victim or the destroyer; but apply that only to yourself—the human race is not your accomplice."

"You scorn me because you think yourself better," cried Celio, bitterly. "Well, wait awhile. If you are sincere, we will moralize upon it some other day; we will not dispute now. Until then, what do you intend doing? making love to my old Cecilia? Look out! I watch over her defence like a keen and snarly little dog. You must walk uprightly with her. If I respect her so much, others shall not possess her even in their most secret thoughts."

I was struck by the bitterness of these words and the tone of hatred and spite which accompanied them.

"Celio," said I to him, "you will be jealous of Boccaferri; you are so already. Confess that we are rivals. Be frank, since you say frankness is a sign of strength. You told me you were not her lover and should never be; but look into the depths of your heart and see if you are sure for the future; then you can tell me if I am in your path, and if from to-day we are friends or enemies."

"You ask me a rather delicate question," replied he; "but I will not delay my answer. I never lie to myself or to others. I shall never be jealous of Cecilia, for I shall never be in love with her unless she first loves me, which is as probable as that the duchess will become sincere and old Boccaferri sober."

"And why not, Celio? If, unfortunately for me, Cecilia should see and hear you now, she might well be moved, trembling, wavering. . . ."

"If I saw her wavering, moved and trembling, I should flee, Salentini, I give you my word of honor. I know too well what it is to profit by a moment of excitement, to take women by surprise. Not so would I be loved by a woman like Cecilia; I should find no glory nor delight in such a love, because she is sincere and truthful; she would not hide from me her shame or her tears, and instead of pleasure I should only bestow and receive sorrow and remorse. No, not thus would I win a pure woman; and as I only seek excitement, I shall woo only those who give it. Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet, my friend. Nothing proves that Cecilia does not love you deeply, and that the friendship she professes for you is not love, which she hides even from herself. If it is so, you will find it out some day, and when you do you will dispute her with me?"

"Yes, certainly, sir," answered Celio, unhesitatingly; "and since you love her, you must know that her love will be no light thing. . . . But in such a case, my friend," added he, seized by a sad emotion which clouded his expressive face, "I beg you to fight with me. I might be killed, for I fight badly. I excelled in my fencing lessons; but in presence of a real adversary I am agitated, anger carries me away, and I am always wounded. My death would save Cecilia from my love. So do not fail me if we should ever come to such a pass. But now let us breakfast, laugh, and be friends, for I am sure that she only considers me a child, and I only see in her an old friend; so, if this goes on so, I shall not take offence. . . . But you will marry her? Otherwise I could fight coolly, and surely kill you, depend upon it."

"Good!" answered I. "These words of yours prove to me what she is, and this respect for virtue in one who pretends to be vicious would drive me to marriage with closed eyes."

We shook hands and our breakfast was merry. I was full of hope and trust; I cannot tell why, for Mademoiselle Boccaferri had gone; I did not know when or where we should meet again, and she had never even given me a look which could make me believe she loved me. Was I infatuated? No, I really loved. My conversation with Celio strengthened my belief in the merit I had guessed at the night before. Love enlarges the soul and purifies the air which reaches it. It was my first true love; I felt happy, young and strong; everything about me was colored with a livelier, purer radiance.

"Do you know of what I have been dreaming lately," said Celio, "and which returns to me more seriously since my fiasco? To go and pass a few weeks, perhaps months, in some quiet, secluded corner with foolish Boccaferri and his sensible daughter. Together they possess the secret of Art; each represents a separate phase. The father is particularly inventive and impulsive—the daughter eminently conscientious and learned; for Cecilia is a great musician; the public do not imagine it, and you probably know nothing of it. But I can tell you that she perhaps is the last great musician Italy may boast. She understands the great composers more than any new singer now in vogue. If she sings in the chorus, with her voice that can hardly be heard, all go on smoothly without dreaming that she alone keeps together and rules the rest by her mere intelligence, while the strength of her lungs has nothing to do with it. They feel it, but say nothing. What favorites of the public would own the supremacy of talent which is never applauded? Go to the theatre to-night and you will see how the opera goes on. The void made by Cecilia's absence will be a little noticed. Of course they will not say what causes this lack of harmony and of united movement. It may be the hoarseness of this one, the distraction of another; the singers will blame the orchestra, and *vice versa*. But I, who shall look on to-night, shall laugh at the general confusion and say to myself: 'Foolish public, you had a treasure and never understood it! Is it roudades you desire? There are plenty. Are you satisfied? Strive to know what you do want; until then, I observe and rest myself.'"

"You teach me nothing new, Celio. Only last night I quarrelled with the duchess de — about the superior and elevated talent of Mademoiselle Boccaferri."

"But the duchess cannot understand that," answered Celio, with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is no more artist than my old shoe; and a person must be extremely well versed in such matters to recognize merits which are buried under a perpetual fiasco, for that is Cecilia's fate. When she renders the most insignificant parts of her rôle, like a mistress of her art, four or five true dilettanti scattered about in the vast theatre smile with wondrous delight. A few half-way musicians say: 'What beautiful music! How finely it is written!' without remembering that they could not notice such perfections in the detail of a great thing, if the *seconda donna* was not a great artist. So goes the world, Salentini. As for me, I want to astonish, and I seek success

with all my will, but it is to revenge myself upon the public, which I detest, and to despise it still more. I mistook the means, but I shall find them with the aid of Boccaferri and his daughter, and myself above all. I must perfect myself like a true artist; it will not take long; each year to me is equal to ten years of common life; for I am energetic and persistent. When I shall have found out what I needed, then I shall know what the public needs to understand true merit. I shall succeed in being infinitely worse than I was yesterday, and so shall please infinitely more. Such is my theory. Do you understand?"

"I understand how false it is, and that if you do not seek the true and beautiful that you may teach it to the public, thinking that falsehood will please them, you will never possess the truth. You can never do both. No one can make a grimace without wrinkling even the most beautiful face. Take care; you have gone all wrong and will ruin yourself."

"But look at Cecilia's example," cried Celio, warmly. "Does she not possess the truth in her? Does she not persist in only giving truth to the public? and is she not misunderstood and unknown? You need not say that she lacks strength and fire. For only two days since I heard her sing and declaim alone to four walls, not knowing that I listened. The atmosphere burned with her passion; she uttered tones which might make a crowd thrill and start like one man. Yet she does not scorn the public, only she does not love it. She sings well before it for her own sake, without anger, passion, or boldness. The public remains deaf and cold; it claims first that one should trouble himself to please it, and I will; but it shall pay me well, for I will only give it the refuse of my passion and my knowledge, and that will be too good."

I could not soothe Celio. He drank a great deal of coffee, all the time swearing against the insipidity of Viennese coffee. He strove to get more excited. The anger of his failure came back to him with fresh bitterness. I reminded him of his affairs at the theatre, and thither he went, after appointing a rendezvous for the evening at my house.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART III.

I must now add a few words on the *Pensionnat*. I use this term, because it has no synonym in English. The *Pensionnat* is not a boarding-school. It is used here to mean that part of the Conservatory in which the male singers, twelve or fifteen in number, are supported and instructed *gratuitously*. It is of them I shall speak, whenever I mention the male singers in this narrative. No other male members of the classes of singing are allowed to reside in the establishment. They are severally confined, and never permitted to go out and wander about the streets, without a written permission from the director. They are subject to a rigorous discipline, the violation of which is followed by the exclusion of the transgressor. They are only allowed to take a walk on Sunday. Formerly, female subjects were received in the *Pensionnat*; but some abuses and reasons of morality have induced the Government to suppress the female branch, and girls are now admitted into the classes of singing, as day-scholars only.

I have now given all the details concerning the Conservatory that will interest the general reader, and it only remains for me, in conclusion, to say

a few words about the great man who stamped his name on the National Conservatory of France: that man is CHERUBINI.

I do not intend to write Cherubini's biography; that has already been done by abler hands. I need not speak of his mighty genius; that is universally acknowledged. He has no rival in the art of fugueing; on the sacred harp he is equal to Mozart, and has left Haydn far behind him. My design here is to speak of the *man*, and the reader will doubtless be pleased with some particulars concerning him, which I gathered in my social intercourse in Paris, from friends who are artists, and some of whom are Cherubini's relations.

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employments in disgust. After a while, it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But, learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Lesueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor), unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Lesueur and Cherubini should share the charge of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honorable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in earnest, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de presence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning, he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to dispatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncovered, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of one of his own scores, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favorite employment in moments of leisure, was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper to the place with such

skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this, it is a mere *devergondage*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau disordre est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz,—he had the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers; "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr. Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his masterpieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they are admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Duc de Berry; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was generally pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such

vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistical career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.

A Sunday in a German Church.

[We take the following chapter from Mr. RICHARD STORIS WILLIS's very interesting and instructive little book, entitled "Our Church Music," of which we shall have more to say ere long.]

I once found myself in one of the cities of central Germany. The leading Protestant Church of the place had been closed for some months, while undergoing repairs, and meanwhile the Roman Catholics, with a liberality of feeling sometimes met with in that country, had thrown open their magnificent edifice to the worship of the Protestants, the Protestant service immediately succeeding the ordinary morning service of the Catholics. The only change made was the concealment of the altar by a curtain dropped from the ceiling. In front of this curtain was a temporary desk for the clergyman.

On a Sunday morning I entered this cathedral, upon the front of which was inscribed in imposing capitals the solemn word, DEO. The immense edifice was crowded with worshippers. The Duke and his court (a Protestant house) were present, occupying a separate tribune on the side of the pulpit. The body of the edifice was filled, promiscuously, with garrison troops, citizens, and peasantry from the surrounding country in their picturesque national costumes. The introductory voluntary was just commencing. The powerful organ, which seemed to have its place near the altar, and was concealed by a curtain, was crowding every arch and corner of the immense pile with its massive harmonies. The air around us was a sea of music; its rich surging broke majestically on the vaulted roof, and echoed among the lofty arches, and beat solemnly upon the silent heart.

Meanwhile the assembled multitude had found the first hymn, which, as usual in German churches, was indicated upon tablets, placed at convenient intervals upon the wall. And now the rich tone-masses of the organ gradually merged into the familiar strain of an old church choral. At this well-known signal the great assembly, from the sovereign to the peasant, arose. The introductory strain of the organ ceased, and a trumpet behind the veiled off in clear, courageous tones the choral melody, sustained by full organ accompaniment. Simultaneously with this, a chorus of a thousand voices rolled up from the congregation in a mighty song of praise to Jehovah—a song which the lofty roof seemed scarce capable of repressing—majestic, soul-thrilling.

As the last echoes of this choral hallelujah died upon the ear, a clergyman, who until now had not been seen, advanced and pronounced, in a deep-toned and solemn voice, the opening prayer. He retired, and again, unheralded except by the invisible organ, the thousand-voiced chorus swelled to the skies. The sermon immediately succeeded, brief and impressive; then a closing choral was sung, and after the benediction the cathedral doors were once more thrown open to the congregation; while the parting tones of the organ followed us as we passed into the outer world, like sacred memories of the hour.

Now, here was a combination of singularly felicitous circumstances, and which afford us, I think, some valuable hints as to Church Music.

1st. The machinery of the music was concealed. Here was no twitching of curtains by the choir; no preparatory whisper and flutter, and turning of leaves; no clearing of throats, no obtrusion of personalities in any way upon the audience.

2d. The act of worship was simultaneous and seemingly spontaneous. The clergyman did not announce, and then recite, preparatorily, the invocation to Jehovah about to be made. Why should an invocation to the Supreme Being be recited before-hand?

3d. All united, from a common level of devotion—prince, priest and people. There was no unnecessary personal intervention; each soul bore its humble, individual part in the common worship; and, moreover, with the greatest reverence and earnestness—a feature so unusual in our churches at home, and yet so common abroad! A very observable thing, also, was the utter unconsciousness of each worshipper—both of the observation of others and of any possible effect produced by his music.

I do not claim for this example of congregational singing, that it could be copied in every particular, or that it were desirable so to do: many of the circumstances mentioned were incidental: but the unanimous participation in the service, and the withdrawal of all unnecessary personality, were parts of a well-considered system.

It is evident that in our present Church Music we greatly lack purity of style. We should clearly distinguish between the different forms of church song, and the purpose, each is best calculated to subserve. An ornamental and impressive style of music, as legitimately represented by choir performances, we should never confound with a devotional style, as represented by congregational singing. Let us act intelligently, when we act at all. Let us not thwart our church devotions, by making them the responsibility of a few, whose only *realized* responsibility is the music. Let us not, on the other hand, impede the development of high musical Art, by attempting to make it ornamental and impressive, and, at the same time, congregationally simple and devotional.

We need to simplify the congregational style, and amplify the choir style. Our present choir music is too difficult, and on too extended a vocal scale for the mass of worshippers, on the one hand, and too cramped and hampered for the glories of sacred Art on the other. A short tune of four lines, which, in itself, is but half of a legitimate melody, (a completed melody consisting of eight,) is but very insignificant material to work with, in an Art whose resources are boundless as those of music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1856.

The Prize Songs—The Award.

The New York *Musical Review* of Saturday announces the result of the voting of its subscribers for the two best songs among the eight selected by a committee and published in successive numbers of that journal. The first prize of *Two hundred dollars* has been awarded to Mr. OTTO DRESEL, of Boston, for Song No. 1, to Tennyson's words: "Sweet and low, wind of the western sea." Mr. CHARLIE C. CONVERSE, of New York, takes the second prize, of *One hundred dollars*, for Song No. 4, entitled "My gentle Mother's Song." This announcement in the *Review* is accompanied with the following statement of facts and gratulatory reflections on the enterprise:

While the number of votes received has been small in comparison to the large list of our subscribers—smaller indeed by far than we anticipated—they come to us from all parts of the country, and in sufficient number to give a true indication of the opinion of the majority of those to whose decision the award was submitted.

The Song No. 1, by Mr. Dresel, to which is awarded the first prize, has received about twice as many votes as either of its competitors. The Song No. 4, by Mr. Converse, to which the prize of \$100 is awarded has received nearly three times as many votes as either of the others with exception of No. 1. The song which has received the least number of votes, (one only,) is No. 5, "The Baby," a song which is by no means the least meritorious of the eight.

It is no wonder that this enterprise should have caused much excitement amongst artists, amateurs, and critics; no wonder that many comments have been made upon the merits and demerits of the songs; and last, not least, no wonder that some of our kind friends of the musical press should have pronounced the whole set (of course, always with exception of one or two) decided trash. Now, this last symptom of sympathy from artists and critics is such a common thing with regard to prize-songs and prize compositions in general, that we should have wondered very much if the contrary had occurred. In fact, we do not think that there ever were prize compositions of any kind that were not declared by some bad, and by others indifferent. But has this necessary diversity of opinion prevented the small or great amount of artistic benefit which was derived from them? Certainly not; for when time has removed the excitement and bad blood which the award of prizes

had necessarily created amongst the unfortunate competitors and their friends; when a calmer reflection has produced a more just opinion, at least *something* good has been discovered where before nothing was found but want of merit, or even that which was positively bad. It has been said that to award prizes for compositions is of no use to art itself. One of the German papers lately had a long article upon this subject, and Mr. Dwight has repeated it. With regard to our prize-songs this is certainly not true; for the "very fine song," the "real work of art," of the eight, which, according to Mr. Dwight, would, if awarded a prize, "do true service to the cause of music as an art," has received the first prize. But even if our subscribers had voted for two others of the songs, for instance, for No. 7 or No. 5, there would have been exhibited on their part no want of appreciation for good music. For both songs are meritorious; No. 7 as much so as any of the whole set. In fact, each of the songs, if viewed in the remembrance that musical culture of a higher order is rather of recent date in this country, may claim some merit for itself.

We could not have expected that every competitor should write in the style of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz. If every song of the eight had shown this character, America would be the most advanced musical country of the age. We have no glorious past of our own in this kind of composition, and it would be folly to presume that we were ripe enough to commence where the Germans arrived only at a very late period of the history of their musical art. But that we have offered some good songs, in spite of the little which has been done here in this field, is already a very good sign, and must be attributed to nothing else but the fact that we offered prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars for the two best songs. If we had not tendered this encouragement to our artists, the public would have been deprived not only of the benefit of their efforts, but also of the opportunity of showing its own soundness of judgment and knowledge of the matter. That we have afforded this opportunity is a just source of pride and satisfaction to ourselves. When we started the idea of making subscribers judges over the songs, there were many who feared that the votes would not be a very flattering testimonial of the state of musical art in this country. But we had a better trust in the progress that art has made within a few years; we even thought that our own efforts in this journal for the cause of good music would not have been without some influence upon the large number of our readers. The result of the vote shows that we thought right, and we may now say with some propriety that our enterprise has been crowned with a glorious success—a success not only as regards the benefit of musical art, but also as a triumphant justification of our desire to test the musical knowledge of our country in a just and appropriate manner.

In another place the *Review* says:—"This award of the first prize, however unexpected, will no doubt be highly satisfactory to Dwight's *Journal of Music*, and give its editor a much better opinion of the *vox populi* than he has hitherto professed," and then adds: "How about the 'real interests of Art, of music in America,' now?"

The result (in the case of the *first prize*) is certainly as satisfactory to us as it was unexpected and indeed altogether strange. And this it may be without altering our opinion of the *vox populi* as arbiter in such a competition, or weakening the ground we took in regard to prize compositions generally, and these prize songs in particular. We did not think, no one who feels the difference between what is Art and what is not Art, thought, that the best song would win the prize. We are happy that the result is so much better than we dared predict. We enjoy it none the less, that the strangest freak of Fortune's wheel is where it coincides for once with right and reason. The confession of the *Review*, a few days before the award, that so far the best song had received the fewest votes of any, did not of course tend to remove our scepticism;—or was that a sheer piece of waggery to draw us more completely into the pleasant little trap? Enjoy your joke, good gentlemen! for after all it is a joke, and it is perhaps answer enough to your

question: "How now about the interests of Art?" that we enjoy it with you.

In reconsidering Mr. Dresel's song, we do find in it certain elements of popularity. In the first place a melody, sweet, simple, easily fastening itself in the memory, easily sung, and separable enough from its artistic and quite difficult piano accompaniment to satisfy the untaught love of mere melody, though to an appreciating taste accompaniment and melody make up one vital and inseparable whole. In the next place, the subject, a lullaby, and Tennyson's sweet words, were of a kind always popular. This may account for the large vote in its favor, without implying any *hocus pocus*. Yet that in a land where \$20,000 have been made upon the sale of "Old Folks at home," where publishers grow rich on "Negro melodies," and are ever readier to buy the copyright of some stale, imitative, commonplace, sentimental ditty, which sells only because it is *not* new, but runs in the same old well-worn channels of a humdrum melody, than they are that of a really new and true work of Art;—that in such a land, the majority of the subscribers, in town and country, to a popular journal, should select the artistic, poetic and refined song in preference to others more after the type of those that *sell*, is, to say the least, anomalous. Happy should we be to see such anomaly become the rule; and if the Messrs. MASON BROTHERS, by their prizes and their *Musical Review*, will make it so, they shall have credit among the greatest benefactors to the cause of musical Art in our wide country.

But let us look a little farther. How is it as regards the *second* prize? And here we find what we were about to say anticipated by an exchange paper, which we just took up. "It is a little remarkable," says the Worcester *Palladium*, "that the two best songs should have received, one the largest, and the other the smallest number of votes." We are quite of the opinion of this writer that decidedly the second best song (though we may see it at a greater distance from the first best,) is that poor No. 5, "The Baby," which got only *one* vote! At all events, as the *Review* itself seems well aware, the real question lay between that and the No. 7, only that the two songs are of so different a character that they are not easily compared. One or two others should we place above the successful "Mother's Song," which certainly is commonplace enough, in melody and accompaniment, and has a prelude (recurring as symphony and conclusion) of the most senseless, awkward kind, an empty period of three bars complete in itself, with a full cadence. But we did not intend to enter into any special criticism of the songs; there will be time enough for that when Mr. Richardson shall have published his revised edition of the eight. We shall cheerfully qualify somewhat, in some instances, the judgment we first passed on them collectively. Enough for the present for the vindication of our distrust in the popular vote, that it has signally failed in the other cases, if it did guess right in the first. So the exception only proves the rule; the result of the balloting helps not our unbelief, from which we should be thankful to be quite delivered, because it is most pleasant to believe that what is best is also the most popular.

We said: "If there were any certainty that the one really fine song would win the general

vote, then indeed would a true service be done to Art." This result, as we have seen, proves not that certainty. Yet we gladly recognize some good to Art in the award of the first prize. It draws attention to a good song, and leads to a comparison of it with the others, which cannot fail to be somewhat instructive. The little factitious excitement about these songs will provoke much sharp and careful criticism, such as our native efforts in this line have not often been exposed to. In this the publishers of the *Review* are right. But these benefits are not incidental solely to the popular vote system. A more competent jury would inspire nobler competition, ensure more just awards, and lend the matter all the *éclat* it now has. And still we fall back upon our first general position, based on the world's experience, that prize products of all kinds, especially in music, do somehow, as a *general rule*, bear the stamp of mediocrity. Genius finds not its best inspirations in such competitions. We said, it rarely happens that the best work was written for the prize; and so, we chance to know, it was in the case of this first prize song. It dropped into the competition without much serious purpose of competing; and no one could have been so much surprised at the result as was the author. Again, on the other hand, this very song, although so beautiful and so artistic, and so much above the others, is by no means a *great* song, nor what a composer of such gifts might be expected to regard as more than a happy little chance inspiration. Nor can we see that the published fruits of the competition, with this exception, are much better on the whole than we have been getting through the ordinary channels.

Is Art, then, the gainer by this enterprise? It has given distinction to one good song; it has hung a poor one in almost the same favorable light; it has cast another good one wholly in the shade, comparatively, while collectively it has surrounded good, bad, and indifferent with about the same *éclat*. We have above shown how Art may incidentally derive some gain from it; but is it so sure that the weeds do not thrive equally, or even faster, under the same warm sun?

A New Composition by Satter.

Two weeks ago we took occasion to remark, under the heading of "Superlatives," upon the extraordinary disposition in the press of this country to heap the highest eulogistic epithets upon all sorts of musical artists. We quoted specimens from certain extravagant eulogies or "puffs" upon such artists as OLE BULL, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON; and pointed out the wrong done by that kind of talk to Art, to the musical public, as well as to these really distinguished artists themselves. All who read the article, or who will take the trouble to refer to it, will find in it not one word or hint against those gentlemen themselves, as artists or as men. For further illustration, we were reminded of certain very frank and piquant "Letters from Boston," written to the New York *Musical World* by GUSTAVE SATTER, the pianist, largely taken up in praise of his own concerts here, and in magnificent professions of the uncompromising pride and dignity of high Art; also of a "Biography" of the said Satter, conceived in very much the same tone, but which we did *not* declare to be an *auto*-biography, or even hint the possibility of such a thing, although it is indeed difficult to

see where most of the *materials* could come from, unless from the modest young man himself. What we did was to contrast these lofty artistic claims with certain familiar clap-trap performances. We hoped that he might profit by the lesson, for that he has talent no one will deny. But in the last number of the *Musical World*, his letter is addressed to *us*, and is a composition of so strange a character, that we do not wonder it "surprised" and mystified our good friend RICHARD WILLIS, the editor of the said *World*. Perhaps it also furnished him a new phase of his Boston correspondent. We will now copy both Mr. Willis's introduction, and Mr. Satter's incoherent mess of boyish rage and nonsense. First Mr. Willis:

A SURPRISE.

We were thoroughly aroused from our editorial repose the other day by the reception of the letter herewith appended. Our excellent friends Dwight and Dresel of Boston appear in some manner (unknown and uncomprehended as yet of ourselves) sensitively to have come into collision with Satter the artist.

Mr. Satter, as our subscribers are aware, has been furnishing for the *N. Y. Musical World* a series of letters from Boston over his own signature. These letters (it must be acknowledged) have been *exceedingly* written by Satter. That is, with a frankness and ingenuousness by us inexperienced before, Satter has written a weekly critique of his own concerts, a very successful series of which has just closed. This was something new; this was something piquant—to our subscribers, doubtless, as well as to ourselves.)

* * * * * Touching the biographical sketch of Mr. Satter, to which allusion is made, we received it (as we stated in the brief introduction) accompanied by a letter from the Boston admirers of this artist and a request for publication. It was interesting as furnishing statistics of an up-coming celebrity, and as such we published it.

As to any unworthy inducements for a publication of the same, we feel as confident that Mr. Dwight has insinuated nothing of the kind as that he would never think it of us. We say this anticipatively, our copy of his journal not having yet come to hand, and we being still ignorant of the entire grievance of our irate correspondent.

Mr. Satter (whom we have never yet had the pleasure of seeing, except once across a concert room,) is an artist of decided ability. His enemies even, (if he has any,) will willingly concede this. It is a pity, we think, that an artistic vitality which must inevitably make its own way, should be impeded in its progress by exterior personal animosities, so foreign to the spirit of Art and so injurious to an artistic nature.

But let not Mr. Satter think that Mr. Dwight has any other than a pure motive in what he says and does; all the world believes this of Dwight. And as to Otto Dresel, he is a veritably true artist; though he does (it must be confessed,) sometimes, in his conscientiousness, unnecessarily tread upon the toes of people. But this is coupled with so true and uncompromising a fidelity to high Art, as he understands it, that they afterwards make it a point to forgive him; as (if he has aught against him) Satter must do.

We herewith present the letter, then, without any emendations of Mr. Satter's English, which, for a foreigner, he certainly writes remarkably well. The tone of the communication is an unaccustomed one in our columns, but as the *casus belli* apparently originated in the *N. Y. Musical World*, we cannot deny Mr. Satter a hearing.

This is courteous, kind and reasonable. Our friend does only justice to the motive of our article; and of course we need not assure him that any suspicion of "unworthy inducements" in his insertion of the "Biography" was the thing farthest from our thoughts. What we did suspect was, that he was possibly taking too much upon trust, as all amiable natures will. When we remarked that "Mr. Satter might well pray to be delivered from his friends," we meant of course the friends who flatter his vanity and write such biographies of him to send to unsuspecting editors.

One other point in the above requires remark. Why mix up the name of Mr. DRESEL in the matter? Surely he is in no way concerned in it. We wrote the article, and with no prompting and no aid from any one. From this jumble of Satter's, which seems to have misled Mr. Willis, as well as from like hints which have once or twice appeared in other quarters, there would seem to be a notion in the heads of certain persons—we know not how many or how they came by it—that OTTO DRESEL, the pianist, is part editor or manager of Dwight's Journal of Music. Let it be understood, once for all, that that gentleman has not and never has had any interest or part whatever in the conduct of this paper. That we can count him among our friends, that we owe much to him both as an artist and a wise judge and teacher of his art, we should be ungrateful to deny; and that it is our duty, as our pleasure, as one who would do somewhat to improve the public taste, to learn what we can from him, as from all other greater or lesser lights in the divine art, is what no sane mind will dispute. Surely of all the musicians with whom we have had to do, no one has taken less pains to forestall the good impression of our columns. Now for Mr. Satter:

AN OPEN LETTER TO J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC, BOSTON.

If a man whose merits are comparatively nothing, in the line which he pursues, has the meanness to deny laurels to an artist who sacrificed his whole life to one and the same object, and who earned these very laurels, not from the pre or post-paid editorials of any paper, but from public opinion, we must consider such proceedings as the mere result of want of education; for an editor cannot envy an artist, though he may hurt him, and an artist, if he is one, will never care for a single man's opinion, though this man may have a letter-press, a printer, or a compositor. But if this very man is acknowledged the "head puffer" of his friends, and laughed at for this very reason by many intelligent people, and he fights for criticism, and raises a flag of defiance against those upon whose protection he chiefly depends, then, I say, this very man appears in a very different light, and he becomes an odium for Art and Artists. I have nothing at all against J. S. Dwight as a man, but as an editor I declare him incompetent for any musical paper. My friend W. H. Fry has defended himself and his talent; so shall I. But not only me alone; but not only Ole Bull, Gottschalk and William Mason; but not only pianists and violinists; but the whole world of artists. I have the satisfaction to prove plainly and to show that there is one man left in this world who will never bow to the good graces of an editor, as this man knows—that most of those men who raise a paper have only one object in view, money, and that J. S. Dwight complained very bitterly, a short time ago, about the non-payment of his subscribers.

1. I hereby declare that the biography which my friend Willis kindly published has been inserted without my knowledge, and without any pecuniary, friendly, or otherwise shaped arrangements. If R. S. Willis considers me a man of merit, or if my Boston friends do, all right; if not, all right too. But I earnestly hope that Willis will keep the manuscript of this biography, and show it to any one who is acquainted with my hand writing. If R. S. Willis had taken any pay for it from me, he would probably despise me as much as I would him; and if R. S. Willis has published this article from a feeling of esteem, I thank him sincerely. And at last, this biography has not given me a heartfelt delight for one very heavy reason, viz: that there appears a certain kind of blame against my honored and beloved parents, who have ever wished and acted for my best, although they may have been mistaken in the way to do it. Family struggles should never appear as a matter of publicity, and I earnestly hope that the author of my biography, kindly and nobly as he meant it, may never cherish any bad feelings in and against his own family.

2. Gottschalk enjoyed a great reputation, long before J. S. Dwight thought of enjoying the editorship of a paper, and William Mason will be a fine and thoroughbred artist, despite all the Dwigths in the world. If the *Musical Review* says, that "Gottschalk is the jeweller and Mason the Gothic architect, and that it is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo," the *Musical Review* does not say, that these two artists are Cellini and Angelo. Gottschalk and Mason do at all events infinitely better in their way than J. S. Dwight in his, for they are modest, at least in a certain degree. They do not attempt to do anything beyond their sphere, and their success is sure; I wish I could say the same of J. S. Dwight.

If anything may beat J. S. Dwight in his protestations against florid language and flaming show-bills, take his own criticisms of my concert in Boston last year, and you will find a perfect description of the four seasons, of crispiness and new words; or still later, read his inspired exertions for Otto Dresel, a music teacher here in Boston, who must at least be another Beethoven, Bach, Schumann and Robert Franz, (all four together), "neglected in Germany and first appreciated here," if I am "Another Mozart." And if anything may beat the veracity or more plainly said, the truth of J. S. Dwight's writings, take his criticism of my "Six Morceaux de Concert" which he describes as six little pieces, whilst three of them are not yet published at all, and among these three there is not one less than eighteen pages long, and among these three again there are the *Love-Romances* dedicated to my friend Hector Berlioz, and which I consider my very best composition.

4. J. S. Dwight says: "What becomes of the honor of those wreaths and flowers at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon *Yankee Doodle*, *Hail Columbia*, etc., that they were won?" Is J. S. Dwight an American or not? Is he ashamed to listen to the hymns of his country? Does he pretend to be a musical Benedict Arnold? Does J. S. Dwight know, that I got the wreath at the *Convention Concerts after the performance of my Sonata in F sharp major*? And if he does not know it, how can he be bold enough, to utter such a falsehood in public, and insult at the same time those, who admired my composition? Does J. S. Dwight know, that Europe loves its national airs quite as well as America? And finally, does Mr. Dwight know, that Liszt, Dreyshock, Thalberg and Schulhoff played more English, Russian, French and Austrian national airs in their concerts, than fugues of Bach or Sonatas of Beethoven?

5. J. S. Dwight says: "How does the 'unrelenting hostility to humbug' comport with the announcement to play at a lottery Gift Concert in New Hampshire!" These words are the allies, that ever man spoke, and though I never believed much in Dwight's logic, I did not think that he was quite so flat. If Dwight means, that "humbug" has to do with the concert, let him write to the managers, and tell them to stop the lottery: but that Mr. D. gives me the blame for playing there, is not half as mean as it is ridiculous. I know, that Mr. D. is very amiable towards any one, who subscribes with \$2.00 for his paper, and that he never asks the persons, whether they are from Boston or from the Feejee-islands: why should not I play for my friends, who pay me fifty or a hundred dollars for fifty or a hundred minutes entertainment? I am not so aristocratic and so silly, as to believe, that a farmer's dollar is less worth than even Rothschild's dollar, and the very fact that I played already three times in the same place in N. H. shows, that people like me. What do I care for the rest? How perfectly ridiculous it is, to stick to a certain clique, and to attack innocent little artists, who have quite as capacious a stomach as Mr. D., and even a better one, doomed as they are, to swallow the Schoolstreetpills!

6. As to ridiculing Ole Bull, Mr. D. ought to be ashamed of himself. Let Mr. D. write twenty columns a year about the incompetency of "such lonely, forlorn, miserable critters" as Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, and these poor individuals will curse their unlucky fate. But let Ole Bull alone, for Heaven's sake! Ole Bull..... J. S. Dwight!! The Great Spirit.....an Indian serenader!! Ole Bull's name will sound through the world and through generations, when every single copy of Dwight's *Journal of Music* shall have perished: and to prevent that, Mr. D. must assume a very different course with artists, like Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, whose company should be his greatest delight, whose support his greatest pride.

7. Mr. D. seems rather to be a spy of American musical matters under German pay, than anything else. Instead of rejoicing at the growth, at the grandeur of Art in his country, he cries over it. He says: "To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position (who, Mr. D. or Mr. Dresel?) there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and inimitable artists as our own." (Is Mr. D. sorry for it, or does he prefer an emigration of the Leipzig school of Germany to this independent country, where almost every music-seller and publisher has his own "Journal of Music," and praises his own publications, whilst he drags all the others in the mud!) And in another place: "Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States." (These United States, Sir, give you a good living, liberty and moral security: and this amiable and independent press is the very same who tried to get your Journal into circulation. And you, who are one of the press, allow advertisements to be inserted, which ought to make you blush to your very bones.)

And so I think, that Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and I will do best, to thank you for your kind exertions, to ask for no further notices, to declare every single word that you write about us, valueless, and to pursue our own way with the idea, that whatever Dwight and Dresel may say, it will never be more or less than "Fiddle D. D."

GUSTAVE SATTER.

This surely calls for no reply or comment upon our part. We will only for the further amusement and instruction of the reader, append a few piquant extracts from the aforesaid "Boston Correspondence."

Some people told other people that my fantasies on *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable* were not written by myself. Now, I have had until the present moment two ways to compose—for the publishers, and for use. Those in the first style I consider, myself, "mere trash," but I have the sorry satisfaction to say, that I just as truly made the last pieces as I promise never to write in the former style again.

The first of the series of three concerts under the title, "Philharmonic Soirées," comes off next Thursday, at the splendid and newly decorated rooms of Hallett, Davis & Co., and if you think that a man who feels tickled to death by seeing his subscription list over-filled, may write an impartial criticism of himself and the assisting artists, then, I say, I am very happy to tell you, with profound reverence: "My dear Willis, I am the man."

The receipts of the Beethoven Festival were appropriated to pay the expenses previously contracted in the six orchestral concerts, which did not quite meet the expectation of the founders. We think that more variety and the engagement of great artists would have done more credit to the managing committee. Indeed, if we except Mr. Wm. Mason, there was nobody worth noticing among the solo performers. Orchestral concerts ought not to serve as "encouraging opportunities" for friends and favorites, and if they have an object it ought to be for composers, whose names are not a sufficient guarantee to give instrumental concerts on their own account.

Mr. Gustave Satter (poor me!) had his usual *encore* after having used the anvils of the *Trovatore* and the imperial dresses of *Ernani* in a fantasia; and having commenced with "clap-trap," I persisted in clap-trapping, and "brass-band-d" the *Coronation March*. I am so disgusted with playing this kind of music, that I wish all the time some strings would break, and I would send an apologizing "alter ego" on the stage; but Hallett & Davis's pianos are just as obstinate as can be, and whenever I intend to punish their firmness by a thirty-finger chord, all that people say is: "What a noble instrument!" and that ere piano grins at me most sarcastically, as if it wanted to reap all the laurels for itself, and leave for me the more interesting part of acknowledging its merits.

The first of the Philharmonic Soirées met with the most flattering success; there was such enthusiasm manifested for Beethoven and the underserving writer of this epistle, that henceforth I do not envy the Crescent city for her plantation dances and their interpreters to large audiences.

My second piece, *Fantasia on themes of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser*, met with still more applause, and towards the close I was greeted with such an impetuous demonstration of satisfaction, lasting for about five minutes, that I gave for an *encore* my Transcription of the fourth act of the *Prophet*.

Perhaps some of your readers (particularly those who try to put a man down because they fear him) think that there is a good deal of humbug or of arrogance about my editorials in favor of myself. Be it so. It is better to tell people how you get along in the world, and to knock down base calumniators by the strength of truth, than to rely upon the exertions of a vile mob, who tear a new pair of gloves to pieces every night for an oyster supper and an occasional drink. When I first made my appearance in New York, though it was rather an apparition, owing to the small number of evenings, I knew nobody, and according to my principles I went to no editor, no critic, to no professional man; for success which is due to a handsome pile of dollar bills or to a certain quantity of bows is no success. I trusted to my own faculties, to my energy, and to my will; and it came out just as I anticipated. Of course a few papers, startled by the novelty of such proceedings, threw occasional thorns among the three roses which I plucked in the concert rooms; but the fact that they alone blamed, and blamed continually, when the others gave vent to their utmost satisfaction in a body, convinced me that the gardener, who intended to spoil my flowers, did so because his roses lacked not the superiority in colors, but the fragrance of mine. In Boston it amounted to the same thing. I came and conquered. Now the host of music teachers which crowd this city (I except some very honorable men,) burst almost with jealousy, and as they could not possibly attack the artist, they assailed the man. Exactly as in New York. But, although the eccentricities, oddities, educational faults, sins and unfavorable reports, which were lavished upon my little frame, are enough to fill two handsome royal octaves, it came otherwise than they thought, and the very man whose "stay could not possibly exceed a fortnight," has crowds of devoted friends, anxious to prove to him their love and esteem on every possible occasion. You know, my dear Willis, that your correspondent has never had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and it is something very queer not to know you; but principles and nothing but principles. Next fall I'll be happy to invite you to my New York concerts, provided you pay for your ticket; that is the only way to tell me what you think of my playing, truly and honestly.

The second Philharmonic Soirée came off on Thursday. If I merely observe, that a crowd of "belles" completed the desired harmony of the evening, and that the attendance and the enthusiasm were equal to the preceding concert, I have said enough. A *Fantasia* of my composition on themes of *Ernani* gained applause, and a tumultuous *encore*. Stephen Heller's *Sonata-Fantasia* had a "su cès d'estime." I answered to a general demand by playing one of my concert-studies, a kind of dreamy, up-and-down running piece, with occasional sighs, sobs and sufferings, fit for tender hearts, etc. After the greater part of the audience had left, a few kind and persevering friends led me again to the piano. I saw with great satisfaction the élite of Boston musicians assembled, and am happy to say, that they applauded just as moderately, as did many of those whom their kind influence had secured to assist at my concerts.

The piano again was a splendid instrument: the rooms looked very elegantly, and the audience, which kept tolerably cool for the first six pieces, raised the thermometer to almost 150 degrees, when the delightful strains of Verdi began to obliterate the classic remembrances of Stephen Heller! As for me, I felt rather warm when I played Stephen Heller, and very much at my ease when I played Satter; there must be

some close spiritual affinity between me and the latter gentleman.

The third and last of my Philharmonic Soirées came off at the Rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., last Wednesday, with the assistance of Miss Eliza Josselyn and Mr. B. J. Lang, pianists, Mr. A. Kreissmann and a chorus of twelve gentlemen, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Before I attempt my description of the concert, I feel bound to thank the Boston public for the unprecedented and unexpected sympathy which they displayed on the occasion, every single seat being occupied, even the entry being filled, and the saloon crammed to suffocation. As to the reception with which I met, I am proud to say that this day was one of the brightest in my life. One of the bouquets which fair hands and sympathizing hearts sent to the retiring-room stands before me in all its freshness, and long after those sweet orange-blossoms will have faded away the remembrance of my friend's kindness will be fresh in my heart. Among the audience I discovered almost every one who professes to call himself a real musician and critic, excepting only some few, who never go to my concerts, deeming themselves so much superior to Satter, and calling his scales "illegitimate." I did actually not miss one of this city's eminent talents. The whole concert was more of a festival than anything else, and those who were so anxious to make me feel all the bitterness of Art's quassia cup saw their last hopes drowned in the furor which prevailed from A to Z through the evening, from 7 to half past 10 o'clock. And so I came to the happy conclusion that conciliatory movements are only needed, when both parties were wrong, and that a man needs only to act, and his success and reputation will be complete, despite all hostile efforts. The programme, undoubtedly the chastest and choicest one which I ever presented to my audiences, consisted of Beethoven's two Overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, Haydn's last two movements of the quartet in D major, Mozart's Quintet with Clarinet in A major, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell," Benedict and David's duo on themes from *Oberon*, Songs for male chorus of Silcher, Haertel, Marschner and Maurer, a Transcription of the *Ronde Bohémienne* and Barcarole of the *North Star* by their humble servant, and a medley of American airs, (Musical rockets, as J. S. Dwight says.) Strange to say, Mendelssohn's Quartet took the prize, and so evidently, that at the beginning of the last two pages of the Finale, a thunder of applause followed the remaining wild strains, such as shook even me, with all my generally reliable strength and composure. At the end of the "William Tell" Overture, a second edition was issued, and the American airs which I gave as an encore, and at the urgent solicitation of half the audience, secured the final demonstrations of my friends. Though I dislike nothing so much as to play "Wait for the Wagon,"—(wait for applause,) "Old Folks at home,"—(court the mother and love the daughter,) "Hail Columbia,"—(I am a foreigner, but I beg you to believe my sincere gratitude for your republican applause and dollars,) and last of all, "Yankee Doodle,"—(I hope there is no Englishman among the audience;) nevertheless I found myself bound to comply with the general request, and with the immortal harmonies of "Pop goes the weazle," young and old left perfectly delighted! Beauty before age; Miss Josselyn before Germany. Miss Josselyn is a young lady of a very prepossessing appearance, of very great talent, of great energy, and one of my cherished pupils. Pupils? no! friends. That is the very reason that I want to speak plainly to her, and to deny her, what the vulgar crowd is ever anxious to bestow, poisoning flatteries. Miss Josselyn has two paths before her, the one which leads to "Slang-bang" the Capital of Central Stupidity, the other which leads to "Fame" metropolis of After World. The first path is covered with silver, gold and diamonds, the second with copper, lead and iron; the first path is crowded with miners, emigrants and swindlers, the second is lonely and solitary. Miss Josselyn has so much execution that mechanical difficulties are no longer a doubtful feature in her performances; she lacks but one thing: Poësy. Let her feel from her own heart, let her create instead of imitating, let her mind diverge from the fashionable nightmares and attend Music's divine service, let her forget her listeners and inspire herself, whenever and before she plays: if so, she bids fair to become a great artiste, considering her youth, her unrelenting perseverance, and her rare gifts. The moment has come for her to decide, and may it prove in her favor.

The Prize Songs of the *Musical Review* are the most abominable trash in this line on record, with the exception of the first, which has at least something like merit in its two pages; though it is flat. Who is to blame? The composers or the public? Who may be laughed at? The judges or the very idea of calling such cheese-envelopes "prize-songs"?—Gustave Satter, the pianist writes musical letters for Willis's *Musical World* over the signature of Gustave Satter, the critic.

CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL'S fourth and last Soirée was remarkably well attended, and in many respects the most interesting of the series. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1.—Concerto for Three Pianos, C major, with Quartet accompaniment, (first time,)..... J. S. Bach.
Allegro—Adagio—Finale.
- 2.—Ave Maria,..... Cherubini.
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 3.—Andante from the Symphony by..... Schubert.
(Arranged for the Piano by Otto Dresel.)
- 4.—First Trio, D minor, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,
Mendelssohn.
Allegro molto agitato—Andante tranquillo—Scherzo—Finale.

PART II.

- 5.—Sonata for Piano, Op. 81, E flat,..... Beethoven.
Allegro—Scherzo—Tempo di Minuetto—Finale.
- 6.—Adagio from the Second Concerto, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,)..... Chopin.
- 7.—Romance from "William Tell,"..... Rossini.
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 8.—Andante and Polonaise, Op. 22, for Piano, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,)..... Chopin.

The triple Concerto by Bach proved even more interesting than that other, which was played here in

Mr. Dresel's soirées two or three years ago, and more recently in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts. Especially beautiful and striking, full of a deep feeling, was the Adagio. The whole was played with admirable unity, precision and expression by Mr. DRESEL, Mr. TRUNKLE, and a lady amateur, at the three pianos, with Quartet of strings by the Quintette Club. Miss ELISE HENSLER was most warmly greeted, but seemed somehow more embarrassed before the room full of friends than in the larger theatre, nor did she quite recover herself during the *Ave Maria*. Yet there was no mistaking the rare beauty of the voice, nor the habitual style and feeling of the artistic singer. In the Romance from "Tell" she was all herself, and never were we so charmed by her singing or by that lovely melody itself, as in her singing of it. Vain were the efforts to recall her; once they seemed to have succeeded, but the audience had to laugh at their own disappointment, as she prettily seated herself at the piano to turn the leaves for Mr. Dresel in his last piece. Schubert's lovely Andante goes to the very heart, the more one hears it; and Mr. Dresel gives the spirit and the outline of it in a very satisfactory manner. It was pleasant to hear again the D minor Trio of Mendelssohn; it made a deep impression, although we think we have heard it once or twice, and by the same artists, brought out with more perfect ease and self-possession.

That Piano Sonata (the third of Op. 31,) is one of the most original, imaginative, and quaint (at least in the first movement) of all Beethoven's works. The interpreter seized the spirit of it perfectly, and made it very clear. We know not when we have heard a Beethoven Sonata played so finely. The Chopin Adagio he has often played before in part, without accompaniment. To hear it entire and with accompaniment was a rare treat. The recitative passages, with tremolo of strings, after the exquisite *cantabile*, were exceedingly impressive. The Polonaise is also a remarkable and characteristic work, but was less clearly apprehended by most hearers, we opine.

FIFTH AFTERNOON CONCERT. Haydn's 7th Symphony is perhaps the best and largest of the set. The first and last movements come nearer than any to the grand and complex works of later symphonists. The Adagio has a great deal of simple and methodical beauty, but fatigues somewhat by its length, especially when taken so slow as it was. But as a whole it was finely played and much enjoyed. How much richer, stronger, and more full of imagination was the *Zauberflöte* overture, which came out grandly! The marvellous Andante to Beethoven's 7th Symphony, without the rest, had a cruel, tantalizing charm. Lumbye's "Farewell to Berlin" waltz, a richly instrumented "Gipsy Galop," by Koppitz, and the "Wedding March," superbly played, made out the entertainment. Only one more concert remains, of which the excellent programme will be found below.

[Crowded out last week.]

CONCERTS.—We were unable, to our great regret, to attend the Concert in aid of the GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The Music Hall, we hear, was very full, and the net proceeds added to the funds of the society were between \$600 and \$700. We were particularly sorry to lose the singing of the German Männerchor, the "Orpheus," under the direction of Herr KREISSMANN, which all say was a model of fine part-singing. The overtures to the *Freyschütz*, *Zauberflöte* and *Tannhäuser*, and the Andante to the Fifth Symphony, were of course well played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra.

The last Wednesday AFTERNOON CONCERT drew another hall full. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony pleased by its cheerfulness and grace and clearness; but it sounded like child's play in comparison with Beethoven, or even with the best of Mozart, which have so much more in them, besides mere elegance of style. The overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and to *Semiramide* were well played. But the gem of the concert was the little Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—short as it was sweet. Wittman's "Magic Sounds" is a fine, rich, swelling

sort of waltz, strong enough to float off a whole Music Hall floor full of waltzers. The horn solo by M. TROJST was a remarkably smooth and clear performance.

Musical Chat-Chat.

BOUND VOLUMES of the past year of the *Journal of Music* are now ready.... We offer twenty-five cents each for perfect copies of No. 4, Vol. V., or No. 15, Vol. VI.

Do not forget the concert of our old friend KEYZER to-night; the memory of past services, respect for character, and a programme at once classical and novel, should attract a numerous audience.

The GERMAN TRIO, before leaving for their engagements in the English Provinces, intend giving a Farewell Concert here about the end of next week. We hope it will be well attended by their friends.—There will be a select programme, including a new trio of RUBINSTEIN. Full particulars will soon be announced.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is delighting Salem and other large New England towns with concerts.

The Paris papers are warm in praise of BISACCIANTI's performances at the Italian Opera. It is said that MARIO offered to sing with her her first night, but that owing to professional jealousy in some quarter, she saw fit to decline the aid.

The New York Academy of Music was re-opened last week, for a new season (four weeks) of Italian Opera, under the auspices of MAX MARETZKE as "sole director." BOLCIONI and COLETTI have been added to the troupe. *Ernani* was the first piece, with Mme. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, BOLCIONI and COLETTI in the chief rôles. The list of pieces promised is somewhat richer and more tempting than heretofore. It includes Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Weber's *Freyschütz*, (in Italian, we suppose,) and "William Tell," besides a sufficiency of Verdi, (*Trovatore*, *Luisa Miller*, &c.) The German operas came on the "off nights." "Tell" was given last night; to-night the piece will be Flotow's "Martha."... Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN are following up their Classical Matinées with some equally successful Soirées.... Mr. BERGMANN's Sunday Evening Orchestral Concerts grow more and more in public favor. The programmes remind one of the good old "Germania" days.... GOTTSCHALK gave his fourteenth piano soirée on Thursday evening.

The *Gazzetta Musicale* of Florence, under date of 11th October, 1855, contains a Life of LUIGI PICCHIANTI, Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint in the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. After a brief biography and list of works of this eminent composer, the author gives a list of his most distinguished scholars, "as a proof," he says, "of his skill in teaching the art he professes." Among these we are happy to find that of our townsman, FRANCIS BOOTH, Esq., mentioned as an honorary member of the Academy. "Few masters," observes the author, "can boast of so brilliant a crown of scholars and disciples, and it is for this reason that we take pleasure in recording their names." There is an amusing apology in a subsequent paragraph, for some errata of the press, in which the editor "asks pardon for having unjustly *Russianized* Mr. Booth by printing his name *Rooff* instead of *Booth*."

A new German Opera House is to be erected in New York, at the corner of Crosby and Prince streets. It is contemplated to erect a Musical Hall, somewhat similar to the opera houses of Milan, Paris and Lon-

don. The stage and parquette are to be portable, and the boxes (of which there will be four tiers,) will entirely surround the stage. The interior will be so arranged that it can be used for balls, concerts, public meetings, and a theatre. The whole cost will be in the neighborhood of \$200,000, more than half of which sum is already raised.

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All of whom have kindly volunteered.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartet,.....Haydn.
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale.
Messrs. Keyzer, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.
Grand Quintet, for Piano-forte solo, 1st and 2d violin,
tenor and violoncello, (first time in Boston,).....Spohr.
Messrs. Gustav Satter, &c.

PART II.

Duo Concertante for Piano and Violin,.....Herz and Lafont.
Messrs. Satter and Keyzer, (by request.)
Aria: "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*,.....Bellini.
Sung by a Boston Lady.

Double Quartet,.....Spohr.
Larghetto—Scherzo—Finale.

1st Quartet—Messrs. Keyzer, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.
2d Quartet—Messrs. Suck, Meisel, Eichler and A. Suck.

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PROGRAMME

OF THE

SIXTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Wednesday, April 30th, 1856.

1—Symphony No. 5,.....Beethoven.
2—Overture: "Oberon,".....Weber.
3—Waltz: Die Elfen,.....Labitsky.
4—Andante, 9th Symphony,.....Haydn.
5—Galop: Une Fleur de Danse,.....Gung'l.
6—Overture: "Zanetta,".....Auber.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudebant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUCHESS.

I expected Celio at the appointed hour, but I only received from him the following note:

"My Dear Friend—I send you money and papers that you may close up Mademoiselle Boccaferri's business at the theatre. Nothing is simpler. You have only to pay the enclosed sum and take a receipt, which you are to keep. Her engagement was almost over, and she is only responsible for the two performances which were remaining. She has found elsewhere a more profitable engagement. As for me, I am going away, dear friend. I shall be gone when you receive this adieu. I cannot endure the air of this town and the condolences of politeness for an hour longer. I should get angry and say or do something foolish. I am going elsewhere; I press farther on. Onward! onward!

With all my heart, yours,

CELIO FLORIANI."

I turned over the letter to see if it was really directed to me: *Adorno Salentini, Place* —, No. —. Nothing was wanting.

I fell back astounded, disturbed by dreadful anxiety and dark suspicions, shocked at having lost all trace of Cecilia and of him who might take her from me or help me to rejoin her. I believed myself duped. Days and weeks passed, and I heard nothing of Celio nor of the two Boccaferri. No one had minded their departure, as

it took place almost at the close of the operatic season. I eagerly read all the musical and theatrical journals which came in my way. Nowhere did they speak of an engagement for Cecilia or for Celio. I knew no one who was intimate with them except Mademoiselle Boccaferri's old teacher, and he knew nothing or pretended to know nothing about her. I prepared to leave Vienna, where I began to grow sullen, and went to say farewell to the duchess, hoping that she might tell me something of Celio.

All this adventure had harmed me grievously; just when my heart was opening to love, trust and respect, I was pushed back into the regions of doubt, and felt the poisonous touch of scepticism and irony. I could not work; I sought excitement, and found it nowhere. I was more malicious in my conversation with the duchess than Celio himself would have been in my place. This gave her a passion for me—I should say *against* me; thus are coquettes made.

The ill-disguised anxiety with which I inquired for Celio made her think me still jealous and in love with her. She declared she did not know what had become of him since his unfortunate debut; but believing me fascinated with her, and seeing how firmly I denied it, she formed a great idea of my strength of character. She resolved to conquer it, and prepared herself for battle; a desperate combat with a man who showed no weakness, and who had abandoned her upon a mere suspicion, seemed worthy of her skill.

I left Vienna without seeing her again. I went to Turin; in two days she was there also; she compromised herself openly, and did for me what she had never done for another. This woman, who had held me in her balances with Celio, coldly weighing the chances of our budding fame, that she might choose him who would best flatter her vanity—this wise coquette, who kept us both in such a way that she might dismiss him whom the public cast off—this fine lady, until now very discreet and skilful in the management of her love affairs, threw herself heart and soul into the way of scandal, before I had gained an inch with the public, solely because I resisted her.

Yet Celio had been cruel with her too, and she had not been thus affected. So resistance alone would not make her thus enamored. She saw that Celio did not love her and perhaps was not capable of loving her seriously; but whether my character and *savoir-vivre* made her more sure, she had seen me really moved by her; she thought me capable of great passion, and imagined that she might inspire me in spite of my courage and pride. She was too late in the day, and did for me when I was cold what she would

not have dreamed of during my zeal. Women are never so skilful as to keep away from the snare of their own vanity.

Thus I saw her thrust herself upon me when I did not care for her, and when I was suffering for another. I needed neither courage, virtue nor pride to repel her at first, and to strive to make her renounce her own ruin. I put myself to this work with an energy which only pushed her farther. Had I been a rascal, a *roué*, an enemy determined upon her downfall, I could not have acted more successfully to push her to extremes and make her trample under foot all care for her own reputation. She thought I was trying her love, and should place mine upon the result of this decisive final trial. This woman, so dangerous to others, suddenly became fatal to herself in the midst of a life of selfishness and calculation. She exerted all the strength of her will to conquer an aversion which she took for mere defiance. The crisis of her wounded pride carried her beyond her accustomed cold and disdainful vanity. Perhaps, too, she was weary of herself; perhaps she wished to feel the storm of a real passion or a terrible strife.

My continued resistance so enraged her that she declared that she would force me by surprise to fall at her feet. She sought insult in public, that I might defend her. She drove to see me in broad daylight in her carriage. She confided her pretended secret to three or four dear friends, women of the world, and she chose the most indiscreet. She dropped her mask in the midst of a ball, while she caught my arm; she even followed me into a box at the theatre, where she would have shown herself to the public gaze had I not insisted upon leaving with her.

These tortures lasted for a week, and all the time she kept up this incredible warfare. This indolent woman, superb in her languor, was suddenly seized by an unceasing activity. She neither slept nor ate, and was frightfully changed. She prevented my departure by making me believe that she came to bid me farewell and had renounced me. I would have liked to soothe the grief I caused her, bring her back to good resolutions, leave her nobly and manfully with friendly words. I only roused her despair, and it grew more terrible, more imperious, more entangling, at the moment when I had at last flattered myself that she had yielded to reason.

It is impossible to tell what I suffered in that week. The love of any woman is perhaps irresistible, and she was beautiful, young, intelligent and full of charms. The grief which had consumed her so rapidly gave a terrible character to her beauty, well made to work upon an artist's imagination. I had always thought her sensual;

she had passed for that; but to me she seemed dying for the want of a heart which might lull her senses and adorn her with the new charm of chastity. I felt myself on the edge of a bottomless abyss, for I knew if I loved her but one moment I was lost. Of that I had no doubt; I knew what a reaction of tyranny I should undergo after I had once yielded my soul to the perfidious syren. I knew myself and could foresee the future. Strong in combat, I was too artless in my defeat not to be harassed forever by my conscience, and I could still persist because I forbade myself to love her, she was so far from my ideal; it was devotion to be sure, but devotion in fever, energy in weakness, enthusiasm in forgetting self-respect, and no true strength, no dignity, no possible endurance in this sudden infatuation. She filled me with horror and pity, while she aroused wild emotions and severe curiosity within me. I saw my future ruined, my character lost, and myself an object of attack to all bold and coquettish women, to draw me away from a powerful rival, and to sport with me like panthers with a gladiator. I saw myself become an adventurer—I, who so detested that vile trade, considered a charlatan by chaste souls, who would accuse me of having sought fame in scandalous deeds instead of progress in my art. I felt myself yielding, and when the fire of passion mounted in my veins, a cold sweat of fear ran down my forehead. If this woman should be lost through me, or only accepted by me in her voluntary fall, I should be bound to her by honor and could not forsake her. In vain might I try to divert and exalt myself in striving for her; I should always drag about my feet the degradation of a love imposed by the weakness of a moment upon the grandeur of a whole life.

She had already threatened to poison herself, and in her present situation one hour of rage and delirium might drive her to suicide. Heaven suggested a *mezzo termine*. I resolved to deceive her in leaving a possibility of a performance of my promise. I insisted upon a return to her family and friends in Milan. I made it a condition of love, telling her that I should blush to profit by the fever into which she had thrown herself to obtain her, and that my conscience would be quiet if I saw her take her old place in the world and her old rank in public opinion—that I should stay in Turin, not to compromise her by following her, but that in a week I should be near her, to be hers in all the charm of mystery.

I had hard work to persuade her, but I was really touched, and so distrustful of my own strength as to make her believe that hers was not powerless. She departed, and I staid, exhausted by conflicting emotions, fatigued by my victory, uncertain whether I should flee to the ends of the earth or follow her to leave her no more.

I was weaker after her departure than in her presence. She wrote me insane letters. Her language and manners awoke an instinctive hatred within me, which passed off when I remembered her connected with so many proofs of sacrifice and passion; and then, too, solitude was insupportable. Worse follies tempted me. Cecilia had forsaken me; Celio was false. The world was empty without one being to love exclusively. When the week had expired I ordered a coachman to drive me to Milan.

They were putting on my baggage; the horses

were waiting at the door. I went back into my studio to take a last look.

I had come to Turin intending to stay for a long time. I loved the town which called back my childhood, and where I had always kept up pleasant connections. I had hired delightful lodgings; my studio was charming, and the very day I arrived there I had worked with pleasure, flattering myself that I should forget my cares and make great progress. The arrival of the duchess had dispelled these sweet hopes, and I feared lest all happiness was dispelled from my life. I was overwhelmed by remorse, terror and regret, against which I strove in vain. I threw myself on the sofa; they were calling me in the street; the driver was getting impatient; his little horses, young and spirited, were pawing the pavement. I did not stir. I was not decided enough to say I would not go, but said to myself, with childish satisfaction, that I had not yet started.

At last the driver came himself and knocked at my door. I can see now his cap of otter-skin and his coat of fur. He had an agreeable face, both displeased and friendly. He was an old soldier, annoyed by my want of punctuality, but submissive to the idea of subordination.

"Ah, my dear sir, the days are so short at this season of the year! the roads are so bad! If night overtakes us in the mountains what shall we do? It is a full hour since I am at your commands, and my little horses only ask to run for your pleasure."

That was all his complaint.

"You are right, friend," said I to him. "Get up on your seat; I am ready."

He went out, and I intended to do the same. A paper which fluttered before me on the floor diverted my attention. I picked it up; it was a leaf from my album. I recognized the sketch which I had made the night when Celio went home with me after his fiasco. I saw the good and bad angel, both occupied by a sly looking personage, who had Celio's stage costume and mien. I remembered that sleepless night when the duchess had seemed to me so vain and false, and Cecilia so pure and grand. I do not know what reaction seized me. I ran to the door, ordered the coachman to unharness and go away. I came back; I drew a long breath; I put my album upon the table, as if to take fresh possession of my studio, my work, and my liberty; then the fear of solitude crossed me. Those bare walls of an unfurnished studio weighed upon my heart. I fell back upon the sofa and began to weep and sob even, like a child undergoing punishment, and miserable at the sight of the chamber which is to be its prison.

Suddenly I heard a woman's voice singing in the street the first words of this air from *Don Juan*:

Vedrai, carino,
Se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio
Ti voglio dar.

Was it a dream? I heard the voice of Cecilia Boccaferri. I had heard her twice in the rôle of Zerlina, in which she had a charming simplicity, but lacked the necessary shade of coquetry. Just then she seemed to address me with a tender fondness she had never shown in public, and as if she called me with irresistible tones. I rushed to the door, ran out into the street. I only found

the *vetturino*, who was taking out the horses. I made a thousand careful searches. The street was deserted. It was hardly day, and a sharp breeze came from the mountains.

"Come back to-morrow," said I to my driver, giving him a *pour-boire*; "I cannot go to-day."

I spent twenty-four hours in hunting for information. I inquired high and low for Cecilia, her father, and Celio. No one knew what I meant. One told me that the old drunkard died ten years ago; another that he had no daughter; all said that the son of Floriani must be in England, for he had passed through Turin three months since, saying he had an engagement in London.

I concluded that I must have been mistaken, that it was not Cecilia's voice which had sung those four lines, too tenderly for her; but during those twenty-four hours my feeling had changed; the duchess had lost her power over my imagination. At the dawn of day the brave *vetturino* was at my door. This time I did not make him wait. I myself put on my baggage; I got into his frail *legno* and told him to drive westward.

"But, my lord, that is not the way to Milan."

"I know it; I am not going to Milan."

"Then, master, tell me where you are going?"

"Where you will, my friend; go as far as possible in the direction opposite Milan."

"I could drive you to Paris with my horses; but still I should like to know whether you wish to go to Paris or to Rome."

"Go towards France, directly to France," said I, obeying an inward impulse. "When I am tired, I will stop you, or when the beauties of nature invite me to contemplation."

"Beautiful nature is ugly enough in this weather," said the brave man, smiling. "See how deep the snow lies below the mountains! We cannot easily pass Mont Cenis."

"We will see; perhaps we may not care to. Come, let us start; I am eager to travel. If your carriage takes me away from Milan as well as Turin, that is all I care for to-day."

"Allons! allons!" said he, whipping up his horses, who slid along the pavement, glittering with frost. "An artist's notions are a fool's notions! but prudent people are often stupid and always stingy. Long live artists!"

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

IX.

DEPARTURE FROM COLOGNE—PARIS—THE SALLE BERTHÉLEMY AND THE HALL OF THE CONSERVATOIRE—DEARTH OF GOOD MUSIC ROOMS ON THE CONTINENT—MISS HENSLER IN PARIS—MILITARY MUSIC OF THE FRENCH—ORGANS AT ST. DENIS AND THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

My latest experiences of Germany, as were likewise the first, are connected with the Cathedral of Cologne. And I would fain have lingered among the shadows of this grand old pile, about which so much has been written and said, and yet the half has not been told. But the limits of my allotted time did not allow. So, passing from the Cathedral direct, I took my departure from Cologne. An hour or two afterwards, straining out of the window of a car, I looked back upon the town, and watched the outline of the majestic structure, as it receded in the distance, growing more and more shadowy and in-

distinct, till it is merged at last in the mists of the Rhine.

A day and a night of tedious travelling has brought me again to Paris. Several times I tried desperately to get a hearing of the famous orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, but without success. Why is it, I could not but ask myself, that such an orchestra must needs be cribbed and cabined in so limited a sphere? And this question applies with equal fitness to most of the cities of Germany. Really, there is not on the continent of Europe, so far as I could learn, a concert room of sufficient amplitude to give to orchestral music its proper and legitimate effect. The rooms employed for this purpose in Dresden and Berlin, as is well known, are cramped in their proportions, ill-ventilated and uncomfortable, and hardly competent to contain a thousand auditors. The *Gürzenich* Hall at Cologne, the chosen *locale*, for many generations back, of the festival music of the Rhine, is described by CHORLEY as "a quaint old building, which commands its street almost like a castle, the burgher warlike aspect of which is enhanced by the turrets at its corners—having almost every fault which persons experienced in acoustics would denounce as fatal, being too low, too ill-proportioned, and divided down its centre by a row of squat pillars." The hall of the famous *Gewandhaus* Concerts at Leipzig is much of the same sort. Nor are Frankfort and Munich greatly superior in this respect.

I had heard of a Hall which had been recently constructed in Paris on a new plan—the *Salle Berthélemy* Rue du Chateau d'Eau, which its friends had predicted would prove the *ultima Thule* of acoustic success. The principle here adopted was the rejection of rectilinear surfaces, and the substitution of curves everywhere in their stead—walls, ceilings, floors and stage being made to conform to this theory. This is the building which a correspondent in a previous number of this journal, (No. 19, Vol. II.) under the signature of "C," quotes, in substantiation of a similar notion, as *leaving nothing to be desired in point of acoustic effect!* I took an early opportunity to visit this anomaly of acoustic construction and test its properties. Its interior figure is ellipsoidal, being that of a much elongated oval—a sort of colossal egg in fact. Its extreme length is 137 feet, its width 72 feet. It will accommodate an audience of perhaps three thousand persons. The building, as in ordinary theatres, is partitioned off into parquette, stage and galleries, the latter, of which there are two, running entirely around the sides of the apartment except the end appropriated by the scenes. In the middle of the concave ceiling, high up against the roof, is the hanging balcony, so called, a sort of basket-work suspended by iron rods and chains, capable of containing thirty or forty people. This has always been alluded to as one of the novelties of the building;—and so it is indeed. But of what possible use it can be, or what inducement it can offer to visitors, in compensation for toiling up a crooked stairway of some 60 feet, to descend again, through a hole in the roof, to their dizzy perch, it is difficult to conceive. To the amateur rigger or sea-faring man, perhaps, it might present peculiar attraction; but for seeing and the proper hearing and appreciation of sound therefrom, it is out of the question. From the peculiar conformation of the apartment, we might judge, *a priori*, it would possess, in an aggravated degree,

that most serious of defects in a music room, excessive reverberation of sound. Such was indeed the case. To remedy, in some measure, this fault, the hanging gallery above named had been bandaged with cloth, festoons of which were also extended from the centre to the sides of the room at several points. It was soon abandoned as a concert room. At the time of my visit it was being used for the exhibition of a gigantic panorama of California, over which an orchestra of some twenty-five or thirty instruments presided, who played at intervals the national airs of America. The music, as might be supposed, was not of the highest excellence, but it served well to test the qualities of the room. There was, I imagined, a peculiar intensity imparted to the sound. The drums and the heavier brass instruments returned a distinct echo, and the effect of the whole, as in the case of the Court Church at Dresden, before alluded to in these papers, was inarticulate and confused. Touching its present condition, "Spiridion," the spirited correspondent of the *Daily Atlas*, says, in a recent letter from Paris: "The celebrated *Salle Berthélemy*, which was to open a new era in theatre building, after having ruined its builder, (he was worth 1,000,000 fr.) and failed as a concert hall, show-room and ball-room, is about to be made into a church." After such experiences abroad, I recur to our own beautiful hall with a new feeling of gratification and pride. It is thus by contrast with the boasted music rooms in other parts of the world, its superiority can be fully appreciated.

MISS ELISE HENSLEY was at this time pursuing her musical studies in Paris, under the direction of the eminent BORDOGNI. This distinguished master, as is well known, draws his pupils from all parts of the world. In voice-training, by which I mean the bringing out and developing, to their fullest extent, the vocal powers, he is still, I doubt not, unrivalled. Miss Hensley's voice, in these first six months of her pupilage, had gained greatly in fullness and strength. Just before I left I was present at one of her morning lessons. (It was on this occasion, as I have somewhere before mentioned, after the successful performance of a long and difficult exercise, that her teacher, patting her upon the shoulder, turned aside to me and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "*La petite Sontag!*" In one year more of such application," he continued, "that voice will double in power and volume." Whether fortunately or unfortunately, that year was passed, away from Paris, under other, possibly equally eminent masters. And in the subsequent and frequent changes which became necessary, it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the line of of action and prominent aim in the teaching of Bordogni, as suggested in the remarks above quoted, was for a time departed from; nor that, amidst the cares and duties incident to the successful and brilliant career of the young debutante at *La Scala*, it could not be immediately and systematically renewed. But this may yet be accomplished. Success, however flattering, will not, we are confident, be allowed to interfere with the hours of practice and study, in a young artist whose student life is as yet but just begun.

Between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, in summer, it is the custom of the military bands, connected with the various regiments stationed in Paris, to play in rotation at the foot of the Column

of Napoleon in the *Place Vendôme*. These bands are commonly composed of about forty instruments. In some instances the number is increased to fifty. They comprise among their ingredients a proper proportion of reeds and brass, though in the latter I was sorry to observe a preponderating tendency towards the family of sax-horns and cornets. In this respect the military bands of the French compare disadvantageously with the well-appointed collections to be found in the Austrian and Prussian service; so, also, in the character of their music, which is light and trashy, in comparison with both the German and English military music. Snatches of French and Italian Opera and the national airs of the country are the most popular pieces on the programme of such out-door entertainments. The great fault of these band performances, here as elsewhere, is, they attempt too much, and grasp at effects outside their legitimate sphere and entirely beyond their reach. They are not content unless they usurp the part of an orchestra. How much better and more effective when confined to their own peculiar province; for there is a department of military, or *harmony* music, as the Germans call it, within which it is possible to produce unique and thrilling effects; nor is it confined, of necessity, to stirring and martial subjects, but has its temper and theme for every occasion of out-door music.

It was interesting to watch the effect of this martial serenade upon the excitable populace of Paris. The square was always thronged. The spot is well chosen, politically speaking, for such exhibitions. Nowhere else could the military tendencies of Young France be so aroused. A strong police force is always near at hand. At such times I have seen old men lean against the iron railing and weep. Others, who have come joyously to hang garlands upon the projections of the column, would sit down at its base and bury their faces in their hands at the sound of some familiar strain. But in itself considered, the place is ill adapted for music. The reverberation from the semi-circular rows of massive buildings, on either side, is tremendous and utterly destructive of all unity in effect, unless one pushes his way into the very midst of the players. Add to this the uproar of the twenty-four drums of the regiment, which come into the *Place Vendôme* at eight o'clock to escort the band to its quarters, and the noise becomes truly infernal.

There are some famous organs in Paris and its vicinity. Among those of recent date are the fine instruments in the churches of St. Vincent de Paul and the Madeleine, and that in the Abbey Church at St. Denis. These are the productions of the celebrated M. M. Cavaillé Coll, of Paris, who hold the same position among the organ builders of France as that commanded by the Messrs. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, in Germany. Among the instruments above named, that at St. Denis—the Westminster Abbey of the French—is the largest and most complete. It contains 69 sounding stops, arranged upon 3 manuals and pedal. "Among the most remarkable features in this organ," says HOPKINS, "is the adjustment of wind. Not only are the reed stops placed on a heavier wind than those of the flue species, but the upper octave of all the stops are in common supplied with a stronger blast than the lower; upon the principle that wind instrument players exercise a greater pressure of the muscles upon

the lungs when producing the acute sounds." There are also several stops of a novel kind, called by Cavallé "Harmonique," which sound the octave above the note that the length of the pipe would indicate. The organ has also the pneumatic lever attachment for lightening the touch. Its compass is, upon the manual, from CC to *f* in alt., 54 notes; on the pedal, FFF to tenor *f*, 25 notes.

The organ in the Church of the Madeleine, though smaller in calibre than the one just mentioned, is not inferior in excellence. It was completed in 1846, and in October of that year was opened and formally dedicated at the church with much ceremony. It has 4 manuals and pedal arranged as follows:

CLAVIER DU GRAND ORGUE.

| Pieds. | Pieds. |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Montre.....16 | 7 Prestant.....4 |
| 2 Violon-Basse.....16 | 8 Quinte.....8 |
| 3 Montre.....8 | 9 Doublette.....2 |
| 4 Bourdon.....8 | 10 Plein jeu X ranks. |
| 5 Salicional.....8 | 11 Trompette.....8 |
| 6 Flute Harmonique.....8 | 12 Cor. Anglais.....8 |

CLAVIER DE BOMBARDÉS.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 13 Sous Basse.....16 | 19 Bombarde.....16 |
| 14 Basse.....8 | 20 Trompette Harmo- nique.....8 |
| 15 Flute Harmonique.....8 | 21 Deuxieme Trompette.8 |
| 16 Flute Traversiere.....8 | 22 Clairon.....4 |
| 17 Flute Octaviente.....4 | |
| 18 Octavin.....2 | |

CLAVIER DU POSITIF.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 23 Montre.....8 | 28 Dulciana.....4 |
| 24 Viola di Gamba.....8 | 29 Octavin.....2 |
| 25 Flute douce.....8 | 30 Trompette.....8 |
| 26 Voix Celestes.....8 | 21 Basson et Hautbois..8 |
| 27 Prestant.....4 | 22 Clairon.....4 |

CLAVIER DE RÉCIT. EXPRESSIF.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 33 Flute Harmonique.....8 | 38 Voix Humaine.....8 |
| 34 Bourdon.....8 | 39 Trompette Harmo- nique.....8 |
| 35 Musette.....8 | 40 Clairon Harmonique.4 |
| 36 Flute Octaviente.....4 | |
| 37 Octavin.....2 | |

CLAVIER DE PÉDALES.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 41 Quintaton.....32 | 45 Grosse Flute.....8 |
| 42 Contre-Basse.....16 | 46 Bombarde.....16 |
| 43 Basse-Contre.....16 | 47 Trompette.....8 |
| 44 Violoncelle.....8 | 48 Clairon.....4 |

COMBINATION PEDALS, &c.

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 Positif to Great. | 8 Tremulant to Choir and Swell. |
| 2 Great to Pedal. | |
| 3 Bombarde to Positif. | 9 Great Reeds. |
| 4 Pedal to Great. | 10 Bombarde Reeds. |
| 5 Gt. Organ Sub-octave. | 11 Choir Reeds. |
| 6 Bombarde Sub-octave. | 12 Swell Reeds. |
| 7 Pedal Octave above. | 13 Pedal Reeds. |

The compass of this instrument is, on the Manuals, from CC to *f*², 54 notes; Pedal, CCC to tenor *d*, 27 notes. The above is a fair example of the selection and arrangement of the stops in the large French organs. There is to be found in these instruments great variety and beauty of effect, conjoined with lightness and promptness of action, and a rare brilliancy of tone. But they lack *character*—are wanting in grandeur, dignity, profundity—and, on the whole, must be ranked as inferior to the great works of England and Germany.

Death of Bochsa, the Harpist.

Robert Nicholas Charles Bochsa, the celebrated harpist, died at Sydney, Australia, on the 7th of January. The only biographical sketch that we possess of this rather famous individual, says that he was born at Montmédi, in the department of the Meuse, in France, in 1789, so that his age was but sixty-seven, though he was generally supposed to be older. His father was first performer on the hautboy in the Grand Theatre at Lyons, and he began to learn music before anything else. Indeed some of the stories told of him remind one of the infancy of Mozart; for he is said to have publicly performed a concerto on the piano, when only seven years old, to have written "a duet and

symphony for the flute" when only nine, to have composed ballet overtures and a quartet when only eleven, and an opera called "Trajan" when only sixteen.

His family having removed to Bordeaux, Bochsa began to study composition under Beck, and marvellous stories are told of his progress, and of his rapidly acquired skill upon nearly every instrument of the orchestra, but especially upon the harp, the pianoforte, the flute, and the tenor. From Bordeaux he was taken to Paris, placed in the Conservatory, under Catel, and at the end of the first year, won the first prize in harmony. He then continued the study of composition under Mehul, but at the same time devoted himself greatly to the harp, receiving lessons from Nadermann, and afterwards from the Vicomte Marin. In a little while he not only surpassed his masters, but became the greatest living performer on the harp, maintaining this pre-eminence until years and rather premature infirmities, diminished his powers.

In the days of his youth and greatest skill Bochsa was the pet of the leading courts of Europe. In 1813 Napoleon the Great appointed him the first harpist of his private concerts. In the following year, on the Restoration, he was appointed to compose an opera called *Les Heritiers Michaux*, which was graciously received by Louis XVIII. and by the Russian and Austrian Emperors. In 1815 he wrote a grand Requiem by command of Louis XVIII. He was also appointed harpist to the King and the Duc de Berri. In 1817 he went to England, where he became the pet of the court and nobility, performing frequently at concerts, and writing many compositions for the harp. In 1822 he was made director of the oratorios, and also a life governor, professor of the harp and secretary of the musical department of the Royal Academy. He retained these offices for many years, and derived a handsome revenue from his concerts and his publications.

During his residence in London, Bochsa made the acquaintance of Madame Anna Bishop, an accomplished woman, and a charming singer, who had been raised from obscurity, educated, and afterwards married by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The great harpist was then a very handsome, as well as a celebrated man. The result of the acquaintance was that the lady deserted her husband and followed the harpist, to whom she has been a faithful and devoted servant ever since. Their visit to the United States is remembered by all our readers. Since they have left us, they have visited Mexico, South America and California, and finally, Australia; the great harpist who had been petted by Bonapartes and Bourbons, and had instructed empresses and princesses, finding at last a grave in the land whither, if all that is said of him be true, he should have been legally sent years ago; for among the eccentricities of his genius was one which used to prompt him to lay violent hands on finery and jewelry belonging to ladies who attended his re-unions—this peculiarity being one of the reasons why he could not venture back to the scenes of his early European triumphs.

Bochsa was a vain, petulant, domineering, bad-tempered man. The hints we have given are sufficient to indicate his moral deficiencies, so we need not enlarge upon them. He was, unquestionably, a wonderful harpist, and a composer of skill. But he lacked genius and inspiration, so that among his couple of hundred works, there are none that will live, except as mere studies for the harp.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21st. On Saturday evening the Philharmonic season came to a worthy close in the finest concert which this winter has brought us, and which was particularly refreshing in contrast with its immediate predecessor. BEETHOVEN'S Fourth Symphony, in B flat, ever new, ever beautiful and grand, formed the chief feature of the evening. It was played with a great deal of spirit, and

very correctly, with the exception of the few notes of the bass-viol (?) in the last bars of the Andante, which were on this occasion, as they had been at all the rehearsals, fearfully out of tune. The audience tried hard for a second hearing of this exquisite movement, but, after some hesitation, Mr. BERGMANN preferred to proceed with the Menuetto.

Besides the *Melusina* overture of MENDELSSOHN, which was fairy-like, undulating, graceful as ever, we had another overture, to *Hans Heiling*, by MARSCHNER, a composition full of vigor, pleasing melodies, and rich instrumentation, which was very favorably received. BADIALI sang two arias from VERDI'S *Attila* and MERCADANTE'S *Normanni in Parigi*, with his usual magnificent voice and excellence of rendering. The MOLLENHAUERS gave us one of their astonishing duets, and Edward rendered very finely the first part of a violin concerto by VIEUXTEMPS, a work of very great merit.

And so we have bidden farewell to the Philharmonic orchestra for another six months, heaving a sigh as the last notes of the Symphony died away, that so long a time must pass before we hear more of the same sort. We shall not, however, be quite bereft of our orchestral music before we scatter for the summer; one rich treat is promised us, in the shape of a concert by Mr. EISFELD in the early part of next month. At this, the circulars say, calling it a "vocal, instrumental, and dramatic" concert, the whole of BEETHOVEN'S music to *Egmont* will be given, in connection with a dramatic reading. Rumor connects the names of some of our first artists, but as nothing is yet certain, I will not mention any of them at present.

There have been several concerts in the last week or two, as various in the character of the music performed as in its execution. The best of them have been the Sunday concerts. SCHUBERT'S Symphony and MENDELSSOHN'S in A minor have been performed at these, besides overtures and minor pieces of more or less merit. MASON and BERGMANN have advertised two soirées on the plan of their matinees. At the first, last Tuesday, BEETHOVEN'S Quartet, Op. 95, and that of SCHUMANN for piano and stringed instruments, were performed, with some solos by Mr. Mason, and a couple of songs which were quite spoilt, by Miss BEHREND. For the second one, to-morrow, more quartets of Beethoven and Schumann are advertised, with singing by Mrs. Brinkerhoff, which is certainly no attraction. GOTTSCHALK, in consequence of a disabled finger, has been obliged to suspend his soirées for a while.

APRIL 29th. The last of EISFELD'S Soirées and of MASON'S Matinees came off respectively on Saturday evening and this afternoon. The former was one of the most enjoyable concerts we have had this season. Mozart's third Quartet, in B flat, and a Quintet for stringed instruments, in C minor, began and ended the programme—each a perfect specimen of its composer. Mr. BURKE took the first violin in the second piece, and although his playing might have been clearer and truer in some portions, yet the admirable manner in which he brought out an exquisite melody in the finale, which he had alone, must have delighted all. The members of the "Glee and Madrigal Union," i. e., Mr., Mrs. and Miss LEACH, and Mr. FRAZER, gave us a charming quartet of Mr. Eisfeld's, "A voice from the lake," and one of Dr. Callcott's glees very finely, and the soprano and tenor each sang a solo besides. The remaining number was Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, in which the piano part was taken by an "amateur lady," who acquitted herself exceedingly well, and played with wonderful ease and self-possession, and yet at the same time in a very modest and unassuming manner. She is a young married lady, who, under her maiden name, was well known as one of the two best lady players—pupils, the one of SCHARFENBERG, the other of TIMM—in town.

She proved on this occasion that she had not lost her claim to this reputation in changing her name.

At the *matinée* we had, first, a curiosity in shape Beethoven's 13th Quartet, (one of his best works, if I mistake not,) which has, I believe, never been played before in this country. I found it much more comprehensible than I had supposed. It is unusual in form, consisting of six parts: 1. Adagio, Allegro; 2. Presto; 3. Andante con moto; 4. Alla Danza Tedesca; 5. Cavatina; 6. Finale, Allegro. Of these, the four middle ones were the most attractive—the Cavatina particularly beautiful. Mr. MASON played some solo pieces: his pretty "Silver Spring," charming little "Lullaby," and immensely difficult "Etude de Concert," and the piano part in Schumann's Quintet for piano and string quartet, Op. 44, a very fine composition. The Andante: "in modo duna Marcia," is to me almost unsurpassed in its kind. Of the singing on this occasion, the less said the better. Mad. v. BERKEL, "prima donna from the principal theatres of Germany, and of the new (future) German Opera in New York," must give the uninitiated but a miserable idea of those same "principal theatres," and of the promises for German Opera here. All the good I can say of her is, that she sings true, and evinces considerable skill in some of her *fioriture*. Otherwise she is beneath criticism, and her gestures and motions while singing must strike every one, as they did me, as supremely ridiculous.

The above mentioned "Glee and Madrigal Union" are about to give a series of concerts at a very low price, for the production of old English music of the kind which their name denotes, as also ballads, duets, etc. Their voices harmonize finely, and as there is much that is beautiful and interesting among these compositions, much pleasure may be derived from these entertainments.

Music at Nazareth Hall.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL 28. Your humble servant having been kindly invited to a musical evening given by the tutors of this venerable institution, and presuming you would have no objections to hear reports in matters of music from any obscure corner of the land where Euterpe may choose to fix her abode, I take the liberty of sending you a few notes of silent observation.

The edifice known as Nazareth Hall was built just a century ago, for the use of Count ZINZENDORF, and has been occupied, with some small intermission, for nearly ninety-seven years, as a boarding school for boys. Its history has therefore become somewhat eventful and even classic, and the poesy of age begins to surround it and its venerable grounds.

The reunion spirit has been awakened among its old pupils, and during the two past summers many of them have assembled here to live over in imagination old events, and realize once more many of the heart's lost and forgotten emotions.

But let us now to the music and the subject in hand. The principal music teacher of the Hall, Herr AGTE, aided by Mr. BECK and others, has opened a course of agreeable and genial soirées, held in the little chapel where the boys usually assemble for devotional and recitation purposes. Here, in company with the pupils as listeners, and in part performers, we met to enjoy a programme of classical and well selected music.

The opening Pot Pourri, a duet for the piano from *Robert le Diable*, was agreeably and skillfully performed by Messrs. AGTE and KLUGE, a composition which every critic might designate by his own peculiar fancy or idiosyncrasy, but which I will simply characterize as Meyerbeerian. A good English song by RUSSELL, "Man the life-boat," was well sung by Mr. Beck, to the no small delight and approbation of the ladies, so much so that they

would have it repeated. Then among the "Airs Ecossais," Herr Agté gave us, in an extremely sympathetic vein and gentler touches of feeling, "Robin Adair," on the violoncello, accompanied by Mr. Kluge on the piano. Herr Agté is decidedly a virtuoso on the violoncello, and although he possesses the most versatile powers in several departments of music, he is most appreciable on this finest of all instruments. Although we have never yet heard him produce those remarkable flageolet notes which rendered KNOOP's instrumentation such a phenomenon, yet he responds to your inmost movements of musical thought by the precision of delivery and delicacy of touch that constitute the life of the violoncello. We next had a good selection of *morceaux* from FÖRSTER, STUNZ, MENDELSSOHN, DE BÉRIOT, WEBER and others, which rendered the entertainments of the evening chaste, joyous and spiritual.

The song: "*Der Krieger und Sein Ross*," by HOELTZER, is a sombre but popular piece here among us, and was well received by the select little audience. Then came, in conclusion, UHLAND's well known *Wanderlieder*, sung in Quartet by four of the gentlemen, calling up all the truly German feelings of that natural part through the interpretation of the equally German tone-master, VON WEBER.

The boys of the Hall were quite enthusiastic in their appreciation of the *Wanderlieder*, sung by as excellent a representation of the *Vaterland* as you could easily imagine.

The associations of the locale of this chamber concert are also of interest, as in this very chapel, somewhat modernized in contrast with its former appearance, the sounds of real and classic music have had an utterance for nearly a century. Here the "Creation" was performed upwards of thirty years ago, and all the good old symphonies of HAYDN, including one which brings up pleasant memories in the mind of your humble correspondent, by the extinguishing of lights until the last taper burnt alone, to the final cadences of the solitary violinist; and when his last sounds died away, he cast darkness over the scene by putting out his own light. We have the gratifying hope stored away that Herr Agté's Soirées are but the beginning of good things to come, and hope also, for the pupils' sake, that these ambrosial evenings may come often and increase in the interest they inspire.

Your special correspondent from these parts had indulged the expectation of sending you some account of ROSSINI's *Stabat Mater*, performed by the girls of the Bethlehem Boarding School, and which rumor spoke exceedingly well of; but the earth and heavens being unpropitious on the appointed day, the writer could not attend. When the next great musical feat shall come off, "may we be there to see.

Very truly yours,

T. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 4. Thinking it might be interesting to yourself and your readers to know what kind of a place California is in regard to music, I will tell you what I have seen and heard in the four or five weeks I have been here. I left Boston on the last of January with many regrets, feeling it would be a long time before I should enjoy the delightful music of such concerts and operas as we had there. But I am agreeably disappointed to find much good musical taste and good music here in this new country.

I have attended two concerts of a series of six given by the "Germania Society;" and when I tell you the programme consisted of the compositions of Weber, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and three movements from Beethoven's Grand Symphony in C minor, one or two lighter compositions to vary the performances, you will decide with me in my estimate of musical taste.

The orchestral performances, by thirty musicians, who seemed to feel what they had to do, were excel-

lent, and, judging from the goodly number present, I should think, were well patronized. A flute solo by Mr. KOPFIZ, I think was superior to any thing I ever heard upon that instrument.

The vocal part of the performance was decidedly poor. There is at present only one good female singer here—Signora GABATI, whom I have not yet heard. This is the first attempt of this kind, giving a series of concerts, and it meets with general satisfaction. One great trouble here I would were obviated; that is, the lack of good pianos. I heard, a few evenings since, a fine performer execute Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, upon an instrument said to be the best to be had. O how my ears ached for a sound *something* like those elicited from one of Chickering's Grands!

Mr. Atwill, formerly of New York, tells me he sells much first class music here; so all or any of your publishers and music dealers must not suppose the Californians will purchase any thing Bostonians would refuse.

One thing I must not forget to mention. We have here a musical prodigy, a native Californian guitarist, who executes wonders, having all the facility that Ole Bull has on the violin, and performs the "Carnival of Venice" with quite as much effect. Four years ago he had never seen a guitar. He reads music with considerable facility, but is able to play melodies and harmonies, after hearing them performed by an orchestra, accurately.

I think an English Opera company might do well here; can you send one?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 3, 1856.

Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

We have received from the publisher, J. A. NOVELLO, London and New York, "*Six Grand Sonatas for the Organ*," composed and dedicated to Dr. F. Schlemmer, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Op. 65." It is a work of rare interest and value, and the cheapness (see advertisement) of the edition, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of English musical publications we have seen, should place it in the hands of every student of true organ music. For true organ music it is, although it partakes enough of the form and character of some of the best piano-forte sonatas, to justify its title. The six Sonatas show the thoroughly Bach-ian culture of Mendelssohn; they breathe the spirit of Bach and the old chorale and fugue music, mingled with something of the form and something of the spirit of the modern romantic and even dramatic sonata style of Beethoven. Not precisely following the usual sonata division and sequence of three or four movements, they are nevertheless composed each of several movements related by the same sort of inner spiritual tie.

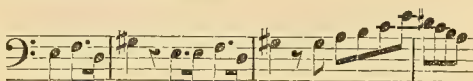
Among the thousand and one "improvements" kindly suggested in the newspapers for our late Beethoven Festival, the most amusing was, that it ought to have commenced with a Sonata of Beethoven, played upon the organ! Were there to be a Mendelssohn festival, the ingenious critic might be gratified. Here we have Sonatas written for the organ, by one in whom the art and spirit of the grand old organists resided as in no musician of these latter days. What Mendelssohn writes for the organ is surely organ music. A few very general directions are given in the com-

poser's preface, and occasionally in the Sonatas themselves, as to the selection of stops or registers. We could wish these had been more precise, considering the various shades of feeling and dramatic contrast in the music. As to the special contents of the several Sonatas we cannot give the reader a better idea than by translating from an analysis by another distinguished German organist, A. G. RITTER.

"Sonata No. 1 (*Allegro moderato e serioso*, F minor, common time,) begins with full, strong chords, of a general and introductory character, which lead in the eleventh measure into a principal thought, which bears such an expressive stamp of character as to justify the epithet *speaking*. It is the sad complaint of a soul oppressed, sounding out in tones ever louder and more anxious, as the dreaded fate draws near. Then, after a close in C minor, there resounds a choral-like sentence, borne on angel voices. It brings comfort from the heavenly heights. To be sure, it is interrupted, now for a shorter, now for a longer time, by the more and more warmly wrought leading theme; to be sure, there is a tone of complaint even in itself; but soon the song of consolation rings out at a victorious height, far above all earthly sorrow. In soft chords, and then borne on by the mighty stream of the full organ tone, it closes the first part. Still it is no jubilant song of triumph. The minor third reminds us of the painful conflict just endured. It is only in the following *Adagio* (A flat major, 3-4 time,) and in the Recitative, which forms the transition to the last movement, that the heart finds rest. Complaint is silent. In tones as glad as mortal breast can feel, exults the redeemed (*Allegro assai vivace*.) Flashing, fiery chords resound in animated motion, borne on the roaring flood of bass. And as the heart, filled with lofty joy, strives in vain in its first enthusiasm after definite expression, and only finds the right words when it is more calm; so the chords at first sweep vaguely to and fro, but gradually gain in connection and in grouping, till they finally compass the jubilant melody, which now sounds on and on, below, above, and leads at last into the full, luminous F major chord with the Third above. Here is the proper conclusion of the whole. The *arpeggi* which now follow, filling four bars, and not entirely suited to the organ, are to be considered an appendix.

"The second Sonata opens with an introduction in C minor, (*Grave*, 4-4,) which leads, through a long organ-point upon the Dominant, into an *Adagio*, also in C minor. Here the thinking player has an opportunity to employ the different Manuals to advantage. The *Adagio*, with a characteristic and discriminating treatment of the several key-boards, (including the Pedal,) forms an orchestra-like movement. The melody, played by the right hand on the second Manual, is delivered by the wind instruments; the violins, accompanying in flowing, song-like passages, are represented on the first Manual by the left hand; finally, the basses—the Pedal—indicate the ground-tones *pizzicato*. * * * * To an *Allegro maestoso e vivace*, (3-4 time) which, with all its musical beauty, to our feeling borders somewhat on the secular, succeeds a dignified, simple, and yet artistically developed Fugue, which brings the piece back to the true ground.

"The third Sonata, next to the first our favorite, and bearing in its poetic tendency a certain resemblance to the first, raises itself, supported by an interwoven chorale as if by a verbal text, to a truly dramatic expression; but for this very reason it presents the greatest technical difficulties, since of necessity just where the idea of the creative artist is so clear and definite, admitting of no shade of modification, the interpreting artist must hit exactly the right point if he would seize the true intention of the former. In bright chords, a full and swelling movement opens the Sonata, expressive of calm and joyful trust. A short solo passage of the same import is answered by the full choir in the still brighter and more flashing F sharp major, till the whole leads back through the Dominant into the prevailing key, and closes the brief movement. This is immediately followed by a movement in A minor, marked *Un poco meno forte*. The real Mendelssohnian theme :



maintains, by the twice recurring *superfluous Fourth*, just the right hostile, soul-disturbing expression, to be set against the Chorale afterwards delivered by the Pedal: *Aus tiefer Noth schreie ich zu dir*. Whether the leading character of this theme above noticed, being more suited for stringed instruments, can also find its fitting representation on our present organs, is a question which the player has to solve in view of the mechanical structure of said organs. With the direction: "*Da questa parte fino a Maggiore poco a poco più animato e più forte*," there enters an accompaniment to the Chorale in sixteenths instead of in quavers, as before. Finally, to the ever-increasing movement the Pedal too is added, after it has held out for a long time the concluding tone of the *Canto fermo* in an organ-point. While the Manuals repeat the main progression of the theme in full chords and in the highest registers, it burrows down in wild and thundering passages into the depths, to rise again from the ground-tone of E, through the tones, F, G sharp, B, d, f, g sharp, b, to the high d. Gentler and gentler it sinks gradually down from there and leads back again to the first movement, in A major, which, except some few but very effective and significant changes, (for example, in the fifth and sixth measures,) is repeated almost literally. The *Andante tranquillo* which now follows, also and with propriety in A major, closes the whole like a silent, deep-felt prayer of gratitude."

We must reserve the description of the remaining three Sonatas until next week.

CONCERTS.—Our musical season is now fairly over. Oratorios, Orchestral, Chamber music, each and all have made an end of it, and nothing more remains except such scattering, miscellaneous concerts and virtuoso visitations as a large city is exposed to in all seasons of the year. There is some hope, however, of Maretzek's Opera troupe, about the middle of this month. The week past has afforded two good concerts, bringing both the Classical Quartet and the Orchestral series to a worthy close.

Mr. WILLIAM KEYZER, the veteran violinist, and whilome leader of the old "Academy" orchestra, in the days of our first hearing of the Seventh and other noble symphonies, had a very large, intelligent, en-

thusiastic audience at his concert in the new Mercantile Hall, last Saturday evening. It was a marked testimonial to his long-trying character as a musician and a man. The Quartet by HAYDN, one of the last and best of the eighty, was played with great spirit and truth by Messrs. KEYZER, SCHULTZE, ECKHARDT and WULF FRIES. Our old friend bore the leading violin part throughout the whole evening, and surprised all by the energy and fervor of his playing. In the *Adagio* his breadth of tone, and well-sustained, expressive *cantabile* were quite remarkable. The Quintet by SPOHR, for piano solo, with quartet of strings, is one of the freshest and most enjoyable compositions of that master which we have ever heard. Mr. GUSTAV SATTER played the piano part with rare perfection; nothing could exceed the delicate precision, grace and brilliancy of those long passages in thirds and sixths. It was received with the warmest plaudits. It was with great regret we had to lose what doubtless was the most important feature of the programme, the Double Quartet by SPOHR, which we hear was highly relished by the best judges.

The sixth and last AFTERNOON CONCERT crowded the Music Hall. Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the old favorite, was played with remarkable spirit and effect, especially the last movement, which even made the gabbling flirts and butterflies listen awhile in spite of themselves. The overture to *Oberon*, whose romantic and imaginative charm wears even better than MENDELSSOHN's fairies, was beautifully rendered. The *Andante* to HAYDN's Ninth Symphony was new to us, and certainly one of the most pleasing and un-commonplace which we have heard. The dance pieces and the *Zanetta* overture of course were sunshine to the butterflies.—It seems a pity that these concerts cannot go on for another month; but we are told that the full hall does not always pay. To the managers, the orchestra, and especially to Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, the indefatigable, able, ever gentlemanly and conciliatory leader, our musical public is under lasting obligation.

New Music.

Prelude for Piano and Violin, or Violoncello, by C. C. PERKINS, pp. 7, (Nathan Richardson.) The piano part is simply what the name denotes, a prelude, consisting of the same arpeggio figure uniformly repeated in each measure, only the chord varying. Upon this background, after a few bars, the violin enters in a sweet, chaste, serious melody, in sustained notes, always *legato*, and only tasking the expressive art of the performer. It is an unpretending, pleasing little salon piece, free from ordinary clap-trap and poor sentimentality. Toward the close the piano part acquires more energy and fulness, and becomes polyphonal.

DE MONTI's favorite Mass, in B flat, with an additional Alto part and English Words. pp. 40. (O. Ditson.) Another of Mr. Ditson's uniform large octavo edition of celebrated masses. Of the composer we know nothing save what here appears. It seems to be one of those light, easy, warbling, almost secular masses, which are much in use here in our Catholic churches. You are constantly reminded of the lighter movements in Haydn's masses; but it is only a weak dilution of Haydn; Haydn has ideas, musical invention, richness of modulation, and occasional passages of imposing depth and grandeur; here it is all one level of sweet commonplace, with solos of a warbling and popular character, the charm being altogether melodic. Doubtless most congregations and most choirs would feel that they could better spare a better mass.

If the above belongs eminently to what is called the voluptuous and "secular" style of church music, we have here something from the opposite direction :

"*The Psalter Noted, by the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE, M. A., carefully compared and made to agree with the Psalter of the Standard Prayer Book of the Church in the United States of America, by the Rev. E. M. PECK, M. A.*" (New York: J. A. Novello.) This is a Manual for the musical guidance of the responses of the congregation in the recitation of the psalms in the English Episcopal Church. It is the simplest form of Ritual Music. The 150 psalms are printed in small book form, under an old-fashioned staff of four lines, and over each syllable is set a note in antique characters. The object, as set forth in the preface, "has not been to obtain that which would please and amuse the curious, but to restore to the use of the Church Catholic these simple and sublime melodies, which are the most fitting accompaniments to our incomparable Liturgy, and which formed the Ritual Music of ancient days."

Les Vêpres Siciliennes—VERDI. Mr. Ditson has commenced publishing a series of eight selections from the last opera of Verdi, which was so popular in Paris. Nos. 5 and 8, now out, are two Romances: "*Ami! le Cœur d'Hélène*," and "*La brise souffle*," &c., with English version by THEO. T. BARKER. They are in a sweet, quiet, simple vein of melody, for Verdi, especially the last. Both are kept within moderate compass, saving the elaborate cadenza at the end of No. 5.

Music Abroad.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The younger Philharmonic took the lead this year. The first concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms, April 2, Dr. WYLDE conductor. The novelties of the programme were two compositions by MOZART, but recently brought to notice. The *Times* says of these:

The "*sinfonia*" in B flat for violin and viola (*concertante* would be a better name) is not only attractive as a relic of Mozart, but recently made known to the world; it is a composition of rare merit, and an extremely happy specimen of the master. The combination of solo instruments is unusual; and the orchestral score, in which the only wind instruments written for are oboes and horns, is equally worthy of notice, as an example of how much Mozart was able to do with small means. The accompaniments display astonishing variety, and set off the solo passages—which are brilliant, effective, and admirably dovetailed—to the highest possible advantage. The form is that of the symphony—invariably adopted by Mozart in his concertos—M. Sainston and Mr. Blagrove, who undertook the principal instruments, played to perfection. The Litany is a work of greater pretensions than the "*sinfonia*," although not equally well balanced. The choruses, from the *Kyrie* to the end, are splendid, superior, indeed, to anything in the masses, and occasionally—as in the *Tremendum ac vivificum*, and the *Pignus future glorie*—rising to the level of the *Requiem* itself. The *Vaticum in Domino* in which an old Gregorian melody (*Pange lingua gloriosi*) is given to the soprano voices, in unison, as a *canto fermo*, and accompanied in the most ingenious manner—must also be cited. The "*Pignus*" is one of the greatest specimens extant from the treatment of the words, "*Miserere nobis*," as an episode which becomes incessantly an interruption, and at the same time a relief to the contrapuntal progress (*secundum artem*) of the chorus. The execution of the Litany was unfortunately just as bad as that of the *concertante* was good. The chorus was sadly deficient; and this hitherto little known example of the glorious genius of Mozart has, consequently, yet to be appreciated. The solo vocal parts were intrusted to Madame Rüdersdorff, Miss Rüdersdorff, Mr. G. Perren, and Signor Gregorio.

The other selections were the overtures to *Egmont*, *Freyshütz* and *Le Domino Noir*; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4; Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto in G minor, played by CHARLES HALLÉ; Chorus of Derivishes, Beethoven; Air: *Hat man nicht Geld*, from "*Fidelio*"; and Scena from Spohr's *Faust*, sung by Mme. RÜDERSDORFF. The orchestral pieces were, it is said, extremely well performed. But it is encouraging to hear an English critic complain of the concert as "a third too long!"

OLD PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—These concerts commenced later than usual this year. There are to be only six, instead of the usual eight, concerts, and

without reduction of price of season tickets. Professor STERNDALÉ BENNETT is the conductor, to the joy of the anti-Wagner-ites; and Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has volunteered to sing one evening, which the *Times* thinks almost equivalent to insuring the whole expenses of the season. Mme. SCHUMANN (Clara Wieck) was the star of the first concert, which took place April 14th, with the following programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in C minor (dedicated to the Philharmonic Society).....Mendelssohn.
Recitative and Aria: "Dove sono," (Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.
Concerto in E flat, Piano-forte, Madame Clara Schumann.....Beethoven.
Overture (Don Carlos).....Macfarren.

PART II.
Sinfonia in A, No. 7.....Beethoven.
Recitative and Aria (Il Giuramento)....Mercadante.
Solo, Piano-forte (variations sérieuses), Mme. Clara Schumann.....Mendelssohn.
Overture (Preciosa).....Weber.

Mme. CLARA NOVELLO was the vocalist. The *Times* is delighted with Bennett's conducting, but says the orchestra has suffered by the loss of four of its best violins, (Sainston, Blagrove, Dando and A. Mellon.) It also complains of the want of graduation of power, of *pianissimo*, in the symphonies, and of the taking of some of the *tempi* too slow. Of the pianiste it says:

The novelty of the concert, and the great point of interest was the first appearance in this country of Madame Clara Schumann, the wife of Herr Robert Schumann, the well-known composer. This lady, many years ago, as Mademoiselle Clara Wieck, won universal renown in Germany. She was acknowledged to be the most admirable performer of her sex in the whole of that very musical and metaphysical country; and, what is still more to her credit, has retained her position undisputed ever since. Of all the famous continental pianists, Madame Schumann is the only one who has obstinately remained a stranger to England. Better late than never. Her performance last night more than justified the reputation she has so long enjoyed. Madame Schumann is not merely an accomplished and admirable executant, but an intellectual player of the highest class, with a manner and expression of her own as original and unlike anything else as they are spontaneous and captivating. We have never yet heard a lady play the E flat concerto of Beethoven entirely to our satisfaction; nor, so far as the opening movement is concerned, can Madame Schumann be said to have broken the spell; it wanted breadth, it wanted fire, and, above all, it wanted grandeur. All the rest, however, was enchanting. The slow movement was expressive throughout, the *rondo* sportive, capricious, and varied with exquisite delicacy and unerring taste. The applause at the end was not a bit more hearty than was due to the merits of the performer. In the "17 variations" of Mendelssohn Madame Schumann was quite as successful. Without accompaniments she evidently possesses as much the power to charm as with them. Mendelssohn has composed nothing to which it is more difficult to impart the proper expression and effect than these variations; but either Madame Schumann must have heard him play them very often, or she instinctively feels them as he felt them, since the style in which she executed them—except that in two or three places she took the passages faster (too fast)—was almost identical with his own.

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION has entered upon its twelfth season. The first concert (April 2) was distinguished by the first appearance in London of the great Parisian violoncellist, FRANCHOMME. The programme consisted of Mozart's 7th Quartet in D; Beethoven's do. in F, op. 18; and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor. M. HALLÉ, pianist; M. SAINTON and Mr. CARRODUS, first and second violin; HILL, viola; FRANCHOMME, cello. The *News* says:

It will be seen that, in the selection of these fine pieces, their fitness for bringing out the talents of the accomplished stranger was kept in view. In all of them the violoncello plays a prominent part, full of striking effects and beautiful solo passages. M. FRANCHOMME'S performance was exquisite in every respect. We have heard greater strength and volume of tone, but never, we think, such a combination of sweetness, delicacy, and vocal quality. It was often like the singing of MARIO or GARDONI. And this tone had the further fine quality of blending charmingly with those of the other instruments. In style, phrasing, and expression, M. Franchomme's performance was perfect. The other performers, too, played their best, and we could not even imagine a more exquisite performance of all the *chefs-d'œuvre* we have mentioned.

In addition to his part in the concerted pieces, M. Franchomme played a short solo, consisting of a slow movement composed by himself, and a "Ballade" of Chopin's, arranged by him for his instrument. These he executed with the utmost grace and delicacy. M.

HALLÉ also played a pianoforte solo in his usual admirable manner.

Mr. Ella's excuse for the want of novelty in his programmes is not flattering to the composers of the day. "To those," he says, "who for the last thirty years have played or listened to the standard works of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, more novelty in our programmes would be welcome; but among a pile of expensive music purchased by us for examination, with the exception of a few untried works by Spohr, there is not a single concerted piece that could stand comparison with the earliest production of the last of Nature's favored sons in the classic soil of Germany—Mendelssohn. In the present dearth, then, of creative genius, we must be content to repeat known and admired *chefs-d'œuvre*."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. GYE, in spite of the loss of Covent Garden Theatre, has issued his prospectus. He retains all the artists whom he had engaged, and announces performances, until further notice, at the "Theatre Royal of the Lyceum." The personnel is composed of Mmes. GRISI, JENNY NEY, BOSIO, (whom the London *Court Journal* calls "the most elegant, facile and brilliant of modern singers,") DIDIE, MARAI and TAGLIAFICO; and MM. MARIO, TAMBERLIK, (before his departure for Rio Janeiro,) GARDONI, GRAZIANI, LUCCHESI, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, ZELGER, Herr FORMES, RONCONI and LABACHE. Conductor, M. COSTA. The star of the ballet will be Mlle. CERITO. The repertoire consists of *Rigoletto*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Il Barbiere*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Lucia*, *La Favorita*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Conte Ory*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *La Traviata*, Verdi's last. To open April 15th, with the *Trovatore*, DIDIE, &c.—Mr. Gye, to employ his expensive company, gives twelve concerts at the Sydenham Crystal Palace; he underlets the Lyceum on the off nights to RISTORI. He further announces that he is about to take measures for the erection of a new Opera-house, with a large concert hall attached.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. LUMLEY takes advantage of the Covent Garden catastrophe to try his fortune in opera once more, and has been to Paris to engage singers. The rumor that JENNY LIND has overcome her aversion to the stage enough to consent to sing for him, is scarcely to be trusted. JOHANNA WAGNER, too, and VIARDOT GARCIA are mentioned among the probable engagements. But the following appear to be the only facts really known about it:

The *prime donne* engaged are ALBERTINI, PICCOLOMINI, and ALBONI, who re-appears after an absence of five years from London. Alboni will open the season on the 6th of May. Piccolomini will arrive on the 10th, and will soon afterwards appear in Verdi's last opera, *La Traviata*, which is new to this country. Albertini will arrive on the 18th of May, and will appear in a few days afterwards in the character of Leonora in the *Trovatore*,—Albani performing the part of Azucena, the gipsy. Albertini is a young Englishwoman, whose great powers as a singer and actress have recently created a strong sensation throughout Italy. In addition to these, there is a young lady of remarkable beauty and great promise, named FENOLI, and GIUDITTA RIZZI, a first rate *altra prima donna*, besides two *seconde donne* who are not named.

The tenors will be, SALVIANI, who has a remarkably fine voice, and sang the *Prophète* at La Pergola for forty nights, indeed during the whole season, with the greatest success; BAUCARDI, whose plaintive voice was heard some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre; and CALZOLARI, already a favorite in London, who has just returned with fresh laurels from St. Petersburg. The baritone BENEVENTANO, who has a fine voice and is a first-rate actor(!), is likewise engaged. There are also the basso VAIRO, the buffo ZUCCONI, and other performers of note.

DRURY LANE.—The new operatic company, under the management of Mr. J. H. TULLY, opened with *Il Trovatore*, in English; Mrs. EASTCOTT, as Leonora; Miss FANNY HUDDART, Azucena; Mr. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM, Manrico; and Mr. HENRI DRAYTON, the Conte di Luna. Everybody was recalled at the end of every act. After the opera a "musical magical sketch," entitled *Marguerite*, adapted from Goethe's poem, with music by Mr. Tully, was performed. This introduced Miss FANNY REEVES and Miss DYER, as Faust and Marguerite.

Concerts of every description are announced in such abundance, that we can barely mention the half of them. Mr. HULLAH gives "Orchestral Concerts," with an orchestra of fifty members, every Saturday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and at the *shilling* price. He gives classical and modern music, with singing by Mrs. SHERRINGTON, SIMS REEVE, CLARA NOVELLO, &c. Among other novelties, Mr. Hullah was to bring

out a new oratorio, entitled *Jephtha and his Daughter*, by Herr RHEINTHALER, a young German composer, lately arrived in England. COSTA's oratorio, *Eli*, was to be again performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society on the 25th; principal singers, Mmes. VIARDOT and CLARA NOVELLO, Mr. SIMS REEVES and Herr FORMES. HAYDN's birth-day was celebrated at the Royal Panopticon by a performance of his "Creation." The Monday evenings are to be devoted there to similar performances. STERNDALE BENNETT has commenced his twelfth season of classical Chamber Concerts. The "Reunion des Arts" (Sir GEORGE SMART, president,) is giving *Soirées* of a mixed character; and Mr. W. H. HOLMES, with his pupils, Piano-forte Concerts, in which Concertos by LITOLF, GADE, REINECKE, GOLDSCHMIDT, and other young German composers, alternate with works by older masters. Chamber Concerts also are announced by Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN, by Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED GILBERT, &c. &c.Orchestral Concerts are in progress by the "Amateur Musical Society," (HENRY LESLIE, conductor,) by the "Royal Academy of Music," and by the "Orchestral Union," (ALFRED MELLON, conductor.)Mr. BENEDICT's annual concert, with the usual interminable length of miscellaneous programme, and all the great artists under the sun, from Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT down, was announced for the 21st inst.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

OMISSION.—The following important sentence, at
the conclusion of the note in the beginning of the last
chapter, was accidentally omitted:

"You shall soon hear from me and others who
interest you still more."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHERRY RIBBONS.

I do not absolutely believe in fate nor in in-
stincts, and yet I am forced to believe in some-
thing which seems like a combination of both, a
mysterious power, which is not unlike the attrac-
tion of destiny.

It happens sometimes in our life as if we
crossed great magnetic currents without being
borne onward by them, but towards which we
rush ourselves, because our peculiar nature seems
admirably predisposed to receive the influence of
that which is our natural element, although long
unknown and misunderstood. When we are
drawn along by this irresistible power, it seems as
if everything conspires to make us yield to the
sovereign impulse, and that all around us tends
towards it in such a way as to cause us to deny
chance; in short, that the most natural circum-
stances, at other times insignificant, exist, only to
press us towards the goal of our destiny, whether
it be an abyss or a sanctuary.

The following facts seemed for a long time
wonderful to me, and were nothing more than
the meeting a circumstance corresponding to my
ennui and uneasiness.

My coachman was married not far from the
frontier, near Briançon, to a young and pretty
wife, from whom he was often separated by his
profession. I told him that I wished to go towards
France, and I desired it because my route must
be the very opposite from Milan, and also because
I had heard a few vague rumors upon the recent
passage of Celio through the country in which I
was travelling. My *vetturino* saw that I did not
know exactly where to go, and as he wanted to
go to Briançon, he naturally took the road by
Susa and Exille, crossed the frontier with the
Dora, and entered into the department of the
High Alps by Mt. Genève.

As we drew near Briançon he asked me if I did
not intend to stop a few days, with the tone of a
man determined that I should; and as I hesitated
to answer him before I discovered his design, he
told me that his youngest horse was ill and would
not eat, and he was afraid he should be obliged
to send for a surgeon to bleed him. I got out of
the carriage and examined the horse; his eye
was clear, his breathing calm; he was no sicker
than the other.

"My friend," said I to master Volabù, (that
was his name,) "I beg you to be sincere with me.
You want an excuse to stop, and I am not
obliged to wait for you. I shall not want your
carriage if you do not want me. All I ask is to
reach Briançon. There I shall determine what
to do, and shall have at my disposal all the requi-
site means of travelling. If you insist upon
leaving me here, (we were not more than five
leagues from Briançon,) I may also insist upon
your proceeding, for I engaged you for eight
days. Be frank then, if you wish me to be kind.
In these environs you have business which con-
cerns either your purse or your heart, and that is
why your horse does not eat."

The honest man began to laugh, and then he
bent his head with a melancholy look.

"I am no longer young," said he; "my wife
is only eighteen, and I would have liked to sur-
prise her. She only lives a short distance from
here, in a place they call the *Wilderness*. By
the cross road we can be there in a half-hour; the
road is good, and since you like to stop anywhere,
to walk at random in the snow, you will see a
fine place there and fine snow, or the deuce take
me! We shall start again to-morrow morning,
and we shall be at Briançon before noon. There,
I have been frank, and will you be a good
child?"

"Yes, since that was my agreement. Start
for the *Wilderness*! The name pleases me, and
the cross road too. I like those landscapes which
are not to be seen on the highways. But, com-
rade, what if you should take a fancy to stay

longer with your wife? What if your horse re-
fuses to eat to-morrow?"

"Will you trust to the word of an old soldier,
mon bourgeois? We shall start to-night if you
like."

"I will trust you," answered I; "go on!"

You will know soon, dear reader, whither he
conducted me, and you can tell me if in my fit
of good-natured loitering, which impelled me to
yield to his caprice, there was not something
which a more presumptuous man might have
called divine inspiration.

And in the first place, the clever Volabù had not
deceived me. The scenery through which he led
me was both grand and simple, and enchanted me
the more that I had not counted upon my guide's
discernment of the picturesque. No doubt it
was his love for his young wife which made him
instinctively like the country in which she lived.
He wished to prove himself grateful for my kind-
ness by showing me all possible hospitality.

He possessed a few acres of land and a very
neat cottage, whither he drove me, and when he
had found his young housekeeper at work, very
gay, very good, and very pure, (that was easily
seen by the unfeigned joy with which she threw
her arms about his neck), there was nothing
which they did not do for me. They made great
exertions to prepare a better repast than I could
have had at the village inn, and when I told
them I should be satisfied without so much
trouble, they declared it was none of my busi-
ness, which meant that they should lodge and
board me gratis.

I left them at their frying, intermingled with
sweet words and loud kisses, that I might admire
the surrounding view. It was simple and superb.
Steep hills, serving as a first approach to the
great mountains of the Alps, all covered with
pines and larches, encircled the valley and shel-
tered it from the north and east winds. Beyond
the village and half way up one of the nearest
and most sloping hills, stood a proud and ancient
castle, probably an old frontier defence, now a
peaceful and comfortable dwelling; for I saw,
from the fresh look of the oaken window sashes,
framing large and clear panes of glass, that the
old mansion had a civilized proprietor. A vast
park, nobly thrown on the slope of the hill, the
harsh outline of its boundaries veiled by that ex-
cess of vegetation becoming so rare in France,
formed one of the happiest parts of the picture.
Notwithstanding the severity of the season, (it
was the last of January, and the ground was
covered with hoar frost,) the evening was mild
and pleasant. The skies had that rosy flush
peculiar to frosty evenings; the snowy horizon
glittered like silver, and the soft, pearly clouds

awaited the sun, slowly sinking to plunge into them at last. Before hiding himself in these soft mists, he seemed to long to smile once more upon the valley and shed upon the high roofs of the old castle a ray of purple, which transformed the sober and moss-covered slating into a dome of resplendent brass.

As I was dressed according to the weather, I took great delight in walking upon the glistening snow, brightened by the cold, and crackling under my feet. As my shadow fell upon the broad surfaces, hardly marked by the footsteps of birds, I studied attentively the greenish reflections which were cast by this dazzling white, beside which ermine and swan's down would seem yellow and soiled. I now thought only of painting, and thanked Heaven for turning me from Milan.

In walking along, I drew near the park, and could see the great lawn, outlined by black walls, stretching before the castle. They had modernized the surroundings of this severe dwelling by filling the old trenches and raising up the grounds, and in continuing the garden, the lawn and the gravelled walks to the court-yard and to the door of the apartments, as we do in the present time, that we may feel at once the comfort and poetry of castle life. The enclosure was well secured by great walls; but in front of the mansion they were lowered for some thirty mètres to allow a prospect of the country. This opening formed a terrace of moderate height and was defended by an exterior ditch. A little staircase, contrived in the thickness of the stones of the terrace, descended to the water, as if to allow the gardeners to draw therefrom in the summer. As the water was covered with very strong ice, I remarked that it would be an easy matter to gain access to the lordly residence; it seemed that its owners placed great dependence upon the discretion of the villagers, for no precaution had been taken to secure this weak spot of the castle.

As the place seemed deserted, I was tempted to enter it and admire more closely the trunks of those magnificent yews and centennial pines, whose groups formed, within the enclosure, a great many landscapes, just as *true*, although better *composed* than those of the surrounding country; but I prudently and respectfully restrained my painter's rashness, as I heard two women approach the terrace, who at a nearer view proved to be two charming girls. I watched them running and frolicking in the snow without their noticing me. Although they were enveloped in cloaks and furs, they were as agile as the white hound which gambolled around them. One of them seemed old enough to be married, although one could see by her *insouciance* that she was not, and did not think of such a thing. She was tall, slender, fair, pretty, and by her manner of dressing her hair and her attitudes, she recalled to me the marble nymphs which adorned the gardens of the age of Louis XIV. The other seemed still a child; her beauty was striking, although her figure seemed less elegant to me. I cannot tell why I was moved in beholding her, as if she recalled a well known and beloved form. Yet it was impossible then, and has been since, to discover whom she resembled.

These two beautiful girls frolicked so that they passed me without seeing me. They spoke Italian, but so fast, and often both at a time, and every phrase was so interrupted by long and loud

shouts of laughter, that I could not make any sense out of their talk. Further on they stopped and pitilessly began to break off superb branches from a green tree. They made a parcel of it, the fair Vandals! and after all left it on the snow, saying:

"Faith! let *him* come and get them *himself*; they are too cold to handle!"

They were just passing out of my sight, to my deep regret, I will confess, for there was something exciting and sympathetic to me in the petulant gaiety of those sweet girls, when one of them cried out:

"Good! I have lost *his* bow, his famous sword-knot, which I pinned on to my hood!"

"Well, what of it?" said the elder; "we can make another; that is nothing!"

"O, he made that himself! he says that we don't know how to make bows, as if he was so very wise! He will scold!"

"Well, let the old cross thing scold!" answered the other.

And both began to laugh, as young girls laugh, without any reason, but simply because they must laugh at something.

"O, there! I see it—my bow! *his* bow!" cried the child, bounding towards the ditch; "there it is, spread out on the snow. O, the beautiful red poppy!"

She reached the end of the terrace, but just as she was picking up the knot of red ribbons, which I had noticed, she laughed again; a sudden breeze caught it and laid it at my feet upon the ice of the ditch. I took it up to give it to the lovely laughter, and then she saw me for the first time and blushed as red as her cherry ribbons.

"To bring it back to you, mademoiselle," said I, "I must cross the ditch; will you allow me?"

"No, no, don't do that," said the child, in whom a roguish assurance had quickly conquered her first timidity, "it would be dangerous. The ice may not bear you."

"Is that all?" said I; "it would be nothing to risk so slight a danger to do you a service."

I boldly crossed the ice, which cracked a little. In seeing that there really was a little danger, the child blushed and came half way down the steps to meet me. She laughed no longer.

"What are you about? What are you doing there, little sister?" said the other, who had come back for her, and was looking surprised and displeased.

She was evidently a young lady, and had some prudence. She was at least twenty years old.

"You see, mademoiselle," said I, in reaching to her sister the ribbons on the end of my cane, "I stop at the boundaries of your empire. I do not even put my foot upon the first step."

She saw at once that I was well-bred, and thanked me with a sweet and lovely smile. As for the child, she seized the ribbons quickly and motioned to me not to stay on the ice. I turned back slowly, and bowed to them from the other side. They cried out, "Thank you! thank you, sir!" with a great deal of grace, and then I heard the elder say to the little one:

"If *he* had seen that, how *he* would scold!"

"Let us run away," answered the child, beginning to laugh, as fresh and clear as a silver bell.

They took hold of hands and ran towards the castle. When they had disappeared, I sought the modest abode of Monsieur and Madame Volabù, somewhat occupied with my little adventure.

I found my supper ready. Had I been Grandgousier himself, they could not have treated me more handsomely. I am afraid Mme. Volabù's poultry yard suffered for it. I could not complain of this prodigality when I saw the air of honest triumph with which these good-hearted people did the honors. I insisted upon their sitting down with me—also Mme. Volabù's mother, Madame Peirecote by name, still a robust virago, who seemed to take upon herself the responsibility of her son-in-law's honor.

I had to keep up a violent combat to keep myself from an attack of indigestion, for my brave *vetturino* seemed determined to stuff me. As soon as I could obtain any respite, I profited by it to make some inquiries about the castle and its tenants.

"The chateau is very old," said Volabù, with a shrewd look, "and ugly too; don't you think so? It looks like a great dungeon. But it is prettier inside than one might think; it is very well kept and arranged, although the furniture is out of date. There are furnaces in it, upon my word! The old marquis denied himself nothing. He was not very generous to others, but he liked his comfort, and he staid here almost all the year. In the winter he only went to Paris for a short time, never to Italy, although it was his native land."

"And who owns the castle now?"

"His brother, the Count of Balma, who has just become marquis by the death of the eldest. Faith! he is no longer young! It is the fate of our village to have nothing but an old castle and old people in it."

"Bah! youth is not wanting at the castle," said Mme. Volabù; "the new marquis has five children, and the oldest is no older than monsieur here." While speaking, she pointed at her husband, whose eyes were wide open, while his mouth was twisted into a rather laughable pout.

"Oh, ho!" cried he; "M. de Balma has sons now! When I left, only a month ago, he had but one daughter."

"So it seemed then," spoke Mme. Peirecote in her turn. "In that month a large family has arrived—two other daughters and two sons, all handsome as little loves; but what do you care, Volabù?"

"I don't care at all, mother; but at the same time our old marquis is mightily reserved, for I heard him tell the curé that he had but one daughter, she who came with him the day after the late marquis died."

"Very well," said the old lady, "perhaps the others are not his lawful children. That is no sign of a bad heart, to bring them all together, now he is rich and noble. No doubt he means to establish them well, that he may atone for his old sins before God."

"And perhaps they are not his," observed Mme. Volabù.

"He calls them all 'my children,'" answered mother Peirecote, "and they call him '*papa*.' It is not easy to find out the exact truth. That house is full of secrets—more than ever now, under the present marquis. Nobody knows anything sure about him. But they say all sorts of things. 'M. de Balma had a brother who died in the Indies,' say some. Others say it is not so. 'The younger brother is not dead, nor so far off as some think. He has changed his name because he has got into debt and committed many extravagances, and it is many years since the

marquis would even see him.' Others say again: 'He could not pardon his bad conduct, but he sent him money secretly.' Others answer: 'He never sent any thing. He was too hard-hearted for that. He is not the worst of the two, who is so considered.'

"And can no one throw light upon this matter?" asked I. "Is there no one in the country better informed than you? It is strange that a member of a great family should so suddenly rise from the ground."

"Sir," answered the old lady, "nothing can be found out about them. I will tell you what I know and saw in my youth. There were two brothers Balma, of a Piedmontese family, anciently settled in this country. The eldest was very upright, but not very kind-hearted. The youngest was wild, but not proud. He had no property, and I never saw so handsome a child. The Balmas lived away a long time. One day the oldest came and took possession of the estate, and lived in the castle, without allowing any one to ask questions, and put every one out of doors who inquired for his brother. He lived eighty years without marrying, without adopting any child, or having any relation near him. He died without making a will, like one who thinks: After me comes the end of the world! But lo! the young man arrives with all the necessary deeds to prove his inheritance of the name, the castle, and the large family estate. There are at least two, three or four millions of property. That was something for a man who was, as they say, in great poverty. Poor child! I went to greet him; he remembered me, and was as gallant as if I was but fifteen."

"But this young man, this child of whom you speak, mother—do you mean the new marquis?" said Monsieur Volabù. "Diantre, he does not look like a dandy, however."

"He may be seventy-two years old now," answered Mme. Peirecote naively; "and he has changed a great deal. They say he has reformed, and that his daughter is prudent and economical, which is surprising in people who were supposed to make way with every thing in one day."

"Plague! I should think it high time to reform," cried Volabù. "Seventy-two years! the *young man* must have put water in his wine."

Seeing that I had finished eating, the Volabùs began to clear off the table, and I drew near the fire, managing to detain mother Peirecote there to make her talk more. I could not imagine why this story of the Balmas so excited my curiosity.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

X.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—RURAL FUNERAL AT FOLKSTONE—THE BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL AND ITS ORGAN.

Late in the afternoon of a September day I landed, or rather was pitched on shore, at Folkstone. There had been a storm raging for a couple of days previously, which had served to stir up, in an unusual manner, the never too placid channel that separates the envious shores of England and France. Tom Hood has said all that can be said of the horrors of a passage at such a time, and yet, methinks, if I would, I could add another chapter of trying experiences. Even when our dogged little steamer had got quite within the piers on the English side—safe, as I

thought, beyond a peradventure, from further troubles, we were again "unsettled all," by a swash and parting surge from old Neptune, that would have done him credit in mid ocean.

It wanted yet two hours of the time for the departure of the train, which I determined to while away in explorations about the town. Those who have had the curiosity to inform themselves in this particular, will remember Folkstone—that portion of it out of the immediate vicinity of the harbor and railway station—as a quaint old place, in a state of semi-dilapidation, with a look of having been asleep since the period of the Middle Ages. A certain air of antiquity pervades and broods over it like a cloud. After a ramble of half an hour, I found myself in the vicinity of a high walled churchyard, enclosing within its ample space a picturesque-looking church,—“one of those rich morsels of quaint architecture,” in the language of Washington Irving, “which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape.” Church and churchyard, like their surroundings, wore the aspect of age and profound repose. A couple of vagabond boys were balancing themselves on the edge of a tombstone hard by; else there was no sign of life. I passed into the enclosure through a turnstile in the wall. The door of the church stood open and I entered. The clouds had now dispersed, and the sun, near its setting, was throwing a flood of golden light, through the windows of stained glass, upon the floor.

At this point my attention was arrested by the appearance of a funeral train, approaching by a direction opposite to that by which I had entered. It wound its way slowly among the graves, and halted just in front of the church. The retinue was not large; it consisted of the immediate friends only of the deceased, and a few stragglers from the village, attracted thither by idle curiosity. I stood leaning against the porch, but a few paces distant, and could read the lines of sorrow graven on the faces of the mourners. In solemn accents the ritual for the burial of the dead was commenced. It was the first time for many months I had witnessed such an event, except it were attended with popish ceremonies uttered in an unknown tongue. I was never so affected by the sublime and touching burial service of the English Church. Circumstances favored these impressions. The hour of rest after a day's weariness and care—the serenity and beauty of the autumn evening—the distant voice of the sea subsiding from the storm—the almost supernatural repose of the spot—all conspired to lend an indescribable interest to the scene.

I have already given some account, in these pages, of such concert-rooms as I could gain access to, both in England and upon the continent. To this catalogue should be added last, but by no means least, a description of the noble Town Hall at Birmingham, which took the lead among the public buildings constructed with some regard to acoustic principles, in England, and still holds the preëminence. This structure was completed and opened with a grand festival concert in 1834. It stands in a central part of the town. Exteriorly there is nothing to command especial attention. Its interior dimensions are 140 feet in length, by 65 feet in width, and 65 feet in height. It will seat comfortably 2,600 persons, but at the grand Festivals, which are given here triennially, it is made to accommodate an audience of 3,000. The

floor of the apartment is level. Its walls are rectilinear, divided, at equal intervals, into compartments, by pilasters, and are surmounted on all sides by a coving deeply groined, which terminates in the flat roof above. The ceiling, which is framed in wood and plastered in the ordinary manner, has panels sunk deeply into its substance. A narrow gallery extends along the sides and across one end of the room. The orchestral platform at the opposite end, is in the same plane as the gallery, being elevated some ten feet from the floor. From this platform the choral seats rise, in a semi-circular form, extending backward to the wall. This stage (or orchestral gallery, it should be called,) will accommodate a band and chorus of 500 performers. Placed against the wall, and partially enclosed in a recess constructed to receive it, stands the magnificent organ, so often alluded to. The front of the instrument projects into the hall eight or ten feet, and is composed of clusters of pipes grandly grouped. There are no chandeliers or pendants, the room being lighted at evening from the sides by gas jets upon brackets placed against the walls. It is warmed by means of hot water cockles beneath the floor, which diffuse a mild and pleasant heat through a series of gratings opening under the galleries at each side. The system of ventilation, which is ample and effectual, is connected with the warming apparatus, and is, in principle, similar to the plan adopted in our own hall.

The total cost of this hall was £56,000, exclusive of the land. Mr. Hansom, the architect, who had contracted to build it for less than half the amount, soon became bankrupt, and was obliged to retire. The town of Birmingham (to their credit be it said) assumed the enterprise, borrowing £25,000 upon the property, and assessing their treasury for the balance. The idea of the structure was first suggested by an association of scientific and music-loving gentlemen, (headed by Mr. JOSEPH MOORE, well known in the musical circles of England,) who determined the principles that should govern its architecture. As originally designed, the figure of the apartment was that of two cubes in juxtaposition, (i. e. 130×65×65), but, at the earnest solicitation of the Festival Committee, for the better accommodation of the organ and the choral forces, ten feet were added to its length. The Managers of the Festival paid £1,100 towards this alteration. The gross receipts of this opening festival, which lasted several days, were £13,000 sterling.

I have before spoken of the Grand Organ, which adorns the Birmingham Hall. For many years it held its place as the largest and most powerful, if not the best, of the British instruments. It has 53 sounding stops, and a total of about 4,200 pipes. The principal metallic pipe (32 ft.), standing in front of the organ, is five feet eight inches in circumference. The largest wood pipe CCC, is twelve feet in circumference, and, in its interior measurement, two hundred and twenty-four cubic feet. Originally the great and choir organs (says Hopkins) were of sixteen feet compass; but these were afterwards altered to the CC or 8 feet range; the great being at the same time converted into a “16 feet manual,” in the German acceptance of the term. The organ has a *fourth* manual, in connection with a combination or solo organ, upon which can be played any stop or stops out of the swell or choir organs, without interfering with their previous arrange-

ment on their separate manuals. The dimensions of this instrument, as it stands in its case, are 40 feet in height by about 35 feet in width, and 15 in depth. Its weight is 40 tons.

The Hall is open on two or more days in the week, between 11 and 12 o'clock, for the exhibition of the organ to strangers, as at Haerlem and Freyburg, in consideration of a small admission fee. Organ concerts are also given, at cheap rates, one evening in the week during six months in the year, which, I was informed, are always fully attended. On these occasions, Mr. Stimpson, the excellent organist of the Hall, presides at the instrument. These exhibitions, I was told by both the organist and the superintendent, yield a sum sufficient to pay the ordinary current expenses of the building. *

OPERA LIBRETTOS.

BY MEISTER KARL.

LCRETIA BORGIA.—[Tune, "Old Dog Tray."]

Oh, once there was a Pope,
Had a daughter, all his hope,
And she was very pretty, but too fast, as one might
And she, too, had a son [say,
Named Gennaro, (i. e. John);
And her name was Lucretia Borgi—a.
Singing, d'un pescador ignobile
Esser figluol credei;
Maffio Orsini Signora son io
Passi primi anni mei.

Now Gennaro didn't know
If he had a 'ma or no,
But he went into the army and did uncommon well,
'Till in Venice, on a bender,
He met a lady, tender
And as gentle as a crab without a shell.
Singing Ama tua madre tenera,
Esser figluoi credei, &c.

Now, while talking and a kissin',
His friends came round a hissin'
And said it warn't becoming to consort with such as
When Gennaro asked "Why so?" [she,
Says his friend, "I'll let you know,"
And pulled away her mask, quite bold and free.

When Lucretia's husband found
That his wife was running round,
And showing of attention to a bold soger boy,
He told a Star to watch her,
And if he could, to catch her,
And to spot the chap he wanted to destroy.

Now Gennaro's friends, when "sprung,"
Used to go it while you're young,
And cut up most owdacious, as history doth tell.
So they went to Borgia's dwelling,
And while hollering and yelling,
They twisted off the handle of her bell.

But trouble came at last,
The Duke got Gennaro fast,
And says he, quite deceitful, "young feller—what
This quarrelling's all folly: [d'ye think?
It's better to be jolly—
Suppose we block the game and take a drink!"

But the worst part of the fix
Which turned up among his tricks,
He made his lady go and put pison in the rum,
And pour it—only think,
For her only son to drink,
And smile and be politeful-too, by gum!

But Lucretia wasn't slow,
For med'cine she did go:
And gave it to Gennaro till she'd fixed him off O. K.
Then says she, "my dear," says she,
"If you'll take advice from me,
You'll travel off like winkey, right away."

Then Lucretia gave a supper,
And invited all the upper-
ten, which included Gennaro's sassy friends.

Gennaro he went too
For to help 'em put it through,
Though no soup ticket to him the lady sends.

When they'd drunk away sobriety,
And got to being rioty,
They heard an awful growling and saw a curtain fell:
There stood Lucretia Borgy—
Says she, "At this here orgy,
You've been pisoned for a stealing of my bell!"

But when Lucretia found
That her son had got aground,
Once again, with her med'cine she wasn't no ways
But Gennaro wouldn't take, [slow.
Then says she, "dear, for my sake,
I'm your 'ma, you know what's good for you, you
know!"

"Son' Borgia!" he did cry,
(That means Borgia's son,) "oh my!
That makes the matter worsen by a jug full!" he
So the pison got to working, [cried.
And Gennaro got to jerking,
And he rolled, and jerked, and hollered till he died.
Phila. Bulletin.

MUSINGS OVER THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE RUINS.—Dickens thus quaintly alludes to that great conflagration, and gives his contemplation while witnessing the spectacle:—"If Covent Garden Theatre was fated to be burnt down, the fire should have burst out—provided all could have got away—in the last scene of *Le Prophète*, with Mario singing the drinking song, surrounded by his beautiful bacchantes, as the flames began to lap and twine about the gilded doors and costly draperies of the palace of Munster. But it was saddening to think of the low, dull, brutal orgy that had immediately preceded, and perhaps hastened the catastrophe. I heard that such a scene of vicious riot and rampant snobbery had never before been witnessed in London. 'It's burst out again over the property room,' said a fireman to his fellow, as they passed. Here was enough matter for speculation connected with departed glories. Many were thinking of the manuscripts, the scores, and the documents destroyed: my mind wandered to humbler things. I wondered at what time was burnt the letter B, that Gennaro cut with his dagger from over the Borgia's door, always of a different color to the 'orgia,' and palpable as to its destination. I wondered, also, how long it took to melt the Norma gong; how soon to consume the fish that were thrown up to the *pescatori* on the sunny strand of Portici; how rapidly the red candles must have melted that adorned the chandelier in the act of the 'Huguenots,' and whether the 'Der Freischütz' owl winked when the flames deranged his machinery. And I pictured the general and hurried destruction of the Druids' beards, and Mario's long chocolate-colored boots, and the bright breastplate in which Soldi sang the 'Rataplan'—the Somnambula mill-wheel, with the candlestick that Viardot let fall from it, and the padded bricks she pushed aside with her feet when the plank cracked; the sword that Tagliafico cracked across his knee when he declared he was not an assassin; the profile horse of the statue in 'Don Giovanni'; and the pony chaise that brought on Ronconi in the 'Elisir.'"

Ferdinand Hiller.

A correspondent of the London *Musical World*, writing from Brunswick, March 31st, gives the following account of some recent doings of one of the best musicians of Germany.

Last week was marked by various musical performances worthy of notice. In the first place, the Ducal Chapel most worthily concluded, on Thursday, the series of its *Symphonic-Concerte* for this year. Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Capellmeister, from Cologne, who had undertaken the direction of the concert, produced his overture to *Ein Traum der Christnacht*, and his symphony *Es muss doch Frühling werden*; he performed, also, a pianoforte concerto of his own composition.

Lastly, the programme included Weber's masterly overture in *Euryanthe*. With regard to Herr Hiller's compositions, of which we had previously received a very favorable account, the opinion of the assembled audience, consisting mostly of excellent judges of music, was decided during the concert, as was proved by their frequent applause. We never joined, indeed, in opinion with greater delight and a more intimate conviction than we did in this case. A great many specimens of *tone-poetry* (*Tondichtungen*)—if indeed we can call them tone-poetry—have been presented to us in the course of the present as well as of the past year, but they left nothing for our feelings and our mind save a sentiment of wild discomfort and disconsolate emptiness, and, consequently, a painful longing after some fresh vivifying oasis in the wide and barren sandy desert. To this oasis has the genius of Herr Hiller conducted us, by offering to our notice creations distinguished by profundity and clearness of thought, carried out in a masterly and invariably correct manner, and marked, lastly, by an admirable and noble instrumentation, free from all straining after mere effect. These compositions, without ignoring the present, are connected, in all their attributes, with a period of art, whose productions and influence a more modern race of dwarfs would willingly consign to oblivion, in order to pass for Titans themselves. Into what details shall we enter, after having thus recorded our opinions? We have already given the reader to understand that Herr Hiller's compositions have nothing to fear from the most searching critical examination; we are, moreover, contented with that answer which our heart gives to our question. We will only especially say thus much, that, in the symphony, we assign the first place to the noble Adagio, so full of profound feeling. The pianoforte concerto, a concerto in the highest sense of the word—that is to say, a work of art not made up of a thousand eccentric leaps and jumps, destitute of all inward sentiment—was executed by Herr Hiller, in addition to great technical perfection, with a grace and depth of feeling such as are not to be found among modern virtuosos with few exceptions (one of these exceptions, an artist holding a prominent position, both as composer and virtuoso we may proudly boast of having among us). The performance of the Capellmeister was faultless, and we can, therefore, not do otherwise than conclude this account with the wish that the *Symphonic-Concerte* of next year may begin in the same manner as those of the present year have ended. I will only add, that, after the concert, an entertainment was given by the members of the orchestra and several lovers of art in honor of Herr Hiller, and that, in the course of the evening he was presented with a laurel wreath. May he look upon it not only as a most appropriate emblem of his talent, but as a memento of the high artistic enjoyment he has afforded the public of this town.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1856.

M. Fétis on Abuses of the Church Organ.

On the 11th of March a new organ, built by M. Cavallé Coll of Paris, for the Church of St. Nicholas in Ghent, was inaugurated in that city by a grand performance, the organist being the celebrated Parisian player, M. Lefébure Wely. The Ghent *Messenger*, in giving an account of the effect produced upon the large audience, which filled the church, by the performance of the organist, makes certain remarks to this effect—viz: that the Parisian organist's style has less religious austerity, &c., &c., than that of the German organists, nourished as they are upon classical traditions and principles. "Leaving to the great German masters the Fugued style, he adapts himself to the sensual necessities of the public. In a word,

he tries to please, and he succeeds, proof being the warm applause and the bravos which saluted his offertory in C sharp minor, and especially his effort of a storm." The paper also thanks the organizers of the concert for the ingenious idea of lowering the gas in the midst of the storm, which scenic effect added greatly to the illusion."

In an article written for the Musical Gazette of Paris, and headed, "The Organ Mundane, and Sensual Church Music," M. Fétis, the Director of the Brussels Conservatoire, handles this double degradation of the church and the organ in a very righteously indignant mood. His remarks seem so sound that we have been induced to translate them for the Journal of Music. He asks, after reprinting the paragraph from the Ghent paper: "What do you say to that? It is not to you, artists, who are inspired with a pure love of art, men of science and taste, who have like myself the conviction that the purposes of art are only valuable in so much as they conform to its true ends, that I address this question. Like me, you have sighed over the degradation of the art of organ playing in France, as shown in the lists of the "Universal Exhibition." Doubtless you blushed then like me in perceiving the contempt of the strangers who listened to the vulgarities which were poured into their ears on every side. To you I have nothing to say that you do not know as well as myself. But you, Christians, what have you to say about it? You see, it is no longer necessary to possess a style redolent of religious austerity and classical gravity. There is no longer any dissimulation in stating that church music should give satisfaction to the "sensual instincts and necessities." Pagan divinities of Paphos and Lampsacus, Christians, Catholics, undertake to do for you what Julian the Apostate could not with all his efforts succeed in. The recompense of the organist when he has sufficiently moved the sensual instincts of his audience, will be their prolonged bravos and warm applause. God will be no longer glorified in his church, but in his stead, the man, the artist, will be venerated. The congregation, no longer an assembly of faithful worshippers, will become the organist's audience, his public, and no doubt applauders will be hired to magnify the glory of his triumph. And it will not stop here—for to complete the illusion of the storm we shall have a consecration, a communion, with scenic effect, and the Divine offices will be rendered with all the attraction of a ballet. There is no half way possible; if you admit a gross sensualism into religion, there, where man should only approach his object despoiled of his passions, and seeking to elevate himself to an ideal beatitude, religion must disappear and its outward seeming only remain.

"Leaving aside the ingenious intricacies of Art, let us speak only of Sentiment, which lies at the very antipodes of sensuality. Which of us does not remember to have been at some time while at church, deeply penetrated and moved by a prelude, deep and solemn, played upon the lower register of the organ, and serving as introduction to the majestic chant: *Tantum ergo*. Who has not felt his soul penetrated, at such an hour, by a pure and religious sentiment? Such are the feelings which the organist should seek to excite in the hearts of his listeners—feelings widely separate from sensual instincts and wants. When the Fathers of the Council of Trent wished to

furnish music for the church services, they did not dream that the day would come when a share in the worship of God would be openly demanded by such wants and instincts."

He adds towards the end of his article: "None of the French organists are capable of playing the great Organ Fugues of Bach; none of them know what style is, or can distinguish one school from another. All their attention is directed to instrumental effects, oppositions of sonority, and other means of satisfying and exciting sensual instincts. Since the seventeenth century the art of organ-playing has been lost in France. F. COUPERIN was the last of the great organists. Since his time agreeable or surprising effects have been the object in view. The "Storm" effect came in with the eighteenth century."

Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas.

The analysis in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, which we commenced translating in our last, proceeds as follows:

"The first movement of the Fourth Sonata (in B flat major, *Allegro con brio*, 4-4,) consists for the most part in the elaboration of a rather orchestral than organ-like principal theme, accompanied partly by single strokes in full chords, partly by a running motive in semi-quavers, introduced at the very outset. Well as this movement in itself is worked up, and little as it falls short of the effect sought by massive organ music, still it seems to lack the breath that quickens and warms up the hearer. But for this we are fully compensated by the *Adagio religioso*, which again makes admirable use of the alternate Manuals, and by the *Allegretto*, 6-8 time, into which it leads, and which is as charming and as tender as only Sebastian Bach's *Pastorella* can be. A middle voice executes upon the first Manual the ductile accompaniment, written in fleeting semi-quaver figures; the Pedal marks the ground-tone in single crotchets, separated by pauses. The melody, in F major, lies at first in the upper voice, and is also played on the first Manual; then there enters a counter-theme, situated in the tenor and performed upon the second Manual, of a wonderful, romantic expression in its more sombre minor coloring. At last both voices unite in continuous and unbroken companionship, and so the movement ends as a duet. An energetic, skilfully wrought Finale of considerable compass closes this Sonata.

"No. 5 is introduced by an earnest, devotional Chorale, whose perhaps rather artificial closing turns are as remarkable in a harmonic point of view as they are suited to the organ. In the orchestral manner again, but not the less organ-like, is conceived the following somewhat gloomy and constrained *Andante con moto*, in B minor, with its *pizzicato* basses, and which finds a fresh and glad solution in the appended *Allegro maestoso* in D major. The tempo of this Finale must indeed be fiery, but it cannot be taken too fast without compromising its effect upon the organ, which does not admit of very great rapidity in the somewhat piano-like triplet figures here employed.

"The Sixth Sonata contains, besides the plain Chorale: "Our Father who art in Heaven," several variations of the same, a fugue upon a theme taken from the *Canto fermo*, and lastly, a Finale, *Andante*, D major, 6-8 time. The Cho-

rale, which belongs to the Dorian mode, is here treated throughout in D minor. The first variation is like so many written by Bach; for three voices, each of which pursues its own self-determined course, entirely characteristic and distinct from that of the others. In the second variation the Pedal has a figured bass in triplets, while the Manual bears the simple Chorale in full harmony. In the third the tenor takes the melody; the Pedal, in a short, fragmentary manner, accompanies the right hand, whose movement is now short and broken, now more or less bound, for the most part duet-wise, in Thirds and Sixths. The two treatments of the Chorale which now follow, in the first of which the Pedal executes the *Canto fermo*, while in the second it is divided among the several upper voices, have for their accompaniment a figure in broken chords, whose so extended use we cannot altogether like. On the other hand, the Fugue, which follows, with its spirited and lively rhythm, and in its dignified and simple keeping, brings us back to the right ground. With this we would have gladly ended the sonata. Truly beautiful, full of childlike piety and devotion as the following *Andante* (Finale) in itself is, and much as we recognize the deep significance which the composer meant to give to this movement in this place, yet it seems to us, in its ever modern, although noble coloring, to contrast too strongly with the antique Chorale of Luther, which, as treated in this Sonata, tells far better than the one incorporated in the third. It does not seem to set the right seal on the whole as the concluding piece.

"And so we close our notice of a work in many respects so new and so peculiar. It conceals a great wealth of things excellent and beautiful, and must surely have a weighty influence on our present organ literature, which cherishes the traditional forms more than it does the ancient spirit."

"Superlatives" again.

When Dwight's *Journal of Music* again has occasion to refer to the "extravagance of eulogy" which, according to the opinion of its editor, is "the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States," it may find a forcible illustration, much more forcible than any to which it has referred, in an article in the following number of its own issue, headed "A Compliment to Otto Dresel." What a difference it makes whether "my ox gores your cow," or your ox gores my cow!"

N. Y. Musical Review.

We have carefully read the article referred to, and find that we are quite willing to stand by it. It contains no such "extravagance of eulogy" as we objected to in a previous article upon "Superlatives." It is to be sure a rather enthusiastic description of a private complimentary concert given to Mr. Dresel;—not more enthusiastic than might have been heard from most of the best judges of good music in this city, who were largely represented at that concert. Two thirds of the article related to the compositions performed, (by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gluck, Weber, &c.) and spoke of them with admiration. Does the *Review* think that extravagant? The manner in which they were performed, too, was highly commended. Was there more than one opinion about that? Where then was the "extravagance of eulogy"? Point out where "our ox has so gored your cow." Doubtless it was in the

high estimate expressed of Mr. Dresel as an artist; and, as the strongest thing we said of him was to call him the "musician *par excellence* among all who have ever resided among us," we must presume that to be the sore point. All the comfort we can offer is to deliberately repeat the remark. We believe it to be simply true. The statement is by no means extravagant, at least in the sense above referred to. We spoke from sober conviction, not carelessly or lightly formed. Our conviction may be at fault; but in this case it happens to be a conviction which we share with the largest number of those who have had opportunity to judge, and whose opinions are the best worth having on our side. The statement belongs not at all to the same category with those which we had been denouncing as extravagant. We did not hint that Mr. Dresel was another Bach, another Mendelssohn, or even another Ferdinand Hiller, or Liszt, or Robert Franz. We did not make him out a "Michael Angelo" of music! We did not pronounce him "without a rival in the world"; nor did we apply to him any of those wild statements of which we had before cited specimens from the American press. We placed him at the head of the musicians who have resided *here*. Will anybody undertake to say that any really *great* musician ever *did* reside here? Clever and accomplished ones we have and have had; but one need not have risen to the point where he can once be mentioned with the great names, to merit to be acknowledged as the head and master of all the representatives of "the divine art" hereabouts. Call you it extravagant to say so much of Mr. Dresel? Then it is because you know of others here, it may be in New York, who are his superiors. Name them; we shall be too glad and proud to know them and believe so much of them. But no more, if you would persuade us, no more of your Michael Angelos!

A New Piano-Forte.

The New York *Mirror* of April 30 gives a glowing account of the trial, before a large party of musical professors, editors, critics, &c., of a New Piano-forte, invented and patented by Mr. SPENCER B. DRIGGS, of Detroit, and now of No. 505 Broadway, New York. The improvements claimed are said to be "vital to the *future* of the instrument." They seem to have proceeded from an attempt to resolve the piano, so far as its body (case, sounding-board, &c.) is concerned, into a variety of the Violin family; to reduce its ponderosity till it shall have all the lightness and vibratory freedom of the belly of the violin. The points of difference between the old and the new instrument are thus summed up by the *Mirror*.

THE CASE.—In the old system the case is from one and a half to two inches thick; in the new, the case is only half an inch thick.

INTERIOR OF THE CASE.—In the old system the case is almost filled up by large and ponderous blocks of wood for the double purpose of strengthening the case and deadening the vibration; in the new, there is not a single piece of wood inside the case, except the wrest plank, and therefore nothing to eat up or absorb the tone. The strength in the new system is derived from a light upper and lower iron frame, firmly bolted together, which sustains the strains of the strings, which cannot give, nor yield, nor warp, and is entirely independent of the thin case, upon which there is no strain whatever.

THE BOTTOM.—In the old system, the bottom of the Pianoforte is usually made of three layers of wood, each from one and a half to two inches in thickness glued together, forming a body of wood six inches thick, not very well calculated as a sensitive and sympathetic medium for the transmission of sound; in the new, the bottom is composed of a single veneer

of wood about the eighth of an inch in thickness, which is rendered stiff and sonorous by being pressed into a strong scantling frame a little too small for it, thus preserving a concave form, like the back of a violin. This highly sensitive sounding medium has a clean sweep of the whole length and breadth of the instrument.

THE SOUND BOARD.—In the old system, the sound-board is glued to the case, and rendered stiff or resonant by ribs of wood traversing its under surface; in the new, its stiffness is secured without the aid of ribbing, by means of a delicate iron frame into which the sound-board, being purposely made somewhat too large for it, is pressed, thus stiffening it, arching it, and imparting to it a vibratory power fully equal, in a larger degree, to that of the belly of the violin. The sound-post, which connects the upper and the lower sounding-boards, and by means of which the slightest vibration of the one is instantaneously communicated to the other, is an entirely new and valuable application to the pianoforte.

THE STRINGS.—In the old method of resting the strings zig-zag upon the wooden bridge, a side-bearing is unavoidable. Side-bearing is thus explained: When the hammer strikes the string, the vibration communicated thereby is perpendicular; but when this vibration meets the bridge, it is checked by the zig-zag thereon, and the string receives a new or side motion. These two opposite motions merge eventually into a circular motion, thereby disturbing the direct vibration, which becomes immediately impure and incapable of evolving the true and perfect individual tone. In the new system, metallic saddles are placed over the bridge, each end being fastened to the sounding-board, on which the strings rest, and through which they pass, in a clear, unbroken run, from end to end, offering no obstruction to the pure and direct vibration, and banishing all side-bearing or impure vibration from the piano forever.

To our understanding the difference in favor of the Drigg's method over the old system is as a Violon, clear and open, as made by the old masters, and one, the same in form, with bottom and sides ten times as thick, filled up with blocks of wood and strings all awry. The illustration is a strong one, but to those who have read carefully the above stated comparison, item by item, it will not seem either forced or strained, but on the contrary, a fair and apposite figure in illustration.

The principle involved is certainly a good one. Whether the practical difficulties of reconciling so much lightness and vibratory freedom with the strength required by the enormous strain of all the wires of a piano, have been really and fairly overcome, is what time alone can show. We derive all our present information from the *Mirror*, which declares its satisfaction in the most enthusiastic terms:

The tone is wonderful in every respect—in melody, sympathetic, singing quality—in sparkling brilliancy, each note being a point of pure tone, no matter how rapid in its passage—in richness, and sonorousness and power of *sostenuto*. The bass is like the booming of some great bell, or the satisfying depth of musical intonation of a dozen double basses, but although its power is so great, the purity and the gravity of its tone forbid it being too prominent when in connection with the upper notes of the instrument.

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WOLLENHAUPT pronounces it beyond all comparison, the most perfect square piano he has ever played on. We could multiply these oral testimonials *ad infinitum*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We are now able to supply bound volumes of the Journal for the past year. Also on hand a few sets bound from the beginning (four years.) Many of our subscribers, who commenced with the second year, may wish to complete their sets from the beginning. We have a large quantity of all the numbers of the first year remaining on our hands, which we will furnish (unbound) at half price.

Concerts are *not* entirely over, as we were led to declare in our last weekly review. We had barely room in that very number at the last moment to

give place to the announcement of the concert of the "GERMAN TRIO," at Chickering's, last Saturday evening. The room was very full. The Trio by RUBINSTEIN, for piano, violin and 'cello, which was played with great spirit by Messrs. HAUSE, GAERTNER and JUNGnickel, seemed to us a much more striking composition than the Quartet which we heard in the winter by the same composer, and appeared to give great pleasure generally. Miss PAULINA MAIDHOFF, a young and pretty German blonde, who recited Uhland's "Castle on the Sea," first in English and then in German, has a sweet and musical voice, and one would think a gift for language, but the rendering was not very spirited. The remainder of the concert we were unavoidably compelled to lose. The German Trio are bound for a summer tour in the British Provinces, where we doubt not they will do not a little to inspire a love for fine chamber music.... The AFTERNOON CONCERTS at the Music Hall, too, have been resumed for three more weeks, by the members of the orchestra on their own account, with Mr. ZERRAHN for conductor as before. On Wednesday they played Beethoven's Second Symphony (in D) for the first time this season. The other selections, including the *Freyschütz* and *Semiramide* overtures, and the usual admixture of the dance element, were familiar and good. As to the manner of performance, it is enough to know that it was the same orchestra from which we have been hearing these things all the winter. It is a good season for such concerts, and we wish them all success.

A Musical Service will be given by the Choir of St. Paul's Church, under the direction of Dr. TUCKERMAN, on Wednesday evening next. The object of this performance is to show the decline of Church Music, during the last two centuries, and its gradual approach towards the secular school. Examples in the different styles of the English and Italian schools will be given. The public are invited.

Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON (Musical Exchange) has at last issued the eight "Prize Songs" of the New York *Musical Review*, to which we have more than once alluded. Our readers will now have an opportunity to judge of them for themselves. They average quite above the common run of songs produced in this country; and two or three of them would hold their place in most of the collections called "Gems of German Song," which have appeared here and in England. We have not time now for a close comparison, which it will be an instructive exercise for each purchaser to make for himself. They are engraved in the most beautiful style of any musical publications in this country, with tasteful vignette title pages, headings, &c., and do great credit to the enterprising publisher.

Music entered largely here into the juvenile festivities of May-day. The Music Hall was filled day and evening by the children of the Warren Street Chapel and their friends, under the kindly auspices of Rev. Mr. BARNARD. Music by the Germania Band, dances, flowers, &c., made summer within, however easterly and cold the wind without. A Floral Concert of children, under the direction of Mr. J. C. JOHNSON, was given at the Tremont Temple.... The operas in New York the two last weeks have been *I Puritani*, "William Tell," *Lucia*, *Ernani*, *Norma*, *Trovatore*. Flotow's *Martha* drew crowded audiences of Germans the two last Saturday nights. To-night the *Freyschütz*, for the first time, with Mme. LAGRANGE as Agatha. *Luisa Miller* is in active preparation. BADIALI took his old part of William Tell; Miss BEHREND, the German singer, appeared as Adalgisa. We hear no more said of the *Nozze di Figaro*.... Mme. LAGRANGE and GOTTSCALK have been giving a concert with their unaided strength, in Philadelphia, exciting great enthusiasm. PARODI and the SPRAKOSCHES are there too,

and announce among other things "the extraordinary musical novelty, *The Star-Spangled Banner*," arranged as a duet. Mr. ARTHURSON is with them. The Harmonia Sacred Music Society (Philadelphia) announce LEOPOLD MEIGNEN'S new oratorio, "The Deluge," for the 7th inst.

The *Courier and Enquirer* speaks highly of the Piano-forte Soirées of Mr. BASSFORD in New York: "Mr. BASSFORD, though quite a young man, has greater command of his instrument than many pianists of mature years who in time past have won great popularity here, and the high appreciation in which his talents are held by those who know them best cannot fail to be soon shared by the public at large."

A successful series of Saturday Afternoon Orchestral Concerts has been given in Providence, R. I., under the direction of Mr. HENRY AHNER—so successful that a second series is to be commenced this afternoon. We have had occasion before this to allude to Mr. Ahner's earnest efforts in the cause of good music in that city, which he has made his home since the dispersion of the "Germanians." He has organized a small orchestra, with which he treats the public to mixed programmes of "classical" and "light" music. The newspapers that were so scandalized at the idea of his Sunday evening concerts of sacred music, now speak warmly in his praise. They have compromised upon Saturday afternoon; so music at all events will get a hearing, and perhaps prove whether it is altogether unworthy of the most sacred seasons. Mr. Ahner is also giving a series of evening subscription concerts, the last of which will come off on the 14th inst., for which occasion he has engaged Miss HENSLEY, Mr. SCHULTZE, Mr. CARL WEISE, the pianist, residing in Providence, and others.

The Worcester *Palladium* has the following:

The Mozart Society, after their successful closing concert, have counted their gains, and already there is a talk about the production of Haydn's "Creation" for another season. But here is a result of their late efforts, so humble, that no one else will chronicle it. We heard, the other day, a boy on his way home from school, whistling the air of the "Wonderful!" chorus, "For unto us a child is born," as accurately as the most fastidious could desire; and a little prattler, at another time, listening to the song of a robin, said: "He's singing 'All we like sheep.'" The Society is sowing seed in new soil. May the seed be of the best!

Musical Journals are springing up in all parts of the country. Two new ones lie upon our table.—The first is the "PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW," which is issued every other Wednesday, at \$1.25 per annum, J. M. WILSON, publishing agent. It is plainly a very near relative of the New York *Musical Review*, almost twin-like in appearance, and made up largely of the same reading matter, music, advertisements, &c., with the exception of a few columns devoted to musical matters of local interest in Philadelphia. Five numbers are already issued.—The other, and the newest comer, is the "CANADIAN MUSICAL REVIEW," published on the first of each month at Toronto, at 7s. 6d. per annum. "Communications and subscriptions to be forwarded to Mr. GEORGE F. GRAHAM, Professor of Music, Toronto, C. W." From which we infer that that gentleman is the proprietor and editor. Each number contains eight small quarto pages of letter-press, very beautifully printed, and four pages of music. No. 1, for May, contains brief editorials on the importance of Music to the Canadas, on the desirableness of forming Choral Societies, and on music in Congregational worship; a letter from New York; scraps of musical news filling two or three columns; selections, anecdotes, &c.; and notices of new music sent by the (Canadian) publishers. These latter, it is stated, will be "so arranged that parties purchasing music may rely upon being able to select it, on reference to the *Review*, without any hesitation

as to its merits or difficulties." Rather a formidable undertaking, that! The musical portion will be chiefly devoted to the publication of "meritorious compositions by Canadian authors." Success to music in Canada and to the new *Review*!

A friend learns by private letter that JOACHIM, the great violinist, has married GIESELA, the youngest daughter of BETTINA VON ARNIM, authoress of the celebrated "Correspondence of a Child with GOETHE."

"Gamma," of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writing from Paris, April 3, says:

Dramatic performances are not the only—I should, perhaps, say, are not the favorite methods of amusing company at parties here. Comic singers are more in demand than any other class of performers. For example: Levassor, of the Palais Royal Theatre, makes \$12,000 a winter by his evenings in society, for he sometimes sings at three or four parties a night. Some of the other comic singers ask from \$20 to \$40 a *séance*, and nearly all of them have engagements; but unless they have a good deal of tact, they cause some droll scenes. Some years ago there was an ex-farmer of lotteries over here, who was trying, by dint of good dinners and splendid balls, to reach New York society, *via* Paris. Levassor was at all of his balls, and Levassor would invariably sing twice or three times of an evening, "*On n'y vient que pour manger votre rôti*," that being his newest and most popular song. There was more than one suppressed titter in the room. Last week, one of M. Offenbach's comic singers was engaged at the house of a stock-broker, who is known for the most obstinate operator for the "fall," and, as a matter of course, his friends are chiefly among the operators for the "fall." In the course of the evening he sang the popular song, "La Bourse," which is a biting satire, directed against the operators for the fall. It represents them as ferocious beasts, who delight in their country's misfortunes, who dream of but disasters and catastrophes. No laughs greeted the comic song, I warrant, and the poor singer, disappointed to death, sunk into his seat, and was unable to raise another note that evening. And a somewhat similar accident occurred recently in one of the most aristocratic drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Levassor himself was singing an epigrammatic song about old women. In the midst of his song, an elderly English woman, who resembled Mrs. Caudle in person, attire and voice, bounced out of her seat, furious. She abused him in the roughest terms, and walked out of the room with offended dignity. The first feeling which prevailed in the drawing-room was consternation, for "scenes" are rare in well bred parlors; but when the company recalled the odd costume, the queer face and the whimsical character of the departed guest, they burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. No one would have discovered the joke if the old lady had not been at the trouble to "wear the cap."

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The journal *L'Europe Artiste* brings together the opinions of the various Parisian journals upon the recent début of our Boston prima donna, ELISE BISCACCANTI. We translate from a few of them.

Le Moniteur.—"A young lady, of a very great talent, made her début March 16, 1856, at the Théâtre Italien. Mme. Biscaccanti sang the *Sonnambula*. She has a soprano voice of the greatest compass and the greatest flexibility, which reaches, without any effort, the *mi* and *fa* in *alt*, and plays with passages the most difficult and complicated. She phrases with much elegance, and vocalizes with as much purity as agility. She was warmly applauded and recalled after the finale so dramatic and *entraînant*, and after the rondo: *Ah! m'abbraccia*, which she sang perfectly. We regret that Mme. B. arrived so late; prior engagements, it is said, call her to Italy; but she will return hereafter."

Revue et Gazette Musicale.—"Mme. Biscaccanti possesses a *soprano sfogato* voice, really rare in its extent, its *timbre* and expression. Never have we heard a sound sustained with more power and purity than her's, twice in the rôle of Amina. She has the instinct of song, she has the fire, the dramatic passion,

and we believe her called to take rank among the illustrious lyric artists."

Messager des Théâtres.—"The public could admire in Mme. B. a beautiful soprano voice, very extensive in compass, very agile, very pure, traversing with extreme facility the higher register, a method elegant and correct, passages of a rare hardihood and irreprouchable accuracy, *élan*, accent, taste."

Le Théâtre says: "Of all the singers we have heard for some years in the *Sonnambula*, Mme. Biscaccanti is perhaps the only one who has the most approached the perfection that disappeared with the divine Sontag."

La Vérité.—"Mme. B. is not only a *cantatrice* of talent, taste and expression, but she acts with intelligence and a profound feeling of the dramatic situation. She is destined next year to become one of the most precious elements in M. Calzado's troupe."

L'Union.—"Mme. B. came to demand the Parisian sanction of the brilliant successes which she had already obtained. Her hope was not deceived, for she had one of the most sympathetic receptions, and there was decreed to her with one accord the brevet of a great artiste. . . . From the first measures the audience perceived that they had to do with an artist of superior merit; that beautiful manner of phrasing and shading the melody and of caressing the note, that rich and brilliant vocalization, all revealed the artist of taste and knowledge, thoroughly familiar with all the secrets of her art."

We might multiply these citations still further; the same tone runs through them all. Mm. Biscaccanti had intended to sing only once as she passed through Paris, but this success compelled her to appear once more.

Our theatres are taking advantage of their last "good days" to bring out new pieces, for they must press now or the fine spring weather will seduce more people out of doors than their most elaborate paste-board groves and canvas parterres of flowers. What do you think they have brought out at the Ambigu? *Paradise Lost*, "a drama in five acts," in which Eve appears in paradisiacal costume! It is a sort of *pot pourri* of Milton, De Chateaubriand, De Lamartine, Gessner, (death of Abel,) and reaches an incredible height of sublime—fun! It opens with the fallen angels thrown from Heaven; then comes a revolt in hell, Satan on his throne, &c. Oh! Frenchmen! Frenchmen! what droll animals you are! In music we have had a fair début at the Grand Opera. Mlle Donati, soprano, sent us by Italy. At the Italiens we have had Mme. Grisi in "Semiramide," "Norma" and "Lucrezia Borgia," with Mario (her success has not been great.) At the Opera Comique, a pretty one act opera by M. Besanconi, a young composer. At the Theatre Lyrique, a new opera by M. Ad. Adam, for the reappearance of Mme. Meillet. At Notre Dame last Monday, M. Gounod's mass was executed by eight hundred performers: and it rains! concerts—the walls are covered with concert bills.—*Corr. of N. O. Picayune*.

The *Gazette Musicale* says: "Never was historical and retrospective music more in honor than just now. DELSARTE, the able singer and professor *ultra classic*, would fain go to the chamber music of the old French king Pharamond to prove that the past is worth more than the present. It is a conviction like any other, and which has its arguments. For the present he has only gone back to the fourth century, to the hymn of St. Ambrose (*Creator alme*), to redescend to the sixth century, and let us hear the hymn (*Lucis Creator*) for four voices, by St. Gregory the great, Pope and doctor of the Church. In the curious concert which he gave us on the 27th of March, this zealous explorer of the music of the past transported us from the fifth to the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Lulli, Rameau and Gluck were laid under contribution. François Delsarte is not only the publisher of this retrospective music in his *Archives du Chant*—he is the naïve and true singer of it, comical and tragical; he touches you and makes you laugh in the delicious chansons: *Languirai-je toujours, mon bon laboureur*, as he strongly moves and shakes his audience with terror in the recitative of Medea in the ninth scene of Lulli's *Thésée*. Mme. Viardot and Mme. Gaveaux-Sabatier lent their aid in the execution of this curious music. * * * Of all the concerts of the season, this, with its old music, has presented the most novelty."

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- No. 5—THE BABY. By B. D. Allen.
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- No. 8—SERENADE. By Robert Stöpel.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudevant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVELS.

"And the two young ladies," said I to my old
hostess; "do you know them?"

"No, sir, I have as yet only seen them. They
have been here but a fortnight, and the last of
the young men, who cannot be over fifteen,
arrived night before last. This makes the vil-
lagers say that perhaps he is not the last, and
they do not know where this family will end.
Every one has a word to say. We have to laugh
some to console ourselves for knowing so little."

"Then the new marquis has the same myste-
rious ways as the former?"

"Nearly the same; if anything, worse, for he is
doubtless even more interested than his brother
in concealing what he has been and what he has
done for so many years; but then he is a differ-
ent man. People begin to believe me when I
say the present marquis is the best of the two,
and they will do him justice some time. The
other one's heart was dried up as well as his per-
son; this one is rather brusque in his manners
and detests long speeches. He does not trust to
every one; he seems to understand all the tricks
and turns of those who beg needlessly; but he
seeks information and consults with his daughter,
and help comes quietly to those who really need
it. The priest has remarked that, and he was so
troubled at the arrival of this reported bad man;
now he begins to say that the poor have gained
by the change."

"Now you are coming to an explanation, Mad-
ame Peirecote, and the story gains in morality
what it loses in wonder. This proves the old
proverb, you know of course: Bad heads make
good hearts."

"You are right, sir, and it is sad to say that
good heads often make bad hearts. He who
thinks only of himself profits no one else. . . .
But still there is enough of the wonderful going
on in that house. A great many things have
always happened in the Castle of the Wilderness
which poor people like me could never under-
stand. In the first place they say that the
Balmas are all magicians from father to son, and
if they should tell me that the eldest daughter
had her share, I should not wonder, for she
neither speaks nor acts like other people; she
does not dress according to her station; she
wears neither plumes nor cashmeres, like the
other fine ladies of this country; she is almost as
pale as death. The two other young ladies are
more elegant and seem gayer; but the eldest of
the young men acts like a perfect fool. He talks
to himself all alone, and has been seen making
frightful gestures; and charitable as the marquis
may be, he has rather an evil look. Indeed, sir,
you may believe me or not as you choose, but the
servants of the castle are very glad to be sent
away at 7 o'clock in the evening, that they may
pass the night and sleep with their families, for
the marquis brought no servants with him to be
questioned. Those who are employed at the
castle are hired by the day, for all the old ser-
vants were dismissed. So, for twelve hours
during the night, no one can find out what hap-
pens in the castle."

"And why do they suppose that anything does
happen? Perhaps the Balmas are merely great
sleepers and dread the noise of the office."

"Oh, no indeed, sir! they do not sleep. They
go all over the castle, up stairs and down, cross-
ing the old galleries and staying in chambers
which have not been inhabited for a hundred
years perhaps. They move the furniture, carry
it from one place to another, talk, cry, sing, laugh,
weep, dispute—they even say that they fight, for I
tell you there are riotous revels going on there."

"How is this known, when every one is sent
off so early?"

"Yes, and they shut themselves up, bar every-
thing, doors and shutters, after having gone the
rounds to see that no one is peeping. The gar-
dener's son, who hid in a wardrobe out of curios-
ity, barely escaped being thrown out of the win-
dow, and he was so frightened that it made him
ill, for he pretends to say that the young men,
the young ladies, and even the marquis himself,
were dressed like devils, and it made his hair

stand upright to see them so, and to hear them
say things unlike anything he had ever heard
before."

"Ah, that is fine, Madame Peirecote! Now I
begin to be interested. Old castles where noth-
ing supernatural happens are good for nothing."

"You laugh, sir; you do not believe me. What
if I should tell you that I went as near as I could
to listen with my daughter, and saw something?"

"Really! tell me about it."

"Through the cracks of an old shutter, which
did not shut so closely as the rest, and which
opens into the old guard room of the castle, we
saw lights pass back and forth so swiftly that
spirits alone could carry them as fast without ex-
tinguishing them, and then we heard the sound
of thunder and wind whistled through the castle,
although it was a beautiful, frosty evening, calm
as to-night. Then we heard a loud shriek, as if
some one was being murdered, and our blood ran
cold. It was only last week, sir! We ran away
as fast as we could, for we believed some great
crime had been committed, and we did not wish
to be brought forward as witnesses, for it hurts
poor people to witness against the rich. We
could not sleep a wink all night; but in the
morning every one was well at the castle; the
young ladies laughed and sang in the garden as
usual, and Monsieur le Marquis went to mass, for
it was Sunday. Only the servants told us they
had burned more than fifty candles in the night,
and the supper was all eaten to the very bones."

"So it seems that they entertain the devil right
joyfully."

"Every night a good supper of cold meats,
cakes, confectionary and excellent wines is set for
them in the dining room as soon as they have
cleared away the dinner. No one knows at
what hour nor with what guests they sup; but
they are not spirits who live upon air. In the
morning the arm chairs are found placed in a
circle round the fire in the great parlor, and in
the rest of the house there is no trace of the con-
fusion of the night. But there is one part of the
castle which has not been used for a long time,
which is so locked and bolted that no one can
even peep into it. Besides, they have very few
servants for so great a house and so many people.
They have received no visitors yet, except the
mayor and the curé, and they simply saw the
marquis in his own room, without any of the
children except his eldest daughter. The young
ladies have no lady's maids, and they seem as ac-
customed as the gentlemen to wait upon them-
selves. The house work is done by women, who
go away as soon as they have swept and arranged
everything, and you know, sir, that men are so
stupid! When there are no women interested

in the affairs of a household, nothing can be found out."

"That is really discouraging, my dear Madame Peirecote," said I, hardly restraining a hearty laugh.

"Yes, sir, yes! Ah, if I was young and was not afraid of catching the rheumatism while I watched, I should soon find out what to do. For instance, the other day the girl who makes the beds found at the foot of that of one of the young ladies mis-mated slippers. Let them do their best to conceal everything, they forget sometimes; and, sir, guess what there was in place of the slipper lost during their revels."

"What? a great green toad with eyes of fire, or a horse-shoe which burnt the poor girl's fingers?"

"No, sir—a pretty little white satin slipper, with a bow of pink and gold ribbons!"

"The deuce there was! that seems more like a revel. The young ladies must have been to a ball on a broomstick."

"With evil spirits or somewhere; there was a ball too at the castle, for people heard dancing tunes, and the floors showed marks of it; but who were invited? and how did the fine company leave the castle? For neither visitors nor carriages had been seen, and unless the merry guests came down and went up the chimney, I cannot see for whom the young lady should have put on white slippers with pink and gold ribbons."

I could have listened to Madame Peirecote all night, so much did her stories interest me; but I saw that the kind people wanted to retire. I set the example. Volabù showed me his best room and best bed, and his wife favored me with a thousand little services, and they would not leave me till I had assured them I wanted nothing more. Volabù asked me outside my door at what time I wanted to start for Briançon. I begged him to be ready at seven, as I did not wish to be at any further expense to him.

I had not the least inclination to sleep, for it was only seven in the evening, and I had twelve hours before me. A good pine fire crackled in the chimney of my little room, and a large pile of resinous branches on one side, allowed me to keep off the cold breeze which whistled about the loosely swung casement. I took out my pencils and sketched the lovely Mesdemoiselles Balma in the costume and attitudes in which I had seen them; neither did I forget the beautiful white hound, nor the background of immense dark cypresses covered with heaps of snow. All this passed over my imagination more swiftly than my pencil the paper, and I could not resist a sensation similar to that which we feel in reading one of Hoffmann's fantastic tales, in associating these charming figures, so pure, so merry, and apparently so happy, with the strange recitals and fiendish stories of my hostess. As in those German tales angels upon the earth constantly struggle against the snares of an evil spirit, full of envy, anger and sorrow, I saw these sweet children prosper, unawares, under the evil influence of some old alchemist covered with crime, who brought them up delicately, that he might sell their souls to Satan, to free his own from some fatal agreement. The little one was yet unsuspecting; the other began to rebel. In the midst of their gayety they seemed afraid of some master whom they dared not name.

"Let the cross thing scold!" they had said.

And then again, when they spoke of my crossing the dangerous ice, the oldest had said:

"If he had seen that, he would scold us."

Was it their father whom they so dreaded, while they pretended to laugh at him? Nothing had proved that they were daughters of this old marquis, restored by magic, after having passed for dead. What did I say? after having probably been dead for fifty years. He must be a vampire. He tormented them every night, and in the morning, thanks to his power, they had forgotten their tortures, and went back to life again. Alas! it would not last much longer, poor little dears! Some morning they would be found strangled in some fountain near the old mansion.

Some realities were mingled with these foolish reveries. I do not know what the ribbons had to do with it; but the pink and golden bow of the little slippers coincided somewhat with the cherry ribbons I had picked up.

"His bow!" she said, "his sword-knot!"

Who in the castle still wore the costume of our ancestors, the sword and the sword-knot? It was really wonderful, and *he* had made it himself! *He* pretended that those lovely little fairy hands could not make a bow worthy of *him*! So this tyrant of youth and beauty was imperious and hard to please! Whether he was old or young, this man of the sword, this knot-maker, was ungallant and unfatherly. He must either be the devil or one of his foul instruments.

A great many fantastic ideas came into my head, but I did not sketch them. Mother Peirecote had breathed the poison of her curiosity into my veins. I thought it must be late, I had dreamed so much in so short a time. My watch had stopped, but the village clock struck nine, and I knew not how to pass the rest of the night, for I did not want to draw; I could not read, and I longed to go out, student-like, to seek some poetical or ridiculous adventure under the castle walls.

First, I wished to assure myself of a noiseless exit, and I found one before I had decided to make use of it. The window blinds moved without creaking, and opened upon a little garden, fenced only by a very low hedge. The house was but one story high. This was so easy and so tempting that I could not resist. I armed myself with a tinder-box, a bundle of cigars, and my leaden-headed cane. I hid my face in a large foulard handkerchief, I wrapped my cloak about me, and, to disguise myself farther, I took down from the wall an old Tyrolean hat belonging to Monsieur Volabù; then I jumped out of the window, pushed back the blinds, and leaped the hedge; the snow deadened the sound of my footsteps. All were sleeping in the village; the moon shone in the sky. I reached the open country by simply going around the outside of the house.

I reached the ditch, which I already knew so well. The night had strengthened the ice. The little staircase was so slippery that I ascended it with difficulty. I resolutely entered the park and drew near the castle like another Alma viva prepared for anything. I touched the glass doors of the first story, which opened upon a long terrace covered with vines, dried up in the winter, which seemed at night like huge black serpents climbing the walls and twining around the balusters. Without hesitation, I mounted the stair-

case, adorned with large terra-cotta vases, which marked the broad landing on both sides. All the blinds were closely shut; I did not fear being seen from within. I longed to hear those strange noises, those shrieks, those peals of thunder, and the dancing of furniture, with which the old lady had filled my head.

I did not wait long without discovering that something energetic was going on within the house, which seemed so silent and deserted from the outside. Great strokes of a hammer, and the sound of voices, like people arguing together or ordering as they worked, struck my ear confusedly. All this was going on very near me probably in one of the rooms on the ground floor; but the oaken shutters were cushioned with hair and covered with leather, and did not permit a word to reach me.

The bark of a dog warned me to keep at a distance. I left the landing and soon heard the door opened which I had just left. The dog barked; I thought it was all over with me, for the moonlight was too bright for me to cross the smooth ground which separated me and the wall.

"Do not let Hecate out!" said a voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my youngest heroine. "The moonlight makes her mad, and she will break all the vases on the staircase."

"Go in, Hecate!" said the other, whose voice I also remembered.

She shut the door in the face of the great dog, who warned them of my presence, and groaned at not being understood.

The two young girls stepped out upon the landing. I hid myself under the arch formed by the two ascending staircases.

"Don't put your bare arms on the snow, little one—you will take cold," said the oldest. "Why do you need to lean upon the balustrade?"

"I am tired and I am dying with heat."

"Then you must come in."

"No, no! It is so fine to-night, the moon and the snow too! It will take them at least a quarter of an hour to arrange the cemetery—let us breathe the fresh air."

The word *cemetery* made me open my ears; the night was so clear that not one word escaped me, and I was about solving the whole mystery, when some one within, annoyed by the barking of the dog, opened the door and let out the miserable animal, who bounded towards me and stopped at the entrance of the arch, enraged by my presence, but kept back by the cane with which I threatened her.

"Oh, how provoking they are to let out Hecate!" said the young ladies calmly, while I was in such a forlorn condition. "Here, Hecate! stop now! you always make a noise for nothing."

"But how enraged she is! perhaps there is a robber about," said the little one.

"Are there any robbers here?" called out the oldest to me, laughing. "Sir Robber, answer."

"Perhaps it is only a spy," suggested the other. "Sir Spy, you are wasting your time; you are taking cold for nothing. You will not see us."

"At him, Hecate! bite him!"

Hecate would have asked nothing better if she had only dared it. Noisy, but timid, as hounds are, she drew back, bristling with anger and fear, although she was large enough to strangle me.

"Bah! it is nobody!" said one of the young ladies; "she is barking at the statue in the grotto."

"What if we should go and see?"

"Goodness, no! I am afraid."

"So am I; let us go in."

"Let us call our *boys*."

"Yes, indeed! they have enough else to do, and would laugh at us, as usual."

"I am cold—let us go away."

"I am afraid—let us run."

They went in, calling the dog after them. All as tightly closed, and for a quarter of an hour I heard nothing; but suddenly I heard the screams of a person who seemed struck with fear. I heard loud talking, but could neither distinguish voices nor words. Then all was still; then came bursts of laughter, and then silence reigned again; so I got out of patience, for I was numb with cold, and that wretched dog might again betray me if they should want to put their arms in the snow. I went back to the Volabù's cottage, certain that they were not wholly mistaken, but that some unknown and inexplicable work was going on at the castle; and I was a little amazed at having found out nothing except that they were arranging a cemetery and laughed at spies.

The night was far advanced when I was back in my little chamber. I spent some time in relighting my fire and warming myself before going to sleep; so that when Volabù came to wake me in the dawn, he dared not do it, I was paying so dearly for my wakefulness of the early evening. It was late. They had had ample time to prepare my breakfast, and I was obliged to accept it for fear of displeasing the good man and Madame Volabù, who had considerable pretensions to literary talent.

Noon, some business came to my host; he was ready to give it up and keep his word with me, without boasting of my adventure, I had a *fiasco* upon my conscience, and was much less eager to reach Briançon than I was yesterday. So I begged my host to give himself no trouble, and I put off my departure till the morrow, provided that he would allow me to pay him the trouble he was giving himself for me. There rose to great dispute, so truly liberal was his hospitality. He would have argued with me for a sou on the journey, had I been disposed to bargain with him; but at home he was ready to set fire to his house to prove his good man to me.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Miniscences of a Summer Tour.

XI.

THE PANOPTICON ORGAN IN LEICESTER SQUARE—ENGLISH AND GERMAN ORGANS COMPARED—RETURN VOYAGE—THE ADVENT OF THE INDIAN SUM.

Amid the most complete and celebrated of the modern English organs, is that at the "Royal Panopticon of Science and Art" in Leicester Square, London. It was constructed by the Messrs Hill & Co., who were also the builders of the organ in York Minster and the Town Hall, Birmingham. This instrument, by far the largest and most comprehensive in the metropolis, consists of four manuals, each extending from C to a in alt, and pedal organ from CCC to f, 32 notes. It contains also, all the modern improvements, together with some new inventions in mechanism, an improved system of composition pedals, and a pedal for moving the stops in succession, so as to

form a gradual and complete *crescendo* without the aid of the swell box. It comprises 60 complete registers, among which are many of the novelties of the continental organs never before introduced in England. The wind is supplied from six pairs of bellows, at different pressures. The swell, choir, and solo organs are provided with duplicate manuals, so that several performers may play at once, if desired. The number of pipes is 4,004.

At the time of my visit the Panopticon organ had been just set up in the hall, and was receiving its finishing touches from the hands of its builders. Through the abundant kindness of Mr. Hill, I was permitted to examine its mechanism as thoroughly as I desired. Under his able guidance I was conducted over every part of the structure, and explored leisurely its interior mysteries; descending now deep into its cavernous recesses—now threading along artful and devious passage ways, and anon scaling inaccessible heights with ladders, till I emerged at length at the summit of the vast pile, full fifty feet above its base. I had here an opportunity, for the first time, to become acquainted with the curious mechanism of the pneumatic lever—a contrivance of recent date, by means of which a perfect lightness of touch is ensured, and which should hereafter form a part of every organ of the first magnitude. The powers of the instrument were then displayed by Mr. Best, one of the most celebrated of the London organists. Its tones speak forth with magnificent and telling effect. This with the colossal instrument recently erected by Willis at St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, must be ranked among the greatest triumphs of modern organ-building in England.

It may not be impertinent in this connection, to consider briefly the comparative condition of organ-building, as an art, in England and Germany. My attention has, not unfrequently, been directed to this subject, in my experiences among the famous instruments of the Old World. But it is a subject upon which, in the nature of the case, it is difficult to arrive at results entirely satisfactory and conclusive—much more to speak definitely of them; since of necessity a considerable interval of time must elapse between the opportunities which may offer for the examination of the principal organs in different countries, and even of different specimens in the same locality. In all that pertains to the action of the organ and the mechanical details of its structure, the palm has by common consent been yielded to the English. In this respect, the eminent artists, Hill, Willis, and others, who might be mentioned, would certainly seem to have reached the acme of perfection. But here the Brothers Müller of Breslau, and the Messrs. Walker of Ludwigsburg, are but little if at all behind. More of the grand improvements in the mechanism of the instrument have originated in England. On the other hand Germany has been more prolific in originating and diversifying the striking and splendid *tone effects* embodied in the complete organ during its progress through a series of generations back. The pneumatic lever and the perfected bellows-action are copied by Walkers from the English specimens. The Messrs. Hill, in the Panopticon instrument, have in their turn taken from the former his famous *crescendo* and *diminuendo* pedal, which was attached to the colossal organ at St. Peter's-burg fifteen years ago.

But in purity and opulence of tone—in the felicitous combination of stops—in beauty of expression and telling grandeur of effect, the surpassing excellence of the German instruments (the best of them) is placed in my mind beyond a doubt. I cannot better express my own feelings and views in this respect, than by quoting the language of Chorley in his admirable work on Modern German Music. "I will not libel any musician," he prefaces, "by asking him if he be fond of the instrument. The farther removed he be from personality in his preferment of Art—the more devotedly addicted to thought in its noblest, if not most excursive flights—the more exquisitely will he relish, the more eagerly will he return to those grave and sublime pleasures—to those oracular utterances, as it were, in which musical truth and poetry, of the highest order, make themselves known." Speaking of the Silbermann organ in the *Sophien-Kirche*, or Evangelical Church at Dresden, he says: "The sound of the first handful of keys put down, informed me of the neighborhood of something surpassing after its kind; never heard I pipes of such a ripe and fascinating sweetness of tone, from the lowest *elephant* pedal C to the *skylark* C *altissimo*;—no hissing, no wheezing, no lumbering, no growling—none of that ferocity of sound which makes some of our famous English specimens surgical to the ear. Compared, indeed, with aught in modern organ-building, the Silbermann instruments at Dresden" (and he might have added with equal truth the splendid structures at Hamburg, at Frankfort, at Stuttgart, and elsewhere, of both ancient and modern build) "are what the sumptuous ruby glass of the middle ages is to the ripest-red piece of new Bohemian manufacture. Only a few weeks before, I had been listening to our own noble organs, at Christ-Church in London, and in the Town Hall at Birmingham. A few weeks afterwards I was admiring a magnificent musical structure in progress of erection in the Cathedral of St. Denis; so that I was not without some opportunity of comparison to warrant me in simile-making; and it is to be remembered that, as regards tone, the difference between player and player is little to be felt in the case of the instruments in question." "Subsequent experience and opportunities for comparison," he adds, "would dispose me to emphasize rather than mitigate the foregoing panegyric." "If Music" he discourses in another place, "had as many poetical, as the art has practical writers, a more fascinating subject would hardly be found than a pilgrimage to the great Organs of Europe—with their localities, their histories and their associations duly counted. For the instrument is like a church or other edifice—a thing which becomes of itself a shrine of resort and recollection, gaining thereby an adventitious and legendary and progressive interest."

Leaving London by the express train at five o'clock one murky evening, I reached Liverpool at eleven the same night, and the next morning stepped aboard the steamer "homeward bound." What a blessing if we could but sleep away the long and dreary interval between shore and shore! At least so it would prove to me, who, in my state of bodily discomfort at such times, can find nothing of interest in the eternal monotony of the sea. And I need but look around at my fellow passengers, and note their listless inactivity, to convince me that this feeling is shared by nine tenths of all who make the voyage. What trivial circum-

stances go to make up the incidents of each day's life on shipboard! What small accidents become the absorbing topics of conversation and attention! Fortunate, indeed, is he who descries a sail on the distant horizon; or who can swear that he saw but now a whale's back, or the snout of a porpoise above the brine. He is straightway the cynosure of all eyes—a very Captain Cook in importance, in the estimation of the whole idle community abaft the smoke pipe. See, upon the pilot house, yonder, a fellow idler at the end of "a long string," having at its other extremity a hook baited with a piece of raw pork. For four mortal hours he has patiently watched, without winking for a bite, though from what, "or fish or fowl," he is conscious of no preconceived idea. And his chance of success is paralleled only by that of the Noddy in the ancient rhyme, who

"Went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail."

(I am aware that the analogy does not hold if we take into consideration the extent of the field of operation in the two cases employed.) Such in the main, were the stirring incidents of our voyage.

The arrival at Halifax, and the couple of hours range about the dismal town was an event to be chronicled with delight. There is a remark attributed to Edward Everett, when he had seen the wonders of all lands, that, after all, the architecture of the good old Boston light-house hath not its superior in attractions. This, in my mind, is based on sound philosophy. And it recurred to me with especial force as we neared the shores of Massachusetts Bay on this mellow October evening. The sound of the sea, at length, had ceased. Its surface was now like a mirror. The sun had sunk low into the hazy atmosphere. A few golden clouds lay in parallels along the western horizon, and a light breeze came to us from the land with a musical cadence, laden with the breath of forests. It was the greeting of the Indian summer—

"That beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of
All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood;
Peace seemed to reign upon the earth, and the rest-
less heart of the ocean
Was consoled."

SCRIBE.—M. Scribe was left an orphan at an early age, with a pittance of \$400 a year; his guardian desired him to study for the bar, but the footlights fascinated him, and he has been faithful to them above thirty years. He works—and has worked—every day of his life, from five o'clock in summer, and six o'clock in winter, until ten o'clock of the morning, when, as he says, his day's labors are over, but the whole of his life is taken up by the stage; for his social commerce, the long hours of rehearsals, his business relations, are all turned to the profit of the theatre; he is always on the lookout for new characters and situations, suited for comedy or drama; he takes notes of good sayings and subjects of pieces, wherever he finds them. He observes and listens more than he speaks.

He has written 400 vaudevilles, operas comiques, comedies, dramas and ballets, and has earned a fortune of \$600,000 by his pen, a fortune which is so rapidly increasing, he will probably leave an estate at his death of more than a million of dollars. M. Poirson, the founder of the Gymnase Theatre, early divined his talent, and monopolized it by a curious contract. By it M. Scribe engaged to

write for twelve years for that theatre exclusively, twelve new pieces a year, and he not only fulfilled his contract, but several times presented eighteen new pieces in a twelve-month.

At the expiration of these twelve years, M. Scribe was at liberty to cease writing for the Gymnase, but he was under an engagement that he would not during his life write any pieces for the secondary theatres. He still receives, and has received, for a great many years, his annual pension of 6,000*f.* from the Gymnase theatre, exclusive of his percentage on his pieces played there, and of the premium he receives for a new piece. It was, as M. Scribe often confesses, this contract, which made it impossible for him to work for the secondary theatres, that engaged him to write for the grand opera and French comedy.

M. Scribe spends the winter in Paris; during the summer he travels three or four months for the triple purpose of recruiting his health, affording him pleasure, and enlarging his sphere of observation—with profit to his dramatic labors. For many years he passed away the spring and autumn at a villa near Meudon, but of late years, these periods of the year are spent in a fine *chateau* in Brie, which for the last eighteen years he has been building, rebuilding and embellishing, as the retreat where the last years of his busy life shall flow away, tranquil and happy, among his books, his family and friends.

M. Scribe determined to exhaust several times all the letters of the alphabet as the initial letters of his plays: hence the strange titles—*Xacarilla*, *Yelva*, *Zee*, etc. He delights in theatrical performances; where he amuses himself by re-casting in his mind the pieces he sees played; and when he witnesses the performance of some of his old pieces, whose plot has escaped his memory, he criticizes himself, follows with curiosity the vicissitudes of the plot, and as a catastrophe approaches, he tries to think how he will extricate himself from it.—*Paris Corr. of the Atlas.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music. THE LION'S RIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

Desert monarch is the lion! Would he through his realms go riding,
Down to the lagune he wanders, in the lofty sedges hiding,
Where gazelles and cameleopards drink, his reedy ambush making,
While above the lofty beast the shadowy sycamores are shaking.
When among the Hottentots' low kraals the evening fires are glowing,
When the Table Mountains' colored fluttering flags no more are blowing,
When the solitary Kaffer hurries o'er the wide Karroo,
When the antelope in thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;—
See! along the moonlit desert comes majestically marching
The giraffe, within the dark and sad lagune his heated, parching
Tongue to cool, and panting o'er the desert's naked stretches hasten,
There with out-thrust neck to kneel and suck from out the slimy basin.
Suddenly the rushes rustle—on his back, with roar arousing,
Leaps the lion. What a rider! Was there ever richer housing
In the imperial harness chambers, mid the choicest trapping counted,
Than the spotted runner's hide is, where the king of beasts is mounted?

In the muscles of his shoulders greedily his teeth are planted;
On the giant courser's neck the rider's tawny mane is flaunted;
With a hollow shriek of pain he wildly starts and flees affrighted.

See! the swiftness of the camel with the leopard sk united!

Down the moon-illuminated level how his light, swift feet are rushing!

From their sockets start his eyeballs, wildly straining and, trickling, gushing

O'er his brown-bespotted shoulders, great black droplets of blood are sweating,

And the vast and silent desert listens to his quivering heart-beating.

Like the cloud that Israel's children to the promised land went guiding,

Like a spirit of the desert in an airy vortex striding

Like a wind-spout sweeping onward o'er the deserts stiffened sea,

Whirls a yellow, sandy column, following swiftly where they flee.

In their wake the vulture follows, croaking on, his whirring pinions;

On their track the hyæna follows, plunderer of dead's dominions,

And the panther, who amid the herds of Caprid brings disaster;

Blood and sweat attest the fearful progress of his savage master.

They behold their monarch swaying on his throne, and rending

With his sharp, fierce claws the checkered lion over which he's bending;

And the doomed giraffe must bear him, this strength exhausted fail him;

With a rider like the lion, what will plunge near avail him?

Staggering on the desert's edge, he with a gleeful fall, and dank, wet,

Smear'd with sweat and gore, at last the stench becomes the rider's banquet.

Eastward far o'er Madagascar morning twilight glimmers brightly.

Thus unto his empire's limits rides the desecrated monarch nightly.

W. S.

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

(From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by AMUEL GRAY WARD.)

[Translator's Introductory Note.—In giving translation of this singular work, it seems desirable to say a few words by way of presenting it to the reader in the right point of view. It may be said, in this country we have nothing of that wide-spread Dilettantism, that forms so remarkable a feature in European civilization, and that, whether it be good or evil, we are too busy a people to anticipate its having deep hold among us. But whoever reads with attention this masterly short-hand analysis of the slightest German, will be surprised to find that the subject has the strongest possible bearing on our present condition, and that in fact, with rare exceptions, all art, all our literature, falls inevitably within its domain of Dilettantism.

It was the belief of our author, and, tho' opposed to the common belief, it is worthy of consideration, that, what we call genius, may and does appear in any age, but that the most fortunate junction of circumstances, conducive to the development of such genius, is required to educate that artist, the great poet. From his belief naturally follows, in the second place, that it is of immense importance that the artist should take hold of art by the right side. This true side is distinguished as *Art*, in opposition to the false side, which is *Dilettantism*. Now, in our country, every tendency is opposed to the artistic culture, yet there is an intense thirst for gratification that all men derive from works of art, and this demand our so-called artists and poets, after their fashion. But true art springs from an outward demand of the public, but from an inward demand in the soul of an artist.

This Essay may be defined as an inquiry concerning the true and false point of art; and a degree of fulness of knowledge, of sharpness of perception of view, that perhaps no one but Goethe combined, it is carried into every art. Even leaping and dancing, which, as fine arts, we are so acquainted with, are not omitted. At the same time it must be admitted, that an almost algebraic brevity of statement prevails, and that it is a work to be studied rather than read. If the reader do not at discover its drift, we would only suggest, that, wherever other question is made concerning Goethe one doubts his infinite critical acumen; that, in circumstances,

there was a remarkable analogy with that of every artist or literary man, who is born in a period of false direction in art, and that, therefore, if there be an appearance of obscurity, there is always a strong probability that a more careful study will elicit a meaning that will repay the effort.]

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL.

The Italians call every artist *Maestro*.

When they see one who practises an art without making a profession of it, they say,—*Si diletta*. Their expression of polite amusement and wonder, shows their thoughts on the subject.

The word *dilettant* is not found in old Italian. It is found in no dictionary, not even the Cruscan.

It is found only in Jagemann. According to him, it means a Lover of Art, who is not satisfied with viewing and enjoying, but would also practise it.

Traces in ancient times.

Traces after the revival of the arts.

Widely extended in late times.

Cause thereof.

The practise of art made a requisite in education.

In speaking of Dilettants, we except the case of one born with a real talent for art, but prevented by circumstances from receiving an artistic cultivation.

We speak only of those who, without any particular talent for this or that art, only give way to the natural imitative tendency in them.

Upon the German word *pfuschen* (to botch).

Its derivation.

Refers to handicraft.

Handicraft expresses, that a certain dexterity has been acquired according to rule, and is practised in the exactest fashion, after the prescription and under the protection of law.

Institution of Guilds (*Innungen*), especially in Germany.

The various nations have no proper word therefor.

Idea expressed by the term.

The Dilettant holds the same relation to the Artist, that the botcher does to the craftsman.

It may be maintained of Art, that it is in like manner, learned according to rules, and practised according to law; only that its rules are not, like those of a handicraft, everywhere recognized, and the laws of the so-called free arts are spiritual and not civil.

Derivation of botch-work (*pfuscherei*).

Advantage.

Genealogy of Dilettantism.

Dilettant honored.

Artist neglected.

Cause.

Certainty of a widely extended enjoyment of life, is commonly the basis of all empirical estimation.

We have taken such certainty-maxims into our *morale*, without being aware of it.

Birth, valor, riches.

One sort of possession, ensures outward enjoyment.

Genius and Talent have an inward certainty, but in their outward relation are peculiarly uncertain.

They are not always in harmony with the conditions and wants of the time.

In barbarous times they were prized as something wonderful.

They are not certain of applause.

Which must be secured by begging or flattering.

On which account those artists are worst off, who must in person court the applause of the moment.

Rhapsodists, players, musicians.

With rare exceptions, artists live in a sort of voluntary poverty.

It was obvious in all times, that the condition of the artist had in it something desirable and enviable.

Origin of Dilettantism.

General prevalence, I will not say of a high regard for the arts, but of its mixture with civil existence, and a sort of legitimization of the same.

The Artist is born so.

He is by nature a privileged person.

He is obliged to practise something, that every one cannot do like him.

And yet he cannot be thought of as alone.

Neither would be alone.

The work of art calls for men to enjoy it.

And for wider participation in it.

All men have an inexpressible inclination for the enjoyment of works of art.

The nearest participator would be the true connoisseur, would have a lively and full enjoyment.

As great as any, nay, greater.

Because he sees at the same time the cause and effect.

Transition to practical Dilettantism.

Man experiences and enjoys nothing without forthwith becoming productive.

This is the most central property of human nature; nay, it may be said it is human nature itself.

Unconquering impulse to the same.

The passion for imitation has no connection with inborn genius for these things.

Example of children.

They are allured by every species of activity that comes before their eyes.

Soldiers, players, rope-dancers.

They take an object impossible for them to attain, such as they see attained only by the practice and capacity of riper years.

Their means become their aims.

Aim of children.

Mere sport.

Opportunity to exercise the passions.

How near the the resemblance between them and Dilettants.

Dilettantism of women.

Dilettantism of rich people.

Dilettantism of people of quality.

Is a sign of a certain degree of progress.

All Dilettants take hold of art on the weak side (by the weak end).

Immediate wish to exhibit fancy pictures.

Passion instead of earnestness.

Relation of Dilettantism to Pedantry, handicraft.

Dilettantic state of the Artist.

Where lies the distinction.

A higher or lower degree of empiricism.

False praise of Dilettantism.

Unjust blame.

Means by which the Dilettant can find his proper place.

Born artists, prevented by circumstance from cultivating themselves, we have already excepted.

A rare case.

Many Dilettants flatter themselves they are of this class.

But with them there is always a false direction, which comes to nothing.

They do little good to themselves, to artists, or to art.

But, on the contrary, much harm.

Yet neither man, the artist, nor art can forego an enjoying, understanding, and in some measure practical participation.

Object of the present writing.

Difficulty of execution.

Brief description of an embodied dilettantism.

The philosophers needed.

The schoolmasters.

Benefit for the next generation.

Dilettantism presupposes Art, as botch-work does handicraft.

Idea of Artist, in opposition to Dilettant.

Practice of Art scientifically.

Adoption of an objective Art.

Legitimate progress and advancement.

Calling and profession.

Connexion with a world of Art and Artists.

Schools.

The Dilettant does not hold the same relation to all the arts.

All the arts have an objective and subjective side, and according as one or the other of these is predominant, the Dilettant has value or not.

Where the subjective of itself is of great importance, the Dilettant must and can approximate to the artist. For instance, oratory, lyrical poetry, music, dance.

Where the reverse is the case, there is a more marked distinction between Artist and Dilettant, as in architecture, the arts of design, epic and dramatic poetry.

Art itself gives laws, and commands the time.

Dilettantism follows the lead of the time.

When masters in art follow a false taste, the Dilettant expects so much the sooner to reach the level of art.

The Dilettant, receiving his first impulse to self-production from the effect of works of art on him, confounds these effects with the objective causes, and motives, and would now make the state of feeling he has been but into, productive and practical; as if out of the fragrance of flowers one should try to reproduce flowers themselves.

The *speaking to the feelings*, the last effect of all poetical organization, but which presupposes the concurrence of the whole of art, seems to the Dilettant to be the thing itself, and out of it he endeavors to produce.

In general, the Dilettant, in his ignorance of himself, puts the passive in the place of the active, and because he receives a lively impression from effects, thinks from these impressed effects to produce other effects.

The peculiar want of the Dilettant, is the *Architectonic*, in the highest sense,—that practical power which creates, forms, constitutes. Of this he has only a sort of misgiving, and submits himself to his material, instead of commanding it.

It will be found that the Dilettant runs particularly to neatness, which is the completion of the thing in hand, wherefrom a sort of illusion arises, as if the thing itself were worthy of existing. The same holds of accuracy (*accuratesse*), and all the last conditions of Form, which can just as well accompany the formless.

General ground, upon which Dilettantism is allowable.

When the Dilettant subjects himself to the severest rules in the outset, and undertakes to complete all the successive steps, with the greatest strictness; which he can the better afford to do, inasmuch as, 1. He will not be hankering after the end; and, 2d. if he would retreat, he has prepared the surest path to connoisseurship.

In opposition to the general maxim, the Dilettant will also be exposed to more severe criticism than the Artist, who, resting upon a secure basis of art, incurs less danger in departing from rules, and may even by that means enlarge the province of art itself. The true artist rests firmly and securely upon himself. His endeavor, his mark, is the highest aim of art. In his own estimation he will always be far from that aim, and necessarily, therefore, will be always modest in regard to art, or the idea of art, and will maintain that he has as yet accomplished little, no matter how excellent his work may be, or how high his consciousness of superiority, in reference to the world, may reach. Dilettants, or rather botchers, seem, on the other hand, not to strive towards an aim, not to see what is beyond, but only what is beside them. On this account they are always comparing, are for the most part extravagant in their praise, unskilful where they blame, have an infinite deference for their like, thus giving themselves an air of friendliness and fairness, which is in fact only to exalt themselves.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 17, 1856.

CONCERTS.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second of the new series, on Wednesday afternoon, drew a large, but by no means crowded audience. HAYDN'S Ninth Symphony, in B flat, the slow movement of which was played with so much acceptance a few weeks ago, was this time presented entire. We believe it was quite new to Boston audiences—at least of this generation—and we must con-

fess to having been more deeply interested by it than by either of the symphonies by which it has been customary here of late to represent the name of Haydn. To most music-lovers who had grown familiar with the richer inspirations of Beethoven and Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schubert, Haydn had seemed almost too child-like; there was the charm of style, of uniform fluency, elegance and clearness, with the further recommendation of a wholesome, cheerful spirit, but no great wealth of thought or imagination, no great depth of inspiration, nothing to communicate the thrill of any new, significant experience. In the ninth symphony, however, there is more meat, more musical substance to digest. The first and the last movements, full as they are of the usual gayety of child-like "Father Haydn," and with motives which at first seem ordinary, yet develop with a richness and variety of effect which does not let you drop them listlessly. In the finale indeed one is even reminded of Beethoven (say the fourth symphony) by the nervously persistent reiteration of certain pregnant phrases. The Andante is a deeply sad and pensive meditation, large and full of dignity. It is one of those inspirations in which Haydn sometimes goes beyond himself, as in certain passages in his Masses, and seems to anticipate some of the glories that were to succeed him. It was played with much expression, especially those large and and generous violin passages in the Andante, which are so violin-like.

The overture to "Jessonda," by SPOHR, had not been heard here since the earlier days of the "Germania." With all the peculiarities of Spohr, his characteristic, long-drawn, sweetish vein of melody, his fondness for wild, chromatic harmony and continual modulation, and his contrast of brilliant Frenchy effects with his own sombre monotony, it is one of his most interesting works, romantic, and in one part highly impassioned. Some of the wind instrument passages were rather roughly played, and especially the octave flute splashed its bright, saucy yellow over the rest of the picture with too little stint. The duet from *Norma* requires a very long musical drought to make itself refreshing to us even with the two best of voices; but as sung by two cornets—no doubt finely played—it offered less attraction than the sunshine and the budding green out doors. So that we not unwillingly lost, with the "Champagne Gallop" and the "Syren" overture by Auber.

Only one more Wednesday afternoon concert remains, and then we suppose the orchestra will hang up their fiddles till another winter.

A MUSICAL SERVICE, by the Choir of St. Paul's Church, under the direction of Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN, took place at the church on Wednesday evening. Something curious and instructive was expected, judging from the fact that all the pews and aisles were crammed with listeners, among the most eagerly attentive of whom we noticed not a few amateurs, leaders of choirs, &c., from neighboring towns and cities. The object of Dr. Tuckerman was to show forth the excellence of that old English school of church music, in which he is a warm disciple, and in which he received his musical doctorate at Cambridge, England. Or rather, in the words of the explanatory note upon the back of the programme, "to compare the old and ecclesiastical school of

Church harmony with that of more modern times, and to show that Church Music has fallen from its original purity, simplicity and grandeur, and for the last two centuries has been gradually approaching the secular school." With this view the following programme was presented:

PART I.

1. Organ Voluntary.
2. A portion of the Choral Service, as performed in the English Cathedrals. Music by Thomas Tallis, A. D., 1556.
Introductory Sentence—Intoned.
"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our own sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John, 1, 8, 9.
The Confession.—The Lord's Prayer.—*Versicle*: O Lord, open Thou our lips.—*Response*: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.—*Gloria Patri*.—*Versicle*: Praise ye the Lord.—*Response*: The Lord's name be praised.—*Venite* Exultemus Domino, sung to the 8th Gregorian Tone, composed by Gregory the Great, A. D., 580.
3. Full Anthem,.....Farrant, 1564.
"Hide not thou thy face from us, O Lord, and cast not off thy servants in thy displeasure, for we confess our sins unto thee, and hide not our unrighteousness. For thy mercy's sake deliver us from all our sins."
4. Lamentatio Jeremiæ Prophetæ, 4 voices.
"Sanctus." Chorus.....Palestrina, 1571.
5. Full Anthem,.....Creighton, 1674.
"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."
(This Anthem is considered one of the finest specimens of pure church music, learned in its construction, and highly devotional in its character.)
6. Verse Anthem,.....Weldon, 1708.
Chorus.—"In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion; deliver me in thy righteousness."
Duet, Bass and Tenor.—"Bow down thine ear to me, make haste to deliver me, and be thou my strong rock and house of my defence, that Thou may'st save me. Be Thou also my guide, and lead me for thy name's sake."
Chorus.—"Draw me out of the net that they have laid privily for me, for thou art my God. Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth."

PART II.

1. Organ Performance. a. Chorale from the } Bach
Fifth Motet, }
b. Dead March in Saul, Handel
c. Fugue in E,.....Bach
2. Full Anthem, (without accompaniment,)..Farrant
"Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge, but forgive that which is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin, and incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before thee, now and evermore."
3. Tenor Solo and Quartet, from the Verse Anthem,.....S. P. Tuckerman
"I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven."
Solo.—"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."
Quartet.—"Their sun shall no more go down. The Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning are ended. For the Lamb shall feed them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."
4. Verse Anthem,.....S. S. Wesley
Recitative.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."
Chorus.—"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."
Recitative.—"And a highway shall be there; it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it. But the redeemed shall walk there."
Chorus.—"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."
Quartet.—"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."
5. Quartet,.....Dr. Crotch
"Comfort the soul of thy servant, for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul."
6. Verse Anthem,.....S. P. Tuckerman
Organ Introduction.—Recitative.—"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go up into the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."
Quartet.—"For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, to testify unto Israel, and to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."
Chorus.—"And to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."
Trebble Solo.—"O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee!"

Quartet.—"Jerusalem is built as a city, that is at unity with itself. Peace be within thy walls."
Chorus.—"And plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen."

In a general comparison of the music in Part I. and in Part II., the case of Dr. Tuckerman was certainly made out. We think there could have been but one opinion in the audience, that the advantage was in favor of those older pieces, as being more impressive by their very simplicity, more edifying and sublime. There was the look of deeper satisfaction and preoccupation over the whole crowd during the first part. Particularly grand, and beautiful at the same time, was the "Lamentation," and still more the *Sanctus*, by PALESTRINA. It was our misfortune to arrive too late for the oldest specimen; we only caught the closing strains of the old Gregorian *Venite*, which we regretted most of all to lose. The pieces by FARRANT, CREYGHTON and WELDON, too, were good illustrations of what Dr. CROTCH calls the "sublime," which he says characterizes these old church compositions, while the more modern music (since the middle of the seventeenth century) has declined, through the "beautiful," to the "ornamental." This sublimity the learned doctor derives, it must be confessed, from very opposite sources; one being negative, mere simplicity, "a few simple notes in unison or octaves, by a variety of instruments or voices;" another lying at the opposite pole of this mere music of nature, and being artificial, scientific, "where the harmony and modulation are learned and mysterious," and "the ear unable to anticipate the transition from chord to chord," &c. The "beautiful" he defines as "soft, smooth and flowing." The "ornamental" explains itself. This classification is hardly satisfactory. If those older pieces were sublime, we also found it quite as natural to call them, some of them at least, beautiful. And we can see no reason why all three kinds may not co-exist, in various proportions, in any age which has sufficient artistic mastery of materials, and in any music the effect whereof should be religious and inspiring. The simplest, gravest strains require a certain inspiration of sentiment, they must have come out of the heart, and out of real spiritual experience, to make them sublime with any other than the mere physical sublimity of great masses. And on the other hand, if the more complex, ornate compositions are not always elevating and inspiring, if they are secular in the sense of merely voluptuous and sensual, it is not always because they are complex and ornate, but because the deeper inspiration dwelt not in the authors; the fault is not in the structure, but more in the source, in the pervading tone. A Handel Oratorio, a Bach fugue or motet, or, to take an example wholly outside of church music, a Beethoven symphony, gives you at once the ornate, the beautiful and the sublime, and, when appreciated, may affect the soul quite as profoundly and religiously as that which strictly forms part of a religious service.

Whether the selections of Part II. proved as much as those in the first admits of doubt. For in the first place they did not exhibit anything like *gradation* in decline; and in the next place, would it not be easy to find modern music, if not in the English school, yet outside of it, which, while it is equally "ornamental," &c., shall yet be found impressive, the utterance of profound feeling and experience? Of the pieces given we

liked best the anthem by Farrant, and the Tenor Solo and Quartet (for soprani) by Dr. Tuckerman. The other pieces seemed to us too elaborate for the amount of musical ideas or inspiration of any kind contained in them; although there were some striking effects in the Anthem by WESLEY.

The organ performances of Dr. Tuckerman, on the rich and powerful instrument of the Messrs. Hook, were impressive, especially that Chorale by BACH. But, whatever traditional ground there may be for it, we could not feel the propriety of introducing that hoarse, terrific Trumpet sub-bass in Handel's Dead March. It is an effect of mere terror, physical at that, which seems not to be in harmony with the spirit of the music.

The choir seemed to be under excellent training, and comprised some of our most cultivated voices. One or two sopranos were particularly rich and telling. We thought we recognized the fine voice and style of Mr. MILLARD in a tenor solo, and Mrs. WENTWORTH once in the soprano.

In conclusion, we must thank Dr. Tuckerman for a very interesting musical occasion, such as we wish might be made more frequent, so as to illustrate more satisfactorily than can be done in one short evening, the characteristics of so wide and various a field of music.

Two concerts are announced for this day. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gives an Afternoon Concert, at 3 o'clock, in the Music Hall, at the same popular prices as the Wednesday orchestral concerts. It will be the only opportunity of hearing her this season, as she is just about departing on a summer tour through the West. We hope to see the great hall full.... For the evening, Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, just returned from remarkable success in Philadelphia, announces a farewell concert on the eve of his departure for England. Mr. Millard is, to say the least, one of the very best tenors that we have among us, always persevering in the effort to improve, and therefore well deserving of success. Assisted as he will be to-night by our two native prime donne, Miss ELISE HENSLEY and Miss PHILLIPPS, he presents a strong attraction. Other valuable aid, including Mr. SATTER, the all-challenging pianist, appears on the programme, which will be found on the last page. We shall be truly sorry to lose Mr. Millard in our oratorios and concerts, for there are not many who can fill his place. The more the reason for availing of this evening's opportunity.

Oliver Ditson has published complete, in a bound volume, Mr. WILLIAM H. FRY's *Stabat Mater*: the work which was to have been brought out a year ago at the New York Academy, and the failure to produce which, after a distinct promise and several rehearsals, created the newspaper controversy between composer and manager. It is in truth a formidable work to make report on. Our first impression, from a very cursory perusal, is that it contains a great deal of *hard* music in two senses: hard to execute, and hard to hear—strange, ungracious passages, which strain and fatigue the ear; that, in other parts, where there is melody and clear movement, it is very decidedly of the present Italian operatic school, reminding you once almost too palpably of the *Lucia* sextet, but more frequently of Verdi; that in its conception and musical illustration of the poetic text and subject, it deals in very literal correspondence, very physical description, the bare external image of a crucifixion and a piercing sword being uppermost; that it shows, however, great grasp of large musical combinations, indicating throughout broad, full orchestral effects, on the most modern scale, and even torturing the voices sometimes to wind through very instrumental channels (as the bass in the first movement). While it abounds in talent of a certain kind, we cannot believe it in a true direction of art. We doubt if the total impression can be either beautiful or sublime;

it may surprise, but not inspire. This is only the first impression; it could hardly be a different one, without denying the master-works of Art which we have been accustomed to revere as models of true musical expression. We do not offer it as a final criticism, hoping to examine more in detail.

In noticing "*The Psalter Noted*" (published by J. A. Novello) we called it a manual for worshippers in the English Episcopal Church. We should have been more explicit and have stated that it is also specially adapted to the Episcopal service in this country.

Music Abroad.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert was conducted by Mr. Benedict. The novelties of the evening were the Second Symphony of the French composer, Gounod, and Mr. Macfarren's new Overture to "*Hamlet*." The *Athenæum* seems wonderfully well pleased with the former; indeed Mr. Chorley has long been as much an admirer of Gounod and of Gouvy, as he has a hater of Schumann and Wagner. He says:—

We have been always at variance with those who hold that Music can only be continued by destruction, and who maintain that, to be new in symphonic writing, it is necessary to begin where Beethoven ended,—forgetting that subsequent to the close of his career and the diffusion of his last works, such events have taken place as the disinterment of Bach and the acceptance of a genius in Mendelssohn, entirely distinct from Beethoven's, and, in some sort, retrogressive. Such preachers of strange doctrine must be greatly discomfited by such a work as M. Gounod's Second Symphony. Now it is, though not modish;—fresh in feeling and clear in idea, though, as regards profession of discovery, not more audacious than Haydn's later and Mozart's earlier Symphonies. When we name these great Germans and speak of M. Gounod as new, and yet in their style, it is that we may set him apart from the Fescas, Rombergs, Winters, and the tribe of second-hand respectable writers of the German classical school, whose works could not now be tolerated, owing to their absence of individuality. There is nothing "*peruque*" in this French Symphony, though it be behind its time, so far as noise, obscurity and ugliness are concerned. It is simple, yet includes contrasts;—it is easy in its flow and scientific in its construction, without any pedantic extracts from the exercise-book dragged in to show that the symphonist has studied "*the strict*" as well as "*the free*" style.—Written for a young Society—and we believe, too, its composer's second instrumental essay, it is not difficult to play, not impossible to understand;—but it is charming to hear, because the master-hand which entitles an artist to his *diploma* is to be recognized throughout.

The finale, he says, "in its sustained and arch vivacity approaches nearer Beethoven's finales than any modern music we recollect, save it be Mendelssohn's *Saltarello*." Of Mr. Macfarren and his overture he says:

He has now become settled in his manner—which is not to our taste. Of this manner his last composition is, we think, his most exaggerated expression,—the good that it contains being totally outweighed by the outbreaks of crude and strident sound perpetually interrupting the flow of the work (possibly on the plea of painting madness in music).

The solos were Spohr's seventh Concerto (violin), played by M. Sainon, and one of Beethoven's Piano Concertos, by Mr. J. Barnett. The singers were Miss Sherrington, "an earnest musician, but not yet a finished singer," and Herr Rotikansky, than whom the *Athenæum* never heard "a nobler and richer *basso profundo* voice," but "he has much to do ere he can rank among the artists."

AMATEUR SOCIETY.—That clever young Lady in her musical transactions known as "*Angelina*," performed at this concert on Monday evening last a Concerto for the pianoforte of her own composition. This we believe to be the first production of its class by an Englishwoman, and its good points are many. The writer has shown constructive skill and nice feeling for the contrasts of orchestra and solo instruments. Her fancy in passage-music, too, is good,—a merit especially to be commended, seeing that of late years there has been too much disposition to confine all passage-writing for the pianoforte to scales and *arpeggi*. Clever and creditable as is this Concerto, however, in no common degree, the hare (to adopt Mrs. Glass's well-used direction) caught by Angelina was hardly worth the dressing. First ideas, we know, are disregarded in these days, or else considered as so many

revelations which there is no courting, averting, or amending,—nevertheless, first idea is almost as requisite to a composition as voice is to a singer. So well does Angelina know how to manage her subjects, that it is worth her while to look out for subjects worth managing. The Amateur Orchestra played the Symphony (Beethoven's in D) better than we have heard it play any symphony on a previous occasion.—*Athenæum*.

OPERA. Mr. Lumley's programme is now out, by which it appears that Sig. Donetti, and not Mr. Balfe, is to be the conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sig. Belletti has engaged with him for three years. Mme. Amadei and Mlle Johanna Wagner are promised, the latter to make her debut in Bellini's *Romeo*.

The *Athenæum* speaks very favorably of Reinthaler's new oratorio, "*Jephtha*," which was brought out by Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall.

There is much that is very good in the new Oratorio. What there is less good is referable, we imagine, to inexperience, not to incompetence, and in part, perhaps, to circumstance. To the last cause may we owe the arrangement of the book, which seems to have been put together bit by bit, rather than to have been created by working out a master idea. This manner of craftsmanship is apt to lead, not merely to disproportion, but to want of variety. Where the outline is not clear, detail must jostle detail where a single passage should suffice. Then it may have been owing to the paucity of German tenors, not merely that Jephtha was made a bass, but that the bass voice in general has been allowed to overgrow the Oratorio; hence a certain heaviness and monotony, which no pruning or interpolation can finally relieve. In treating the daughter of Jephtha, where Handel thought of the maiden's youth, (his Iphis being a notable example of innocence in music,) Herr Reinthaler has studied her as the daughter of a Jewish chieftain, who went out to greet her father with the timbre of triumph in her hand and prophecy in her mouth. There is something Hebraic and stately in his conception of this character, which is individual, and gives a color and a certain loftiness of tone to the whole oratorio. Her hymn, "*When Israel out of Egypt came*," her *cantilena*, "*Lo, blessed thou shalt be*," (encored,) her "*comfortable*" song (to use the word in the old English sense), "*Why art thou cast down?*" her canticle of greeting to her father, "*As the sun when he goeth forth*," and the recitative which precedes her "*Song upon the mountains*," have in them something of the Princess, something of the Priestess. If Handel's Jephtha's Daughter may be likened to a holy maiden such as Fra Beato drew, Herr Reinthaler's has its parallel in some of the gorgeous and graceful creations of Domenichino, with their jewelled turbans and magnificent robes and elaborate phylacteries. The older conception may have been the truer and more spiritual one, but then it was exhausted by the older master; the younger one has shown modesty as well as courage in throwing a totally different light on the same biblical figure.

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- 2—Aria: 'Ah Si! ben mio,' from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
Mr. Millard.
- 3—Aria: 'Ah! non credea,' from *La Sonnambula*, Bellini.
Miss Elise Hensler.
- 4—Grand Fantasia d'Ernani, Satter.
Mr. Gustave Satter.
- 5—Duo: 'Si la stanchezza,' from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
Miss Phillips and Mr. Millard.
- 6—Terzetto: 'Te sol quest' anima,' from *Attila*, Verdi.
Miss Hensler, Mr. Millard, and an Amateur.

PART II.

- 1—Solo: Piano-forte—*a*, Tarentella, —*b*, Fair Helen,
'Polka de Salon,' Satter.
Mr. Gustave Satter.
- 2—Aria: 'Non piu mesta,' from *Cenerentola*, Rossini.
Miss A. Phillips.
- 3—Romanza: 'Quando le sere,' from *Luisa Miller*, Verdi.
Mr. H. Millard.
- 4—Barcarole: 'Il Pescatore,' Millard.
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- 5—English Ballad: 'Then you'll remember me,' from
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- 6—Grand Trio: Finale from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudréant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER IX.

"L'UOM DI SASSO."

I was altogether too dissatisfied with the result of my undertaking to feel disposed to renew my inquiries upon the mysterious castle. I concealed my curiosity, as if I was ashamed of it, for my success had not justified it; but still it existed just as strongly as ever at the bottom of my heart, and I laid new plans for the ensuing night. Meanwhile, I determined to go and reconnoitre the castle, that I might carefully arrange some means of penetrating the place by night, if possible. "Bah!" said I to myself, "where there's a will there's a way."

I was just going out, when a little peasant, who had been hanging about the door, looked at me with that mixture of boldness and shyness so characteristic of country children. Then, as I observed his countenance, cunning and shy at the same time, he came up to me, and giving me a letter, said:

"See if that is for you."

I read my name and surname very legibly written upon the envelope in an elegant hand writing. Hardly had I nodded assent, when the boy ran away, without waiting for questions or reward. I turned to the signature, which explained nothing, but which did not deceive me. Stella and Beatrice! "What beautiful names!" cried I, rushing to my chamber, considerably excited, I must confess.

"Chance, aided by curiosity," said this grace-

ful and perfumed note, "has revealed to two very shrewd little girls the name of the stranger who picked up the knot of cherry ribbons. Footsteps in the snow, explaining the warning of the fine dog Hecate, proved to the young ladies that the stranger was even more curious than polite or prudent, and that he does not fear to cross the ice to peer into the secrets of others. Your fate is cast! Since you desire to be initiated into our mysteries, you shall be, O presumptuous youth! May you never repent it, and show yourself worthy of our confidence. Be silent as the grave! the slightest indiscretion on your part will render your admittance impossible. Come at eight o'clock this evening (*solo e inosservato*) to the side of the ditch; there you will find Stella and Beatrice."

The whole note was written in Italian, and expressed in that pure Tuscan which I had heard them speak. I hurried the dinner that I might go out at six o'clock, pretending that I was going to see the moon rise over the hills. I took a walk beyond the castle, and at eight precisely I was at the rendezvous. I did not wait five minutes before my two charming châtelaines appeared, well cloaked and hooded. I was rather disturbed, after I had ascended the steps, to see a third, whom I had not expected. She wore a mask of black velvet, and her cloak was made like a domino.

"Do not be frightened," said little Beatrice, taking me unceremoniously by the arm; "there are three of us. This one is our oldest sister. Do not speak to her, for she is deaf. Besides, you must follow us without saying a single word and without asking a question. You must submit implicitly to all we exact, even should we take a fancy to cut off your moustache, your hair, or even a piece of your ear. You will see strange things, and you must do all we command you, without venturing the slightest objection, without hesitating, *without laughing*, after you have once crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. An untimely laugh is disagreeable to our *chef*, and I won't dare to say what would become of you if you should not behave with the greatest dignity."

"Does the gentleman give us here his word of honor as a true man," said Stella, the second of the sisters, in her turn, "to obey all our commands? If not, he shall not proceed one step farther in our dominions, and my oldest sister here, who is deaf as the law of destiny, will chain him to the foot of this tree, where he will be a laughing stock to all passers-by. To do this, she only needs a sign from us, so speak quickly, sir."

"I swear upon my honor and by the devil, if you choose, to be yours, body and soul, until to-morrow morning."

"All right!" said they.

And both taking my arms, they drew me into an obscure labyrinth of green trees. The black domino preceded us without turning round. A branch caught back the hem of her cloak, and I saw a very slender leg, which looked decidedly suspicious, for it was covered with a black stocking, and a knot of ribbons falling on one side, without the slightest trace of the existence of a petticoat. This oldest sister, deaf and dumb, seemed like a young man, who did not wish to betray himself by his voice, and came to watch my manner with his sisters, that he might bring me back to good behavior if there were any need of it.

Just then I could not resist the promptings of my self-love to reveal my discovery, and I was immediately punished.

"Why have you mistrusted me?" said I to my young friends. "Your brother's presence is not necessary to secure the most submissive and respectful behavior on my part."

"And why do you break your oath?" answered Stella, severely. "Come here; it is too late to go back, and we must employ harsher means to force you to silence."

She stopped me; the black domino turned round, deaf as she was, and produced a bandage which the three bound about my eyes with the precaution and dexterity of girls well skilled in all the tricks of blind man's buff.

"We will spare you the gag," said Beatrice, "but at the first word you speak, you will not escape it so easily, as we shall soon go where there are stronger hands. Until then, give us your hands; you will not be so mean as to draw them away, and oblige us to fasten them behind you."

I really did not find their manner of binding my hands disagreeable after all, for they were tightly clasped in those of two lovely girls; neither did the ceremony of the bandage disturb me, for I felt two other hands placed upon my forehead and among the locks of my hair; they were those of the elder sister, and as they were gloveless to perform such high offices, their soft pressure left me no longer in doubt respecting the sex of the dumb personage.

I should say in my own praise, that I had not once felt the slightest uneasiness respecting the result of my adventure. However inexplicable everything was as yet, I had not the provincialism to dread any mystery in bad taste; I was armed with no poignard, and the threat of my lovely sybils did not inspire me with fear, either for my ears or even my moustache. I saw clearly that I had intelligent people to deal with, and the remembrance of their faces and the sound of

their voices neither betrayed boldness nor wickedness. They must have been authorized by their father, who probably knew me by reputation, to receive me thus romantically; and even if it was not so, there always is a certain indefinable atmosphere of candor about a pure woman, which never deceives the senses of an experienced man.

I soon felt, from the warmth of the temperature and the sound of my footsteps, that I was within the castle. I mounted several steps, then I was shut in a room, and Beatrice called to me from outside:

"Get ready—take off your bandage—buckle on the armor—put on the masque—forget nothing. Some one will come for you in a few minutes."

I found myself alone in a room, furnished only with a large mirror, two lamps and a sofa, upon which I saw a strange suit of armor—a helmet, cuirass, a shirt of mail, armlets and greaves, all compact and white as stone. But when I touched them, I found that they were made of pasteboard, but so well modelled and painted in relief, to imitate carved ornaments, that at the distance of a few steps the illusion was complete. The mail was made of "toile d'encollage," and its stiff folds imitated sculpture in the best possible manner.

The style of this warlike accoutrement was a mixture of the antique and rococo, as is seen in the statues of the last centuries. I hastened to don this strange costume, even to the mask, which represented the stern and sad face of an old captain, and whose white eyes, lined with gauze inside, had something terrific about them. In looking at myself in the glass, through the gauze, which did not permit to see clearly, I thought I had changed into stone, and drew back involuntarily.

The door opened; Stella examined me in silence, and, placing her finger on her lips:

"Done to a charm!" said she, speaking low. "*L'uom di sasso* is frightful! But don't forget the white gloves. Oh, these are too clean; soil them a little against the wall to give them tone and shadow. Everything must deceive, even when seen near by. Well, come now; my brothers look for you, but my father suspects nothing. Now behave like a sensible statue. Don't seem to see or understand anything."

She then led me down a concealed staircase, contrived in the thickness of an immense wall; then she opened a door and led me to a seat, where she left me, whispering:

"Arrange yourself well. Be an artist in your attitude!"

She disappeared; all was still, and it was a few seconds before the gauze of my mask allowed me to distinguish the faintly lighted objects around me.

Judge of my surprise! I was seated upon a tomb! I saw that I was to represent a monument in the corner of a moon-lit cemetery. Real yews were planted about me and real ivy twined about my pedestal. In a few minutes more I discovered that I was in a well-warmed room, lighted by a false moon. I saw through the cypress branches, which arched over my head, bits of blue sky, which, however, was only painted canvas, lit by blue lights. But all was so artistically arranged that only an effort of the reason convinced me that it was but an illusion. Was

I upon a stage? There certainly was a large green velvet curtain before me; but around me nothing seemed stage-like. Nothing was arranged to give scenic effect to an audience. There were no side scenes for the actors, but the entrances were made by masses of green branches, their outlines, veiled by blue cloth, lost in the shade. There were no side-lights to be seen; the light came from above, like that of stars, but from where I was rivetted upon my funeral pedestal I could not see its focus. The floor was covered by a green carpet, imitating moss. The tombs about me resembled marble, they were so well painted and arranged. Far back behind me arose a false wall, which looked so like a wall as to deceive me. There were none of those false distances which deceive the audience and against which the actor loses the depths of the horizon. The scene in which I took part was so large as not to shock the appearance of reality. It seemed to me like a room arranged like a little convent yard, or the corner of a garden assigned to illustrious graves. The cypress trees seemed to be really planted in the huge rocks which had been brought to hold them, and upon which the moss was still fresh.

So I was in no theatre, and yet I was taking part in some sort of representation. This is what I imagined: M. de Balma was insane, and his children practised strange fantasies to flatter him. They arranged tableaux suited to the joyous or melancholy moods of his weak brain, for I had heard them laugh and sing the night before, although they talked about arranging the cemetery. I heard whisperings, stealthy footsteps and the rustling of dresses behind the trees which surrounded me; then I heard the sweet voice of Beatrice pronounce these words from behind the curtain:

"It is time!"

Then a choir of beautiful voices arose from all sides, as if spirits had inhabited those cypress boughs which waved above my head and about my feet. I arranged my pose as Commander, for I saw plainly that we had to do with "Don Juan." The chorus was Mozart's and they sang those admirable harmonious chords of the cemetery scene: "*Di rider finerai, pria dell'aurora. Rinaldo! audace! lascia ai morti la pace!*"

Involuntarily I added my voice to those of the invisible spirits, but I was silenced by the opening of the curtain before me. It did not rise like a stage curtain; it drew back on either side; but it unveiled none the less a pretty little theatre, adorned with two rows of handsome boxes ornamented in the style of Louis XIV. Three pretty chandeliers hung from the dome. There were no footlights, but there was a place for an orchestra. The strangest thing was that there were no spectators, not one soul in all the room, and I played the statue to empty seats.

"If this is all the mystification I am to meet with," thought I, "it is not very malicious. I only want to know how long I am to play the statue to nobody."

I did not wait long. Don Juan and Leporello came out from the trees behind me and began to converse. Their costumes, admirably faithful and in good taste, did not permit me to recognize the actors at once, for Leporello had grown full thirty years younger. His figure was easy, his limbs straight, and he wore a black beard, cut en

collier Andaloux; his wrinkles were concealed, but could I hesitate one moment when I heard his voice? It was old Boccaferri, transformed into an elegant and graceful actor.

But this handsome Don Juan, this haughty and poetical youth, who leaned so carelessly upon my pedestal, without deigning to turn towards me his face, shaded by a blonde wig, and a large felt hat, Louis XIII., with a white plume—who was he then? His rich costume seemed taken from some family portrait. It was no fancy dress, made up of rags and tinsel; it was a veritable velvet doublet, short as was worn by the dandies of that period, with the same large breeches, the same stiff lace and soft and rich ribbons. Nothing about it smelt of the shop or the costumer, or that unfaithful arrangement by which the actor compromises with the public in modifying the extravagance and exaggeration of old times. It was the first time I had ever seen a person truly historic in his costume and his manner of wearing it; and for me, a painter, it was a good fortune. The young man was graceful and well made; he strutted like a peacock, and gave me a much better idea of Don Juan than Celio himself could have done, for Celio would have infused into him something too haughty and super-tragic for the character. But suddenly, upon a cowardly remark from Leporello Boccaferri, he raised his head to me, the statue, with an air of nonchalant irony, and I recognized Celio Floriani himself.

Did he know me? At all events, my mask did not let him smile upon the well-known features; and as the piece seemed carried on with wonderful self-possession, I kept my position unmoved. When my first emotions of surprise and joy were over, (for, although I did not see Cecilia, I hoped that she was not far off,) I listened to the play which was going on, that I might not cause it to fail. My rôle was not difficult, since I had only one gesture to make, one word to say, but still even these must be used in their place.

I had judged from the chorus, where, for want of instruments, charming voices had supplied the harmonious combinations of an orchestra, that Mozart's opera was to be performed in some manner; but Celio's and Boccaferri's dialogue made me think that they were playing Moliere's comedy in Italian. I knew it almost by heart in French, and before long I saw that they did not follow the text closely, for Doña Anna, dressed in black, crossed the foot of the cemetery and drew near me, as if to pray at my tomb, when, seeing the two promenaders, she hid herself to listen. This beautiful Doña Anna, dressed like one of Velasquez's portraits, was represented by Stella. She was sad and pale as became her rôle at that time. She learned there that Don Juan had killed her father, for the reprobate almost boasted of it in mocking poor Leporello, who was half dead with fright. Anna stifled a shriek as she fled. Leporello answered by cries of fear, and declared to his master that the souls of the dead were disturbed by his impiety; and as for himself, he should not cross that part of the cemetery, but should go all around it rather than advance one step. Don Juan seized him by his ear, and insisted upon his reading the inscription upon the Commander's monument. The poor valet declared that he could not read, as in the libretto of the Italian opera. The scene was prolonged in a manner rather piquant to study, for it was a

mixture of Moliere's comedy and the lyric drama put into common words and action, and the whole was lengthened and carried out by a third version, unknown to me, which seemed improvised. It made the dialogue rather too long and sometimes too familiar for the public, but there it had a surprising reality, so great that the illusion was not lost for a moment, and I felt almost as if I was beholding an episode in the life of Don Juan.

The play of the actors was so natural, and the place so well arranged for the freedom of their motions, that they did not seem to act comedy, but to be persuaded that they were true types of the drama.

This illusion even took possession of me when I heard Leporello deliver his master's invitation to me, and I saw him express unfeigned terror at the inclination of my head. Never did convulsive trembling, contraction of the features, suffocation of the voice or trembling of the limbs more truly mark a man seriously terrified by a supernatural act. Don Juan himself was moved when I answered his insolent appeal by the solemn "Yes." The sound of a gong in the side-scenes and a few lugubrious chords made me tremble myself. Don Juan held his head high and his form erect, his arrogant sword turning back the edge of his cloak; but he trembled a little, his light moustache stood out with secret fear, and he went out, saying:

"I thought myself beyond such hallucinations. Do let us go out!"

He passed before me, eyeing me with audacity, but his eyes were rounded with fear, and his lofty brow was bathed with a cold perspiration. He went off with Leporello, and the curtain was drawn together, while the spirits recommenced the chorus:

"Di rider finerai," &c.

Doña Anna came immediately and took me by the hand, helping me first to undo the mask; then she led me to the curtain and bade me look cautiously into the room. The parterre of the audience room, which was only furnished with a dozen arm-chairs, and a table covered with papers, and a grand piano, became a green room in the entr'acte. I saw old Boccaferri fanning himself with a ladies' fan and breathing quickly, like a man who was really excited. Celio was collecting the papers upon the table; Beatrice, beautiful as an angel and dressed for Zerlina, held by the hand a beardless boy, who personated Masetto. A fifth person was standing back to me, wrapped in a domino, caught up on one side, and displaying a lace ruffle hanging over a black silk stocking. This was the third pretended Mademoiselle de Balma, the deaf one, dressed as Ottavio, who had mystified me in the garden; but was it Cecilia? She seemed taller to me, and that careless mien, that attitude, so like a young man, did not remind me of the Boccaferri, whom I had never seen in the garments of our sex. I was about asking Stella, but she put her finger upon her lips and motioned me to listen.

"Pardieu!" said Boccaferri to Celio, who was complimenting him upon acting so well, "no one could have helped it. I was half dead with fright in good earnest; for I did not see the statue at the rehearsal yesterday, and although I cut out and painted all the pieces of the armor, I had no idea that they could have such effect when they

were worn. Salvator's attitude was perfect, and he spoke the *yes* with so excellent a tone that I did not recognize his voice; and then, in that costume, he seemed like a giant. Where is the child, that I may compliment him?"

Boccaferri turned suddenly and saw the young man of whom he spake busied in rouging his cheeks for Masetto.

"Well done! What!" cried Boccaferri, "have you had time to change your costume already?"

"How is that, *mon vieux*," answered the boy; "you think I was the statue? Don't you remember meeting me in the passage, when you almost fell down on your knees in your haste to flee, so great was your fear? and you whispered to me: 'That stone figure really did frighten me.'"

"Did I say that?" said Boccaferri, astounded. "I do not remember it. I saw you without noticing you; I was beside myself. Yes, I really was afraid. I am satisfied; our attempt has succeeded, my children; we are gaining in emotion. I for one have gained it, and when *you* do, you will become great artists."

"But, dear fool," said Celio, laughing, "if Salvator was not the statue, who was? You do not ask."

"Indeed, who was it? Who the deuce did play the statue?"

And Boccaferri rose, thoroughly frightened, casting his haggard eyes around him.

"The dear good man is very susceptible," said Stella to me; "we must go no farther. Speak your name before showing yourself."

[To be continued.]

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.]

(Continued from page 53)

PARTICULAR APPLICATION.

DILETTANTISM IN PAINTING.

The Dilettant shuns all that relates to principles, neglects the acquisition of the requisite knowledge, in order to come at once to practice; confounds Art with Material.

Thus, for instance, we never find a Dilettant who draws well, for in that case he would be on the road to art.

Dilettants often turn their attention to Encaustic and Mosaic, because they put the duration of the work in the place of art. Still oftener, they occupy themselves with etching, because the multiplication pleases them.

They are curious in artifice, manner, modes of working, arcana, because in general they cannot raise themselves beyond the idea of mechanical dexterity, and think, if they can only acquire the trick of hand, they will have no further difficulty to surmount.

It is on this account, namely, the want among Dilettants of a true idea of art, that they always prefer the Many and the Indifferent, or the Rare and Costly, to the Choice and Good. We find many Dilettants with great collections. Nay, it may be said that all great collections have their origin in Dilettantism; for it prospers best, particularly when its quest is aided by means, in *raking together*. Its object is to possess, not to choose with understanding, and be content with the possession of a few good things.

Dilettants have for the most part a patriotic tendency. Thus, a German Dilettant not seldom interests himself for German art exclusively; hence the collections of engravings and paintings of German masters only.

Two bad habits are often met with in Dilettants, and are to be ascribed in like manner to the want of a true notion of art. The first is, they would

be of consequence; that is, would have their applause of importance, would stamp the artist. In the second place, the artist, who is the true connoisseur, has an unconditional and entire interest in art, and devotion to it. The Dilettant has never more than a half interest; he regards all as a sport and pastime; has, for the most part, some by-object, some propensity to satisfy, some whim to indulge, and seeks to avoid coming to a reckoning with the world, and the demands of good taste, by the apology, that in the purchase of works of art, he hopes to accomplish some good end,—to aid a promising artist, or help a poor family in distress; such have always been the reasons why Dilettants have bought this or that. Thus, on the one hand, they seek to show their taste, on the other, to free it from suspicion.

Amateurship in Landscape, presupposes a highly cultivated art.

Portrait painting.

Sentimental poetic tendency, also gives rise to Dilettantism, in the arts of design. Shakspeare. Engraved illustrations of poems.

Silhouettes.

Urns.

Works of art as furniture.

All Frenchmen are Dilettants in the arts of design, as an integral part of education.

Amateurs in Miniature.

Lay everything to knack.

Love of allegory and allusion.

DILETTANTISM IN ARCHITECTURE.

Scarcity of good architects, in proportion to the desire there is for fine architecture, drives to Dilettantism; especially when the rich lovers of architecture are scattered at wide intervals.

Travel in Italy and France, and particularly amateurship in gardens, have fostered this Dilettantism.

Dilettants prefer to go back to the origin of Architecture. a) Rough wood, bark, &c. b) Heavy architecture, Doric columns. c) Imitation of Gothic Architecture. d) Architecture of fancy and sentiment. e) Miniature aping of great forms.

On account of its apparent freedom from restrictions, it seems easier than it really is, and thus we are more easily led into it.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

French style of gardening, considered on its good side, and especially *vis-à-vis* the present taste.

English taste has the basis of the useful, which the French must sacrifice.

The apish imitation of the English taste has the appearance of the useful.

Chinese taste.

DILETTANTISM IN LYRICAL POETRY.

The fact, that the German language was in the beginning applied to poetry, not by any one great poetic genius, but through merely middling heads, must inspire Dilettantism with confidence to essay itself in it.

The cultivation of French literature and language has made even Dilettants more artistic.

The French were always more rigorous, tended to severer correctness, and demanded even of Dilettants taste and spirit within, and externally a faultless diction.

In England, Dilettantism held more by Latin and Greek.

Sonnets of the Italians.

Impudence of the later Dilettantism, originated and maintained through reminiscences of a richly cultivated poetic dialect, and the facility of a good mechanical exterior.

Polite literature of universities, induced by a modern method of study.

Lady poems.

Schön-geisterei (*Bel esprit*).

Musen-almanacks. (Our annuals?)

Journals.

Fashion and extension of translations.

Immediate transition from the classes and the university to authorship.

Epoch of ballads, and songs of the people.

Gessner, poetic prose.

Carlsruhers, &c. revival of fine authors in the past.

Imitation of the bards.
 Bürger's influence on the Lyre.
 Rhymeless verses.
 Klopstockean odes.
 Claudius.
 Wieland's laxity.
 In earlier times,
 Latin verses.
 Pedantism.
 More handicraft.
 Skill, without poetic spirit.

DILETTANTISM IN PRAGMATIC POETRY.

Reasons why the Dilettant hates the powerful, the passionate, the characteristic, and only represents the middling, the moral.

The Dilettant never paints the object, but only the feeling it gives rise to in him.

He avoids the character of the object.

All Dilettantic creations in this style of poetry will have a pathological character, and express only the attractions and repulsions felt by their author.

The Dilettant thinks to reach poetry by means of his wits.

Dramatic botchers go mad when they desire to give effect to their work.

DILETTANTISM IN MUSIC.

In ancient times a greater influence upon passionate life, by means of portable stringed instruments, which gave more room for a simple expression of sentiment.

Medium of gallantry.

In later times piano-forte and violin.

More stress laid upon mechanical dexterity, difficulty, and art; less intimate connexion with life and passion.

Passes into concerts.

More food for vanity.

Song and opera existence.

False hopes of implanting national feeling or æsthetic spirit by means of composed people-songs (*Volks-lieder*).

Social, table, drinking, and free-mason songs.

IN THE DANCE.

In former times pedantry and indifference. Uniformity.

In later times, formlessness; from which arise wildness, violence, application of strength.

Distinction between representative, naïve, and characteristic Dances.

Representative, make beauty of form, and motion of importance, and possess dignity, (Minuet.)

Naïve, belonging to a livelier state, are more free and agreeable.

Characteristic, approach the boundary of objective art.

Fall easily into stiffness.

Fall easily into extravagance.

Run easily into caricature.

DILETTANTISM IN DRAMATIC ART.

French comedy is, even among amateurs, obligatory, and a social institution.

Italian amateur-comedy, is founded on a puppet, or puppet-like, representation.

Germany, in former times, Jesuit-schools.

In later times; French Amateur-comedies, for aiding the cultivation of the language, in noble houses.

Mixing up of ranks in German Amateur-comedy.

Conditions, under which, in any case, a moderate practice in theatrical matters may be harmless and allowable, or even in some measure advantageous.

Permanence of the same company.

To avoid passionate pieces, and choose such as are reflective and social.

To admit no children, or very young persons.

Greatest possible strictness in outward forms.

(Conclusion next week.)

Marietta Piccolomini.

(Translated for the London Musical World from "L'Illustration Journal Universel.")

Did you ever assist at the triumph of a *prima donna*, in Italy? If you have such a chance, mind you do not sit in the orchestra stalls, for

your fate would inevitably be to be buried, along with the actress, under a mountain of boquets, crowns of laurel, gold, and occasionally even of iron—the latter aimed by the zealous hand of some implacable rival. Diamonds and other precious stones are mixed up with flowers in this deluge of enthusiasm; and, unless you be a Turcopolist to the extent of craving for a Mahometan paradise in this world, in which the great point consists in calmly reposing on rubies and emeralds, you will have cause to repent your indiscreet curiosity.

The carnival of 1856 had been so obstreperous and frenetic among the Siennese—who had on this occasion received permission to put on their masks, which had been prohibited for more than eight years—that they very naturally felt the necessity of expiating by a few tears all the eccentricities of which they had been guilty. The consequence was, that in the morning all Sienna turned out and rushed to the Duomo, to weep at the sermon of a celebrated Franciscan friar, and from thence went in a body to the theatre to weep over the misfortune of *La Traviata*, interpreted by the noble lady MARIA PICCOLOMINI. What is the Traviata?—Why, it is the young lady who has missed her way, taken the wrong path—in short the *Dame aux Camélias*. The Traviata is nothing more than the well known and un-edifying story of a Gascon father who comes up from his village to spoil a tender *liaison* which has been going on for some three or four months between his son, also of the Gascon school, and a consumptive young lady who keeps the said son, and as usual is repaid by the deepest ingratitude, while the gentleman invokes the testimony of the chorus who sing at him at the tops of their voices—"Di donna ignobile insultator, va! ne desti orror!" I do not undertake to relate the whole story, which I dare say you know as well as I do; but what I must say is that the opera of *La Traviata*, which had been successively condemned in all the theatres of Italy, has been triumphantly re-instated by Maria (or Marietta—or Marietina) Piccolomini, who has infused the breath of life into it by her rare dramatic talent. It is of this young genius that I am now about to say a few words.

This grand daughter and niece of a swarm of illustrious men, of the Piccolomini family, whose root, transplanted by Charlemagne from among the Gauls, and replanted in fertile Italy, has given birth two two popes, several cardinals, bishops, marshals, poets, historians, &c.; this young girl, we say, endowed with a large fortune, and allied to the most distinguished families in the kingdom, has, nevertheless, been unable to resist the fascinations of the art which has drawn her towards the stage. She experienced the necessity of giving utterance to and singing what she felt so well; she was instinctively impelled to transfer the emotions which filled her own soul into the souls of a numerous audience. Considerations of position, alliances of all sorts, were constrained to give way; the dramatic instinct was too strong to be resisted, and it compelled all those opposed to it to range themselves on its side. Maria Piccolomini has overcome the repugnance of her family. Surrounded by all that affection and friendship can offer, it is charming to see her, sportive child that she is, playing with her younger brothers and sisters, and remember that the previous evening she had made the public tremble and weep, and, as it were, hang suspended on her life. The mimetic talent of Marietta is extremely natural. No lesson of theatrical tradition has taken away the bloom of her originality, or even interfered with it. While a mere child, only four years old, she used to amuse herself with playing at mock representations. She sang duets with her mother, who was an admirable amateur, and it frequently happened during the fine summer evenings, when little Marietta was singing, thinking that nobody heard her except those in the room, that a sudden explosion from people listening without the chateau followed the performance, and awoke in the mind of the young countess the first dream of her aspiration for public applause. She had much to go through, however, poor child! before arriving at the wished-for goal. Entreaties, earnest and prolonged, having failed with her father,

she addressed herself—good Italian as she is—to the adored image of Jesus the Nazarene, in the church of St. John. She implored it and offered it valuable gifts if it would unbend that will which opposed all the yearnings of her heart.

Singular coincidence! Four centuries previously, in 1464, Marietta's ancestor, Pope Pius the Second, bequeathed to the same church the right hand of John the Baptist, brought to Italy from the Morea by Thomas Paleologue, and implored the divine protection to assist him in converting Mahomet II., and, in this crusade against the Turks, offered to Europe the singular spectacle of a pope who made himself a general! . . . The views of young Piccolomini were even more favorably received than those of the Holy Pontiff, since, as everybody knows, the Turk remained Sultan, and the Pope died during the expedition; while the charming *virtuosa*, fortified by the paternal consent, appeared on the stage of the Pergola in Florence, with the most triumphant success, charmed all those who wished to encourage her in her new career, and afflicted her parents with inconsolable anguish.

And how, indeed, could success have failed her, possessed of talent, youth, a charming person, and a passionate love for the art? She is twenty years of age; and, during the four she has been on the stage, she has already acquired, in the principal towns of Italy, the highest renown. Her form, rather tall, is extremely graceful; her features are regular; her mouth is beautiful, and her eyes full of softness and expression. An admirable actress, never losing sight of her part, because she throws her whole soul and feeling into it, she excels, above all, in pathetic and touching music, and the play of her countenance adds forcibly to the effect of her sympathetic voice. Not content with the brilliant successes she has obtained in the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and other masters, she was desirous of creating a character, and to restore new life to a work abandoned by all the "prima donnas." She brought back the *Traviata* of Verdi to the stage, and achieved a success at Turin that will be remembered for many years. Paris, whither she intends going next September, will pronounce its irrevocable verdict upon the opera and upon the artist. We doubt not that the Parisian public, so difficult to please, and so delicate in appreciation, will at once acknowledge and accept the double talent of Mlle. Piccolomini, which consists not only in vocalizing in a remarkable manner, but in histrionic powers, that often reach perfection.

The young *cantatrice*, not wishing to deprive Sienna, her native place, of the pleasure of hearing her sing, with a disinterestedness above all praise, gave fourteen representations at the theatre, the receipts of which were all distributed among the poor. In addition to the enthusiastic reception she met with every evening, being sometimes called as often as forty times before the curtain, after the last representation, all the youth of the town and country, carrying torches in their hands, attended by bands of music, escorted her in triumph from the theatre to her own house. Here we are presented with a coincidence analogous to that we have specialized above. Contrast the striking phases of her life when the extremes touch! Before the altar of the Virgin—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Francisco di Giorgio, and the principal ornament of the Place of Sienna—in 1469, passed Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini), on leaving the cathedral, when, after a *lenten* sermon, he had presented the *rose d'or* to the municipality. He was reconducted to his palace by an enthusiastic crowd, who kissed the traces of his sandals. The sublime frescoes copied from the cartoons of Raphael by Pinturichio may almost be accounted living witnesses of this scene. Well—To this same place, four hundred years later, we have seen the great-grand-niece of the Pontiff, escorted by a crowd of people assembled from every corner of Italy to hear her sing—who re-conducted her, as her ancestor, Pius II., was re-conducted, to the Palace Piccolomini. The one came from the cathedral, the other from the theatre; traversed the same places, with almost the same ceremonials; the one circinctured with a tiara, the other crowned with golden laurels, and proclaimed the

Ristori of song—throwing to the crowd her lace handkerchief, that her fervent admirers might preserve its fragments, even as the indulgences and relics were formerly distributed by the Pontiff. The Pope bequeathed to his native town *chefs-d'œuvre* of arts, imperishable remembrancers of his munificence; the artist succors the afflicted, and bestows on the hospitals large sums of money, the produce of her talent. Thus, in all times, this patrician family has merited from a grateful country the veneration which it still enjoys. Who knows but that Providence, in his unseen ways, may prepare for the young Piccolomini that triumph which was the ambition of her great-grand-uncle?—that the descendant of the Caliph, who, they say, is about to make a tour in France, may be so far impressed by Marietta Piccolomini's representation of Polyucte, as to become a good catholic on the spot? This, indeed, would be a splendid *coup-de-theatre*!

LE COLONEL F. COLOMBARI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE TWO MINSTREL-HOSTS.

[From the German of AUERSPERG.]

I slept where an elm-grove darkened the ground,
And the dead bards lay in their coffins around.
The birds with their music had lulled me to sleep,
And the branches made hymns in the wind's low sweep.

And now, when all eyes to slumber were gone,
And Love and Sorrow alone watched on,
The lids of the coffins all rattled and shook,
The lids of the coffins all rattled and broke.

Like wave on wave in the sounding main,
Came forth from the coffins a minstrel-train,
To thousands and thousands the shadow-host swell'd,
And each bony figure an instrument held.

Their lips are all dry, and their glance is cold,
And the pallid cheek is sunken and old,
And with hands through which no feeling ran,
To hammer and pound on the strings they began.

And as, in chorus, they hammer and pound,
There falls on my ear no tone or sound;
But owls from their coverts went flying about,
And from chinks in the rocks grinning Cobolds peep'd out.

And the grass all withered in the place,
And the moon, with a cloud, veiled her modest face;
Thus nightly, at midnight, they thrum, and the key
Of the strain is—OBLIVION and VANITY!

Hark! a sound like the angels' trumpet-call,
When the worlds into being were summoned all;
The leaves of the forest all murmur and thrill,
The meadow-grass rustles, and tinkles the rill.

And thousands of coffins clap suddenly to;
Crowd back to their slumbers the thrumming crew;
Then thousands of coffins wide open fly,
And a minstrel-race comes sweeping by!

A seed that shall never extinguished be,
Nursed at the breast of eternity,
With eye of lightning and yet so mild,
And the rosy face of a loving child.

And lo! the majestic minstrel-choir
All strike together the sounding wire,
Like the seraphim's prayer—like an avalanche—rang
Along the broad plain the melodious clang.

The waters stopped flowing to hear them sing,
The roses bloomed as if it were spring,
And round them, in fuller moonlight, wove
The elfin-children their dance in the grove.

The tree shook his head for joy, 'twould seem,
The bird on the bough dreamed a sweeter dream;
Thus nightly, at midnight, they sing, and the key
Of the strain is—IMMORTALITY!

As one song-greeted and crowned with rose,
The sunken sun in his mountain-grave glows;
Once more through the spaces a murmur swept,
And the minstrels again in their coffins slept.

The rattling startled me and I woke,
Already the day in the East had broke,
The stones are all fast, the sepulchre sealed,
And the morning air breaths over the field.

But though the minstrels long since reposed,
And their everlasting mansions closed,
One song of the two bids my heart yet thrill,
I have sung it, and, dying, shall sing it still.

But which of the hosts has inspired my rhyme?
Thou, thou shalt reveal it, all-judging Time!
When the grave-rose blooms, and I am gone,
With one of them still shall my song sound on.

C. T. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 24, 1856.

Beethoven's "Egmont" Music.

"FROM MY DIARY."

NEW YORK, MAY 21. Last Saturday evening, for the first time, within the walls of the theatre known as the "Academy" in this city, the occasion EISFELD's concert, much impressed with the beauty and commodiousness of the building, much troubled by the manner of lighting it, but better pleased with its acoustic qualities than in any theatre of its size I have visited: I tried the parquette, the second boxes, and finally the amphitheatre, where I had several hundred seats at my disposal, being the only occupant, and where I listened in delightful silence, far from the talkers below, to the entire second part. Oh, those talkers—those ———! Well, well! Here is the programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture to *Oberon*,.....WEBER
 2. "Ah, perfido," sung by Miss BRAINARD.
 3. Adagio and Finale from Mendelssohn's delightful Concerto in G minor, the piano-forte played by RICHARD HOFFMANN.
 4. "Matilda a me repita," scena and aria by EISFELD, composed for and sung by BADIALI.

PART II.
BEETHOVEN's music to "Egmont," with explanatory poem by DONALD MCLEOD, the songs by Miss BRAINARD.

When one considers that our orchestras, except when rehearsing for the few concerts of the winter, which bring them all together, are scattered among a multitude of places of amusement, where the lack of numbers must be made up by the loudness of the few, it becomes a matter of surprise that such perfection can be attained as we really find. Though the fine delicacy and pure liquid flow of the tones from the bowed instruments, which distinguishes a few world-renowned orchestras made up of virtuosos, was wanting, it seemed to me, fresh from the great concerts of Berlin and Leipsic, that the performance of the opening overture was one not to be ashamed of anywhere. It has always been a curious point with me to compare the fairy music of Weber with that of Mendelssohn. Could Weber have known the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture? He might; it was composed before "Oberon." How beautiful are both! but Weber's fairies are far different from Shakspeare's.

One of the most remarkable proofs, to my mind, of the success which would have followed Beethoven's dramatic efforts, had his application to be appointed composer to the Vienna Opera been favorably received, is the *Scena and Air: Ah! perfido*, sweetly sung by Miss BRAINARD, and nicely accompanied. In form it is thoroughly Italian, after the manner of Salieri, Cimarosa, and others of his day, while at the same time the depth of feeling, both in the delicious melody and the splendid accompaniment, is peculiarly Beethoven's own. I know few if any pieces composed as this was, simply for a con-

cert piece, which comes near it. He has *out-Italianed* the Italians themselves. At the time it was written, it was performed at Beethoven's own concerts, to the delight of the Vienna public, of all grades and schools. As a general rule, scenes and airs can have their due effect only when heard in their proper connection in the operas to which they belong. A mere concert piece of the kind must therefore have uncommon merit to touch the heart as does Beethoven's *Ah! perfido*, unconnected as it is with any plot or text beside. I wish to thank Miss Brainard most heartily for singing this beautiful piece in all the simplicity of its notation, and for not once giving way to the temptation of showing off her powers by some misplaced cadenza. Few women singers, nowadays, could resist the temptation to sing the entire air in the "wobble voice," and still fewer would have passed the pause near the end without inserting two or three chromatic runs, which they had learned under Signor This or Mons. That, and call it a cadenza. As long as Miss Brainard sings so sweetly as on this evening. God speed her!

What a beautiful Adagio is that from the G minor of Mendelssohn! But is not the finale inferior to it? Still this Concerto as a whole is a favorite, and that justly. Mr. HOFFMANN was much applauded.

It was a hard trial for Mr. EISFELD's *Scena and Aria*, that but one performance separated it from the glorious *Ah! perfido*. It made no deep impression upon me, though sung magnificently by BADIALI. I have heard no such singing during the last two years.

But to Part II. Fifty-eight years ago Bernadotte, then a young and rising man, was sent to Vienna as minister of the French Republic. Among his familiar acquaintances there was a young musician, then just doubling his fame as the greatest pianist of his day by proving himself also the greatest of the rising composers. Beethoven and Bernadotte became warm personal friends, and the young Frenchman's republicanism found an echo in the breast of the German. How much the latter was imbued with hatred to tyranny, his "Fidelio," his "Heroic Symphony," and above all, his music to "Egmont," show. All these are works of the same epoch, and were composed under similar circumstances. In "Fidelio," tyranny, as exercised upon the individual, calls out all the resources of the great composer; in the Symphony he paints the hero and his mission; in the "Egmont" music, he illustrates a drama, whose subject is the fall of a hero whose blood is the seed of liberty and freedom from the tyrant's yoke.

The entire misapprehension which seems to prevail upon the intentions of the composer in this music, must excuse me for a few words upon this topic. To judge of this music by the standard of popular opera is as absurd as it is unjust to the composer. As long ago as the days of Shakspeare we find that music was a companion to the drama. Think how often we find directions in his plays for strains from his orchestra, such as it was. To this day but few theatres are without more or less musicians to keep the audience in good humor between the acts, and in a few cases music has been composed expressly for particular plays, especially upon the German stage. Any attempt at operatic music, and especially the music of the Italian opera, would be in the highest degree ridiculous. With the exception of a song or two, there is no room for vocal music, and the difficulty of finding actors and actresses capable of great musical execution would render simple strains indispensable, even if in most cases they were not the most appropriate. The composer is confined by the necessities of the case to the overture, entr'actes, marches, and occasionally a passage of melodrama or a short descriptive bit of harmony.

The overture he may make as broad as he pleases,

and the most successful ones are such as paint musically an outline of the entire play; the overture, as a mere introduction, like some to Gluck's operas, that to Haydn's "Creation," is not commonly, if ever, found written to the spoken drama. Those to the "Summer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, and to Collin's "Coriolan," by Beethoven, are instances probably most familiar to the readers of the Journal of Music. Now it is clear that this kind of music can never have its due effect upon an audience to which the drama for which it is written is not familiar; no poem, no lecture, no story given to the audience in a programme, is sufficient for any auditor, unless that auditor know the composer's mode of musical expression through long study and much hearing, or, as just intimated, is familiar with his subject matter. In Germany, where "Egmont" is as familiar as "Hamlet" or "Richard III." with us, and where each auditor who ever attends such concerts as those at which such music could ever find place, is supposed to know every character and situation from much reading of the play, the poem there recited is sufficient to give the key to the music; just as with us; we could enjoy Mendelssohn's music, so often referred to, explained in the same manner. But how many of our audience, from the simple statement of the reciter, could last Saturday evening form any conception of the real characters and situations which the music introduced or represented? That any enjoyment at all was felt by a majority of the hearers, under the circumstances, is a tribute of no small value to the truth and beauty of the composition.

Let me give the programme as it is printed in the arrangement for four hands, with such notes and comments as occur. The overture is familiar to the frequenters of the symphony concerts everywhere. It is to me not the grandest, not the most exciting of Beethoven's works of the class, but the most beautiful. I felt in its every note the master's admiration and love for the characters of Egmont and Clara, and the throbbings of his great heart at the fate of his hero and the glorious fruits which it produced.

At the close of the overture the curtain rises and the music is silent until the scene in which Clara appears, and, radiant with happiness and pride in her noble lover, sings her soldier song:

No. I.

"The war-drum is rolling, high soundeth the fife;
My lover, all harnessed, commandeth the strife;
He holds the lance proudly, he orders the army.
My heart throbs aloud—how kindles my blood!
Ah, if as a soldier beside him I stood,
From hence would I follow with courage and pride,
Wherever he led me, I'd fight by his side;
The foe would shrink as we charged on the van;
O heaven! what pleasure, were I but a man!"

The simplicity and beauty of the original is but slenderly preserved by him who translated this exquisite song of Goethe. Still one may form some idea of the young girl, who, from her low social position, looks upward with love and veneration as to a God. Of all soldier songs that I know, that in the "Daughter of the Regiment" included, there is none the music of which to me is so full of emotion and simple beauty as this. It is the beauty of the German popular song, and must be judged from that standard—a style of music as distinct and national as that of the Scotch. Where I sat, the voice of Miss Brainard came sweetly and clearly to my ears above the accompaniment, and I was fully satisfied with her performance. And how full of martial ardor and excitement is that accompaniment! This is another of the great qualities of Beethoven, that his music is so perfectly appropriate.

No. II. This is the short musical introduction to Act II. It begins with an Andante, in which Beet-

hoven paints the grief of the constant Brackenburg over his unhappy love for Clara, referring especially to the words: "Could I but forget the time when she loved me, or seemed to love me! And—and now? Let me die! Why do I hesitate?" The Andante is followed by an Allegro con brio, in which is painted the restlessness of the citizens of Brussels under the Spanish yoke, and the constantly increasing excitement among the people.

No. III. is the introduction to the next act, and paints the warnings and presentiments of the Prince of Orange, with the replies of the joyous, careless, Egmont—their farewell, to which these words are the key:

Egmont. What! tears, Orange?

Orange. To weep for one who is lost is manly.

No. IV. is the song in which Clara speaks her longing for the presence of her lover. Clara sings:

"Cheerful and tearful, unwilling or fain,
Longing and mourning in passionate pain;
Joy to feel keenly, or anguish to prove,
Happy alone is the heart that can love."

No. V. Introduction to Act IV., consisting of, echo of the love scene between Egmont and Clara; Clara at Egmont's feet—"So let me die; the world has no joy after this!"—march of the soldiers of Alva into Brussels, and closing with indications of the feelings of the citizens, as expressed in the words of Jetter: "I felt it badly the moment the Duke came into the city. Since that moment it seems to me as if the heaven was covered with a pall, which hangs so low that one must bow himself not to touch it. I snuff the odor of an execution morning; the sun will not appear—the mists stink."

No. VI. Introduction to Act V. Egmont's feelings when Alva orders him to surrender his sword; the warning words of Orange again rise in his memory; Clara's emotions upon learning of her beloved's arrest; her attempt to arouse the citizens to his rescue; and finally, her resignation and determination not to outlive him.

No. VII. Clara's death. "I draw nearer and nearer the blessed fields, and the delights of peace from that world already breathe upon me. I have conquered; call me not back again to strife."

No. VIII. Melodrama. Egmont sleeps and dreams to the sound of what Shakspeare would call "still music." He sees his beloved appear in the form of Liberty, proclaiming victory to the people; her hero falls, but in his blood is the seed of freedom.

No. IX. is a repetition of the close of the overture, the triumph of the people over the power of Spain, and the expulsion of Alva.

Such is the famous music to "Egmont." Whether it was given us better than ever before since the world stood, I do not know—I do not care. It was well done. If critics can find fault, let them. I go to hear Beethoven, and thank Eisefeld from the bottom of my heart that he has given it to us and enabled me to fill my very soul with the emotions depicted by the master of all masters.

As to Mr. Eisefeld's success pecuniarily, I fear there is little favorable to say. A great number of seats were marked taken, which was matter for rejoicing until it came out that they belonged to stockholders of the Academy, who had refused to allow them to be sold!

With half a dozen such "academies," what progress would be made here in music!

Music in Philadelphia.

The "City of Brotherly Love" has exhibited a good deal of musical activity during these last weeks, particularly in the production of new works by resident musicians. The most important of these would seem to be a new Oratorio by one of the longest established and most able of the Philadelphia musicians, Mr. LEOPOLD MEIGNEN. The *Evening Bul-*

letin gives the following account of its first performance:

MR. MEIGNEN'S NEW ORATORIO.—The first performance of the original oratorio of "The Deluge," written by Mr. Leopold Meignen, of this city, took place last evening, before a large audience at the Musical Fund Hall—the vocal forces of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society and an orchestra of thirty-six performers taking part. The words of "The Deluge" are by M. Meignen, and they are singable and sensible, if not poetical and elegant. He has contrived to interweave a good dramatic story into the Scripture account of the flood, and his "Deluge" might almost be acted on the stage as Mehul's "Joseph" often is in Europe. But Mr. Meignen's business is that of music and not poetry, and to the music we must confine ourselves.

The overture is a most effective composition. The first movement, chiefly sustained by the wind instruments, is in a large imposing style. Some very beautiful passages for the clarinet solo are introduced, and were admirably played by Mr. Stoll. Then follows a quieter movement for the whole band, gradually increasing in intensity, with a pretty melodic flow on the surface, while, beneath, the whole resources of the orchestra are called into play to give variety and spirit to what struck us as one of the most effective orchestral compositions that we have heard. This overture is worthy to take its place in the repertoire of overtures so often played at our concerts. It was very well done by the orchestra last evening, and was warmly applauded.

The vocal performance begins with a chorus, sung by Noah's family—an evening prayer—an exquisite bit of composition, equally removed from the psalm-tune style and the hackneyed prayers of the stage. Then follows a long dialogue, recitatives, solos and duets, between Noah, (basso,) and Gabriel, (tenor,) in which the coming flood is revealed and the directions are given for the building of the ark. There were some very happy musical thoughts in this portion. A chorus of revellers is then heard, interrupting for a time the dialogue. This chorus is bright and rollicking, and makes a very excellent termination for the first part.

The second part begins with a scene for a contralto voice, after which occurs one of the gems of the piece—an unaccompanied chorus, "Lord of Heaven," exquisitely written, with some beautiful effects for all the voices, and admirably sung by the members of the Society. A long scene then follows between the soprano and tenor, the barytone coming in toward the close. Then comes another remarkable chorus—that of the workmen finishing the ark—the idea of it not unlike the choruses in *Les Diamans de la Couronne* and *Il Trovatore*, but the development of it much finer than either. It, too, was heartily applauded. A soprano solo succeeded, in a grave severe style, with long-sustained phrases, and a lack of obvious melody, but at the same time exhibiting great learning and knowledge of effects, especially in the accompaniments. The remainder of the second part is made up chiefly of recitative, though a quartet toward the close deserves mention as one of the best written passages in the whole work.

The rising of the waters and all the imaginary phenomena of the flood are then illustrated by the orchestra in a descriptive symphony, in which Mr. Meignen again exhibits his perfect mastery over the mysteries of orchestral writing. Voices are heard at intervals, introduced with admirable effect. Part III. opens with a lovely chorus by the occupants of the ark. Then follow several concerted pieces and the soprano voice has afterwards a solo in the bravura style, with chorus, which was so well done as to receive an encore. The subsidence of the waters and the resting of the ark are then described, and after a solo by Gabriel, the oratorio concludes with a fugue, very clear and distinct and very well sung, receiving the plaudits even of the unlearned in the art.

It is difficult to give a judgment on a work of this kind after a single hearing, and we are therefore gratified to hear that the Harmonia Society will repeat it on the 22d inst. But even at one hearing we have ventured to express our delight with all the instrumental choral writing. If Mr. Meignen were equally happy in his solos, or if he could subdue his learning sufficiently to make for single voices a simple style of melody that would be readily appreciated by all and would not puzzle those whose ear is ever seeking rhythm in music, there would be nothing to complain of. Even of this we are not disposed to complain, with the recollection upon us of the delight afforded by his really noble orchestral and choral writing, which is such as to entitle him to a place among the first writers of the age. The Harmonia Society deserve credit for undertaking an original work of this kind, involving so much labor and risk. Several of their singers, especially the principal lady,

(who had a most arduous task to perform,) and the barytone who sang the music of Hiran, were excellent. The orchestra was always correct. A little taming down in some of the accompaniments will be an improvement at the next performance.

Another new candidate for musical fame is a Grand three act Opera, in English, entitled "Anne of Austria," the music by Signor LUIGI LA GRASSA, the libretto by PETER F. STOUT, Esq. In the absence of a suitable English company and other conditions of producing it upon the stage, it was given on the 19th inst. as an operatic concert, at the Musical Fund Hall, the composer himself presiding at the piano, with a large array of solo singers, a chorus composed of members of the Musical Union and the Rossini Association, and "an orchestra," Dr. W. P. CUNNINGTON, conductor. Fitzgerald's *City Item* was "very much pleased, all things considered," but gives a queer report of the treatment which this "Anne of Austria" had to undergo:

The opera was not fairly presented. There were but seven stringed instruments and one piano—not another instrument of any kind. Rather weak, you will say, reader. The chorus was pretty full, but not good. The first tenor sang out of tune constantly—the second tenor could not be heard, and the first and second basso did not appear to be on good terms; indeed, we have never heard our friend Rohr to greater disadvantage. The hall was filled with musical critics, music teachers, music sellers and their clerks, who walked about, shuffled their feet, and laughed and talked in a most ill-bred manner—making all kind of fun of the singers. And, yet, the opera succeeded—in fact, the success was decided and unequivocal. The music is of a light and pleasing character, and the melodies are not less pleasing from being slightly familiar now and then.

M. Legrassa deserves strong words of encouragement. Young, poor, friendless, he has produced a work of art which would reflect credit upon any of our leading musicians. The work is not perfect, but it is very fine for a first effort.

CONCERTS.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS had a good audience at the Music Hall last Saturday afternoon. The programme was popular and light, with the exception of a Piano-forte Sonata, played by Mr. S. H. MAY, set down in the bills as by Mendelssohn, but which proved to be one of the early set by Beethoven, dedicated to Haydn, and was unceremoniously cut up and murdered in the rendering. Miss PHILLIPPS sang a brilliant scene by Verdi (in English) very finely, and was admired as usual in *Non più mesta* and her smaller pieces. We were struck with the sweet, fresh quality of Mr. C. R. ADAMS's tenor, who sang a Romanza by Mercadante with considerable expression. The orchestra was that of the Germania Serenade Band, led by Mr. SCHULTZE, and played no overture, only some waltzes and an operatic arrangement. We wish Miss Phillipps all success in her Western tour.

We were unable to attend the Farewell Concert of Mr. HARRISON MILLARD on Saturday evening. We learn that Mercantile Hall was perfectly crowded, and that the singing of the young tenor, and of our two native prime donne, Miss HENSLE and Miss PHILLIPPS, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Millard sailed in the steamer of Wednesday for Europe, designing to pass the summer in London and Paris. The kind wishes of many friends follow him, and we trust it will not be long before we listen to his voice again.—Miss Hensler also sails for Italy next Saturday.

The third and last of the new series of AFTER-NOON CONCERTS took place on Wednesday, and fairly closed the season. The Music Hall was uncommonly full, the programme and the playing of the best. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, though we would rather have heard something which has been less familiar of late, was deeply interesting. It is the first movement whose power and beauty come out more by repetition than either of the

others. But how much stronger, greater every way, while so much simpler, seemed Beethoven's glorious overture to "Egmont"! That thrilled and satisfied. How Rossini's overtures have mingled themselves with the musical impressions of the last generations! They have become part of our natural musical sunshine, to be enjoyed as sunshine, in careless, recreative mood. The brilliant *La Gazza Ladra* made an agreeable conclusion, after the pretty waltzes, and the well-played, though for a hall rather too loud, operatic scena by the Germania Serenade (brass) Band.

Musical Chat-Chat.

One of the choicest programmes to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening was performed a few evenings since in a private musical party at the hospitable house of one of our warmest lovers of classical music. It was a double satisfaction to hear such good things, and to hear them in a company of forty or fifty persons, every one of whom loved music, and was careful not to lose a note. Not a piece upon the programme had been played before, so far as we know, in any concert in this city. It was as follows:

Quatuor, No. 10,Mozart.
Sonata: Piano and Violoncello: Op. 45, Mendelssohn.
Solo: Violin: 8th Concerto,Spohr.
Sonata: Piano and Violin: Andante and Finale,
Op. 30,Beethoven.
Solo: Viola: with Piano accomp't, Op. 12,David.
Quatuor: No. 12, Op. 127,Beethoven.
Duetto: Violin and Viola, Op. 25,Mozart.

The Quatuors by Mozart and Beethoven are each among the most remarkable by their respective authors. The performers were Mr. TRENKLE, piano forte; SCHULTZE, 1st violin; MEISEL, 2d violin; ECKHARDT, viola; and WULF FRIES, violoncello. A better quartet we have never heard in Boston.... We were mistaken in the voice that sang the tenor solo in Dr. TUCKERMAN's "Musical Service" the other evening. It was not Mr. MILLARD, but Mr. FRANK HOWARD, organist and conductor of music at the Stone Chapel. So much the worse for our "guessing," and so much the more credit to Mr. Howard.... Our "Diarrist" and for some time Berlin correspondent, "A. W. T.," as to-day's paper elsewhere affords living proof, has returned from Europe, and will be with us after a short stay in New York. He arrived last week in the steamer Hermann. The sets of Beethoven's Sonatas, which we before spoke of his procuring, are on the way by sailing vessel, and will probably be ready for subscribers here soon after the first of June.

The chapter of Mme. GEORGE SAND's story, which we give to-day, will be found particularly interesting to musical readers. Henceforth to the conclusion "The Castle in the Wilderness" will be full of interest and instruction with regard to Art.

Another of those graceful Floral Concerts, so appropriate to the season, in which music, flowers, and happy faces and voices of children blend their fascinations, is to take place in the Music Hall next Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. C. H. CLARKE. This gentleman's rare faculty of teaching children how to sing in chorus, has been abundantly illustrated in the various exhibitions of the Warren Street Chapel, with which he has been for several years connected. He gives the present entertainment on his own account, with a select choir of 200 children, including his oldest and best pupils. The stage will be again transformed into a grove of evergreen, with natural flowers and other picturesque adornments, and the youthful songs and choruses have been woven into a connected whole, under the title of "Flora's Festival," the music by Mr. W. B. BRADBURY, of New York. It must necessarily prove quite attractive.

Mr. WILLIS, in his *Musical World*, administers the following just rebuke to a portion of the audience at the Academy on the *Freyschütz* night.

The German opera always draws a German crowd in the upper regions (particularly) of the Academy

edifice. Perfectly orderly and manageable at home, the lower-class Germans, until they have been in this country some time, think it is an element of freedom to be rude, vociferous and unlicensed in their behavior here. Many of them have to be flogged out of this idea by the policeman's "locust," or by other unsocially persuasive means, before they are brought to their senses and made decent citizens. Some of them have painfully needed such a flogging for the last two German nights at the Academy. They took it upon themselves to hiss a chorus of German girls, such as we suppose could hastily be gotten together for the emergency and who stood faltering, and distrustfully there, doing the best they could; and more than this, the better singers, even Madame de Lagrange herself has been subjected to that sound, which any serpent-sneak can from his corner emit without much betraying himself and yet reaching and wounding a singer. One person alone undertook throughout the opera of *Martha* the other night, systematically to hiss, when there was any (so-well-deserved) applause of this great singer. Such a boor ought to be made nearer acquainted with the historical mud-puddles of his native village.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT has been singing in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Her "Auld Robin Gray" is said to have created an unprecedented excitement. ... It is said that RUBINSTEIN, the young Russian pianist and composer, has received flattering offers for a concert tour in the United States.... The "Mountaineers," a band of singers from Berne, Switzerland, were to sing last evening at the Tabernacle in New York. Their album contains, it is said, a very complimentary autograph of Jenny Lind. They are famous for warbling complicated orchestral pieces with their voices.... MARETZKE has found his opera season so successful in New York, that he continues it for two weeks more. It is said he will come to Boston with his whole force about the first of June. BADIALLI is of them; therefore we trust we may have "William Tell." *Der Freyschütz*, too, can hardly be the hacknied thing here which some of the critics have pronounced it in New York. *Lucia* was given last Monday night, and last evening (for the first time) Verdi's *Luisa Miller*. On the whole, there has been very little novelty.... The dashing VESTALI has been enrapturing the juveniles again in her three favorite rôles of Orsini, Arsace and the gipsy Azucena. She will soon go back to Mexico, the great scene of her triumphs. Mme. LAGRANGE is said will return to Europe this summer.... Handel's Oratorio, "Judas Macabæus," was performed last week for the first time in New York, by the Harmonic Society, under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert of the season had the following programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in G minor,Mozart.
Duetto: "Folg' dem Freunde," Mme. Viardot
and Herr Formes (Faust),Spohr.
Concerto in D minor, Piano-forte, Mme. Clara
Schumann,Mendelssohn.
Aria di Bravura, "Mi paventi," Mme. Viardot
(Britannico),Graun.
Overture (Jessonda),Spohr.
PART II.
Sinfonia Pastorale,Beethoven.
Aria: "Solche hergelaufne Laffen," Herr Formes
(Die Entführung aus dem Serail),Mozart.
Overture (Anacreon),Cherubini.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

According to the *News*, the orchestral pieces were perfectly well played, and Mr. Bennett's skill and judgment were shown in the just *tempo* of every movement, and the bringing out of every delicacy of effect and expression. Mme. Schumann is said to have played Mendelssohn's Concerto better than any one since Mendelssohn himself. The same critic speaks of —The bravura air from the *Britannico* of Graun, the celebrated chapel-master to Frederick the Great a hundred years ago. For the revival of this forgotten morceau we are indebted to Madame Viardot, by whom it was sung. It belongs to the part of Agrippina, the mother of the Emperor Nero, and is an outburst of the hate and fear which she felt towards her atrocious son. It is a grand old song, in a style that is now quaint and antiquated, being full of roulades and div-

isions of enormous difficulty, by which, however, violent and impetuous passion is strongly expressed. Madame Viardot's execution was nothing less than marvellous.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—We copied last week from Mr. CHORLEY's praise of Gounod's symphony and dispraise of Macfarren's "Hamlet" overture, performed at the second concert. In curious contrast with his criticism are the following paragraphs from the *Musical World*.

M. Gounod's symphony has obtained a high reputation in Paris. It is cleverly instrumented, has some brilliant passages and occasional power; but a want of originality is everywhere apparent. The first movement is an absolute parody on certain prominent points in Beethoven's *Eroica*. The *scherzo* is effective, and the theme of the trio is pretty. The finale, also, although the subject is trivial, contains some nice effects of orchestration. But something more than this is required to make a good symphony.

The second novelty, Mr. Macfarren's overture, although by no means well executed, is a work of a very different stamp—a great work, indeed, if we are not mistaken—conceived in a true poetic spirit, and developed with infinite power. It expresses generally the melancholy, fitful temperament of the young prince, the depths of his sorrow, and the gloom that overshadows his fate, well enough, without the aid of a prose analysis—or "argument"—which we could, therefore, have spared.

Mr. HULLAH gave the fourth and last of his Orchestral Concerts, at St. Martin's Hall, April 21st, with the following programme:

PART I.
Overture: "The Isles of Fingal,".....Mendelssohn.
Aria: "O salutaris Hostia,".....Cherubini.
Concerto: Two flutes,.....Doppler.
Aria: "Va, mi disse," (Robert le Diable) Meyerbeer.
Symphony, in C minor,.....Beethoven.

PART II.
Duetto: "Dolce conforto al misero,"....Mercadante.
Concerto, Piano-forte, F minor, W. Sterndale Bennett.
Old English Songs:.....Henry Laws (1653), and
Dr. John Blow (1700).
Air: "Let the bright Seraphim,".....Handel.
Overture: "Zauberflöte,".....Mozart.
Conductor—Mr. Hullah.

The airs from Handel and Meyerbeer were sung by Clara Novello; the other pieces by Miss Dolby.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubreant, for the Journal of Music.

CHAPTER X.

OTTAVIO.

"Master Boccaferri," cried I, gently opening the curtain, "do you recognize the voice of the Commander?"

"Yes, pardieu, I do recognize the voice," answered he, "but I cannot say to whom it belongs. A thousand devils! there is either a ghost or an intruder here; what does this mean, my children?"

"This means, my father," said Ottavio, turning towards me and revealing the pure and noble features of Cecilia, "that we have one more good actor and one more good friend among us."

She came to me with outstretched hand. With one bound I leaped into the place for the orchestra; I seized her hand and covered it with kisses, and then embraced old Boccaferri, who held out his arms to me. It was the first time I had ever dreamed of giving him such a salute, the idea of which would have filled me with disgust two months before. It is true that this was the first time I had seen him sober and not smelling of an old pipe and new wine.

Celio embraced me also with more affection than I had supposed him capable of. The grief of his fiasco had passed off, and with it all bitterness in his language and in his features.

"Friend," said he to me, "I wish to present you to all I love. You see before you Floriani's four children, my sisters, Stella and Beatrice, and my younger brother Salvator, the Benjamin of

the family, a good and merry child, who was growing pale in a law office, and who left the sober profession of scribe two days since to come and learn to be an artist in the school of our adopted father, Boccaferri. We are fixed here for the rest of the winter; some carry on their education and others their dramatic studies. We will explain all to you some other time; now we must not be too much taken up with embraces and explanations, or we shall forget the play; we shall cool towards the principal business of our life, that which is first here—the dramatic art."

"Only one word more," said I to him, looking sideways at Cecilia. "Cruel ones! why did you forsake me? If the most improbable and unforeseen accident had not conducted me hither, I might never have seen you again except across the footlights; for you promised to write me, Celio, and you forgot me."

"A falsehood!" cried he, laughing. "A letter from me, enclosing an invitation from our dear host, the marquis, awaits you this very moment in Vienna. Did you not tell me that you were not to cross the Alps until spring? It is for you to explain how you found us here, or rather, how you discovered our retreat, and why it was necessary that these girls should compromise themselves so far as to write you a note at my dictation, to give you courage to come in at the door instead of spying round the windows. If yesterday's adventure had not put me upon your track, if I had not followed the marks of your indiscreet footsteps upon the snow to Volabù's house, where I saw your name upon a trunk in his coach-house, would you have planned some terrible surprise?"

"I? I was the most stupid and innocent of spies. I did not know you were here. My head was turned by your nightly revels, which have excited the whole village, and I came to try if I could find out the manias of Monsieur le Marquis de Balma. But, by the way," cried I, bursting into a loud laugh, and then casting an uneasy and confused glance around me, "in whose house are we now? What are you doing with the old marquis, and how can he sleep in such a hubbub?"

The whole company looked at each other with surprise, and then Beatrice laughed loudly as I had done.

But Boccaferri began to speak, and with great coolness answered:

"The old marquis is really a monomaniac," said he. "He has a great passion for the theatre, and his first care, when he found himself rich and owner of a fine castle, was to call together, through my means, the select troupe which you see before you, and that he may hide them here,

he makes them pass for his family. As he sleeps a great deal and is rather deaf, we rehearse without being annoyed by his presence, and at the first opportunity we shall make our débuts before him; but as he is thought to mourn the death of his generous brother, who only made him his heir because he forgot to disinherit him, he commands the greatest secrecy. That is why no one knows how our nights are spent, and they prefer to imagine that we invoke the evil one, rather than that we are practising the greatest and most complete of all the arts. Stay with us, then, Salentini, as long as you please, and if you like it, take part in our theatre. As I make rain and sunshine here, your true name need not be known if you wish to change it. In case of need, you can pass for the sixth child of the marquis. I am his right hand and his factotum, and choose and direct the subjects. You see I have long been intimate with this kind nobleman, which must not surprise you, as he is an old drunkard, and we became intimate friends at restaurants; but we have reformed here, and since we can have as much wine as we please, our society is charming. But come! we are forgetting the play, and we must not tell stories in the entr'acte. Will you continue the statue to the end? It is only a skilful display; to-morrow you can have any rôle you desire in some other play, or else you may take that of Ottavio, and Cecilia shall create the rôle of Elvira, which we have suppressed. You already understand that we have invented a new sort of theatre, and one thoroughly suited to us. We take the first programme we come across, and improvise the dialogue, aided by our remembrance of the text. When a subject pleases us, like this, we study it for several days, changing it *ad libitum*. If not, we pass on to another, and often we invent the subject ourselves, trusting to the intelligence and fancy of each one to have it pass off well. You see that we only desire one thing—to be originators, and not servile interpreters. We seek inspiration, and by degrees it comes upon us. You will understand the rest, after seeing how we go on. It is already ten o'clock, and we have only played two acts. *All'opra!* my children! The boys to the decorations, and the girls to the manuscripts, to keep us in the order of the scenes, for order is necessary even in inspiration. Quick, quick! this entr'acte must weary the public."

Boccaferri spoke these last words in such a tone as would have made any one believe that he saw an imaginary public filling this empty and echoing hall. But he was no maniac. He gave himself up to the conscientious study of art, and he taught his pupils well in seeking himself to

put in practice those theories which had been the dream of his whole life.

We went about changing the scenes. This was done in the twinkling of an eye, the decorations were so well arranged, so light and easy to move, and the machinery so perfect.

"This is an old theatre, perfect in construction and in size," said Boccaferri to me. "The Balmas have always had a great passion for theatricals, except the last, and he died, sad, tired out, perfectly selfish and good for nothing, for the mere want of having cultivated and understood this divine art. The present marquis is the worthy son of his fathers, and his first care was to bring to light the decorations and costumes which filled this wing of the mansion. It was I who brought back life to all these corpses lying in dust. You know that was my trade *yonder*. In a week I restored their color and elasticity. My daughter, who is a great artist, mended the garments, and brought back to them the style and extravagances common fifty years ago. The little Florianis, who wish to become artists some day, assist her and profit by her lessons. I and Celio, who is worth ten men for his promptness of execution, the dexterity of his hands, and quickness of intuition, thought we might make a stage which we could enjoy, and which should not deceive us at every turn by showing us those bare and cold side-scenes, which chill your powers and your heart as soon as you enter. In our case we do not disregard the public, who we imagine share our illusion. We always act as if the public were before us; but we only think of it in the entr'acte. During the representation we have agreed to forget it, as it should be in a real theatre. As for our method of decoration, go to the back of the room and see if the illusion and effect are not better than they would be if we had an ignoble rough side turned to us, which the public, seated at the side, never can help seeing a little.

"It is true that, to satisfy ourselves, we use simple means, whose charms would be lost upon a large stage. We plant veritable trees upon our boards, and we put real rocks even in our backgrounds. We can do it, because the stage is small, and we ought to do it, since the usual means of perspective are not in our power. There is not space enough here for such to deceive us, and when our illusion goes, talent fails with it. All is bound together. Art is homogeneous; it is a magnificent resumé of the fragments of all our faculties. The theatre is this resumé *par excellence*, and that is why there is no true theatre, why there are no true actors, or at least so few, and those who are so are not always understood, because they find themselves like fine pearls among false diamonds, whose vulgar brilliancy outshines them.

"There are few true actors, and yet all should be so; what can an actor be without this first essential and vital condition of his art? Talent should only be distinguished from mediocrity by the degree of elevation in the mind. A man of heart and intelligence would necessarily be a great actor, if the rules of art were known and observed, while now it is often the contrary. A beautiful and intelligent woman, generous in her passions, of free and natural grace, would not be in the second rank, as was always my daughter, who was not capable of throwing into the scene the soul and genius which belongs to her in

every-day life. Since she never found herself in a sphere sufficiently artistic to impress her, she was always chilled by the stage; and when you see her here, you will not recognize her. It is because nothing shocks or saddens us here. We enlarge by fancy the frame in which we desire to be impressed, and the poetry of the decoration is the gilding of that frame.

"Yes, sir," continued Boccaferri, with animation, all the time arranging a thousand little details without stopping his talk, "the unnaturalness of the *mise-en-scène*, the characters, the dialogue, and even the costumes, is enough to freeze the inspirations of an artist who understands the truth and cannot condescend to falsehood. There is nothing more silly than to see an actor raving in impossible scenes and declaiming ridiculous words with eloquence. It is because such dramas are written, and played into the bargain, with an absurdity worthy of them, that there are no true actors. I tell you all ought to be. Remember Cecilia. She is too intelligent not to feel the truth, and you have often seen her insufficient, almost always too self-possessed, and concealing her emotion, but you never saw her turn aside or fall into falsehood; and yet she was a tame actress. Even such as she was, she injured nothing, and the piece was none the worse for her. But I say this: if the theatre were truer, all the actors would be also, even the most mediocre and the most timid; if the stage itself were more real, all the intelligent and courageous ones would be great actors; and in those intervals, when they should not be on the stage, when the public rests after the emotions they have produced, the second-rate ones would be at least simple and natural. Instead of the torture suffered in seeing the detestable ones make grimaces, a certain confiding pleasure would be felt in following their acting in the details necessary to the plot. The public would be moulded in this school, and instead of being as to-day, unjust and stupid, would be conscientious, attentive, loving well written works, and a friend of the faithful artist. Until that time comes, don't talk to me of acting, for it is an art almost lost to the world, and all the efforts of a genius are required to bring it back to life.

"Yes, Celio, my son," said he to the young man, who was waiting till he had ceased talking to begin the next act, "your mother, a great artist, understood that. She always listened to me, and did me great justice, saying that she owed a great deal to me. It was because she shared my ideas that she wished to arrange the plays she was to act, be the manager of her own theatre, choose and mould the actors. She felt that a great actress needed good supporters, and that the tirade of a heroine cannot be impassioned when the confidante listens with a stupid stare. Together we made energetic attempts. I was her decorator, her machinist, her tutor, her costumer, and at times her poet. No doubt it was very profitable to art, but not to business. It would have cost an immense fortune to have conquered the obstacles which first rose on all sides; and then the public does not know how to second noble efforts; it prefers to lower itself for a small price rather than to become ennobled at great expense."

"But you, Celio, you, Stella, Beatrice, Salvatore, you are young, you are united, you understand art already, and together you may attempt

a revolution. At least, have the desire for it, cherish the hope of it, even if it should only be a dream, if what we are now doing should only prove to be a poetical amusement, something will remain to you, which will make you superior to common actors and the superiorities of puppets. O my children! let me breathe upon you the sacred fire which makes me young again, and which has consumed me in vain until now, for want of the needful nourishment. I shall not regret having failed all my life, in every thing, having struggled with misery until I was driven to escape suicide by drunkenness. No, I shall complain of nothing in my unfortunate past, if the living offspring of Floriani may build their triumphs upon my ruins, if Celio, his brothers and his sisters realize their mother's dream, and if old Boccaferri can thus discharge his debt to the memory of that angel!"

"You are perfectly right, my friend," said Celio, "it was my mother's dream to see us all great artists; but for that, said she, *Art itself must be renewed*. Now, thanks to you, we understand her meaning; we understand too why she retired at thirty years, in all the brilliancy of her strength and genius, why she was so soon weary of the theatre, and proof against all illusions. I do not know that we can improve mankind in this particular; but we will make the attempt, and whatever may happen, we shall always bless your teachings, and shall owe all our joy to you; for they will indeed be great, and if the delicate tastes which you are giving us will expose us often to suffer from the contact of inferiority, when we come to the sublime, we shall feel it more sensibly than the vulgar."

We passed on to the third act, which was almost entirely taken from the Italian libretto. It was a *fête champêtre*, given by Don Juan to his vassals and his neighbors in the gardens of the castle. I admired the skill with which Boccaferri disguised the lack of supernumeraries. A crowd seemed to move and act behind the scenes, but they never appeared, and for the best of reasons. At times one of the actors not on the stage would skilfully imitate the murmuring of voices and the sound of distant footsteps. A dancing tune from the opera was played lightly upon some invisible instrument, suggesting a dance in the distance. These details were improvised with great art, each one taking part in the action with zeal and wonderful delicacy to aid those behind the scenes, and all without disturbing or drawing away their attention from their parts. The ingenious arrangements of dark and narrow side passages, only lighted from the stage, and growing dark as they deepened, allowed all to notice and sieze what was going on without disturbing the naturalness of the play, or being seen by the actors. Every one had something to do, and no one could forget the subject for one moment, which made them return to the stage as excited as they went off. I found I could make myself useful, without appearing in this act. The arrangement was above all a delicate thing to observe; and if I had not seen it practised by these intelligent beings, who unawares communicated to me their delicacy of perception, I could never have believed it possible to trust to the chances of improvisation, without failing in the proportion of the scenes, the order of the entrances and exits, and the remembrance of the accustomed details. It seemed that this difficulty appeared at first insurmountable to the Floriani;

but Boccaferri and his daughter persisted, and their theories upon the nature of artistic inspiration, and upon the way to possess it, enlightened this mysterious work, light dawned upon their first chaos, order and logic claimed their rights in all the healthy labor of art, and the fearful obstacle was overcome with wonderful rapidity. They had even gone so far as not to hint to each other, by winking or whispering as at first. Each one had his rule written in enduring characters upon his mind; the brilliant *à propos* of the dialogue, the ardor of passion, the wit of the impromptu, the fantastic wandering had all the charm of liberty, and yet the action did not go astray, and if it seemed to be forgotten for a moment, to be brought back and strengthened by some chance incident, the resemblance of this mode of dramatic action with real life, (*ce grand décousu, recousu sans cesse à propos*.) was only the more striking and more fascinating.

In the first part of this act I admired two new actors, Beatrice (Zerlina) and Salvator (Masetto.) These two lovely children had the inestimable fortune to be just as young and fresh as their parts; and their usual manners of brotherly familiarity gave to their dispute a charming character of chastity and childish obstinacy, which in no way injured the scene; and yet this was not the intention of the Italian libretto, much less Molière's; but what did it matter? The thing seemed better to me thus instinctively rendered. Young Salvator (the Benjamin, as he was called,) acted like an angel. He was comic, without striving to be so. He spoke the Milanese dialect, whose little graces and naive metaphors he knew so well, as he had so lately been cradled among them; he had a true feeling of the dangers which surrounded Zerlina in allowing herself to be wooed by a libertine; he reproached her coquetry with the freedom of a brother, which only made the frankness of the peasant more lifelike. He knew how to make those little malicious speeches which provoke young girls when spoken before strangers, and Beatrice was really provoked, and so she acted wonderfully without dreaming of it.

But another more learned and more experienced couple succeeded this pretty one—Anna and Ottavio. Stella was a heroine, full of nobleness, sadness and reverie. I saw that she had well read and understood Hoffmann's "Don Juan," and that she completed the character of the libretto in just intimating a delicate shade of involuntary fascination towards the irresistible enemy of her race and happiness. This point was exquisitely touched, and this victim of a secret fatality was far more virtuous and interesting thus than as merely the proud and strong daughter of the Commander, mourning and avenging her father without weakness and without pity.

But what shall I say of Ottavio? I could not conceive what could be made of this character, in taking away from him the music he sings; for Mozart alone made anything out of him. So Cecilia had everything to create, and she did it with a masterly hand; she expressed all the tenderness, the devotion, the indignation and the perseverance which Mozart alone could indicate. She translated the composer's ideas in language as elevated as his music; she gave to the young lover poetry, grace, pride, and above all, love.

"Yes, that is love," said Celio to me suddenly,

in the side-scenes, whispering in my ear, as if he had answered my thought. "Listen and look at Cecilia, my friend, and strive to forget the promise I made you never to love her. I cannot answer to you for anything concerning this, for I did not know her two months ago; I had never heard her express love, and I did not know she could feel it. Now I know her, as I see her away from the public, which paralyzed her. She is transformed in my eyes, and I am transformed in my own. I believe I am as capable of loving as she. It remains to be known if we shall be to each other the object of that ardor which grows within us, without any end at present beyond the revelation of art; but trust to thy friend no longer, Adorno, and work on your own account, without help from me."

While thus speaking, Celio held my hand and pressed it convulsively. I felt, from the trembling of his whole person, that either he or I was lost.

"What is all this?" asked Boccaferri, passing near us. "Distraction? a dialogue in the side-scenes? Do you then wish to chase away the god which inspires us. Come, Don Juan, recollect yourself, forget Celio Floriani, and come, let us torment Masetto!"

[To be continued.]

Goethe on Dilettantism,

OR PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[From "Essays on Art," by GOETHE, translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD.]

(Concluded from last week.)

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

It prevents an entire want of cultivation.

Dilettantism is a necessary consequence of a general extension of art, and may even be a cause of it.

It can, under certain circumstances, excite and develop a true artistic talent.

Elevates handicraft to a certain resemblance to art.

Has a civilizing tendency.

Substitutes a certain idea of art in the place of ignorance, and extends it to where the artist would not be able to reach.

Gives occupation to productive power, and cultivates something serious in man.

Appearances are changed into ideas.

Teaches to analyze impressions.

Aids the appropriation and reproduction of forms.

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

Learning to see.

Knowledge of the principles by which we see. Changing the subject of a picture, i. e., the visible filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Knowledge of forms, i. e., the filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Learning to analyze. All commence with a simple impression, without analysis. The next step is to analyze, and the third is the return from the analysis to the feeling of the whole, which is the *Æsthetic*.

The Dilettant enjoys this advantage in common with the Artist, in contrast to the merely passive observer.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

Awakens the free productive force.

Is the speediest and most immediate transition from material to form, thus expressing the highest need in man.

It awakes and develops the feeling for the lofty, to which it for the most part inclines, rather than to the beautiful.

It introduces order and proportion, and teaches

to strive after an appearance of beauty, and a certain freedom even in the needful and necessary.

The general advantage of Dilettantism, its civilizing tendency, and its substituting, and extending a certain artistic sense in the place of ignorance, where the artist cannot reach, applies particularly to architecture.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

Ideal in the Real.

Striving after form, in formless masses.

Choice.

Beautiful grouping.

Making a picture out of a reality; in short the first step into art.

A well cared for and beautiful neighborhood, has always a beneficial effect on society.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Cultivation of language in general.

More manifold interest "in humanioribus," in contrast to the crudeness of the ignorant, or the pedantic narrowness of the mere man of business, or pedant.

Cultivation of the feelings and of the verbal expression of the same.

The cultivated man ought to be able to express his feelings with poetic beauty.

Ideal view of objects of common life.

Cultivation of the imagination, especially as an integral part of the culture of the intellect.

Awaking and direction of the productive imagination to the highest functions of the mind in the sciences and practical life.

Cultivation of the sense of the rhythmical.

There being no objective laws, either for the internal or external construction of a poem, the amateur ought to hold fast to acknowledged models, so much the more strongly than the master does, and rather imitate the good that exists, than strive after originality; and in the external and metrical parts, follow strictly the well-known general rules.

And as the Dilettant can only form himself after models, he ought, in order to avoid one-sidedness, to acquire the most universal knowledge of all models, and survey the field of poetic literature yet more perfectly, than is required of the artist himself.

IN MUSIC.

More profound education of the sense.

Recognition of mathematical precision in the organ, and its application to the aims of sentiment and beauty.

Favors a social connexion and entertainment, without any fixed interest.

Helps to an ideal existence, even when music only calls to the dance.

IN THE DANCE.

Flexibility, and possibility of beautiful motions.

Feeling and practice of rhythm, in all motions.

Æsthetic significance of movements.

Cultivation of the physical powers, preparation of the body for all possible physical accomplishments

Musical tuning of the body.

Proportion in movement, between too much and not enough.

Possibility of a graceful carriage.

Possibility of sympathetic action in an exalted state.

IN THE DRAMATIC ART.

Opportunity of farther cultivation in declamation.

Attention to one's own representations.

Participates in the advantages predicated of Dancing.

Exercise of the memory.

Sensible attention and accuracy.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

The Dilettant jumps over the steps, stops at certain steps which he regards as the end, and from which he thinks himself justified in judging of the whole; prevents also his perfectibility.

He subjects himself to the necessity of working by false rules, because he cannot work even as a Dilettant without some rules, and he does not understand the true objective rules.

He departs more and more from the truth of objects, and loses himself in subjective errors.

Dilettantism takes its element from art and spoils art's public, by depriving it of its earnestness and strictness.

All tendency to predilection destroys art, and dilettantism, brings in indulgence and favor. At the expense of the true artists, it brings into notice those that stand nearest to Dilettantism.

In Dilettantism the loss is always greater than the gain.

From handicraft the way is open to rise to art, but not from botch-work.

Dilettantism favors the indifferent, partial, and characterless.

Injury Dilettants do to art, by bringing artists down to their level.

Can bear no good artist near them.

In all cases, where the art itself has no proper regulative power, as in Poetry, the Art of Gardening, the Drama, the injury Dilettantism does is greater, and its pretensions more arrogant. The worst case is that of the Drama.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

On account of the great difficulty of giving character to architecture, of imparting variety and beauty, the Dilettant, unable to attain to these, must, according to the tendency of his time, run either into the meagre and overloaded, or the heavy and unmeaning. But an architectural work, being dependent on beauty for its existence, if it have not this, is wholly null.

On account of its ideal nature, it is more easy than in any other art to run into the Fantastic, which does more injury here than anywhere else.

Since it is only the few, who are able to raise themselves to a free culture, according to the laws of pure beauty, the architectural Dilettant easily falls into sentimental and allegorical architecture, seeking in this way to superinduce the character, which he does not know how to find in beauty.

Architectural Dilettantism, without being able to accomplish the object of beauty, fails usually in the physical aim of building, utility and convenience.

The publicity and permanence of architectural works, renders the injurious effect of Dilettantism, in this department, more universal and enduring; and perpetuates false taste, for the reason that in the arts generally, the conspicuous and widely-known serves again for models.

The earnest aim of beautiful architectural works gives them a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man, and botch-work, in this case, does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfectibility.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

The real treated as a work of fancy.

Garden-dilettantism runs into a sort of endlessness; 1. because it is not fixed and limited in the idea; 2. because the material is always undergoing accidental changes, and so always counteracts the idea.

Garden-dilettantism often puts the nobler arts to an unworthy use, and makes their earnest aim subservient to the end of amusement.

Favors a sentimental and fantastic nullity.

Lessens the exalted in nature, and while it imitates, removes it.

Perpetuates the reigning error of the time, viz. the wish to be free from condition and restraint in the æsthetic, and to let the fancy have free scope, while there is not, as in the other arts, any means to correct, and keep it within the bounds of propriety.

Mixing up of nature and art.

Producing an effect with mere outside appearance.

The erections it gives rise to are light, slender, wood and board constructions, and destroy the idea of solid architecture. They destroy the feeling for it. The thatched roof, the wooden screens all give an inclination for card-house architecture.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Belles-lettres, shallowness, and emptiness, withdrawal from solid studies; or superficial treatment.

A greater danger exists in this, than in the other arts, of mistaking a merely Dilettant dexterity for a true genius for art, and in this case, the subject is worse off than in any other Dilettantism, because its existence becomes an entire nullity; for the poet is nothing at all except through earnestness and conformity to art.

Dilettantism in general, but especially in poetry, weakens the feeling and perception for the good that lies beyond it, and whilst it is indulgent to a restless desire to produce, which leads it to nothing perfect, robs itself of all the culture it might derive through the perception of foreign excellencies.

Poetical Dilettantism may be of two sorts. Either it neglects the (indispensable) mechanical, and thinks enough done if it shows mind and feeling; or, it seeks poetry only in the mechanical, acquiring a technical dexterity therein, but without spirit or significance. Both are injurious, but the former rather injures the art, and the latter the subject.

All Dilettants are Plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter, and at the same time, imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it. Thus the language gets filled with phrases and formulas stolen from all sides, and which have no longer any meaning, and you may read whole books through, written in a fine style, and containing nothing. In a word, all that is really beautiful and good in true poetry, is profaned, rendered common, and degraded.

IN PRAGMATICAL POETRY.

All the disadvantages of Dilettantism in Lyrical poetry, apply here in a far higher degree. Not the art alone, but the subject also, suffers more.

Mixing up of different kinds.

IN MUSIC.

When the culture of the musical-dilettant is autodidactic, and composition as well as practice not acquired under the strict supervision of a master, there results a painful, uncertain, unsatisfactory effort; because the musical-dilettant, unlike those in the other arts, can produce no effects without a knowledge of artistic rules.

Dilettantism in music, more than any other dilettantism, makes its possessor less sympathizing and less capable of receiving enjoyment from the works of others, and also narrows down the subject, which it seizes in its one-sided and characteristic form.

IN THE DANCE.

Want of unity in the limbs, and affectation.

Stiffness and pedantry.

Caricature.

Vanity.

False training of the body.

Want of character, and emptiness.

Loose and negligent style.

Mannered style, through the exaggeration of beautiful movements.

Either stiff and painful, or rude and disproportioned.

(Both extremes prevented by the pleasing and significant.)

Inclines society to a sensual vagueness.

Unmeaning and one-sided direction given to bodily appearance.

Dancing should therefore have its Masters of the Art, because Dilettantism either leads to uncertainty and timidity, hindering freedom and limiting the powers, or else runs into vanity and thence to emptiness.

IN THE DRAMA.

Caricature of one's own faulty individuality.

Incapacitates the mind for all occupation, through the illusion of a fantastic mode of viewing objects.

Expense of interest and passion, without fruit.

Eternal circle of monotonous, ever repeated, ineffectual activity.

(There is nothing so attractive to Dilettants as comedy-rehearsals. Professed actors hate them.)

Partial forbearance towards theatrical Dilettants; feeding them with applause.

Eternal inclination towards a passionate condition and behavior, without balance.

Feeding all hateful passions with the worst results for civil and household existence.

Blunting the feeling for poetry.

Use of exalted language for commonplace sentiments.

A rag-fair of thoughts, commonplaces, and descriptions in the memory.

Pervading affectation and manner, reaching also into life.

Most injurious indulgence towards the indifferent and faulty, in a public and quite personal case.

The general tolerance for the home-made, becomes in this case more eminent.

Most pernicious use of amateur comedies for the education of children, where it all turns to nonsense. In the same manner, the most dangerous of all amusements for universities, &c.

Destruction of the ideality of art, because the Dilettant, not being able to raise himself through the appropriation of artistic ideas and traditions, must do all through a pathological reality.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

[From the German of AUERSPERG.]

How came it, while the arrow, stinging,
Burned in my heart, love's bliss I sang?
How was it, only joy came springing
Where sorrow nursed a deadly pang?

Lo! on the silver waters riding,
The proud swan sails in snowy white;
Long has he now been, tuneless, gliding
On his calm way, in mute delight.

By moonlight pale, in morning's flushing,
He glided downward—and was dumb;
With many a rose the banks were blushing,
He still sailed onward—and was dumb.

Now, when, in death, his heart-strings quiver,
Pierced by the shaft—what he so long,
In all his bliss, had uttered never,
In woe he sings: his earliest song!

C. T. B.

Death of Adolph Adam.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his letter of May 8, describes the funeral honors paid to one of the most popular composers of the present French operatic school.

I presently reached the Rue Lafitte. When I reached the upper end of the street, I found it and all the space in front of the church Notre Dame de Lorette occupied by a crowd more compact than the one I had just left on the sidewalk of the Boulevards. There might have been a thousand or fifteen hundred persons standing there, very quiet and serious. The office of preserving order was a sinecure for the policemen present, for there were *sergens de ville* here also. The church, as I learned, was already filled to its utmost capacity—with mourners, as I saw by the funeral hangings that shrouded its elegant portico. An honest blouse, who came up at the same time as myself, respectfully asked who was the deceased to whom such honors were shown. An impeding old woman, who stood in front of us on the curbstone, and had heard the question and my reply of ignorance, courteously turned to tell us that it was "the great composer, Adolph Adam" the author of the *Postilion of Lonjumeau*, of *Si j'étais Roi*, and numberless other pieces, operas and ballets.

On Friday evening last he was in apparently perfect health, and in his usual cheerful spirits. He was at the grand opera with his friends that night, and afterward accompanied some of them to the Theatre Lyrique, where one of his operas, *Si j'étais Roi*, a favorite with the public, was in rehearsal, for a new series of representations. On reaching home he wrote a letter and some notes of music, which he left on his piano. Not having appeared at his usual hour next morning, his wife went to his room at 8 o'clock to call him. She received no answer, approached his bed, and

found a cold corpse. He died of a disease of the heart. As physicians say, the extinction of vitality must have been instantaneous—without warning, without pain—such a death as the illustrious composer had desired—without precedent decay, in the midst of his strength and honors. He had expressed a dread of outliving the productive power of his faculties, and the attendant public applause.

When the solemn services of the church were ended, a procession, composed of artists in all kinds, amateurs, men of letters, and a very numerous body of friends—numbering in all, as it is loosely rated, some three thousand persons—followed his remains to their resting-place.

Three thousand men of all professions, leaving their *business* on a Monday, spending three or four hours in the heat of the day to do honor to an artist! It was a fine effect to the money-making throng on the *Boulevard des Italiens*—and, I ventured to observe to myself, a more characteristically national demonstration. One man—a large manufacturer of pianos, a friend of Adam, gave a holiday to all the workmen of his establishment, paying them their wages, with the request that they would attend his funeral. The *Théâtre Lyrique*, where one of his operas, as I said above, was to be performed, was closed that night. The *Bouffes Parisiens*, another operatic theatre where some of his compositions had been performed, was also closed. At the Grand Opera, the performances for the night had been commanded some days in advance by the Emperor, as a treat for his guest, the King of Würtemberg, and went on as usual, but the proceeds, also by the Emperor's command, have been handed over to the widow of the deceased. So well does Louis Napoleon understand his French. That the *Opera Comique* was not closed on the same occasion, has been the theme of much indignant comment here.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

HAPPY LOVE.

[From the German of WOLFGANG MÜLLER.]

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!
And though thou art over, our joy takes not flight:
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

We youngsters once gathered the birches so gay,
And marched to the village, our hats full of May;
The maidens came out from each cottage to see,
And, Heart's-love! you stole such sweet glances at me!

The festival over, you gave me, O bliss!
Your hand for a pressure, your lips for a kiss!
Mine wast thou, O jewel! eternally mine!
And I was, O jewel! eternally thine.

Not in vain stood the rose, now, in blushes arrayed;
I brought thee the nosegay, enrapturing maid;
We shared, at the harvest, in dance and in song,
We shared in the vintage, when that came along.

But now the cold winter all nature has sealed,
No longer we revel o'er mountain and field;
We sit by the fireside, one heart's bliss we share,
In the heart it is summer, when true love blooms there!

O musical Spring-time, thou age of delight!
And when thou returnest, our hands we unite:
The love we felt yesterday, warms us to-day,
And will warm us to-morrow, and bless us for aye!

C. T. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The New Piano-Forte.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1856.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 10th you copy an article from the *New York Evening Mirror*, upon my new piano. In the course of your remarks upon the article, I find the following passage: "The principle involved is certainly a good one. Whether the practical difficulties of reconciling so much lightness and vibratory freedom with the strength required by the enormous strain of all the wires of a piano have been really and fairly overcome, is what time alone can show."

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will permit me

to answer the doubt expressed in the paragraph quoted. Any departure from old established principles is naturally received with cautious wariness. This caution is the true conservatism, and should always be exercised in matters where principles are involved until the proposed innovations are clearly demonstrated to be improvements. I claim to have reconciled the difficulties of combining the utmost lightness of *case* and *bottom* with a strength sufficient to sustain double the strain ordinarily found in a large scale piano, and to have dispensed with all the heavy blocking, which is at once the strength and the useless incumbrance of the ordinary pianos, giving in place of this an immense addition of vibratory surface and inner scope for sound, and an iron frame composed of upper and lower oblong squares, with strengthening transverse bars and ascending arms, which are firmly bolted to the upper frame, after passing through the wrest plank or pin block, (the *only* block of wood inside the thin case,) which they sustain secure and immovable. This perfect iron frame, with its wrest plank within itself, bears all the strain and tension of the strings, asks no assistance from the wood-work frame, and is, in short, competent and self-sustaining. If the principle is recognized as correct, my aim is attained, for in the piano-forte now on exhibition at my room, the principle is fully carried out; the increase in the purity and the power of tone is fully realized, and it has remained up to its original pitch (high Philharmonic pitch) during three months of the most severe and constant tests, being played upon every day from morning until night.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
S. B. DRIGGS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 31, 1856.

Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, BY LISZT.

A few months since (see Vol. viii. p. 185) we translated for our readers a portion (all that we had at that time received) of Liszt's very interesting and appreciative article upon the genius and productions of the most remarkable song composer, at the same time that he is one of the truest musicians, who now live in Germany. We are now in possession of the second and concluding part. It is chiefly biographical, and being about a man of whom so little has been known here personally—nothing in fact except those exquisite vibrations of his soul in song—it will doubtless interest our readers even more than the subtle metaphysical analysis of those vibrations, which we have before presented. In the absence therefore of other practicable or pressing editorial topics this week, we feel that we cannot do better than to continue the translation as far as our space permits.

"FRANZ was born on the 28th of June, 1815, at Halle, on the Saal. The state of things in the paternal house afforded him but little poetic stimulus; on the contrary, all that did not belong to the practical utilities of life in the sense of the last century, was regarded as unprofitable and injurious. His youth passed uneventfully, and he was indebted only to mere chance opportunities for the awakening of his musical capacities. Being already fourteen years of age, he was obliged, and that without any support upon the part of his relations, to acquire the elements of

music, as well as he could, in his own way, and upon his own responsibility. Later, when his inclination to music became more and more decided, it was no longer possible indeed to withhold from him a teacher; but naturally, as a consequence of the views then prevailing, the cheapest musical pedagogue was engaged for the first beginning, and, as might have been foreseen, the gifted pupil soon outstripped the teacher.

"A change had soon to be made in instruction and in method. And this necessity repeated itself so often, that in the space of four years the young Franz had studied with all the music teachers in Halle, and learned all he could from each of them, without being able to call his own any great capital of knowledge and ability. How indeed could he derive any solid profit, any lasting guidance, from this continued intercourse with various yet equivalent mediocrities? This his sound youthful insight saw so truly, that he considered himself, in spite of his numerous lessons, as left entirely to himself; in his first attempts he followed only the humor of his own suggestions, and so, out of the disadvantages of his position, he derived the incalculable advantage of accustoming himself to let the individual impulse alone decide in the choice of his matter and the form of his thought, instead of accommodating his mind, like so many talents, to mere imitation, and then resembling a manumitted slave, who needs years of apprenticeship to learn, not only how to enjoy, but how to actually possess and use the freedom that has been given him. How many all their lives remain such freedmen, and never attain to the natural noble movement of the freeborn and educated! His firm, clear understanding guarded Franz from arrogance and error, in this independence left him by the incapacity of his teachers. He indulged in neither complaint nor ridicule about so manifest a want of outward aid. Indeed, he found himself in this freedom, as in his natural element, and used it discreetly to give self-possession to his powers, accustoming himself to fix his eyes upon a goal, and slowly, steadily, consistently to seize the means for reaching it.

"Such a state of things in the earliest years of his artistic strivings, more than all later influences perhaps, determined the autodidactic character of his talent. The chosen ones of the Muse, the predestined artists know, like the bees, how to suck sweet aromatic nourishment out of the flower cups which contain deadly poison for others. But dry study did not satisfy him; the rigid thought answered but imperfectly to his yearning, as a dumb beauty would have left his heart unfilled. Written music was to him but a body without soul; he need hearing, that he might see his ideal realized. However much the so-called *earnest* musicians may affect to despise *virtuosity*, yet it is none the less true that every really *called* musician cherishes the want of this same virtuosity; feels the impulse in himself to *hear*, to bathe, as it were, in waves of tones, to cradle himself upon their illimitable element, to sail through their pure ether, to let their fragrant breath smooth his unfolded wings, to envelop himself in the cloud shapes of their fairy land, to listen to their tragical or touching dialogues, to transport himself into their world of expressive atoms, glowing and sparkling like the magic formulas of a celestial speech. Franz wanted to hear music made, and to make music

himself; he gave himself passionately up to organ playing, and on Sundays ran from one church to another, to relieve the respective organists on single choral verses.

"In those days he was attending the Halle Orphan House Gymnasium, and his studies there formed his principal occupation, the so-called *serious* side of his life, upon which his parents laid the greatest stress, while they always considered his attachment to music as only a harmless monomania, from which they would gladly have seen him delivered, since such idiosyncracies always hinder a young man from the attainment of that well-varnished, well-mannered, comfortable *Philisterei*, that coveted goal of all good fathers of a family, in whose train they can with tolerable certainty anticipate a fixed position, a respectable marriage, a decent exterior, a decent living, and finally a decent burial for their son and heir. The professors of the gymnasium treated the Art-dallings of their pupil with still greater severity than he had experienced under the paternal roof; his secret musical amateurship became the butt of many witticisms and there were plenty who would call him "Fool." The Cantor of the institution had appointed an hour for music lessons for the more gifted pupils; Franz felt himself drawn toward him; he was so cramped and narrowed by the boggy water of mental inactivity, that whoever let him pass without *snubbing* his artistic passion became welcome to him; in a short time his musical protector invited him to be his accompanist. The compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart kindled a new flame in him, and cast the first gleams into the dim confusion of his ideas, which no one helped him to clear up, and in which he had in vain sought light himself. This is one of those favors which fate vouchsafes to those under its protection, renewing for them in the most urgent moment, through men or events, the drying marrow of their faculties.

"Trembling with enthusiasm, possessed by the sounds which had entranced him, Franz now ventured, without having mastered even the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, or any sort of thorough theoretic knowledge, nay, without even a clear recognition of their necessity, upon his first attempts at composition. Now, as before, he remained left to himself, and, without explanation or advice from others, worked along at random. The impulse to produce so far predominated in him that at this time the order of importance in his different labors was reversed. Until now, in spite of his more and more overweening bias toward music, in spite of the tendency of his mind to bury itself in musical problems, and devote to them in truant secrecy his leisure hours, and even a portion of the time allotted to more *serious* studies, still these latter had appeared to him the central purpose of his being; he loved his parents too well to allow an opinion directly opposed to their own to take root in him, and not to accept patiently the conviction which had been instilled into him from childhood, that it was his duty to acquit himself obediently of his Gymnasium studies. But now the spirit of resistance began to get possession of him; he felt, with all his tractableness, that these studies could not be useful to his genuine development, and he lost more and more the power of giving himself up to them with interest and success. Soon there ensued hard conflicts in his soul between

his natural modesty and yieldingness, between his habitual obedience to his parents and the thought that he was squandering his time, was losing his best years at the Gymnasium. For this evil he knew no better remedy than to abandon the course thus far pursued, and under the eyes of a master of music, begin a new period of study, in which his choice naturally fell upon a composer, who at that time enjoyed a great celebrity, and who lived not far from Halle: FREDERIC SCHNEIDER. What artist, who has become so in spite of the narrow views of a tender and prejudiced family, cannot at a glance behold all the phases of the conflict which Franz had to fight through, before his wish was gratified without an open rupture with his friends? He finally left the Gymnasium, in which he had already worked his way forward into the higher classes, and betook himself to Dessau, with the purpose here by persevering study to regulate, clear up and bring into order his indefinite and fragmentary musical ideas; although even now neither he nor especially his family dreamed of the possibility that he could choose music for his calling, for the great end of his life. In such an idea they thought there was nothing to be feared, for they did not once suppose it practicable. He was not very clear in his own mind as to how far his resolution would carry him. His first thought was, to quit the hated school, to give himself up to music undisturbed; in this perhaps a tendency to opposition, which had germinated in him, was not without effect.

"In Dessau we find repeated, although with a change of form, nearly the same phenomena which characterized his earlier relations to Art. The rules and theories, which were taught him and unfolded to him, still repelled him; he did not thrive with them, and he began, after the regular lessons, other labors, which, like his first artistic efforts, had a resemblance to the spider in the weaving of its web, in that he drew the material out of himself. It were superfluous to say that Schneider found but little pleasure in this singular method, and found fault with the dangerous example of such independent strivings. It was not long ere Franz came into the position of a *persona ingrata*. For compensation he won other sympathies.

"If there are masters, whom unfettered, youthful partisans rejoice to follow with almost blind devotion, and, inflamed with a noble courage, seal their doctrines with their own names, with their heart's blood, marching with reckless enthusiasm beneath their banner, such masters stand upon the most dangerous outposts of Art, and fight with a courage which is called desperation by their adversaries, but which in successful cases justifies the saying of Virgil: *Audentes fortuna juvat*. About such masters, who rather found schools than keep up schools, there is always an overflow of the fresh pulses of young life; the surrounding air, laden with electricity, favors the outblossoming of all faculties and starts blossoms of spiritual delight, which awaken and strengthen a consciousness of his own worth in every participant, and therefore remains so dear and not to be forgotten. For Schneider such a feeling would have been rather strange and distant. He did not feel the need of living in an atmosphere in which the mind follows independently its own direction, and thus his school lacked one of the most indispensable requisites of Art. In a heavy,

stagnant, close mental atmosphere, *free* development is impossible to the pupil. Then there form themselves, under the very eye of the master, but without his knowledge, groups of dissenters, who bind themselves together without any clear idea of the revolutionary character of their strivings, without more than a mere suspicion that out of their union will arise convictions and tendencies, essentially diverging from those of the master. So it was with the pupils under Schneider. It could not fail to happen that Franz finally attached himself to such a group, and he himself confesses, that the atmosphere he breathed among those young people (making a great deal of music behind the back of their teacher, who would have been more annoyed by the kind of their music, than by the secrecy of its production) was the only favoring element to his true progress. His studies in harmony and counterpoint were for him only a heaping together of materials, which he was one day to use in the production of quite different pictures than those set him for a pattern. During his two years' residence in Dessau, (1835-7,) he composed really a great deal, and in his attempts of that period it is interesting to trace the painful squirming of a young imagination under the school fetters and the necessity to shake them off."

The remainder next week.

Adolph Charles Adam.

In the news by the last steamer, we read the sudden death of this distinguished French composer. A very *light* composer, to be sure, if we compare him with the great names;—a writer of French operas of a sparkling, pretty, popular kind, who stood next in rank, perhaps, among the French composers of the day, to AUBER, although far below him in inventive fancy. An extract from the correspondence of the *Tribune*, which we copy in another column, shows the esteem in which the Parisians held him. We glean from Fétis a few items of his life and works.

He was born at Paris in 1803, and entered the Conservatoire in 1817. After studying harmony and counterpoint with Reicha, he profited by the advice and the example of Boieldieu, the author of *La Dame Blanche*, who doubtless had much influence on the formation of his style. His first attempts at composition were fantasias and variations for the piano, of which he wrote a great abundance, as well as airs and concerted pieces for vaudevilles and operettes in the smaller theatres. His first opera, *Pierre et Catharine*, (what recent opera writer has not taken Peter the Great for a subject?) was produced at the Opera Comique in 1829, and well received. *Daniilowa*, produced at the same theatre in 1830, showed still more power; and from this time his operas succeeded each other with great rapidity. Most of them were ephemeral, for he wrote with altogether too much facility to create what should last. But in 1833 appeared his *Proscrit*, a work, says Fétis, of more force, dramatic feeling, and novelty of ideas than any of his earlier efforts. In 1832 he was in London, where he wrote the music for a grand ballet at the Covent Garden Theatre. Of his more recent productions for the Opera Comique, we may mention among the most popular, "Richard Cœur de Lion," "The Postillion of Lonjumeau," and "The Brewer of Preston," the two last of which have frequently been sung in English in this country. He has also composed sacred music, a "Mass of St. Cecilia," &c. He composed the Cantata for the Opera Comique in honor of the inauguration of Louis Napoleon. His character seems well described in the following paragraphs from the *London Musical World*:

M. Adolphe Adam was above all, and before all, a Frenchman; or rather he belonged to that small minority of Frenchmen which wiles away existence agreeably at Paris. He was educated and brought

up as a Frenchman; he thought as a Frenchman. He labored for fame and money (or rather for money and fame) as a Frenchman; he worked assiduously, and obtained both. Moreover, inasmuch as the laborer is worthy of his hire, M. Adam *merited* both. His peculiar talent was essentially marketable; and his extreme facility and readiness for any kind of task enabled him continually to frequent the market with his wares. M. Adam was especially serviceable to theatres. If an opera, or a ballet, was required within a given period, however short, M. Adam could always be depended on. A thorough man of business, he was never once known to be behind hand. Had he been a trifle more conscientious as an artist, he would have been less handy as a manufacturer. What the alternative might have been it is easy to guess—less money, perhaps, and more reputation; less travel, and better health; a slower rise, and possibly a longer life.

M. Adam literally hacked himself to death—through the imperious mandate of genius, which forbids its possessor an instant's repose, while it consumes him in its fire—but from a very opposite motive, upon which it would be indecorous to dwell just now. Mozart, and Raffaele, and Mendelssohn were killed by too much labor. So was the author of *Le Châlet*.

The avocations of M. Adam were many and painful. He could not accomplish all he had to do, and accomplish it well. He composed operas and ballets, without number; he wrote *feuilletons* in the papers; he provided even the Church with music, such as it was; he was a professor in the Conservatoire, a member of the Institute, and at one time manager of a theatre. At the period when he directed the Théâtre Lyrique, where he sacrificed a large portion of his hard-earned savings, M. Adam's existence must have been one incessant turmoil. He had to conduct a theatre, and (still more difficult) to manage singers; he had to compose operas himself and to pass judgment (as an *impresario*) on the operas of others, which for a musician by profession was an invidious task; he had to calculate accounts, to balance profit with loss—and, in the midst of all, to give lessons in the Conservatoire, and to write criticisms upon the musical performances in Paris, including those at his own theatre. How he could find time for so many things is a puzzle. He did find it, nevertheless; and, what is more, time to enjoy the society of his friends and acquaintances, of which commodities few could boast a larger and more varied assortment.

We believe ourselves not far wide of the mark in stating that M. Adam was as amiable as he was clever; and that no one who knew him well could fail to entertain a strong regard for him. In spite of the petty jealousies and miserable intrigues that disgrace artistic (and especially musical) life in Paris, an ill word for Adolphe Adam was seldom if ever uttered. He was liked by acquaintances, and loved by friends. It is not a little to say in his favor that no man who has survived him will more deeply feel his loss than Rossini. To the affection (it was nothing less) which Rossini entertained for Adam we can testify. We have seen proofs of it. What that consummate master and admirable genius never, on any occasion, condescended to do for himself, he absolutely volunteered on behalf of his friend, now departed. Not long ago we heard Rossini address these words, at parting, to the musical critic of a German newspaper:—"Adieu, mon cher ami—merci pour votre opinion de moi—mais, je vous en prie, soyez bon pour Adam; il le mérite; il a vraiment du talent." This, from Rossini, was worth a dozen *feuilletons*.

Poor Adam, towards whom we have to accuse ourselves of more than one unkindness (he was too kind to every one), is now gone to his last home! Let us endeavor only to remember those qualities which made him so generally beloved. They were, indeed, many and excellent. Few visitors to Paris, who move habitually in musical circles, will fail to miss him from the various places of public entertainment, on their next resort to the capital of all the pleasures. No face was more familiar than Adam's, and few were more genial and pleasant. He was for ever eager and "affaire," up to the eyes in business, but with a smile of good humor and words of welcome, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, for all who approached him—words that would issue from a mouth of which the most uncompromising exuberance of beard failed to conceal the benevolent expression.

Let us hope, with regard to Adolphe Adam's music, that some, at least, of his numberless contributions to the theatre may outlive him. We are mistaken if more than one gentle spirit will not plead for *Giselle*, more than one merry soul for the *Postillon*, and more than one lover of simple and unaffected melody for the *Chalet*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 28th. In music there has not been much of interest here during the last week. At the Academy, under the direction of MARETZEK, Mme. DE LAGRANGE has been drawing good houses, but the only time I have heard her was on Saturday in FLOTOW's *Martha*. This had, to me at least, the charm of novelty, it being the first time that I had heard a German opera in German, and I was not a little surprised to find how smoothly and melodiously it sounded. Whether the singers sang a dialect less sibilant and guttural than that which we hear in conversation, or not, I cannot say, but it seemed to flow almost as soft from the lips of Mad. LAGRANGE and Mme. D'ORMY as the choicest Italian, and I could not tell for some time what tongue it was. As to the prima donna, of course there is nothing new to be said. She never disappoints or falls short of her mark in any respect. Has an apology ever been made for her in this country? I think not. The music of the opera is exceedingly pretty; much of it very light and bordering sometimes on *dance* music, smacking often even of a polka. In the heat of yesterday, however, it harmonized well with the cool elegance of the Academy of Music, and seemed exactly fitted for relaxation after the consuming heat of the day.

Of the house, which I saw for the first time, I must say, that for *sound*, it is incomparably better than our Boston Theatre, as well as in its general effect on the eye, save that the stage is perhaps too far removed from the auditorium instead of being carried forward into it, as in our theatre; and much as I like the comfortable *red* of our Boston walls, the brilliant gayety of the Academy is very effective and pleasing. The lobbies, staircases, seats, and all the details of our theatre, are much superior in comfort and in elegance. Madame de Lagrange was but indifferently supported and the audience was exceedingly small.

I am glad to hear that BERGMANN intends to organize a German troupe for the next season, that shall be thoroughly competent to producing the higher class of German operas (such as the *Zauberflöte*) in the same manner that we have heard the great Italian operas. With a conductor like Bergmann, there can be no doubt as to the success of such an undertaking. In Boston it would certainly succeed.

One or two concerts have been given here, in which the principal singers of the opera troupe have taken part, but none of any especial interest. The PYNE Opera Troupe are also concertizing here, with what success I do not know. At St. Stephen's Church I heard on Sunday a sacred concert of Italian Church Music, (embracing selections from *I Lombardi*.) in which BRIGNOLI and AMODIO took part, and never have I heard their voices to greater advantage. They volunteered their services for this occasion, the object of which was to raise money for a fine organ. The Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, the pastor of the church, and his sister, a fine soprano, also, in the absence of performers who were expected, took parts in the programme with great success.

PAUL DE LA ROCHE's picture of Maria Antoinette, exhibited at Goupil's, attracts much attention here, and is in many respects a remarkable picture. She is represented as in the act of leaving the hall of the National Assembly, stepping out from the darkness into the full light of day, which is all concentrated upon her face, and makes it almost the only figure of the picture. A sadder, more beautiful, and more noble, queenly face can hardly be imagined; and the figure, without an ornament, in the plainest black dress, is every inch a queen. She could not have been more majestic in all the splendor of Versailles. The subordinate figures are interesting and

expressive, but after all, the face of the queen leaves the image that is stamped upon your memory. It is about to be engraved, and I hope we shall see it in Boston. W.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—(From *The Times*, May 14.)—The third concert, on Monday night, began with one of Haydn's finest symphonies,—No. 10 of the set of twelve composed for Salomon. It was admirably executed, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, and listened to with evident interest. Just now, when theory after theory, one more fantastic than another, simply helps to establish two facts,—viz., that it is easier to systematize than to compose, and that the present is rather an age of speculation and criticism than of production, no more wholesome lesson can be derived than is suggested by such unaffectedly good music as Haydn wrote, when striving to realize his own standard of excellence. We are by no means anxious for the preservation of all the countless works of this old master; but nothing that Haydn gave to the world *con amore* deserves to be forgotten. This symphony in E flat is curious to contemplate for more reasons than one. In the first place, it shows the influence exercised upon Haydn by one who was born after him and died before him. In the next, it proves that in this particular instance Beethoven owed as much to Haydn as Haydn to Mozart. No one can hear the minuet in Haydn's symphony without thinking of Beethoven's No. 4; no one can hear the *finale* without thinking of Beethoven's No. 1. While Haydn's obligations to the later works of Mozart, however, are universally acknowledged, the obligations of other composers to Haydn are too often overlooked.

The other symphony—the C minor of Beethoven—was played with remarkable spirit; but there was scarcely a *piano* from beginning to end.

In the C minor symphony and in the overture to *Der Freischütz* (which terminated the concert) many improvements were observed, for which Professor Bennett is to be thanked. A number of forced and exaggerated "points" were corrected, and the expression intended by the composers adhered to with a punctilio that merited and obtained the acknowledgment of connoisseurs.

The other overture was one by Mr. Cipriani Potter, entitled *Antony and Cleopatra* (written nearly 20 years since)—a work of extreme cleverness, although perhaps not exactly conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare's play. This was well played and much applauded. The "Dramatic Concerto" of Spohr—one of that master's most splendid compositions for the violin with orchestral accompaniments—was performed with wonderful mechanical dexterity by Mr. H. C. Cooper, who, as one of our ablest native professors, was received with enthusiasm and warmly encouraged throughout his performance. The vocal music was excellent. Madame Jenny Ney sang Beethoven's splendid *scena*, "Ah, perfido," with great dramatic feeling; and Herr Reichardt highly distinguished himself in the second air of Danilowitz, which Meyerbeer added to the *Etoile du Nord* when it was first produced at Dresden. An instrumental novelty of merit and originality was introduced—in the form of a *concertante* on Hungarian airs for two flutes and violin (accompanied by the orchestra)—with which the audience were much pleased. The composition (by Herr Doppler) is characteristic and piquant. The execution—by the brothers Doppler (flutes) and Herr Huber (violin)—was perfect. The combination of instruments is sufficiently strange; but such faultless playing left nothing to desire, and the audience were charmed alike with the music and the performance.

BENNETT'S SOIRÉES.—The second of these delightful entertainments came off on Tuesday evening before a very brilliant audience in the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:

PART I.
Chamber Trio, Op. 26, piano-forte, violin and violoncello W. S. Bennett.
Sonata, piano-forte, in C minor, Op. 35 Dussek.
Aria: "O salutaris hostia" Cherubini.
Andante e Variazioni, Op. 35, in B flat, two piano-fortes R. Schumann.

PART II.
Sonata in B flat, Op. 45, piano-forte and violoncello Mendelssohn.
Song: "Sing, maiden, sing," Op. 35, W. S. Bennett.
Selections from Piano-forte Pieces, à quatre mains, Op. 85 R. Schumann.

The chamber trio (why "chamber trio"?), in A, of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, one of his most melodious and ingenious works, has been often described and often praised. The piano-forte part was of course admirably executed by the composer, who, on the present occasion, was ably assisted by Herren Leopold and Moritz Ganz on the violin and violoncello. These gentlemen are from Berlin, and it was their first appearance in England.

Mr. Bennett was in fine play all the evening, and every connoisseur must thank him for introducing (for the first time at his concerts) that seldom-heard sonata of Dussek (one of the three dedicated to Clementi). Though not equal in merit to "Les Adieux à Clementi" (a sonata in E flat, op. 44—best known in this country as "The Farewell"), the one in C minor is highly characteristic of its author; and even its *buffo* finale, in the major key—which, in less ingenious hands, might border on vulgarity (owing to its theme)—must always please when given in Mr. Bennett's vigorous and unaffected style. The B flat "sonata-duo" of Mendelssohn was another masterly performance on the part of Mr. Bennett, who worked manfully to keep his partner—M. Moritz Ganz, the violoncellist (a good, but not over-spirited player)—up to the mark.

The duets with Madame Clara Schumann were trebly interesting. It was interesting to hear two such pianists together as herself and Mr. Bennett; it was interesting to hear the rarely performed pianoforte music of Robert Schumann; and it was interesting to observe the exquisite solicitude with which the unfortunate composer's gifted and amiable wife dwelt upon every phrase of his melody, every modulation, every turn of harmony. No playing could be more *spirituel* and poetical. The variations (for two pianos) are very original; but still more were we pleased with the smaller pieces, of which there were four:—*Beim Kränzweiden*; *Kroatenmarsch*; *Trauer*; and *Springbrunnen*. Mr. Bennett entered sympathetically into the feeling of Madame Schumann (who was warmly received); and a great treat was the result.—*Musical World*.

MUSICAL UNION.—The return of Herr Ernst is always looked forward to with pleasure by connoisseurs of quartet-playing; and no wonder, since among the violinists of the present day he stands unrivalled as a master of expression. In Haydn and Mozart—in Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr—he is equally at home; and it is as great a treat to hear him play one of the early works of the first-named composers as any of the most imaginative and elaborate productions of the last. Nothing could be more exquisite than his reading yesterday of the slow movement in Mozart's first quartet—from the six dedicated to Haydn. It was throughout genial, unaffected, and faultless. No stronger contrast to such music could be found than in the variations and *scherzo* of Mendelssohn (Op. 81), from the posthumous works, where the unbridled fancy of the modern school is united to a contrapuntal ingenuity equal to Mozart's. Herr Ernst entered thoroughly into the spirit of Mendelssohn; and we have never heard these interesting fragments executed with greater spirit and *finesse*—with more playfulness and at the same time more fire.

Madame Clara Schumann was the pianist. Her grand *morceau* was the second trio of Mendelssohn (in C minor), which she played very finely, with Herr Ernst as violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello. We have seldom listened to a more satisfactory performance. This, however, from three such artists was not at all surprising. Madame Schumann selected, as her solo pieces, the Thirty-two variations of Beethoven on a theme in C minor, to which Mendelssohn used to be so partial. Like Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann played them without book. It is hoped that when this lady next appears at the Musical Union she will be invited to perform in one of the chamber compositions of Robert Schumann (her husband). No one understands them so well, or executes them so entirely *con amore*.

The other performers in the *morceaux d'ensemble* were Messrs. Cooper (second violin) and Hill (viola). It was Signor Piatti's first appearance this season, as well as Herr Ernst's; and the director may be congratulated on the reacquisition of this greatest of violoncellists, after a long absence in the provinces with Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind. The rooms were crowded to suffocation.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubechant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUPPER.

When this act was over we all returned to the hall, which was arranged as I said, for repose or study, as they chose; all pressed around Boccaferri, to hear his opinion and profit by his observations. I saw then how he brought out his pupils; for his conversation was a real lecture, and the only serious and deep one which I had ever heard upon the subject.

During the representation, he took great care not to interrupt the actors, nor even show his delight or disapproval, whatever they did; he was afraid of disturbing them and drawing them away from their aim. In the entr'acte he became the judge and called himself the *enlightened public*, and awarded his criticisms and his praises.

"All honor to Cecilia!" began he. "In this act she was above us all; she carried her sword and spoke love like a Romeo; she made me love that youth, whose rôle is so delicate. Did you notice one mark of genius, my children? Listen then. Celio! Adorno! Salvatore! this is for the men; the little girls will not understand it. In the libretto, which you all know by heart, there is one word which I could never hear without laughing. It is when Doña Anna relates to her lover that she had barely escaped being a victim to the boldness of Don Juan, as this rascal had imitated the gait and manners of Ottavio on the night of the Commander's murder, that he might surprise her tenderness. She tells him that she

fled from his arms and succeeded in repelling him. Then Don Ottavio, who has piteously listened to this story, sings simply: *Respiro!* The word is very musically written for the dialogue, as Mozart knew how to write the simplest word; but the word is too commonplace. Rubini, like an intelligent maestro, sings it as it should be sung, without marked expression, and so saves it from ridicule; but almost all other Ottavios I have heard have never failed to *breathe* the word with expanded chest, raising their eyes to heaven, as if to say to the public: 'Faith, how well I got through it!'

"But Cecilia listened to Anna's recital with chaste sadness and calm indignation, which the most impudent pit could not have laughed at. I saw my young Ottavio grow pale, for the face of an actor, when really moved, does grow pale beneath the paint, without being obliged to turn round adroitly and pass a handkerchief over the cheeks—bad trick, the vulgar resource of vulgar art; and, then, when his fears were quieted, instead of saying: *I breathe!* he cried out from the bottom of his heart: 'Oh, whether lost or saved, thou wouldst have been mine forever!'

"Yes, yes!" cried Stella, who did not pretend to play the ignorant little girl, and strove above all to be an artist; "I was so touched by those words that I felt remorse at having been moved for one moment in the arms of that base man. I loved Ottavio, and you will see in the fourth act how much strength and pride those generous words gave back to me."

"Brava, bravissima!" said Boccaferri, "that is really understanding; an entr'acte should never be lost upon a true artist. While he rests his muscles and his voice, his intelligence ought still to labor, when he recalls his recent emotions and prepares himself for fresh struggles against the dangers and evils of his destiny. I shall never grow weary of telling you that the theatre should be a type of real life; even as in real life a man retires into solitude or unbosoms himself to a friend, that he may understand the events which gather around him, and be enabled through good resolutions or good counsel to see through circumstances and govern them, just so should the actor think upon the action of the drama and the character he represents. Every day and between each scene he should strive to find all the different developments of which his rôle admits. Here, as we are not confined to the text, the spirit of improvisation opens to us an infinite field of delicious creation. But even when in public we are slaves to the text, a gesture, a movement of your features alone, can serve to express your idea. It will be more difficult, my children, because it must be right at first, and a great

thought must be compressed in a slight effect; but this will be more delicate to seek, and consequently more glorious to find; this will be the last word of science, the precious stone *par excellence*, which we seek here in a mine abounding with varied materials, from which we draw with full hands, like happy and greedy children as we are, waiting until we are skilled and experienced enough to choose only the finest diamond of the rock.

"You, Celio," continued Boccaferri, to whom all listened as to an oracle, and whom even the proud Celio would not contradict, "you were too gay and not sufficiently hypocritical. You forget that the naive and credulous Zerlina was woman enough to demand more flattery and resist so much boldness. You did not forget that Beatrice was your sister, and you treated her too much like a little child whom you were accustomed to caress without displeasing or troubling her. Be more faithless, more wicked, more hard-hearted, and do not forget that in the next act you are to play the Tartuffe. By the way, we wanted a father, and here is one; Monsieur Salentini has fallen from the skies, and he must improvise the scene with the father. It is from Moliere, and is fine indeed. Quick, my children! a Spanish grandee's costume for Monsieur Salentini. The coat Louis XIII., bordering a little upon Henri IV., old style; wide ruffles, violet breeches, a long doublet, and very few ribbons or none at all. Run, Stella, forget nothing; you know I never accept the young girl's excuse: 'But I did not think of it.' Do you both read over Moliere's scene to me," said he, addressing himself to Celio and me. "Monsieur Salentini, you only need seize the spirit and become imbued with it. Do not adhere to the words. On the contrary, forget them entirely; the least phrase learned by heart is fatal to improvisation. But good heavens! I forgot that you did not come here to learn comedy. So you will do it as a favor, and you will do it well, for you have talent in another phase of art, and the feeling of the true and beautiful serves to comprehend all the phases of art. For Art is one, is it not?"

"I will do my best not to disconcert the others," answered I, "and I assure you all this amuses, interests and impassions me immensely."

"Thanks, artist!" cried Boccaferri, giving me his hand. "Oh, to be an artist is all that is worth living for!"

"We must see to the decoration," said he to his daughter. "I only need you to help me arrange the interior of Don Juan's palace. See that the armor for the statue be ready for Monsieur Salentini to put on quickly during the scene with Monsieur Dimanche; and you, Masetto, go

and black yourself for that ancient character. Celio, if you are so unlucky as to talk in the side scenes during this act, I shall play as badly as in the last scene. You made me angry; I was weak and cowardly no longer; and if I play badly, so will you. It is a great mistake to believe that an actor is so much the more brilliant when his comrade is tame; the theory of individuality, which reigns more on the stage than anywhere else, and practices those ignoble professional jealousies to *souffler la claque* at a comrade, is more pernicious to talent upon the stage than in all the other varied scenes of life. The stage is the place, above all others, where all must harmonize. The cold actor chills his neighbor, and the contagion is communicated to the others with fatal promptness. On earth people strive to persuade themselves that evil only makes good shine brighter. It is a mistake; the good would become perfect, the beautiful would become sublime, emotion would become passion, if instead of being alone, the fine actor should be seconded and warmed by his surroundings. Upon this subject I have still another word to say, the last before beginning to work again! When we began we played too lengthily; now that we know the form and are not carried away by the plot, we fall into the opposite, we play too fast. This happens because every one, sure of his own part, cuts short his comrade's words to speak his own. Keep yourselves free from a jealous personality, eager to exhibit itself; keep from it as from a pestilence! You will gain knowledge in listening to others. Let him ramble a little in his answers if he pleases; you will have good reason to be impatient when he impedes the action which impasses you. In real life, a friend bores us by his distractions, a valet vexes us with his chatter, a woman drives us to desperation by her obstinacy and her evasions. Well, all this aids instead of injures the scene we have improvised. It is reality, and art has only to give the finishing touch. Besides which, you interrupt each other, you run the risk of losing a good idea, which might have helped you to a better; you drive away a thought which might have inspired you with a thousand. So you harm yourself. Remember this principle: That each one may be good and true, all should be so, and the success which one takes away from another's rôle injures his own. Beyond these walls this would seem a frightful paradox; but you will perceive the justice of it, because you are endeavoring to form a true school. Besides, if only from kindness and mutual affection, you must be *brothers* in Art, as you are in blood. Inspiration can only be the result of moral health; it only dwells in generous hearts, and a bad companion is a bad actor, whatever they may say."

The play went on finely until the last scene, in which I again appeared as the statue, to vanish through a trap door with Don Juan. But when we were under the stage, Celio, whose hand I still held in my marble one, said to me, disengaging it, and passing suddenly from the fantastic to the real:

"Pardieu! may the devil take you! You made me fail in the grand climax of the drama; I was colder than the statue, and I should have been terrified and terrifying. Boccaferri will never understand why I played as badly to-night as at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. But I will tell you. You look at Cecilia too much, and

it pains me. A jealous Don Juan would be an impossibility, because that would argue love, and that does not agree with the rôle I play to-night and have played in real life until to-night."

"What are you coming to, Celio?" answered I. "Is this a quarrel, a challenge, a declaration of war? Speak! I appeal to that virtue which made me your friend, almost without knowing you; I appeal to your frankness."

"No," said he, "nothing of that. If I listened to my impulses, I should wring your neck in this cellar. But I feel that it would be ridiculous and odious in me to hate you, and I sincerely and loyally wish to receive you as a rival and friend at the same time. I brought you here of my own accord and without consulting any one. I confess that I thought you on the best terms with the Duchess de N——, for I was at Turin three days since with Cecilia. No one in this village nor in Turin knew of our journey. But in the twenty-four hours that we were near you, without being able to shake your hand, we learned a great deal. I thought you had fallen once more into the nets of Circe; I pitied you sincerely, and as we passed your lodging, to leave the city at five o'clock in the morning, Cecilia sang to you a few lines of Mozart as an eternal farewell. Unfortunately she chose an air and words which rather resembled an appeal than a renunciation, and that made me angry. Then I reassured myself in seeing her as calm as if your faithlessness was one of the most indifferent things to her; and as I love you from the bottom of my soul, I was sad when I thought of the woman who had taken Cecilia's place in your fickle heart. Now say, whom do you love and whither are you going? Are you running after the duchess, in passing through the village of the Wilderness? Is she hidden in some neighboring castle? How could chance have led you to this valley, which is on no road? If you are not hastening to a rendezvous with this woman, it is very plain to me that you are here for *the other*, and have succeeded in discovering her retreat and her new position, well concealed as they were. Now it is your turn to be sincere, Monsieur Salentini. Whom do you love, and whom do you not? and towards whom do you pretend to play the part of Ottavio or Don Giovanni?"

I answered by briefly telling the whole truth; I did not conceal that the *Vedrai carino*, sung by Cecilia under my window, had saved me from the duchess' power, and I added in conclusion:

"I confess that I was near forgetting Cecilia, and had suffered so much in the struggle, that I believed that I thought of her no more. I so little expected to see you to-day, and the fantastic existence into which I am so suddenly thrown is so new to me, that I can say nothing to you except that to see you grown naive and loving, her expansive and brilliant, her father sober and clear in his intelligence, your mysterious chateau, your charming sisters, those unknown figures which seem like some sweet dream to me, this life of a gentleman artist which you have created in a nest of vultures and ghosts, while the wind whistles and the snow falls out doors, all this bewilders me. Just now I was rapt and happy; it did not seem like earth; now you bring me back to reality, and you wish me to recollect myself, and I cannot. Give me until to-morrow morning to answer you. Since we do not wish to deceive

each other, I do not know why we should not be friends until to-morrow morning."

"You are right," answered Celio; "and if we are not friends for life, I should regret it bitterly. We will talk to-morrow at daylight. Night here is made for excitement. But listen to a last word of real life which I must not postpone. Do you say that my charming sisters seem like a dream to you? Beware that dream! There is one of my sisters whom you must never love."

"Is she married?"

"No; something more serious than that. Answer me one question, which will admit of no evasions. Do you know the name of your father? I can well ask you that, I who only knew the name of mine so lately."

"Yes, I know it," answered I.

"And you are free to say it?"

"Yes; it is only my mother's name which I am obliged to conceal."

"It is the contrary with me; and your father's name was——"

"Tealdo Soavi. He was a singer at the theatre in Naples, and died young."

"So I had been told. I wished to be sure of it. My friend, look upon little Beatrice with a brother's eyes, for she is your sister. Ask me no questions about it. She is the only one in the family that has this mysterious connexion with you, and she must not know it. Our mother is sacred to us, and all her actions holy. We are her children, we bear her glorious name; that satisfies our pride; but much as it pains me, it was my duty to tell you this, that there may be no misunderstanding here. Sometimes the purest feeling might be unchaste, and should not be nourished in ignorance. This pure child is inclined to coquetry; perhaps she may some day grow passionate from reaction. Be severe, be disobliging with her if need be, so that you will not be obliged to reveal what you are to her. You see, Adorno, I had a right to be interested in you, and to watch over you a little at the same time; for this direct connexion between my sister and you establishes an indirect one between us. I should be miserable in hating you."

"Well, well!" cried Beatrice, opening the trap-door, "are you really dead down there? Why don't you come up? They are waiting supper for you."

The beautiful head of the child thrilled my heart with deep emotions. I understood why I loved her at first sight; and when I asked myself whom she resembled, I thought it must be myself; she too remarked it very innocently one day.

So I was one of the family too, and that put me at my ease. Whatever they may say, there is nothing so poetic and touching as these discoveries of mysterious parentage; they have almost the charm of love.

We passed into the dining room as the castle clock struck twelve. It was the rule to sup in costume. It was warm enough in the rooms not to endanger my health by wearing my pasteboard armor, and it made great fun to see *l'uom di sasso* sitting down to eat *cibo mortale* between Don Juan and Leporello; still it had a certain shade of the fantastic, even when I made of my mask a covering to a pheasant pie.

They ate quickly and joyfully; then, when Boccaferri began to talk, Cecilia and Celio wanted the children to be sent bed, but Beatrice and Benjamin strenuously resisted this move-

ment. They opened their eyes widely, to prove that they were not sleepy, and pretended to be as able to sit up as the *grown up people*.

"Don't contradict them," said Cecilia to Celio. "In a quarter of an hour they will sue for mercy."

And indeed, when Boccaferri, whom I was delighted to see pouring water into his wine, began to discuss the piece we had played, Beatrice's beautiful blonde head leaned upon Stella's shoulder, while at the other end of the table Benjamin began to look at his plate with unmistakeable steadfastness. Celio, who was strong as an athlete, took his sister in his arms and carried her off like a little child; Stella shook her young brother, that she might lead him away. I took a light to direct their steps in the long galleries of the castle, and when Stella took my candle to go and light Salvator's, Celio whispered to me, showing Beatrice, whom he had placed upon her bed:

"She sleeps like a dormouse. Kiss your little sister in the dark, for perhaps you may never kiss her again."

I pressed an almost paternal kiss upon Beatrice's pure brow, and she answered, without recognizing me:

"Good night, Celio!" Then added she, with her eyes shut and with a roguish smile: "You must tell Monsieur Salentini not to make any noise at supper for fear of waking the Marquis de Balma!"

Stella returned with the light; we gave her sister up to her to be undressed, and we went back to supper. Stella soon came back, bringing with her Zerlina's delicious Andalusian costume, to be hidden and locked in the costume room.

"The mystery we have succeeded in drawing around us," said Cecilia to me, "gives a new attraction to our studies and nightly feasts. I hope that you will not betray us, and that you will let the villagers still believe that we keep Witches' Sabbath every night."

I told her what I heard from my hostess and the story of the little slipper.

"Yes, that was all true," said she; "it was Beatrice's fault, for she never will go to bed until she falls asleep. That night she was so tired that she went to bed with one slipper on, like a veritable little witch. We did not find it out till the next day."

"Come, my children, lose no time in useless words," said Boccaferri. "What shall we play to-morrow?"

"I ask for Don Juan once more, to reinstate myself," said Celio, "for I was pre-occupied to-night, and my progress was backward."

"True!" answered Boccaferri. "Then 'Don Juan' to-morrow for the third time! I begin to fear, Celio, that you are not wicked enough for that rôle as you have conceived it. I advise you, then, if you look at it differently, (and the inmost feeling of an intelligent actor is the best criticism of the rôle he attempts,) to give it other shades. Moliere's hero is a marquis, Mozart's a demon, and Hoffmann's a fallen angel. Why not take it in the last signification? Observe that this is not a mere reverie of the German poet; it is suggested by Moliere, who conceived this marquis in proportions as grand as the Misanthrope and Tartuffe. I do not like to think of Don Juan only as the *dissoluto castigato*

he is announced to be, out of respect to good manners, on the placards of *La Fenice*. Make of him a corrupted hero, a great heart quenched by vice, a dying flame, which tries in vain at times to cast a last radiance. Do not trouble yourself, my son; we are here to interpret rather than to translate.

"'Don Juan' is a masterpiece," added Boccaferri, lighting a good Havana cigar, (his old black pipe had disappeared,) "but it is a masterpiece in several versions. Mozart alone made a complete and faultless one; but if we only examine it as a literary work, we shall see that Moliere has not given to his drama the emotion or passion of the libretto of the opera. On the other hand, the libretto is written in the style of a libretto, and that is saying all, while Moliere's style is admirable. Again, in the opera the characters are not fully developed, and the French drama excels in that. But Moliere's work will always lack the scene of Doña Anna and the Commander's murder, that terrible episode with which the opera opens so violently and boldly; the ball, where Zerlina is torn from the seducer's arms, is also very dramatic; so Moliere's drama lacks something. Both plays must be thoroughly blended; but for that something must be taken away from and added to Moliere. Who dares to do it, and who can? We alone are foolish and bold enough to attempt it. Our excuse is, that we desire action at any price, and to discover here, in private, the important points of the opera which you will some day sing in public; and then, instead of twelve actors, we have only six! So we are in need of miracles."

"Let us try something new to-morrow. Let Monsieur Salentini play Ottavio, and my daughter shall take the part of that sad Elvira, always furious and always mystified, which we have merged into the single rôle of Anna. We must see what Cecilia can make of her jealousy. Courage, my daughter! The more difficult and unpleasant it may be, so much the more glorious."

"And then, since we are changing parts," said Celio, "I ask to be Ottavio. I feel in a tender mood, and the spirit of Don Juan is fast leaving me."

"But who will be Don Juan?" said Boccaferri.

"You, my father," answered Cecilia. "You know how to make yourself young, and you are the master of us all; your attempt will profit Celio."

"What a bad idea! Where can I find grace and beauty? Look at Celio; he can play his part badly; that manner, that form, that blonde moustache, which so becomes his black eyes, those large eyes, slightly encircled, but still so young, all these aid the illusion; while with me, an old man, all will be cold and undone."

"Not so," said Celio. "Don Juan might very likely have been forty-five years old, and you did not look older than that as Leporello. I believe I behaved too young for such a scamp and such a notorious roué. Try it, we beseech you."

"As you please, children; and you, Cecilia, will you be Elvira?"

"I will be anything you wish, if the play only goes on. But Monsieur Salentini?"

"Still a statue, at your service."

"That is but one part," said Boccaferri; "we must necessarily combine short rôles. You may try Masetto, and the Benjamin, who is decidedly

comical, may attempt Leporello. Why not? We can make him look old, and the conquest of great difficulties is so much gained."

"Then it is settled that I am to return here to-morrow night?" asked I, looking around the table."

"Yes, indeed, if no one expects you elsewhere," said Cecilia, giving me her hand, with a calm benignity which could in no wise flatter me.

"You are to come to-morrow and take up your abode in the Castle of the Wilderness," said Boccaferri. "I insist upon it. You are a useful actor and very gifted by nature. I shall keep you and not let you go; and then, you see, we can busy ourselves with painting. Scene-painting is the great school of relief, of depth and light, which historical and landscape painters disdain, because they do not understand it and also because they do not see it well employed. I have my ideas upon the subject, and you will see that you lose no time in listening to old Boccaferri; and then our groups and costumes may inspire you with subjects; there is everything here which is requisite for painting, and studios at your service."

"Let me think of it to-night," answered I, looking at Celio, "and I will answer you to-morrow morning."

"Then I shall expect you at breakfast to-morrow morning, or else I shall keep you on the spot."

"No," said I, "I am staying with an honest man, who will not go to bed till I come in. He will imagine I have fallen down some precipice, or that I have been devoured by the devils of the castle."

This settled, we parted. Celio helped me to dress myself, and wished to go back half way with me; but he hardly spoke, and when he left me he pressed my hand sadly. I saw him return over the snow, with his buff leather boots, his velvet cloak, his rapier at his side, and his large plume waving in the wind. Nothing could have been more singular than the sight of this personage of a by-gone age crossing the fields at midnight, and to think the theatrical hero was plunged into the reveries and emotions of real life.

[To be continued.]

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,
Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.
(Translated for the London Musical World.)

The original score of Mozart's *Requiem*, the same which was, after his death, delivered to the person who commissioned him to write it, and who remained for so long a time unknown, is now amongst the musical collection of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, Imperial Privy Councillor and Prefect of the Court Library, a distinguished patron of musical art and a true admirer of the great composer, discovered this remarkable manuscript, and obtained it for the institution of which he has the charge, to add to the valuable possessions of which, and to increase its celebrity, are his constant endeavor.

The first glance at this score convinced every one that had seen Mozart's handwriting, that, from the first leaf to the last, it was entirely written by him; from which it follows, that he completed the work before his death; and everything that has been circulated upon the subject, either by report, in writing or in print, is erroneous. Besides the testimony of the handwriting, several other circumstances justified this belief. It is

well known how long and how ardently Mozart was employed upon this *Requiem*, and that portion which has hitherto been recognized as his work seemed neither to correspond to such length of time, or to such ardor, even if we balance against his remarkable facility in composition the failing state of his health during the last months of his life, which certainly must have rendered the creation of this work an effort.

Let us recall the "Genuine Anecdotes of the Life of Gottlieb Wolfgang Mozart," published by Councillor F. Rochlitz in the first year of the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.—There it is stated (col. 150): "He began the work immediately (upon receiving the commission). With every bar his interest in the subject seemed to increase; he wrote day and night. His body could not endure the exertion—he fainted several times while at work." And further we read (cols. 177 and 178): "He was extremely ailing when he started for Prague. The multiplicity of his occupations had, however, once more excited the powers of his spirit;" * * * * "but through this very exertion still more enfeebled, he returned to Vienna more ailing than before, and, disgusted with all this tumult, splendor, and extravagance, he returned with avidity to the interrupted labor of his *Requiem*." * * * "The work," said he to the person from whom he received the commission, "has increased in interest to me as I have proceeded with it; I am developing it much more extensively than I at first intended."

Mozart's widow, now the widow of Baron von Nissen, wrote to the Abbé Stadler (according to his published statement), that her husband had never, before receiving this commission, begun the composition of any *Requiem*, and often said to her "that he undertook this work with the utmost pleasure, since it was the class of music he loved best, and that he would conceive and execute it with such zeal, that his foes and his friends would equally study it after his death."

Concerning the unceasing industry with which Mozart prosecuted the composition of this work, there are still many other proofs, besides those above quoted.

To adduce but one, the authority of which must be respected throughout the whole civilized world, I may mention that my honored friend, the Imperial Councillor, and Professor Freyherr Joseph von Jaquin, in whose family Mozart was very intimate, visited him at this period on behalf of a lady, who, though already a great proficient on the pianoforte, wished still further to perfect her talent, and therefore desired to take lessons of him, preliminary to which he was requested to hear her play. Freyherr von Jaquin found him at his writing desk, busily working at the *Requiem*. He introduced his request. "With pleasure," answered Mozart; "I will do everything that you wish, only leave me at leisure for the present. I have here a work that is very pressing, and in which I am deeply interested. Until it is completed, I really cannot give a thought to anything else."

Since he, nevertheless, whilst still writing the *Requiem* (on the 15th November, 1791, according to the date in his own handwriting), composed the beautiful cantata, *Laut verkünde unsre Freude*, we may naturally suppose that he must have been sufficiently near the conclusion of that greater work, to be certain of completing it.

Knowing all this, it has always been difficult to believe that he had only produced those portions of the *Requiem* that the Abbé Stadler ascribes to him in his account.

That he not only composed more of the *Requiem* than is there represented, but that he positively completed it, is corroborated by a great many credible testimonies.

In the anecdotes contributed by Herr Councillor Rochlitz (referred to above) he concludes by saying: "During this labor he frequently was overcome by total prostration and fainting. Before the close of the fourth week (after the enquiry of the person from whom he received the commission) the work was finished; and with it his life."

Councillor Rochlitz calls these Anecdotes "gen-

uine." He would not have called them so if he had not derived them from the best sources. Moreover, he is really not the man to speak of a thing as "finished" which is unfinished; we are therefore justified in supposing that he learnt, through a private channel, that Mozart had literally finished the work, that is to say, he had perfectly completed it.

In G. N. von Nissen's Biography of Mozart we read (page 564), "On the day of his death he had the score of the *Requiem* brought to his bed. 'Did I not say that I was writing the *Requiem* for myself?' he said, and read it through once more with moistened eyes." He had the score brought to his bed: here there is no allusion to sketches. He read through the whole; should one not from this conclude that it was a whole? And finally, who could infer from the words: "That I was writing the *Requiem* for myself," that he believed an unfinished work, in which three pieces, besides the conclusion, were wanting, would be performed at his funeral?

With so many grounds for the opinion that the work was completed by him, the impression which the handwriting of the score now under consideration produced must have been so much the more convincing. At the same time it was not admitted as genuine without the utmost precaution, it having been felt that the extraordinary circumstances of this case demanded extraordinary discrimination. Manuscripts, the existence of which has either been entirely unknown, or which have been supposed lost for ever, have often been, and still are from time to time discovered; in this case, however, the majority, trusting to the testimony of Süßmayer, of Stadler, and even of the widow of the great composer, were convinced of the non-existence of this manuscript, in its completed state. It was, therefore, quite permissible not to trust to one's own eyes unconditionally, and it became a duty to employ the closest examination, the severest test, before recognizing this complete manuscript as written by the master's hand.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

TELL'S DEATH,

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

When once the avalanche thunders,
The Alp is green again;
The herds go up the mountain,
The snow runs down the plain.
To you, ye Alpine children,
The ice, the Spring sets free,
Each year renews in emblem
The fight of Liberty.

See where the thundering Schächen
Down through the gorges leaps,
And rock and fir fall crashing
Where'er his torrent sweeps.
The bridge is crushed and buried
That hung above the spray;
A boy just crossing over,
Is with it washed away.

It chanced, that very moment,
An old man neared the verge,
To save the boy, he, fearless
Leaps down into the surge;
Grasps him with eagle-swiftness,
And bears him safe to shore;
The child escapes—his saviour
Hath sunk to rise no more.

And when the flood ejected
His body, robbed of life,
There stood around him, sobbing
And sorrowing, man and wife.
As if old Rothstock, crashing,
From its foundations fell,
Burst from one mouth the grief-cry:
"Tis Tell is dead! 'tis Tell!"

Were I an Alpine herdsman
On the eternal snow,
Were I a daring boatman
On Uri's lake below,

And had I, in my sorrow,
Come near where Tell lay dead,
My arm his head enfolding,
My wail I thus had said:

"There liest thou, pale and lifeless,
Who wast the life of all;
Thy hoary locks still fondly
Around thy pale face fall.
Here stands, whom thou hast rescued,
A child, like milk and blood;
The land thou hast unfettered,
Lo! Alpine glories flood!

"The love that to the rescue
Of this young struggler flew,
Had been in thee the courage
That erst the tyrant slew.
Unsleeping and unshrinking,
To help was aye thy way;
So was it in thy brown locks,
So was it in thy gray.

"Hadst thou been still a young man,
When thou the boy didst save,
And hadst thou then been rescued
From this thy watery grave,
Thence had we well concluded
Fame should one day be thine;
Yet after great achievements,
The hero's homeliest shine.

"Thine ear has rung with voices
That praised thee loud and high,
Yet could it stoop to listen
To misery's feeblest cry.
He is the freeman's hero,
Who, though with victory crowned,
Yet, burns for deeds of goodness
No trump of Fame shall sound.

"Unscathed, we saw thee coming
Back from the work of wrath;
Thy fortune first forsook thee
In pity's humble path.
Heaven asked not, for a people,
Thy life in sacrifice,
But, for this child surrendered,
'Twas held a precious prize.

"Where thy sure shaft, like lightning,
Straight to the Vogt's heart went,
There stands a chapel open,
Vengeance, thy monument!
But here, where thou hast perished
To save a child, alone
For a memorial hast thou
A humble cross of stone.

"Well, far and wide 'tis sounded
How thou thy land hast freed,
The tongues of mighty poets
Shall give to Fame the deed;
But when, at eve, the herdsman
Comes down the Schächen's side,
The rocks, Tell's name resounding,
Shall utter how he died."

C. T. B.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 30.—Last Monday night an event came off which has long been expected here, viz: the exhibition to the public of Messrs. Jardine & Son's large new organ, built for Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church, in the Fifth avenue. The announcement brought crowds of the gaily dressed and fashionable inhabitants of that aristocratic quarter of the city, many being unable to gain admission. The selection of the pieces and the skill of the performers were certainly well worthy of the occasion; indeed the whole affair passed off to the evident satisfaction of the enthusiastic auditory present, and must have been deeply gratifying to the builders of the noble instrument, as well as to the members of the church it adorns so well.

This organ from its sweetness and purity of tone, its admirable evenness of voicing, and the varied and

pleasing effects of which it is susceptible, no less than from its great power, filling to its remotest corner the lofty edifice with its grand harmonies, swelling from the softest whisper to a depth and beauty and power of tone, a sea of harmony far beyond the precincts of the house, which cannot confine it, into the open air, surging upward to that heaven to which its tones were directed and in whose service it was reared; this organ stands unrivalled in its excellence, the finest in the city and the trustees of Rev. Dr. Alexander's Church may well congratulate themselves in the possession of this magnificent instrument.

On the evening in question, while listening to the finished and classical style of Mr. WM. MASON, who is (fortunately for the Messrs. JARDINE) the organist of the church, the brilliant playing of Mr. G. W. MORGAN, and the profound knowledge of the almost inexhaustible resources of the instrument displayed by Mr. EDW'D JARDINE in his performance, the hearer could not but feel the truth that, "Peace hath its victories no less than war," and this was indeed a triumph of science and art. In this organ has been introduced, among other improvements, a stop new to untravelled ears, viz: the "Vox celestis," resembling in its effect a choir of far distant though rich contralto voices carrying out what its name suggests, the startling yet beautiful idea of a chorus of celestial harmony which has caught up the preceding strain and is bearing to heaven for acceptance at its throne the praises of the faithful upon earth. The attentive audience upon whose ears these beautiful tones fell will not soon forget their effect, and to those who had heard the same beautiful effects produced upon the wonderful organ of the Madelaine in Paris, the occasion was a pleasing souvenir of their enjoyment then. Annexed is a programme of the evening, with a list of the stops contained in this masterpiece of the builders' skill.

J. P.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Introduction and Fugue, in D, Adolph Hesse.
2. Movement from the Lessons, Handel.
3. Pastoral, Kullak.
4. Voluntary Extempore, (Mr. Wm. Mason), Mason.
5. Organ Fugue, in G Minor, J. S. Bach.
6. Allegro from Organ Sonata, in F, Mendelssohn.

[Mr. Edward Jardine will perform Hesse's Tema and Variations in A, between the First and Second Parts of the Programme.]

PART II.

1. Fugue and Chorus, (Israel in Egypt), Handel.
2. Fantasia Extempore on Popular Melodies, Morgan.
3. Overture, (Der Freischütz), Weber.
4. Voluntary Extempore, (Mr. Wm. Mason), Mason.
5. Marche du Sacre, (Le Prophete), Meyerbeer.
6. American and English Anthems Extempore, Morgan.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORGAN.

| GREAT ORGAN. | |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Feet | Principal.....4 |
| Double Open Diapason.....16 | Twelfth.....3 |
| Grand Open Diapason.....8 | Fifteenth.....2 |
| Open Diapason.....8 | Sextualto, 3 ranks.....2 |
| Stopped Diapason.....8 | Mixture, 2 ranks.....1 |
| Quint.....6 | Trumpet.....8 |
| CHOIR ORGAN. | |
| Open Diapason.....8 | Principal.....4 |
| Dulciana.....8 | Twelfth.....3 |
| Clariana.....8 | Fifteenth.....2 |
| Stopped Diapason.....8 | Cremena.....8 |
| Hohl-flute.....4 | |
| SWELL ORGAN. | |
| Bourdon.....16 | Fifteenth.....2 |
| Open Diapason.....8 | Cornet.....2 |
| Stopped Diapason.....8 | Cornopean.....8 |
| Viol di Gamba.....8 | Hautbois.....8 |
| Principal.....4 | Vox Celestis.....8 |
| PEDAL ORGAN. | |
| Double Open Diapason.....16 | Octave.....4 |
| Double Stopped Diapason.....16 | Contra Fagotto.....16 |
| Violoncello.....8 | |
| ACCESSORY STOPS.—Seven Manual and Pedal Couplers. | |
| Compass of Manual Organs, C to G, 4½ Octaves. | |
| " Pedal Organ, C to F, 2½ " | |
| Total of Stops.....42 | |

A ROYAL SINGER.—A letter from Lisbon states that, at a concert given by M. Carlolds, the Belgian minister in that city, the King of Portugal sang the sono of Mercadante, and an air of Verdi's in the "Vepres," and took a part in a duo from "Linda" with Bartolini, the baritone.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 7, 1856.

MOZART'S "REQUIEM."—The article which we have copied on another page appears to set at rest the long mooted question of the authenticity of this celebrated work. It is well known to many of our readers to have been the general understanding until now, that Mozart died, in 1791, leaving the "Requiem" in a very unfinished state; and that SUSSMAYER, his favorite pupil, then a young man of five and twenty, claimed afterwards to have added all that portion of the work, as we now have it, which follows the second verse of the *Lachrymosa*, at which point Mozart's strength is supposed to have wholly failed him within a few hours of his death. Süssmayer claimed therefore to be the author of the remainder of the *Dies Iræ*, (which includes the *Lachrymosa*,) and of the entire *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*, while he repeated Mozart's fugue from the *Kyrie* for the concluding *Cum sanctis*, &c. He had been constantly with Mozart while he was engaged upon this work, had frequently gone over with him the parts already finished, was intimately familiar with his method, style, and his intentions with regard to it, had received certain dying instructions from the master, and had, besides these hints, the help of certain scattered fragments of music paper on which Mozart had jotted down his thoughts.

These statements were never fully contradicted, indeed were commonly received as more or less true; and yet faith in the "Requiem" as the work of Mozart somehow never left the popular mind. In 1825, GOTTFRIED WEBER, in his musical journal, *The Cæcilia*, revived the controversy, not only defending the claim of Süssmayer, but pronouncing the "Requiem," as a whole, a work unworthy of Mozart, the weakest of his productions, and severely criticizing those parts which were undoubtedly his own, while he had much to say in praise of those alleged to have been added by the pupil!

The motive of this strange attack has been traced to the fact that Weber at that very time was engaged in the composition of a "Requiem" himself, and was publishing articles to show that such works until then had been constructed on false principles, and to point out the true ones. The injustice of his low estimate of Mozart's work was ably shown by that learned musician and friend of Mozart, the Abbé STADLER. "You think," said he, "that the *Requiem* is the least complete, the most imperfect work of Mozart? Well, I, Maximilian Stadler, maintain that it is the most complete and perfect work of Mozart in the three first parts, that is to say, in four fifths of its whole extent. And here are JOSEPH and MICHAEL HAYDN, WINTER, BEETHOVEN, CHERUBINI, &c., &c., even SALIERI," (Mozart's most bitter rival,) "and a thousand others, who think and speak as I do. Among these names there are perhaps some which sound as well as yours, Herr Gottfried Weber; perhaps the opinion of the two Haydns, of Cherubini, Beethoven and Winter, outweigh the authority of all the musical journals in the world, including the *Cæcilia*. To recognize as an authentic and at the same time the finest work of

Mozart, these great men had not to wait for material proofs. They would have blushed at the thought of requiring a fac-simile in a journal, or of calling in an expert in handwriting, before they could decide whether this was the work of a pupil or the masterpiece of the master of them all. No, they did not draw their convictions from such sources. The proofs for them lay in the whole inner structure, in the invention, in the execution, in the deeply studied development of the thoughts, in a word, in the intrinsic value of the score."

OULIBICHEFF, too, the Russian biographer, from whom we have so often quoted, gives a chapter in his book, summing up the whole controversy in a very able manner, and from internal evidence making it very clear that the whole "Requiem" is virtually, essentially Mozart's, and that Süssmayer could have played little more than the part of copyist in writing out the last parts. He says of Süssmayer, that though he was a composer of numerous works, including several operas, which enjoyed much popularity in their day, yet not one of his labors has survived him. "He was at the most a second-rate composer, and he owes all his present celebrity to Herr Weber. But if Süssmayer, still so young a man, was able to compose three numbers of the *Requiem*, which, although in some respects inferior to the preceding, do not contrast essentially in thoughts, or style, or coloring, with a score confessedly the highest masterwork of the greatest musical genius of all the centuries, then of necessity must one of two things be admitted: either Süssmayer at that point began to be Mozart and ceased to be Süssmayer, or the spirit of the master descended from heaven upon the scholar, to inspire him with the conclusion of the *Requiem*; in which case we must suppose that he never made him more than one such visit. If there was a miracle, I give the preference to the latter."

We have no room to give the history of the *Requiem*. Perhaps some day we may present to our readers M. Oulibicheff's "Substance of the Controversy." Suffice it to say now that there was a great deal of mystery about its origin; that something is said about various copies made just after the composer's death, one of which was put into the hands of the mysterious stranger (now known to be Count Wallsegg) who ordered the work; and something about a later copy made by Süssmayer for the widow Mozart, who was left very poor, and naturally thought that a complete copy of the *Requiem* would prove a treasure to her. The mystery, if we may trust the account of the Vienna librarian, is now all cleared up by the discovery of a manuscript copy of the whole work, in Mozart's own handwriting. Such proof, backed as it is by a great weight of circumstantial and internal evidence, seems irresistible; and all admirers of Mozart and of the *Requiem* must feel relief and joy in the discovery.

Robert Franz.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

We conclude the translation of the biographical sketch by Liszt, commenced in last week's paper.

"After his return to his father's house, Franz was in a great dilemma. He had not as yet acquired any of those faculties which make a man pass current in the world. He could not

and he would not any longer court a civic position, which would have made him the respectable five-hundredth wheel in the social machine of his country. He was determined, come what would, to remain a musician, since he already looked upon himself as such, and indeed as completely such. Meanwhile his best labors betrayed too much the groping scholar, and reached not that degree of clearness and effectiveness which the public requires. His shy, retiring nature was not fitted to seek satisfaction in the successes of salons and coteries, in affairs of love or business. He suffered without resistance under the calumnies to which such organizations are exposed, which, in their want of brilliant outward qualities, become shy of men, and often feel themselves robbed of their resources in the very moment when there is the most pressing necessity for making them apparent. Like Rousseau and Schiller, his thoughts came just as he left the house; or, as we heard him say himself, he usually thawed out when it was too late.—His state of mind was aggravated by bitter remarks, which his friends and relations did not spare him when it was demonstrable that his musical studies so far had produced only negative results, and that his career might, in the common way of viewing things, be called a failure. This situation became the more painful to him, since in Dessau he was affected by one of the most dangerous evils of every conservatoire: to wit, self-sufficiency. Too often any expressed distrust in his talent, in his future, only increased the inward reserve of his nature. Instead of growing more expansive in his family circle, he returned more and more back into himself, became more and more strengthened in his striving after independence of the opinions of others, more and more determined to rely solely on himself. It was for him a period full of conflict, suffering and doubt, full of toil and renunciation. It might have operated destructively upon him, for how hard it is to hold one's ground against so many opposing influences! But here it was a mother's tender sympathy, the womanly gift of intuition, lending such a sacred charm to the pure instinct of her love, that held him up and saved him—he who only needed some stay in a loving heart to raise the lever of his energy, his outward power.

"About this time he first learned to know and to admire Sebastian Bach and Franz Schubert. While he became penetrated with the genius of these two, he gradually lost that self-sufficiency which he had brought with him from Dessau, and not much time passed before all the Dessau compositions were put aside. A close acquaintance with these masters, a continual reference to what they had done, and a comparison of it with his own sketches, operated depressingly upon his artistic consciousness, and nourished disheartening doubts in his own productive faculty. But he received them all the more deeply into his enthusiastic soul, into his ripening understanding. Singular example of sincere love for Art! By this means he escaped the petrification which might have ensued from an indefinite prolonging of the conflict between unappreciating friends and morbid self-reliance, which so easily degenerates into empty conceit.

"Moreover, he now found in Halle that intellectual movement, that constant coming and going of ideas, that ebb and flow of the most

various views, which he had lacked in Dessau. Even if the public musical life there was of slight importance, yet the university offered mighty elements of spiritual nourishment, such as one would have sought in vain at that time in any other part of Germany. One remembers the activity developed in the thinking youth of Halle then, which found its most remarkable expression in a periodical review, whose philosophical opinions made an epoch. Ruge and his followers had called forth a great activity in cultivated circles, which naturally began to pervade every sphere of intellectual life. If Franz did not immediately attach himself to the new ideas just germinating, if he did not disseminate them by speaking and by writing, still he exercised his analytic and sympathetic reflection upon all that there was noble and fruitful in these investigations of philosophic freedom. He quickly perceived that the artist must not limit his survey to the objects which he has to treat; that it must be injurious to him to remain a stranger to the atmosphere of ideas which surround him, and not consider his art as a part of the great whole, in the midst of which we live, identifying himself with the universal interests, newly quickened by the new inquiries.

"The favorable influence which his participation in this intellectual struggle exercised upon him cannot be mistaken, and this moment thus became of such paramount importance for his life-purposes thereafter, as to regulate his whole relation to the world and to Art by a fixed rule. It may also be maintained that Franz became the musician whom we now admire, not through his studies in Dessau, but through the solitary period which he passed in Halle. Not that we would question the necessity and usefulness of the elementary notions acquired in the school of Schneider. They were as indispensable to him as his first gymnasium studies, without which he would not have been capable of following the philosophical debates, of which he was a dumb but eager witness. But Franz himself has told us that, had the stiffness, immovableness, and narrowness of the Dessau principles remained unmodified and unexpanded in him, he would never have been Franz, would never have acquired the courage to assert his individuality, to hold himself not pledged to do as others had done, and let himself be taken in tow by famous authorities. He would have yielded to the cheap counsels which rained from the lips of would-be patrons; for it is not always necessary to lie upon Job's dunghill to be like him surrounded by the empty speeches of friends. He would perhaps have lent an ear to those well-meant but ruinous insinuations, which continually point us to the success of others, urge us upon others' ways, without knowing whether we are able to walk upon them; for if the animal kingdom is divided into different classes, which live in different elements, much more so is it with independent talents; the organization of each one is too peculiarly constituted not to forfeit its own inborn originality and excellencies in the atmosphere of another. Franz became convinced of this truth, while he reflected upon Art in all its broad relations. Then, summoning up again the courage which he had lost through being long buried in Bach and Schubert, shaking off the yoke of old formulas, unlearning the false importance which attaches to certain secrets of the trade, when we

take them for the highest initiation, he resolved to seek his way, and before all things to perfect his intellectual self. He saw that the form is a soft wax, in which the business is to impress our relief, and that the more finely the relief is cut, the better will the impress show itself. The form, which he had been told to look upon as the essential thing in Art, now lost forever in his eyes its unalterable character. He recognized all the idolatry of taking the image for the god, the means for the end, and of attaching more consequence to the quality of the wax than to the beauty of the object it should set before us. Thus he found himself in that right frame of mind, at once bold and modest, which hope incites and true self-knowledge keeps in bounds. From the moment when the form appeared to him only as the indispensable medium of the idea, he formulated to himself the impregnable position of the necessity of maintaining a beautiful equilibrium between form and thought, and of only giving expression to such thoughts as are worthy of a fair form.

"Whoever has labored for long years to penetrate the close web of philosophical systems, in order to apply their consequences to the domain of Art, and whoever has succeeded in formulating the ideas thence derived in such high-hearted, comprehensive, fruitful principles, must naturally feel a desire not only to communicate them, but to spread them, and, in the consciousness that they contribute to the ennobling of Art, to win proselytes to his opinions. Franz sought them the more zealously, inasmuch as he had not yet wholly lifted himself out of that despondency into which he had been plunged by the conviction that he was incapable of production and not possessed of the necessary qualities for a composer. But this propagandist spirit drove him out of his retirement, and he saw himself all at once surrounded by a circle of young people, who to a certain artistic culture brought a lively enthusiasm for Art; and he formed the focus of a group which occupied itself especially with music, with its task in social life, its ethical mission and title. They were not content with making music, and decidedly good music; they busied themselves with drawing an aesthetic profit from it. Franz found more and more pleasure in these abstract intellectual exercises, which in the sequel he exerted himself to apply to his own works, in which he attained to a self-criticism, such as is quite too seldom met among our artists, who either satisfy themselves with the expression of their feelings, without having tried them and refined them, or else take delight in rounded forms, forgetting to lend them a significance through feelings.

"For six long years Franz felt no impulse to take pen in hand; he was occupied upon one task which the elders so often erroneously suppose completed at the gymnasium, and which in our time especially every creative artist must fulfil with love and conscientiousness. He strove for the enlargement of his circle of ideas, for the attainment of a higher stand-point, from which the whole relation of Art to the past and present of society may be surveyed; from which one may see how far Art has already fulfilled its mission, and what will be its problem for the future; from which one may learn to seize its starting point and to anticipate its goal. So long as a thinking artist is not clear in his own mind upon all these points, the wish to produce

upon his own account must slumber in him. Above all there reigns in him a kind of insatiable curiosity, an incessant thirst, which study does not quench, but only the more violently kindle. The musical culture of our composer had nothing more to suffer during this period, while his mind was more occupied with generalizing thoughts than with special labors. He did not come to a standstill in the admiration of Bach and Schubert, but he followed attentively the unfolding of the school, which was at that time called the Romantic. In Leipzig the practical and literary efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann formed a circle full of life and motion round themselves, and the influence of their neighborhood extended soon to Halle. Frequent echoes carried there the tone of the capital and were eagerly caught up. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Henselt, and other names at that time perhaps less highly placed, though often mentioned, excited sympathy and respect in Franz. He took up into himself all that he found in them that corresponded to him. To this work of assimilation with the works of his contemporaries, whose spirit answered to his own, and whose form bore the stamp of their time, he was especially indebted for the restoration to himself, for a less inexorable process of comparison, of judgment, as also for the need of burying himself again entirely in his own way of feeling, so as to let it appear freely in a work of Art; for the impulse to express himself, instead of tracing out in others' works what came near to his own moods of mind, as he had done in the last years.

"But was this result due only to the various phases of the intellectual life? Must we not also recognize the influence of personal experiences in these conspicuous moments of his artistic career, by which we measure his direction? Can we realize the whole impression of his works without thinking of the colorings which were cast upon his soul, upon his imagination by the prismatic light of golden hopes, of shining fortune, or the dark clouds of sad disenchantment, bitter gloom? The moment in which Franz felt himself newly urged to composition was not merely of importance in the history of the unfolding of his talent; it coincided with a moment of deep passion, which, seizing upon every fibre of his soul, excited the poetic chords to new vibrations. He loved, with all devotion, such as could only germinate in his pure, noble nature. He dreamed of a happiness; softly its wings touched him, and then it flew away! This catastrophe of his inner fate determined his complete maturity. He broke away from all the inveiglements of uncertain wishes and uncertain hopes; pain steeled and concentrated his mind, and gave him that sacred fervor, that energy which leaves the soul all its freedom, so that it may confirm this freedom with its every power. With these newly awakened powers he felt himself called to take his place among the men of action, and to speak his own language in the name of his own inward inspiration. An impulse, whose authority he could not mistake, drew him to the lyrical, and particularly to the song form; for what he felt and thought most powerfully took this form involuntarily. Far from stopping to make choice of a kind, from weighing its external advantages and disadvantages, he began without once thinking of publicity, and only wrote to make an outlet to his overpowering feelings—*per sfogarsi*. His close, uncommunica-

tive habit made this mode of expressing himself doubly necessary to him. And now it was found that these long years of voluntary abstinence from all production had not only been no injury to him, but had helped to preserve all the freshness of his verve. His constant musical occupation had not allowed him to forget the secrets of the trade learned at school, while his persistent inward toil had been sufficient to free him from all chains of prejudice.

"This time, too, as in so many other instances, it was the self-love of his friends, more active than his own, that determined him to publish his first works. Schumann, to whom he then stood nearest, led him before the musical world with that friendly recognition which affects us so pleasantly in his writings. Franz perceived that from this moment his relation to Art had entered upon a new stadium. It was no longer exclusively the point with him to satisfy himself in his compositions; his artistic productions must now learn to find limit and proportion in the views and feelings of others. Personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann and others, paved the way for him upon the side of self-examination and self-esteem. He entered deeper into reflection on himself and his relation to the public. The result of this reflection was the firm adherence to the path which he had entered, the clear conviction that only in this path could he become of use to Art, and, what is the same thing, to the world. With this resolution was coupled as a natural consequence a second: namely, never to write for the mere sake of writing, and still less from any motive of gain or vanity; but only when the inner voice, the longing after the ideal, the holy stimulus, which urges us to seek in Art the transfiguration of our noblest impulses, compelled him to it and made him sure of the inspiration, without which we can neither feel love for the beautiful nor find its fitting forms. And who will say that he has not been faithful to this noble vow? Who can find among his creations a single one which betrays other motives? So far from violating his vow, he exposed himself much more to another danger—that of a too great intensity of feeling, a too constant self-absorption, a too exclusive meditating upon his own inner consciousness. The alterations which he afterwards made, from sure and well-weighed reasons, in his compositions, are abundant proof that he soon saw and avoided this fault.

"Now that he had fairly begun his career as a composer with merit and with honor, his outward life offered but little variety. He made a happy marriage, and found in the domestic hearth, adorned with gentle virtues, that clear, equal atmosphere which is most favorable to intellectual labors. True, he found no lack of manifold local opposition and antipathy, which only serve to remind one of the proverb: "No one is a prophet in his own country." Every one who knows the narrow circle of ideas in a small city, will readily imagine that few understood the interest and the use which a musician found in occupations which had no connection with his speciality; for even in this year of grace 1855 there still exist good people who believe that artist and mechanic are one and the same thing, and that to become a good painter, sculptor, or musician, one has no need to seek for himself a wider horizon than that of the workshop, like the tailor and the

shoemaker. Franz was accounted odd, original; nay, they went so far (and this is a characteristic trait, which we may find in many an artist's life, and may serve as one useless hint the more for pedantic blockheads in the age to come,) as to whisper into one another's ears that such an eccentricity of character could only proceed from a tendency to insanity! Certainly his greatest hindrance was the fact that he resided in the city where he had been born and brought up. The multitude will not forgive genius, that it unfolds itself with the chasteness of the plant, whose blossoming is slowly prepared, which opens its calyx to the lap of night, and then to the clear day, to our astonished eyes, displays the splendor of its full bloom. It vexes them that they have passed by a flower with closed petals, without divining its worth, its beauty, and they deny the same, in order to evade the painful feeling that they did not foresee it.

"Thus years passed on. Franz found abroad the sympathy which he deserved, while his native land disputed note by note his merit. Only very slowly did another view break out a path for itself in the criticism of the men of Halle, so hard was it for them to treat with more respect this single man, so sparing of his words, whom they had been accustomed to regard as one of those fantastical, harmless, useless, visionary characters, upon whom the merchant, the bureaucrat, the industrial, the scholar, the soldier look down with an infinite *hauteur*, because they cannot comprehend why he is there, and still less why he looks down still more haughtily on them. The efforts of our master to expend his intellectual activity in his own little circle for the good of Art, won for him gradually the respect of his townsmen, as fast as his praises and his growing popularity abroad imposed silence on their prejudices. They even appointed him organizer in one of the parochial churches, music director to the *Gesangverein*, music teacher at the University, and gave him the direction of the society concerts. In time, however, Franz may hardly be contented with the sphere of action offered in his native city. But however much is left for him to desire, he must look with real confidence upon the musical nucleus collected around him, which has learned to distinguish commonplace products, manufactured in the routine of trade, from higher works of Art inspired by true enthusiasm. This circle will expand from year to year, and form for him an intelligent, sympathetic, admiring and devoted public, such as seldom any one can claim with greater right than ROBERT FRANZ."

Musical Chat-Chat.

The past week has given us but little in the way of music—nothing in short but a military band concert (Dodworth's) and some fragments of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre, by Signorina VESTALI, with a portion of the troupe of which she is to be manager in Mexico next winter. Those who were present Wednesday night, seem to have been much charmed with Vestali, as well as MANZINI, the soprano. We may have something to report hereafter of last night's performance. They appear this afternoon for the last time. For the summer months Vestali, as we understand, has engaged "Laura Keenes's Varieties" in New York.

At the annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society last week, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President,

C. F. Chickering; Vice President, George Hews; Secretary, L. B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, O. J. Faxon; Trustees, H. L. Hazelton, J. S. Farlow, J. H. Ward, George W. Hunnewell, Edw. Faxon, D. W. Wiswell, A. O. Bigelow, J. P. Draper.

The first volume of a new "Life of MOZART," by OTTO JAHN, has appeared in Germany. The Mozart letters, preserved at Salzburg and extending from 1777 to 1784, the most important part of the composer's life, have been largely used in this work. There has also appeared in Germany an interesting book entitled "Mozart's visit to Prague." It is stated that Charles Mozart, the son of the composer, now an old man, is living in Milan in poverty. The *Athenæum* well suggests that a contribution should be organized. If each of all the thousands whose lives have been enriched by Mozart's heavenly harmonies should give the smallest mite, it would make the poor man a millionaire.

The *Home Journal* quotes some curious Vestralics Says one of her newspaper critics:

Vestrali looked superbly beautiful. With the brow of Minerva, and the form of Juno, she walked the stage like one born to command; with a presence instinct with grace, and a form fulfilling the ideal of grand and beautiful proportion, she compelled admiration and led a thousand new captives to swell her vast train of devoted worshippers. She was received with genuine and loudly demonstrative enthusiasm, which burst forth on every possible occasion during the evening.

But the most curious are the lady's own letters, (in English,) written from Mexico to New York papers. Here is an extract:

Now I have many news for you. You have heard through my letters my immense success in 'Romeo' and all the other operas. Well, my benefit, which has been on the 23 Jan. has been so splendid, as during twenty years has not been one other. I have made in money near four thousand dollars: in presents two thousand dollars—flowers and verses so many that I cannot tell you. Further, I have been asked by many of the first families, with whom I am well acquainted, to stay here in Mexico and to take the management of the Italian opera for the next season, which begins with the 15 Sept. up to March, 1857. I have also been furnished with the necessary money to engage first-rate artists in Europe. I have engaged the theatre, a chorus and orchestra, and will be in March in New-York, and then to Europe.

Advertisements.

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THE Stockholders of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting of said Corporation will be held at the Music Hall on WEDNESDAY, the 11th day of June, current, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEIRESS.

In fact, I found my friends really frightened at my non-appearance. The kind Volabù had sought me in the surrounding country, and was on the point of going out again. I felt these poor people were already true friends to me. I told them that I had chanced to meet one of the dwellers in the castle, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. Mother Peirecote, learning that I had passed the evening at the castle, overwhelmed me with questions, and seemed quite disappointed when I told her that I had seen nothing extraordinary there.

The next day, at nine o'clock, I returned to the chateau, telling my host that I might spend a few days there and that he must not be anxious about me. Celio came to meet me.

"Ah! you have slept," said he, looking, as they say, into the whites of my eyes.

"I own it," answered I, "and it is the first time for many a night. I felt wonderfully tranquil, as if I had reached the real object of my life, whether happy or miserable. If I am to be happy here through you all, or to suffer on the part of some of you, I care not. I feel new strength for joy or sorrow."

"So you love her?"

"Yes, Celio! and you?"

"Well, I cannot answer so decidedly. I believe I love her, and yet I am not sure enough of it to confess it to a woman whom I respect

above all others, and whom I even fear a little. So I can see myself supplanted in advance, faith so easily triumphs over uncertainty."

"According to her woman's nature," answered I, "it may be the contrary. A sure conquest has less charm for her sex than a conquest to be made. So, shall we be friends?"

"Do you think so?"

"I ask you. But it seems to me that our parts are marked out distinctly enough. If I should find you really infatuated and but little given you in return, I should withdraw. I do not know how to behave like a rascal with any man, much less with one who trusts in my honor; but since you have not reached that point, our chances are equal."

"How do you know that I have no hope?"

"If you were loved by such a woman, Celio, I esteem you enough to believe that you would not endure my presence here; and you know I only need a confidence from you to that effect to go away forever; but as I really believe yours is only a fancy, and that Mademoiselle Boccaferri is too proud to be satisfied with that, I shall stay."

"Stay then, but I warn you that I shall play as closely as you."

"I do not understand that expression. If you love her, you have only to tell her so, like me, and she would choose. If you do not love her, I do not see what game you can play with a woman whom you so respect."

"You are right; I am a fool. I am even half afraid of being stupid. Well, then, let us still be friends. I love you, although I feel a little mortified in finding you my equal in frankness and resolution. I am hardly used to that. In the world in which I have lived until now, almost all men are faithless, insolent or cowardly in affairs of gallantry. Woo Cecilia then; I will see how things come on. We will promise but one thing; that is, to keep each other informed of the results of our attempts, to spare him who fails from being ridiculous. Since we both desire marriage, the purest and most discreet thing in the world, the honor of the lady does not demand that her choice should be kept secret. As for all the small ways used in like cases by the most upright people, misinformation, calumny, rallery, or at least malice towards a rival whom they wish to supplant, I will not speak in our treaty. It would be injuring us both."

I agreed to all that Celio proposed, without looking forward or back, and without even foreseeing that the execution of such a contract might possibly raise terrible difficulties.

"Now," said he, leading me into the vast and superb castle court, "I must begin by conducting

you into the presence of our marquis." Then he added, laughing, "for you could not have asked seriously with whom we were all staying?"

"If I did ask a foolish question," answered I, "it was with the best faith in the world. I was too bewildered and delighted to find myself among you, to trouble myself with anything else; and in coming here I was not even disturbed by the idea that I might be indiscreet or unwelcome in the house of a person whom I did not know. From the life you lead here, I did not even expect to see him to-day. By what name and under what pretext are you going to introduce me?"

"Oh, you are very amusing!" answered Celio, making me ascend a spiral staircase, covered with a winding carpet. "This is a mystification which we might persist in, but you are too sincere about it to be imposed upon."

Speaking thus, he opened the folding door of a circular room, which was used as an office by the marquis, and cried aloud:

"Eh! my dear Marquis of Balma, here is Adorno Salentini, who persists that you are a myth, and will only be convinced at the sight of you."

The marquis, coming from behind the screen which surrounded his desk, advanced to greet me with outstretched hands, and I burst out laughing at my simplicity.

"The children thought," said he, "that you were joking; but I saw well that you could not believe that the old unfortunate Boccaferri of Vienna, the facetious Leporello of last night, and the Marquis of Balma were one and the same person. All may be explained in a few words. The follies of youth were mine. Instead of correcting them and thus reforming me, my father banished and disinherited me. My baptismal names were Pierre Anselme *Boccadiferro*. That name of *Iron mouth* belongs to the younger members of our family, as that of *Chrysostomo*, or *Golden mouth*, belongs to the elder ones. I took it for my surname, altering it a little, and lived as you know, erring and unfortunate in all my undertakings. I did not lack courage nor wit to keep out of trouble, but I was a man full of illusions, like any man of imagination. I did not care enough for obstacles. All crumbled down upon me just when, full of genius and pride, I was bringing the keystone to my edifice. Then, overwhelmed with debt, pursued, obliged to flee, I went to hide elsewhere the shame and despair of my failure; but as I am not to be easily discouraged, I sought a false strength in wine, and after I had reached a certain point of intoxication, or drunkenness, if you choose to call it so, and my heart and imagination were warmed, I under-

took something new. So I have been very generously called *low and brutish* in a thousand places, without doubting in the least that from my own taste I should be the soberest man in the world. It needs but three things to so disgrace a man in public opinion: to be poor, to be in trouble, and to meet a creditor as you are coming out of a drinking house.

"I was too proud to ask anything of my brother after his first refusal. I was generous enough to save his blushes by not taking my name again or talking of him and his avarice. I was even rather pleased to forget my patrician birth, that I might make surer the artistic life for which I was born. Two angels aided me unceasingly and consoled me in everything—Celio's mother and my daughter. All honor to their sex! Their hearts are larger than ours!

"When I was at Vienna two months since with Cecilia, I received a letter which made me leave immediately. I had secretly kept up an affectionate friendship with a lawyer of Briançon, who had charge of my brother's affairs. In this letter he told me of my brother's hopeless state. He knew there was no law by which he could disinherit me. He besought me to come to his house, and entertained me until the death of the marquis, which took place two days after, without one single word of affection or remembrance of me. He had but one fixed idea, the fear of death; he did not care then who should succeed him.

"After I came in possession of my title and my estates, thanks to the advice of my worthy friend, the lawyer of Briançon, I kept concealed and let people believe me dead; I discovered my new position to no one, and I remained shut up, as if concealed, in my castle, without revealing the name by which I am known elsewhere. I shall continue to do so until I have paid all the debts contracted in fifty years; so that when they say: 'That old beast of a Boccaferri has become a marquis and worth four millions,' they may also add: 'After all, he was not dishonest, for he has defrauded no one, not even his friends.'

"I own that I had never lost all hope of regaining my liberty and honor in thus acquitting myself. I did not rely upon my brother's inheritance. He hated me so much that I could have sworn that he would have found some way of despoiling me after his death; but, always an artist and a poet, I never ceased flattering myself that my undertakings would be crowned with success at last. So I never made a debt or a bankruptcy without taking account of the sums and the circumstances of the affair. In my later years, as I became more and more wretched, I drank more, and might easily have lost or disarranged these papers, if Cecilia had not collected and kept them with great care.

"So now we are trying to reinstate ourselves. My daughter and I consecrate to this work an hour before breakfast every morning. While our lawyer at Briançon sells some of our estate and prepares for the final settlement, we carry on our correspondence under the name of Boccaferri, and we seek our creditors in every place where we have lived. There are but few who do not answer our calls. Those who favored me, meaning to do it without return, are also repaid in spite of themselves. In a month I believe our difficult labor will be over and our task accomplished, and then shall the truth be known about

me. A very considerable fortune will be left to us, which I hope we shall use well. If I followed my impulse, I should give freely, without caring to whom; but I have lived too much with idlers and debauchees, I have had too much to do with impostors of all sorts, not to know that some distinction should be made. I owe my assistance to bad heads, but not to bad hearts.

"Besides, my dear daughter has taken the control of all my fortune, that I may commit no more follies. She too will have her own generous follies, but they will not be senseless or injurious. Here," said he, drawing back two folds of the screen, which hid half the table, "look; behold the woman whose heart and conscience are above all others! Nothing disheartens her; and that artist soul forgets itself in the office of book-keeper, that she may save her father's honor."

We saw Cecilia bending over the desk, writing, arranging, sealing and folding with great rapidity, heedless of what she heard. She was pale with fatigue, for this two-fold life of artist and administrator was wearing out that frail and generous being; but she was calm and noble, like a true lady of the castle, in her green silk dress. I noticed that she had actually cut off all her long black hair. She had gladly made the sacrifice, that she might more easily take the part of a young man, and this hair, curled around her neck and face, made her look like a young artist in the Renaissance school. She had too much sadness in her face to remind one of the cunning page or the lordly child of a noble house. Intelligence and pride sat upon her pure brow, while from her quiet and modest look one might think she had given up all claims to genius, all dreams of glory.

She smiled upon Celio, gave me her hand, and then closed the screen to finish her work.

"Now you have our secret," began the marquis. "I could not confide it to better hands. I did not wait a single day without sharing it with Celio and Floriani's other children. I owed so much to their mother! But with money alone I could never repay her, as she did not aid me with money merely; she helped and sustained me with her friendship, and mine belongs to what remains of her, these beautiful and noble children, who are henceforth mine. Floriani only left a moderate fortune, and divided between four, it would not give great advantages of education to them all. Since Providence has given me the means, they shall have elbow room in life, and I gathered them about me immediately, here to stay until they are able to venture upon the great stage of life as artists; for it is a noble destiny, and whatever sphere they shall each choose, they will all study the synthesis of Art with me.

"Excuse this vanity; it is an innocent one in a man who has succeeded in nothing and who has not entirely failed in his personal attempts. I believe that through my reflection and experience I have at last reached the knowledge of the true and the beautiful. I do not deceive myself; I am only good as an adviser, and yet I am not a professional professor. I am sure that nothing can be made without material, and that teaching is only useful to those richly endowed by nature. I have the happiness of having scholars of natural genius, who could do well without me; but I know that I can shorten their delays, guard them from certain errors, and can soften the trials to

which their intelligence must make them liable. Already I guide Stella's soul; I feel the pulse of Salvator and Beatrice more delicately; and as for Celio, let him answer if I have not discovered to him resources in himself of which he was ignorant."

"Yes, it is true," said Celio, "you have taught me to know myself. You have brought back my pride and killed my vanity. It seems to me that you and your daughter are making another man of me. I believed myself envious, harsh, revengeful and pitiless; I was fast becoming wicked, because I aspired to it; but you have cured me of that dangerous folly and made me look into my heart. I should not have done it for morality's sake, but I did it for the sake of Art. I have found out that it is from *here* (striking his breast) that true talent comes."

I was deeply touched. I listened to Celio with emotion; I looked at the Marquis of Balma with admiration. He was a different man from him I had known; even his features seemed changed. Could it be possible that he was that old drunkard, stumbling over the steps of the theatre, stopping people to bore them with his vague and prolix theories, and scented with an unbearable odor of rum and tobacco? I saw before me a man well cared for, erect, clean, of fine and noble figure, his eye sparkling with genius, his beard well trimmed, and his hands fair and delicate. With his superb linen and his velvet wrapper lined with sable, he looked to me like a prince giving audience to his friends, or better than that, like Voltaire at Ferney; but no, it was still better than Voltaire, for his lips wore a fatherly smile and his heart was full of tenderness and candor. So true is it that a man needs good fortune, that poverty degrades an artist, and a miracle is necessary to keep him from forgetting the knowledge of his own dignity.

"Now, my friends," said the Marquis de Balma to us, "go and see if the other children are ready for breakfast. I have one letter more to finish with Cecilia, and then we will join you. Will you promise me now, Monsieur Salentini, to pass a few days at least with me?"

I accepted joyfully; but no sooner had I left his room than I sadly recollected myself.

"I actually believe I am a fool since my arrival here," said I to Celio, stopping him in a gallery adorned with family portraits. "All the while the marquis was telling his story and explaining his position, I only thought of rejoicing to see that at last his own and his daughter's merit were rewarded by fortune. I did not remember that this change in their life gave me a terrible and irremediable blow."

"How so?" said Celio, astonished.

"Do you ask me?" answered I. "Don't you know that I loved Cecilia Boccaferri, a poor cantatrice, with three or four thousand francs a year? and it was allowable in me, who gained much more, to think of making her my wife; while now, how can I aspire to the hand of Mademoiselle de Balma, a great heiress, without seeming ridiculous and really being despicable?"

"And shall not I be despicable also to aspire to it?" asked Celio, shrugging his shoulders.

"No," answered I, after a moment's reflection. "Although you are no richer than I, I think, your mother did so much for the poor Boccaferri that the rich Balma must always consider himself your debtor; and then your mother's name was

glorious; Cecilia has vowed adoration to that great name. So you have a thousand reasons to present yourself without shame or fear. If I could conquer the one, I should only feel the other more; so, my friend, pity me a great deal, console me a little, and do not consider me as your rival any more. I shall stay here one day longer to prove my esteem, my respect, and my devotion; but I shall leave to-morrow, and strive to forget. The feeling of pride within me and the knowledge of my duty will help to sustain me. Keep the secret of my confidences to you, and never let Mademoiselle de Balma know that I have presumed to aspire to her hand."

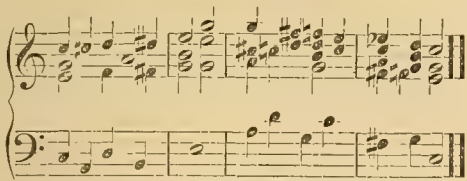
[To be continued.]

Memoir of Dr. Crotch.

The author of the "Elements of Musical Composition," was born at Norwich, in 1775. His father, who was a carpenter in that city, having fortunately a taste for, and love of, music, had built himself an organ, and this led to the discovery and development of the extraordinarily precocious genius of his son. When the boy was little more than two years old, his mother, to quiet him, placed him at the organ, where he amused himself by pressing down the keys; and, on the experiment being repeated the following morning, he succeeded in playing, of course from memory, *God save the King*, which he had heard and noticed the day before. So remarkable an instance of precocity naturally attracted the attention of many lovers of the Art, and, among these, Dr. Burney appears to have closely investigated the case, which he made the subject of a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for the year 1779.

Dr. Burney occasionally tested young Crotch's powers by requiring him to add a bass to a subject played by himself, and has left on record the following specimen of the child's successful efforts of this kind, and his power at that early age of

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.



The upper line contains the subject as played by Dr. Burney, and the lower, the bass, which the child, who was then not four years old, of his own accord, added to it.

Daines Barrington, who has also left an interesting paper on the subject, states that he heard the boy, when only three years and a half old, play *God save the King*, and the *Minuet de la Cour*, almost throughout with chords. At another interview, he exhibited the utmost readiness in playing the above mentioned minuet in any key which was called for, concluding with the remote one of F sharp major, then seldom or never used. His talent was not confined to music. Dr. Burney states that he appeared possessed of a general intelligence beyond his age, and had discovered a genius and inclination for drawing nearly as strong as for music; and when music subsequently became his profession, the sister art of painting continued through life one of his favorite recreations.

When between eleven and twelve years of age, he acted as deputy-organist for Dr. Randall, at the chapels of King's and Trinity Colleges, and the University Church of Great St. Mary's at Cambridge, where he was then residing. He here composed an Oratorio, called the *Captivity of Judah*, which many years afterwards was performed at Oxford, but of which only a few movements have ever been published. He then removed to Oxford, and entered on a course of study with the intention of entering the Church.

Circumstances having changed his plans, he resumed the Profession of Music, and took his Bachelor's Degree in 1794, and that of Doctor in 1799. In 1800 he delivered a Course of Lectures in the Music School at Oxford, which were afterwards published by Messrs. Longman and Co., together with three volumes of specimens in illustration of these lectures, now published by Messrs. Cramer and Co. He was afterwards appointed Lecturer on Music at the Royal Institution; and, in 1823, he became Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His works as composer and arranger are numerous, but his reputation in the former character rests principally upon his oratorio of *Palestine*. His peaceful, virtuous, and useful life, closed 29th December, 1847.—[From Novello's Edition of Dr. Crotch's "Harmony," etc.]

(From the London Times, May 12.)

Madame Alboni.

Having secured Madame Alboni as his *prima donna* for the opening of the season, Mr. Lumley most wisely commenced with Rossini's *Cenerentola*. Even in the days when that great artist almost exclusively adhered to the contralto line of character, in which she has had no rival since Pisaroni—of whom she is the worthiest successor—"Cenerentola" was always one of her favorite parts. No contralto voices could ever be compared to Alboni's in quality and extent of register. The unexceptionable purity of the head-notes, and the exquisite manner in which they blended with the natural tones, so as to make the whole range appear as if it had no break, were the results of persevering application and consummate art. By these means she was enabled to execute the florid mezzo soprano music of which Rossini has produced the most striking examples in his *Barbiere* and *Cenerentola*, with as much ease to herself as pleasure to her audience. But, since leading parts of this description are rare (scarcely, indeed, to be met with out of Rossini's operas), and, like all great artists, Alboni was ambitious, she soon got tired of being confined within a limited sphere, and applied herself to study the varied, and more frequently "dramatic," repertoire of the soprano. Seven years had sufficed to put to the best uses the instruction and advice she obtained from Rossini at Bologna (in 1844), and to raise Alboni in her own department to so high a position that further progress in the same direction was impossible. Besides ambition, however, there was doubtless another motive power impelling her to the step she contemplated. It is notorious that a *prima donna*, in modern times, can only claim the highest rank and emoluments if she has a soprano voice. A contralto may be a *prima donna*, but not "assoluta," and who, knowing anything about the musical theatres of Europe, can be unaware that the soprano not only takes precedence of others, but pockets by far the largest salary? Alboni now determined to make a bold experiment. She had awakened the enthusiasm of the Parisians, who, with the instance of Jenny Lind to confute them, persist in believing that no reputation is solid unless Paris has endorsed it. But this was at the Italian Opera, in her own repertoire, and at the Grand Opera, in concerts. Alboni wisely declined to make her first appeal in a new language before so formidable a tribunal. She tried the provinces first—then Belgium, and then Holland. This was in 1849. At Rouen and Bordeaux, at Antwerp, Liège, Ghent, and Brussels, at Amsterdam, and the Hague, she alternately appeared as Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorite*. Her success was triumphant. The verdict of these lesser Courts was soon ratified by the French metropolis, and in a remarkable manner. Madame Viardot Garcia, who had "created" the part of Fides in the *Prophète*, was absent from Paris. Ever solicitous about the continuous run of his operas, the anxious Meyerbeer was no indifferent witness to the new successes of Alboni; and in May, 1850, connoisseurs were startled by the announcement that the popular contralto was engaged for 16 representations of the *Prophète* at the Grand Opera. Perhaps, there was never more general anticipation of a fiasco; but it is

equally true that seldom has anticipation been so agreeably deceived. The Fides of Alboni was unanimously praised—not as a copy of her accomplished predecessor, but as a conception of her own. Even now that six years have passed away, Fides remains the character in which the Parisians most admire Alboni. During that interval Alboni has twice visited London—in 1849 and 1851. In both years she made her *reentrée* with *Cenerentola*—which, it will be remembered, she had first essayed at the Royal Italian Opera in 1848. Carrying out her new plans, even upon the Italian stage, Alboni added to her own special list of parts the soprano rôles of Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Norina (*Don Pasquale*), and Cherubino (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)—delighting amateurs of Mozart's music by singing the beautiful melodies of Zerlina and the Page without injuring their character by transposition. (She had already played Cherubino at Covent-garden, transposing both the airs.)

The five years elapsed since this great artist last appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre have been chiefly divided among the Italian Opera and Académie Impériale of Paris, the operas of Madrid, Lisbon, and Brussels.* Her fame has augmented, and it is only just to say that she sings still better than before. The full rich quality of her lower tones may possibly have suffered a little from her constant performance in operas composed for soprano; but their purity remains untouched, while the range of characters has been materially extended. Alboni's method is the old and true Italian method, of which no one possesses the secret so thoroughly. She never strains or forces, and therefore can never damage, her voice. She never sings Verdi, and thus has no inducement to rant. She has remembered, in short, the counsels of Rossini; and 13 years of a very arduous professional life have left her with a style and mechanism incomparably correct, a voice as fresh and unimpaired as at the beginning of her career.

To return to the opera of Saturday. No part is better suited than *Cenerentola* to display the peculiar resources of Alboni. The quaint romance of the first scene—*Una volta c'era un re*—is as charming for simplicity of expression as for its grateful truth of intonation. She sings this as she sings everything—without pretence or affectation, leaving the melody to make its own impression. The final scene of Act I, where *Cenerentola* comes on in a veil at the Prince Ramiro's ball, presents a specimen of genuine *largo di bravura* in the broad and graceful delivery of which Alboni has no competitor. But the greatest exhibitions of vocal skill are of course in the *largo*, *Nacqui all'affanno* and the rondo, *Non più mesta*, upon which the curtain drops. The beau idéal of expressive singing, of brilliant and unerring execution, is exemplified to admiration in these movements. Such stately melody, such flowing, natural, and graceful ornament as are combined in the former died when Rossini abandoned composition; and it is a pleasant thing, in this age of vocal degeneracy, to hear them from the lips of such a singer. As an example of prodigious fluency, the rondo, by Alboni, was never surpassed, most probably never equalled. No instrument could be more perfect; while from no instrument could such sweetness of tone be made to accompany enunciation so rapid. In this rondo Alboni solves the problem which is the despair of most bravura singers; her scales, ascending and descending, are equally true, equally at command. The ancient masters of Italian song were wont to insist that the most important task for a singer was to master the scale, which when done half the battle was gained, but, undone, left everything to be acquired. Alboni has taken them at their word. Hence the facility with which she accomplishes the most extraordinary tours de force, and the seeming unconsciousness, while doing her very best, that she is doing anything difficult, which alone carries with it an indefinable charm.

On Saturday the reception of Madame Alboni was of the most enthusiastic kind. An attempt was made to encore *Nacqui all'affanno*, and,

* Why omit all mention of one year (1852-3) spent in the United States?—Ed.

though the audience did not gain their end it was not for want of hearty good will. The great vocalist was reserving herself for *Non più mesta*, and when this brilliant performance was achieved, the general delight was such that its imperiousness was not to be resisted. The curtain rose again, wreaths and bouquets were flung upon the stage, and the dazzling aria was executed once more, the fair vocalist holding in her hand a large laurel crown that had illustrated her wondrous success.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ART AND LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STERNAU.

Where Art its little cottage builds,
There Love must also tarry,
And where the sun Art's temple gilds,
There Love his throne must carry.
'Tis Love alone, 'tis Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

They move together, hand in hand,
Two stars of wondrous beauty,
And next his kindred orb to stand
Each feels his loving duty.
Attached in bonds that cannot die,
United to eternity
Are Art and Love forever.

And Art without Love's golden dream
Is like a starless heaven,
A fairy-land, to whose bright realm
No beauteous queen is given.
'Tis Love alone, yes, Love alone,
That e'er on Art below hath shone,
To give it light from heaven.

J. C. D. P.

New York Academy of Music.

The financial state of the New York Academy of Music seems to be far from encouraging. The *New Yorker* has the following account of an important meeting of the stockholders last week, which shows the true position of affairs:

The meeting was largely attended, and there was evidently a disposition on the part of the most interested parties to face all the difficulties of the concern in the bravest manner. The immediate occasion of the present crisis is a mortgage (the second) on the building for \$50,000, the interest of which became due on Saturday. A considerable portion of this \$50,000, and also of other sums was advanced by two gentlemen whose patronage of the opera has brought them frequently before the public—and who have in one way or another advanced or lost together nearly \$100,000 in the cause. For many reasons—a love of Art amongst others—they are anxious of seeing the Academy of Music on a better footing, and perhaps they are desirous, also, of being paid at least a portion of their disbursed capital. The principal proposition on Saturday was to this effect: that a special loan of \$150 on each share be demanded from every stockholder, to be made without security and without regard to repayment. This would realize \$30,000, enough for present necessities. If the shareholders consent to this arrangement (which is scarcely probable) all will go smoothly. If not, the Academy of Music will be foreclosed and put up to public auction for the amount of the mortgage. The mortgagees will then have the property almost in their own hands, for it is probable that the original shares can be purchased by them at auction for a trifle less than they originally cost. The shareholders have until the 15th of June to deliberate on what course they will take. So far as the public is concerned, there is nothing to be apprehended from their decision. The Academy will not, under any circumstances, fall into infidel hands, but will faithfully be preserved to Art and the purposes for which it was erected.

Another topic was broached, and discussed with considerable warmth, and as it affects the public mind more nearly than the question of

possession, we refer to it. This was, whether the shareholders should be entitled to *reserved* seats for every performance. According to the charter, they are only entitled to *admissions*. It was contended (as we have ourselves contended, over and over again) that the reservation of two hundred of the best seats in the house is a gross injustice to the *impresario*, and sure to draw on him the disfavor of the public. If the shareholders supported the Opera, that is to say, paid for it as a private amusement to which the public was admitted as a rare but inexpensive privilege, it would be a different thing. But they do not. On the contrary, the shareholders expect not only amusement, but profit from their investment in the original stock, and as events show, are very unwilling to contribute in the smallest degree towards the promotion of either. It is nothing but fair, therefore, that they should give up their seats, and fall back on their admission right only. If they need a secured seat, let them pay fifty cents for it, as the stockholders of the Boston Theatre do. The present arrangement is intolerable. The other night, when the house was densely crowded by people who had paid for their admission and had no seats because none were to be sold, nearly all the shareholders' chairs, (the best in the house,) were vacant. A thing of this kind exasperates the public, and makes any management, however good, unpopular. Concerning the future management of the house, one thing is certain—there will be no more *amateurism*. Mr. Payne is negotiating with the stockholders for the sale of his properties, &c., which he values at \$9,000. They cost him \$15,000, and originally \$25,000. Mr. Payne, it is reasonable to suppose, is going out of the business. Max Maretzek seems at present to be the most likely lessee. He has offered to take the house for three years, at \$22,000 per annum, provided the shareholders will give up their demand for reserved seats—not otherwise. He would display much less wisdom than we give him credit for, if he consented to take the lease on any other terms.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

A new opera by M. HALÉVY, called *Valentine d'Aubigny*, the libretto by MM. MICHEL CARRE and JULES BARBIER, has been produced at the Opera Comique. The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following analysis of the plot:

The action takes place early in the XVIII. century, and the curtain rises on an inn at Fontainebleau. A handsome young fellow enters the bar-room; Gilbert de Mauléon comes from the Cevennes, and is on his way to Paris to marry Mlle Valentine d'Aubigny, a young orphan to whom he was affianced when he was fifteen, and as he has not seen her for ten years, he could not recognize her. He believes Valentine lives with an old man, who is a sort of protector to her. He meets in the inn a singular fellow, named the Chevalier de Boisrobert, (MOCKER) a half-crazy adventurer, who begins by ridiculing Gilbert's horse, and at last laughs at Gilbert himself, who does not allow this liberty, and in an instant swords are crossed, but as they are about to fight, breakfast is brought in, and Boisrobert proposes that the duel should be postponed until after the coffee. While they are at the table they talk; Boisrobert explains that he has run off from Paris that he may not be obliged to marry Sylvia, a fashionable actress, to whom he has been so imprudent as to give his note of hand promising marriage under a penalty of a thousand louis. He is just then desperately in love with a young girl he met the day before in the inn. Of course this young girl is Valentine d'Aubigny, whom Gilbert is on his way to Paris to find. Her protector is dead, and she is on her way to her family. She (Mlle DUPREZ) enters the room; Gilbert does not recognize her; Boisrobert attempts to make love to her, but Gilbert defends her, and for her the duel is about to take place, when the arrival of Sylvia puts an end to it. She summons Boisrobert to marry or to pay; she is anxious he should do one or the other, for she has bet a thousand louis to her comrades that she will be married in a month, and she does not want to lose her money. Boisrobert proposes to her to marry Gilbert, and tells her his story. What, Mlle D'Aubigny! she has disappeared, her uncle is dead, and I have purchased her mansion. Admirable! exclaims Boisrobert; take her place and marry Gilbert. He presents Gilbert to her; Gilbert falls at her feet. Boisrobert next counsels Sylvia to take the real Valentine (he does not know who she is) into her ser-

vice. Valentine soon discovers there is some plot and penetrates its secret. The scene then changes to Paris, and we find Sylvia really in love with Gilbert, and he really in love with—*the person who sings for him some familiar Cevennes airs and writes him candid, affectionate letters—Valentine, the true Valentine.* Sylvia begins to feel that her love, ardent as it is, is not the love a person like Gilbert requires, and she resolves to discover the deception to him; but before she does so, Gilbert learns the secret from Valentine, and they are married.

This opera is somewhat like *L'Eclair*, where, though he had no chorus and no "grand combinations," he contrived to sustain the liveliest musical interest for three acts, with no resource except two tenor and two soprano voices. You know that for a long time M. Halévy imitated M. Meyerbeer's manner, and was prone to sacrifice melody and clearness to scientific combinations. His recent efforts indicate a growing admiration of M. Rossini, and this new score exhibits this change of his manner more than any of the others. It is very successful.

At the Grande Opera also Halévy maintains his popularity. His *Reine de Chypre* and *La Juive* have drawn of late almost as well as anything else. Nothing new has been brought out at that theatre, but M. BILLETTA's new opera, *La Rose de Florence*, is in rehearsal. Mme. MARIE CABEL takes her *congé* at the Opera Comique this month; her place is supplied by Mme. UGALDE, who has just recovered from serious indisposition. VIVIER's concerts appear to have been the musical events of the gay metropolis. The first of them is thus described—doubtless as characteristic a picture as any of musical life in Paris:

It took place in Erard's rooms, before a numerous and fashionable audience, notwithstanding the absence of several aristocratic diplomats, whose early attendance at the *bal* of the Ottoman Embassy was a necessity. The concert began with an organ solo, executed by M. Lebeau, followed by a charming *barcarolle*, composed by Vivier and sung by Gueymard. Mlle. Dussy sang an air from the *Pré aux Clercs* (violin *obligato*, M. Le Cieux,) and Vivier then made his appearance and played his *Adagio Religioso*, as only Vivier can play it. The witty cornist was enthusiastically applauded both on his *entrée* and after his performance. *La Mélancholie*, another clever composition by the *beneficitaire*, was sung by Mlle. Dussy, and Madame Massart played the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, arranged for the piano-forte by Liszt. Madame Viardot then sang the finale from the *Son-nambula* in her well known artistic manner, and Mlle. Dussy and M. Gueymard interpreted the quaint little duet by Vivier, *Madeleine et Mathurin*, in a satisfactory manner. Madame Viardot sang some Spanish airs, and Madame Massart played two piano-forte solos by Schumann and Alkan. The two other pieces played by Vivier were his beautiful elegy, *La Plainte*, for voice and horn, (the voice part sung by Gueymard,) which was enthusiastically encored, and his marvel of marvels, *La Chasse*, in which double, triple and quadruple notes, held all the time he is playing bravura passages, quite astonished and delighted the audience, who applauded it unanimously. The great cornist was immensely cheered after this extraordinary performance, and he was obliged to return and repeatedly bow his acknowledgements. Among the audience were M. Rouher, (minister of public works) MM. Guizot, Duchâtel, Lamartine, Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Adam, Chérad, Rey, Théophile Gautier, Guinot, Hippolyte Lucas, Achard, &c. Rossini alone, owing to his illness, was unable to attend.

VIENNA.—One of the most brilliant concerts given for a long time was that of LEOPOLD DE MEYER, which took place, on the 27th ult., in the Rooms of the Musikverein. There was not a single vacant seat. The most successful pieces performed by Herr von Meyer were his *Andante Religioso*, his *Fandango*, *Ernani Fantasia*, and *Invitation à la Polka*. He was called for several times in the course of the evening.

ITALY.—The following is a list of the new operas produced in Italy during the Lent season of 1856:—*Pietro d'Abano*, at Venice, at the Theatre Fenice, by Sig. APOLLONI. *Margherita Pusterla*, at the San Carlo at Naples, music by Sig. PACINI. *L'Assedio di Leida*, at the Scala at Milan, music by Sig. PETRELLA. *I Fidanziati*, at the Carlo Felice at Genoa, music by Sig. PERI. *Caterina Segurana*, at Nice, music by Sig. RIFETTO. *I Romani in Pompejano*, at the Teatro Grande at Trieste, music by Sig. ROTA. *Manuela*, at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, music by Sig. SARRIA. *La Vergine di Kent*, at the Teatro Regio at Turin, music by Sig. VILLANIS.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. In the first week of May GRISI made her twenty-third "first appearance for the season," or "*rentrée*," as the French call it. Pit and galleries of the Lyceum were full. The opera was *Norma*. The audience was cold throughout *Casta Diva*, and until the famous denunciation of Pollio: *Ah, non tremare*, when the fire of the great

lyric actress made itself acknowledged, as it did always on this side of the water. Her second act in *Norma* is still pronounced unrivalled. The part of Pollio was taken by TAMBERLIK, "the first on our stage (says the *News*) to raise the character from its normal condition of maudlin insipidity." Mlle. MARAI was Adalgisa, and Sig. TAGLIAFICO the high priest.

May 10. The piece was Rossini's *Conte Ory*, his second best comic opera, which bears the impress of his matured style, having been produced but a year before his *William Tell*. The *Times* says:

Madame BOSIO nowhere shines to greater advantage than in *Il Conte Ory*. The cavatina of the first act, *Soffrir penare ognora*, which opens with a largo as stately in its lengthened phrases as any in *Semiramide*, was sung with admirable ease and purity by this accomplished lady. The first movement showed how thoroughly she had studied the Rossinian style of declamation; and the cabaletta, *Buon Eremita*, charmed even more by its fluent and dazzling execution. Mme. BOSIO was supported with the utmost ability by Signor GARDONI (whose impersonation of the Count ranks with his most successful efforts), and, on the other hand, by Mlle. MARAI, one of the prettiest pages imaginable, and the best Isolero we remember, either on the French or Italian stage. With three such competent artists the concerted music, in which *Il Conte Ory* abounds, could hardly have gone badly; and we may cite the duet between the Count and Isolero (when the dissolute nobleman, disguised as a hermit, detects a competitor in the person of his own retainer), the duet with the Countess (when the Conte Ory, as a female pilgrim, obtains shelter from the storm in the castle of that unprotected female), and the Mozartean trio (where the Count, in the dark, mistakes the page for the lady, and unwittingly bestows caresses on his rival), as performances wholly beyond criticism, the credit of which, moreover, was equally divided. The other characters, too, were very efficiently represented, more particularly Ragonda, the keeper of the castle, by Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, who was praised in high terms on a former occasion, and was not less deserving of eulogy now. Signor TAGLIAFICO, as the impudent Raimbaldo, displayed his accustomed flow of exuberant spirits, and sang the famous aria descriptive of his adventures in the wine-cellar (a veritable "patter-song in the buffo style), with capital points and humor. Nor must M. ZELGER's amusing impersonation of the Preceptor pass unnoticed. The scene of the pilgrims caused unusual hilarity; and the careful scrutiny of Mme. Didiée, when Ragonda with a lighted candle comes to ascertain the wants of all those false deceivers, was a quiet but irresistible piece of comedy, to which the mock solemnity of the preghiera (an exquisite specimen of vocal harmony), sung by the feigned religiouses, kneeling, brought an additional zest. All the music went well. The zeal of the chief singers was seconded in an extremely satisfactory manner by the chorus and by the orchestra (under the able direction of Mr. COSTA), which has rarely been played with more delicacy and point. The finale to the first act, one of Rossini's happiest and most ingenious compositions, was perfectly executed throughout. The magnificent unaccompanied sextet—"Oh terror! oh smania! oh pena!" (forming part of it), which follows up the discovery of Conte Ory, through the instrumentality of his unconscious Preceptor, was encored unanimously; and never was such a compliment more richly merited. In short the performance was altogether good; and we are much mistaken if the *Conte Ory* does not become popular with the *habitués* of the Royal Italian Opera. Such genial, elegant, and beautiful music—united to a libretto which, however fantastic and improbable, is decidedly entertaining—ought to please any audience, and more especially when executed with such unflinching spirit and vivacity. The *mise en scène*—like everything hitherto presented at the Lyceum—is complete and appropriate.

May 14. MARIO's first appearance, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. He was indisposed; so was RONCONI, who should have been the Duke, and whose place was supplied by Herr ZELGER. The audience found their compensation in GRISI, who "was grander than ever in *Lucrezia*, and sang both for herself and for Mario." The *Times* says: "Grisi can never fail to triumph, since, in her, the desire to please is a chronic affection. No *contretemps* can abash, no unforeseen calamity quench the fire that burns within her. Such artistic natures are as rare as they are precious." And to this all American opera-goers will say Amen! DRIDIEE too is praised as "the best Maffeo Orsini since Alboni." On the 19th *Lucrezia* was again given, Mario and Ronconi both having recovered. Of course a splendid performance.

May 23. Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Gilda, Mme. BOSIO; Maddalena, DIDIEE; the Duke of Mantua, MARIO; Rigoletto, RONCONI. The quartet: *Bella figlia dell'amore*, by those four, is said to have been beyond

criticism. Mario's *La donna è mobile* was encored as usual; and Bosio, the *Times* says, surpassed all her previous efforts.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. May 10. The attraction of the opening night was Mme. ALBONI in *Cenerentola*. An account of her triumph will be found in another column. The other triumph of the evening was gained by Sig. CALZOLARI, a *tenore d'agilità*, distinguished in the latter seasons of Her Majesty's, where he originally came out in 1849 as Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, when JENNY LIND took "six farewells." The part of Dandini was taken (in the illness of BELLETTI) by our brave old BENEVENTANO. The *News* praises his good nature in taking up the part at three hours' notice, and adds:

In person—being large and heavy—he was not well fitted for the bustling, impudent valet; but he showed himself well acquainted with the part, acted it with spirit and intelligence, and sang the music admirably, having a fine and powerful baritone voice, and evidently a sound knowledge of his art. His merits were recognized, and he will not have reason to regret his praiseworthy conduct.

Sig. ZUCCONI, who made his début as Don Magnifico, is pronounced "one of those basses who, without any great volume of voice, rely chiefly on the eccentric humor of their action." Sig. BONETTI, the new conductor, gave good satisfaction, and Mr. LUMLEY, the manager, was called out with warm greetings.

On the 16th Alboni appeared as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," with BELLETTI as Figaro. Their duet: *Dunque io sono*, is said to have been a most perfect piece of Rossinian singing. CALZOLARI was Almaviva, and ZUCCONI Doctor Bartolo. On the 20th, ALBONI had another triumph, in her soprano character, in the *Sonnambula*. CALZOLARI was Elvino: and the burly BENEVENTANO "acted with ease and dignity" as the Count Rodolfo. Mlle. RIZZI, a seconda donna of uncommon merit, was the Lisa.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the third concert Beethoven's 7th Symphony was performed, under Dr. WYLDE, with more energy and fire than delicacy, according to the *Times*. There were three overtures: Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits," Mendelssohn's *Melusina*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN played a piano-forte Concerto of ROBERT SCHUMANN's in A minor. The *Times* critic says:

She played the music of her husband as if she had composed it herself. The profound sympathy she must entertain for it is easy to understand; but the difficulties it presents can only have been mastered with prodigious application. Many of the *bravura* passages are, indeed, utterly extravagant. These, however, appeared quite familiar to the gifted pianist, who came to her task not only with all the sentiment, but with all the manual dexterity required. Madame Schumann was loudly applauded at the conclusion of each movement of the concerto, and recalled to the platform at the end.

Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's "very characteristic and clever Cantata" of *Tam O'Shanter*, originally written for this society, was repeated with the same success as last year. Mlle. KRALL, a soprano of good voice, and also of intelligence and feeling, sang *Und ob die Wolke*, from *Der Freyschütz*, and an air by Gluck.

Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, the pianist, has returned to England after a long and brilliant tour upon the Continent, and gave a concert at Hanover Square Rooms May 15th. She has returned, it is said, one of the very finest pianists in Europe. She played Mozart's Concerto in D minor, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata (with ERNST), and Mendelssohn's Rondo in E flat.... A brilliant series of afternoon concerts is in progress at the Crystal Palace, which has accommodations for seating four thousand persons comfortably. The programmes are of a miscellaneous and fashionable order, comprising overtures, solos, duets, scenes, &c., from favorite operas, Italian, French and German. Mmes. GRISI, BOSIO, JENNY NEX, DIDIEE, and MM. MARIO, GARDONI, FORMES, and all the principal singers and orchestra (of nearly one hundred) of Mr. GYE's Opera company are the performers. Conductor, M. COSTA.... M. BENEDET's annual concert, with its interminable programme, took place May 21st. Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was the great attraction. She sang (with BELLETTI) a duet on Styrian melodies,

arranged by Benedict; the scene and aria: *Squallida veste*, &c., from *Il Turco in Italia*, and a French duet, by Meyerbeer, with Mme. VIARDOT. Viardot sang the old air, *Verdi prati*, from Handel's "Alcina." REICHARDT sang a romanza by the Duke of Coburg. Messrs. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT and BENEDET played a Concerto of Bach for two pianos. There were long extracts from Benedict's *Minnesinger*; there were overtures, instrumental solos and duets, and what not. Another "monster concert" was that given by Mr. BODDA at Exeter Hall. The programme consisted of five and thirty pieces of music, and contained the names of thirty-eight artists, including Mme. CLARA NOVELLO, VIARDOT GARCIA, RUDERSDORFF, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Miss DOLBY, Herr FORMES, &c. But even the English are getting weary of such long programmes, and there are already symptoms of reform in that regard.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 14, 1856.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders took place at the Hall on Wednesday. By the Treasurer's report it appeared that the net earnings for the year past have been \$2,049 23, and that the Hall has been kept in good condition and improved. The thanks of the Association were voted to Mr. PERKINS for his munificent gift of the statue of BEETHOVEN. The utmost harmony prevailed in the meeting, as particularly shown in the action on the important project to which we have before alluded, for procuring for the Hall a grand Organ, "equal in calibre, in power and in quality, to the famous specimens which have for so many years elicited the admiration and wonder of travellers on the continent of Europe." By the unanimous vote of those present, representing 734 shares (out of 1,035), it was decided that such an organ should be placed in the hall. Its estimated cost is about \$25,000. The stockholders voted an appropriation of \$10,000, on condition that another \$10,000 should be raised by private subscription. Of this, \$6,000 are already subscribed. The remaining \$5,000 may be derived from concerts to be given at the opening of the instrument, and afterwards. But the Directors' report, in urging the matter, assures the stockholders that this latter sum is *guaranteed*—by (as the *Transcript* states) "the gentleman to whose energy and perseverance the success of the plan thus far is due."

Another portion of the Directors' report relates to a matter about which there has been not a little unpleasant controversy; and sets the question so completely at rest, that we gladly avail ourselves of the liberty of copying the entire passage:

"To an Association of the nature of ours there are other and higher interests than its business prospects merely. Having for its objects the rearing of a temple in which Music might find its full and perfect expression, it is fitting also that it should furnish to Art, in all its highest forms, a permanent abode. It is with feelings of peculiar pleasure and of pride that we allude, in this connection, to the princely act of Mr. Perkins in his presentation of the noble statue of Beethoven; which a short time since was welcomed with musical honors to its appropriate place.

"And since, unfortunately, the question has been publicly mooted, it may not be inappropriate to state here, once for all, that in the intention of Mr. Perkins, as expressed unequivocally to the Board of Directors, this statue is a gift to the Association, to be by them retained and possessed

so long as their hall shall retain its original character, with this reservation only—that in case the building should ever be sold or diverted to purposes foreign to the designs of its founders, then is the statue to be removed to some place of security, till such time as another music hall shall be constructed to receive it. Thus it stands, as it is meet it should stand, the guardian in no small measure, of our chartered rights, and the hope of Art in future years.

Of the work itself, we cannot speak in terms of too much praise. Conceived and created by an artist of world-wide fame, successfully cast by a master the most cunning of his handicraft in Germany, passing the ordeal of criticism before kings and a great multitude of dilettanti from his own land, fêted and honored, and publicly crowned in the art-loving city of Munich, it comes to us the recognized embodiment of the breathing soul and spirit of Beethoven. In the expressive language of the inaugural poem :

Art hath bid the evanescent pause and know no more decay ;
Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust had passed away.

Hail, to-day, this seed of promise, planted by a generous hand ;
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given, nobly planned :
We can only say, Great Master, take the homage of our heart,
Be the High Priest in our temple, dedicate to thee and Art.

A benefaction, it is indeed, on the part of the generous giver, which demands, and should receive our gratitude and our warmest thanks."

The old Board of Directors was unanimously reëlected, consisting of Messrs. J. Baxter Upham, Charles C. Perkins, Robert E. Apthorp, George Derby, H. W. Pickering, Ebenezer Dale, and E. D. Brigham.

A Grand Organ for the Music Hall.

By the report above given of the meeting of the stockholders, it seems now as good as certain that the one thing wanting in our noble Music Hall is to be supplied. We are to have an Organ, on the grandest scale, the best (it is designed) that the Old World can make, one of those wonders of the world, to which men "maken pilgrimages," as to the famous Haarlem and Freyburg organs. This project has been conceived and matured by the same indefatigable friend of music, to whom the Music Hall itself, especially its acoustic plan, is in a great measure due, and whose agreeable "Reminiscences" of travel and descriptions of great organs and organ-builders whom he visited in Europe, have added so much interest to our columns. The appeal for \$25,000 for this object had a startling sound at first, and it of course cost no little time and argument to convince our music patrons that the idea was not visionary. But they have been convinced. Over *six thousand dollars* has been actually subscribed by individuals, mostly in small sums. The stockholders, with a jealous eye to the improvement of their property, and the securing of the Hall to its true end of Art, have accepted the plan, and appropriated \$10,000. The rest comes easily. To show what reasons weighed in uniting the votes of the stockholders, we present the following extract from the report of the committee, which has kindly been placed in our hands.

It is the consideration of a plan, having for its object to place in the Boston Music Hall, at no distant day, a *Grand Organ*, equal in calibre, in power and in quality to the famous specimens which have for so many years excited the admiration and wonder of travellers on the continent of Europe. Just such an instrument the capacity of our hall will allow and requires. Without it, its beautiful architecture will always be incomplete, and its acoustic qualities fail to reach their full perfection.

Of the influence of such an instrument upon the interests of the Association, the value can hardly be estimated. It would place this hall at once, in point of attraction, immeasurably above that of any other institution of the kind in the land, and every year, and at all seasons of the year, we see no reason to doubt, would draw as many pilgrims to its shrine as do the world-renowned organs at Haarlem, and in

the Church of St. Nicholas at Freyburg. To the city and to New England it would be an object of just pride, and to the public would prove a source of the purest enjoyment, and an inculcator of a taste for music, in its highest and holiest forms, for many generations to come.

The subject is one which has at times engaged the attention of each succeeding Board of Directors since the founding of the building. The period has now arrived when they would most respectfully but earnestly urge it upon the notice of the stockholders, and bespeak for it the good will and patronage of the Association.

And in the consideration of a matter so important, it seems particularly desirable to set our standard of excellence high—to be satisfied with nothing inferior to the *greatest and the best*. Since we are providing for a work that shall stand, it is to be hoped, not for decades only, but for *centuries* of years.

It must be admitted that a structure, such as is here contemplated, cannot be had without the expenditure of a large amount of funds. But for this expenditure we shall look for adequate results ; and in the long run, it is emphatically true in the history of organ building, that the instrument composed of the best materials, and constructed in the most thorough and substantial manner in all its parts, and by consequence of a superior cost, has been found to best subserve the interests of a real economy.

The Committee who have had this matter in charge have been able, by personal observation and investigation among the most celebrated manufacturing factories in Europe, both in England and upon the Continent, to obtain an abundance of facts bearing upon the subject. The total cost, as thus determined, of such a work as they would recommend, will not fall far short of the sum of \$25,000. But it is not proposed that the Music Hall Association shall in this case defray the whole expense of the work.

The plan which, after mature deliberation, suggested itself to the minds of the Directors as most feasible and proper, was this : that the Corporation appropriate the sum of *ten thousand dollars* towards the enterprise, on the condition that an additional *ten thousand* be raised by private subscription ; the remaining *five thousand*, or such portion of it as may be required, shall be guaranteed *without expense to the Association*. The hall is then to receive the use and possession of the organ, and derive all the pecuniary benefits therefrom, so long as it shall remain a *Music Hall*, in return for its permanent care and custody of the instrument.

Acting upon this plan, and as a test of the popularity and probable success of the measure, a subscription, based on the ultimate action of this body, has been going on for some time past, and with the most gratifying results. More than one half the sum proposed to be raised in this manner has already been secured, and all substantial and reliable names. It is a list we are proud to show, as furnishing an additional illustration of the liberality of our citizens in everything which tends to the education and refinement of the community, as well as for objects of pure philanthropy.

This appeal was followed up by cogent arguments from the Hon. George S. Hillard, G. P. Putnam, Esq., and others, so that no doubts remained. To procure such an organ, will be no small work. The subscriptions and appropriation have been made with the understanding that the organ is to come from Germany,—most probably from the famous establishment of the Messrs. WALKERS, of Ludwigsberg. Their specification and estimate, compared with others from the best German, French and English makers, are thought on the whole to promise best both on the score of quality, economy, and durability. It may take some two or three years to get the whole glorious fabric completed. It is hoped that the contract will be made this summer, after careful consultation with the best German organists.

A few persons have declined subscribing on the ground that such an opportunity should be offered first to our own enterprising and skilful native builders. We may look with just pride on the organs built by our Boston and New York makers. But we are comparatively young in this department ; we are but beginning to be a musical people. Yankee skill and confidence are great ; but how many of our native organ-builders have been abroad to see what has been done there ? Is it not natural to suppose

that Germany, the musical land *par excellence*, the home of great organs and great organists for centuries, the land of Bach and Mendelssohn and Schneider, should possess the art of organ-building in the greatest perfection ? There the organ-builder is an *artist* as well as a manufacturer. The testimony of travellers and musicians is in favor of the German, French and English organs. The German organs have grown sweet and rich with time. They were made to *endure* ; their builders built for Art and for long ages. Even on the score of economy, owing to the cheapness of labor and long practice, it is found that the German organ will come several thousand dollars cheaper than one on the same scale made here.

It can do no harm to anybody to have among us a master specimen of European organ-building. If our builders can surpass it, what a monument and triumph it becomes for them ! If it shall have excellencies to which they have vainly aspired, then how incalculable its value as a model and incentive to more earnest well-directed effort on their part. In either case, music among us will be sure to be the gainer. But we can only touch upon the matter now.

Italian Opera.—The Vestvali Troupe.

A better opera than we had any right to expect at this time of the year, is that which Mlle. VESTVALI has organized for a few nights at the Boston Theatre. In the three operatic concerts, by which she felt the pulse of the public last week, her quartet of principals, all new to us except herself, made so good an impression as to warrant the importation of a chorus from New York, and the performance of a few familiar operas, suited to a small company, in full. The concerts were doubly tedious by the length and miscellaneous composition of the programmes. We found half of one of them enough for an evening, and in that time were satisfied of the rare powers of the tenor, Sig. CERESA, and the abundant competency of the soprano, Signora MANZINI. In VESTVALI, it is chiefly the charm of person, the splendid *physique*, the dashing, manly air in contralto male parts, which ensures applause. As Arsace, as Orsini, and we doubt not as Romeo, she takes the eye and satisfies the many. Her voice, rich and musical in parts, is more equal than it was, and yet far from equal ; and for artistic style in singing, of which she has not much, she makes up by a certain easy, generous abandon.

On Wednesday night we had *Ernani* entire, and certainly one of the best performances of it that we remember. It was so long since we had heard it, that we listened again with some little freshness of interest in the music. Surely this is more than we shall ever say of *Trovatore*. The burden of the opera was sustained by the tenor, Sig. CERESA, awkward as he is in manner, acts in earnest. His voice surprised all. It is a rich, sweet, ringing, powerful *tenore robusto*, of great compass, taking every note with ease and certainty, trained to clear and effective execution of the difficult Verdi passages, and sustaining itself without any sign of weariness to the end of such a trying part. Indeed, in this last particular we do not remember his equal. He expends himself always without stint, and yet has power for every crisis, and plenty of power left at the end. He is the man for Verdi's music ; we doubt if he have the fineness for Mozart or Rossini.

Signora MANZINI has a very pure, well-trained soprano, of not great power, yet adequate to

what she attempts. Her execution is clean and finished, and her style good. Without much inspiration, there is an earnest way with her which wins respect and pleases. She commands some very pure, silvery highest notes. Her Elvira showed a fair dramatic talent. GASPARI, our old friend, made an excellent Silva, so far as he could disguise himself, which is impossible to those roguish eyes of his. But he is a good singer, and his rich round bass is always true. Signor BARATINI is a baritone of good power in the tenor region, rather spasmodic in his delivery, by turns weak and over-loud, and addicted to a strange way of now and then prolonging a tone beyond all sense or comeliness, as if simply to show how long a note can be held out. He is tall, gaunt and nervous, and evidently has been ill for some time. The orchestra, led by Sig. NUNO, was fair, not so overwhelmingly brassy as sometimes in Verdi's operas. The chorus, not very numerous, was effective on the male side, but rather feeble and forlorn on the female. Most of the ensembles, however, especially the *Carlo Magne* finale, were made quite effective. The plaudits and recalls were warm and frequent.

New Music.

(Published by Geo. P. Reed & Co.)

1. *The Water Lily.* Song by ROBERT FRANZ. 25 cts.
2. *The Young Pianist's First Waltz.* By G. B. WARE.
3. *Il Balen del suo sorriso.* Aria from *Il Trovatore.* By VERDI. 9 pp.
4. *Che farò senza Euridice.* Cavatina from GLUCK'S *Orfeo.* 25 cts.
5. *A te, mio suolo, Ligure.* Romanza from MERCADANTE'S *Il Bravo.* 25 cts.

No. 1 is the first of six songs by ROBERT FRANZ, which Messrs. Reed & Co. propose to issue. We hail it as the first beginning of a most excellent service to Art in our country, that, namely, of putting into the hands of those who have soul and voice to sing them, some of the incomparable songs of a composer to whom we have called considerable attention of late. This one, called in English "The Water Lily," is the sweet, pensive, dreamful Andante of GEIBEL's charming little poem, *Die Lotosblume.*—The German and English words are given. It is one of the easiest of the Franz songs to sing and accompany.

No. 2 is simplest of the simple, and pretty enough.

No. 3 is the popular baritone air from the *Trovatore*, one of the series issued under the auspices of Sig. BENDELARI, with words Italian, and English by C. J. SPRAGUE.

Nos. 4 and 5 are of the ninety and odd pieces included by the publishers under the head, "Songs of Italy." That by Gluck was better known to our fathers and mothers (those of them that were musical,) than it has been in our day. It is one of the immortal melodies, and we hereabouts owe much to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS for reviving it at her concerts, and proving once more that it goes to the hearts of all. It is here set in C, so that the voice never goes above E.

No. 5 is for soprano, or mezzo soprano, a rather taking sentimental melody.

(From Nathan Richardson.)

1. *By the Stream a youth was Sitting.* Ballad. Words by SCHILLER; Music by WULF FRIES. 25 cts.
2. *Yes, thou art like the flower of May.* Song, by FERD. HILLER. 25 cts.
3. *Six Album Leaves,* for the Piano, by STEPHEN HELLER. 13 pp. 60 cts.

No. 1 is a song of not a little tenderness and delicacy of feeling. The accompaniment shows refinement. The free movement of the bass and middle parts several times betrays the violoncellist's fondness, and is in refreshing contrast with the hum-

drum common-chord accompaniment of so many songs. The words, Schiller's *Jüngling am Bach*, are happily Englished by the Rev. JOHN WEISS, to whom the piece is dedicated.

No. 2. Is this the famous Ferdinand Hiller? At all events, a very graceful, pleasing song.

No. 3. These "Album Leaves" are among the easier of Heller's always refined and artistic writings for the piano. We can recommend them without reserve.

We are disappointed in not receiving the remainder of the article on the "Original Manuscript of Mozart's Requiem" in time for this week's paper. We hope to give it next week. We find we were mistaken in supposing it a new discovery. The Leipzig *Allgemeine Zeitung*, we see, contains a notice of Herr von Mosel's pamphlet as early as the year 1841. Strange that it escaped the notice of Oulibicheff, whose book appeared several years later! It would have saved him the labor of reviewing the controversy, and proving, so ably as he has done, by internal evidence, the absurdity of the claim set up by and for Süssmayer to the authorship of a large part of the *Requiem*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Our neighbor of the South Boston *Mercury*, speaking of operatics, has a good hit on the subject of "Complimentary" tickets. He suggests a correction in the spelling of the term; "for certainly, under the present system of holding back until every decent position on the floor is sold, and then filling up the house by magnanimously distributing the refuse seats, the sense of the word will be improved by spelling it *complémentary*."... In our summary of "Music Abroad" it will be seen that our old friend LEOPOLD DE MEYER has been concertizing in Vienna and playing "his" *Andante Religioso*.—Query: Is it the same one which he palmed off for his own in Boston, but in which the initiated were surprised to recognize a well-known work of Thalberg's? The trick would hardly be a safe one in Vienna.... There is now in this city a German lad of ten years, who, if all we hear of him be true, (and we hear it from the most reliable sources) must be a very prodigy of musical executive talent. He plays many of Bach's fugues, including some of the most difficult, from memory, both on the piano and the organ, reads difficult music at sight, &c., and has no small skill on the violin. Such extraordinary talent cannot be too sacredly cherished and directed in right ways. But of course it is too early to determine whether it is to end in mere machine playing, or whether there is soul and genius underneath and yet to be developed. The boy is named PERABEAU, a connexion, as we understand, of the well-known pianist who has long resided here. He has been living for some years, with his father, who is a teacher of music, in Dover, N. H.... The MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have elected their officers for the ensuing year as follows; President—James D. Kent (re-elected.) Vice President—Wm. B. Merrill. Financial Secretary—N. Broughton, Jr. Recording Secretary—Wm. B. Bonner. Treasurer—John Albee, Jr. Librarian—Wm. F. Smith. Directors—Alden Spense, Samuel J. M. Homer, Jerome W. Tyler, Washington Warren, Carlos Pierce, Wm. S. Baker, James W. Bailey.

We hear pleasant reports in private circles of a Soirée Musicale given last week at her residence by Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, with her young lady pupils. Upwards of a hundred guests were present, consisting of their relatives and friends. Flowers, music and bright faces made fairer summer than the east wind without. The pieces were of various grades of difficulty, from such masters as

Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Hummel, Dohler, &c., including solos, duets, quartets, &c., played singly, or with several players on a part. Among other things the programme contained the overture to *Fidelio* as a duet, the overture to "Tell" as quartet, and a Sonata duo by Mozart. All speak highly of the accuracy and style of the performances, especially of the unity and precision where several pianos were played at once. Mlle. de Lamotte is reaping the reward of her indefatigable industry and skill as a teacher.

We have news from ALFRED JAEEL. He seems to be moving from one success to another, loaded with gifts and honors. After leaving Berlin, where our correspondent wrote us such pleasant accounts of him in November, he took part in orchestral symphony concerts in Hamburg, Bremen, Brunswick, Hanover, &c., where he played Concertos of Schumann, Beethoven, &c., and a manuscript Concerto by Liszt, extremely difficult of course, which everywhere created much sensation. In January he gave concerts in Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Rotterdam, Leyden, and other cities of Holland. The King of Holland presented him a costly diamond ring. The King of Hanover presented him two costly diamond rings, (!) one after playing at his court concert, and one for the dedication of one of his compositions (which, by the way, count up to Op. 58!). At Leyden, as he was leaving Holland, the "Studenten-Gesellschaft" escorted him with carriages to the railroad station, and he received the diploma of honorary member from the society called "Sempre Crescendo." At Hanover again he played on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, when he was named Court Pianist to his Majesty, which title and engagement oblige him to go every winter for a certain time to Hanover. After concertizing at Frankfort on the Maine, Hanau and Cologne, he assisted at the Düsseldorf Festival in the second week of May. Jaell writes with enthusiasm of the orchestral and chorus performances at that Festival, under the "perfect" direction of JULIUS RIETZ, especially that of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Our happy young pianist intends to pass the summer at the German watering places and in Switzerland.

Opera is probably more an institution in New Orleans than in any of our Atlantic cities. A population so French naturally takes Paris with it; and a good French company, performing operas, both French and Italian, is always to be found there in the winter season. The *Picayune* sums up the season as follows:

M. BOUDOUSQUIE has brought this very successful season to a close, and now resorts to Europe to reconstruct his *corps opératique* for next year. We are pleased to learn that of those artists who are highly popular favorites here, he has already secured the services of the fascinating COLSON, the ruling prima donna of the late season, and JUNCA, the superb basso.

The rage, during the winter, has been [for comic opera, rather than, as in several seasons preceding, for grand opera. The reason of this is to be found in the accession to the troupe of the highly accomplished artiste we have already named, Mme. Colson. The operas in which she has appeared have been decidedly the most popular, and to the management, we should judge, the most profitable.

Of grand operas during the season just closed, we have had the "Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," the "Prophet," and the *Etoile du Nord*, of Meyerbeer, the "Juive" and "Reine de Chypre" of Halévy; the "Jerusalem" of Verdi; the "Norma" of Bellini; the "Martyrs," "Favorite," "Lucrezia," and "Lucia," of Donizetti; and the "Moïse" and "Comte Ory" of Rossini.

Of comic operas, the "Domino Noir," "Fille du régiment," "Si j'étais Roi," *Les Amours du Diable*, "Ambassadrice," "Les Noces de Jeanette" and "Gille le Ravisneur." Those we have italicized have been the most popular and productive performances of the season, thanks to Colson, who has appeared in them all.

M. Boudousquie has given us a very good company, taken as a whole, though it is susceptible of improvement in some particulars. Mme. Laget-Planterre, Mme. Colson, Mme. Gambier, Mme. Du-laurens, Mme. Richer, Messrs. Duluc, Crambade, Junca, Delagrave, Laget, Graat, Colson, Dutasta, Debrinay, Chol, Carrier, Mathieu, and others we might name, compose a stronger company than is known in any regular operatic and dramatic theatre out of Paris; and they have given us operas, put superbly on the stage, and accompanied by one of the best orchestras in the world, in a style that would do honor to any theatre on either side of the Atlantic.

Still another new musical paper makes its appearance on our desk this week. It is called "The Flower Queen" and is published monthly in Chicago, Ill. Each number consists of eight pages, of about our own size, closely filled with short editorials, selections, advertisements, &c., all on the subject of music. WILLIAM C. WEBSTER is the editor, and the Messrs. HIGGINS BROTHERS, publishers. Its object, as set forth in the editor's introductory, is "the advancement of the cause of Music, in its widest, broadest, noblest sense, not only in our large and increasing popular city, but throughout our State and the vast West." The vast West surely needs the humanizing influence of music, especially when sham Democracy and Slavery are so active to demoralize and drag us back to barbarism. Therefore success to "The Flower Queen"! Among the topics to which it proposes especially to call attention, the following are named:

The prominent obstacles to the advancement of Sacred Music; the practical benefits of Oratorical Singing to Psalmody; how far do good performances of Sacred Music depend upon the ability to read music at sight; the cultivation of Secular—does it conduce to the advancement of Sacred Music; the best means of sustaining competent teachers in our Churches; the best means of diffusing musical knowledge, popularly considered; the advantages arising from Quartette Choirs; the teaching of Music as a legitimate branch of education; the best methods of teaching Sacred Music; the best methods of piano forte instruction; the holding of Musical Conventions as tending to the promotion of the cause.

JOHN BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The flute with which Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in the possession of Mr. Howels, tailor, Gainsborough. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool, out of which, it is said, that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the melody the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.

An editor says it has cost him a week's toil "in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," to discover that the quotation, "A harp of a thousand strings," is from Dr. Watts, and that that of "Spirits of just men made perfect," is from St. Paul.

In one of his hymns, Dr. Watts has this couplet, alluding to the human organization:

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long."

In the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, chapter XII., verse 23, occurs the other quotation.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XIII.

STELLA.

Celio was about answering me, when Beatrice came running through the gallery and jumped upon his neck and frolicked around us, asking me very roguishly if I had yet been introduced to *Monsieur le Marquis*. A few steps farther on we met Stella and Benjamin, who besieged me with the same questions; the breakfast bell rang loudly, and Hecate, who was very excitable, echoed this signal with a shrill bark. The marquis and his daughter came last, serene and kind, like those who have been doing their duty. There I saw how much the girls adored Cecilia, and how much respect she inspired from the whole family. I could not help observing her, and even when I did not look at her nor listen to her, I saw all her movements, heard every word; and yet she did and spoke but little; but she was attentive to all that could please her friends. Any one would have said that she had always been an heiress, she was so easy and tranquil in her opulence; and it was easily seen that she did not care for it on her own account, she was so careful to supply the least want and gratify the slightest wish of others.

At breakfast the drama was not talked about. Not one word was said before the servants, which could make them suspect anything of the kind. No thanks to Beatrice, whose little head was full of it, for she began to talk about the night before and the night to come; but Stella, who sat beside

her and governed her like a young mother, checked her words. When breakfast was over, the marquis gave his arm to his daughter, and they left the room.

"Now they are going to busy themselves about something else," said Celio to me. "They devote this part of the day to the wants of the people around us; they listen to the petitions of the poor, the claims of the farmers, and answer all invitations. They see the curé or his assistant; they direct the laborers, and even consult about the sick; in fact, they fulfil their duty as lord and lady with as much regularity and conscience as possible. Stella and Beatrice take charge of the household matters within. As for me, I generally read or study music, and since the arrival of my brother, I give him lessons; but to-day he must go and practice billiards by himself. I want to talk with you."

He led me into the garden, and pressing my hand affectionately, said to me:

"Your sadness grieves me, and I cannot witness it much longer. Listen, my friend: I had an evil thought; when you told me an hour ago that you would renounce Cecilia from delicacy, I was about telling you that such seemed your duty, and was to encourage you to leave. I did not do it; but even if I had, I should have taken it back now. You are too scrupulous, or else you do not thoroughly understand Cecilia and her father. They have never ceased to be artists in becoming noble. The alliance of talent like yours could never seem below their station. It would be impossible for them to suspect you of ambition or avarice, for they know that two months since you were in love with the poor cantatrice, with only three thousand francs a season, and you thought seriously of marrying her, without blushing for the old drunkard."

"Do they know it? Did you tell them, Celio?"

"I told them the very day that you confided it to me, and they were deeply touched by it."

"But they refused because on that same day they received the news of their inheritance?"

"No; even when they had read the news they did not refuse. They said: '*We will see.*' Then, although I was moved myself, I had the courage to keep the promise I had almost given you. I began to speak of you again."

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'I am so grateful for his kind intentions towards me, at a time when I was poor and obscure, that if I was decided to marry at all, I should endeavor to see and know more of him.' And then, as I told you, we went secretly to Turin, a few days since, upon business for her father and to bring back Benjamin. When

there, I studied with some anxiety the effect produced upon her by the story of your amours with the duchess. She was sad a moment;—that I know. You see, my friend, I conceal nothing. I offered to go and bring you secretly to our hotel. She saw I was angry, and said no, for she is kind to me as an angel, kind as a mother; but she suffered much, and when, the next night, we passed by your door on foot, on our way to our carriage, as we did not wish it brought round to the hotel, we saw your coachman, and recognized Volabù. We avoided him, as we did not wish to be seen; but Cecilia had a woman's happy thought. She told Salvator (whom the man had never seen) to go to him and ask him if his carriage would go to Milan.

"Indeed," answered he, 'I am going to Milan, but I can take no one.'

"Whom are you going to drive?' said the child. 'Cannot I make some arrangement with your traveller to allow me to accompany him?'

"No; he is a painter, and travels alone."

"What is his name? perhaps I may know him."

"The driver gave your name; that was all we cared to know. We had been told that the duchess had returned to Milan. Cecilia grew pale, pretending that she was cold; then, as I spoke of it in a low voice, she smiled upon me with sovereign sweetness and drew near your window, saying:

"You shall see what a friendly and disinterested farewell I will give him."

"Then she sang that cursed *Vedrai carino*, which saved you from the clutch of Satan. There is a fate in all this! I believe she loves you, although it is always hard to read a person so thoroughly mistress of herself, and so accustomed to self-denial that one can seldom imagine what she suffers in sacrificing. Just now she knows nothing different about you, and I must confess that I am not courageous enough to tell her that you have renounced the duchess and that you owe your safety to her. I promised not to injure you, but it would be pushing heroism beyond my powers to woo her for you. Still I must tell you the truth, and there you have it all. Stay, then, or speak; wait and hope, or else act and settle the matter. At all events, you have all right to do it, and no one could suspect you of being in love with her millions, since even this morning you could not understand that the Marquis de Balma was father Boccaferri."

"Good and noble Celio!" said I, "how can I thank you? I don't know what to do. I think you love Cecilia as much as I and are more worthy of her. No, I cannot speak to her. I wish her to know and appreciate you in your

new character. She must examine us, compare us, and decide. I have thought her in love with some one, and that may be you. Why should we hasten to know our destiny? Perhaps now she may even be undecided herself. Let us wait."

"Yes, it is true," said Celio, "we both run the risk of a refusal if we surprise her; and I am somewhat troubled because I was not in love with her at Vienna, and the idea never entered my head until I witnessed your love. I am a little afraid that she will suspect me of being mercenary, for I am more open than you to such suspicions. Time has not proved me, as it has you. On the other hand, the adoration she has for my mother, and which still rules all her thoughts, is naturally a strong reason for her to sacrifice her love to you, for fear of making me unhappy. Thus is this noble woman made, but I would not profit by such a sacrifice."

"That sacrifice," answered I, "might be quick and easy to-day. If she loves me, she has not loved me long enough to have become entirely selfish. I ask the help and counsel of time for my own interest as for yours."

"Well said," answered Celio; "let us adjourn. But first let us make this resolution: that is, that neither shall confess his love without telling the other beforehand; until then, let us talk no more about it, for it gives me pain."

"And me too. I submit to that agreement; but we shall not forbid each other's attempts to please her."

"No, certainly," said he.

He began to hum the romance from "Don Juan"; then he began to sing, and practised while walking up and down beside me, and stamping impatiently when his voice dissatisfied him.

"I am not Don Juan!" said he, interrupting himself, "and yet it is in my voice and destiny to be it on the stage. Diable! I am not a tenor and cannot play the tender lover. I cannot sing *Il mio tesoro intanto* with Rubini's cadenza. I must either be a bold scamp or an honest man, who only meets with *fiascos*. Who cares for power? After all," added he, passing his hand over his forehead, "who knows I am in love? Let us see!"

He sang *Quando del vino*, and sang it superbly.

"No, no!" cried he, self-satisfied, "I was not made to love. Cecilia is not my mother. Perhaps to-morrow she might love another better than me—you, for instance. Shall I be in love with a woman who does not love me? I should die of rage! I should not be angry with you, Salentini, but her. I would throw her down from her high castle to the pavement, that she might see how little I cared for her person or her fortune!"

I was frightened at the expression of his face, the old Celio I knew in Vienna was coming back and frightened and saddened me. He saw it, smiled and said to me:

"I believe I am getting wicked again. Come, let us join the others and this will pass off. Sometimes my nerves play me ugly tricks. Come, I am cold; let us go in."

He took my arm and ran in.

At two o'clock the whole family assembled in the large parlor. The marquis gave, as usual, orders to the servants not to disturb him until dinner time, except for some important reason,

and then they must ring the castle bell to summon him. Then he asked the young ladies if they had taken the air and seen to the house, and Salvator if he had worked; and when each had accounted for the morning, he said:

"That is right; the first condition of liberty, of moral and intellectual health, is order in the details of life; but alas! to be orderly one must be rich. The unhappy never can know what they shall do in an hour's time. Now, children, *vive la joie!* The day of business and care is over; the evening of pleasure and Art has begun. Follow me."

He took a large key from his pocket and waved it in the air to the great delight of the children. Then we went towards the wing of the castle devoted to the theatre. They opened the *ivory door*, as the marquis called it, and we entered into the sanctuary of dreams, after having well locked and barred the door. The first thing was to arrange the theatre, restore order and neatness, collect and label the costumes, which had been hastily thrown down upon chairs the night before. The young men swept, dusted, mended the scenery, oiled the bolts, &c. The girls busied themselves about the dresses; all was done with wonderful precision and rapidity. Each one went to work with zeal and gaiety. When all was finished, the marquis called his brood around the great table which stood in the midst of the pit, and there they held council. They took down the manuscripts of "Don Juan" to study; they copied into them the personages of the night before and the scenes they had brought out; they talked over the distribution of the rôles once more. Celio returned to Don Juan; he begged that a few scenes might be sung. Beatrice and Salvator begged leave to improvise a *pas de danse* during the ball in the third act. All was granted. Permission was given to try anything, on condition that it should be decided beforehand, that it might be entered into the manuscript, so that the order of the performance should not be disturbed.

Then Celio sent Stella after several kinds of wigs with long hair. He wanted to make the character more gloomy, and his physiognomy also. He tried on a black wig.

"You are wrong in making yourself dark, if you wish to be wicked," said Boccaferri to him, (he took his old name behind the *ivory door*.) "It is a classic custom to make all traitors dark and with a profusion of hair, but it is a vulgar lie. Pale-faced and black-bearded men are almost always feeble. The true tiger is yellow and silky."

"Then let us take the lion's skin," said Celio, taking up the wig he wore the night before, "but I hate these red ribbons. They seem too much like the tyrant of the melodrama. Young ladies, make me up a quantity of flame-colored ones. That was the mark of a *roué* in Molière's time."

"If that is the case, give us back your cherry bow, *your beautiful sword knot!*" said Stella.

"What do you want of it?"

"I want to keep it for a pattern," said she, smiling mischievously, "for you made it, and you are the only one in the world who knows how to make bows properly. It takes you a long time, but what perfection! Don't you think so?" added she, addressing herself to me and showing me the same cherry ribbons I had picked up the day before. "How do you like them?"

The tone in which she asked the question, and her manner of waving the ribbons in my face, troubled me a little. It seemed as if she expected to see me seize them, and I had principle enough not to do it. Cecilia looked at me. I saw Stella blush; she dropped the ribbon and stepped upon it, as if carelessly, and pretended to laugh at something else.

Celio was brusque and imperious with his sisters, although he adored them from the bottom of his heart, and he performed a thousand little favors for them. He also had seen this singular little episode.

"Hurry, lazy ones!" cried he to Stella and Beatrice; "go and hunt up thirty yards of flame colored ribbon. I am waiting for them."

And when they had entered the store-room, he picked up the cherry bow and gave it to me privately, whispering:

"Keep it in remembrance of Beatrice; but if either of them try to play the coquette with you, correct them and laugh at them. I ask it as a brother."

The preparations lasted until dinner, which was rather serious. They reassumed their gaiety before the servants, who wore mourning for the old marquis for lack of it in their hearts. Besides, every one was thinking of his part, and M. de Balma said one thing which I have always found true: that ideas grow clearer and more fixed when our appetites are satisfied.

They ate quickly and moderately at the table. They said familiarly that the artist who eats a great deal is *à moitié cuit*. They sipped the coffee and whiffed cigars while the servants took off the cloth and made their final disappearance from the rooms of the house. Then they went the rounds and barred all the doors. Then the marquis shouted:

"Ladies, to your dressing rooms!"

They were allowed a half hour longer than the men; but Cecilia did not improve it. She staid with us in the parlor, and I observed her whispering in a corner to Celio. It seemed to me, when this conversation was over, that Celio was full of arrogant delight and Cecilia of resigned sadness; but that did not prove anything. His emotions were always exaggerated, and hers were shown so little that the shade was almost unnoticeable.

At eight exactly the play began. I fear I should become tiresome if I followed it in all its details; but I must observe that to my great surprise Cecilia was admirable and exquisitely furious in her jealousy as Elvira. I would never have believed it; such a passion seemed so different from her! I remarked it in the entr'acte.

"It is perhaps exactly on that account," said she to me; "and besides, what do you know of me?"

She said this so proudly that it frightened me. It seemed to be her pride not to be comprehended. Still I persisted in studying her in spite of herself, and that coldly enough too. Boccaferri praised Celio with enthusiasm; he almost wept with joy to see him play so well. It is true he was the coldest, most scornful, most obstinate of men.

"Thanks to you," said he to Cecilia; "you were so angry and so harsh that you made me wicked. I became ice at your reproaches, for I felt pushed to extremes, and was ready to burst forth. Come, *ma vielle*, you ought always to be

thus; I should regain the powers which your usual kindness and gentleness take away from me."

"Well," answered she, "I advise you not to play such parts often with me. I should take away your laurels."

He leaned over her, and lowering his voice, said:

"Are you capable of being the female of a tiger?"

"It is very good for the stage," answered she.

And it seemed to me she spoke so that I might hear her answer.

"In real life, Celio, I should despise so mean, so easy, and so silly a use of talent. Why am I so ugly in this rôle? Because nothing is so easy as affectation. So do not be too vain of your success to-day. Strength in excitement is *le pont aux ânes*, but strength in calmness—ah, you may gain it some day, but not yet. Try to play Ottavio, and we shall see."

"You are a very bitter actress and very jealous of your talent," said Celio, biting his lips so hard that his red moustache, which was fastened on his lip, fell down upon his lace ruffle.

"You are losing your tiger's hair," said Cecilia to him, calmly picking up the moustache; you were right in wanting a new skin!"

"Do you think you can perform that miracle?"

"Yes, if I care to take the trouble; but I make no promises."

I saw they loved each other without being willing to confess it, and I looked at Stella, who was beautiful as an angel, while she gave me a mask for the ball scene. She had the brave and generous expression of one who gives up the idea of pleasing without renouncing her love. A thrill of my heart, so full of gallantry that it would allow no hesitation, prompted me to draw from my bosom the cherry ribbons I had hidden there, and I showed them to her significantly. All her courage left her; she blushed and her eyes filled with tears. I saw that Stella was sensitive, and that I had either given myself up to her forever or else had committed a base deed. From that moment I looked no longer at the past and gave myself up entirely to the happiness, so new to me, of being purely and frankly loved.

I had been playing Ottavio, and had played badly until then. I took my lovely Anna by the arm and led her upon the stage, and then I found heart and feeling enough to tell her my love and express my devotion. At the close of the act I was loaded with praises, and Cecilia said to me, giving her hand:

"As for you, Ottavio, you need no lessons, and you will soon surpass those who teach."

"I do not know how to act," answered I, "and I shall never know. It is because this is not acting here that I have said what I felt."

[Conclusion next week.]

Translations from Schumann.*

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT-OVERTURES.

J. J. H. VERHULST. — W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT. — BERLIOZ.

Chance has placed side by side the three names above, the bearers of which may be regarded as the representatives of the younger artistic generation, at least, of three different nations—the Dutch, English, and French. The last name is well-

known, the second is beginning to be appreciated, (1839,) while the first has already lost some of its strangeness by frequent mention, especially in our Leipzig journal. We beg to direct the attention of the reader to them collectively; they are destined, we believe, in time, to play an important part in the musical history of the three countries.

The overtures, of which an account is to be here given, I have not, unfortunately, heard executed by an orchestra. But this fact is, perhaps, counterbalanced, and I am enabled to pronounce an opinion on them, by a tolerable familiarity with most of the composers' other works, and, also, with the composers personally, at least with the two first-named. Berlioz promises from year to year to visit Germany, and make us more nearly acquainted with his music; meanwhile, he has sent us a new overture, affording evidence of the strange path he has struck out.

Holland, hitherto celebrated only through its painters, has signalized itself, in recent times, by a lively sense of music also. Great influence has, probably, been exercised in this particular by the Society for the Furtherance of Music, which spreads through the country in a hundred offshoots, and the object of which is the diffusion of native, side by side with German, music. The composer of whom we are speaking is a *protégé* of this Society, and, if I am not mistaken, gained, in several contests, the prize for composition. He is, for the moment, living among us, and has, also, earned a fair reputation as a conductor, by his direction of the concerts of the Euterpe Society, last winter. It is to the first named Netherlandish Society, also, that we are indebted for the publication of some of his compositions; a church-piece and an overture have already been noticed and prominently treated in this paper, as the productions of a man of decidedly happy talent. A new overture* is now lying before us; it was written for the opening of the well known Dutch tragedy *Gysbrecht van Amstel*, for which VERHULST composed, also, music to be played between the acts. The overture, which has frequently been heard in Leipzig, gave great satisfaction, and must do so; it is an overture for all: for the public, the musician, and the critic, and is conceived in that tone of generally appreciated culture, which awakens respect in the masses and sympathy in the artist. Some friendly spirit has, hitherto, kept the composer from the rocks which have often lain in the way of other young artists,—from experiments and seductions; he knows his way, and never hazards anything where success is not certain. A knowledge of the measure of his strength, which has already obtained a most satisfactory elevation, and, in addition, liveliness and sprightliness, distinguish this altogether unusual Dutchman as a man, if we would construe him by the aid of his musical efforts. As a musician, more especially, he possesses that instinct of instrumentation which has no longer to choose between two different directions, but at once takes the right one; he delights most in masses, which he well understands how to arrange and set in motion, although he has an observant eye for detail as well; he does not aim at new and unusual effects; with good masters before his eyes, he always strives to produce effects that are more general, everywhere recognized, and always agreeable. The overture in question is, however, already some years old, and cannot be regarded as the last result of his aspirations. Talent of this description does not, it is true, progress rapidly, but its advance is all the more sure; diligence, observation, intercourse with masters, and public encouragement have also urged him on, and thus there is no doubt that the young trunk will, from year to year, bear richer and more abundant fruit; the roots are already striking out towards German soil, and, gradually, the overhanging weight of blossom, also, will turn towards the land which has already afforded nourishment and strength to so many great musicians, and just as, in poetry, there are many foreigners, such as Oehlenschläger, Chamisso, and others, whom we may look upon as our own, so may we greet, like-

wise, Verhulst as honorary member of the German Brotherhood of Art, the number of whose members may, we trust, always increase.

BENNETT, too, belongs to this class, although he at once holds himself, as an Englishman, more aloof, and, in somewhat the same manner that we claim back Händel from England, the English may, at some future period, re-demand Bennett as entirely belonging to themselves—not, however, that we intend that any comparison should be instituted between Händel and Bennett. Bennett's latest overture bears the name of "*Die Waldnymph*,"* the only non-happy feature, it strikes me, in the whole composition. I know that it is impossible to offend a composer more than by raising objections to the name of his child, since, in his own opinion, he must know better than any one else what he intended, and we might suppose from Bennett's selecting precisely the "*Waldnymph*," that he wished to give us a companion piece to his former overture, "*Die Najaden*;" still the title is not at all striking or favorable to the work. It is certainly poetical to indicate a fundamental frame of mind by means of a single existence related to it, just as, from Mendelssohn's "*Melusina*," the romance, thousands of years old, of life might spring forth from beneath the surface; but this is not applicable in single instances, and I should have preferred the general designation of "*Ouverture pastorale*," or something similar. But, setting aside these minor considerations, which, however, as I have already said, are injurious to the effect, the overture rises sufficiently, in its wonderfully tender and slim shape, over others of its sisters, and breathes the purest and brightest poetic life. The pianoforte score, as a general rule, only half enables us to form a judgment of any piece; but this, I have heard from competent authorities, is not the case with the present overture. Bennett is more especially a pianist, and, however skilfully and daintily he can treat the various instruments, his favorite one still peeps out from his orchestral compositions, and, finally, something fine is produced in a diminished form, like a beautiful thought out of the mouth of a child.

The overture is charming; in fact, with the exception of Spohr and Mendelssohn, I know no other living composer who as far as delicacy and softness of color are concerned, has the pencil so much under command as Bennett. Even the fact that he has gleaned a great deal from the two artists just named is forgotten in the masterly treatment of the whole, and, it appears to me, he never displayed himself so much as he really is as in this work. Let any one examine it bar by bar; what a delicate, what a strong web from beginning to end! Instead of hand-broad gaps, from the creations of others, jarring upon our ear, how closely and intimately are all the parts connected! But there is one fault which has been found with the overture: its great diffuseness. This applies more or less to all Bennett's compositions; it is his style; he is finished even in the minutest details. He frequently repeats, too, the very same passages; nay, he does so note for note after the conclusion of the middle movement. Let any one, however, attempt to change without injuring the work; the attempt will not prove successful; Bennett is no mere schoolboy to whom hints are of any use; what he has once thought stands fast, and cannot be disturbed.

It is beyond the scope of Bennett's naively fervent poetic character, and the direction he has taken in conformity with it, to set in motion grand levers and forces; magnificence and display are foreign to his nature; where his fancy is most fond of tarrying, by the lonely strand, or in the mysterious greenwood, a man does not seize on trumpets and kettle-drums to describe his solitary happiness. Let us, therefore, take Bennett for what he really is, and not for that which he does not at all desire to be, the creator of a new epoch, or an untractable hero, but as a deeply feeling and true poet, who, indifferent to a hat or two more or less, waved in the air, pursues his quiet way, at the end of which, although, perhaps, no triumphal arch awaits him, there is, at least, a wreath of

* From Robert Schumann's *Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker*. Translated for the London *Musical World*, by John V. Bridgeman.

* "*Ouverture en Ut mineur, à grand Orchestre, etc.*," publiée par la Société des Pays-Bas, pour l'Encouragement de l'Art Musical."

* "*Overture for grand Orchestra, arranged for four hands, by W. Sterndale Bennett, Op. 20.*"

violets offered by some grateful hand—such a wreath as Eusebius would here place upon his head.

Wreaths of another description are sought by BERLIOZ, that raging Bacchanal, the horror of snobs, who think him a shaggy monster with ravenous eyes. But where do we find him today? Near the crackling hearth, in the house of a Scotch noble, among huntsmen, dogs, and smiling peasant girls. An overture to—*Waverley** is lying before me; an overture to that novel of Sir W. Scott, which in its charming wearisomeness, its romantic freshness, and its general English character is, to my mind, the most pleasing of all the new foreign romances. To this has Berlioz composed music. It will be asked, to what chapter, to what scene, to which verse, and for what purpose? Critics are always so fond of learning what the compositions themselves cannot tell them, and, moreover, very frequently do not understand a tenth part of what they discuss. Good Heavens! when will the time at last come, when we shall no longer be asked what we intended by our divine compositions; search for fifths and leave us at rest. In this case, however, the motto on the title page of the overture affords us some explanation:

"Dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honor and to arms."

This alone brings us nearer on the track; at this moment I should like nothing better, than for the orchestra to strike up the overture, with the whole mass of readers seated around, to test everything with their own eyes. It would be an easy task for me to describe the overture, either in a poetical manner, by giving the impression of the pictures which it has suggested to me in various ways, or by dissecting the mechanism of the work. Both these methods of interpreting music have something peculiar to themselves; the first, at least, is distinguished for the absence of that dryness into which the second falls, whether it will or not. In a word, Berlioz's music must be *heard*; even the perusal of the score is not sufficient, whatever trouble a person may give himself to realize it on the piano. Very frequently we find only effects of noise and sound, mere lumps of chords, dashed in anyhow, which convey the composer's meaning, and frequently strange reticences(?), which even a practised ear cannot embody from merely looking at the notes upon the paper. If we probe to the bottom of the separate ideas, they frequently appear, considered by themselves alone, common, nay, even trivial. Taken as a whole, however, the work exercises on me an irresistible charm, in spite of the many things in it which shock, and strike a German ear as unusual. Berlioz appears different in every one of his works, and, in every one, ventures on a new sphere. We do not know whether to call him a genius or a musical adventurer; he is as brilliant as a flash of lightning, but, at the same time, he leaves a stink of brimstone behind him; he presents us with great maxims and truths, and soon afterwards falls into the stammering of a mere schoolboy. To a person who has not got beyond the first elements of musical education and perception (and the majority have not got further), he must appear as nothing more or less than a fool; this must be doubly the case with professional musicians, who spend nine-tenths of their lives in the most ordinary manner;† as he exacts from them things such as no one ever exacted before him. Hence arises the opposition to his compositions; hence do years elapse, before one of them achieves the clearness of a perfect performance. The overture to *Waverley* will, however, make its way more easily. *Waverley* and the figure of the hero are well-known, and the motto speaks especially of "Dreams of love, which must give place to honor and to arms." What can be more plain? It is to be hoped that this overture will be printed and performed in Germany. Berlioz's music could only prove injurious to persons of weak talent,

who would not be benefited by music of a better kind. Before concluding, I must mention that, strangely enough, the overture bears some distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" nor must I pass over a remark by Berlioz on the title page of the overture, which is marked Op. 1, that he has destroyed his previous work (eight scenes from *Faust*) printed as Op. 1, and wishes his *Waverley* overture to be considered as his first. But who will undertake to say that, at some future period, this later Op. 1 will not, also, no longer please its author? Let the reader, therefore, lose no time in becoming acquainted with this composition, which, in spite of all the weaknesses of youth, is, in greatness and peculiarity of conception, the most eminent specimen of instrumental music which the land of the Franks has produced for some time past.

ANECDOTES OF ADOLPH ADAM.—Boieldieu was his master. During the rehearsal of 'La Dame Blanche,' Boieldieu postponed until "tomorrow" writing the overture, and when the last moment came, when it became absolutely necessary to write the overture, he was so fatigued and harassed he could not write a note. It was in the afternoon; he sent for Adam and Theodore Labarre (his favorite pupils) to dine with him; after a good dinner, which was capped with very strong doses of coffee, he sat down to his piano and played them leading pieces of his new work. They were delighted. What say you, boys, if we all sit down and work on that *diable d' overture*. Come, Labarre, set to work on the commencement of the allegro with one of the Scotch airs you got for me; I'll hash up the andante, and you Adolph-adam," (so he used to call him in one word) give us the cabaletto. They set to work and worked all night. Adam borrowed his *thema* from the famous trio and crescendo; Labarre used the Scotch airs, and by day-break, thanks to many a dish of coffee, the overture was ready. At rehearsal, the orchestra were startled by the harshest dissonances . . . Adam, through mistake, had written the score for the horn in a different tone from the desired one. This overture was exceedingly successful, but Boieldieu distrusted a piece of music made by coffee and three persons, and determined to compose another, but the overture proved more and more successful, and he was content to let the public have it their own way. It was not until 1829 that Adam made his debut at the Opera Comique. Adam's master-piece is unquestionably 'Le Chalet.' He was accused for a good many years by the envious of having stolen the best pieces in the Chalet. When Herold (the author of 'Marie,' 'Zampa,' the 'Pré aux Clercs,' &c.) died, the family engaged Adam to take possession of all his MSS. and complete 'Ludovic,' which Herold left unfinished. Adam's enemies said that he found in them all the brilliant *themas* he used in 'Le Chalet.' Some years ago, he related, incidentally, in a long discussion he had with a musical critic, how he composed 'Le Chalet,' and especially how he was led to re-write the score of the well known song, *Le Vin, l'Amour et le Tabac*. Few persons ever believed this accusation of plagiarism, and this discussion convinced even them. Perhaps his next best pieces are 'Le Postillon de Loujumeau,' 'Le Toreador,' and 'Giralda.' He is the author of 'Giselle,' the ballet in which Carlotta Grisi made her debut. It was in his works Mme. Cinti Damoreau and Mlle. Taglioni took leave of the stage. The last years of his life were far from being happy. No galley slave labored as he did.—*Corr. N. O. Picayune.*

TAMBERLIK, THE TENORE.—Signor Tamberlik, we are given to understand, leaves immediately for Rio Janeiro, where he is engaged for fourteen months, at the expiration of which period he is to make the tour of North and South America. The farewell of one who has always done his duty with the utmost efficiency, and whose zeal has always been on a par with his abilities, which have raised him to the highest rank, deserves to be recorded, more especially since it was unprecedented and unaccompanied by *fanfaronade* or display of any kind.

Signor Tamberlik made his *début* at the Royal Italian Opera (April 4, 1850) as Masaniello, with success which, doubtful on the first night, was firmly established after two or three representations. He very soon, indeed, acquired that place in public estimation which he ever afterwards maintained without rivalry, as the most admirable *tenore robusto* since the days of Donzelli, whom, moreover, he was generally allowed, and with justice, to surpass in the purely histrionic department of his art. In the course of six years Signor Tamberlik has rendered eminent services. The extent and variety of his *répertoire* may be best understood by a reference to the list of characters he has successfully attempted. During the first year of his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera he appeared in no less than eight—viz., Masaniello, Pollio, Amenofio, (*Mosè in Egitto*), Rodrigo Dhu (*La Donna del Lago*), Robert (*Roberto le Diable*), Hydaspes (*Anato*—a third title for Verdi's *Nabucco*, which, at Her Majesty's Theatre, had been newly christened *Nino*), Otello, and Léopold (Halévy's *Juive*). In 1851, four more were added—Giulio (*Der Freyschütz*), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Don Ottavio, and Phaon (Gounod's *Sappho*); in 1852, another four—Chalais (*Maria di Rohan*), Poliuto (Donizetti's *Martiri*), Hugo (Spohr's *Faust*), and Pietro (Julien's *Pietro il Grande*); and in 1853, Arnoldo (*Guillaume Tell*), Ernani, Benvenuto Cellini (in the opera of Berlioz), and Jean of Leyden (*Prophète*). Since 1853, Tamberlik, if we are not mistaken, has only added one new part to his catalogue—that of Manrico, in *Trovatore*—making in all twenty-one. The value of a singer capable of impersonating so many characters, and, still better, entirely to the satisfaction of the public, must be self-evident. A more useful artist—not to speak of his rich natural gifts and acquirements—never belonged to an operatic establishment. Nor is this all. Signor Tamberlik, during the term of his connection with the Royal Italian Opera, has seldom, if ever, under any pretext, been absent from his post. He has served the theatre and its patrons with indomitable energy. He has undertaken common parts as readily, and bestowed as much pains upon them as upon those of the highest pretensions. He has more than once supplied the place of Mario himself in operas of vital consequence, such as *Don Giovanni* and the *Prophète*, which, but for the timely intervention of Signor Tamberlik, must have been postponed, to the serious detriment of the treasury. Nor has he shrunk, upon any occasion, from assuming the chief responsibility in works the issue of which was doubtful, and from which other singers have retreated in dismay. As examples of this, we need only cite *Sappho* and *Benvenuto Cellini*. The Italian, French, and German schools have come home to Signor Tamberlik with equal grace; witness his performances in *Otello*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Fidelio*, three master-pieces, in which the principal tenor parts have never been sustained with greater power and effect. To analyze his talent, however, or to describe the peculiarities of his voice, would be going over ground already familiar to our readers. We merely wish to pay some slight tribute to a great and conscientious artist, whom it is more than likely we shall not see again for years, if indeed at all, who has stood high in public favor, and may be fairly regarded as an ornament to his profession.—*London Times.*

Mlle. Piccolomini in "La Traviata."

(From the London Times, May 26.)

On Saturday night one of those important experiments was made that are generally preceded by a vast amount of conjecture and—we may almost say—trepidation among the patrons of lyrical drama. We do not, of course, allude to the production of a new opera by Verdi, since it is one of the virtues of that prolific composer, that he does not much disturb the equanimity of the public, either by raising expectation or by weighing on the memory. We do allude to the debut of Mlle. Piccolomini, the new prima donna, whose performance of the principal character in *La Traviata* had been declared one of the most perfect ever witnessed. The experiment to be made on Saturday, when the new artist came out in the

* Gr. Ouverture de *Waverley*, etc., Op. 1. Partition.

† I have often been obliged to acknowledge that the most circumscribed ideas are found among working musicians; on the other hand, however, it is not easy to find an instance in which they are deficient in certain sterling qualities.

part with which her fame is most identified, was whether expectations unusually high would be followed by satisfactory results. There was much, too, even in the name "Piccolomini" to excite curiosity, for, even with Juliet's contempt for nomenclature in general, some names are so exceedingly big that one cannot hear them with indifference. Among these, "Piccolomini" is surely to be enumerated. When we add that the young vocalist boasts that the ancient Italian family which comprises among its members the learned Pope Pius II. (better known as Æneas Sylvius), and Ottavio Piccolomini, who was concerned in the death of Wallenstein, owns her not only as a namesake but as a scion, we shall establish the fact that she merited a sympathetic reception at the hands of our aristocratic audience.

Not to keep our readers in suspense with respect to the all-important event of Saturday, let us, before we descend to the particulars, hasten to communicate that the success of Mlle. Piccolomini has been most triumphant; that she was loudly called at the end of every act (twice after the last), and on each occasion with increased enthusiasm. This duty done, we will now endeavor to describe the field on which the victory was attained, and the means employed by the artist.

The book of *La Traviata* is founded on *La Dame aux Camélias*, that celebrated drama which, when produced a few years since at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, at once created a fame for the younger M. Dumas, and incalculably increased the already established reputation of Mme. Doche and M. Fechte. However, as the original piece, notwithstanding the immense noise it made in Paris, has never been transferred to the English stage, or played in London by any French company at the St. James's Theatre, we shall assume that the story is unknown, and describe the progress of the action in *La Traviata* without further reference to the work of M. Dumas than the remark that, whereas his play is supposed to represent modern French life, the Italian libretto changes the period to the year 1700.

The first act takes place at Paris in the house of Violetta, a reigning belle, more celebrated for beauty than for virtue, who on the rising of the curtain appears in her brilliant saloon, receiving guests of distinction. Alfred Germont, a young gentleman with whom she has become recently acquainted, is evidently regarded by her with more favor than the rest, and he soon makes himself conspicuous by singing a Bacchanalian song for the general amusement. Amid all this joviality Violetta soon gives signs of a pulmonary complaint, which plays a very important part in the catastrophe, and Alfred, who is left alone with her by the retirement of the other guests into an adjoining saloon, expresses his serious uneasiness on her account. The devotion felt by the fond youth and the friendly warnings of the fallen beauty are embodied in a duet, at the end of which the guests, having observed the approach of morning, return to take their leave in a chorus. No sooner have they departed than Violetta, abandoned to her own thoughts, executes a grand scena, in which she expresses her love for Alfred, reflects on her lost condition, and at last, by way of solace, resolves to plunge into the vortex of dissipation.

More than three months elapse before the commencement of the second act, the first scene of which is a villa near Paris, the residence of Alfred and Violetta, who, retired from the noisy world, are living together in a state of idyllic felicity, celebrated by Alfred in a song. Already, however, the storm begins to threaten. A word dropped by Violetta's maid reveals to Alfred the unpleasant fact that the lady is about to sell her horses, carriage, &c., to defray the expenses of housekeeping, and he hastens to Paris to prevent the sacrifice. During his absence Violetta receives a visit from a respectable old gentleman, who explains, without reserve, that he is Alfred's father, and moreover, that he is by no means satisfied with his son's present mode of life. His manner is at first harsh, but the revelation that Violetta is about to sell all her property for the sake of his son softens his resentment, and he passes from a tone of severity to a strain of supplication, intermingled with friendly warning. Alfred's position will, he says, blight the hopes of his family, and Violetta herself, when the charms of youth have faded, will lead a life of misery. Under the influence of the old gentleman's persuasions, Violetta, though nearly maddened at the thought of a separation from Alfred, resolves to sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of his welfare. At the close of the interview, the greater part of which is embodied in a duet, Germont senior retires to the garden, and Violetta sits down to write a billet of evidently mysterious import, for, on the sudden return of Alfred, she conceals it with a confused air. Little, however, does he suspect what has taken place, or who is in the garden, and though

Violetta leaves the room abruptly, he still indulges in pleasant dreams for the future. From these he is awakened by the receipt of the letter, which is given to him by the servant, and informs him that his beloved Violetta has abandoned him forever. His despair is of the most frightful kind, and though his father, by an aria replete with paternal affection, endeavors to soothe him, the good old gentleman only seems to add fuel to flame.

We are now taken to a saloon in the house of Flora Bervoix, a lady whose social position is similar to that of Violetta. A brilliant party is given, and some ladies, who make their appearance masked as gypsies, and some gentlemen attired as Spanish bull-fighters, contribute to the merriment of the evening. Among the guests are Alfred, who is occupied in staking his money on a game of cards, and Violetta, who enters on the arm of her present protector, Baron Dauphol. She is embarrassed by the unexpected sight of Alfred, and her embarrassment is increased by the obvious annoyance of the Baron, who insists that during the entire evening she shall not address a word to her former lover. A game, in which stakes are high, and in which Alfred and the Baron are antagonists, does not at all improve the aspect of affairs, and when the whole party retires to the supper room a tempest is evidently in the horizon. In a few moments it bursts forth. Violetta returns to the stage from the supper room, followed by Alfred, whom she exhorts not to fight with the Baron, at the same time professing her love for the latter. The infuriated youth summons the whole company from the banquet, confesses to them how he has accepted the bounty of Violetta, and by way of repayment flings her portrait at her feet, amid the general indignation of all present, including his own father. This situation is the subject of the finale to the second act.

The third act takes place in Violetta's chamber, when the heroine is discovered in a dying condition. A letter from the elder Germont informs her that his son has fought and wounded the Baron, and will speedily return to her, accompanied by his father; but this solace has arrived too late, and an air, in which Violetta supplicates the pardon of Heaven for her past career, and which is contrasted by a Bacchanalian chorus of the people in the streets celebrating the procession of the "beuf gras" is the expression of her despondency. The entrance of Alfred, with his father's sanction, throws a transient gleam over the unhappiness of Violetta, and in the first movement of a duet that ensues they begin to picture to themselves a blissful future. Already, however, the increased debility of Violetta shows that her stay in this world is not likely to be of long duration, and the final movement of the duet expresses the misery of the loving pair. Death, which gradually steals upon her while she is surrounded by her despairing lover, his father, a faithful servant, and the medical attendant, terminates the tale of sin and repentance.

We have been thus minute with the plot, because the book is of far more consequence than the music, which, except so far as it affords a vehicle for the utterance of the dialogue, is of no value whatever, and, moreover, because it is essentially as a dramatic vocalist that the brilliant success of Mlle. Piccolomini was achieved. Perhaps on some other occasion we may return to the consideration of Signor Verdi's part of the performance, taken apart from the libretto. For the present it will be just sufficient to treat *La Traviata* as a play set to music. To M. Dumas, who invented the situations, and Mlle. Piccolomini, who delineated the emotions of the principal character, belong the honors of a triumph, with which the composer has as little to do as possible.

The entrance of Mlle. Piccolomini at once made an impression in her favor. Her figure is small, graceful, and "distinguished," her countenance is pleasing and vivacious, and as she tripped upon the stage amid her guests there was a sprightliness in her manner that gained all sympathies, and that found its vocal expression in the second verse of the Bacchanalian song, with which Violetta follows the first verse, sung by Alfred. The pretty recklessness with which this little ebullition of gaiety took place raised a loud burst of applause, and the verse was unanimously encored. The final movement at the end of the scena, in the first act, when Mlle. Piccolomini's pure soprano voice was exerted in the production of the most florid ornamentation, brought down the curtain amid general sounds of approval, but it was not as yet that her great triumph was attained. It was in the second act, when the interview with the elder Germont is over, and Violetta takes leave of Alfred with the concealed intention of never seeing him again, that her histrionic force was first displayed to its full extent. Such a tone of anguish—of abandonment to the sentiment of the moment, was thrown into the single line—

"Amami, Alfredo, quanto t'amo! Addio!"—

that it thrilled through the whole body of the audience. The second great achievement was in the scene at Flora's residence, when she is insulted by Alfred in the presence of the numerous party. Except in the Camille of Mademoiselle Rachel, we scarcely remember to have seen such an instance of the bodily frame breaking up, as it were, through the aggression of mental anguish. Mademoiselle Piccolomini trembled from head to foot under the influence of the insulting language—the hands clutched convulsively and wandered about uncertain—it was evident that the mind was so absorbed in its own suffering as to have lost its control over the limbs. In this situation she did not utter a note, but nevertheless, she monopolized to herself all the attention of the public, who, contemplating that mute figure, forgot the insipid air by which her movements were accompanied.

When the second act was over the position of the artist was firmly established, and it may be observed especially in her favor that her triumph over the whole house was as gradual as it was sure. In the third act the details of death are set forth with a minuteness as far approaching that of Mrs. C. Kean's exquisite representation of Queen Catherine's last moment as is possible within the compass of lyrical drama, where nuances of feeling cannot be so variously indicated as in spoken dialogues. The tottering step with which Mademoiselle Piccolomini endeavored to reach her chair when the malady was at its height was fine to the highest degree. Every spectator followed her movements with a sort of nervousness, and audibly rejoiced when she was fairly seated, so obvious was the danger that she might fall exhausted in the midst of her efforts. The shriek of supplication with which, after the return of Alfred had again made life valuable, she charged her servant to visit the medical man with the words—

"Digli che vivere ancor voglio!"

was wonderful,—it was really the expression of the drowning wretch, who proverbially clutches at a straw, and beautifully led up to the more lyrical agony with which in the duet immediately following she bewails her hapless lot in tones of impassioned grief. The minute details of the final victory of death, with all the gradual sinking and changeful play of the countenance, need not be described. It is sufficient to say that they left the audience in a state of enthusiastic admiration, which took the practical form of two universal calls for the lady *sola*, after her appearance with the rest of the company.

We must repeat the fact that the triumph was completely Mademoiselle Piccolomini's. M. Calzolari, who played Alfredo, sang exceedingly well, but no art could have rendered his songs fascinating; and "Di Provenza," which was sung by M. Benevenuto, in the character of Germont, and which, according to tradition, was the great song of the piece, produced scarcely any effect whatever. A great artist played a part suited to her powers—that was the event solemnized with so large a contribution of plaudits and bouquets.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 21, 1856.

Music in the Open Air—Brass Bands and Bands Non-Military.

An annual text comes round. With the summer evenings we, the people, think again of pleasant walks and peaceful crowds and music, by municipal provision, on the Common. Indeed the first concert for the summer had already been announced for the evening of last Wednesday, but was prevented by the rain. With the long summer days and nights, the old humdrum din of brass begins to haunt the prisoner of the hot city, and allow the jaded sense of hearing no repose. We caught the sound of the first brass band upon parade a few days since; and certainly the sound was rich and spirit-lifting for a little while. But soon it grows monotonous and hacknied; soon all the brass bands sound alike; the same essential quality of tone, the same family type through all its seeming variations; the same aggravating increase of force, without increase of meaning; the

same perpetual blaze and shout and stunning crash of war and triumph, marking time for martial steps, without ministering to peaceful feelings and to true soul's culture; and when subdued to softer uses, as to the playing of serenades and operatic scenes and melodies for summer evening promenaders, still treating these in the same brassy manner, and therefore tempted to select the brassiest by nature, such as Verdi's music, which has become the staple of nearly all the brass bands here and in the old world. It is well, perhaps, as far as it goes; but can we not have better?

Brass bands have their uses and their excellencies. We have frequently had occasion to remark the beautiful harmony and richness and precision of some one of them. But one grows weary of their incessant loud appeal; one hears so much of it, that the state of mind induced is anything but musical; it becomes a part of the general din and rumble which one hears and heeds not, nerves permitting. Brass bands are splendid in the right time and quantity. But they should be kept to characteristic uses. No doubt they are good for military street parades; they reach the ears of rank and file more readily in noisy streets. Their sound is military. Its suggestion is of stir and action, of war and triumph, of physical energy, of material mass in motion; of soldiers on the march, or of political electioneering tramps and triumphs. It has a natural affinity with the hoarse shouts of party; and not indiscriminately there; it is most in character with the more border-ruffian, barbaric, filibustering, might-makes-right kind of politics, than with that which goes for peace, for freedom, and for civilization. It is a kind of sound too apt to terrify or stun the gentler instincts. We had rather leave it, for the most part, to the enemy, and cultivate a gentler music.

Brass bands, then, are essentially military bands. They mean war, brute force, threats, defiance. Not that they may not be employed to better ends sometimes. But we are speaking of this universal overdoing of the fashion. It is the military employment which creates and supports all our bands. When music for non-military purposes is wanted, as for a civic procession, a serenade, a concert on the Common, the same bands are called upon. All the instruments are brass, all made for war; or if subdued to smoothness by the use of valves, *a la Sax*, it is with an awkward grace, a quality of tone resulting which is ambiguous, emasculated, at once loud and characterless. Yet the temptation is quite natural to a skilful player to try other music than plain marches, to imitate the orchestra, the opera singers, and make mere brass astonish you by showing itself so marvellously at home outside of its own element. And we have often had to compliment the brass bands on the degree of expression with which they have contrived to render music thus appropriated. Still it ceases not to be true that, compared with orchestras, or bands not altogether brass, such renderings are and must be inexpressive.

Why can we not, then, (to repeat what we have often urged,) why can we not have organized a civic or non-military band, expressly and primarily adapted to these gentler purposes, of music for the people in the summer evenings, and of inspiring accompaniment to civic festivals, processions, anniversaries, where the end is to

humanize, refine and elevate? Give us at least one large band, composed as bands were wont to be before this filibustering age of brass, with plenty of reeds, clarionets, bassoons, &c., with the mellow and all-blending French horns; not without necessary brass—trumpets that *are* trumpets, and not sophisticated into vain resemblance of less fiery natures—with the old forest bugle, so long banished, &c., &c.;—a band numerous enough to tell as widely as our bands of brass. Give us this, O City Fathers, if you would realize the full intention of the good resolution which has prompted public music on the Common. Is it not practicable? Would it cost too much? Consider the value of innocent amusements for the people, and that all such outlay is for constructive and not destructive ends. Consider particularly the refining, harmonizing, law-and-order-inspiring influences of music. Then consider how many thousands of dollars worth of patriotic gunpowder, such as you blaze away in senseless fireworks in a single hour, some Fourth of July night, would give good music every pleasant evening through the summer to the crowds that would seek fresh air and comfort on our Common.

From the Country.

NATICK, JUNE 16.—"It is a good thing to be in the country," says Mr. Sparrowgrass. It is a good thing to be in the country, say I. Moreover it is an especially good thing to be in the country here in America, where, thank the stars! something of the wildness of nature still remains. Instead of the trim cultivated hedgerows with ditches, which I saw a few weeks ago in England, or the narrow footpaths of the Continent, which alone separate the fields and gardens of different owners, here I find old rambling stone walls half concealed by a thousand shrubs and flowers springing up as nature pleases—wild enough. I like them. Instead of the forest lands to which my eye has been accustomed for two years, in which but a single species of tree is to be seen, and in which all stand in regular rows, planted like so much corn, what an endless variety of tree and bush here crowds every wood, offering on all sides something new; new effects of light and shade, of hue and tint, of form and grouping! I like this too. Then here I have Cochituate, and Dug, and Morse's and Bullard's ponds, and Charles river winding through a beautiful valley, and all within the limits of a pleasant walk, such as William and I took yesterday. And these waters are not ruined yet by civilization, but here and there give me little pictures of sweet savageness, and carry me back to the days when Eliot's Indians were hunting and fishing upon their shores. Well-a-day—they are all gone! The Pegans, and the Wabuns and the Swamscots—and the "place of hills" knoweth them no more.

But I sat down to write upon musical matters.—Music is a good thing in the country, Mr. Sparrowgrass might say. It flourishes here. In a quiet way, indeed, and yet I find surprising excellence even in this small country town, and with the high standard of foreign excellence still fresh in my memory. No matter now about the little society which has met for practice this past winter, and studied operatic choruses instead of psalm tunes; let me tell you of our new prima donna. She is a true soprano, her voice of the purest flute-like quality, of great compass and power, and she charms one alike by her tenderness and feeling, and by her marvellous execution. I walked up to Cochituate pond early this morning, where she lives, and she sung to me half an hour. She has not yet appeared in public—when she does I look for a great sensation. As a secret I give you her name, Mrs. Brown Thrush—

no connection of Mr. Brown, by the way. She is the soprano of a new quartet of singers which will probably attract some notice yet, and put this sort of music on quite a new footing.

A near relative of this lady forms the second in the quartet. She is a very dark brunette, but very pretty, and one of the liveliest young creatures imaginable. She is a great favorite here, and as odd and queer in her ways as she is superb in her singing. The other day she suddenly broke off in a solo, uttered half a dozen *mews* like a kitten, and went on again as if nothing had happened—to the great delight of the youngsters, who have nicknamed her "the Catbird."

Mr. Oriole is the third on the list. In my ramble with William yesterday, I paid him a visit at South Natlck. He practises altogether in the open air to strengthen his lungs, and has a small stage constructed high up in the branches of a grand old elm, which the Indians planted before the door of Parson Badger, as a tree of peace, some generations since. Mr. O. sang us some pieces in costume, a beautiful crimson robe through which appear the glossy sleeves of a superb black velvet coat.

The fine voice of Monsieur Robin, as he calls himself, completes the quartet. (Between you and me, his real name is T—h, and he is a near connection of the two ladies; but he is a rambling, wandering fellow, and can "do better" under the assumed name, upon the principle, "A prophet," &c.) M. Robin has not a very extensive compass, but is, notwithstanding, an admirable artist. The tune Portugal, in the old Handel and Haydn Collection, will give you an idea of his style of composition.

A Mr. R. O. Lincoln was until quite recently in Mr. Robin's place, but he has grown rich, fat and affects the sober manners as well as garb of the Quakers, exchanging his fine white vest and shining coat for solemn gray. I hear he is going South by and by for the winter; it is to be hoped that with Spring he may return to us and to art again.

Attempts have been made here to introduce the practice of congregational singing, and with some success, so long as the voices of the persons above mentioned, reinforced by those of the Warbler family, predominated; but as by degrees the Jays and others like them, acquired confidence and gave the public the full power of their strong lungs, the really fine singers were driven from the field, and we are now organizing again a select choir. The Jay and the Blackbird families are—well, not the best of singers. With the quartet and a chorus of the Warblers, the Martins and some other musical families residents of Natick, it is hoped that few places will offer better Sunday music than this "Place of Hills," as the name signifies.

It was already dark as William and I last evening came home from Bullard's and Morse's ponds. We were upon a rough, shady, wild road, with woods and swampy meadows on either hand, when suddenly our talk was interrupted by a short, sharp, anxious cry, "Whip poor Will!" My companion was a little startled at first; but we concluded some other Will was meant; though the thought occurred that possibly the voice was a spiritual manifestation from some poor perturbed Indian spirit, not yet oblivious of old colony times. It is truly a good thing to be in the country. The spirits of John Elliot's Indians do not visit you in the city.

Do you know that after two years absence a summer's evening concert in the meadow, by frogs and toads and what not, hath a charm? Such voices of the night are so American! I am reminded of Prospero's Isle, where the air was filled with voices that hurt not. The old people of Natick have a tradition that after old Squire Gookin, of Cambridge, died, who had long been the guardian of the Indians, and whose guardianship had sometimes not quite

met their wishes, they explained the language of the frogs after this wise:

Deep Bass Voice. Old Gookin is dead! old Gookin is dead! (*repeated ad lib.*)

Tenor. I'm glad on't! I'm glad on't!

Soprano. So am I too! so am I too!

and so on indefinitely.

Yes, here in the country the air both day and night is filled with voices. What do foreigners mean by speaking of our want of singing birds and sweet-scented wild flowers? Why, I feel just that want abroad. The nightingale, skylark and finch no more supply to my ear the want of the tones I have heard and loved all my life than our thrushes, bob-o'-links, orioles and warblers supply their places to the European. I feel the beauty of the nightingale's song—of "sad Philomel's" "soft complaining note;" it is beautiful in itself, and all the more so (as we learn from Shakspeare) because heard at night, when every goose is not cackling. Nor am I indifferent to the gushing joyousness, the bubbling melody of the skylarks springing up from the fertile plains about Breslau, as I heard them a year ago; but I can recall no spot abroad, on the banks of the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, among the the Hartz or the Saxon hills, where I have heard anything like the variety, the sweetness, the power and clearness of the bird voices which are delighting me in my walks about the hills and waters of old Natick.

"Vive la prejudice!"

Well, let it be prejudice; it can do no harm if I thus am more contented with home. A. W. T.

Musical Chat.

Mlle. VESTALI's Opera troupe have gone from Boston. Since *Ernani*, noticed in our last, they have given three performances, namely, one of *Lucia*, one of *Il Trovatore*, and finally on Wednesday night a hash of single acts from four familiar operas.... The brothers MOLLENHAUER, in New York, have been joined by a third brother, HEINRICH MOLLENHAUER, violoncellist from the Royal Chapel at Stockholm. They gave a concert on the 5th at Dodworth's Academy, the principal feature of which was a Trio in G for their three instruments by Beethoven.... A Philharmonic Society has been organized in Springfield, Ms. Mr. JOHN FITZHUGH is the president, and Mr. A. GEMUNDER, leader.... Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. GEORGE F. ROOT are holding a "Normal Musical Institute" for the coming three months in the village of North Reading, Ms.

The London *Musical World* states, on positive authority, that the present is absolutely the last professional visit of Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT to England. Besides appearing at the two Philharmonic Societies, she will give three farewell concerts in Exeter Hall; the first, a miscellaneous performance, the 11th of June; the second, an oratorio, ("The Creation,") on the 25th; and the third, miscellaneous, on the 30th. On the 30th of June, at Exeter Hall, JENNY LIND sings her last song in England. The rumors about her return to the stage were rumors only. She has had no such intention. There is hope for us still, since it is nowhere positively stated that she has taken any vow never to return to America.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* states that 4,382 hand-organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.... JULLIEN, the monster concert man, is giving concerts at Liverpool and Manchester with twelve men in Zouave costume, purporting to be the trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, "with the glory of the Crimea fresh upon them," as his small bills say.... MAX MARETZKE, it is said, will give a series of grand promenade concerts at the Academy of Music very shortly. LA GRANGE

and GOTTSCHALK are spoken of as the soloists, assisted by a grand orchestra of eighty musicians.

The Pittsfield Harmonic Society performed Newkonn's "David" on the evening of the 17th.... The Waltham Musical Association have a new hall and have purchased De Monti's "favorite" Mass, in B flat, recently published by Oliver Ditson. When they have sung that through, they will do well to try some masses of a higher order, say by Haydn or Mozart, with which Mr. Ditson will be equally ready to supply them.

The PYNE troupe are singing English Opera in Montreal.

HENRY DRAYTON, the American tenor, will, it is said, visit this country next Fall with a first-class English company, comprising Lucy Escot and other celebrated vocalists.

JOANNA WAGNER, it is rumored, will come to America after her present engagement with Mr. Lumley expires, which will be next Fall.

There is much truth in the following remarks of the *Quarterly Review*: "We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of taste for music. It sets the head wagging and feet tapping; sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced, when a child, to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing, perhaps, in this, the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord, and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, (it seems not Beethoven, however)—were infant prodigies. There seems nothing to dread in prematureness of musical development; it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord. When we see a child picking out airs on the piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts." We might add, (here at least, however it may be in England,) there is quite as much room for rejoicing when we see full-grown children silent at a concert.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. On the 22d of May *Il Barbiere* was repeated, with the same successes on the part of ALBONI, but with a new tenor, M. SALVIANI, a "young tenor from Florence," in the part of Almaviva. The *Times* says he has an organ of considerable power, and sang the romanza with a great deal of feeling; but the occasional want of firmness in his notes betrayed the nervousness of a first appearance. ALBONI had appeared also in *La Sonnambula*, with CALZOLARI as Elvino, BENEVENTANO as the Count, and Mlle. RIZZI as Liza. On the 24th came Verdi's *Traviata* and the debut of la PICCOLOMINI, of which we copy a full report in another column. Of our old friend BENEVENTANO we are not surprised to read: "His feeling is evident, and his intention good, but both are spoiled by exaggeration." *La Traviata* was thrice repeated.—June 2. Verdi's *Trovatore* served for the debut of Mme. ALBERTINI, with a cast altogether novel. We quote from the *Times*:

Mme. Albertini (an English woman by birth) has for some years maintained a very high rank as *prima donna assoluta* in the "land of song." She was the favorite pupil of the celebrated Madame Ungher, and

enjoyed the protection of Rossini himself, who entertained a great opinion of her talent, and materially assisted her in her career. The fame of Mme. Albertini, however, we have reason to believe, has been chiefly acquired in Verdi's operas; and whatever deterioration is now perceptible in her splendid natural gifts must be traced to the pernicious influence which the music of that *maestro* exercises upon all voices that come in contact with it. Though young, Mme. Albertini has suffered like the rest. Her voice is still a *mezzo soprano* of great power and extensive range; but the higher notes, which in their prime would have entitled it to be denominated a *soprano sfogato* of the most superb kind, are worn by incessant and painful exertion in the music that has for a long time taken possession of the Italian stage. Mme. Albertini possesses all the qualifications to make a dramatic singer of the first class. She has evidently studied her art with zeal and thoroughly mastered its secrets. In the first act of *Il Trovatore*, where Leonora has really some vocal passages to execute and some vocal phrases to sing, this was plainly manifested. The *andante* of the *cavatina d'entrata*, "Tacea la notte placida," was admirably delivered—the phrasing large and well-finished, the chest notes (*voix de poitrine*) full and satisfactory, and the expression as pure as it was fervid. The *cabaletta*, too, was a brilliant display of vocalization. In this *bravura*, Mme. Albertini, among other acquirements, displayed one which is rare among singers of the present day—viz., a close and even *trillo*, or shake, on several notes of the scale, a shake perfectly at command, graduated with ease from *forte* to *piano*, and exquisitely in tune. The enthusiasm created by her performance was quite legitimate, and was renewed with equal reason when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, after the trio with Manrico and the Count, in which Mme. Albertini exhibited a fire and impetuosity which took the audience by storm.

Sig. Baucardé the tenor, is no stranger to the habits of Her Majesty's Theatre. The beautiful quality of voice which formerly gained him admirers, remains unimpaired, but his intonation is uncertain. His best effort was the *adagio* of Manrico's grand air in the third act—"Ah, si, ben mio," which was given with genuine feeling, and loudly redemanded. The noisy *cabaletta* too, "Di quella piza," was declaimed in a very energetic manner, and by this performance Signor Baucardé redeemed many faults that might be laid to his charge elsewhere.

In the character of Azucena Madame Alboni not only delighted but surprised the audience. Besides singing the music to perfection, she evinced a dramatic power for which she has not hitherto received credit. The long and elaborate *scena* where the Gipsy narrates to Manrico the story of her mother's death, was delivered with a variety and intensity of expression that touched every hearer. Nothing could be finer than the climax, when, in one emphatic line:

"Sul capo mio le chiamo sento drizzarzi ancor!"

Azucena summed up the extent of her emotions on referring to the dreadful catastrophe. This passage is set low in the scale; and the magnificent *contralto* tones of Alboni—slowly and solemnly uttered—thrilled through the audience. The plaintive melody, "Stride la vampa," was warbled with charming simplicity.

Sig. Beneventano was more successful as Count de Luna than in any part he has hitherto essayed. He sang the familiar air, "Il balen del suo sorriso," extremely well.

We add also the opinion of the *News* about Albertini:

Mme. Albertini is worthy of her Italian reputation. She is a powerful tragic actress, and accomplished singer. She is tall and graceful; and though her features are, perhaps, not entitled to be called beautiful, yet they are, when in repose, very pleasing, and are also capable of strong and varied expression. Her voice is a pure *soprano*, of great power and compass. Its quality, too, is fine; but she sometimes forces it too much, making the high notes somewhat shrill and piercing. This, however, she does only in the expression of violent passion. In pathetic passages, where she subdues her voice, its high tones are often exceedingly sweet; and her "dying falls"—sustained sounds gradually diminished to an extreme pianissimo—are often as exquisite as anything we have ever heard. Her execution is clear, articulate, and brilliant; and she appears to have studied in a good school. We do not know her age; but her powers seem to be fully matured, and she is a finished and cultivated artist. Her declamation in the delivery of recitative is very fine, and her whole manner is brimful of feeling. She makes much use of the *voce vibrata*, without carrying it to excess; so that it adds earnestness and intensity to her expression. She made an immediate impression. Her very first air, "Tacea la notte placida," was given with such romantic tenderness, and rose at the conclusion to such an ecstasy of passion, that it drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house; and the enthusiasm of the audience went on increasing to the very end.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The last reports mention no novelties. In the last week of May there were repetitions of *Rigoletto*, *Il Conte Ory*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the fourth concert were performed Spohr's Symphony in D minor (No. 2,) and Mozart's "Jupiter"; overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fidelio"; Concertos for piano (OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT) by Beethoven, and for violoncello (PIATTI) by Haydn; and vocal pieces from Gluck, Cimarosa and Rossini, (by CLARA NOVELLO and VIARDOT.) Beethoven's Concerto (in G), says the *Times*, "was played with infinite spirit and a taste irreproachably classical by Herr Otto Goldschmidt."

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.—The programme of the fifth "sitting," (Tuesday afternoon, May 27,) was as follows:

Quartet, E minor, Op. 44..... Mendelssohn.
Piano-forte Solos..... Bach.
Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18..... Beethoven.
Septet, D minor..... Hummel.

ERNST, COOPER, HILL and PIATTI formed the quartet. HALLÉ was the pianist.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN gave, the same afternoon, a "recital" of piano music, performing from memory all, except the Bach piece, of the following programme.

Sonata in C major, Op. 53..... Beethoven.
Schlummerlied, Op. 121—Jagdlid, Op. 82—Traumes-
wirren: Phantasistück, Op. 12, Robt. Schumann.
Prelude and Fugue (for organ) in A minor, J. S. Bach.
Capriccio Scherzando in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn.
Nocturne in C minor—Polonaise in A flat
major..... Chopin.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—Several compositions of young musicians have lately been produced. Among them were the overture to *Lanzelot vom See*, by Herr Emil Büchner, of Leipzig; and two orchestral compositions, an "Orchestral Fantasia" on Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and an overture to Alfieri's *Eugenia di Asti*, by Herr Karl Fendrich, of Freiburg.—Montag's Gesangverein have given a concert of sacred music before the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess, the Court, and a large circle of guests, in the ducal chapel. The pieces selected were, "Lamentationen" and "Responsorien," by Palestrina; an old German "Marienlied," by Prätorius; "Regina Cœli," by Caldara; "Adoramus," by Ruffi; "Alla Trinita," by a composer of the 14th century; a cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbunden," by J. S. Bach; the 22nd Psalm, and "Mitten wir im Leben sind," by Mendelssohn; and two motets, "Wachet auf, ruft Euch die Stimme," and the 33rd Psalm, by Fasch and Reicha. The various pieces were executed partly *a capella*, partly with organ and quartet accompaniment.

BERLIN.—There have been two *débuts* lately at the Royal Operahouse; that of Mlle. Valentine Bianchi, from the Paris Conservatory, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and that of Mlle. Louise Michal, the Swedish aspirant, as the Queen of Navarre, in the *Huguenots*. Both were successful.—A grand military concert was given, recently, in Otto's Circus, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of military musicians as well as for invalided military musicians themselves. The band was selected from the bands of the infantry, cavalry, and Jäger regiments at present garrisoned here. The concert, under the direction of Herr Wiebrecht, opened with Spontini's overture to *Olympia*. This was followed by Count von Redern's "Fackeltanz," Löschhorn's "Belle Amazone," Schubert's "Lob der Thränen," a "Funeral March," by Beethoven, the same composer's symphony in C minor, and the march from *Tannhäuser*. Their Royal Highnesses the Princes Karl, Albrecht and Friedrich, were present.—Herr Liebig has brought his Winter Concerts, in Hennig's Wintergarden, to a close.

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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dudennot, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

I went up into my box to take off my domino. I had hardly entered when Stella boldly joined me. She had torn off her mask quickly, and her beautiful wavy auburn hair had fallen down over her shoulders. She was pale and trembling, but her soul was wonderfully courageous, and she acted by impulse, and consequently exactly contrary to Cecilia.

"Adorno Salentini," said she, placing her white hand on my shoulder, "do you love me?"

I was entirely conquered by this bold question, evidently asked with pain and with the trouble of frightened modesty. So I took her in my arms and pressed her to my heart.

"You must not deceive me," said she, tearing herself away. "I am twenty-two years old; I have never loved, and I must not be deceived. My first love shall be my last, and if I am mistaken, I shall not try to find out if I have strength to love again; I should die. That is the only courage I should be capable of. I am young, but the experience of others has enlightened me. I have already thought a great deal; and if I do not know the world, I at least know myself. He who could trifle with a heart like mine must be a wretch; and if he should do it, I should despise and hate him. Death would seem a thousand times better to me than life after such a mistake."

"Stella," answered I, "if I should tell you that I loved you, would you believe me? Would

you not rather prove me before trusting yourself so blindly to a person whom you do not know?"

"I do know you," answered she. "Celio, who esteems no one, esteems and respects you; and besides, even if I had not this cause of confidence, I should trust your word."

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Listen! I am not Floriani's child for nothing. I have not my mother's strength, but I have her courage. I love you."

This frankness overcame me. I fell down at Stella's feet and kissed them passionately.

"This is the first time," said I to her, "that I ever knelt to a woman, and it is the first time I ever really loved, and I thought I loved Cecilia an hour ago; I owe you this confession; but what I seek in a woman is her heart; and I saw that hers did not belong to me. You offer me yours with a bravery which touches and thrills me. I do not know you any better than you know me. Love is faith; faith makes one bold, and nothing resists it. We love each other, Stella, and we need no farther proof. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," answered she, "for I told you I could love but once."

"Then be my wife," cried I, embracing her with transport. "Shall I not now ask you of your brother?"

"No," said she, pressing her lips to my forehead with calm and saintly dignity. "My brother loves Cecilia, and he must become worthy of her. He does not love her yet enough to deserve her. Let him believe that you are his rival. His passion needs a struggle to make him know it. Cecilia has loved him for a long time. She never told me so, but I know it well. You must first ask me of her, for I look upon her as a mother."

"I will go now," answered I.

"And why now? Are you afraid of repenting if you take time for reflection?"

"I will prove the contrary, generous and charming girl! I will only do what you desire."

We were called to begin the next act. Celio, who generally watched the slightest movement of his sisters with cautious and jealous eye, had not noticed our absence. He was strangely agitated. He seemed absorbed by his rôle. He finished it most brilliantly, but he was sober and silent at supper time and during the conversation with the marquise, which lasted until three o'clock in the morning.

I slept quietly, and I had not the slightest reaction, no trace of uneasiness, hesitation, or regret, in waking. I must say, that since the morning of the day before, Mademoiselle de Balma's two hundred thousand livres income came upon me like the blow of a club. I did not

want to marry a fortune, and thus put an end to all my life-long dreams of ambition, which were to shape out a life for myself, and to have as partner of it a woman of my choice, taken from a station modest enough for her to consider herself rich in my success.

Besides, I am so constituted that the idea of struggling with a rival at even chances pleases and animates me, while the knowledge of the least disadvantage chills me and cures me miraculously. Is this prudence or pride? I do not know; but it is certain that in this respect I was the opposite of Celio, and instead of feeling driven, out of spite to my self-love, to dispute his conquest, I felt a noble pleasure in bringing them together and remaining their friend.

Cecilia sought me during the day.

"I am going to talk with you as if you were my brother," said she to me. "A few words of Celio's made me think you were in love with me, and I do not believe you are now. That is why I shall open my heart to you. I know that two months ago, when you knew me in a state bordering upon want, you thought of marrying me. I saw then the nobleness of your soul, and that thought of yours will always assure you of my esteem, and more still, of a sort of respect for your character."

She took my hand to her heart, where she held it a moment with such a pure and tender expression that I almost knelt before her.

"Listen, my friend," continued she, without giving me time to answer her. "I believe I love Celio! That is the reason why, in confessing this, I think I have the right to address you one humble, fervent prayer in the name of the most disinterested affection that ever existed. Flee from the Duchess de —; free yourself from her or you are lost forever."

"I know it," answered I, "and I thank you for having kept up this tender interest in me; but never fear—the fatal union was never made; your sweet voice, an impulse of your generous heart, and four lines of the divine Mozart, have saved me from that forever."

"Then you heard them? God be praised!"

"Yes, God be praised!" answered I, "for that magical song brought me here unawares, and here I have found my happiness."

Cecilia looked at me with surprise.

"I will explain all immediately," answered I; "but you have something to say to me, have you not?"

"Yes," answered she, "I will tell you all, for I desire your esteem, and without it my conscience would lack something of its repose. Do you remember that when last I saw you in Vienna you asked me if I loved Celio?"

"I remember it perfectly, and your answer also, and you need make no explanation, Cecilia. I know very well that you were sincere in answering, that you did not think of it, and that your devotion to him was only owing to Floriani's kindnesses. I understand what has taken place in you since then, for I know what has taken place in him."

"Thanks, O, thanks!" said she with emotion; "then you have not doubted my loyalty?"

"Never."

"That is the greatest praise you could claim for your own. But tell me, do you believe he loves me?"

"I am sure of it."

"And so am I," added she, with a divine smile and a slight blush. "He loves me, and denies it to himself; but his pride will bend, and I shall be his wife, for that has been my only ambition since I have become *dama e contessa garbata*. When you asked me, Salentini, I thought I should always be obscure and miserable. Why should I not have stifled in the depths of my heart all thought of being a wife to Celio, the ambitious youth, for whom the glory of wealth is an element of happiness and an indispensable condition of success? I should have blushed to confess to myself that I was moved at the sight of him; he would never have known it. I believe I did not know it myself, I was so resolved to pay no attention to it, and I am so accustomed and so capable in controlling myself. But my present fortune gives me back youth, confidence and right. Celio is not like you. I have read you both. You are calm, you are patient, you are stronger than he, who is only warm, eager and violent. He does not lack boldness and generosity; but alone he could not lead the wide and brilliant career he dreams of, and which is so necessary to the development of his faculties. He needs wealth, already acquired, and I owe him that wealth. Do I not owe it to Lucrezia's son? and even if I had loved you, Salentini, even if Celio's character should have made me tremble for my happiness, I have a sacred debt to pay."

"I hope," said I to her, smilingly, "that the sacrifice is not too severe. As far as it concerns me, it is none at all, and your supposition is only a kind consolation, which I am not so foolish as to believe. Concerning Celio, I believe that you are stronger than he, and that you will caress the young tiger with a firm and gentle hand."

"That may not always be as easy as you think," answered she; "but I am not afraid—that is certain. There is nothing which makes a person so courageous as to feel willing as I do to hold one's own happiness and life of small account. I will not magnify myself; I own that I am secretly delighted, and my courage is strangely rewarded by the love which speaks within me. No man can seem handsome to me after him, who is the living portrait of Lucrezia; no name illustrious or dear to own after that of Floriani."

"It is a fine name," answered I, "and frightens me. What if all those who own it should refuse to change it?"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you."

Then I related what had taken place between Stella and myself, and asked of her the hand of her adopted daughter. The joy of the generous woman was great. She threw herself upon my

neck and kissed both cheeks. I saw her that day as she really was, sympathetic and motherly in her affections, in proportion as she was prudent and puzzling to the indifferent.

"Stella is an angel," said she, "and Heaven has blessed you a thousand times in inspiring you with such instant faith in her words. I know her well, and I know that among all Floriani's children, she is the one who has really inherited her mother's most precious virtue—devotion. She had yearned a long time for love, and, believe me, chances did not fail her; but her delicate and poetic soul did not feel that bewilderment of the senses which so often blinds young girls. She had an ideal, and for that she sought, for that she waited. You can see that by the freshness of her cheeks and the purity of her eyelashes. At last she has found him of whom she dreamed. Lovely Stella! exquisite nature! your happiness is dearer to me than my own!"

Cecilia Boccaferri took my hand again, pressed it with both of hers, and burst into tears, saying:

"O Lucrezia! rejoice in the bosom of thy God!"

Celio entered suddenly, and seeing Cecilia so moved and seated so near me, retired, slamming the door violently. He turned pale, and his features were frightful to look upon. It seemed as if all the furies of hell had entered his bosom.

"Let him say after this that he does not love you," said I to Cecilia.

I made her consent to Celio's suffering a little more, and then we went to find Stella and tell her of our interview.

Stella was at work in a tower, which served her for a studio. I was strangely moved in finding her painting, and to see that she had talent, genuine, tender, deep, charmingly true, for landscape, flocks, pastoral and simple nature.

"Then you thought," said she to me, as she saw my delight, "that I was to be an actress? O, no! I do not love the public any better than Cecilia, and I should never have the courage to face its gaze. I play here, as Cecilia and her father do, to help in the united work which furthers Celio's education, perhaps also Beatrice's and Salvator's, for those two children just now have a great passion for the stage; but you did not understand our dear Boccaferri, if you thought that he only looked upon us as future débutants. No, that was not his intention. He thinks that these dramatic attempts, in the free form we give them, are a salutary exercise to the synthetic (I use his word) development of our artistic faculties; and I believe he is right, for since we have studied it, I feel myself more of a painter and poet than I thought for."

"Yes, he is right," answered I; "and in these delightful attempts the heart too opens to poetry, sympathy and love. I feel it indeed, O my Stella! for the two days I have passed here. Elsewhere I should not have dared to love you so quickly; and in this sweet and happy waking of all my powers, I understood you from the first, and proved the depth of my own heart."

Cecilia took my arm and led me into Stella's and Beatrice's chamber, which communicated with the tower through a little passage. Stella blushed, but did not resist. Cecilia led me before a picture hung in my love's virginal recess, and I recognized a Madonna and child which I had painted at Turin and sold to a pic-

ture dealer two years before. It was very simple, but the feeling was true enough to cause me no shame in seeing it again. Cecilia had bought it for her young friend during her last journey, and then she told me that for two months, Stella, hearing the Boccaferri's and Celio speak so often of me, had eagerly desired my acquaintance. Cecilia had cherished, without telling her, the idea that our union would be a beautiful dream to realize. Stella seemed to have divined it.

"It is true," said she to me, "that when I saw you pick up the cherry ribbons, I felt an inexplicably strange emotion; and when Celio came to tell us the next day that our *picker-up-of-ribbons*, as he called you, was still in the village and was named Adorno Salentini, I said to myself, foolishly perhaps, but undoubtingly, that my destiny was accomplished."

I could not express the sweet joy which was inspired in me by the young and pure love of a girl, still a child in freshness and simplicity, already a woman in devotion and intelligence. When the bell rang to call us to the theatre, I was almost beside myself. Celio read my happiness in my eyes, and was laughably ugly and brutal. I allowed myself to be almost insulted by him. I know not what passed that night. He seemed calmer to me and begged my pardon for his violence, which I generously granted.

I must say a few words about our theatre before reaching the denouement, which the reader knows beforehand. Almost every night we made some new attempt. Sometimes an opera; all the actors were good musicians, and each one played the piano in turn. Another time it was a ballet: the sober ones played in the pantomime; the younger ones danced from inspiration, with a grace, an abandon, and a fascination, which is sought in vain in the studied attitudes of the stage. Boccaferri was wonderful at the piano in such cases. He improvised the most brilliant fantasies, and at his pleasure ruled the dancers by his fancy to frenzy or to calm. He subordinated them to the requirements of the scene; for the pantomime, of which he was commonly the author, always had an action clearly developed and followed out.

At other times we attempted a comic opera, and we improvised arias and choruses; but who will believe me?—choruses in which there was no lack of harmony, and in which different remembrances of known operas were bound together by individual modulations, quickly conquered and understood by all. Sometimes we took a fancy to play a farce from memory, whose text we did not own, and which we remembered rather confusedly. These vague souvenirs had their charm, and for the children, who had never seen them played, they had all the attraction of originality. They conceived them, after a simple preliminary explanation, differently from us, and we were charmed to see them inspired with new characters and better scenes than those of the text.

We still had another resource left us—that of making good pieces out of bad ones. Boccaferri excelled in such discoveries. He rummaged his theatrical library, and found a happy subject to experiment upon in some obsolete, badly conceived and badly executed drama.

"There is no work so thoroughly bad and flat," said he, "in which there cannot be found some idea, some character, which may be of good ser-

vice. At the theatre, I have heard a hundred plays hissed, which would have been applauded had an intelligent man handled the same subject. Then let us hunt everywhere, doubting nothing, and be sure we could go on so for ten years, and every night have some new material to invent and develope."

This life was so charming and so impassioned us that it would have seemed puerile and absurd to any one else. We did not weary of our pleasure, for the morning was devoted to more serious labor. I painted with Stella; the marquis and his daughter carefully fulfilled their self-imposed duties. Celio directed his brother's literary and musical education, and also that of our little sister, to whom I was also allowed to give a few lessons. So the hour for acting always came as a well-deserved and ever new recreation. The ivory gate always opened to us the sanctuary of our sweetest illusions.

I felt myself grow better from the contact with these fresh artist imaginations, whose key, whose harmony, whose soul old Boccaferri was. Lucezia Floriani best knew and understood him, the most unprofitable and powerless member of formal society, the most complete, the most inspired, in short, the most artistic of artists. I owe him a great deal, and my gratitude to him will endure beyond the grave. I never heard any one talk upon painting with so much sense, clearness, depth or delicacy. While daubing coarse scenery, (for he painted very badly,) he poured into my mind a flood of brilliant ideas, which nourished my powers, and whose creative influence I shall always feel.

I was astonished that, since Celio was to become rich and noble through marriage with Cecilia, the Boccaferri should seriously think of his recommencing his débuts; but I understood it, like them, after studying his character, and recognizing his vocation and the superiority of his talent, which was unfolding day by day. "Are not great dramatic artists almost always rich at some time of their life?" said the marquis to me; "and does the possession of lands, castles and even titles disgust them with their art? No. Generally it is old age alone which drives them from the stage, for they feel that their greatest power and deepest joy are there. Well, Celio will begin where the others leave off. He will devote himself to Art at his leisure; he will be so much the more precious to the public, since he may make himself a rarity, and still be so much the better paid, as he cares least about it. So goes the world."

Celio was living in excitement, and these changes of fury, hope, jealousy and delight developed within him a terrible passion for Cecilia, a power superior in his talent. We let him pass two months in this burning ordeal, which he was strong enough to bear, and which was, so to speak, the natural element of his genius.

One morning, when the spring began to smile, and the pines were adorning their sombre branches with points of tender green, the lilacs were bursting forth in the warm breeze, and the birds were filling the thickets with their wild little cries, we were drinking coffee on the terrace in the first beams of a mild and clear sun. The lawyer from Briançon arrived and threw his arms around his old friend the marquis, crying out:

"All your debts are paid!"

These prosaic words were as sweet to our ears as the first showers of spring. It was the signal of happiness to us all. The marquis put the hand of his daughter in Celio's, and Stella's within mine. While I write these last lines, Beatrice is in the green house gathering white camellias and cyclamens for the bridal wreaths. I am happy and proud to call this dear child openly my sister, and master Volabù has just entered the castle as coachman.

NOTICE.

The "Castle of the Wilderness," (*Château des Désertes*) is an analysis of some ideas of Art, rather than an analysis of feelings. This romance has served once more to confirm me in the conviction that real things, transported into the domain of fiction, appear there but to disappear the instant their transformation becomes necessary.

During several consecutive winters, living retired in the country with my children and a few friends of their age, we had conceived the idea of playing comedy upon the stage, without spectators, not for our own instruction in any sort, but simply to amuse ourselves. This amusement became a passion for the children, and by degrees a sort of literary exercise, not without its use in the intellectual development of several among them. A sort of mystery, which we did not seek, but which resulted naturally from this little uproar prolonged far into the night, in the midst of an uninhabited country, when snow or fog enveloped us without, and when our servants even, neither aiding in the changes of our decoration nor in our suppers, left the house at an early hour entirely to ourselves; the thunder, the pistol shots, the rollings of the drum, the cries of the drama and the music of the ballet, all this had something fantastical about it, and the infrequent passers by, who caught a little of the sound afar off, did not hesitate to believe us crazy or bewitched.

When I introduced an episode of this kind into the romance just finished, it became there a serious study, and assumed proportions so much larger than in the original, that my poor children, after having read it, looked now only with chagrin upon the blue curtain and the costumes cut from paper, which had been their delight. But the exaggeration of fancy always serves some end, for they made themselves a theatre as large as the contracted place allowed, and in the following years got so far as to play themselves the pieces of their own composition.

Whether these were good or bad, is not a question of much interest to others; but did they not do better to amuse and exercise themselves in this way, than to pursue that wild Bohemian course of actual life, which at their age we find in all grades of society?

Thus fantasy, romance, imagination, in a word, has its indirect but certain influence on the employment of our life—an influence often fatal, say the rigorists, in bad faith or bad humor. I deny it. Fiction begins by transforming reality; but it is transformed in its turn, and infuses a little ideality, not only into the little facts, but into the great ruling sentiments of real life.

GEORGE SAND.

Nohant, Jan. 17, 1853.

TO MR. W. G. MACREADY.

This little work attempts to agitate a few ideas on the Dramatic Art. I place it, therefore, under the protection of a great name and an honorable friendship.

GEORGE SAND.

Nohant, April 30, 1847.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI AND FÉTIS.—"Must all this be learned—*cher Fétis*," asked Rossini, smiling, one day, when they met accidentally in the shop of M. Troupenas—"must all this be

learned in order to compose?" Rossini alluded to the *Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue*, by Fétis, which was lying on the counter, and which the author of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* was "*feuilleter*" with his fingers. "Ah, maestro!" rejoined the compiler of the *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, "you are a living proof of the contrary."

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.—The description of the lavolta, in Sir John Davies's poem on dancing, "*The Orchestra*," (1596.) shows that it must have closely resembled the dance which we fondly boast of as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. It runs as follows:—

Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm and arm the dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embraces bound;
And still their feet an anapaest do sound:
An anapaest to all their music, song
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

The "anapaest" is exclusive; it points exactly to the peculiar nature of the polka—the pause on the third step. Moreover it appears that there is not an especial figure for the polka—so there was none for the lavolta; for it was classed among those dances—

Wherein that dancer greatest praise has won,
Which, with best order, can all order shun;
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change.

Who can doubt, after this, that the polka was certainly danced before Queen Elizabeth.

The Grand Organ Controversy.

I.

(From the Transcript, June 19.)

THE GRAND ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL. Mr. Editor: The article in Thursday evening's issue, under the above caption attracted my attention, and I perused it attentively, hoping to learn the necessity of sending abroad for an organ of even "the size, power and quality of the famous instruments of the Old World."

I must confess the article confirmed me, as it doubtless has others, in the opinion that the organ should be built in this country, and in Boston. Inasmuch as a solicitation to the public is made for means to procure the instrument, will you allow me to express the hope that the necessity for such a course will be made more apparent, and if it can be shown that there is a sufficient reason for thus slighting our American manufacturers, I shall cheerfully contribute my portion to the proposed enterprise, or to encourage one of our builders to go abroad.

With the hope of obtaining further information, I beg leave to simply notice some of the points in the article referred to.

You say, 1st, "Travellers and musicians who have been abroad, uniformly concur in speaking of the great organs in France and Germany as superior, not only in volume, but in all other desirable qualities, to those heretofore produced in this country."

On reading this, I could but ask, is it so? and must confess, with an extensive musical acquaintance with persons born and educated, or who have travelled abroad, I could not call to mind one, possessing the necessary qualifications to judge in this matter, who would advise the course proposed. On the contrary, from some of the best German, English, and American organists, I have repeatedly heard expressed opinions adverse to such procedure.

Would our Hayter, Müller, Dr. Tuckerman, and others of this city, and Zundel, of European reputation, late organist at St. Petersburg and Frankfort, advise us to send abroad? And are the opinions of such, and others, to be disregarded? If our builders are not equal to the undertaking—a proposition I do not admit—would it not be better they should examine and give us the benefit of their discoveries in the old world? I understand some of them are ready to do so with far less encouragement than is often extended to our sculptors and painters. We have the best authority for believing that, stop for stop, our best American manufacturers furnish equal to those of foreign lands. To estimate the extent of their ability by their productions, is as absurd as it would be to determine the extent of the ability of our best architects, judging of district school-houses erected by them, in comparison with other structures of greater size and more pretensions.

If we mistake not, the principles involved in the construction of a \$4,000 organ—especially as it re-

gards tone—are no different than in one costing \$20,000. Enlarged scales, increased pressure of wind, and additional stops, suited only to an organ of the required size, constituting the principal difference, but involving no principle in voicing which is not well understood by our best manufacturers.

When informed that to our builders many stops, "such as the vox humana and others," are unknown, I could not resist the inclination to walk among them, and learned at the first establishment I visited, that they were prepared to furnish any stop that was known in Europe one year since, and to warrant as good as can be produced abroad.

That I might be fully satisfied "that they were posted up," scales, drawings, &c., as received from abroad, were placed before my eyes, and the reason given for their non-production, "want of opportunity."

The second consideration named by you, the question of durability, is one I would dismiss by asking, why metals and wood cannot be of as good quality (and stand this climate far better), and be as well put together in this, as in any other country, provided—"aye! here's the rub"—a sufficient price be paid. This, I must believe, is seldom done, and our builders, especially those with a laudable ambition to excel, are, in their great works, generally obliged to pocket more loss than profit. Much could be said on this point, but I forbear. Your third consideration is susceptible of proof, and I hope it may be made to appear, but regret my inability to learn from our Boston builders that they have furnished the information necessary to enable any one to arrive at the conclusion named by you, that "it has been shown by actual estimates, a saving of \$3,000 can be effected by employing a foreign builder."

These are matters that should be intelligently discussed, and while all will accord the right to parties of purchasing where they please, it seems but proper, if the public are to aid in the enterprise, they should at least understand that the expenditure be judicious, and not such as shall secure to our citizens a standing monument of folly; or an instrument to which, be it good or bad, all will be required to award the palm of superiority, and thus, as has been heretofore done, insult our artists by holding up as a model for their imitation, because from abroad, an instrument equal only to the productions of our second or third rate builders.

The question is asked in Dwight's Journal: "Is it not natural to suppose that Germany, the musical land par-excellence—the home of great organists for centuries, the land of Bach, Mendelssohn, and Schneider, should possess the art of organ building in the greatest perfection?" It seems to me the same question would apply with equal propriety to German music halls, most of which are among the poorest of all Europe; or to piano-fortes. But where is the impartial musician that would not laugh at such suggestions. As well might we argue that the land of Goethe, and Schiller, must necessarily produce the best printing presses, or that in the Holy Land must be found the best exemplars of our Christian religion, because there our Saviour dwelt.

In conclusion, I would venture to express the opinion that an organ of double the size of either of the largest two organs in our city—the Temple and Williams Hall organ—would possess power and variety sufficient for a music hall, considerably larger than ours, and that 12 or \$14,000 expended here will produce an organ which will equal in effect and beauty, and stand in order much better than any from abroad costing twice as much.

Can we be informed how it applies in organ building that a better instrument can be built abroad, owing to price of labor, and long practice? German stops voiced and finished there, have been imported by our builders, but have in no respect proved superior to those made and voiced here.

With the hope that more information may be elicited, and that we may see the names of some competent judges quoted in favor of this scheme, and that it may be made fully to appear that the mover in this matter in acting understandingly, with no other motive than a sincere recognition "that art is of no country and knows no kindred."

I remain yours truly, MODERATO.

II.

(From the Transcript, June 20.)

THE ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL—If the subject were one in which only professional musicians took an interest, there would not be much need of a rejoinder on our part to the communication in our paper of yesterday. But as it is desirable that the action of the committee shall meet the approval of the subscribers to the fund as well as of the public, we deem it necessary to restate our position, and adduce some facts to meet the objections made by

our correspondent. The case rests upon these points:

1st, The testimony of musicians and travellers, both in past and present time, as to the superiority of foreign instruments, particularly those of Germany.

2d, The ability of American builders to imitate successfully these *chefs d'œuvre*, and

3d, The comparative prices.

With regard to the eminent organists of this city whose names are introduced by our correspondent, we should not think ourselves warranted in quoting their opinions separately, if we had them; but we have the best reasons for believing that nearly every one of the gentlemen named would advise the committee to go abroad. But there is other evidence, so much indeed, that it is difficult to select the most convincing.

Mr. Hopkins, who has recently written a History of the Organ, the best treatise extant, after a careful study of all the famous instruments, comes to the conclusion that the German builders are surpassed by those of no other country; in fact, in many respects. The opinion of this author will be conclusive with all who have read his book.

These concessions are from Englishmen, a race not without pride, and not wholly devoid of national prejudice. In this country we have had few such scientific tourists. But the foreign correspondence of almost every paper in the Union will be found to contain abundant testimony of the same purport. We have a pretty distinct recollection of the letters of Lowell Mason from abroad some years since, in which he expressed the most unbounded admiration for the German organs.

If it is claimed that the organs built in the United States are superior to those in England, then of course the testimony of Hopkins and Chorley will not be conclusive. But it would not be fair to cite any instances of either English or German manufacture now in this country, for the purpose of comparison; for there are no fair specimens here.

But it is needless, we think, to pursue this topic further. The fact we have stated is as well known as that Switzerland has sublime scenery, or that the Cathedrals of Cologne and Rouen are more imposing than the Old South Church.

Upon the second point we may remark that it is no derogation to our people to say that they have not as yet reached that perfection in art which it has taken the old world centuries to acquire. For the organ builder is as truly an artist as a sculptor; it is not a matter of mere mechanical skill. And then the spirit of the two countries is essentially different. We put up thin-walled houses; our furniture is made by steam; our churches are generally clap-boarded or stuccoed. We are more ingenious to save labor than to reach perfection. Very few things in America give one the idea of performance, solidity, and finish. The organs in Germany like the cathedrals, are the out-growth of the religious sentiment of the people; and all the resources of science as well as of art have been devoted to the improvement of the instrument. So much importance has been attached to the subject that for many years a royal commission has existed in Prussia for the inspection of organs; the materials, mechanism, and effects all passing under the most rigid scrutiny before approval.

Our correspondent asserts that an organ costing \$4,000 involves all the principles in one costing \$20,000. This statement, or rather the inference from it, we must be allowed to doubt. Place any number of school-houses together, and they do not make a church; unite churches and they do not form a cathedral. The spirit that conceives the instrument as a grand whole, and combines every thing in due order to embody that conception, is very different from that required to originate and complete the smaller model.

An American builder *might* be successful in a large instrument; all that ingenuity and mechanical skill could accomplish would undoubtedly be given to the work; but after all, when upon one side there is a moral certainty and upon the other only a probability, we do not think the committee would be justified in running the risk. This is really the great point; the question of price is comparatively unimportant.

We repeat that were the cost the only question, we should not hesitate; but since our statement has been doubted, we shall show that we have been far within the mark, instead of overstepping it.

Says Hopkins, whom we have before quoted:

"It must be obvious that there is a durable, complete, but *costly* way of building an organ, and an unsubstantial, incomplete and cheap way of making it. It is also equally evident that organ building may be viewed as a calling of high art, or treated merely as a matter of business; and it will be exercised in either the former or the latter spirit according to circumstances."

It is in this view of the matter that estimates are to be considered. To assume that an organ with any given number of stops is equal in value to any other of similar extent, would be as wise a judgment as that of Wouter Van Twiller, who settled a dispute between two litigants by weighing their respective books. We have before us minute and detailed estimates, procured by one of the Committee, who has thoroughly investigated this subject, both in this country and in Europe; the one from an eminent American manufacturer, the other from a celebrated builder in Germany. The estimates are for organs of similar calibre and quality; both being exclusive of the case, as that is to be made here. And instead of a difference of \$3000, as we stated, the actual cost of the American instrument would be more than thirty per cent. greater than that of the one made abroad, including duties, freight, insurance, and other expenses. Perhaps the German builder is willing to make the instrument without profit, or even at a loss, for the sake of showing a specimen of his skill; but, nevertheless, the fact of the offer is as we have stated. We may readily find a reason for this difference in the price of labor; how great that difference is, every well-informed man knows. The market value of tin for the last five years has been at least ten per cent. less at the Dutch ports than in ours.

There are a great many points which we might make if we had not already exceeded our limits. We are persuaded that there cannot be two opinions upon this subject among disinterested men, when it is thoroughly understood. We believe that it is for the interest of the organ builders that we should have such an instrument as we have endeavored to describe. And we are sure that the views of our correspondent will not be sustained even by those who might be supposed most deeply interested. Several manufacturers have already expressed a desire to see a specimen of German or English skill, and one, at least, has subscribed in aid of the fund.

We wish we could quote further the remarks of Hopkins in regard to the price and completeness of an organ, because, emanating as they do from one who is wholly unconnected with the organ building business, and who, therefore, can be in no way interested in the issue beyond what is shared by all who admire true excellence, irrespective of country, they may be permitted to exercise some influence with those who have to weigh the merits of competing estimates, and because they really involve the permanent interest of the purchaser, the credit of the builder, and the progress of art, in equal degrees.

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Continued from page 76)

The first test consisted in comparing this score with the other MSS. of the *Requiem* contained in the Imperial Library. I have already announced, in my preface to G. N. von Nissen's *Biography of W. A. Mozart (Jahrbücher der Literatur—vol. xlix., page 209)*, that of these MSS. the movements "Dies iræ," "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," "Recordare," and "Confutatis" were presented some years ago to the Imperial Library by the Abbé Stadler; the movements following these, however, viz.: "Lacrymosa" (and, indeed, of this only the first eight bars), "Domine Jesu," with the fugue "Quam olim," and "Hostias," were at that time the property of the Imperial Capellmeister, Herr Joseph Edlen Eybler, who has since then presented them as a donation to the Imperial Library.

The Abbé Stadler, in his disquisitions upon this masterpiece, often refers to the two above mentioned divisions of it. They are the same which he, and with him Herr André, of Offenbach (in his introduction to the second edition of the *Requiem*, page 1), is fully justified in calling "the actual scores." Herr André has, moreover (in his introduction to the first edition of the *Requiem* page 12), confirmed, by reference to his great collection of Mozart's MSS., that this master was accustomed, in writing vocal compositions with orchestral accompaniments, to make sketches of the score, in which the voice parts and mostly the instrumental bass were written complete, but of the other parts, the subjects were only occa-

* The remarks referred to may be found on page 22 of the present volume of this Journal (for April 19, 1856.)

sionally indicated. It could therefore not appear singular, nor lessen the probability that the present complete score is an autograph of Mozart, that of a composition of such great importance there should be found such previously made sketches, besides the score under consideration.

The division from "Dies iræ" to "Confutatis," inclusive, is doubtless the same that the widow Mozart sent to Herr André, with a letter dated the 26th of January, 1801, requiring him to return it. (See his introduction to the first edition, page 5.) The filling up in a strange hand—not that of Süssmayer—of the blanks left by Mozart, which differs almost entirely from the score now under consideration, appears not to have been inserted at that time, since Herr André makes no mention of it. Why this instrumentation should have been added to the original sketches of Mozart, when the complete score was already published by Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, is unaccountable.

The second division, from "Lacrymosa" until "Hostias," inclusive, is, (with the exception of two bars of the soprano in the "Lacrymosa," an attempted continuation in the same unknown writing, the melody of which differs completely from that of the score,) untouched by any strange hand; and exhibits only the hand-writing of Mozart, namely the voice parts and the fundamental bass, with occasional indications of the accompaniment for the violin and viola.

With these original sketches the complete score was in the first instance carefully collated. They were particularly appropriate for such a comparison, since the eight movements contain the same notes and the same words. The resemblance, with the exception of the shape of some of the capital letters in the writing of the text, was found to be perfect. Not satisfied with this, the greatest possible number of specimens of Mozart's hand-writing was brought together, for the purpose of inspection and comparison. We are indebted to the kindness of the younger Mozart, now living in Vienna, for the contribution of four large portfolios, which, besides several completed compositions of his celebrated father, contained above eighty fragments, belonging to nearly every stage of his career, including the last, as for example, several of the subjects in the operas *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*. The Society of Musical Amateurs of the Austrian Empire had the courtesy to send in the original score of the before-mentioned cantata—"Laut erschalle uns're Freude"—which in respect to the time of its composition stands nearest to the *Requiem*. Herr Aloys Fuchs, the possessor of a great collection of valuable and interesting musical autographs, brought two small MSS. of Süssmayer, a quartet for male voices, and a minuet and trio for the orchestra; and I added to these the original score of a quartet of Mozart for flute, violin, viola and violoncello, belonging to myself.

Thus provided, several of the principal musical connoisseurs in Vienna, all familiar with Mozart's handwriting, were invited to inspect and judge the newly acquired score.

This consists of thirty-two sheets of Italian (oblong) music-paper, of twelve staves. The sheets are not numbered according to the pages, but, as was the custom of Mozart, according to the leaves. The score is not sewn together, but in loose sheets, without any title page or wrapper. At the top of the first page in the middle is written, "*Requiem*;" on the right, "*Di me, W. A. Mozart, m. p. 792*" (*sic*); on the left, "*Adagio*." In the fugue, "*Kyrie*," on the second page of the seventh leaf is found a remarkable correction; namely, in the fourth bar Mozart wrote according to his first thought:—



He changed his mind, however, at the last quarter of the bar, crossed through this bar, to which the instrumentation was not yet written, and instead of it, continued the movement as follows:—



as this passage occurs in the edition of Breitkopf and Härtel. Commencing from the fugue, the accompaniment appears in a paler ink than the four voice parts and the fundamental bass, from which it seems that it must have been written at a later period. In both movements, in the "*Requiem*" as well as the "*Kyrie*," the fundamental bass is carefully figured, as was Mozart's practice in his compositions for the church, on account of the organ. The second page of the ninth leaf, though numbered 10, and the remainder of the sheet, is blank.

Upon the next leaf, which is not numbered 11, but again commences at 1, begins the "*Dies iræ*;" this is followed by the other pieces, of which the last, "*Hostias*," concludes on the second page of the thirty-third leaf; it is to be observed that leaf five is succeeded by leaf five-and-a-half; after this, from leaf six, the numbering is regularly continued.

The numbering of the pages commences again at 1 at the *Sanctus*; and the whole concludes on the second side of the nineteenth leaf, having the word *finis* at the bottom of the page. On the twentieth leaf, which bears no number, are written the parts for the clari of the *Benedictus*, for which there was not room on the page in the complete score. On comparison of this manuscript with the edition of Breitkopf, it is found in all essentials most perfectly to agree with it. This edition must, therefore, have been printed from a copy of the score under consideration.

We may particularize the following important variations:—The time of the movement *Requiem* is in the MS. marked with C and in the printed score with C .

In the "*Tuba mirum*" the case is exactly reversed; also in this movement Mozart has assigned not only the first three bars, but the entire solo, to the tenor trombone, which in this edition is given to the bassoon.

Herr Rochlitz, who was an eye-witness of the following circumstances, kindly gave me this explanation of the discrepancy; at the time when the widow Mozart gave a performance of the *Requiem* in Leipzig for her benefit, there was not at hand a trombone player who could execute this solo as it stands in the original. Hiller, at that time cantor of the Thomas-schule, who conducted the performance, found himself obliged, at the rehearsal, to mark this alteration with pencil on the copy of the score before him. The same copy was afterwards made use of by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel for their edition of the work, and thus this passage still was allotted to the part of the bassoon in print. Besides this, the fourth bar of the "*Domine Jesu*" presents the following variation in the MS.:—



In the printed score:—



In Mozart's sketch of the score, mentioned above, to which I have carefully referred, the instrumental accompaniment in this passage is wanting the alto voice part, however, stands as it appears in the printed copy.

When the connoisseurs who had been invited had examined the score with the greatest attention, the majority of them declared it to be, as well in the formation of the violins and alto voice notes as of the letters, and even of the figures for the thorough bass, without doubt Mozart's hand-writing, while the comparison of this with that of Süssmayer, written hastily on small sized paper, scarcely shewed the most distant resemblance, but on the contrary, in some of the characters, as for instance, the treble and bass clefs, exhibited a marked difference. The minority of the judges admitted that the reasons which spoke in favor of the genuineness of the whole far outweighed the objections to it, which were grounded on the supposition which had prevailed till then, that only a portion of the genuine originals had ever existed. Upon being repeatedly requested, these parties expressed their doubts as follows:—

On the first page there stands under Mozart's name the date of 1792, whereas it is well-known that Mozart was torn from the world by death on the 5th December, 1791.

That Mozart could scarcely have been guilty of the consecutive fifths in the fourth bar of the "*Sanctus*." Amongst the most characteristic signs of his handwriting are the naturals, which he always formed as a close square, narrower at the top than at the bottom; whilst in the "*Dies iræ*," and the instruments belonging to it, there appear naturals which are formed with an open square, agreeing with those in the leaves of Süssmayer's writing, which were laid before them.

Amongst the capital letters in the writing of the words, commencing from the "*Dies iræ*," the letters B, P, Q, R, and T, differ from those in the "*Kyrie*" and "*Requiem*," and in the two divisions of the sketch of the score.

Almost on every page there are, at the beginning of the top line, straight strokes and crosses, which may have been made by Süssmayer, in order to remind himself of Mozart's intentions.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 28, 1856.

THE ORGAN FOR THE MUSIC HALL.—Where shall it be built? This question bids fair to create a good deal of discussion. Even in the heat of politics the newspapers find room for it. In music as in politics there is a great American party, who cannot listen with composure to the proposition that we must look abroad, to the old musical countries, for the great organ which shall be the pride of Boston and the rival in celebrity of those famous instruments at Haarlem and at Freyburg. Our Yankee confidence in our own powers—this ready assumption of ability to beat all the world in every (even if it be an untried) sphere of action—is surely one great element of success. And so much has been accomplished in the manufacture of pianos and church organs by our own makers, that we cannot wonder they should look with jealous eyes upon the withdrawal

of so grand an opportunity entirely out of the usual competition between *them*. We believe the question is essentially decided in the minds of the directors, after long and careful consideration, and on what we conceive to be good grounds, and that the organ will be ordered of the best manufacturer in Germany. Yet the comparative advantages offered by American and foreign builders, is still an open and an interesting question, which all friends of music must be glad to hear discussed. Let us have all the knowledge, all the argument that can be produced on both sides. With this view we have copied on another page two pieces, *pro* and *con*, which appeared last week in the *Transcript*. Both are written in good tone and temper, and throw light upon the matter. We wish to keep a record of all the important points and stages in the controversy. We have not thought it necessary, however, to go back to the original article in the *Transcript*, which called forth the strictures by "Moderato," because the views therein contained were essentially the same which we have before imperfectly presented in this Journal. We may from time to time make comments and comparisons, but we do not see that we have much to add at present, since the last piece in the *Transcript* does its work so ably.

It is admitted, we believe, on all hands, that great organs, the greatest that the world knows, have been built and have stood for centuries, the wonder of the world, in Germany. Such organs have not yet been produced here. What our enterprising builders might do, with such outlay and such spur to ambition as are now offered, who shall say? The strong consideration is, that the thing now wanted, and at such great expense provided for, is too great a matter to be risked upon such mere experiment; that it is safer to go where these great works are no vague possibilities of the future, but monuments of actual achievement, and ever present models of a living art—an art in which the great traditions are kept fresh and vital, while it is open to all the new suggestions of to-day. That we shall one day build as great organs, as that we shall one day grow up to be as musical a nation, as any in the world, we do not doubt; but we cannot expect to jump the intermediate degrees. We are to climb step by step to that eminence. In organ building it can only help us onward, to have in the midst of us a model of the highest art attained to in the old world.

What is least appreciated thus far in the ingenious and Briarean activity of our new country is, the difference between Art and manufacture. This has been alluded to, in connection with the organ project, both by ourselves and others. It is not easily explained to those who do not feel it; and we do not wonder at the comment made by "Moderato" upon a remark of ours. He says the idea that the art of organ-building should naturally exist in the highest perfection in Germany, since that has been the land *par excellence* of the great organists and of great music, is as absurd as to look there for the best printing-presses because there lived Goethe and Schiller! The very confounding of Art and mechanism to which we referred!

The two things are not parallel. The great German organs were built, as the *Transcript* well remarks, in the same religious and artistic spirit, the same striving for perfection, the same thought

of eternity and not of momentary effect, as were the old cathedrals; the spirit so well illustrated in Schiller's "Founding of the Bell." Such artistic piety in labor is scarcely known yet in our mechanic enterprises. The love of Art must pervade and inspire a people, before the machinery of Art will be itself artistic. Music must be in the people, music as revealed by the great Bachs and Handels, before they will build great organs in a deeper spirit than we build our factories and rail-roads; just as no mere materialistic skill in mechanism, nothing short of the deep Faith of those old times, can bid cathedrals spring up, winning the senses to the soul's side and refuting all our literal and soul-starving views of life. As to music halls, if they have not the largest and the best in Germany, it is because music there is chiefly listened to by smaller audiences where all are truly musical. It is not in the spirit of the old world society to have great popular concerts, as we do, for most miscellaneous audiences. Both systems have their advantages. As to pianofortes, it is only necessary, to see the force of that comparison, to understand one fact not generally known among our people, namely, that the *square piano*, which has been the chief boast of our makers, is scarcely looked upon in Germany as a legitimate instrument, but as a mere cheap substitute, sustaining about the same relation to the only true piano, the *Grand*, or *Flügel*, that the Melodeon or Harmonium here does to the organ. It is not said the Germans have no good *grand* pianos. Finally, if Palestine has ceased to be the Holy Land in more than name, it is not equally clear that Germany has ceased to be the musical land, in the sense necessary to our argument.

Musical Tales and Romances.

We confess to a great liking for works of the imagination, providing they are the offspring of a truly creative and poetic mind, and make no pretensions as history. So long as the writer deals with imaginary men and women alone, we have patience, and in most cases sympathy, with him, though he be as wild as Hoffmann and Chamisso, as strange and weird as Poe, or the author of "Peter Rugg." But the case is very different when historical personages are made the subjects of fanciful tales, and Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Corelli, Giardini, Rossini, and so forth, are dressed and tricked out in gaud and tinsel—are made the lay figures upon which weak—very weak *modistes* too, sometimes—display their want of skill and taste. When Hoffmann wrote his fanciful meeting with "Ritter Gluck," he carefully stated it to be an "imaginary circumstance"; and yet many have read that as history! German and French musical literature are full of these things, and poor Beethoven has been victimized to an extent incredible to any one who has not had opportunity to look somewhat extensively through the musical journals of Europe of the last thirty years.

We have had occasion two or three times in the pages of this Journal to warn our readers against giving the least credence to stories professedly historical, and our attention is directed to this topic again by noticing a story going the rounds, translated from the *Courier des Etats Unis* but which we have a dim impression of having seen and smiled at in some other quarter. A kind friend translated it for us several months

since, but we could not with a good conscience abuse our readers with publishing that as history which has no foundation in fact whatsoever. We refer to a sketch entitled, "History of a Sonata."

This is the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, in C sharp minor, dedicated to Countess Julia Guicciardi. Half a dozen words are sufficient to show the utter absurdity of the pretended "history" here given. First, it was *not* composed in Bonn, but at Vienna. Secondly, Beethoven was not in the low, miserable condition described by the writer, but flourishing in the height of his popularity and prosperity. Thirdly, the symphony in F was not written until some fifteen years after the publication of the Sonata.

The facts in the case, so far as we know them, we will give, in answer to an inquiring correspondent. The pecuniary condition of Beethoven during the years 1800–1–2–3 is sufficiently set forth in an article in this paper published April 22, 1854, and needs no further notice. All this time he was deeply in love with Julia Guicciardi, and the fantasia dedicated to her was understood, by those who knew him best, to be a musical expression of that love. Schindler intimates as much. Of any particulars connected with the immediate labor of composing the work, no record is to be found. Beethoven's beautiful Sonata, Op. 26, with the "Marcia Funebre," had hardly become known in the Musical circles of Vienna, when Cappi, one of the publishers of that city, displayed upon his counter two new sonatas, both given as one Opus—Op. 27—from the same fertile brain. The first was a (we copy the original title) "*Sonata quasi una Fantasia per il Clavicembalo o Pianoforte, composta e dedicata a sua Altezza la Signora Principessa Giovanna Lichtenstein, nata Langravina Fürstenberg, da Luigi van Beethoven*." Opera 27. No. 1. In Vienna presso Giov. Cappi etc."

The second was the one in question: "*Sonata quasi una Fantasia per il Clavicembalo o Pianoforte composta e dedicata alla Damigella Contessa Giulietta Guicciardi, da Luigi van Beethoven*." Opera 27. No. 2. In Vienna presso Giov. Cappi etc."

The latter became very soon one of Beethoven's most popular works, was most highly praised by the critics, and the dreamy, half-sad first movement, so full of tender melancholy and a spiritual condition, which can find no expression out of music, obtained for it among the pianists of the city the title "Moonlight Sonata." This title no more came from Beethoven himself than the title of "Jupiter," given by the English to Mozart's Symphony with the fugue, originated with that great master. In short, Beethoven, like other men, took a musical thought, worked upon, thought upon it, studied it, elaborated it, wrote it out, corrected it, finished it to his own satisfaction, and then sold it to some publisher. The first thought was an inspiration; the thought as we read it on the printed page is the result of long-continued, persevering labor.

In the name of all who devote themselves to historical and biographical researches, we utter our protest against fanciful sketches of which real persons are made the heroes. The more facts, the more well-founded, characteristic anecdotes of great men in all stations, professions and arts, the better; the more imaginative, fanciful tales and sketches which are adapted to the improvement of musical taste and to the spread of a love for true music, also the better; but do not abuse the reader by presenting as history stories utterly without foundation, and which in every line are fitted but to deceive and convey false ideas.

"THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS."—We give to-day the concluding chapter of this beautiful Art novel by GEORGE SAND. We regret, and so will many of our readers, that it is so short. As many will desire to read the whole connectedly, we have had a limited edition struck off in a neat octavo pamphlet form.—Price fifteen cents per copy. To be had at this office, and at the periodical stores.

Musical Review.

POPULAR COLLECTIONS.

The American Collection of Instrumental Music; consisting of Marches, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Contradances, Quadrilles, Cotillons, Polkas, Hornpipes, Reels, Mazourkas, and other popular music, selected from the works of various masters, and arranged for Wind and Stringed Instruments, such as the Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Bugle, Violoncello, &c., without the Piano-forte, Organ, Melodeon or Seraphine. Volume I. pp. 104. By JOHN W. MOORE, author of the "Complete Encyclopædia of Music," &c. Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co.

This book is really a curiosity. There is a certain naïve benevolence as well as shrewdness in the plan. It breathes the broadest popular sympathies and shows acquaintance with the largest market. The author in his preface says:

In my intercourse with music loving people, I have noticed, that in every town and village, there are many young persons of some musical talent, who play upon the Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Bugle, Violoncello, Pianoforte, Organ, Melodeon, or Seraphine—all of whom, for the want of a suitable collection of music, are compelled to practise alone. Nearly all the collections of Instrumental Music which have been, from time to time, published in this country, have consisted of simply Duets and Trios, with an occasional Quartette—and I know no work where the arrangement is for various and many instruments with Pianoforte accompaniment. It has been my object and in preparing this compilation, not only to supply a great and growing want, but so to arrange all the music in the work, that it may be made a source of pleasure and rational enjoyment to such as may meet together for practice, and yet so to write the parts, that one, two, three, four, six, eight, or even a large number may with equal profit use the music as occasion and circumstances may require. For the social circle, where there may be for use only a Violin or a Flute, or some one or two of the many instruments, the music here presented will be found agreeable with the simple Piano-forte accompaniment.

The design, thus stated, is a good one. To help the scattered musical ability throughout our country villages, our stray and isolated flutists, cornists, clarinetists and pianists, in a small way, to club together and perform in quartet, or in larger bands, the old familiar tunes which, with the Sabbath psalm tunes, constitute the chief musical pabulum of the beginning-to-be musical millions, is in itself a worthy object and may lead to something higher. In the execution of the plan two things are to be considered.

First, the selection of music, which is mainly of the very lightest, homeliest, commonest, most popular description. Here are all the old hacknied dance tunes, patriotic marches, &c., which boys whistle, and which village fiddlers, through successive generations, have employed to keep young feet in motion. Here are "College Hornpipe," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Dashing White Sergeant," "Wait for the Wagon," "Jordan," "Yankee Doodle," and what not. Here, too, are various well-known sets of quadrilles, and some new ones, as also marches, with the letter "M" to indicate (are we to understand?) original authorship. Add a few bits from Rossini, Mozart, Strauss, and well-known "masters," (though nine-tenths of the whole can scarcely be attributed to any masters) and you have seventy or eighty pieces which surely cannot be complained of on the score of being "over-classical" or "scientific."

Secondly, the arrangement and treatment. This is partly explained in the above extract from the preface. Each piece is scored in six staves. The upper staff contains the melody, for first clarinet, or

flute, or violin. Then comes a second treble for the same class of instruments. The third, or tenor, is for cornet, bugle, or third violin. The fourth staff is for violoncello, Saxhorn, or bass. The two lower staves are for piano, organ, &c. This score is extremely convenient, to suit all emergencies. Each part may be played by a single instrument or by enough to make out quite a band. If you have not four instruments (besides the piano), omit the third part. If you have but two, omit the second violin; or you may omit the piano part; and one is wickedly tempted to inquire sometimes: why not omit the whole? Such convenient dilution for conveying an imagination of music with so little of the material, reminds one of that cup of "tea" wherewith "the Marchioness" regaled Dick Swiveller. However, since the ingredients of a stronger cup are here, we will not complain of the suggestion for the benefit of those who like to take it weak. So far as we have noticed, the pieces are correctly and clearly harmonized. But we must wonder at the want of care shown in the case of the few pieces taken from real masters, to go back to the original sources. One of these is the well known *Vedrai carino* of Mozart, here called "Zerlina's Air." Why these alterations and curtailments, so great that the soul and beauty of the song are lost? It would be quite as easy to give it just as Mozart wrote it; far easier and far wiser than to undertake to improve on Mozart. So, too, another Mozart melody, the well-known *O dolce concerto*, which is here called an "English Glee"! Among the minor defects, we may mention the omission of all time marks, as Adagio, Allegro, &c.

On the whole, we doubt not that the book is fraught with a good deal of amusement and some musical profit, (which might be much more) for amateurs in the most rudimentary stages of the art in country towns. The idea of arrangements for such social practice, we have said, is good; and as the present is but Volume I, we trust the next will be well filled with music of a little higher and less hacknied order, such as will tend to raise the general taste somewhat, and that the "masters" will be freely drawn from, only provided that their compositions be presented without needless alteration.

The American School Melodist, and Pestalozzian Teacher, &c. &c. By JOSIAH OSGOOD. pp. 224. Boston: G. P. Reed & Co.

A useful little book for schools and classes, as well as for home circles. A large portion of it is devoted to elementary instruction on the inductive or Pestalozzian system; intermingling explanations with exercises, solfeggi and vocalizations arranged in attractive forms of rounds and tunes in one, two, three and four parts. This part of the work seems done with thoroughness and clearness. Then follows a collection of over a hundred simple children's hymns and songs, on all sorts of subjects, partly original, and partly selected and arranged. These are mostly written in three parts; i. e. for one or two trebles and bass.

The Golden Wreath, a choice Collection of Favorite Melodies, for Schools, &c. Also a complete Course of Elementary Instructions, upon the Pestalozzian System, with numerous Exercises, &c. By L. O. EMERSON. pp. 224. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

A book very similar to the above and for a similar object. The Elementary part covers less ground, but seems well arranged. The songs are of like variety of subjects, only the music is more familiar, consisting mostly of little pieces already favorites in schools and singing circles. They are harmonized in the same simple way for three voices. Every good addition to the stock of school songs should be welcomed; perpetual novelty in this department seems a more reasonable aim than it does in the matter of plain psalmody.

Musical Chat-Chat.

There has been music on the Common two evenings during the past week; as usual, a brass band of about sixteen instruments. What we heard the first evening was played in remarkably good tune

and with careful expression; but many of the pieces partook too much of the doleful sentimental to affect the crowd much. Cheerful was the multitudinous clapping of hands when something like the "Eclipse Polka" or the "Anvil Chorus" struck up. The Verdi music takes well with brass instruments. On Wednesday again three pieces out of the ten or twelve were reminiscences of *Trovatore*. O for a harmony not wholly brass! But with any kind of music for a magnet, it is good to see such happy crowds drawn to the Common these June nights. The scene is beautiful, and does away with a great deal of the day's dull prose.... In Providence, last Monday evening, a very successful concert was given by the "Musical Institute," under the direction of Mr. L. T. DOWNES, assisted by the "Beethoven Orchestra," conducted by Mr. W. F. MARSHALL, comprising altogether about 125 performers. The first part of the programme consisted of the Adagio and Allegro from Beethoven's first Symphony; the chorus: "The heavens are telling," by Haydn; a soprano duet with chorus, from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (beautifully sung, we are told, by Miss PRATT and Miss MORELL); a chorus for male voices: "The Praise of Jehovah," by Beethoven; the Trio: "Lift thine eyes," (finely sung by Miss CARPENTER, Miss MORELL and Mrs. WADSWORTH) and Chorus: "He is watching over Israel," from "Elijah"; and Chorus: "O great is the depth of the riches," &c., from "St. Paul." Part second was of a lighter character, including an overture by Weigl; two choruses from *Ernani*; a Sextet by Zollner; chorus from "William Tell"; selections from a light French Mass, by a quartet of voices; but ending with Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. Mr. Downes, who is one of the best organists and teachers in the city, is full of zeal for good music, especially that of the great masters in the sacred style, and will do much we doubt not, to inspire a love for the best in Providence.... The many friends and admirers of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS will be pained to learn that her concert tour westward has been interrupted by a pretty serious accident in Utica, N. Y., where, by a fall from her horse, her ankle was broken.

From the "Statistics of the Industry of Massachusetts for the year ending June 1, 1855, prepared from official returns by FRANCIS DE WITT, Secretary of the Commonwealth," we glean the following facts pertaining to our speciality.—The number of Piano-Forte manufactories in Boston was 20; Pianos manufactured in the year, 6,122; capital employed, \$941,000; all other musical instrument manufactories, 10; value of instruments manufactured, \$1,984,700; capital, \$102,100; persons employed, 1,248. The value of the musical instruments manufactured that year in the whole State is set down at \$2,295,680. Of this Boston alone claims \$2,004,700.

Still they come! Another musical journal greets us from Chicago, the second from that city. It is called *The Western Journal of Music*, and announces its determination to make itself the musical journal of the great West. It is a neat print of eight pages, promising music hereafter, and is published once a fortnight by R. G. GREENE. WM. H. CURRIE is the editor. The more the merrier, if they will only serve the cause of *Music*, and not merely music trade. The Introductory article augurs well.... The German *Musik-Verein* at Milwaukee has worked well in the cause of music. According to the annual report of the secretary, the following operas were performed during the past year: "Freyshutz," twice; "Norma," "Czar und Zimmerman," "Stradella," also twice. Besides this, they gave a grand concert once a month. The operas of "Don Juan," and "Daughter of the Regiment," are now in rehearsal.

The *Criterion* tells us of a new musical prodigy, one Signor VALLO, a Philadelphian. "He is a professor of magic, of ventriloquism, and of the violin, and for the receipt of a ridiculously small sum, promises to send by mail, to any given address, full instructions in either of these elegant accomplishments. According to a contemporary, a 'celebrated composer' speaks thus of the violin performances of

Signor Vallo: 'I have heard Paganini, Sivi, Vieuxtemps, Spohr, and many other great violinists, and I have thought that for power of tone, difficult execution, variety of sound, and management of the bow, nothing more could be done, but Signor Vallo surpasses them all. He draws more powerful tones from the instrument than Sivi or Spohr. His execution of the staccato, pizzicato, and harmonic passages is far superior to those of Paganini or Vieuxtemps. He executes the Carnival on one string, while at the same time he performs two distinct airs on the piano.'

Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, does not admire ALBONI's present singing, or dramatic efforts, so much as the critics we have quoted. Her performance in the *Sonnambula*, he says, "besides being singular to see, was dramatically null, and only partially effective as a piece of singing." "She was frequently out of tune." "In her final rondo the pleasure which her executive brilliancy must otherwise have given us, was impaired by the diversity of weight and quality of her notes—no two *roulades* being taken without a mixture of thick and thin, destructive of that flow of serenity which the music of Bellini's village opera demands." By the same writer we are reminded that we did not give due credit for the improvement in respect of shortness of M. BENEDICT's annual concert. Chorley says: "The giver seems this year wisely bent on surprising those who have been used to carry home to Germany the bill of his concert, as a curiosity, which, although it was printed, nobody there was expected to accept as a reality." We have already noticed symptoms at last, in the London concert criticisms, of getting weary of too much of a good thing, and several instances of moderation in the length of programmes, showing that John Bull's musical digestion is not of such superhuman capacity as we had so long supposed. . . . A flute of gold has been made in London for a gentleman in Australia. Its tone is said to have a certain superior richness, roundness and sonority, as compared with flutes heretofore made of box-wood, cocoa-wood, ivory, glass, or silver.

The European journals announce the death, at Florence of ADOLPHE FUMAGALLI, a young pianist already highly distinguished, and who fairly promised to become one of the marvels of his time. His fine taste, added to a power of rapid execution quite unrivalled, rendered his performance with one hand an illusion far beyond the one string of Paganini; but the grand feature of Fumagalli's playing was *mind*; he was assuredly the most intellectual interpreter of the old masters that has been heard in Paris, and was considered as one of the best living interpreters of Chopin's music. He was settled in that city, and was on a musical tour in his native country when death surprised him in the midst of his artistical triumphs. On Thursday evening he gave a concert, which was attended by all Florence, and crowned with the most brilliant success; on Saturday he was no more—two little days between the plaudits of the public and the tomb! He was in his 27th year.

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Mozart's Father.

[We translate the following from the new biography of MOZART, by OTTO JAHN, of which the first volume has recently appeared in Germany.]

JOHN GEORGE LEOPOLD MOZART, the father of the great composer, was the son of a book-binder in Augsburg, and was born in 1719. Naturally gifted with a clear, sharp understanding, and a firm, energetic will, he at an early age resolved by proper intellectual culture to work his way up out of the limited circumstances of his family into a higher position; and he could boast before his son that this was only realized after a protracted conflict with unfavorable circumstances, and through earnest perseverance and most watchful prudence. His musical talent, which appeared quite early, must have relieved his studies, as it does with many. When the son visited Augsburg in the year 1777, he learned many things about his father's youth which helped to refresh the latter's recollections. Thus he writes to his son about his having sung while a boy as discantist in the cloisters of St. Ulrich and at the Holy Cross, and how afterwards he was able to make his appearance as a clever organist. * * * * *

Life had early led him into a hard school of privation, which gave a definite direction to his character and views of life. He had long been settled in the conviction that only by continual and intense exercise of his faculties and powers can man attain the goal set before him, either in spiritual culture or in social position. Accordingly, what stood out as the distinctive feature of his character was an unshaken conscientiousness and faithfulness to duty in all the relations of life, in great things and in small, whence an uncompromising severity in his requirements of

others, but before all, of himself. This he shows in his official relations, as teacher and educator, and particularly in his religious deportment. He was a strict Catholic, who, however, recognized, not without admiration, morality and virtue in Protestants. Nothing does he fear so much as the injurious influence which a long stay in Protestant countries might exert upon the soul's welfare of his children; and occasionally too he makes efforts at conversion with an inward satisfaction.* All that the church requires of its professors he fulfils not only dutifully, but with zeal; he has masses read, buys relics, and so forth, where opportunity presents itself. There cannot be a doubt that herein he followed an unfeigned conviction.

Leopold Mozart was a man of real piety, which maintained itself through serious losses, under pressing circumstances, steadfast and unaltered; it was but the natural consequence of his education and his position that he knew no other ground, no other form for this pious disposition, but those transmitted in his church. With the same strict conscientiousness which he maintained in other matters, he fulfilled his duties also towards God and his church.

But it would be a great mistake were we to consider him a narrow devotee. On the contrary, he was endowed with a sharp, clear understanding, for whose many-sided cultivation he made extraordinary exertions, and he had a decided tendency and talent for criticism, nay even for ridicule and sarcasm. The hard and needy circumstances through which he had to toil so painfully, amid environments which he looked far beyond, led him very early to turn his criticism upon the practical relations of men to one another in their ordinary, for the most part small and pitiful relations, which he saw through so easily. And so he acquired the firm conviction that self-love and self-interest are the only springs of human action, on which one may calculate with certainty, and which may be employed with

* "Among my friends in London is a certain Sipruntini, a great virtuoso on the violoncello. He is the son of a Dutch Jew, but after travelling through Italy and Spain, he found that faith, its ceremonies and commandments, laughable, and he forsook it. Talking with him a short time since about matters of faith, I found from all his conversation that he was satisfied at that time with believing in one God, and with loving, first Him, and then his brother as himself, and living as an honorable man. I took pains to give him some idea of our faith, and I carried it so far that he is now agreed with me that of all Christian creeds the Catholic is the best. I mean very soon to make another attack upon him; one must step very softly in such matters. Patience! Perhaps I shall yet become a missionary in England."—*Letter from London, Sept. 13, 1764.*

prudence; that to pre-suppose philanthropy and friendship is a folly such as seldom goes unpunished. This want of faith in men in personal intercourse, which he regarded as the highest result of practical experience, he sought also to impress upon his son, but with the smallest success. And in himself this gloomy view of life by no means stifled generous thought and feeling; in him, as in so many, the theory is sharper and more hostile than its application is in actual life. Where Leopold Mozart criticizes, where he analyzes men's ways of acting, he is sharp and shows himself possessed by no prejudices. In spite of his piety he expresses the profoundest contempt and utters the most bitter ridicule against priestcraft and priestly living;—he had opportunities to know both intimately. Quite as little did high birth and position dazzle him; with full consciousness he opposed to these the independence of true culture and ability.

But also towards those who stood most near to him, even to his beloved son, he remained still impartial. It is a remarkable spectacle, and one which had the most wholesome influence on Mozart's development, to see how the father never let himself be dazzled by the son, whom he loved as much as ever father loved a son, whose artistic genius he recognized with truest judgment, and admired and revered it as it continued to develop; how he never disguised from himself his weaknesses, but warned and blamed him with inexorable severity, and trained him up to systematic loyalty to duty. In this relation to his son the singular mixture of various peculiarities in Leopold Mozart's character with a clear, conscious ability, shows itself in the most pure and edifying manner: he has himself declared that the education of this son was the highest mission of his life. Meanwhile the warmth of his heart and disposition, his readiness to serve and to assist, were by no means limited to those who were united with him by the ties of nature; he shows himself a true and trusty friend, a liberal benefactor within the narrow limit of his means.

The efforts it had cost him to acquire only a tolerable position, the unceasing toil demanded merely to support daily existence, gave him a lively sense of the importance of a secure social position; and the more convinced he was that his son would hardly learn to attach enough importance to that, the more he strove by his own prudence and experience to help him. Remarks have been made in a tone of depreciation or of ridicule about the care which Leopold Mozart manifested about economical affairs. But such writers are unjust, partly in blaming him for what was but the necessary consequence of the straitened circumstances, against which he was forced

to contend; partly in failing to see, that the correspondence, out of which we draw this knowledge, must have involved communications of this sort necessarily. At all events, if a certain anxiety here betrays itself, which was increased in later years by infirmity and hypochondria, still it is cast entirely in the shade by the rare union of general and musical culture, of love and austerity, of correct judgment and earnest fidelity to duty, which Leopold Mozart developed in the education of his son, who certainly without this never would have been what he became through it.

[To be continued.]

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Continued from page 101.)

These remarks, which prove with what extraordinary care and conscientiousness that examination was conducted, are to be explained in the following manner, by means of the MSS. of Mozart, already mentioned, which were collected for this purpose:—

As regards the date, 1792, it would be too bold a conclusion to suppose that Mozart purposed to have a transcript made for himself of this, his most important work, when it should be completed, before consigning the original to the person who commissioned him to write it, and which could not be effected before the first days of the approaching new year, and that in this expectation he wrote the date of the coming year upon the first page. This inscription can, however, be explained by another and more obvious probability.

Among the MSS. of Mozart contained in the portfolios referred to, there is a score of a concerto for a French-horn, with accompaniments for string instruments and two oboes, which Mozart composed for his friend Seitzel, a celebrated horn-player. At the end of this stands in his handwriting, "*Vienna, Vener de Santo, die 6 Aprile, 1792.*" Evidently here 1792 is written in mistake, instead of 1791, in which year Good Friday fell upon the 6th of April, and thus it might also have happened with the date in the *Requiem*; although for my own part, I prefer the former solution of the question. Further, no one who designed to make a forgery of a MS. of Mozart would have added to his signature the date of a year in which he no longer existed. Nevertheless, it is worthy of remark that the Abbé Stadler did not notice this date, since if he had he would certainly have mentioned it, as we know, from his dissertations upon the work, that he copied the *Requiem*, *Kyrie*, and the *Dies iræ* "from the first written score, and the genuine autograph of Mozart," and, indeed, this not long after his death.

The consecutive fifths in the violins in the *Sanctus*, the effect of which is softened, and almost annulled by the contrary motion of the first and second violins, may have escaped the composer's attention in the ardour of writing, or may intentionally have been written by him as an exception that may well be permitted to such a master. Moreover, there might be quoted not a few consecutive fifths well known to me, from works of Handel, whom however no one would accuse of impure part-writing.

It is true that Mozart was accustomed almost always to write his rehearsals in the manner described above, and that this is indeed one of the chief peculiarities by which to identify his handwriting. It is, however, to be observed, that in the rondo for the Horn, before referred to, the open-shaped natural, exactly resembling that used in the *Dies iræ* of the score in question, appears throughout; and it is to be remembered that this *Rondo* and the *Requiem* were both written during the last year of Mozart's life. These open, unusual shaped naturals are, moreover, in the MS. under judgment, the less questionable, as they are not continued from the first page of the *Dies iræ* throughout the score, but from the

second page of the sixth leaf the close ones which he usually wrote begin to be mixed with all the open ones, and are more and more frequently employed until folio 27, and they only appear from the 28th leaf until the end of the work.

With regard to the capital letters above referred to: in the MSS. of the four Portfolios are many examples of the B corresponding with those in the score under notice, and there is an R exactly like that in the superscription of the above-mentioned *Rondo*. The remaining letters in the *Dies iræ* to the end, do not precisely correspond with the MSS. with which they have been compared; on the other hand, the word *finis*, at the conclusion of the whole, might be supposed to be an impression from that at the end of the before-named *Cantata* of the 15th November, 1791.

What was meant by these little perpendicular lines and crosses, which either alternately or side by side, at greater or less distances, appear at the top line of almost every page, must always remain a problem which Mozart himself alone could solve. That, however, they were inserted by himself, and not by Süssmayer, is proved by their appearing not only in the sketches of the score of the *Requiem*, which are entirely in Mozart's handwriting, but also in many other vocal pieces in the portfolios, and even in instrumental compositions, for example, on every page of the original MS. of the beautiful sonata for the pianoforte in A minor, which Mozart wrote in Paris in the year 1778, and which is included in his collection.

With respect to the numbering of the pages, it is certainly remarkable that it is not, as in the sketches of the score, in connected succession; but, as is well known, Mozart wrote this work at interrupted periods, and probably was not at the pains of referring to the numbering of the previous portion, to ensure the regular succession of figures in the complete work, and so began numbering afresh each time he resumed the composition. At all events, the figures in the leaves exactly resemble those of the sketch of the score.

Finally, the question, why Mozart did not write the instrumentation from the "*Dies iræ*" to the "*Hostias*" inclusive, in the blank lines of the sketches, rather than make a new copy of the score, may be solved by a letter from his widow to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, wherein it is said: "It may be brought as a reproach to Mozart that he was not very orderly with his papers, and often mislaid what he had begun to compose; rather than spend time in seeking for it he preferred to write it out again; the consequence of this was that many things were twice written, the second of which was in no respect different from the one that had been mislaid; for whatever idea he had once worked out in his mind was firm as a rock, and never altered." It might certainly be objected to this, that such might probably be the case with shorter pieces or single movements, but was very unlikely to have been done with a long series of vocal movements.

What may be cited from the writings of the Abbé Stadler against the possibility of the present score being in the handwriting of Mozart, loses its power through the consideration, that throughout these workings, and even in conversations with myself, his intimate friend, he has never mentioned that he had once spoken with Mozart, or even with Süssmayer, on the subject of the *Requiem*.

The Abbé only knew, and only could know, what had been told him in the house of Mozart, and could only write so much as was there communicated to him. He was not even apprised, as appears from several passages in his writings, what became of the first movements—"Requiem" and "Kyrie"—after he had copied them. "It will probably soon explain itself," he writes, "into whose hands the first leaves of the original score, from No. 1 to No. 10, have fallen." And subsequently—"Two copies were immediately made, of Süssmayer's score; the MS. score of Süssmayer was sent to the person who had given the commission for the work, and probably, for his greater satisfaction, Mozart's original MS. of the "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*" may have been sent with

them." In case it was intended thus to convince the person who gave the commission for the work, that Mozart had really composed it, it seems inexplicable that the two divisions of the sketches of the score, from folio 11 till 45, were not sent also, in order to render this conviction as complete as possible.

The well-known letter of Süssmayer to the Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, which has so often appeared in print, was still less calculated to make those waver in their opinion who declared the score to be Mozart's genuine handwriting, quite independent of the opinion of such connoisseurs as considered that he "had composed the '*Sanctus*,' '*Benedictus*,' and '*Agnus Dei*,' anew"—of which further hereafter,—the credibility of this letter is destroyed by its first words, which contains a manifest untruth. He writes:—"in the '*Requiem*,' as well as in the '*Kyrie*,' '*Dies iræ*,' '*Domine Jesu*,' Mozart entirely completed the four vocal parts and the fundamental bass, as well as the figuring, but had only indicated the chief passages of the instrumentation."

I have already mentioned that the Abbé Stadler transcribed the first two movements, viz., "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*," shortly after Mozart's death, from his original copy. This transcript, as well as that of the "*Dies iræ*," has been in the possession of the Imperial Library for several years. Stadler says, in the *Addenda* to his *Defence*, etc.—"Should these original MSS. ever come to light, which is very possible, it will be proved that my transcript (of the '*Requiem*' and '*Kyrie*,') corresponds with them, just as the '*Dies iræ*,' at present in my possession, corresponds with the sketch of the score." These original MSS. have been found, and the most complete scores produced of the transcript of the two first movements with Mozart's MS., which forms the division from folio 1 till 10 of the score in question, has proved itself; but this transcript contained, as is now seen in the original MS. itself, a score completed in every detail, of the "*Requiem*" and "*Kyrie*," consequently these were not sketches of scores similar to the following numbers, and Süssmayer could not have had the slightest share in these two movements.

There remained, therefore, no doubts, or as good as none, as to the perfect authenticity of the newly acquired score; after many fruitless endeavors to obtain some more important MSS. of Süssmayer than the two already mentioned, the Freyherr von Lanog kindly supplied two from his collection, namely: a trio for soprano and two basses, with orchestral accompaniments, consisting of fifteen leaves, and an *aria* for bass with orchestra of ten leaves, both pieces designed for the opera *La Serva Padrona*, and both of the year 1793. If the resemblance of these scores to Mozart's handwriting generally, both as to the notes and the words, was almost incredible, it was still more perfect to that of the score of the *Requiem* commencing from the "*Dies iræ*." The capital letters P, Q, and T, which had been in vain sought for throughout the MSS. of Mozart in that particular shape, were here the only ones that appeared, and the slight deviations in the score from Mozart's general manner, that had been before regarded as unimportant, as well as the twice interrupted numbering of the leaves, now assumed a greater significance.

The longer and the more carefully the comparison of these two MSS. with the score was continued, the more confusing it became; the more so as, on the other hand, the latter presented many characters more peculiar to the handwriting of Mozart than to that of Süssmayer.

[To be continued.]

MUSICAL PLAGIARISM.—The London *Athenæum* has the following:

That ballad music is as curious in its origin and completion as ballad literature, we have frequently had occasion to point out. Where memory ends—where appropriation steps in—where creation begins—are so many questions, which, it appears, cannot be in music settled by a jury. Are all musicians great robbers, with or without being

aware of the theft? Handel was, there is no doubt. Mozart picked and stole a little in a most poetical way. Beethoven, even, was obliged to Clementi, it has been said. Mendelssohn took from Beethoven in the overture of his 'Lobgesang,' and from Herr Lindblad in his second 'Zuleika.' Signor Rossini has gathered treasures from every one,—his crucible, however, having within it a magical power of transformation, so that oftentimes the thing which was put in as emerald has come out a diamond. If we turn from the Tritons to the minnows,—from creators to copy-right holders and copy-wrongs,—from melodies to memories,—the following extract from a late number of the *New York Musical Review and Gazette* will be found curious. It throws a light on the origin of some of our ballads, justifying all that we have advanced as to the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the paternity of tunes which belonged to days when there were no *Gazettes* to point out "coincidences." Here is the American paragraph:—

"A song lies on our table from the press of Messrs. —, London, received by a late steamer, the title whereof runs as follows: 'Bonny Jean, as sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom it is dedicated by G. Linley.' The music of this song is, note for note, Wurzel's (George F. Root) very popular 'Hazel Dell.'"

—Our readers will not have forgotten the literal resemblance betwixt a song by Mr. Linley and one by Herr Lindblad, which a few years since gave rise to some correspondence in the *Athenæum*. It is a pity that even if international law has nothing to do with the matter, and even if courtesy be waved aside on such occasions a title like the above should have not been followed by the words "an adaptation of an American melody,"—supposing Mr. Root's tune to be Mr. Root's property, and not some French, Italian, or English melody naturalized and altered by emigration.

The Grand Organ Controversy.

III.

(From the Transcript, June 30.)

MUSIC HALL ORGAN. To the Editor of the Transcript: In again asking the favor of your columns, for the purpose of noticing the remarks in the rejoinder of the 20th inst., to an article by myself of the 19th, I take occasion to express a recognition of your former courtesy, and assure you that I would not thus obtrude myself upon your notice, but from the conviction that very incorrect views are entertained by many in our community, yourself included, as evinced by the rejoinder. In my remarks I would not be understood as expressing the least doubt that highly honorable and laudable ambition prompts the movers in their proposed action for procuring the Music Hall Organ, and believing myself to be incited by no less laudable motive, hope no such intimation may be again pointed at myself, as was contained in the article referred to, and which was, perhaps, inadvertently made, as no gentleman of the committee could feel more opposed than myself to any expenditure, large or small, that did not give full promise to ensure us an instrument, equal in point of merit to any abroad.

Knowing that a very large and respectable portion of our citizens entertain views similar to my own, and are equally desirous that reasons more satisfactory than have yet been adduced should be presented in justifying the proposed course, I sincerely hope that anything like *evasion*, will be avoided in the manner.

As you have chosen Hopkins for authority, to him I will refer in all cases where he is available, in sustaining my position, (relative to your comments upon my article) which I will notice in the order presented. I will first speak in reference to the opinions of the "eminent organists" named by me; from those who have had personal interviews with them, I cannot learn that any one of the number are advocates of the proposed course—but that the large majority doubt its expediency.

To show you were in error in the statement, "Mr. Hopkins comes to the conclusion that the German builders are surpassed by those of no other country," I will copy from his work, as follows:

"The modern German metal pipes" (which comprise at least five-sixths of all) "are made and voiced more nearly as in England"—from which it seems to me but fair to infer that the Germans recognize the English method as superior to their own; and in passing let me remark, that nowhere in his work does

he award superiority of skill to the German builders, nor to the tone of their individual stops. The only indication of preference expressed by him is in reference to the use of more durable metal, and of the combination of stops contained in their organs of the last century, and almost entirely to these points are his remarks directed. Read the following: "The prevailing taste or prejudice, or both, of English organists run counter to the attempted advance of the most eminent builders toward the production of a complete and well-balanced organ." "Had Harris and Smith" (builders in England of the last century) "worked unfettered, there is little doubt the attributes of tone specified would always have been combined in as eminent a degree in their organs as in those of the great Strasburg builder," (Silbermann.)

Again, in speaking of a late English organ by one of their youngest builders, he declares it "unrivalled." The following is from John Crosse, Esq., F.S.A.:

"Notwithstanding the imposing enumeration of so many stops, the large organs upon the continent" of Europe "are inferior, in the choice and variety of them, to the best English instruments, a great part being merely duplicates of unisons and octaves, and some of them performing other services, such as turning wheels with bells, &c.; so that though 70 or 80 may be in sight, only 50 or 60 of them are actually used."

The important addition of pedals was first made by Bernard, a German, to whose countrymen we owe improvements of the instruments in bellows, stops, &c., and among whom its construction has always been a work of great repute, though in excellence of finish they have been surpassed by our English builders."

Such "concessions from Englishmen" seem to me so far the opposite, as to become claims for superiority.

The attempted advance alluded to by Hopkins was the introduction of Double Manual and Pedal Stops, and the opposition offered was probably not different from that which has since been encountered by our American builders—as I well recollect remarks made by some of our professors of music and organ builders, not at all complimentary to the modesty of one of our youngest New England builders—because of his presumption in introducing the equal temperament, and Double Manual Flue and Reed Pipes, contrary to usage and their approval. Hopkins goes so far as to intimate that to the lack of such stops in English organs, is to be ascribed the introduction of the "vulgar, trifling, and ridiculous voluntaries," which are "void of science, taste, and decorous gravity of style."

Much could be said tending to show that our artists—real artists, I mean, are now needing the same support and encouragement, as did Smith, Harris, and Snetzler a century ago. To your statement that not unfrequently letters from tourists, among which you call to mind some from Lowell Mason, contain expressions of "the most unbounded admiration for German organs," I will observe that as organ display is a business abroad, we should be cautious in attaching too much weight to such authorities, and think it well to bear in mind Dr. Burney in his comments when speaking of the Haarlem organ.

The world is very apt to be imposed upon by names—the instant a common hearer is told an organist is playing upon a stop resembling the human voice, he supposes it to be very fine; and never inquires into the propriety of the name, or of the exactness of the imitation.

The propriety of Dr. Burney's remark will appear by comparing the following quotation from "Encyclopædia Roret Facteur d'Orgues," with Mr. Mason's letter relating to the Freiburg organ—which all who have read will doubtless remember—showing as it does how easily one may be deceived, even of Mr. Mason's experience in the theory of music, although, as I understand, not claiming any particular or critical knowledge of either the tone or mechanism of an organ.

Extract Biographical. "Mooser, a celebrated organ builder, was born towards the close of the eighteenth century. His early works attracted but little attention from the public, and he was already advanced in years when he undertook the famous Freiburg organ, which achieved for him a European reputation. This instrument possesses some good qualities, but has likewise important defects, and perhaps in no small degree owes its great reputation to the talent of the distinguished artist who exhibited it, as well as to the self-interested stories which country hotel keepers relate to travellers in quest of the marvellous."

Extract Historical. "We cannot pass by in silence the famous Freiburg organ, as renowned for its vox humana, but far more extolled than it deserves. It is constructed after the German plan, as may be

seen from our description. The foundation stops, and particularly the Gambas, Salcionals, and Quintaton, are of a very good quality. It contains, however, but few reed stops, and their tone is rough and without brilliancy, insomuch that, to obtain effects analogous to those of the "full organ" in our (i. e., French) organs, it is necessary to combine all the stops, among which the "quints," "furnitures," and cornets produce great discord and an offensive quality. As for the vox humana, which has nothing peculiar in its construction, I attribute its exaggerated effect entirely to the acoustic properties of its situation, and to the skill with which the organist knows how to display it. This stop is placed in the lower part of the organ, behind a small front opposite to the great one, and opening into a porch through which you pass in entering the church.

The tones of the vox humana, as also that of the other stops placed upon the same wind-chests, must therefore travel through the porch before they can be diffused into the nave, whence they do not reach the ear until they are, as it were, purified of all that which is material in them, and then so weak that the imagination is sometimes obliged to supply the place of the organs of hearing. Finally, if there be added to this prestige that which follows from the selection of pieces performed by the organist, one must acknowledge that these transient illusions, under the influence of which impressible persons may find themselves, are rather to be attributed to association than to a direct imitation of the human voice. As to the rest, this organ has serious defects; the touch is hard; the wind undergoes great alterations, producing in the sound of the pipes a disagreeable shaking. In fact, the whole mechanism presents nothing wonderful, either in its general plan or execution. However, in spite of these defects, which must be noticed upon a careful examination, the Freiburg organ possesses some good qualities, and the skill of Mr. Nogh, who displays it, is not the sole cause of pleasure experienced from hearing it."

In another article, further comments will be made on this interesting subject. MODERATO.

IV.

(From the New York Musical Review, June 23.)

They are about to procure a noble organ for the Music Hall in Boston—one that shall rank with the greatest of the old world. * * * Boston has hitherto proved that her "solid men" are liberal in matters of charity, and the funds for so noble a purpose should not be wanting. The purchase of this organ was the subject of much thought, examination and comparison for two years past. A prominent member of the committee has visited the large organs and the most renowned factories of Europe, expressly on this errand, and specifications and proposals have been received and carefully considered, from all important quarters. The opinions of leading organists and men of judgment and experience have been duly weighed, and the determination arrived at is, to have an organ from Germany, most probably from the factory of the Messrs. Walcker of Ludwigsberg. On the score of economy this is well, but there are other reasons which render it equally advisable.

We have had most excellent instruments built in America, and have reason to be proud of the enterprise and skill of builders in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. But the German builders lead the world in this respect, and it cannot but be of advantage to art to have the master specimen of European organ-builders accessible to our own manufacturers as well as organists. We are rejoiced that this project has been started with such probability of being speedily carried out, and it is very right that Boston should have taken the lead in the matter. We trust that the organ will be procured, and that the committee to whom this matter is entrusted will not be prevented by want of means from procuring as grand and good an instrument as can be made. We have known the reputation of the Messrs. Walcker for some years, and know that they may be relied upon as capable and faithful. We should have every confidence in an organ from their establishment, but should recommend that the late improvements of the French and English manufacturers should be carefully examined, with a view to their incorporation in the instrument for the Boston Music Hall.

LONDON OPERATICS.—Our townsman, HARRISON MILLARD, the tenore, is in London, and has opened a musical correspondence with the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, over the signature, "La Spia." The following extracts pleasantly

recall artists with whom we here are not unfamiliar. But think of a city haunted by *Il Trovatore* throughout this hot season!

I arrived in "the great metropolis" before nine, and went to the Drury Lane Theatre, where an English version of "*Il Trovatore*" was performed, and the American artists, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, played a farce and a comedy. Miss (Mrs.) Lucy Escott (Eastcott—somehow or other, artists have a strange fancy for changing or altering their name! why is it? she was born in Springfield, Mass.) sang the soprano part of the *Trovatore* with considerable effect. She is, I believe, the only *bona fide* American prima donna who has appeared with long continued success. It was, last night, the 48th performance of the opera, which is a pretty good run. I shall say more of her in future. Mr. A. Braham sang the part of Manrico with much effect. I hardly know whether to praise him most as an actor or a singer. The effect of the English adaptation was sometimes droll, as some of the recitatives were spoken and some were sung, and nothing could exemplify the incongruities of the stage more than when, in the duo with the Count, Leonora offers herself as a victim, if her lover is permitted to go free. The Count (Barytone) said: "*Speak! and wilt thou?*" Leonora screams to a note held thirty seconds, "*I swear it,*" and the rest of the duo is sung. The stage, so artificial at the best, is only made to seem real by a stretch of the auditor's imagination, when we hear a chorus of forty or more, who sing, "*Let's fly, or in a moment we are lost!*" instantly made to forget, by a solo which lasts twenty or more minutes, the impending danger, and even to loiter round talking most unconcernedly about "matters and things in general," we can even imagine it real, forgetting its absurd incongruities; but the sudden change from singing to spoken dialogue requires still a greater stretch of the imagination, and destroys the equilibrium of the thing. To-night (Tuesday) Wallace's "*Maritana*" is to be done, with also the Florences, who say they are very homesick for Boston. They have been very successful here, particularly Mrs. F. To-night I have the choice of hearing Albertini (sop.) and Boucarde (ten.) (old Florentine acquaintances), Alboni and Beneventano, of American renown, in the ever-popular *Trovatore* at Her Majesty's Theatre, or Bosio, Mario, Ronconi, and Didiée, in Verdi's "*Rigoletto*," at the Lyceum. The question is soon decided in favor of the latter, and I will reserve for my next something about the artists now performing in London.

There are three Italian troupes of the first order, and two English troupes, besides about twenty concerts each day (excepting Sunday, when people do nothing but drink beer "on the sly,") of all sorts, prices, and descriptions. There are however, from two to three million people in the city, and some of the artists ought to do well. The price to-night to the Lyceum is, in the parquette, only about \$5.25, (£1 1s.) and in the amphitheatre or sky parlor only \$1.75 (7s.) What would Americans at home think, if obliged to pay these prices for the opera? There would be few who would do as I intend doing to-night.

"*Rigoletto*" has always been a favorite opera with me, having heard it at least forty times in different parts of Italy when first produced three years since. On Tuesday at the Lyceum it was brought out in fine shape, having Costa at the head of the orchestra, with Bosio, Ronconi, Mario, and the ever-charming Didiée for interpreters. The theatre is quite small, about one half as large as the Boston, and not at all wonderful as regards beauty and elegance. The first, second and third rows are all made into private boxes, on the Italian plan, and the prices for boxes which contain from four to seven persons range all the way from \$20 to \$35. The parquette price is \$5.50, thus making it rather an expensive as well as exclusive thing. The voice of Bosio is one of the most sympathetic organs I ever listened to in my life, not even excepting the wondrous quality of Jenny Lind's; added to that she sings with all the perfection of

Lagrange, which is saying everything. Such liquid, musical bubbles I never heard from human throat. She retains very pleasing recollections of Boston, and made numerous inquiries for old remembered friends, some of whom have, alas! finished their earthly career, for which she expressed much sorrow, and paid them many eulogies for their kindness to her when she was in Boston. She is deservedly the soprano of the present day, and in fact is "all the rage." Her rendering of the Cavatina, "*Caro nome,*" was perfection, and called, even from Englishmen, a hurricane of bravos and a "*bis*." Ronconi is an immensely great artist, although he would not be appreciated in America. He sang nearly the whole opera, all the way from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tone flat below the orchestral pitch! a thing which in America would grate upon our ears; but here they are accustomed to it from him. He is the operatic actor of the age, and does not neglect any of the by-play, which he does to perfection. Mario is the same good-natured, jolly, gentlemanly *grand seigneur* tenor as ever—always complaining of not being "in voice," and always distancing his competitors. His manner of singing is so natural, that he merely plays with his pearly notes and then tosses them away, as if saying, "*There, take them; I am ennuied with having so many at my command.*" His "*La donna é mobile*" was "*bis'd*," notwithstanding his determination to sing it badly in order to avoid its repetition, as was also the "*Quartet*," in which he had a part, though a small one, with the sympathetic Didiée. They both express themselves warmly about Boston, giving it the preference over all the cities of the United States for musical taste, judgment, kind people and perfect theatres. It is at least gratifying to hear one's own home praised by nearly all the artists who have visited it.

At a dirty little theatre called Sadlers Wells, about as large as Burton's of New York, Mr. Sims, *ed altri*, have been doing English Opera. On Wednesday they gave "*The Bohemian Girl*." Mr. Reeves is the best English tenor, without any exception, that ever lived, and with the exception of "little Mario," the best voice and singer I ever had the pleasure of listening to. His "*Then you'll remember me*" was perfectly exquisite, and not only "made one quite forgive Balfe for having written it," but made one feel quite like asking for more of the same sort. He sang about a dozen quaint old songs in "*The Beggars' Opera*" the same evening, in fine style. I find he is not at all popular with the Italian artists. Is it because he was born in England? He is not going to the States at present; the plan has been abandoned. So the Yankees will have to wait until his voice is more worn ere they listen to his delightful performance.

The North Western Musik-Fest,

HELD IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., ON THE 19th, 20th, 21st AND 22d OF JUNE, 1856.

My dear Mr. Dwight:—I have just returned from Milwaukee, where I spent a few days, witnessing the musical performances of different German associations, which met there from almost all the North Western cities, as far South as Cincinnati, and North as far as St. Paul, Minnesota. It has been the custom in Europe for years past, and the custom has lately been adopted by the German singing societies in this country, to meet in a certain city for the purpose of forming grand choruses, and, all companies combined, to sing several select compositions. Such music as has been chosen by the Directors is previously forwarded to the different "*Vereine*" for practice, and with one or two rehearsals, is then produced by the mass of singers, forming one body. Each of the societies sing, besides, a piece of their own choice, and with an ambition scarcely equalled, every company is anxious to do as well as the best. The Germans call Milwaukee the "Athens"

of America, and, leaving all other advantages out of the question, the musical zeal of its enlightened foreign population justifies the appellation.

I have for the first time since I left Boston, really enjoyed a concert; with few exceptions every single production was as near perfect as you can reasonably expect to hear. The visitors commenced arriving on the 18th, were received by a committee, and greeted with music by the domestic bands. The Germans of Milwaukee, famous for their hospitality, led them to their different abodes. Hotels and private houses were filled, hotel-keepers in many instances exhibiting the greatest liberality, accommodating as many as fifteen and twenty persons without charge, finding gratis all drinkables and eatables. The reception ceremonies, including a very appropriate speech by Dr. F——, being duly performed, the guests were invited to visit the opera on the evening of the 19th. Flotow's "*Stradella*" was executed by a corps of vocal and instrumental amateurs in such a manner, that there was no allowance needed on the score of the actors and performers being only *dilettanti*. The principal soprano, the wife of one of their eminent German citizens, sang admirably well; in fact, all the solo parts were so sustained, as to leave little room for criticism. Chorus and orchestra went well.

The principal concert, embracing the *ensembles* of the Milwaukee and the invited societies, came off on the following afternoon. The general choruses were perfect, and I was delighted particularly with "*The Prayer before the Battle*," and *Salomo's Tempelweihe*, both choruses for male voices, the latter with accompaniment of the orchestra. Speaking of the performances by the single associations, the lady society of Milwaukee, (The *Frauenchor*), who sang the chorus from *Die Vestalin*, and the members of the "Milwaukee Music Verein," who produced *Die Nächtliche Wanderung*, deserved the palm of the evening. All the productions of the "*Vereine*" from other places were, although not equal to those of the Milwaukee singers, yet very creditable.

On the following morning we had a *Matinée Musicale*, by the "Milwaukee Music Verein" exclusively, which formed the principal and most laudable feature of the festival. I give you the programme:

1. Beethoven's C major Symphony.
2. Aria for Soprano.
3. Concerto for Piano.
4. "*Prayer of the Earth*," Zöllner.
(Male chorus, with orchestra.)
5. Overture to *Don Giovanni*.
6. Aria for Soprano, from *Oberon*.
7. "*The heavens are telling*," from "*Creation*."

The execution of every morceau was excellent, without exception; orchestra, choruses and solo parts left no wish for improvement. Fraulein H——, the lady who sang the air from "*Oberon*," possesses a powerful voice of great compass, and Milwaukee is justly proud of such an artist. The success of the Milwaukee Musikverein is mostly owing to the untiring efforts of their talented and energetic director, Herr HAN BALATKA, who also was the president and director of the festival. He is unassuming, and a gentleman of high intellectual qualities; and besides his marked capacity as a musical director, he is a very fine violoncello player. I have often listened with pleasure to a trio or a quartet, in which he sustains his part with masterly ability. Dr. F——, a violinist of the old German school, plays the violin parts in these classical produc-

tions, and is often more true to the interpretations of the composer than many of your modern artists.

By resolution, it was voted that the coming season, our "Garden City," i. e., Chicago, should be the place of meeting.

You see that, although far away from Boston, the city so famous for its liberal support of arts and science, we are yet having a treat now and then, such as any of your gourmands need not blush to hear.

The corners of our streets are to-day ornamented with those large sized posters, bearing the names of OLE BULL and his party. This, however, being no unusual occurrence and their productions nothing new to you, I omit particulars.

I am truly,

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.

H. B.

Ristori's Debut in London.

(From the Athenæum, June 7.)

Every foreign actor who presents himself to new audiences ought to be regarded by all who think—as distinguished from all who stare—not altogether from their own point of view, but partly from his. The alphabet of pantomime—the vocabulary of tone—are entirely different in different nations. An Irishman shall be recognized by his shoulders—an Italian by his hands—a Frenchman by the closing of his mouth upon his *r's* or his vowels—a German by his bodily telegraphic signs. The Southern people are intense, self-abandoning, sudden, subtle, to a superfluity which, by those who are nothing save not home-bred, may be found startling, sharp, melo-dramatic. In proportion, too, as the gestures of Italian actors say much, the words they have to utter yield little, if taken abstractedly as words. There is little or none of the poetry of thought, however much of the passion of feeling, in Italian drama. For wit, the actor must shower abroad the buffoon exuberance of high animal spirits—in place of fancy, work out *concelli*. As interpreters, their personality, which is more rich, more flexible, more self-sacrificing, than French, English, or German personality, suffices to fill up outlines—to color the sketch—to put flesh on the limbs of the skeleton, and speculative eyes into the sockets of the skull—and to impart to common stage rags and blankets the flow and sweep of the draperies of the grand school of sculpture.

Some preliminary remarks like these are called for as sequel to the perpetual comparisons betwixt Mlle. Rachel and Madame Ristori, which have heralded the Italian actress to this country. Those who are led by precedent, however—those who balance and stereotype and apportion—are invited to recollect how, on the appearance of the French tragedian, our Shakspearians were so busy in proving the poverty of Corneille (in place of trying to find out his riches) that they only gave a qualified praise to all that was most admirable in the new-comer, who devoted herself to a farm of drama not Shakspearian. Madame Ristori arrives fifteen years later than "the Muse of Israel." She comes to be judged by a public fifteen years less Siddonian, or Keanite, or Macready-ish—less exclusively insular, that is, and better taught the larger charities of Art by foreign intercourse—than were Mlle. Rachel's first audiences; yet, no less true is it, that while Madame Ristori comes to play to us—unless we be willing in some measure to play to her—her means of executing and expressing her conceptions run some risk of being misunderstood.

Never was actress more earnestly, passionately, gracefully Southern than Madame Ristori:—Southern in the self-forgetfulness of what may be thought of this or the other attitude or tone, provided either be true—Southern in an instinct for the beautiful, which harmonizes gestures the most hazardous and effects the most daring. Not merely the single sounds of her voice, but its gamut of unequalled range, have the music of

Italy, in them. Her features are large and impressive, yet delicate in their mould. Her mouth is susceptible of a rare sweetness of expression; her eyes gleam with many different lights. She is above the middle height, and thin; but her demeanor is indeed queenly. We have never seen such a mass of drapery as she wears in 'Medea' so little of an incumbrance to the play of a figure—to the motion of arm and neck—to the gestures of the most rapid passion. Madame Ristori's delivery is admirable: never over-measured—never feverishly hurried. She may not pile up a *tirade* to a climax with the graduated and progressive force of her French compeer; but she throws a hundred tones into as many words, and this without affectation, and consequently without fatigue to the listener. In brief, to end these few general remarks, our public did well to welcome the gifted woman as she was welcomed on Wednesday. When Ristori's audience shall become more habituated to her style, it will welcome her yet more cordially, we believe.

A poorer tragedy, giving scope for the display of strong passion, was perhaps never upborne in triumph by an unassisted woman of genius than this 'Medea' by M. Legouvé. The Sorceress has been almost entirely forgotten. The cauldron of poisons is gratuitously hidden:—the cup of human tears is too largely emptied. The Colchian Princess has here little to distinguish her from any deserted woman who seeks justice, if not generosity, from her faithless lover,—and who, when all things (even her own children) turn against her misery and hunt her from among men as a creature noxious by reason of her agony, flings herself into revenge as her last resource. The baleful power of the enchantress, which should give at once a motive to Jason's faithlessness and a fearful emphasis to Medea's presence and pleadings, seems never to have presented itself to the French tragedy-carpenter. It may have been owing to Mlle. Rachel's disappointment in not being able to find this in the part, or to dig it thence by the resolute force of her divining will, that the French tragedian, who has such a small store of tenderness at command, shrunk from a character in which the very jealousy is to the last soothed by tenderness and chequered with hope. But the French dramatist, to compensate for the low flight which he has taken—for his total avoidance of those heights of the old fable, where the *upas-tree* groweth—has shaped the legend neatly into scenes and acts, ending each of the three with a *mot* for the heroine, in order to bring down the curtain with an attitude, an effect, and a tableau.

How must the heart of the author of so meagre a play be gladdened, after having been cast on one side by Mlle. Rachel, to be set in a high place by such an actress as Mme. Ristori! Not an instant or syllable of opportunity from first to last is neglected by her. From the moment when first she appears wending her melancholy way towards the sea-shore, and bearing in her weary arms the last treasure left her—her children—to her attitude of aghast horror when she is disclosed at the feet of the statue, looking down on the dagger which has avenged her, there is not a touch forgotten—not a point neglected. Let us particularly call attention to the growth of suspicion in her entire scene with Creusa, culminating in the menacing *Vedremmo*, which closes the first act:—in the second act, to the wondrous coolness of sarcasm with which she almost anticipates Jason's designs and expedients for disposing of her,—to the tone of half-encouragement with which she compels him to unfold his purpose, as if eager to have done with suspense, to see the snake uncoiled to its fullest length;—and, greatest of all, to her scene with her children, towards the close of the tragedy, when, on being permitted to choose one of the two as the companion of her exile, she finds that the hearts of both have been stolen from her by her rival, Creusa. These are but a few of the things to be studied in this magnificent piece of acting. We may return to it again to specify more. Meanwhile, in recording Madame Ristori's triumph, it is needful to record also that it has been won single-handed. The Creusa of the tragedy is tolerable,—the other members of the company are wretched.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 5, 1856.

The Great Organs at Hamburg.

The following descriptions of the noble instruments for which this ancient city has been so long celebrated, are taken mainly from the work of Mr. Hopkins, (Organist of the Temple Church, London, &c.) from which we have had occasion to quote before. They will, no doubt, prove interesting to our readers at the present juncture, while so much is being said on the subject of Organs and their construction.

Of the splendid structures at Hamburg, two perished in the great conflagration of 1842. Of the three which remain, that in the church of St. Michael is best known, and is also the most modern one. Silbermann, the celebrated organ-builder of Dresden, was first invited to construct it; which invitation he accepted; but he dying shortly afterwards, the execution of the work was entrusted to his principal workman, Hildebrand. This was about the year 1768. Matheson, the celebrated composer and theorist, left by will 50,000 gulden towards paying for this organ; which sum, however, did not nearly equal the amount expended in its fabrication. The disposition of its stops is as follows, viz:

GREAT ORGAN. 18 stops.

| | | |
|----|----------------------------------|----------|
| 1 | Principal, tin..... | 16 feet. |
| 2 | Quintadena, wood and metal, 16 " | |
| 3 | Octave, tin..... | 8 " |
| 4 | Gedeckt, wood and metal..... | 8 " |
| 5 | Gamba, tin..... | 8 " |
| 6 | Gemshorn, metal..... | 8 " |
| 7 | Quint, tin..... | 5 1/3 " |
| 8 | Octave, tin..... | 4 " |
| 9 | Gemshorn, metal..... | 4 " |
| 10 | Nasat, metal..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 11 | Octave, tin..... | 2 " |
| 12 | Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 13 | Mixture, 8 ranks, tin..... | 2 " |
| 14 | Scharf, 5 ranks, tin..... | 1 1/3 " |
| 15 | Cornet, 5 ranks, tin..... | 8 " |
| 16 | Trompete, tin..... | 16 " |
| 17 | Trompete, tin..... | 8 " |
| 18 | Oboe, tin, from tenor f..... | 8 " |

CHOIR ORGAN. 16 stops.

| | | |
|----|----------------------------------|---------|
| 19 | Rohr Flöte, wood and metal, 16 " | |
| 20 | Principal, tin..... | 8 " |
| 21 | Principal, to fiddle g..... | 8 " |
| 22 | Rohrflöte, metal..... | 8 " |
| 23 | Flauto Traverso, wood..... | 8 " |
| 24 | Klein Gedackt, wood..... | 8 " |
| 25 | Octave, tin..... | 4 " |
| 26 | Rohrflöte, metal..... | 4 " |
| 27 | Nasat, tin..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 28 | Octave, tin..... | 2 " |
| 29 | Flach-flöte, metal..... | 2 " |
| 30 | Quint, tin..... | 1 1/3 " |
| 31 | Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 32 | Cymbal, 5 ranks, tin..... | 8 " |
| 33 | Chalameau, tin..... | 8 " |
| 34 | Trompete, tin..... | 4 " |

UPPER WORK AND SWELL, ON THE SAME MANUAL. 20 stops.

Upper Work.

| | | |
|----|--------------------------------|----------|
| 35 | Bourdon, wood and metal.... | 16 feet. |
| 36 | Principal, tin..... | 8 " |
| 37 | Quintadena, wood and metal.. | 8 " |
| 38 | Spitz-flöte, metal..... | 8 " |
| 39 | Unda Maris..... | 8 " |
| 40 | Octave, tin..... | 4 " |
| 41 | Spitz-flöte, metal..... | 4 " |
| 42 | Quint, tin..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 43 | Octave, tin..... | 2 " |
| 44 | Rauschpfeif, 2 ranks, tin..... | 2 2/3 " |
| 45 | Cymbal, 5 ranks, tin..... | 1 1/3 " |
| 46 | Echo Cornet, 5 ranks..... | 8 " |
| 47 | Trompete..... | 8 " |
| 48 | Vox humana, tin..... | 8 " |
| 49 | Cremona, to tenor f..... | 8 " |
| 50 | Glockenspiel, to tenor f..... | 8 " |

| | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------|
| <i>Swell.</i> | | |
| 51 Octave | 8 | " |
| 52 Octave | 4 | " |
| 53 Cornet, 5 ranks in the treble, 2 in the bass..... | | |
| 54 Trompete..... | 8 | " |
| PEDAL, 16 stops. | | |
| 55 Principal, tin..... | 32 | " |
| 56 Sub-bass, wood..... | 32 | " tone. |
| 57 Principal, tin..... | 16 | " |
| 58 Sub-bass, open wood..... | 16 | " |
| 59 Sub-bass, stopped wood..... | 16 | " tone. |
| 60 Violine, wood..... | 16 | " |
| 61 Rohr-quint, metal..... | 10 ² / ₃ | " tone. |
| 62 Octave, tin..... | 8 | " |
| 63 Gedackt, tin..... | 8 | " |
| 64 Octave, tin..... | 4 | " |
| 65 Mixture, tin, 10 ranks. | | |
| 66 Posaune, tin..... | 32 | " |
| 67 Posaune, tin..... | 16 | " |
| 68 Fagotto..... | 16 | " |
| 69 Trompete, tin..... | 8 | " |
| 70 Clarino, tin..... | 4 | " |

ACCESSORY STOPS.

- 1 Tremulant to Great Manual.
- 2 Cymbalston.
- 3 Wind to Great Organ.
- 4 Wind to Choir Organ.
- 5 Wind to Upper Work.
- 6 Wind to Pedal Organ.

The case of this magnificent instrument presents a front sixty feet in height, and sixty feet in width. The 32-foot pipe stands in the centre, by itself, in an immense pilaster; the remainder of the 32-foot stop in two great concave compartments, one on each side, and every pipe is supported below by a base, and finished off above with a Corinthian capital, gilded, the pipes themselves forming the shafts, being of their natural bright silvery color. The organ is finely laid out inside, in four stories, to each of which free access is obtained by wide stair-cases with hand-rails. Passage boards occur in abundance, and any pipe in this immense instrument can be got at without disturbing a second one. The diameter of the 32-foot Posaune is 16 inches at the bell, and of the 16-foot Posaune, 10 inches. The CCCC pipe in the middle of the front is made of pure tin, is 35 feet 6 inches in length, weighs upwards of 960 pounds, and is 20 inches in diameter; the body of it was cast in one sheet.

The fine-toned organ in St. Catharine's church at Hamburg is said to be about 400 years old. It is not known by whom it was built. It contains 54 sounding stops, distributed among four manuals and pedals, and like the preceding has a 32-feet front of tin.

The organ in the church of St. Jacobi was built by the Abbé Schnittker, and was completed towards the close of the 17th century. It has 60 sounding stops, four manuals, and a pedal of 14 stops. The name of the builder of this excellent organ is held in great veneration in Germany, where his instruments are as highly prized for their stability as they are justly celebrated for their dignified and impressive tone. The Abbé Schnittker resided at a place about thirty-six English miles distant from Hamburg, in the Hanoverian territories, in a house that has gone by the name of the "Organ-builder's box" or villa, ever since.

The three fine instruments just noticed, says Hopkins, form most interesting objects for examination to an English admirer of the organ; not simply on account of the very distinct character of the tone of each, but because they so closely resemble in quality the organs of three of the most celebrated builders of that country of past times, and thus, therefore, picture to the hearer what the instruments of those builders would have

been, had the art in England been in a more advanced state in their day.* The organ in the church of St. Catharine, which is the oldest of the three, he continues, is strikingly like Harris's in tone; clear, ringing, and dashing in the mixtures. That in the church of St. Jacobi calls to mind the instruments of Father Smith; resonant, solemn and dignified; with somewhat less fire than that at St. Catharine's, but rather more fullness. The organ at St. Michael's, the most recently constructed one of the three, is also the largest in scale; is less powerful than the others, but very musical and pleasing; and, in all respects, calls to mind the excellent instruments of Greene.

Athenæum Gallery.

TWENTY-NINTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND STATUARY.

Two or three hasty visits to the picture-rooms have satisfied us that the collection this year is larger, more various and more interesting than we have had for some years. Besides the old familiar specimens, which are the property of the Athenæum, and which have so often formed the nucleus and sometimes almost the whole of the exhibition, including the ALLSTON works and studies, we have this time many valuable contributions from private collections, and from the recent efforts of a large number of our own native artists.

Of the former class great interest attaches to the contributions from our townsman, Mr. C. C. PERKINS, whose entire collection, it would seem, has been most generously placed here for the public good. It includes not only pieces with which he has thus favored us before, such as the "Dante and Beatrice" of SCHEFFER, but nine very interesting water color copies from RAPHAEL'S Vatican "Stanze" frescoes, made by CONZONI and several of the best young Roman artists under his direction. These of course are pictures to be studied. Also a large number of good copies and originals, of which we have only room now to specify as particularly interesting an *original drawing* by MICHAEL ANGELO, called "The Lost Soul," a face of terrible expression, which suggests ideas of guilty passion ever renewing itself and tormenting itself in its own fire unquenchable.

The specimens from our own artists are uncommonly interesting, although several of the foremost names, as KENSSETT and CHAMPNEY, are but poorly represented, and HICKS and others not at all. This department of the exhibition was placed under the direction of our Boston artists, and only at so late a day that they could only partially effect the arrangements they desired with artists in all parts of the country. As it is, we wonder at the rich results they have realized. Next year, we understand, the whole

* Bernard Schmidt, as the Germans write the name, brought over with him to England from Germany, of which country he was a native, two nephews, Gerard and Bernard, his assistants; and to distinguish him from these, as well as to express the reverence due to his abilities, which placed him at the head of his profession, he was called *Father Smith*.—*Dr. Burney*.

Renatus Harris went from Vienna to England shortly after the arrival of Father Smith in that country, and became his formidable rival.—*Id.*

Samuel Greene was an English builder of great celebrity, who flourished about the middle of the 18th century.—*Ed.*

exhibition will be placed under their charge. It could not be in better hands, as they have already given evidence, both in the selection and arrangement which now prove so satisfactory. We can but recall, almost at random, a few of the paintings that are well worthy the visitor's attention.

Of the landscapes the most brilliant and effective again, the most marvellous in execution, is a scene by CHURCH—one of our autumn forest views, in which the colors are so gorgeous as to seem at first exaggerated; but the more you look into the picture, the more you feel its truth. You can sit long before it, and recall golden October hours, when such excess of light and color seemed as incredible in fact as they do here in picture. In an opposite vein admire three sweet, cool, quiet little beach scenes by W. A. GAY. Most unpretending, truthful and refreshing little bits of nature. You see no paint about them—none of the vanity or mannerism of the artist. We have never seen a beach so naturally represented; with such a level sameness of subject, the artist has contrived to give us the far-sweeping and harmonious perspective, the exquisite blending of shore and sea and sky, the cool sense, the very color of the sand, the very atmosphere. It is at once the poetry and exact truth of sea-shore painting. There are some nice little "Pre-Raphaelite studies," as it is the fashion now to call attempts to copy the details of nature with a scrupulous exactness. Some grasses, leaves and flowers by a meadow brook-side, painted by SHATTUCK, have a microscopic truthfulness, so that you almost smell the fresh grass. He has also a study of rocks. And Mr. STILLMAN, of "The Crayon," a man religiously in earnest with his art, sends a small landscape, which, though cold in color, is singularly true in form and detail. We do not see that there is less poetic spirit in these careful transcripts than in more ideal and free reproductions. In a larger way, the "Bay of Naples," and other landscapes, by G. L. BROWN, a fine sea piece by HUNTINGTON, CROPSY'S Newport scene, &c., &c., deserve notice.

WILLIAM PAGE contributes two admirable specimens of his ripest skill, both full length figures; the one being one of his wonderful copies from TITIAN, the "Bella Donna;" the other original, an Italian peasant girl, which has more sentiment and depth of beauty than appears at once.

WM. HUNT has two capital female portraits, besides those same specimens of his peculiar style, so strong and individual, in spite of a certain affectation of antiquity in their grey, rain-beaten color, which were exhibited last year, viz; the "Fortune-teller" and boy with the hurdy-gurdy. The head of a Capuchin monk, and portrait of a lady and child, by M. WIGHT, a young Boston artist of rare promise, (who painted the portrait of Humboldt, now at Cotton's) do him great credit.

There is a most lovely female head by E. D. E. GREENE, which hangs in a modest corner, so pure and sweet in sentiment, so transparent, sincere and substantial in its flesh color, almost Titian-like, that you are amazed to think what kinds of portraits sell and are famous, while the name of such an artist is scarce known.

ELLIOTT'S portrait of Col. Kinney is admirable. There are fewer positively bad portraits than we remember in any miscellaneous exhibition, while

besides so many noticeable new ones, there are the Washington heads by STUART, and two exquisitely beautiful female heads, the image of each other, on one canvass, by the same. Nor can one pass by the excellent crayon heads by LAWRENCE, of Longfellow, Everett, Tuckerman, and G. H. Calvert. The first and last, especially, are speaking likenesses.

We can but allude to some of the fancy compositions; to ROSSITER's three large voluptuously colored pictures, which hang fitly round about that Autumn scene of Church's. One is called "The Wise and the Foolish Virgin," one is "Venice," and the third "Primitive America." They are among the best of his peculiar vein of fancy, which is all of the rainbow school; his characters all seeming like inhabitants of some gorgeous sunset realm, and not at all of common day-light. "The Fortune Teller," by SANT, a London Art Union Prize picture, is another brilliant effect piece, which cannot fail to catch the fancy of the many. In a quieter way, enjoy the humor, the quaintness, and the honest love of luxury in color and in all things, which mark Mr. HAMILTON WILD's scene from "Don Quixote," and "Spanish Girl reading a letter."

There is much more of interest which we cannot even mention now. But the gallery will continue to invite us, and we may continue to report. The Sculpture room presents but little that is new, except some ancient bas-reliefs from Nineveh.

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Transcriptions of Favorite Melodies. By G. A. OSBORNE. No. 8. "Of what is the old man thinking?" pp. 7. Price 25 cts.

A moderately difficult piano arrangement of a sentimental, commonplace melody. The old man's thoughts, we judge, could not be very interesting. Even the elaborate variation of the song, when repeated, is more exercise to the fingers than edification to the mind.

G. A. OSBORNE's *Beauties of Scottish Melody* No. 1. "Scots wha ha!" No. 6. "Auld Lang Syne." No. 8. "Comin' thro' the Rye." pp. 7 each.

A page or so of introductory fantasia precedes each song, which is then simply played through, and then follows one tame variation. Well enough for practice, and not difficult. But neither variations nor preludes are such as might spring from a fertile musical brain, really quickened by the inspiration of the song.

Le Prophète; Fantaisie de Salon, pour le piano, par TH. OESTEN. pp. 11. Price 50 cts.

Here are reminiscences from Meyerbeer's great showy opera strung together, and varied in the usual fantasia manner; not at all, however, on the broad scale of the Thalbergian and Lisztian operatic fantasias. This one is comparatively literal and easy. The themes introduced are the first strain of the wild, fanatical song of Zacharias: *Aussi nombreux que les étoiles*, which is alternated with the second strain of the Coronation March; then the pastoral andante (tenor), in which Jean of Leyden sings of *Un impero piu soave*, which is given simply and with variation; and then some of the dance music, the *pas des patineurs* (skater's dance), &c.

Grand Coronation March (March du Sacre,) from *Le Prophète*. By MEYERBEER. Arranged for piano, for four hands. pp. 9. Price 40 cts.

A full and effective arrangement of this brilliant and famous march.

Six Songs without Words, arranged for flute and Piano, by WILLIAM FORDE. 25 cts each.

No. 5, the one before us, is the song: *Einsam wandle ich*, by KALLIWODA. The other subjects are to be partly from the same composer and partly from SCHUBERT. They will make pleasant pieces for young flutists and pianists of moderate skill, the melodies having a somewhat choicer flavor than those often used for the same purpose.

Revue Melodique, Collection des petites Fantasias, &c., for four hands. By FERD. BEYER. No. 1. *Don Juan*. pp. 11. Price 50 cts.

Here are dovetailed together into one piece, for four hands, (master and pupil) a succession of favorite themes from Mozart's opera. First a touch of Leporello's opening song; then the duet: *La ci darem*; then the dashing wine song: *Finch' an del vino*; then the minuet; and finally the serenade. The title page promises similar bouquets from *Norma*, *Martha*, *Moise*, *William Tell*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, &c., &c.

Six Morceaux Elegans, for piano, upon favorite German Airs. By FERD. BEYER. No. 1. GUNGEL's March, *Krieger's Lust*, or "Warrior's Joy." pp. 7.

The Melodien: Airs from Popular Songs and Operas, for Flute and Piano, easily arranged by CASP. KUMMER. Book I. pp. 13. Price 60 cts.

Odd title! *Melodien* means melodies; and probably the true English of this German collection of little pieces would be, "Melodies for Flute and Piano." However, judging from this Book I, the parlor flutist and pianist will find here just the melodies of song, dance or opera, which are most apt to please the fancy and haunt the memory of amateurs. It contains the minuet from *Don Juan*; Allegretto, from *Zampa*; Song: "When the May breeze," by Kreipl; the Prayer, from *Freyshütz*; Air from *Pre-ciosa*; "Last Rose of Summer," from Flotow's *Martha*; (!); *Suono La Tromba*, and Polacca: *Son vergine*, from *I Puritani*; "When the swallows homeward fly," by Abt; air from *Le Pre aux clercs*, waltzes, &c.

Twelve Recreations, or popular airs for Piano and Flute or Violin, with embellishments by RAPHAEL DRESSLER. No. 3. "Isabel." pp. 5. Price 25 cents.

Mozart's Songs, "Who treads the path of duty," (*Qui sdegno non s'accende*); Bass Song from "The Magic Flute."

Another number of Ditson's beautiful edition of "The Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart, with the original Italian or English words, and new English version; arranged from the scores of Mozart, &c., &c., by S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc." It is the famous bass song: *In diesen heiligen Hallen*, with which the name of every great German basso has been associated. A more noble, satisfying song for a true *basso profundo* could not be recommended. The arrangement (accompaniment) is excellent. But it would seem more natural to see the voice part printed in the good old bass clef, instead of the G Clef here used. And why not give the original German words, together with the English and Italian?

Suoni la Tromba: the celebrated Liberty Duet, from "I Puritani," by BELLINI. Translated and adapted by THEODORE T. BARKER. pp. 17. Price 75 cts.

More food for big lungs and deep voices. Here we have complete the "Sound the trumpet" duet, with the whole scena, the introductory movements: *Il rival*, &c., which we have heard sung and roared upon the stage so often, and with such *furor*, by our Badialis and Marinis, and all the lusty pairs of baritone and basso. Many a pair of amateurs will welcome it.

MEDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Chapman Hall, June 27, the following officers were elected for the ensuing

year, viz: for President, Merrill N. Boyden;—Vice President, Sidney A. Stetson;—Recording Secretary, William Stutson, Jr.;—Corresponding Secretary, Jerome A. Richardson;—Treasurer, Norman Morton;—Librarian, James A. Shedd;—Directors, William L. Brown, Edward L. Balch, Joseph W. Foster, Ellery C. Daniell and Charles T. Sylvester.

The *Gazette* says "We have had a new notion the past week in the shape of iced operas. This is an improvement, we can assure our readers who were not present, and *Ernani* cooled down and *Lucia* frigidified go very well. In winter it requires two tons of coal to keep the Boston Theatre warm, and Mr. Barry has been experimenting to see how it could be kept cool. By placing a few hundred weight of ice in the ventilators, the atmosphere was reduced 10 degrees, and with 500 weight, it is thought that the house can be rendered the coolest place in Boston."

It is the mission of Counts to marry *prime donne*; at least all the *prime donne* who have visited us have had Counts for husbands. Miss ELIZA OSTINELLI, of Boston, married a Count as soon as she became a *prima donna*; and it is reported that Miss HENSLER, also of Boston, is engaged to a Milanese nobleman, a Count of course. The London papers, in announcing the engagement of Signora ALBONI, speak of her as "now Countess of PEPOLI." The Count Pepoli accompanied Alboni to this country.—*N. Y. Times*.

The *N. Y. Churchman* (May 2) has a letter describing the services of Ascension Day in St. Paul's Church in Albany. In speaking of the music, the following compliment is paid to a most faithful and enthusiastic servant of the good Saint Cecilia:

The music, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE W. WARREN, the excellent organist of St. Paul's, was very well worthy of special note. In this department there has been in this church a vast improvement within a few years. Mr. Warren, and a portion at least of the choir, are communicants, and it has been a great satisfaction to the lovers of true Church Music to witness the zeal and industry with which Mr. W. has devoted his genius and talents—for he possesses both in a more than ordinary degree—to promoting the true worship of God in the Church. In these efforts he finds a most effectual assistant in Mr. Whitney, who, through all the changes of years past, has been identified with every effort to promote true musical taste and skill in this congregation. The choir consists of four adults—Soprano, Mezzo Soprano, Alto, and Bass, and of some twelve boys, to whose instruction he very sedulously devotes himself. At the Service, of which we now speak, the *Venite* and Proper Psalms were given in plain song, antiphonally, and with very good effect. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, with the Psalm tune (Ps. 123,) were of Mr. Warren's composition, and possess a high degree of merit, and show that he is studying in a good school. The responses to the Versicles and *Amens* were given by the choir, and it only needed that the rich and sweet voice of the officiating clergyman should take up the tone to have given us a full choral service. Indeed, to those who know his taste and ability in such matters, it seemed strange how he could help it. The usual parts of the Communion Service were given musically, and altogether the effect was much what it should be, to elevate the sentiments of the worshippers, and to aid their approaches to the majesty of heaven.

The Albany paper, from which we copy this, understands that the success of Mr. Warren in the management of the musical exercises of St. Paul's, has attracted the attention of the ministers of the various churches comprising the Western Diocese, and they have requested him to meet with them at Utica, to consult regarding such measures as will tend to improve their church music.

Music Abroad.

London.

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS. (From the *Times* of June 12.) The last but two of these entertainments took place last night, when Exeter Hall was crowded in every part by an audience whose vehement applause testified that Mme. Goldschmidt's popularity remains as great as ever. Among the other merits of this admirable artist, it must not be forgotten that her concerts have always possessed an

intrinsic musical value; an admirable orchestra, an efficient chorus, and a programme in which classical music has largely preponderated, have been marking features in the Lind concerts. This is, indeed, a most important merit in a singer whose attractions are sufficient to draw crowded audiences, were she to sing only to a piano-forte accompaniment. This sacrifice of a large expenditure in the getting-up of her concerts is sufficient proof that Mme. Goldschmidt has that essential quality in a truly great artist, an abstract reverence for the art itself. The following was the programme of last night's concert:

PART I.

- Overture, "Les deux Journées,".....Cherubini
Cavatina, "Di militari onori," Signor Belletti,
(Jessonda).....Spohr
Air, Mme. Goldschmidt (Armida, Act III. Sc.1) Gluck
Fantasie on Themes from "Don Juan" of Mozart, with Orchestral Accompaniments,
Violoncello, Herr Moritz Ganz (from Berlin),.....M. Ganz
Duo { "Ebbene a te: ferisci," } (Semiramide) Rossini
 "Giorno d'errore," }
 Mme. Goldschmidt and Mme. Pauline Viardot.
Concertstück, for Pianoforte, with Orchestral
Accompaniments,.....C. M. von Weber
Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.
Scena and Aria, "Ah non credea," "Ah non
giunge," (Sonnambula).....Bellini
 Mme. Goldschmidt.

PART II.

- Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, orchestra, and
chorus,.....Beethoven
(Piano-forte, M. Otto Goldschmidt.)
Adagio—Allegro—Adagio—March and Finale,
(Chorus.)
Duet, "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in
Italia),.....Rossini
 Mme. Goldschmidt and Sig. Belletti.
Air, "Prêtres de Baal," (Le Prophète).....Meyerbeer
 Mme. Viardot.
Morning Hymn, Solo and Female Chorus, the
solos by Mme. Goldschmidt and Mme.
Viardot,.....Spontini
Duo Concertante, for violin and violoncello,
without accompaniment, Messrs. Leopold
and Moritz Ganz (from Berlin.)
L. and M. Ganz
Scotch Ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo."
 Mme. Goldschmidt.
Swedish Melody, "The Echo Song."
 Mme. Goldschmidt.
Part-Song,.....Pearsall
Coronation March,.....Meyerbeer

In the vocal selection Mme. Goldschmidt was heard to great advantage, the pieces in which she sang exhibiting the great variety of her style and the wide range of her studies. In the tranquil air from Gluck's *Armide*, the subdued pathos and tenderness of expression were breathed forth with a delicacy of refinement which evinced the possession of the most exquisite taste, while in the duets of Rossini and the scena of Bellini, the greatest difficulties of vocalization and the most elaborate *tours de force* in the cadenzas and interpolated ornaments were executed with a power and brilliancy, and an apparent *abandon*, combined with real self-control, which can only co-exist in the highest order of artist. In each performance Madame Goldschmidt was received with an enthusiasm as great as on any previous occasion. She was admirably supported by Madame Viardot and Signor Belletti, whose thoroughly artistic singing was not thrown into the shade even by the brilliancy of the Lind performance.

Mr. Goldschmidt appeared to more advantage in the choral fantasia than in Weber's concerto, which latter he played with a want of ease and freedom that somewhat marred the impulsive effect which should be given to it; nor was the passage playing always faultless. The choral fantasia would have been an effective performance but for the inefficiency of the chorus sopranos, who were both out of tune and out of time on several occasions. The Messrs. Ganz are skillful players, with great command of the finger-board on their respective instruments, but their music was a mere collection of fiddling passages and reiterations of mechanical difficulties. As at the other concerts, Mr. Benedict was the conductor.

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Mozart's Father.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JAHN.

[Concluded from p 106.]

It is much to be lamented that we are so uninformed about the education and the early life of Leopold Mozart. In Augsburg he was not successful, and his allusions at a later period to the life there are bitter and sarcastic. "As often as I have thought of your journey to Augsburg," he writes to his son, Oct. 18, 1777, "Wieland's Abderites have occurred to me; only one must have occasion to see *in natura* what one takes for pure ideal when he reads about it." We only know that he set about the study of jurisprudence with great perseverance, and that to this end he went to Strasburg; but failing to obtain a situation, he found himself compelled to enter the service of Count Thun, canon in Salzburg, as valet de chambre. But he had always pursued music thoroughly, had mainly earned his support by teaching it, and enjoyed especially a high reputation as a violinist; so that the archbishop Sigismund, in the year 1743, took him into his service as court musician, and afterwards appointed him court composer and leader of the orchestra, and in 1762 vice kapellmeister. * *

Of the compositions of Herr Mozart which have become known in manuscript, the most noteworthy are many contrapuntal and church pieces; farther a large number of Symphonies, partly only *à 4*, and partly for all the usual instruments; also 30 grand Serenatas, in which solos for various instruments are introduced. Besides many Concertos, especially for Flauto traverso, Oboe, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, &c., innumerable trios and divertimenti for different instruments, he has composed also twelve oratorios, a mass of theatrical pieces, and even pan-

tomimes, and especially music for particular occasions, such as a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle do., and fifes, in addition to the usual instruments; a piece of Turkish music; a piece for a steel spring-keyed instrument; and finally a sleigh-ride piece with five strings of sleigh bells; not to speak of marches, *nicht pieces*, so called, and many hundred minuets, opera dances, and such small matters.

* * * * * In his later years he composed but little; circumstances in Salzburg were so unfavorable that he found no occasion to do more than his position required of him; the education of his children claimed his whole time, and after his son had come forward as a composer, he would not in any way compete with him. Nevertheless, he was honorably recognized as a composer in his day. * * * Schubart says of him: "His style is rather old-fashioned, but well grounded and full of contrapuntal insight. His church pieces have more value than his chamber pieces." * * *

But he gained his greatest and widest fame through his "Attempt at a fundamental School for the Violin," which appeared in the year 1756. It was the first and for many years the only work of its kind, and was spread abroad in numerous editions and translations: a proof that in its time it has done good service in the technical formation of the violinists. What makes the book still interesting is the earnest, sterling tone pervading it, and which reveals to us the whole man. Thorough, solid musical culture is what he would give the scholar; he must not only exercise his fingers, but must everywhere be clear about what he has to do and wherefore; "it is such sorry work to keep playing on at random, without knowing what you do" (p. 245); a good violinist must be even versed in rhetoric and poesy, to be able to deliver a piece with understanding (p. 107.) Hence he constantly insists that the scholar must not hasten onward before he is fully master of what he has to learn; he is very particular not to make the thing too easy and convenient to the pupil; let him exert himself and take pains. Thus he writes at the beginning of the exercises (p. 90): "Here are the pieces for practice. The more unpalatable you find them, the more I shall be satisfied; I tried at least to make them so;" that is, to prevent the scholar from falling into a habit of playing them by rote. The same sterling character appears in the direction of his taste. He requires before all an "honest, manly tone" (p. 54); the scholar must from the very outset draw the bow somewhat strongly, "so that by the firm pressing down of the fingers and strong holding on of the bow the organs may be hardened, and

a vigorous and manly stroke may be acquired. For what can be more absurd than when one cannot trust himself to take right hold of his instrument, but scarcely touches the strings with the bow, (which oftentimes is only held with two fingers) and commences such an artificial whispering up to the bridge of the violin, that you hear only here and there a note hissed out, and cannot tell what he would say, since it all seems merely like a dream! Such air-violinists often are so rash that they make no hesitation about playing off the most difficult pieces at first sight. For their whispering, when they do not hit, is not heard; but that is what they call playing agreeably. The greatest silence seems to them very sweet. Must they play loud and strong? then all at once all art is gone" (p. 101.)

A simple and natural *cantabile* is also the highest goal for the violin player; so that one should imitate with the instrument, as much as possible, the art of singing; for this is "the most beautiful in music" (p. 50.) He is severe upon the virtuosos, who "think they bring wonderful things to pass if they give the right frizzle to the notes in an *Adagio cantabile*, and make a couple of dozen notes of one. Such note-stranglers expose their want of judgment in this way, and tremble if they have to hold out a long note or play a couple of notes in singing style, without intermixing their usual absurd and ridiculous trickery" (p. 50.) They are the more severely blamed, because they generally lack the means of knowing where they may introduce their ornaments without committing faults in composition; and on a suitable example he remarks:

"Here those bungling players, who want to twist up all their notes, may see the reason why a rational composer is indignant if the notes are not played simply as they are written." Other faults, too, are severely censured in the virtuosos, such as the incessant *tremolo* of players, "who shake continually on every note, as if they had the unintermittent fever," (p. 238) or "the continual intermixture of the so-called flageolet tone, producing a ridiculous sort of music, entirely contrary, in its inequality of tone, to nature" (p. 107); or the hurrying and dragging of the *tempo* common among "virtuosos of imagination." I add the entire passage here, because it proves how highly Leopold Mozart valued the freedom of the master, while he rejected the wilfulness of the virtuoso.

"Many," he says, (p. 262) "who have no idea of taste, are never willing to observe equal time in the accompaniment in a concerted piece, but strive always to imitate the leading voice. Such are accompanists for bunglers and not for masters. When one has before him an Italian

cantatrice or other such imaginative virtuoso, who never will produce what he has learned by heart in correct time, he really is obliged to drop out whole half bars, to save them from open shame. But when one accompanies a true virtuoso, worthy of the name, then he must not let himself be misled into dragging or hurrying, by that protracting or anticipating of the notes which said virtuoso can employ with great skill and expression; but he must always play on in an equal rate of movement; else what the concertist would build up, the accompanist tears down again. A skilful accompanist must thus be able to criticize a soloist. To a real virtuoso he certainly must not give in; for by so doing he would spoil his *tempo rubato*. But what stolen time is, can be better shown than written. But has one, on the contrary, to do with a virtuoso of imagination? then often one will have to hold an eighth note out through half a measure, till he recovers from his paroxysm; for he plays *recitativo*."

But technical development and cleverness is not with him the end, but only the means of reaching the higher goal. He wants the player to be able to transport himself into the feeling which pervades the piece to be performed, that so he may penetrate the soul of his hearers and excite their feelings. The most essential requisite to this end for the violinist he declares to be the stroke of the bow, which is "now an altogether modest, and now a bold one; now a serious, and now a playful one; now produces a soothing, now a composed and elevated, now a merry melody, and consequently is that medium through the rational use of which we become enabled to excite the passions at first indicated in the hearer. I understand," he adds, "when the composer makes a judicious choice; when he chooses melodies that correspond to each passion, and knows how to indicate the fit delivery." "For there are plenty of half-composers," he says elsewhere, "who do not even know how to indicate a good delivery, or who place the patch beside the hole. Many a half-composer is delighted, and conceives a new idea of his own importance when he hears his musical nonsense performed by good players, who know how to introduce at the right place a feeling which he never dreamed of, to bring in (as far as possible) characters that never occurred to him, and so make the whole miserable botch-work tolerable to the ears of the audience by a good delivery." We see he was a sworn enemy to halfness and to superficiality; thorough-going study in all the technicals and intellectual training to clear, reasonable thinking, are what he requires of artists with uncompromising severity. He grants, indeed, that rare natural talent sometimes redeems deficiency of learning, and that a man with the best natural endowments often has no opportunity to look about him in the sciences (p. 103); but that does not set aside the rule.

* * * These passages show us the views and principles upon which Leopold Mozart proceeded in the musical education of his son; and when to these we add his true insight into the freedom and superiority of a nature full of genius, we must confess that in the young Mozart's case genius was most fortunately met by the most admirable schooling. * * *

His style of writing is clear and sharp; his tendency to sarcasm so prominent that he be-

speaks indulgence for it in his preface. And as in this book, so also in his letters you will recognize a man who has not only acquired a finer culture in his intimacy with the world (and indeed his travels brought him into the most varied intercourse), but who is acquainted with literature, has read intelligently and critically, and who maintains his independent, self-formed convictions with equal clearness and decision on æsthetic as on moral subjects.

With such a culture and such claims, Leopold Mozart must have felt himself somewhat isolated in Salzburg. Towards the court he had to fulfil the duties of his office, and the more scantily he was paid for it, the more care was taken to make him feel, like all place-holders, his dependence. In the noble families which lived in Salzburg, he was for the most part employed as teacher, since his instruction justly was esteemed the best; but no more intimate relation could grow out of this. To ingratiate himself by flattery Mozart was far too proud, feeling that these persons stood below himself in culture, through which alone could any equal intercourse be possible. However much his criticism and his sarcasm might be turned against them in silence, he had enough experience and composure not to risk his situation, to keep himself in favor and respect without loss to self-respect. Even towards his brother artists we find him unsociable. The most of them no doubt were hack musicians, without any higher interests or culture, with whom any special intimacy, intellectual or social, was not possible for him. Even with the most important musicians of Salzburg we find him in no closer intercourse than that involved in their office and the practice of their art. Their want of intelligence beyond the technical part of music, frequently, too, of moral culture, their loose and easy way of living, kept Mozart from them, and in no case does it appear that any ignoble passion influenced his reserve. We find a little circle, mostly of the middling station, with which the Mozart family maintained a social intercourse, which was in part, to be sure, quite lively and friendly, but which on the whole seems to have afforded more entertainment and amusement, and in the humblest way, than it did intellectual stimulus and culture. "The spirit of the Salzburgers," says Schubart (in his *Æsthetik der Tonkunst*) is exceedingly inclined to the low comic. Their popular songs are so droll and burlesque, that one cannot hear them without having his sides shake with laughter. The Jack-pudding peeps out everywhere, and the melodies are generally excellent and wonderfully beautiful." This tendency could not possibly have suited the earnest and critical Leopold Mozart, who was caustic indeed, but not comic.

The Original Score of Mozart's Requiem.

BY E. F. EDLEN VON MOSEL,

Custos of the Imperial Library at Vienna.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

(Concluded from page 106.)

In this state of things there appeared to remain but one course in order to arrive at the truth, viz., to resort to the still surviving widow of the great composer, and put the question to her, whether, according to her knowledge, he did or did not complete the work. Certainly several expressions of hers, which have at different times appeared in print, testified in favor of the latter; but through the recent discoveries this important

fact was newly brought in question, and a decision from the first authority was in the highest degree desirable.

The estimable matron did not leave the question long unanswered; she replied on the 10th of February of this year (1839):

"If this score be complete, then it is not Mozart's, for he did not finish it, and in that case it will be easily seen what Süßmayer has written, because, according to my ideas, it would not be possible for any man to imitate the writing of another to such an extent as not to be detected. So much for this; and now I assure you that no one but Süßmayer completed the *Requiem*, which was not a difficult thing to do, since, as is well known, all the chief points were indicated, and Süßmayer could not go wrong."

Although this reply leaves several minor circumstances unexplained, and rests too much upon generalities to lead to a complete and satisfactory elucidation, it coincides, nevertheless, with the account given by the Abbé Stadler.

"The first piece," he says in his *Defence*, etc., "Requiem," with the fugue, and the second, 'Dies iræ,' until 'Lacrymosa,' are instrumented, for the most part, by Mozart himself, and Süßmayer had no more to do to them than most composers leave to their copyists. Süßmayer's work really commenced at the 'Lacrymosa.' But here, also, Mozart had written the violin parts himself; only from the words 'Judicandus homo reus,' Süßmayer continued them till the end. Just in the same way, in the third piece, 'Domine,' Mozart has himself written the violin parts wherever the voices are silent; and when the voices enter has plainly indicated the form of passages for the instruments. Before the fugue, 'Quam olim,' he has given to the violins two and a half bars to play alone. In the 'Hostias' he has written out the violin parts in the two bars before the voices enter, at the words 'Memoriam facimus,' throughout eleven bars, with his own hand. After the end of the 'Hostias,' there is nothing more seen of his pen than the direction, 'Quam olim da capo.' There is the end of the hand-writing of Mozart in the original MS. But let it not be believed that Süßmayer has introduced anything of his own in the filling-up of the instrumentation. He made himself a score, exactly similar to that of Mozart, commencing from the 'Dies iræ,' (which would be the one under consideration.) Into this he first transferred, note for note, all that the original contained, and then followed the indications of the instrumentation in the most minute manner, without introducing any new feature of his own."

The whole of this explanation is, however, rather a description of Mozart's scores of the "Kyrie" and "Requiem," and of his sketches from the "Dies iræ" until the end of the "Hostias," than a proof that Süßmayer really did what the Abbé ascribes to him, since he did not witness it, and, as has before been mentioned, never spoke with Süßmayer upon the subject, and consequently could only have derived these particulars from a third party.

Some of the cognoscenti, who were invited to the examination of the score, men of recognized authority, persist, however, in the opinion that the whole MS. is in Mozart's hand-writing, notwithstanding the letter of Madame von Nissen, just cited, and the declaration of the Abbé Stadler.

We see, indeed, from the following passage in Stadler's "Defence," etc., how little certainty Madame Mozart herself possessed as to Süßmayer's real share in the work of her husband:

"The widow told me, that after his death, she had found several small leaves of music upon Mozart's desk, which she had given over to Herr Süßmayer. What these papers contained, and what use Süßmayer made of them she did not know."

It can easily be imagined that grief for the early loss of her husband, and the sad position in which she found herself, with two young boys to provide for, left this unfortunate lady neither time nor calmness of mind sufficient in the first weeks after her bereavement to occupy herself with the papers, finished or unfinished, that Mozart left behind him. In what disorder these papers were, and for how long a time they remained so, is shown in another portion of the "Defence," when Stadler relates that the widow Mozart had requested him to put the remains in

order, to which end she offered to send the whole to his house.

"I declined this offer," he continues, "and promised, as often as my time would permit, to visit her, and in the presence of Herr von Nissen, who lived adjoining, to look through all that the great departed had left behind him, to put it in order, and to make a catalogue of the whole. This was done in a short time. I named everything, Herr von Nissen wrote everything down, and the catalogue was soon ready."

I have seen a "solemn declaration," in the handwriting of Herr von Nissen, in which he states that he conducted the affairs of Mozart's widow, afterwards his own wife, "with the most perfect independence;" and that, therefore, the entire responsibility of the management of her business fell upon him. From the same document it appears, however, that he first made the acquaintance of the widow towards the end of the year 1797, and, therefore, as Herr von Nissen assisted at the examination and cataloguing of Mozart's papers, this cannot have taken place, at the earliest, until six years after the composer's death. Who can tell what advantage Süßmayer took of these papers, during the long time they remained unknown, to enable him to complete the *Requiem*, which merit he claims entirely for himself?

The opinion of celebrated musicians as to the extent of his claim, may be gathered from what has been expressed upon the subject. In the criticism on Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of Mozart's *Requiem*, from the pen of one of our first musical judges, Herr Hofrath Rochlitz (in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, volume iv.), the assumptions of Süßmayer's letter, though not flatly contradicted, owing to the well-known delicacy and kindness of the critic, are quoted in such a way that any one may infer how little claim the writer can have felt him to possess to the merit of the work. "That Mozart's setting of the *Requiem*, as Süßmayer says at the commencement of his celebrated letter, is unique, and could not be paralleled by any living composer, is the belief of the writer." And further, "That the whole did not proceed from Mozart's pen, is proved, amongst other things, by the occasionally very faulty instrumental accompaniment." Then the page and bar of several of these places are cited, amongst which examples are the consecutive fifths in the "Sanctus" already mentioned. "That a great part of the instrumentation may be attributable to Herr Süßmayer is very possible," it is said further on, "but the known productions of Herr Süßmayer subject his assumption of an important share in the composition of the *Requiem* to a very stringent criticism." After Herr Rochlitz has illustrated the beauties of each single movement, he comes to the consideration of those which Süßmayer claims to have "originally composed."

"*Sanctus*, etc.—A veritable "Holy," full of lofty simplicity, grandeur, and dignity. What mortal has more powerfully expressed the repose of the Infinite and His immeasurable plenitude than is here done by the C natural doubled in the unison? (p. 130, bar 3)." "*Benedictus*, etc.—On account of the easily appreciable melodies and harmonies prevailing throughout, one of the simplest, most insinuating pieces, not only in the *Requiem*, but in the whole range of music. To signalize particular beauties above the rest, is, on account of the great unity of the whole, the almost unexampled similarity and equality of the single portions, the beautiful and manifold combinations and complications, not to speak of other qualities, impossible; one would quote the whole." "*Agnus Dei* etc.—This chorus, too, contains several individually distinct beauties. The critic would particularly cite the noble, touching, longing expression of the following prayer for eternal rest, which occurs in several different keys."

Here the passage to the words "Dona eis Requiem" is quoted at length.

Would any one believe that after what he has expressed above, with regard to Süßmayer, the critic would consider compositions which he deemed worthy of such praise, to be the work of this author?

Herr A. B. Marx (*Berliner Musikalische Zeitung*, 1825,—pp. 378, 379) expresses himself

still more decidedly on the subject of Süßmayer's assumed additional compositions to the *Requiem*:

"Where is there, throughout the *Requiem*, a movement that contains not some trace of Mozart's creative power? Let us instance the 'Agnus Dei,' a movement that Süßmayer ascribes entirely to himself. Who would accredit him with the figure of the violins, the three phrases 'Dona eis Requiem'? If Mozart did not write these—well!—then he who wrote them is Mozart."

As regards the repetition at the end of the first movement and of the fugue, the opinion of Hofrath Rochlitz is elsewhere expressed in such a manner as to give no countenance to the supposition that Süßmayer's idea of giving thereby greater uniformity or unity to the work emanated from himself.

"At the repetition of the 'Requiem,' it is usual and quite in keeping, and was, moreover, most probably a part of Mozart's design to resume the first 'Requiem' abbreviated and with some slight modifications; and thus, if the recapitulation after this manner is not by himself, it is as he would have written it."

Thus the Abbé Stadler, who was intimately acquainted with nearly every work of Mozart, who was so imbued with the style and spirit of the master that three unfinished posthumous compositions by him (a brilliant minuet for pianoforte, a grand Kyrie, and a smaller *Fantasia* for pianoforte in C minor) were such that the most sharp-sighted connoisseur could not guess them to be anything but works of Mozart; how this man, I say, could receive the assertions of Süßmayer's often-mentioned letter with trusting belief it is difficult to conceive. Certainly I must confess I have myself been led away by this widely circulated belief, always, however, with the reservation that Süßmayer had formed the three movements that he claims upon motives that he discovered among Mozart's MSS. But my knowledge of Mozart's genius, boundless as my veneration for it is, was far inferior to that which my departed friend Stadler was proved to have possessed.

Besides the above-mentioned reasons against Süßmayer's claims to Mozart's *Requiem*, the following passage of a letter from the *Elts värlin von Nissen* to the Abbé Stadler of the 31st May, 1827, will be of great weight.

"When he (Mozart) felt weak, Süßmayer often had to sing through what was written with him and myself, and thus he received formal instructions from Mozart. I still hear Mozart saying, as he often did, to Süßmayer, 'Ah, there stands the ox at the mountain again,—you are far from understanding that.' And then he would take the pen and write, what were, probably, the leading points."

And yet it is possible that Süßmayer should have completed this masterwork as we have known it for these forty years and as it stands in the MS. before us, that he should have created three of the chief pieces, and that the best *cognoscenti*—in spite of the belief of the majority that they were his—recognized them as Mozart's work.

However this may be, the score, acquired by the Imperial Court library, the only existing original score, is the same, from written copies of which the different printed editions have been taken; the same which after Mozart's death was delivered to the party who gave the commission for the work.

That this party was the Count Walsegg, is now generally known; that the score was consigned to him as not only Mozart's own work, but as his own handwriting seems beyond a doubt; since, although he gave the commission with the understanding that he should retain the exclusive possession of the work, he took no steps to prevent or complain of its public performances here and in Leipzig in the year 1792 for the benefit of the composer's widow; but upon the report being spread that it was not entirely Mozart's own, and that it was about to be published, he commenced an action, through his advocate, D. Sootschan, an esteemed lawyer of this city. In consequence of this the conference took place between this gentleman, Herr von Nissen, and, at the widow's request, the Abbé Stadler; which he mentions several times in his writings and in the appendix

to W. A. Mozart's biography by Nissen, page 170, in a note.

It is singular that Süßmayer, whose death did not take place until the year 1803, was not invited on this occasion, for he surely ought to have been able to give the most reliable testimony, of any one living, upon the subject. The strange whim of Count Walsegg, to bring forward the *Requiem* as his own work, proved by the copies upon the title-page, of which this is stated, scarcely lessens the merit of the gentle intention to commemorate by this work the obsequies of his departed wife, but it entirely explains why the original score was so long kept secret.

The contentions as to the genuineness of the *Requiem* had either not reached as far as to the quiet rural retreat of the Count, upon his seat, *Stuppach*, or else he had no inclination to take a part in it.

Thus the MS. in question remained hidden from every eye until, in the year 1828, the Count Walsegg followed his beloved consort into a better world, whose death, thirty-seven years before, had called this *chef-d'œuvre* into existence.

After his decease, the MS., together with other music, passed into the hands of an amateur, who prized it too dearly to relinquish it, until at last it came by lawful inheritance into the possession of the gentleman from whom the Imperial Library has received it.

This library, therefore, possesses the original autograph score of the movements "Requiem" and "Kyrie" (leaf 1 till 10.), as well as the original sketches of the "Dies iræ" until the "Hostias" inclusive (leaf 11 till 45). *All in fact that exists of the dying strain of Mozart in his handwriting; what remains, if not from his pen, came, surely, by every principle of art, from his brain.*

The whole has found a worthy resting-place in the magnificent sanctuary of sciences and arts where it now remains. Charles VI., not only a connoisseur and patron, but himself a master in that art, of which this work is the most exquisite production, looks down upon it from the centre of this temple of the muses, which himself erected. There it shines for all time as the highest example of its kind, an object of admiration to artists, and of study to such disciples of the art as do not hold the quickly fleeting praises of a vain and capricious public to be a compensation for the approval of the few and the honorable appreciation of a grateful posterity!

[From the American Museum, published by M. Cary at Philadelphia, January, 1788.]

On Musical Pretenders.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Timotheus, with his breathing flute or sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire."

SIR—I was led the other day by a friend to a concert of music, in expectation of being enraptured, as he was pleased to call it, by the performance of many excellent masters. I am indeed a lover of music, but unhappily no connoisseur; I imagined I should be entertained with some of the works of Corelli, Handel, Geminiani, or the like; but alas, sir, after a good old overture, which I thought tolerably well performed, when my expectations were raised very high, up starts Signor Sombodini (a name Italianized, which I do not remember) to play a solo on the violoncello, which used to be known by the name of a bass-fiddle not half a century ago. He had indeed one part of Timotheus's skill; he did not a little enrage many besides me by producing some of his own composition, which, after Handel's, was nearly similar to a low farce after a fine tragedy; his performance, which a fat gentleman, who sat next to me, told me I should call his *execution*, was very good; but I never knew, till some of the connoisseurs informed me, that music was only intended for vile scrapers to make minced meat of, to show—what? why, truly, their *execution*! I had almost said, would they were all *executed*, connoisseurs and all. In the name of wonder, have we not solos of Corelli, Geminiani, and many other great masters, that every fiddler must be perking his

own wretched compositions in our face? A gentleman was observing, that on all bass instruments the movements ought to be slow and solemn, and that they never were intended for jigs, &c., to which a personage of a very formal aspect made answer, in a kind of German English: "Sir, you know very little about the matter. That might be the case in Corelli's time, but now we have learned better things. In his time it was thought wonderful if a performer on the violin could reach E in alt, (I think that was the expression) but now we make nothing of going up close to the bridge." I did not doubt but the person must be a very great performer, who knew so much better than Corelli, and being told that he was immediately to give a specimen, I was all expectation, when behold! Mynheer mounted the rostrum, or what else you please to call it; and indeed, he did get up to the bridge, as he had promised, but (would you believe it?) he could not find the way down again, till during a great applause, raised by some of his admirers, he wisely threw himself down headlong; and upon my word I wished he had broken his neck—I mean musically, not mischievously—for he only intended to show his own execution.

I always understood, till lately, that music, I mean composition, was a very difficult affair; but was greatly surprised to find that every spark that has just learned the gamut on the fiddle or German flute, composes his own solos, trios, &c., &c., with the greatest facility, and, I do not doubt, can get up to the bridge much better than Corelli ever could, and come down again, like Mynheer, in a masterly manner.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY PHRAM.

Philadelphia, May 6, 1787.

LIFE MUSIC.

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

A band of Minstrels, separated
Far from their childhood's sunny land,
Before a vast assemblage, waited
The waving of the master's hand,
To bring forth harmony entrancing,
From strings diverse, with magic skill:
Meanwhile the fingers, o'er them glancing,
Evolved discordant notes at will.

For every hand was idly trying
The strength and tone of many a string;
And one breathed forth a mournful sighing,
And one a sharp, sonorous ring:
A sweeter strain ascended,—
A clear and perfect chord, alone;
Then harsher notes again were blended
In strange and inharmonious tone.

And thus was wafted unto me
This thought of Life's mysterious things,—
How undeveloped harmony
Lies hidden in the mystic strings.
Perchance sweet notes sometimes arise,
Distinct, 'midst a discordant whole;
For, in each instrument, there lies
The music of a perfect soul;—

But for the Master's sign delaying,—
The key-note known to none but he,—
When each, his own part thenceforth playing,
Shall wake celestial melody.
Then, Soul! thy magic lyre inwreathing
With heavenly graces, wait thou still,—
The strain of sweet submission breathing
To the beloved Master's will,—

Until the prelude here is ended,—
The counter-notes of hope and strife,—
And thou, by angel-bands attended,
Shalt enter on the higher life:
Mystery and discord there subsiding,
Infinite harmony shall rise,
And, in thy Father's house abiding,
"Praise" be the chorus of the skies.

H. W.

"The Greatest Singer in the World."

(From the London Musical World, June 14.)

The first of the three "Farewell Concerts" has been given. The next will take place shortly, and a few days onward the last. Those who are not fortunate enough to hear JENNY LIND on Monday, June 30th, 1856, will never enjoy the chance again—at least in England. On that day the greatest singer in the world will take leave forever of that public which has best understood, and most munificently rewarded her.

The greatest singer in the world!—Yes—the greatest singer in the world is JENNY LIND. We say so after mature consideration, based upon an experience of twelve years. A strict analysis of her qualifications, mental and physical, would probably lead to the disclosure of more faults and more beauties than could be detected in any other great artist. But we are not going to attempt any such thing. It is too late.

The voice of Jenny Lind is defective. None can deny that fact; and yet it is by far the richest and loveliest of sopranos. All the middle and lower notes are veiled; and these registers evince rather stubbornness than flexibility. But, as the singer warms into exertion, struggles with impediments, and vanquishes them, the voice issues forth like a conqueror in arms—or pierces brightly through the veil as the sun through a cloud. Jenny Lind's efforts to master her rebellious organ, remind us of a simile applied by Halifax to the search after hidden scientific truths, in which he compares the sensation created in the seeker to what must be felt by a man in the act of wrestling with a beautiful woman. One thing is certain. Jenny Lind cannot force her voice so as to render any of its tones harsh, or otherwise disagreeable. The more she demands of it the more it yields—as though its wealth was inexhaustible.* Thus, while she sings, the pleasure of the listener always increases—until towards the end of a long concert or opera, when the veil is thrown aside, and the voice becomes wholly free, it may be likened to broad noon-day on the hills; the mists have vanished, and the sun rides bare and fierce, with not a vapor to impede him. Grant, then, that the voice of Jenny Lind is defective. We maintain that the exquisite gratification, derived on the one hand by herself, in battling against its defects, and on the other unconsciously communicated to her audience, belongs to that catalogue of indefinable idiosyncracies which make up the sum total of a charm possessed by no other singer in existence.

But let us not stop, at the moment of parting, to dwell upon "points," or pry into secrets that are after all to be classed among the inscrutable ways through which nature so frequently manifests herself. Jenny Lind is nobly, though eccentrically endowed; but the causes of the spell she exercises, *physically*, on her hearers, escape definition. As an artist, with many faults, she combines a larger number of excellencies than any of her contemporaries. She has had greater difficulties to surmount than the majority; but with indomitable perseverance, and a soul emphatically musical, she has risen from the ordeal, triumphant.

Our object just now, however, is not to entertain a discussion about the acquired talent or natural gifts of Jenny Lind, but to impress upon the consideration of the intelligent among our readers (the majority of course) that if they wish to hear the greatest singer in the world once again, it must be now or never. We are well aware that the cant, with a certain restrained and narrow-minded class, has been to regard Jenny Lind as a delusion and her artistic and social life as a sham; but never was there a greater delusion or a greater sham than this very cant of the restrained and narrow-minded class. Nine-tenths of us know better. We are able to recognize the legitimacy of the Lind influence in the consistency of its duration, and the unanswerable logic of its origin. We who are musicians enough to appreciate the transcendent musical excellence of the songstress—who remember the words of Mendelssohn,† the foremost authority of the last thirty

* Mario has also something of this quality.

† "The greatest singer I know, in every style, is Jenny Lind."

years—and prefer judging for ourselves to letting others judge for us, can afford to smile at the sophism of coteries. Truth is great and will prevail. Jenny Lind is an example of it. A rare genius, consummate artist, and noble heart, through the agency of a series of fortuitous circumstances, has been enabled to perform its mission fully—a mission from above—a mission to delight by the exhibition of a beautiful art, and console by the administration of that sympathy which human beings owe to each other.

In what has Jenny Lind failed that, in regard of the riches with which God endowed her, she was bound to do? In *nothing*. We can recall no single instance of a person remarkably endowed, and high in station, deriving more honor from her endowments, yet living more unostentatiously in her station. Jenny Lind might have been a *millionaire*, but she despised it. She preferred to do a million good deeds rather than hoard a million in gold. Some will cry out, "This was all for notoriety—for a name." Very well. Be ye, scoffers, as anxious to obtain a good name as Jenny Lind; and, perhaps, one day you may be found worthy to touch the hem of her garment. For our own parts we can in no wise be persuaded to regard her as an ordinary creature, but believe her to be truly inspired—and that belief is strengthened by the simplicity of her manners and the utter guilelessness of her heart. Had she lived in the early ages of the Christian era, she would have been canonized, St. Jenny, by the whole world, as she is already, at this period, and devoutly, by a few. That she is determined to take leave of us soon is matter for regret; but depend upon it she has good reason for the conclusion at which she arrives—and that when she says "good bye," she means it.

Johanna Wagner.

(From the London News, June 16.)

The curiosity of the musical public as to the far-famed Johanna Wagner has at length been gratified. She made her debut in England on Saturday evening in the character of Romeo, in the *Capuletti ed i Montecchi* of Bellini.

Mlle. Wagner is younger than might have been supposed from the length of time that her name has been known to the world. That is owing to the precocity of her genius and the early age at which she appeared before the public. She is now in her twenty-fifth year, having been born in 1831. She is a native of Hanover. Her father, an eminent tenor singer, was well qualified to give her a good vocal education; but she was an actress before she became a singer; and to this day her greatest strength lies in the dramatic branch of her art. By the time she was fifteen, she had distinguished herself in many important parts in tragedy and serious comedy, but in the meantime her musical education was not neglected. Her voice being a contralto, her first part in opera was the Page in the *Huguenots*; and her success in this and some other parts gradually brought her entirely upon the lyrical stage. Ten years ago she was at Paris pursuing her studies under Manuel Garcia, the celebrated instructor now resident among us, who has contributed to form many of the most distinguished singers of the day, Jenny Lind included. After her return to Germany she took, alternately with Madame Schröder Devrient, the principal parts in serious opera; and now, holding a life-engagement at the Royal Opera of Berlin, she is the acknowledged chief of the German musical drama, unapproached by any one save the Dresden prima donna, Jenny Ney, whose great powers have never been properly brought before the English public.

Johanna Wagner's voice is properly a contralto, but, like Malibran, Viardot, Alboni, and other celebrated singers, she has extended it far beyond its natural compass, and performs many parts which are entirely soprano. In a merely musical point of view this would be a disadvantage, for a voice cannot be thus artificially stretched beyond its natural pitch without some injury to its quality; but some voices are so extensive by nature, that the process is comparatively harmless; and more—

over, if a contralto singer were to keep within the limits of her voice, her dramatic range would be sadly circumscribed, and as an actress she would lose the brightest triumphs of her genius. The music of *Romeo*, in which Mlle. Wagner has now been heard, is entirely suited to her organ; it remains to be learned how she sings such parts as *Valentine* or *Norma*.

Bellini's opera, *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, is one of several Italian pieces on the same subject. There is old Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*; there is Vaccai's opera with the same title; and there is this of Bellini. It is one of his early and immature works, not comparable for a moment to the riper fruits of his genius, *Norma*, the *Son-nambula*, or the *Puritani*. It bears, however, a strong family likeness of the stripling to the full grown man. The melodies have the same simplicity and sweetness, with Bellini's characteristic tinge of melancholy; but they seem to be, as it were, in embryo—the themes are left in their rudimental state without the expansion and development which, in *Norma*, and the *Puritani*, we find given to *motivi* of a similar kind. The consequence is that the airs sound trite and familiar, like things we have heard before; and their expression is so vague that their dramatic character rests entirely with the singer. Hence this opera has owed its success (such as it has been) to its subject and not to its music, which has been deemed so weak that it has generally been patched up with music by other composers. The most common practice has been to throw aside the last act and take Vaccai's instead; nay, sometimes a sort of pasticcio has been concocted out of the three operas of Bellini, Vaccai, and Zingarelli. Mlle. Wagner, however, is right in taking Bellini's music only, and in giving it entire. However weak it may be, it has a consistency of style, and unity of design, which can never be found in a piece of patchwork. As to the subject, it is of course the story of *Romeo and Juliet*; but whether taken from Shakespeare or from the old Italian tale to which Shakespeare had recourse, seems doubtful. Signor Romani, the Italian dramatist, may be supposed to have read Shakespeare; but his opera might have been written though our English *Romeo and Juliet* had never existed. The story is told in all its original meagreness. The lovers are scions of hostile houses; Giulietta's family wish to force her into marriage with Tebaldo, a kinsman. To save her from this sacrifice, Lorenzo, the family physician, gives her a potion to produce apparent death, intending to communicate the device to Romeo, in order that he may rescue her from the tomb. Romeo, uninformed of this contrivance, hears of Giulietta's death; he breaks open her tomb in the night, and, after weeping over her cold remains, takes poison. Giulietta awakes, and their reunion is a moment of rapture, followed by despair and agony. Romeo expires, and Giulietta falls dead upon his body.

Johanna Wagner appeared near the beginning of the piece, in the scene where Romeo, presenting himself to the Capulets as an envoy from the Montecchi, proposes that the houses shall bury in oblivion their ancient feud, and cement the union by the nuptials of Romeo and Giulietta, a proposal which is disdainfully rejected. Mlle. Wagner's entrance was very striking. Her tall, graceful figure, frank countenance, and chivalrous air, made an instant impression. She was received with long-continued applause, and it was some time before she could open her mouth. A brief dialogue in recitative showed her beautiful declamation, and introduced the air, "Si Romeo t'uccise un figlio," a plain simple melody, into which she threw the utmost earnestness of expression, displaying the richness of her deep contralto notes. The subsequent air, "La tremenda ultrice spada," in which Romeo retorts the haughty defiance with which he is met, was delivered with immense fire and vocal power, a high B natural being uttered in a tone which rang through the theatre and produced a burst of admiration, and the fair singer, after leaving the stage, was recalled with acclamations. In the following scene between the lovers, where Romeo, introduced to his mistress's apartment by the friendly doctor, tries in vain

to persuade her to fly with him, there is a pretty duet, "Miglior patria," into which Mlle. Wagner threw the most impassioned tenderness, well responded to by Mlle. Jenny Baur, who throughout the whole piece was a pleasing and interesting Giulietta.

In the second act there is little that is remarkable, or that displays very strikingly the powers of the performers. The finale, however, is worthy of notice. The scene in which the lovers are surprised by old Capulet and his followers, and forcibly separated, is worked into a concerted piece, written with considerable energy and dramatic effect. This, indeed, is the best music in the opera.

There is a powerful scene in the third act between Romeo and Tebaldo. Tebaldo assails his rival with threats and invectives; and Romeo, after restraining himself for a while, is at length exasperated and retorts with equal violence. The burst of passion with which Romeo exclaimed—

Vieni; io ti sprezzo, e sfido
Teco i seguaci tuoi,

electrified the audience. In the midst of their wrath the sound of melancholy music is heard, and Giulietta's funeral procession passes over the stage. They thus, for the first time, learn that she is dead, and their fury is changed to woe. This is a fine dramatic situation, though not in Shakespeare. Nothing could be more beautiful than Mlle. Wagner's acting and singing in this scene. The exclamation, "Ella è morta!" seemed the cry of a broken heart.

But the strength of the piece is concentrated in the fourth act. The feeble music is quite inadequate to the situation, but the strength lies in the situation itself, and in the powers of the principal performer. The scene is the cemetery of the Capulets. Romeo comes to visit the tomb of his beloved; but instead of coming in secrecy and silence, he absurdly comes at the head of a crowd of followers, who begin by singing a loud, unmeaning chorus, and then break open the tomb, leaving him alone with the dead. From this time to the end Mlle. Wagner's acting was beautiful beyond description, and its pathos was resistless. In the air, "Deh, tu bell' anima," insipid as the melody is, every tone, every accent, seemed steeped in tears. How we longed for Zingarelli's beautiful air, which Pasta used to sing so divinely. Giulietta, awaking, faintly utters, "Romeo, Romeo!" He listens without surprise, thinking that her voice calls him to join her in the tomb; but when he sees her rise, the cry, "Cielo! chi vegg' io?" is a thing never to be forgotten. There was not a person in the house, we firmly believe, who was not heartstruck by the sound.

Mlle. Wagner's whole performance has inspired us with unbounded admiration of her powers as a tragedian. Were she to act Shakespeare's own Romeo, with all its rich and beautiful details, instead of the meagre outline of the Italian librettomaker—were she to give us the romantic love at first sight, the passionate fervor of the moonlight wooing under the balcony, the scene with the apothecary, and the thousand touches of truth and nature which our poet has thrown in, what a picture could she not give of the enamored Italian boy—what an effect could she not impart to the saddest tale of true love that ever was told! Were she to "throw music to the dogs," and be, in her own tongue, the Romeo of Shakespeare, she would be, in her own country, such a Romeo as the English stage has never possessed. There is some music which may exalt and intensify the language of passion; but if Mlle. Wagner reaches the heart and stirs the inmost affections, it is in spite of, and not by the help of, the unmeaning sing-song of Bellini.

That Mlle. Wagner is a great singer is as certain as that she is a great actress, but we doubt if she is equally faultless. On this head, however, we do not as yet feel quite prepared to speak. Her contralto voice we think is the most powerful we have ever heard. It is almost masculine, sometimes, in its strength, and when she makes a close on some profound key-note, she aggravates it till it becomes almost harsh; but she does this, we suppose, because, like her attire and her manner, it is the assumption of a masculine part. In

her mode of vocalizing we desiderate something of the smoothness and finish of the Italian school. But she is a German singer; and to be fairly judged, must be heard in the music of Mozart, of Weber, of Beethoven, and of Meyerbeer.

GRÉTRY'S "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION."—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes, under date of May 30th: The Opera Comique has given us the masterpiece of its theatre, Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, arranged by poor Adolphe Adam. You know that this opera (which was first produced in 1784, in the presence of Marie Antoinette and her court,) suffered a good deal from political passion during the revolution, and the career of Napoleon, and the earlier years of Louis Philippe's reign. The famous air, *O, Richard! O, mon Roi!* seemed to parties a touching lament for the exiled Bourbons, and the governments of the day forbade it the stage. The "book" is by no other than Sedaine, who took it from a forgotten novel, then in the height of sale and success, and which he first offered to Monsigny, with whom he had just obtained the triumph which crowned "Le Deserteur." Monsigny rejected it, and suggested Grétry as likely to do something with it. Grétry took it with delight, and working on it day and night, completed it in three months. I should note that the names of all the actors who appeared in the piece at its first performance are forgotten, except that of the person who created the part of *Laurette*—the celebrated Dugazon.

When political passions had abated something of their fury, and the throne of Louis Philippe appeared to be consolidated, M. Crosnier, then the manager of the Opera Comique, determined to bring out Grétry's masterpiece. At the first rehearsal it became evident that the piece could not obtain success with a public accustomed to the affluence of the orchestration Rossini and M. Auber throw into their scores. M. Girard, the leader of the orchestra, knew that Adolphe Adam had arranged the piece to suit modern science, and he suggested that this score should be adopted. The success of the rehearsals created an excitement, and Louis Philippe commanded that the piece should first be played at Fontainebleau, where the court were then staying. The piece succeeded even beyond anticipation, especially after the famous duo of the second act, *Une fièvre brûlante*, to which Adam had added a *tremolo*, which is indeed the pivot of the work, as is evident from the fact that Grétry employs this thema no less than nine times in the course of the opera. Grétry tells us in his memoirs that he hunted for this thema from 11 o'clock at night until 4 in the morning. "I recollect," says he, "I rung to order me some fire. 'I don't wonder at your being cold,' said the servant, 'you have been sitting so long doing nothing.'" He had been "doing nothing" but compose an immortal work! The success of the work at the Opera Comique is very great; the first night's receipts were given to Mme. Adam.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 12, 1856.

THE GREAT ORGAN ONCE MORE.—The controversy, of which we commenced copying what seemed essential, has yielded several more newspaper articles, but no addition to the argument (that we could see) on either side. And as we do not wish to multiply words unless we can at the same time multiply thoughts and materials for judgment, we copy no more now. But we are happy to present the following communication from one of our own organists, whose initials will be recognized, and whose opinion carries weight. It proves that *one*, at least, of the authorities so confidently cited by "Moderato" as in favor of

domestic manufacture in the matter of an organ for the Music Hall, is wholly of the other way of thinking. Our correspondent's criticism of the largest organs already made by American builders, so fair and kindly in its spirit, is much to the point. We may remark also, since the work of Hopkins has been so much appealed to as an authority upon this subject, that the writer of the following during several years residence in England, enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Hopkins, and may be supposed to represent his views upon the general subject.

An old friend of music in our city sends us a plea in behalf of an entire departure from the old ways in the construction of an organ for the Music Hall. He suggests the adoption of the *no temperament*, or mathematically *perfect tune* principle of the so-called "Euharmonic Organ" of Messrs. Alley & Poole, of which a small, but certainly in many respects most satisfactory specimen has stood for some years in the church in Indiana Place. As a scientific demonstration of the principles of harmony and of the musical scale, we have from the first thought it absolutely perfect and one of the most interesting inventions of modern times. What is *not* yet demonstrated to the satisfaction of musicians is its availability for complicated music, which abounds in rapid modulation and in ambiguous chords, which it costs more than a moment's thought to tell whether to refer to one key or another (each key having its distinctive gamut of pipes, commanded by a pedal, in this organ.) But we should surely much delight to have this beautiful experiment (or triumph, shall we call it?) occupy a portion of the proposed great organ work, say constitute a chapel embraced under the wing of the great cathedral, separable in its action from the rest. But it was not our purpose to discuss this question now, and we will not withhold the good word of our correspondent any longer.

MR. EDITOR,—During the past month, a great deal has been written and said concerning the large Organ, which it is proposed to have built for our Music Hall; and as usual in matters of this kind, great diversity of opinion has been displayed among our Organ-builders, Organists and others, as to the relative merits and excellence of European and American builders. But we are all doubtless agreed upon one point, which is, that we desire to procure, from the best, and most reliable source, an organ that shall be in all respects the most complete and perfect, that human skill can devise or that money will buy; and if there is the least doubt or question as to the ability of our own builders to construct an instrument, which we desire shall rival the most famous European specimens, ought we not without a moment's hesitation to entrust the contract to some one of the most renowned European builders, whose reputation is known and established, and where the chances of failure are next to impossible?

We know that the most prominent among the modern Organ builders of Europe have already produced many grand specimens of their art, proving conclusively that they possess a much greater degree of experience and knowledge on the subject, than we have had either time or opportunity to acquire. The famous Organs constructed by Hill and Willis of London, Walcker and Müller of Germany, and Ducroquet and Cavallé of Paris, prove this beyond all question; and we also know that these builders have had opportunity to hear and examine the world-renowned productions of those older and (for the time) more celebrated artists, such as Snetzler, Father Smith, Silbermann, Hildebrand and Müller,

Sen. Surely one cannot claim such advantages as these for our builders; therefore how is it possible for us to suppose that we can equal, much less surpass them? That our own builders, such men as the Hooks and Simmons & Fisher, can build large and effective Organs, will not be questioned by those competent to judge in such matters, and we may say further, that in *some* respects their work is decidedly *superior* to that of many of the first class organ builders in Europe; but, in *many* of the very important features belonging to a very large organ they have had literally *no* experience; and therefore if the contract should be entrusted to one of them, whatever his skill might accomplish would, after all, be but the result of a *first experiment*, and possibly, might end in a partial failure. Clearly then our most prudent course is to run no risks from *first experiment*, or from possible failure; but on the contrary, we should seek in this undertaking, for all the experience, skill and knowledge that the old world can give us; and by adopting this course we shall without question, procure for our Music Hall an Organ that shall know no rival among modern instruments, and be recognized by competent judges as the only real standard of highest excellence in this art, that we have ever possessed in this country.

There are doubtless many persons among us who have sufficient confidence in our own builders to believe, that they are fully capable of constructing in a faithful and able manner such an Organ as we require for our Music Hall; that is, a perfect instrument, of the largest class and capacity, and which would in all respects compare favorably with the most famous European instruments. But before we express any opinion upon the matter let us see what our success *has been* in the manufacture of these first class instruments. Two of our largest organs (in regard to compass and power) are those in Trinity Church, New York, and in the Tremont Temple, Boston; the former built by Erben, and the latter by the Hooks. Taken as a whole, these instruments may be considered as highly successful specimens of American workmanship; yet they have their defects, and are by no means perfect instruments of their class; neither would they compare favorably with Organs of the same size in Europe.

The Organ in Trinity Church, New York, owes its great efficiency, and many if not all of its most striking features, chiefly to the skill and knowledge of Dr. Hodges, the accomplished and learned musician who designed it, and prepared the specification, but who is not in any way responsible for the faults we are about to mention. This instrument, notwithstanding its extreme effectiveness while under the masterly management of Dr. Hodges, must still be considered (at least in some respects) as the unsuccessful result of a first experiment; and this partial failure must be ascribed solely to the lack of the requisite knowledge and experience, absolutely necessary for the faithful and proper construction of so large an organ. We will now instance two of the prominent defects in this instrument, in evidence of what we call a partial failure. Neither of the two open diapasons on the great manual (both of 16 ft. compass) has sufficient body and volume of tone for so large an organ, and therefore they cannot furnish a proper degree of foundation for the chorus stops belonging to that manual. Again the scales and voicing in these two registers are so nearly alike, that whether drawn singly or together, the increase or diminution of sound is hardly perceptible, and when used in connection with the mixtures and reeds, their presence is scarcely recognized at all. The Pedal organ shows another serious defect which we must notice. It contains a 32 feet open diapason, of a large scale and of good quality of tone from the FFFF upwards; but the four or five lower notes in the scale, which may be considered the most important in the whole range, (where we have a 16

ft. Manual) are nearly silent, and have never, we believe, produced anything approaching to their proper tone, even when coupled with their octaves; and this defect must again be ascribed simply to a want of knowledge as to the right method of producing the true tone from pipes of this large calibre. Whenever the full organ is used, the light, thin quality of the two diapasons in the Great Manual is most apparent; we hear the deep and pervading tone of the pedal pipes at one end of the organ, and the shrill and screaming quality of the mixtures at the other, but no lusty and strong doubles or unisons to fill up the gap; consequently the result is, a top and bottom effect, highly unsatisfactory to the ear, and which must be considered as a serious and radical defect in the construction of this instrument.

The large organ in the Tremont Temple, built by the Hooks, is without doubt the most successful experiment of the kind ever attempted in this country. The mechanical portion of the instrument is not only constructed with marked ability, but in some respects is greatly *superior* to the best work of the European builders. It has also other good qualities which belong to a first-class organ; yet we cannot say with truth that it compares favorably, in many important features, with instruments of the same size and general character abroad. We will now mention two of its prominent defects. All the speaking stops on the four manuals are voiced on too light a wind for an organ designed to fill a hall of such capacity as the Tremont Temple; and moreover, it is quite apparent that the pipes are not voiced up to the extent of their scales. The diapasons, especially those belonging to the great manual, are of too light a volume and too reedy in their character for so large an organ, and they are sensibly deficient in that round, bold and lusty character which distinguishes this stop in the best English and German instruments. Another defect in this organ is the want of sufficient wind. There are but three bellows, one supplying the Great, Choir, and Swell Organs, one the Pedal organ, and the smallest of the three the Solo Organ. A fourth bellows of the same dimensions and capacity as the two largest, (12 feet by 6) is absolutely required, to give the proper force and steadiness of tone expected from an organ of such pretension and capacity.

Let us see what Hopkins says on this subject: "The bellows should be made of such dimensions that they will easily yield, and continue to give an abundant supply of wind, when all the manuals are coupled together, with every stop drawn, and the fullest chords are played on the manuals and pedal. The first thing that Sebastian Bach used to do, when requested to examine an organ was, to draw out all the stops and play on the full organ. He used to say he must first know whether the instrument had good lungs." If we apply Hopkins' test to the organ in Tremont Temple, or to that in St. Paul's Church, we shall find more or less unsteadiness of tone perceptible at the very moment the bellows feeders commence and complete their work, besides considerable noise in the blowing action, both of which are serious defects, and ought to have been avoided in organs of such pretensions.

We now desire to call especial attention to an organ which Messrs. Simmons & Fisher are building for a church in Charleston, South Carolina; and we do this simply for the purpose of comparing the capacity of wind possessed by this instrument with that of its gigantic neighbor in the Tremont Temple.

The Charleston organ has two Manuals, the Great and Swell, the former of 8 ft. compass, the latter of 4 feet. The Pedal organ extends two octaves from C C C, and contains open Diapason 16 ft., Dulcinea 16 ft., and Trombone 8 ft. There are about twenty-five speaking stops, and the wind is supplied from two bellows, each 10½ ft. by 5½, furnishing a surface of wind of 115 feet. The organ in the Tre-

mont Temple has fifty speaking stops, independent of the Solo Organ, and only 144 square feet surface of wind, furnished by two bellows 12 feet by 6, showing that while there are *double* the number of speaking stops in this organ, with four 16 and one 32 feet in the Pedals, drawing on these bellows, there is only *twenty-nine* feet more surface of wind than we have in the Charleston Organ. Need we say more to prove that we are yet experimenting in some of the details of organ building, which at the present time, if not for centuries, have been understood by the artists of Europe? And when our builders assert that they can manufacture an organ of the great compass and capacity required for a room like our Music Hall, and which shall be in all respects equal to the most finished productions of the European builders, we must tell them (and the opinion is founded on the knowledge and experience gained from an eight years' residence in Europe) that they are not only mistaken, but that they greatly overestimate their own abilities in even thinking so. In all Art we are, as a nation, yet in our swaddling clothes; we must crawl before we attempt to run; we must pass through the ordeal of labor and hard study before we can hope to gain the knowledge and experience of the old world. Where are our Michael Angelos and Raphaels, our Handels and Beethovens, our Silbermanns and Müllers? We answer, in the egg, and time alone can warm them into life and being. Therefore, until such native-born artists as these really exist among us, let us be content to look up with reverence and respect to those whom the civilized world has pronounced eminently great and fully worthy of our study and imitation; let us try to moderate our "go-ahead" and "can't be beat" sentiments, and in showing a teachable spirit and a willingness to learn of those whose opportunities for acquiring knowledge and experience have been greater than our own, we shall not only gain great present advantage, but by the continued cultivation of such a spirit and disposition, we shall ensure our future welfare and success in whatever we undertake, whether as sculptors, poets, musicians, or organ builders. S. P. T.

Another Monster Programme.

In music, as in cotton, sugar, and tobacco, our own South-west appears to be the greatest *growing* country in the world. Nowhere do we hear of such prodigious crops of amateur musicians as are yearly raised in the large female institutes and colleges which so abound in those states. In their exhibitions everything is done upon the scale of ten or twelve pianos at a time, with any quantity of flying artillery in the shape of harps, guitars, &c. Immense must be the market opened in this way for the innumerable pieces of "new and fashionable" music published, and the cheap and rickety pianos manufactured to let here in the Eastern cities. And what is the return? What the fruits in real musical culture and refinement? We shudder to think of it, when we peruse their programmes. We have given our readers one or two specimens before. Below we print another, the programme of a concert which took place a few weeks since at the Columbia Athenæum, in Tennessee. Well may the amazed German, from the land of Bach and Beethoven, who sends it to us as a curiosity for our readers, ask: "Did you ever see a greater Barnum-ism in your life?" and "Do you think the taste for music can be cultivated by such a *noise*?" Surely the combinations beat the most remarkable that ever Jullien or Berlioz conceived of.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture to the 'Barber of Seville,'.....Rossini.
Instruments:—Nine Pianos, (3 for solo performers, 4 for 4 hands, and 2 for 6 hands); Organ; Two Harps; Two Flutes; Contrabasso; Horns, from the Athenæum Juvenile Brass Band.
2. Song: Harp. Miss — (of seven years.)
3. March in Pizarro.—Twelve Pianos, (one for four hands); Three Harps; Flutes, Horns, &c.
4. Song: Piano. 'Where, as Dewy Twilight,' C. Hine.
5. Hattie Quickstep.....Markstein.
Ten Pianos; Two Harps; Contrabasso, Flutes.
6. Fairy Dell: Chorus.—Six Guitars; Flutes.—Basso and Tenor voices.
7. Song: Harp. 'Blanche Alpin,'.....S. Glover.
8. Canary Warbling Waltz.—Twelve Pianos.
9. Vocal Duet: Organ and Harp. 'La cloche du soir.'
10. Gentil Houzard.—Ten Pianos; Organ; Four Harps; Flutes, &c.

PART II.

1. Song: Harp. 'Come to the Forest,'.....Maeder.
2. 'Les Cloches du Monastere.'—Twelve Pianos, and Organ.
3. Vocal Duet: Piano. 'Holy Mother,'....Wallace.
4. Parisienne: Four Harps,.....H. Herz.
5. Song: Harp. 'Giusto Cielo,' from 'Eliza Claudio.'
6. Phantom Chorus, from 'La Sonnambula.'—By all the members of the Singing School.
7. Song: Piano. 'On the banks of Guadalquivir,' from Linda di Chamounix,.....Donizetti.
8. Second Concert Polka: Four Pianos,....Wallace.
9. Song: Piano. 'M' amarai tu.'
10. Song: Harp. 'I'm a merry Zingara.'
11. The Hundredth Psalm,.....Wallace.
Ten Pianos; Organ; Two Harps; Contrabasso.
12. Parting Chorus. Music from 'Zampa,' Words by a Pupil.—Organ; Harps; Pianos; and the Amateur and Band instruments. Sung by the whole Music School.

There! That beats Fourth of July fireworks. What a vast breadth of brilliancy is covered by each "piece"! and what a wholesale blaze of rockets went up for finale: *Zampa* chorus, sung by the *whole school*, with full organ, all the harps and the pianos, all the brass of amateurs and band—why, the whole continent must have rocked to the vibration of that "Parting"; but for its perfect harmony, no doubt, the Union would have been in danger. And then the bold and dazzling experiments in the science of musical combination. Think of that novel instrumentation of Rossini's overture: did all the fair young solo pianists, and all the four and the six-handers, and the organ, play distinct and *real* parts, or were they only many to the eye, with a confusing sameness to the ear? Think of twelve piano-fortes "warbling" together that "Canary waltz"! and of "Old Hundred" sung by the whole congregation of ten pianos, organ, harps, *et cetera*! But, seriously this is a sorry way of inspiring the souls of the rising generation with ideas of music;—this making musical culture to consist in mere display, all tending to a sort of dazzling military parade of masses; as if quantity and not quality were everything. Such a show may have seemed a great thing to the assembled unmusical friends and parents; but what musical person would not rather hear a single pupil, upon one piano, play one decent piece correctly and with feeling, than be exposed to such broadsides of ill-assorted sounds? We have abridged the programme by the omission of the names of the performers, some of which are truly patriotic and euphonious, as Miss "Virginia Tennessee" So-and-so.

GARCIA'S "COMPLETE SCHOOL OF SINGING," the first half of which has just been published by Oliver Ditson, is probably the best work that exists upon the subject. We shall have more to say about it hereafter.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MASON and BERGMANN, with their Quartet party from New York, recently gave a classical chamber concert in the town of Farmington, Connecticut. Who shall account for taste in audiences? What in most cities of much musical pretension would have been voted dull by the majority, was here, on the first hearing of such music (we presume), received with a unanimous enthusiasm. Beethoven and Mozart were admired, parts of a quartet (or quintet?) by Schubert encored, and the performers pelted with bouquets; so saith our informant.

The New York Academy of Music remains closed. The stockholders have arrived at no conclusion as to the disposition of the property. Nothing more is heard of the promenade concerts promised there by Maretzek, and it does not seem likely that the splendid theatre will be opened this summer.... A series of four Organ Concerts has recently been given at the National Hall in Philadelphia, to exhibit the powers of a grand organ built by HENRY KNAUFF for a church in Savannah. It has 52 stops (some of which are of 16 ft. tone), and contains 2403 pipes; it has three manuals and pedal. The programmes on these occasions were of a mixed character, consisting partly of classical organ music proper, such as fugues by Bach, voluntaries by Rink, &c., choruses from Handel, Haydn, Beethoven; Sonatas by Mendelssohn; and partly of show pieces, fantasies, overtures, variations, and inpromptus, to display imitative skill and fancy stops. The prime mover among the organist, we understand, was Mr. A. G. EMERICK who had the assistance of brother organists, as MESSRS. THUNDER, CROSS, NEWLAND, WOOD, BECKEL, KNAUFF, WARREN, JANKE, JARVIS, LOUD, and others. The concerts drew large audiences and gave great satisfaction. Why will not our many Boston organists, who possess among them so much talent and so much acquaintance with good music, give us a series of organ concerts—say in the different halls and churches, where there are good organs?

The *Flower Queen* (Chicago, Ill.) prints the following epistle, received by a dealer in musical instruments:

Deer Sir I see From your advertisement that you have Musical Instruments For Sale, I want To No Wether you wood Take a Parson To Learn to Play on Brass music and I will Take a Horn of you I want to Learn to play on Brass Music Bad if you can take me Let me No soon, and I will pay you in advance if you wish it see if you can get me a Birt of any Description as I wont be on so mush Expenc Paying Board all the Time I am there I have No Perticular Horn in Vew Write seon and Let me No your terms and give a fool account aBout all I requested you to Doo For me Direct to C. R. L. C. Respectfully J. H. T.

This is an instance of the influence of brass bands upon youthful aspirations. No doubt the enterprising fellow *did*, like hundreds of others, learn to "play brass music *bad*."

In Manchester, N. H., a series of four Orchestral Concerts are announced, to be given under the direction of Mr. G. W. STRATTON, a valued teacher and conductor in that place, as well as composer and arranger for the orchestra. He promises to present in them "some of the overtures and other works of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and other celebrated composers, with a variety of marches, waltzes, polkas, selections from operas, &c., with a full orchestra, which will number twenty or more of the best performers, with Mr. WALTER DIGNAM as leader." Good for New Hampshire!

The *Gazette* learns that JOHN P. GROVES, the young Boston violinist, who is now in Europe completing his musical education, has advanced even beyond the warmest expectation of his friends. He is located at Brussels, and is under the instruction of Leonard, who is much interested in him. He is pro-

nounced the best violinist in the Conservatoire at Brussels, and has received a silver cup from several friends for his admirable performance as first violin in a quartet of Beethoven.

It is said that a fine German Opera company will commence a season at Niblo's, in New York, early in September; they will perform both German, Italian and French operas.... WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, the composer, is reported to have become entirely blind through intense application, and to have been obliged to abandon his profession and place himself under the hands of the best optical surgeons in London. He was engaged on two new operas, to be produced during the coming opera season.

An old number of the London Musical World (for June 13, 1839,) contains the following ludicrous libel upon musical barbarians on this side of the ocean; its idiom is too Cockneyish to have come from Yankeeedom:

A LITERAL ORDER.—The following is a verbatim copy of an order just transmitted from one of the first music sellers in Boston, the Athens of the United States, to a publishing house in town. The original is in our possession. *Sic vos non vobis!*

"Please sir to send by the bearer a musick book with lins & spaces and no music to it, for whe wright hour hown."

M. Hector Berlioz criticizes the want of musical taste at the present day in the following just terms: "Has a man a strong voice, although he has not the least idea how the voice should be directed, and is ignorant of the elementary notions of the art of singing: if he screams violently, the 'sonorousness' of his voice is applauded. Has a woman no virtue except a voice of extraordinary compass; when she gives, right or wrong, a *sol* or a grave *fa* more like a death rattle than a musical sound, or a sharp *fa* as agreeable as a fish's scream when an iron-heeled boot crushes its tail, it is enough to 'bring down the house.' Such people are the curse of music; they demoralize the public."

Of the young Countess PICCOLOMINI, to whose debut in London we referred last week, the London Post says:—

In regard to her voice it is an exquisite organ—a pure *soprano sfogato*—clear, penetrating, and yet extremely sweet. It has, moreover, the delicious freshness and bloom of youth—so fair, and, alas! so fading—while its every tone and inflexion seem to flow from the spontaneous impulse of feeling. Her taste is pure, and her style is natural and simple; but (as we are nothing if not critical!) we must add that she still has something to acquire in the mechanism of her art. She does not yet possess that perfect execution—that clear, articulate enunciation, of which Alboni, under the same roof, has been giving us such exquisite specimens. She has not yet gained the *aplomb* which enables that most accomplished singer to strike every note of the most complex passage with the certainty and firmness of the finest violin—a defect which is especially shown by her habit of measuring a large interval by means of a slide. She is very young, has been brought up as an amateur, and, moreover, the present Italian school does not subject its disciples to the severe artistic training of an earlier day; so that the only wonder is that her method of vocalization is so excellent as we find it to be."

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The Six and Twentieth Birthday of the Organist's Fur Cap.

(Translated from the German for this Journal)

We had a glorious feast. The brave old court organist was just then in his happiest humor, for he was celebrating his silver wedding with his office. Around the long, stately table sat children and children's children; also the court preacher, the forest commissioner, the grocer cousin from Z—, the kapellmeister with his lady, and myself, and at the head of all the venerable mother of the house, by the side of the jovial host.

"And now," said the court organist, when we had discussed the roast meats, and were cutting into the cakes adorned with flowers, and the precious Burgundy began to illuminate our brains, "now, dear Margaret, bring me Bastian."

The children of the good old man, who well knew what was coming—for they had heard the history before—grew silent all at once, and even we older ones ceased our loud laughing as the housewife came in with a large oil portrait in a golden frame, and placed it solemnly behind the father, so that we all could see it.

"That is Bastian," said the court organist.

"Yes, that is Bastian," cried the little ones, who had known him.

"How do you think he looks, my very worthy friend?" inquired our host of me.

I—in truth, I had never seen a more villainous face. Upon the half-bald head were curled a few sparse, white tufts of hair; small blinking eyes were deep-set under white, bushy eyebrows; a long, deep scar divided the left cheek almost into two halves, and a Judas chin projected far beneath the mouth, which was distorted by a devilish grin. The face appeared to

be at least seventy years old, and with malicious look to meet your eye from whatever side you viewed it.

I was silent, for I knew not what I ought to say.

The others, too, were silent.

"I perceive," continued the organist, "I see well, my dear friends, what you think and feel at the sight of this picture. Hear, now, what a man this Bastian was, and what an influence he has had upon my destiny. It is just five and twenty years to-day since I was installed as court organist; and now, if my dear guests will permit me, and will not let it interfere with their eating and drinking, I will relate the commencement of the last act of my life. Indeed I must; it is a holy duty."

"O, we beg you will!" we all exclaimed, and the court organist began:

"It was a cold, dreary December night, on which, six and twenty years ago, Buchenrode, where I was cantor, was burnt down. The whole village lay in peaceful sleep. All at once, about midnight, rang out the terrible cry of 'Fire! fire!' God in heaven! I and my Margaret had scarcely time to spring out of bed and into our clothes, to throw a small cloak over the little Gottlieb, and to wrap up the baby in some bed blankets; for already had the fire broken out in the house of our next neighbor. As to saving money and money's worth and furniture, it was not to be thought of. The frightfullest storm raged, and baulked all attempts to put the fire out. Like rockets and fire-balls flew the bundles of straw, and soon all Buchenrode was one sea of flames.

"Trembling we stood behind the burning village in our field, and heard the crashing in of roofs, the bellowing of the unfortunate burning cattle, and the howling and shrieking of our friends. Then—the flame had just caught my roof and front chamber—then, O my God!—then it occurred to me—I tore myself from my wife and child and plunged into my dwelling. More than my life I felt that I now must save—my three hundred organ preludes, which I had labored ten years in composing. The scream of terror from my wife died away behind me, and through smoke and heat I made my way.

"Holding the book high in my hand, but half stifled and exoriated, I returned and exclaimed to Margaret: 'Thank God, wife, I have got the organ preludes!' Ah, it was all that I had rescued from destruction; and as the sun rose, the beautiful large church village, the school and the church, all lay in ashes and in ruins.

"For ten years had I here been happy in the quiet circle of a modest, useful labor, and now at

once was I, with my family, breadless, a beggar and an outcast; for of the rebuilding of the village and the church in a short time there was no hope, and quite as little of support from our lord, the gracious count. He had been rioting for long years in Paris. And yet my courage was not gone. 'Quiet yourself, Margaret,' said I to my weeping wife. 'God still preserves the lives of ourselves and our poor little innocents. Compose yourself; have we not friends and relations in the Residence? They will not leave us in the lurch. And have I not my three hundred organ preludes? O, Margaret, you will see how the publishers will snatch at them, and how glad they will be to get them of me for a round sum! So leave off your lamenting, and come away from this place of terror.'

"I took by the hand the four-year-old Gottlieb—the Secretary there of the High Court of Justice; Margaret carried the suckling, screaming in the most unseemly manner, the stubborn little creature!—it is the honorable Forest Commissioner's lady there; and so we went along barefoot through the street towards the Residence—I, indeed, bare-headed, for I had lost my hat in rescuing my organ preludes.

"When we had reached the hill, where the three lindens stood, and looked now for the last time on the spot where our ill-fated village had been, and as the morning sun tinged the still rising clouds of smoke, the mother in a mournful tone said: 'Now we have nothing left except ourselves, our love, and our heavenly Father, who will not forsake us.' 'Margaret,' I answered, and in a cheerful voice began to sing the beautiful hymn: *Befiehl du deine Wege*, (Commit thou all thy ways, &c.)

"I had, to be sure, but five *gulden* in my pocket. But did not our cousin, the rich leather-dealer, live in the suburbs of the Residence, which was only four miles off? And was there not inside, in the Seilergasse (rope-maker's street) the noble and respected Counsellor of Justice, whom I once entertained, with wife and child, for three days long in Buchenrode, when his carriage was upset and the old aunt sprained her hip? Did he not call me a thousand times his *charming, darling friend*, and take the most solemn oath that on the first opportunity he would richly remunerate me for the labor of love? Were there not in that happy city three book and music-publishing establishments? Could I then possibly fail? Were we not most certainly provided for in one way or another? And was there not before all also in the Residence our very best of friends—our dear Lord God?

"In truth, never had a burnt out family, who had lost their all, and who were almost helpless

from fatigue and cold, greeted the towers of a city with more joyful feelings than did we the towers of the Residence in the light of the sinking sun.

"Half dead, we stood before the door of the stately house of our cousin, the leather-dealer. Chattering with cold, I pulled the bell, which rang loudly through the vaulted building and set the dogs to barking, so that the frightened Gottlieb hid his face in his mother's gown.

"Who is there?" inquired the cousin from the window of the middle story.

"It is we," was my answer—"Andrew from Buchenrode, with my wife and children. Open right away, Herr cousin, for you won't get rid of us again so soon."

"What?" exclaimed the cousin. "What do you want, and why come you here with all your baggage?"

"Why?" was my answer, "because we were burnt out last night, and have lost all. So don't stop to make many compliments, brave cousin! Unlock the door, and let the good aunt bring a pot of warm beer, for we are hungry and frozen to death."

"Eh!" croaked the cousin from aloft; "look at the ragged pack! Get you to the tavern if you are hungry! You don't come in here! Our relationship is not such a near one! It is only that your wife's father was my father's brother. Go to the Red Ball, where I will send you something in the morning."

"Cousin!" I cried, "cousin! I am Andrew of Buchenrode; do you hear? Andrew am I?"

"Go, and be hanged to you!" replied the cousin, and shut down the window.

"And there we stood in the grim cold, with the night coming on. My children trembled and wept. But I said: 'Fie, Margaret! the Herr cousin is not worth your tears;' and so we went over to the Red Ball, since it was too late that evening to fall upon the neck of the eminent Herr Counsellor.

"But now we were seated in the warm room, and the hostess brought the comforting warm beer soup. This and the glad prospect of the following day made us soon forget our sweet cousin and our suffering, and went so cheerily to the right spot, that I committed an excess, and ordered, in addition to the bread and butter, a supply of cheese and a foaming pitcher of beer. Ah, thought I, the Counsellor and the music-publisher will pay for all.

"With real comfort we sank down upon the hard straw and slept, collectively and severally, as sound as rats and as dreamlessly until the coming day, the eventful, the decisive. It was the seventeenth of December, just six and twenty years ago this day.

"Early, at nine in the morning, as early as we could call with propriety upon the noble gentleman, my poor caravan set itself in motion, after we had taken leave of the roguish host, who extorted two gulden out of me for the single night, and so we reached the Seilergasse.

"Here it was quite different from what it had been with the leather-dealer. The Herr Counsellor admitted us at once into the house, and came himself down stairs with his morning pipe. I related briefly our misfortune, who I was, and hoped that the *charming, darling friend* would instantly present himself, and by advice and deed make a quick end to our trouble. But the

Herr Counsellor knew us no longer, and troubled himself no further about the fatal history of the carriage and the dislocated hip of the loose-toothed aunt. Jog his memory as I would, it was of no use—he knew us not. But our misfortune touched him, and he pressed a half-florin piece into my hand, while he courteously pushed us to the street door, but I flung the half florin through the opening of the door before his feet, and stood again with my weeping wife and shivering children helpless in the open street.

"Margaret," said I, "do you go back again with the children for the present to the Red Ball. God willing, I will soon bring help, and that right to the purpose. We will beg no more. The deuce take the leather-dealer and the justice! Let us now take the better part! That is the sure way. Now bring out your money bags, ye brave music-dealers! The one of you that gives the most, has them." I meant the organ preludes, and so I marched on in high spirits, still, to be sure, bare-headed, into the bookstore that stood open before me.

"Here crept out from behind a table a little man in steel-bowed spectacles, and staring at me, asked me who I was and what I wanted. I soon saw that I had the bookseller himself before me, for the little man was excessively short and crusty. I also said, very shortly, that I was the Cantor Andreas of Buchenrode, a pupil of the great Bach, and that I brought him three hundred organ preludes, composed by me, to publish, if the Herr bookseller was disposed to pay me something handsome for them, besides twenty free copies.

"But the little man did not deign to bestow a single look upon the book, and with the words: 'That is not a current article,' and 'I can make use of such things,' he showed me the door and crawled grumbling again behind the table.

"As if touched by lightning, I stood now again bewildered in the street. I had never expected that! Three hundred organ preludes after Sebastian Bach no current article! My brave ten years' labor a thing of which no use could be made! O God! shivering and shaking overtook me, and I glided utterly without hope into the two remaining bookstores, where, with a few variations, my luck was not a hair's breadth better. Everywhere I was repulsed, and no one would so much as look at my work.

"O, dreadful fate! My last, sure, joyful hope was gone! What should I say to the anxiously waiting wife in the Red Ball? Must not such a Job's message strike her to the ground? Was I not myself stricken down?"

"There I held the laborious work of ten long years in my trembling hands, and there was nobody who had offered me a sixpence for it. What should I set about next? What was there left for me and my poor hungry little innocents? In tears I glided past the stately houses, all without help for me, across the market-place, where all things possible for life's enjoyment were displayed and heaped up to superfluity, and nothing, nothing of all that could drop down for me, and so on to the wretched tavern, where I was to step before my Margaret with the mournful news. Verily, my mood was more dreadful than at the moment when I stood behind my burning house.

"Then—O God!—then there came into my throat, I know not how, the sixth verse of the beautiful hymn, and just as I was passing the

house of the Counsellor—I could not resist it—I sang with a loud voice:

Hope on, poor soul, forever,
Hope on, and never fear!
God's mercy will deliver
From all thy troubles here.
To Him thy life surrender,
And only wait His time;
Full soon in heavenly splendor
The sun of joy shall shine.

"The passers-by had every reason to suppose me crazy; but I was marvellously consoled, and greeted Margaret, who came from the Red Ball to meet me, with the joyful cry of: 'Victory, dear wife! We are received and welcomed by the dear God as his children, and found worthy of a severe trial; for whom the Lord loveth, him he chasteneth. With the booksellers it came to nothing. They hold the works of art and genius for mere commodities, and feel, like the butchers, only of the fat parts for their shambles; the deuce take them! But now we will not stay an hour longer in this accursed hole. Up and take the little ones; now we will go to Z——, to the grocer. To be sure, he too is our cousin, but he is poor; therefore he will be human, he will feel for others' need, and surely will not forsake us.'"

"Andrew!" exclaimed here the honest grocer, and reached out his hand across the table to the narrator, "Andrew, you knew my heart. Truly I would not have forsaken thee, if thou and thine had come to me, although I myself at that time wore the belt of want about my loins. But go on with thy story."

"My wife," continued the court organist, "when she heard how every project failed, could not refrain from weeping. There really was nothing further left to us except the way to Z——, which lies seven miles from here. I was quite blue in the face from cold, and the icy wind blew on my hair.

"Andreas," said the mother, 'it does not signify, you must have a cap; you will freeze so.' 'Indeed I do freeze,' was my answer; 'but where is a cap to come from? We have now not more than three *gulden* left, and if I give them for the cap, how shall we get to Z——?'"

"Make yourself easy about that," said Margaret. "Fortunately I still find the silver thimble in my pocket, and a handkerchief which we do not need; this will keep us along till then; but you must by all means have the cap."

"So be it," I replied, 'in God's name,' and we went together into the house of Kilian Brustfleck, the furrier. It was, as I have said, the seventeenth of December, about half past ten in the forenoon, and that was the way by which fate—ah, why do I say fate?—that was the way by which God led me into my good fortune.

"The master furrier had right handsome caps, but they were too fine and too dear for me. 'Here is yet one more in the maker's hands,' said he, 'a real nice fur cap, which I can let the Herr Cantor have for three *gulden*;' but then the Herr Cantor will have to wait half an hour until the journeyman is ready with it."

"I found that quite convenient. My family could warm themselves in the meantime at the warm stove, and I could tell the worthy master the history of my sufferings and misfortunes, to which he listened with a heartfelt sympathy, and made not a few severe remarks upon the mean cousins and booksellers. Indeed, he was so

touched by my misfortune that he promised to let me have the cap a half gulden cheaper.

"What!" croaked out some one from a corner, whom I had not yet observed in the room. "Master Kilian, are you mad? That beautiful cap—it is worth more among brothers. I tell you what, let *me* have the cap; I will give you four gulden for it."

"Terror, as if the evil one had suddenly appeared, paralyzed my tongue. The monster, who knew my misery, for he had overheard all, a little old man in a brown coat, crept nearer, took one pinch of snuff after another, stepped up to my poor children, and spoke with a sneering laugh, while he pinched Gottlieb in the cheeks: 'He, he, he, you young brat, why do you not die? But you will freeze perhaps before the day is over; he, he, he!'"

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed my wife, 'are you a man? are you a Christian? Can you take the cap from my poor husband?'

"Why not?" laughed the man. 'I need it myself, and will give four gulden.'

"Sir, by no means!" now exclaimed the honest furrier. 'I have promised the cantor this cap, and he must have it.'

"Well, do as you like," replied the man in brown, 'but do not let it go under four gulden; that I tell you, and I will have it. Does master Kilian understand?'

"Yes," he replied, surprised, 'I understand; and since the Herr Cantor can play the organ so well, he may in the meantime, while the cap is being sewed up, while away the time there at the clavier.'

"In the chamber there stood to be sure a not bad instrument, on which the master's children practised, and I did not have to be asked twice, but sat down, opened my organ preludes, and played valiantly, at first in a grim and moody vein, but gradually softened by the holy power of harmony, which worked like balsam on my bleeding heart. At last I figured my favorite choral: *Commit thou all thy ways, &c.*, and I rejoiced to see that even the brown devil, fascinated by the tones, like Rameau's spider, had crept to my side. But when I had ended, the monster again croaked out with a sneering laugh:

"He, he, he! the Herr Cantor will draw no dog from the oven so. Money is the word! The cap is now ready. Down with the four gulden, Herr Cantor, else the cap is mine."

"O heavens! I had not, to save my soul, a farthing more than the three gulden. My own and my wife's entreaties with the master, that he would keep his word as at first given, were fruitless. 'Even if I would,' said Kilian, shrugging his shoulders, 'I could not; and four gulden must be paid, or else the cap belongs of right to the old gentleman.' The latter laughed again insultingly, and suggested that, under the circumstances, it were much better I should go back to the Red Ball, and there wait till the weather should grow milder. But, indignant at this villainy, neither I nor Margaret were willing to waste another word, and I cried: 'Away! away hence from this Sodom! away to Z——, to cousin Benjamin!' Margaret spread out the handkerchief, and I laid the three gulden upon it, and suggested that the whole together was now amply worth four gulden; but the old brown coat pushed back the handkerchief and offered to lend me a gulden if I would pledge my organ preludes.

"What should I do? Bitter as it was to me to know my work in such hands and to be a debtor of that man, yet I had to bite into the sour apple, for the master himself, to whom I would have preferred to pledge the manuscript for the one gulden, declined it at a wink from the man in brown, and so the latter paid the gulden, took my dear book, and went off with a mocking laugh.

"Who is the fiend?" I asked the master.

"That is Bastian, Herr Cantor," was the reply. 'But what he does may be quite right. But if he has compelled me to take a gulden more from the Herr Cantor than I would, he has not prevented me from having made for you good people a nice warm cup of coffee, and it must soon come in, and a couple of fresh wheaten rolls besides.'

"Readily and gladly did the kindly housewife obey this benevolent order, and soon the invigorating beverage was steaming, and, with the white rolls refreshing us poor hungry, half-starved creatures.

"Deeply touched and grateful, we took leave of the honest master. Were we not warm and full, and did not my head stick in the most admirable of fur caps?

"But—just God!—scarcely had we wandered through two streets of the town on the way to Z——, when two policemen with the brown-coat came towards us. 'There they are,' said the latter, pointing to us; 'bring them along with me.' 'What?' exclaimed I; 'what do you want of us? We are honest people.' 'Honest people?' said the old man, grinning. 'That remains to be proved.'

"All my protestations, all my wife's tears were no help; we were carried off, and now and then I saw our devil sneer and laugh, while the beadles muttered many indistinct things about vagabonds and strollers.

"So on, till we came before the city. Here they opened a wicket gate and led us into a house that stood all by itself. 'In!' cried the old man, and we stepped into a small chamber, opening upon another chamber. 'Sir,' said I, earnestly to the old man, 'I suppose you are the head beadle here, and really the Prince could not have found a better. But tell me, what offence have I and mine committed? Has not the cup of misery already been poured out upon us sufficiently? Must we also languish in a prison?'

"Compose yourself, Herr Cantor," replied Bastian, after the others had withdrawn, 'and please to tell us briefly whether you are disposed to stay here or actually to travel on to Z——?'

"To Z—— will I," I exclaimed with a bitter smile—'to Z——, and shake the dust of this ungodly city from my feet.'

"Well, then," replied the old man, 'then I cannot help you; the Herr Cantor is under arrest.' So saying, he withdrew, and I could hear him lock the door.

"Then my dear wife fell, weeping aloud, into my arms, and I myself was comfortless. A beggar, an outcast, sick, and now a prisoner. That was too much!

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the Providence Journal.)

"Power" Music.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—Shall I congratulate you upon the indescribable pleasures of having heard the steam organ, that triumph of our race

and time? I believe you are not deaf, so I think I will; but at any rate you may congratulate me, since I have heard it, and, like Daniel Webster, "I still live." What an age it is! What a forth-stretching, seven-league-booted people this is, among which we move and listen! As I stood on that beautiful Cove promenade—*itself*, by the way, made out of nothing, though certainly not for nothing—and heard the first notes of the approaching Worcester train, I must own to having been, for an instant, lost in the enormity of my feelings. I came by notification, and prepared at all points for surprise, but—could it be possible! Yes, there was a locomotive, and it was a rather staid old foggy, too, one of those most machinery of all machines, a thing that has always been to me the personification of humdrum toil, a creature tied down to a single track in life, and never indulging in any pastime beyond a snort and a puff; there was that worthy old drudge, actually careering towards me, with a jolly sort of look, decked with evergreens, all its breeching kicked off, and bran new holiday housing on, Hailing Columbia, that happy land, with all its might; bidding old Dan Tucker clear the track, with much jocularly; showing us how the weazel pops, and finally, when abreast of us, bursting spasmodically into a triumphant Yankee Doodle.

As I remarked, I was at first lost in my feelings, but surprise soon toned itself down into meditation. Well, thought I, old fellow, what a blessing it is you are so patriotic, if you must be so noisy; and then I began to think how nice it would be to use him in the coming fight, and enlist him for Kansas; and to wonder whether we couldn't somehow get him, like the Howadji, to take the stump for "our Jessie" and sing a little prose steam politics. The idea seemed to me both a good one, and a feasible; but I was a little too quick, for while the thought was swelling within me, the old fellow gave a huge snort, and sputtered the Marseilles Hymn all over us, following the compliment with Rory O'More. Now this, I own, "gave me pause." It was very fine, I confess, but was it just the thing for a sober Rhode Islander, to take those "furren" articles, when "Old Bristol" was on the market, or perhaps "New Shoreham," and both could probably stand any required pressure. Looking at it merely in the light of an example to all the young iron colts in the Cove engine houses, I thought it of doubtful expediency, and so I hinted to the Attorney General, whom I met, and who met my anxiety, as you may suppose, with a hearty sympathy. Still, it might be a Massachusetts engine, after all, and so I followed it into the depot to examine. I didn't find out, because so many were before me, but such delicious sensations as I experienced I think I shall never feel again, for as soon as I was in the building the delightful creature began once more. Again I heard how the weazel pops, and a curious pop it seemed, not unlike what I suppose to be that of a ginger beer bottle in Brobdingnag, but I dare say very accurate, for never having caught one, either asleep or awake, I am not well acquainted with his habits. Then I was invited to "wait for the wagon" and would have done so cheerfully, had the hour been earlier, but it was nearly my dinner time, and somehow, the music was of so strengthening a nature that it gave me all the sensations of a fine appetite; that sort of vibratory goneness, Mr. Editor, which you may have never known, but I could refer you to many who have; a peculiar internal condition, as if a ratification meeting were being held inside of one, and more were for bolting than for ratifying. It was delightful, and as soon as I perceived the state of the case, I at once started to make use of the happiness so unexpectedly provided.

All the way home I heard the plucky old fellow roaring out tune after tune, and I must say I was overjoyed, in ecstasy, until as I approached my house, it occurred to me that I might have been all the time mistaken, and what I had supposed was pure musical spirits, might be after all drink. Yes there it was, the murder was out. He had been taking a little "so'thing hot," and seasoned though he were, it had evidently got into his head. The idea was a painful one I need not say, and altered my whole opinion of the creature in a second,

for in company with many of our worthiest citizens I think that whatever drinks, be it man or engine, can't be respectable. The thing is impossible, and all the music there is in him can't make him respectable. He can't be right if he is tight. Now how sad it was to feel that, owing to my scruples as to drink, I had to give up at once all the magnificent ideas that were so bravely opening before me. Imagination had begun to soar in all directions, but as yet the idea was always ahead of her, and every where she was met by old sober steam engines playing patriotic, devotional or Ethiopian tunes. The next national anniversary had appeared to my prophetic eye provided with its fifty-horse power ode to freedom, every public meeting I saw supplied with its steam "Tyler too's," I was even anticipating a new book of steam minstrelsy adapted to old passenger engines, with simple tunes for second-hand freighters and scales for gravel train beginners. My brain was in a whirl but I sobered it with the single reflection: The fellow drinks. I can't tolerate him and I won't, especially as he has got no vote.

(From the Worcester Palladium.)

The Steam Calliope.

The new steam organ—Madame Calliope—invented and constructed by our esteemed fellow-citizen, J. C. Stoddard, Esq., made a flying visit to the city of Providence, a few days since, and created a great sensation. Its fame had gone before it, but the idea of operating an organ by steam seemed to be so absurd that most people at a distance were inclined to regard the whole thing as a hoax, and as somewhat related to that *water gas light* for which our city became so *paine-fully* celebrated a few years ago. But when the animal showed itself, and opened its mouth to the tunes of Yankee Doodle and Old Dan Tucker, down through the valley of the Blackstone, all doubts in that direction speedily vanished. Men, women and children rushed out from their houses and places of business, and gathered upon the hill-tops and bridges, and at all the station-houses upon the line of the road from Worcester to Providence. They stood in crowds of hundreds and thousands in some of the large villages through which we passed, and ran towards the head of the train to see the "crittur," and see how the thing was done, as though they were running for their lives. I saw several groups of people run out upon the lawns in front of their houses with curiosity and astonishment depicted upon their countenances, and while listening and looking at the wonder they unconsciously found themselves whirling in the graceful gyrations of the waltz, or singing as an accompaniment, the old familiar words set to the old national tunes which were sung by our great-grand-sires.

At Providence the people seemed to turn out *en masse*, as at the exhibition of fire-works or some remarkable pageant, and occupied all the vacant room contiguous to the route through which the organ could be seen. Never since the opening of the road has there been such a universal manifestation of wonder and admiration by the people along the line as was exhibited on this occasion. At all the large machine shops in the north part of the city the operatives came out by hundreds, and swung their hats and cheered us as we passed. Even the cattle and horses in the pastures seemed quite exultant at the sound of Yankee Doodle, and with heads and tails erect pranced along with a great deal of majesty so long as we were in sight of them.

The effect of this music upon the ear of those at a distance was most astonishing. On my return I saw one lady, who was sitting in her house upon a high hill about two miles from the road, when the sound of the music first fell upon her ear. She arose, went to her bureau and took out her purse to throw a piece of money to what she supposed to be a hand organist, playing under her window, but not seeing him, she went out doors and quite round the house, and wherever she stopped the music seemed to be on the opposite side of the house from where she stood; but she could not discover whether it was in the air or in

the earth. She remained in this suspense while the organ was passing from Millville to Woonsocket, when a neighbor explained the mystery. Another person three miles distant first heard it, while drawing water at his well, in the air directly over his head, and he stood for several minutes listening and looking upward to see what he supposed must be an aeronaut in a balloon, or something else passing along, carrying an organ or some other instrument which discoursed most enchanting music. At first it seemed quite distant, but it approached nearer and louder, and then receded gradually until it died away entirely. Farmers, working in their fields, two or three miles off, heard the music and admired it, but could not tell from whence it came nor whither it went, nor whether it was the music of spheres or of the birds; but whatever it was, they stopped and listened to it until its last echoes were lost in the distance, as do the shepherds of the Alps at the sound of the Alpine horn. I heard of many other similar incidents, which proved that the organ of hearing can be deceived by a sound passing directly upward to a given height, and then radiating in parabolic curves, just as easily as the organ of sight can by the mirage of the desert.

A TRAVELLER.

The New Opera-House in Philadelphia.

The *Evening Bulletin* gives the following report of progress in this noble undertaking:—

A visit to the huge and elegant building now in process of construction by the Academy of Music, at the corner of Broad and Locust streets, will well repay the visitor at the present time. Externally it is finished, and the beautiful and substantial stone and brick work, and the general architectural effect, on Broad and Locust streets, will be admired by every one. The interior presents a busy scene, but even in the present state of confusion and incompleteness, one can form a good idea of what the appearance will be when finished. The stage is immense, and it is provided with every new contrivance for the shifting of scenes and the production of striking effects. The audience part contains a parquet, parquet circle, first, second and third tiers, and although there will be seats for about three thousand persons, every one will have perfect freedom of movement and will not be cramped or uncomfortable, as in all the other establishments of the kind in the country.

The whole building is to be heated by steam from boilers placed in a vault south of it, and there will be several miles of iron pipes to convey the heat to every part of the vast structure. Of gas pipes there will be nearly two miles, and water will be conducted through the edifice on an equally liberal scale. The dome of the auditorium is of an entirely novel construction. The frame work is of wrought iron and the whole ceiling is of wire-work interlaced, on which is to be placed the plaster that is to receive the fresco painting. Lightness and additional security in case of fire are obtained by this novel and elegant mode of constructing the roof. Around a large circular opening in the centre of the dome, will be globes and hundreds of gas burners, which will shed a flood of light upon the whole interior, without interfering with the eye-sight of spectators. At the same time, this mode of lighting will much assist the ventilation, which is further provided for by openings in the ceilings and floors in various parts of the house. The walls are of enormous thickness, and the wood-work of the galleries and the roof is the most massive and substantial that we have ever seen in any building.

In the front part of the house, looking on Locust street, is a superb saloon, to be used for promenades, or for concerts, lectures or balls, which will seat some eight hundred people comfortably. This saloon is to be decorated in the highest style of art. There is a most liberal supply of retiring rooms, cloak rooms and refreshment rooms, and nothing that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the public seems to have been neglected. The stairways throughout the building are spacious and easy of ascent, and

there is such an abundance of wide door-ways, that a full audience can be discharged in a few minutes. The grand vestibule on the Broad street front will be very handsome, and a flight of stairs at each end, fourteen feet wide, with handsome balusters and superb globe lights, will add greatly to its beauty. On the Locust street side a light and graceful roof will be thrown across the pavement, so that people may get in and out of carriages, in rainy weather, without getting wet.

The shape of the auditorium is such that there will be a good view of the stage from every seat in the house, and it is believed that the construction will prove to be as good for hearing as for seeing. The decorations of this part will be rich and elegant, without being too extravagant. The colossal caryatides to support the proscenium will be of carved wood, instead of *papier maché*, as in the New York Opera House. This will be a little more costly, but at the same time more durable, as the *papier maché* ornaments of the New York house have already been broken and damaged to a considerable extent. The painters have already made considerable progress in finishing the walls of the vestibules and stairways from top to bottom, in imitation of Sienna marble, which has a very pretty effect. Contracts have been made for the finishing and furnishing of the auditorium, and even the scene painter is at work preparing some of the scenery necessary for the stage. It is expected to have new and beautiful scenery for five operas ready when the house is opened, and an artist from Europe, to assist in this department, is expected daily.

It is impossible to say when the building will be finished, but, with the same energy that has been exhibited thus far in carrying on the vast structure, it may be completed in the coming autumn. Some additional funds are needed, which we doubt not will be easily raised, for the sake of completing what we believe to be the best constructed opera house in the world, and one that every Philadelphian ought to take pride in, not merely because it will be an architectural ornament, but because it will be a noble school of Art, and is destined, under proper hands, to be a useful agent in refining the taste of the population and winning them away from less profitable and less reputable amusements.

Franz Schubert's Symphony in C Major.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

The musician who visits Vienna for the first time may perhaps be able to amuse himself for a while with the festive bustle in the streets, and have, most likely, remained standing in astonishment before the *Stephansturm*, but he will soon be reminded that, not far off, there is a churchyard more important to him than all the other sights of which the city can boast, and where two of the greatest men who ever exercised his art, repose at a few paces' distance from each other. Many a young musician has no doubt, like myself, after the first few days spent in noise and bustle, wandered forth to the Währinger churchyard, to lay his offering of flowers upon the two graves, even though it were only a wild rose-bush, such as I found planted on the grave of Beethoven. Franz Schubert's resting-place was unadorned. A fervent wish of my life was fulfilled, and I contemplated for a long time the two sacred graves, almost envying him—a certain Count O'Donnell, if I am not mistaken—who lies between the two. To look a great man in the face or to grasp his hand is perhaps one of those things which everybody most desires. It had not fallen to my lot to greet, while living, the two artists whom I revered most of all those of modern times; and, therefore, after having visited their graves, I would have given anything to have had near me some one closely related to either of them, especially one of their brothers, I thought. It struck me, on my way home, that Schubert's brother Ferdinand, whom the composer, as I knew, greatly esteemed, was still living, I quickly sought him out, and from the bust near Schubert's grave, found he resembled

his brother; he was smaller, but strongly built, with honesty and music stamped on his face. He knew me by my veneration for his brother—a veneration I had often publicly expressed—and told and showed me many things, of which, with his permission, a great deal was inserted, some time ago, under the title *Reliquien* in the *Zeitschrift*. At last he allowed me to see some of the treasures of Franz Schubert's compositions still in his possession. The riches thus heaped up made me shudder with pleasure. Where was I to begin—where end? Among other things, he pointed out the scores of several symphonies, many of which have never been heard at all, having, in fact, been thought too difficult and bombastic, and laid on one side. A person must know Vienna and the peculiar circumstances attending its concerts, as well as the difficulties there are in assembling the means for more than ordinarily great performances, in order to understand how, in the place where Schubert lived and worked, only his songs, and few or none of his greater instrumental works are ever heard. Who can say how long the symphony, of which we are now speaking, would have lain in dust and darkness, had I not soon come to an understanding with Ferdinand Schubert that he should send it to the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic, or to the artist who conducts them, and whose sharp glance not even modestly budding beauty, much less beauty so apparent and brilliant, can escape. Thus it came to pass that the business was effected. The symphony was forwarded to Leipsic; it was heard and understood; it was heard again, and joyously, almost universally, admired. The active firm of Breitkopf and Härtel purchased the copyright of the work, and so it now lies before us in parts, and perhaps will soon lie in score, just as, for the profit and pleasure of mankind, we desired.

I say distinctly, whoever does not know this symphony, knows yet but very little of Schubert. This may, after what Schubert has already presented to Art, appear almost incredible praise. It has so often been said, to the annoyance of composers: "Abstain from ideas of symphonies after Beethoven"; and it is partly true that, with the exception of some few rare orchestral works of importance, which, however, are more particularly interesting as a means of judging of the gradual development of the talent of those who composed them, and have not exercised a decisive influence upon the masses, or the progress of other similar works, most of the rest are only flat reflections of Beethoven's style, for we make no account of those lame and wearisome manufacturers of symphonies, who possessed the power of imitating tolerably well the powder and perukes of Haydn and Mozart, without the head suitable to them. Berlioz belongs to France, and is only mentioned now and then as an interesting foreigner and madcap. What I had thought and hoped, that Schubert—who, steady in his forms, and full of fancy and variety, had already exhibited himself in so many other kinds of composition—would also attack the symphony from his point of view, and would hit the place, whence and through which the masses were to be reached, has most triumphantly come to pass. Most certainly he never thought of endeavoring to continue Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but, as an industrious artist, created uninterruptedly from out his own mind, one symphony after another; and that the world is now made acquainted with his seventh, without having viewed his gradual development, and the symphonies preceding the one in question, is perhaps the only thing which could cause any regret at its publication, and occasion the work to be misunderstood. Perhaps the bolt will soon be withdrawn from the others; the smallest among them will always possess its importance in relation to Franz Schubert; in fact, the Viennese symphony-copyists need not seek so very far the laurel needed by them, since it lies heaped up sevenfold in Ferdinand Schubert's study, in one of the suburbs of the city. This would be a wreath worth presenting. But it is often thus: when people in Vienna speak, for instance, of ———, they never end in their praise of their Franz Schubert; when they are

among themselves, however, neither the one nor the other is reckoned of much importance by them. But, however, this may be, let us now revel in the spiritual abundance which gushes out of this precious work. It is true this same Vienna, with its *Stephansdurm*, its beautiful women, its public magnificence, and, gilded by the Donau with innumerable bands, stretching into the blooming plain, which gradually rises to a higher and higher mountain range—this Vienna, with all its remembrances of the greatest German masters, must be a fruitful soil for the fancy of the musician. Frequently, when contemplating it from the lofty mountains, I have thought how Beethoven's eye must many a time have wandered fitfully towards the distant range of Alps; how Mozart must often have followed dreamily the course of the Donau, which everywhere appears to vanish in bush and forest; and how Father Haydn must also have often looked at the *Stephansdurm*, shaking his head the while at such a giddy height.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1856.

Psalms and Hymns.

One cause, we doubt not, of the endless manufacture and multiplication of new psalm tunes, with which this country is particularly cursed, is to be found in the equally indefinite multitude of feeble, prosy, pretty, sentimental, doctrinal, didactic, metrical hymns. Every poetaster has felt called upon to write such. Every ordination or dedication calls out the village poet. Whoever can weave rhymes for the corner of a newspaper, especially if there be some slight dash of the devotee, some Sunday church or class-leadership connection about him, fancies himself inspired to add his feeble contributions to the songs of Zion. It is needless to affirm that nine tenths of the metrical hymns contained in most of the voluminous hymn books which have been in use in our time, are destitute of all soul of melody, all principle of music, and such as had better be left out, and a mere humming or an instrumental performance substituted, if we would secure the real beauty and devotional aid of any good music which might be mechanically adapted to them. They are simply not lyrical; there is no fire of genius or of true feeling raised to poetic fervor in them. They are but cold, prosaic, imitative thoughts and utterances, painfully bent and twisted into rhyme. It is quite natural that uninspired and coldly working musical mechanics, considering the multitude of these tame verses to be sung, should find sphere for themselves (a mighty profitable one too—"thrift, thrift, Horatio,") in a corresponding multiplication of new psalm tunes by the book full, hundreds and hundreds at a time, year after year yielding a larger and a larger crop.

But our business just now is with the hymns, with the words rather than the music. Probably the great source of the thousands of poor, prosy hymns, through whose wishy-washy medium the lyrical element in all our worship is diluted, has been the practice of metrical translations of the Psalms of David. The hymns have been made on the principle of variations upon good old traditional material, or of working up those old "thoughts that live and words that burn," and which have come down as inspired, into endless

modern varieties of verse and metre. The Psalms in themselves, as we have them in our English Bibles, are incomparably grand and sweet and deep and musical, without any metre. There can be no improvement on the words as such. To bend them to the hum-drum music of a common psalm-tune, they must be versified into hum-drum; whereas a far more glorious music may be, often has been, written to them, only in a larger form, than psalm tunes (witness the many fine motets, Te Deums, services, by master composers, the admirable "Psalms" by Mendelssohn, &c.); or there is music in the simple chanting or reciting of them as they stand. A recent article upon "Hymnology" in the *Church of England Quarterly Review*,* sets this matter right, from its own Church point of view; and there is much in its argument, especially the following, from which all denominations of worshippers might profit.

The causes of this degeneracy are as obvious as the fact itself: and first of all there stands out, as the chief obstacle in the way, the practice which is so unfortunately prevalent of making a great portion of the hymnal to consist of a metrical Psalter. Why this should be done we are quite at a loss to conceive: it appears to us to be utterly unreasonable to do so. It is unreasonable if we argue *à priori*, because if the Psalms are chanted (as they ought to be) or even said, in one part of the service, there can be no grounds for serving them up metrically in another: the necessity for a metrical version—which must from the nature of the case be unliteral—is entirely set aside by the fact that we have a really good prose translation, magnificent when simply read, and doubly so when adapted, as it may be, to the most stirring music in existence. It has been well said; "The sorrow and the triumphs which shook the strings of the royal harp are breathed in such strains of poetry as speak with divine eloquence in the unfettered rhythm of our version; but the sublimity is dwarfed by the exactments of metre and the music faintly and falsely echoed by the jingle of rhyme."

But we argue *à posteriori*, that it is unreasonable to encumber our hymnals with a metrical Psalter, because no one has ever yet succeeded in transferring the Hebrew poetry into English metre without losing either the beauty, or power, or both, of the original. Time after time has the attempt been made, and each time, almost utterly in vain: successive ages have in turn endeavored to improve on the failures of their predecessors and have all signally split upon this impassable rock. Were the translation ever so good, we have already shown that we should not require it, since if it equalled it could not surpass the sublime pathos and strength of the two prose versions which we possess. But as it is, the whole aggregate of metrical versions, from that of Sternhold to that of Keble ("The Oxford Psalter," 1839), can hardly produce a dozen hymns which are fit for Christian worship, the vast majority being utterly powerless to fill the soul with holy joy, or raise it on wings of ecstasy to heaven.

To use the words of Dr. Warton in his "History of Poetry"—"The most sublime imageries of the Divine Majesty, the most exalted effusions of thanksgiving, are, in metrical psalms, lowered by a coldness of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraseology. To the disgrace of sacred music, sacred poetry, and our service these psalms still continue to be sung. In the mean time it should be remembered they were never admitted into our church by lawful authority."

We would therefore retain the Psalms in our Liturgy in their own exquisite simplicity, rejecting as futile all the attempts which have been made to cramp their strength or pervert their meaning by metre and rhyme. A few of the versions, however, cannot be left to perish with the rest, they must still have a place in Christian worship as hymns: but the main idea of a metrical Psalter

* Copied into Littell's *Living Age*, July 19.

must, we think, be utterly rejected as the chief stumbling-block in the way of improved hymnals.

The writer proceeds to remark upon a second cause of the degeneracy of our hymnal, namely, the incompetency of our would-be sacred poets, and then points out the superiority of those old hymns which sprang "out of the burden of the soul" in periods of real faith and inspiration, particularly the old Latin hymns and the German hymns of the Reformation, so full of simple, unaffected piety and childlike gratitude and love to God, composed by Gerhardt, Angelus, Luther, &c. We commend the article to every one.

Now here is our point. Suppose that out of the thousands of hymns, good, bad and indifferent, (the great majority, however, very commonplace and cold, or else ingenious and affected in their beauty and their show of gushing fervor—many of them, too, mere doggerel rhymings of what is better, and even more musical unrhymed, unmetred) we should select a hundred or two of the best and truest; those that sprang from true poetic and religious exaltation and creative energy of soul; those that are really fit for music, which contain a simple, complete, rounded whole or member of a whole of thought as well as rhythm in each line; those which have not too many thoughts, or too far-fetched, but which are simple, perfect utterances (like genuine tunes themselves) each of its mood of praise, or gratitude, or heavenly aspiration; suppose that we do this, would not these hundred or two hymns exert more of the quickening virtue of true sacred *poetry* upon our souls, than this eternal ringing of mechanical changes and sophistications upon a few simple, natural types?

And then again, suppose we do the same thing with the psalm tunes. Suppose that out of the innumerable "Collections," we cull just the hundred or two old universal favorites, which experience has proved to be of the right stuff and to have the soul of the matter in them; the really inspired tunes to go with the inspired hymns—not that we would proscribe *all* novelty—would not the singing of hymns in churches, whether by choirs or congregations, be a more edifying service than it is generally now?

But Music can do more for worship and for religious culture than is confined in this very humble sphere. So it can. So it has done, in Catholic and in Protestant churches. But it has been chiefly done in larger and more artistic forms of composition; in the Mass, (or its several movements, the *Gloria*, the *Benedictus*, &c.,) in the Motet, such as a Bach, a Mozart wrote, in the extended "Psalms" of a Marcello, or the still more extended compositions of Mendelssohn under the same name, and so on. Is it not better, letting the basis of public musical worship remain very simple and familiar, that the musical talent should expend itself in the production or performance of larger compositions, in trained choirs? Let the psalmody part be the people's part, deriving a virtue from its very simplicity and familiarity; and then for the rest let Music exercise her full, free sway in enriching the religious service with the nobler forms of Art, so that it all be genuine and good. There is nothing which we should so much like to see, nothing which would so greatly benefit church music, as a book which should contain even no more than a hundred of the best hymns, severally mated to a hundred of the best tunes or chorals. We read now of new

psalm books, selling at the rate of fifty or a hundred and fifty copies each. But the first prize should be his who should best solve this far simpler, yet more difficult problem, of embodying the pure gold of the sacred melodies and verses in a small collection of about a hundred pieces, worthy to be known and used and loved of all.

We cannot stop to make such qualifications and explanations as we might and would, of what may seem a somewhat moody and eccentric proposition. We are not for shutting the gates against any real flood-ways of inspiration. We are aware that our age and place are not the first in the world's history, in which there has been a prodigious activity in the production of hymns and psalm tunes. Luther's time, we know, was most prolific in such fruits. But those were times of real, deeply pervading piety and faith; then the soul of the people was, as it were, rhythmically inspired. The Germans are richer in their national treasures of that sort than we are. But we are now considering what is best for the dull times in which we are cast. It cannot be said that we in this day are a people of peculiar musical genius in a creative way, or of a peculiar simplicity and heart-felt depth of faith, such as has quickened arts in other times. At all events the outpouring of the spirit among our people has not been in the form of immortal flowers of melody, of musical creation. If we make psalm-tunes faster than the old reformers, it is by virtue of that external *enterprise* which marks our age, and not of that inward exaltation and rejoicing consciousness of God which filled men in the days of Luther. If we cannot originate the true thing, we had better borrow what has still proved true.

Brass! Brass!

In these dog-days the only music is of one sort, and that not the most refreshing. "The heavens are as brass above us," and the *airs* are all as brass about our ears. Whatever arguments, of taste, economy, necessity, there may be for bands all of brass on ordinary occasions, it does seem to us that there are some cases which would more than justify an exception. For instance, we can never cease to feel a sense of incongruity, in moving in procession on Commencement day, through the calm Academic shades of Harvard, to the hoarse, martial sound of brass, smothered by drums and cymbals. It would seem that then and there at least some gentler, more refined and at the same time richer commingling of sonorous ingredients should assist us to keep step to the music of our Alma Mater. We look back with regret to better times (in this regard at least,) when we were undergraduates, and when the old Brigade Band, not yet reformed to Gallo-Sax-on fashions, discoursed rich music from its well-blended, well-seasoned harmony of clarinets and bassoons and French horns, and more martial brass, not yet emasculated to unmeaning, uncharacteristic smoothness by the modern valves, &c., but still ringing with the true shivering trumpet crash.

What with our various college anniversaries, our civic, patriotic, literary society festivals, our now established institution of music in the open air, on summer evenings, at the public cost, and what with our numerous occasions for a band not strictly military, there surely should be business enough to support one complete band organized on the old principle of instruments of various qualities and individualities of tone; such a band as has been once or twice furnished (by special exertion) for some military parade.

At all events a college Commencement would be a good time for *commencing* this reform. There is, composed of Harvard's music-loving graduates, a society called the "Harvard Musical Association," whose very aim is to further the cause of musical culture in college, and among educated men. Why should not Alma Mater call on them to take charge of the music at the annual home-gathering of her children? Let taste be consulted, and not allow the whole thing to go on by mere routine.

Classical Music in Farmington, Ct.

STOCKBRIDGE, JULY 15, 1856.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—In taking up your paper of last week I saw a notice of a concert given in Farmington, Ct., by Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN, in which was the remark, "that there is no accounting for taste," &c. I am happy to know that it *can* be accounted for. You are probably aware of the fact, that Prof. EDWARD B. OLIVER, with whom you are doubtless acquainted, and of whose Text-book and compositions you have given such favorable notices, recently taught there for five years, and whose pupil it was my pleasure to be at that time. In justice to him and his arduous labors while there, I feel bound to state the following facts. When he first left Boston for that place on account of his health, he found the people, and also the school, that consisted of but very few pupils at that time, but which increased five-fold before he left, were, as usual in country places, entirely ignorant of the more elevated class of music, and had never heard of the names of world-renowned composers; indeed, nothing of music was heard but negro melodies, polkas, and like trash. By several years of extraordinary perseverance, he succeeded in banishing such from society, and the place being small, the good influence was felt throughout the village. As the pupils advanced, soirées were given semi-monthly, at which many persons were present and had opportunity to hear the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Hummel and Bach, performed by the pupils. Also, select articles upon Music, and many excellent ones from your own Journal, were read aloud, and no pains were spared to correct and elevate the standard of taste in the community. Thus, by these means and efforts, have the people become prepared to appreciate the works of those illustrious authors. And I cannot but feel that justice ought to be done to one who labored so assiduously and against such odds. I write to you in preference to other journals, as I know you are well aware of the difficulty of planting a love for classical music where there is so much ignorance and prejudice existing. That Prof. Oliver, who is now in Pittsfield, engaged in the same good work, where he has established a Musical Institute, may be equally successful in that place, is the hearty and sincere wish of

A FORMER PUPIL.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A letter has been received in New York from the renowned pianist, THALBERG, announcing it as positively his intention to come to this country in the autumn. Now that he has tried South America, he will perhaps find it easier to cross the ocean a second time.

HENRY HILL, for many years esteemed the best of English tenor players, and whose name has so continually occurred in our reports of London chamber concerts, is dead. He was but little more than forty. He enjoyed the friendship of the best artists, English and foreign, was very popular among all musicians, and a *sine qua non*, says the *Musical World*, at all performances at the Royal Italian Opera, the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic, the Musical

Union, and the provincial festivals....Covent Garden Theatre is to be rebuilt, arrangements having been made between Mr. Gye and the Duke of Bedford, who reclaimed the land and ruins of the old theatre.

The Mendelssohn Union, an energetic choral society in New York, of which Mr. GEORGE S. PARKER is president, and Mr. MORGAN, the organist, we believe, conductor, gave the fourth soirée of their second season on the 1st inst. They performed the "Athalie" and the "Walpurgis Night" by Mendelssohn, and Mr. Eisfeld's "Voice from the Lake." Willis says: "The beautiful music of *Athalie* was given in a manner creditable to any society whatever. The choruses were prompt, true to pitch, time and shading. The sopranos might perhaps have been a little stronger to balance the other parts, and an orchestra instead of a pianoforte in the accompaniment would have been an improvement of course—but this was not included in the plan. The male chorus was the best we have ever heard in this city: the tenors seemed also to be excellent voices, although singing from the chest a good deal they somewhat overpowered the other voices." The same society announce Costa's new oratorio, "Eli," for the next season. The New Assembly Rooms, where this soirée was held, are said to be now the best place for music in New York....The commencement exercises of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, in New York, were made unusually interesting this year by the first use of the *plain chant* in the services. The Rev. John Henry Hopkins, editor of the *Church Journal*, who has enthusiastically taken up the subject, presided at the organ, while below the students sang antiphonally the selected psalms. Mr. Willis says the number of voices was too small, "but still there were enough to show how manly, and dignified and devotional a music it is, and how practicable for the purpose included."

If some of the best things are those which are absolutely common,—sun and air, for instance,—how many good things are spoiled by the curse of commonness! We heard a hand-organ yesterday playing the Prayer from the *Freischütz*, and on approaching found that the instrument had an "attachment," to-wit a monkey!—to whose capers the slow tune vainly endeavored to keep time.

The *Musical Review* says: "It is settled that we are to have German Opera in America, on an appropriate basis in New-York. German opera rendered not by a real artist in one rôle, with the others filled by chorus-singers; not with a repertoire consisting of *Martha* and *Der Freischütz* alone; but with a full, complete, and capable troupe, and with a repertoire as varied as at home. CARL BERGMANN is engaged as conductor, and his name alone is assurance of something worth listening to. NIBLO'S GARDEN, the most popular place of amusement in New-York, has been leased for a term of months, commencing in September; and there have already arrived in the country, in addition to Mad. VON BERKEL and sister, whom the New-York public have heard, Messrs. PICKANESER (tenor) and WEINLICH, (basso,) artists of excellent voices and talent, and capable of a thorough artistic rendering of the rôles which will be entrusted to them. Besides these, a mezzo-soprano and baritone are shortly expected, completing the troupe; the orchestra and chorus are already gathered and in preparation. The repertoire of operas to be offered are Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Granada*, Boieldieu's *Weisse Dame*, Lortzing's *Undine*, Die beiden Schützen and *Czar und Zimmermann*, Halevy's *Judith*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and *Martha*, Meyerbeer's *Robert der Teufel*, *Hugenotten* and *Nordstern*, Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Oberon*, and *Der Freischütz*, Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*."

Mr. PHILIP ROHR announces his intention of starting soon a monthly German musical paper in Philadelphia, to be called the *Deutschen Musik-Zeitung für die Vereinigten Staaten*, (German Musical Journal for the U. S.) It will be in the German language, edited by Mr. P. M. WOLSIEFFER; price \$1.50 per annum. Success to it!...MAX MARET-

ZER has taken a three years' lease of the N. Y. Academy of Music, at \$22,000 per annum, and goes immediately to Europe to engage opera singers.... Our friend CARL BERGMANN was presented a few weeks since with a silver goblet by the "Liederkrantz" of Hartford, Ct., during the German Musical Festival, which he conducted there....The "German Trio," (Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNG-NICKEL, of this city,) gave two concerts in Burlington, Vt., which were quite successful, during the first week of July....Among the other rumors is one that JOANNA WAGNER will come to America, after the expiration of her present engagement with Mr. Lumley, which will be next Fall....LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK are concertizing in Canada;—PARODI and STRAKOSCH are expected soon in New York on their return from a lengthened tour in the West and South;—the PYNE and HARRISON troupe ditto.

The *Musical Review* sneers at the *London Musical World's* opinion that JENNY LIND is the greatest singer in the world. It is not quite clear, however, whether the sneer is meant entirely for the critic, or partly also for the singer. The London correspondent in the same number of the *Review* declares that her singing of the scena from the *Freischütz* was "a pretentious, cold, affected and imitated business; a kind of bird-organ exhibition, sung with great care to hide the inroads which time has made upon a voice naturally not of the best kind." Believe that who can.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. (From the *Times*, June 27.)—In many respects one of the best performances we have witnessed of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* took place last night, when that masterpiece of opera buffa was presented for the first time this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and with a remarkably efficient cast.

As we have very recently had to speak in terms of disparagement of Signor RONCONI—whose Don Giovanni is certainly open to animadversion—we have the greater pleasure in bearing testimony—though not for the first time by many—to the unsurpassable excellence of his Figaro. Never was Ronconi's supremacy in this part more triumphantly demonstrated. From *Largo al factotum* to the end of the opera his humor, wit, and invention seemed inexhaustible. New points out of number were presented—all without exception racy, natural, and spontaneous. To describe the characteristics of Ronconi's barber at the present time, however, would be superfluous. The operatic world is sufficiently familiar with this famous impersonation; and we have only dwelt upon it thus far in order to impress our readers with an idea of the signal revenge which the gifted and versatile artist achieved after his recent *quasi* failure in a part of a very different nature.

Why MARIO should ever allow any one else, in the theatre to which he is attached, to essay the portraiture of Count Almaviva is a puzzle. There was never on the stage a more complete and striking representation than his of the hero of Beaumarchais and Rossini. In the hands of Mario the Count is essentially a gentleman—a gentleman at once so gay, *insouciant*, brilliant, and refined, that we may seek in vain for a parallel. The singing, too, is quite as great as the acting. That no living tenor can execute the florid music of Rossini with the same facility as Mario is notorious. His vocalization in this respect is as finished as that of Alboni herself—the most faultless of Rossinian singers. The series of rapid passages in the quick movement of the duet with Figaro—*All'idea di quel metallo*—are delivered throughout in an exquisitely sustained *mezza voce*, and with surprising fluency and evenness of tone. Not a note is shirked, not a shade of indecision to be detected in the intonation—all is pure, genuine, and artistic singing. It is a pity that so little of this kind of music is now produced. Were it otherwise, we might have a few more such artists as Mario—since it cannot be denied that composers are in a great measure responsible both for the merits and defects of their performers. Where Rossini and his predecessors may be said to have created singers, Verdi and his disciples must be equally allowed to have generated a race of screamers.

Madame BOSIO's Rosina has improved so sensibly from year to year that it now ranks among her most perfect achievements. True, she adorns the cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, in so profuse and elaborate a style that not much of the simple beauty of the original is left, but her ornaments and *fiorture* are accomplished with such wonderful brilliancy that the first impulse

is rather to applaud the skill of the vocalist than to question the taste which admits a system of such unlimited embellishment. The same applies to Madame Bosio's share of the duet with Figaro—*Dunque io son*—in which the consummate neatness of her execution disarms criticism altogether. In the lesson scene last night she introduced the well-known *polka varié*, from Alary's *Tre Nozze*—or rather a new version of it, since the original, as composed for Madame Sontag, was written, too low for the high *soprano* voice of Bosio. We did not greatly admire the first edition of this musical *jeu d'esprit*—nor do we find the present one, which far exceeds the other in difficulties, much more to our taste. It served, however, to exhibit the vocal powers of its fair and talented exponent in a highly advantageous light, and was encored enthusiastically.

Herr FORMES again produced a marked effect by his very original conception of the personage of Don Basilio and by his spirited declamation of the famous *La calomnia*. Signor TAGLIARICO's Don Bartolo was a careful and meritorious performance; but the character is not exactly in his line. Mlle. COTTI was Berta, and Signor Soldi Fiorello. The overture was capitally played; and, indeed, the band and chorus, under Mr. COSTA, were more than usually excellent. The opera was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, who recalled Madame Bosio, Mario, and Ronconi after each act, and the two latter after their admirably effective performance in the duet "All'idea," to which allusion has been made.

On the 16th *Don Giovanni* was played with RONCONI as the Don, BOSIO as Zerlina, Mme. DEVRIES as Donna Anna, Mlle. MARAI as Elvira, GARDONI as Ottavio, FORMES as Leporello, &c. The *Times* says:

Mme. Bosio's Zerlina is charming in all respects—charming as an unaffected and truthful delineation of the half innocent, half coquettish peasant girl, who, while she really loves Masetto, is by no means averse to the admiration of the courtly cavalier—and still more charming on account of the exquisite purity with which the music is given. *Batti, batti, and Vedrai carino*, were both encored last night, and, which is more worth stating, were both sung to perfection. Mademoiselle Marai, too, is a most interesting and at the same time clever and intelligent Elvira. Her music—which is among the most arduous and difficult in the opera—was executed with the taste and correctness of a true artist. The part of Donna Anna was undertaken by a *débütante*—Mme. Rosa Devries, who comes to us with a considerable reputation from the United States. Madame Devries is no novice on the stage, although she has few pretensions (at least, if we may judge from last night's performance) to the title of a tragic actress. Her Donna Anna was a somewhat quiet and apathetic revelation. She executed the music, however—both concerted and solo—with all the facility, point, and emphasis of one to whom it has long been familiar. The grand scene and aria, *Or sai chi l'indegno*, where Donna Anna narrates to Ottavio the outrage by Don Juan, was an extremely clever though by no means a great performance. The trio of the masques, in the first finale, was still better. Here the upper tones of Mme. Devries' voice—a clear-toned legitimate soprano—were heard to much advantage, and, as the singing of Mlle. Marai and Signor Gardoni was equally good, the result was a unanimous encore. On the whole the impression produced by the new comer was decidedly favorable. Nevertheless, with Grisi and Jenny Ney in the company, it was odd that a Donna Anna should have been sought for out of the theatre.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the fifth concert the orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, Beethoven's No. 4, and the overture to *Oberon*. Miss ARABELLA GODDARD played Bennett's piano-forte Concerto in C minor, (to the great delight of the *Musical World*), and SIVORI performed Paganini's Violin Concerto in B minor. Miss DOLBY sang an Aria by Mozart: *Aleandro, lo confesso*, and Haydn's "Spirit Song"; Mr. WEISS sang an air from Mozart's *Figaro*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. The following was the programme of the fifth and last concert:

PART I.

Overture (*Ruy Blas*).....Mendelssohn
Scena (*Der Freyschütz*), Mme. Goldschmidt, Weber
Chorus, "Hail, holy light;" duet, "Brightest Seraph," Miss Sherrington and Miss F. Huddart; solo and chorus, "Farewell, ye happy fields," Herr Rokitsansky and chorus; song, "For spirits when they please," Miss Sherrington, (*Paradise Lost*).....Wylde
Concerto in D minor, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mendelssohn
Aria, "Squallida veste," Mme. Goldschmidt, Rossini
Overture (*Oberon*).....Weber

PART II.

Symphony Pastoral.....Beethoven
Recueil de Mazourkas (arranged by Otto Goldschmidt), Mad. Goldschmidt.....Chopin
Overture (*Masaniello*).....Auber
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

The *Musical World* says:

As Mme. Goldschmidt has before sung all the pieces included in the above programme, it is enough to say that she never sang them more transcendently. The scene from *Der Freyschütz* was glorious; the *bravura* from *Il Turco* dazzling and splendid, and the mazourkas of Chopin, admirably accompanied by Herr Goldschmidt, were exquisitely quaint and touching. As the last faint note died away into silence, Mme. Goldschmidt produced such a marvellous *sotto voce* that we could not help recalling the beautiful simile in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*:

"A music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

Mrs. J. Robinson, who brilliantly represents the sister isle as *pianiste de la première force*, performed the difficult concerto of Mendelssohn with remarkable energy and fire. Her reading of the *andante* was charming—gracefully feminine, and yet quite unaffected. She was applauded with enthusiasm.

CLARA SCHUMANN'S RECITALS. The *Musical World* (June 2) says:

On Tuesday afternoon Mme. Schumann again "recited" some piano-forte music to her friends and admirers, who assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms in larger numbers than before. Mme. Schumann played the following pieces on the present occasion: Variations in E flat on a theme from the Eroica

Symphony,.....Beethoven
Two Diversions (Op. 17); Suite de Pieces (No. 1, Op. 24),.....Sterndale Bennett
Variations on a theme (Aus den bunten Blättern) of Robert Schumann,.....Clara Schumann
Sarabande and Gavotte (in the style of Bach),
and Clavierstück in A major,

Johannes Brahms and Scarlatti
Carneval (Scenes Mignonnes, Op. 9), Rob't Schumann

MME. GOLDSCHMIDT'S CONCERTS.—The 'Creation' was given last night at Exeter Hall. We have little to say of the performance, beyond expressing the extreme delight which we received from it, for it was precisely similar to the performance of this oratorio in the early part of the season. After all, it is in sacred music that the greatness of Jenny Lind's genius is most strikingly displayed. In the 'Messiah' she is as pre-eminently sublime as, in the 'Creation' she is incomparably beautiful. She never sang more divinely than she did last night. The delicacy and grace with which she warbled 'With verdure clad,' her splendid voice and brilliant execution in 'On mighty wings,' and her exquisite tenderness in the duet, 'Graceful Consort,' excited the audience to enthusiasm. The other solo parts were admirably sung by Mr. Lockett and Mr. Weiss; and Haydn's great masterpiece was probably never more magnificently performed. Every part of the hall was densely crowded. We have only one thing to add—and we do it with sincere sorrow—that only once more will the notes of the Nightingale of nightingales be heard in England. —*Times*, June 26.

MEETING OF THE CHARITY CHILDREN.—The hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Charity Children, belonging to the various free schools of the metropolis, took place on Thursday afternoon, as usual, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in presence of a vast multitude of people. There was no change in the musical parts of the ceremony, with which alone we have to do. The children, as usual, sang the hundredth, the hundred and fourth, and the hundred and thirteenth psalms; joined the members of the United Choirs in the "Gloria Patri" to the Psalms, and also in certain parts of Handel's *Coronation Anthem*, *Zadoc, the Priest*, and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. The Chant to the "Venite" was Jones's eternal in D. The "Te Deum and Jubilate" were Boyce's eternal in A. The children acquitted themselves well and so did the choir. Mr. Bates beat time, as usual, from his rostrum, and the whole of the musical proceedings were superintended, as on a former occasion, by Mr. Goss, the zealous and intelligent organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. G. Cooper, the talented sub-organist, both of whom exhibited their accustomed ability and care. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lincoln. A larger sum was collected at the doors than has been known for years.

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The Six and Twentieth Birthday of the Organist's Fur Cap.

(Translated from the German for this Journal.)

(Concluded from last week.)

"For a long time we could not contain ourselves, and we scarcely remarked that our room was furnished with every convenience. At last we examined everything more closely, and went also into the chamber. There stood two clean beds, nor was the cradle for the little child forgotten, so as to force from me the exclamation: 'Really, extremely well provided for a jail!'

"But the strangeness of the matter grew upon us, when towards evening an old limping hag came into the room, set upon the table a pitcher of beer, a pipe and tobacco, and a lighted lamp, and laid a hymn-book by the side of them.

"Margaret," said I, "what does that mean? Have we got to die, and do they mean to do us one last kindness?"

"But strangest of all was, when the hag an hour after spread the table and brought on a strong soup and roast meat.

"It is certainly so, Andrew," exclaimed Margaret; "we are doomed to death, and this is the last meal of the condemned! God have mercy on our poor children!"

"I own that I felt rather faint at heart myself, but yet I thought that surely we were guilty of no crime, that we were in the Residence of an upright and humane Prince, and could not be condemned unheard. These considerations brightened up our spirits; we took the hymn-book and sang:

Though hell and every devil
Should rise up and oppose,
Dispersing clouds of evil,
God's will right onward goes!
For what the Lord ordaineth
Is sure to reach the goal,

And still his rest remaineth
For every faithful soul.

"After this singing came composure—a hungry appetite we had already—and so without more ado we seated ourselves at the table and partook of the excellent supper with a relish, after which we committed ourselves to the rest of a good conscience in our soft beds.

"Scarcely did the day dawn, when the royal breakfast came, and with it the old man, who again asked me, with a sneer, whether I would stay here or go on to Z—. My answer was the same as the day before, and the result the same. But the dinner and supper were uncommon good.

"So passed three days in succession, and we wanted nothing but our freedom and the explanation of our strange fate.

"This came to us upon the morning of the fourth day, when an elderly gentleman entered my room with a packet of notes. It was the chapel director—the blessed worthy father of our kapellmeister there.

"Wie gehts, Herr Cantor?" was his salutation.

"How goes it?" I replied; "as well as it can go with a poor burnt-out cantor, held in jail."

"What the devil! Sir, do you take this house for a jail?" exclaimed the stranger.

"For what else?" was my answer. "And is not the fiend, whom you call Bastian, the head jailor?"

"Sir, are you mad?" replied the chapel-director. "Bastian the jailor? Bastian a fiend? Bastian, that noblest of men, to whom you and your family will be indebted for your fortunes!"

"I was as one fallen from the clouds, and begged for God's sake that he would at last solve me this riddle.

"The chapel director seated himself near me and told me how he knew all that had occurred to me; that Bastian was the old pensioned servant of the blessed Prince, held in high esteem by the now reigning Prince, who through him wrought an untold amount of good in silence, and who took him into counsel upon all important matters. Nevertheless, the good old man had had in his life some very sad experiences, particularly in his younger days; a faithless wife had repaid his love by an ingratitude and wickedness that cried to heaven; and his own graceless son, who long since fell under the axe of justice in a foreign country, had laid violent hands on him. All this had bleached his hair before its time, had bowed his neck and given him an appearance of misanthropy, of which, however, there was no trace in his noble heart. But now he had begun to be ashamed of virtue and of every tender emotion.

Hence it came that, whenever any feeling got the better of him, he, to hide the falling tears, would vigorously take snuff, laugh and sneer, and blurt out coarse words. This, as well as the deep scar, which he got from a robber's sabre in defending his master's life in Italy, and which disfigured his face so much, had placed him in an ambiguous light with all about there who did not know him well, so that he had become for the most part an object of mistrust—indeed, to many a sort of scarecrow.

"When I told my sad story at the master furrier's house, his heart had been quite touched, and he had thought at once of means to help me. Hearing me say I was a pupil of the great Bach, and having seen my organ preludes and heard me play, a plan for providing for me had instantly shaped itself in his mind, but one which it would have been quite impossible to execute had I persisted in my resolution to leave the Residence and go to Z—. For the Prince, upon whom all depended, was just then absent at a hunting castle, and would not return for some days.

"Therefore had he sedulously opposed the most fearful difficulties to my plan; therefore, to hold me tighter, he had got possession of my organ preludes; and therefore, when he saw all was in vain, and that I was still bent on a pilgrimage to Z—, he had had me brought into this house, which to be sure was not in the least the jail, but the beautiful garden house, which the Prince had given to his faithful servant.

"And here now the noble benefactor fed the old and the young ravens, and had effected a provisional arrangement whereby I was to receive good pay for teaching the princesses to play on the piano, until something better should have time to ripen.

"I was thunderstruck at this narration, and I involuntarily stretched out my hands with Margaret to the door, and cried:

"O thou noble Bastian! forgive us our error, for we knew not what we did!"

"And you know not now," continued the chapel director, "what Bastian does. But trust in God, Herr Cantor. It will all come to a glorious end. At nine o'clock in the morning will commence the lessons with the princesses; and here is a little something for practice; a piano-forte will soon be here."

"Scarcely had he said this when a stately instrument was shoved into the room, and behind it again asked Herr Bastian in a right sneering tone:

"Will the Herr Cantor still go to Z—?"

"No, no!" I cried. "Here will I remain, noble benefactor, here be industrious, and bless you with my little innocents."

"He, he, he!" laughed the old man, snuffing in the most unseemly manner, and said: "Well, then, the Herr Cantor is now free from the arrest and can go where he pleases. But if the same perhaps is not disposed to introduce himself to the cousin in his native town, or to the Herr Counsellor, or to have his skin drawn over his ears at the Red Ball, and if the Herr Cantor and his family can be better pleased here in the jail, he may remain with pleasure until something further turns up—"

"O thou noble, thou good Bastian! O thou, poor misunderstood one!" here we all exclaimed, interrupting the worthy court organist. "Give us the portrait here, dear grandfather," exclaimed the grandchildren, stretching out their little arms to it. "Give us the picture!" cried we all; and the old Bastian, amid blessings and kisses, was passed around the table and back to his place crowned with flowers.

"Children and friends," said the court organist, in a deeply moved and earnest voice, "you are quite right. The noble friend has long been no more among the living; but the dead too shall live! Our Bastian shall live in heaven!"

"*Hoch! hoch! hoch!*" we cried, and drained the full glasses together.

"But now," resumed the court organist, "now hear what further took place. My lessons with the princesses were attended with the best success. In the way of eating and drinking and all physical necessities, nothing was wanting to me and mine. Margaret sewed and knitted. Bastian's noble and instructive society made short the evenings for us, when I had usually to play my best to the good old man, and regularly every Saturday I received my bright ducats.

"Friends, that was a life as it were in heaven. But one day, while I was with the princesses, and was boldly improvising on the fine piano, there stood behind us suddenly the Prince! I thought the shock would embarrass me. But the Prince clapped me on the shoulders and said: 'Bravo, Herr Cantor! you must some day play the organ in St. James's Church.'

"Ah, that had long been my most earnest wish. Often on a Sunday had I stood modestly near the keyboard, upon which the seventy-two years old court organist reigned supreme with master power over the superb work, and carefully had I observed the treatment and the registers. But I had never yet had courage to ask permission of the morose court organist to play a hymn. I knew that Bastian had given him my organ preludes, yet never had the old man, who was severely pained by gout and rheumatism, deigned to honor me with one friendly look.

"For a fortnight had his hands been palsied so that he could not play, and school-boy players bungled at that majestic organ of the first church of the Residence.

"Then all at once the court organist sent me word that I might come and play the organ the next Sunday. Heavens! how happy I felt! I could scarcely wait for the dear Sunday. It was a feast day. The people poured in, and I knew, too, that all the court were in the church.

"O, with what feelings I sat down upon the organist's bench! With what feelings I beheld in front against the railing of the choir the whole princely chapel, with the chapel director at their head!

"But awe and terror seized me when the stern

old master, the court organist, stepped up to my side, his lame right hand bound up in a cushion, and Bastian stood on my left.

"At first I held a long, deep tone in the pedal, and then I grasped the full chords of the whole coupled organ. Like a storm then I moved up and down the chromatic scale through all the octaves, and pushed the waves to the highest pitch of awe and terror. Then a sudden silence; then I let the kettle drums roll, all alone, and without any accompaniment. Now again the full chords roared, and now again drums solo.

"At last it all united in a double subject, filling the whole vast church with a mighty mass of tones, and announcing the praise and greatness of the Most High with thunder and with angel voices, and so introducing the choral: *Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr* (To God alone be honor, &c.) which I now played strong and plain, without any tinsel ornament or burlesque frippery in the beginning or middle.

"Now came the music. The chapel director laid the general bass before me. It was a grand, gorgeous psalm of Handel, which was performed with all the pomp of modern instrumentation by an extremely clever orchestra.

"I played my part with precision and discretion. But when I came to develop my great power in the last long and very brilliant organ solo, and for this purpose had drawn out altogether strange stops, and wove ingeniously into it the theme of the first movement, I remarked that the court organist, who had been creeping about in a surly manner, suddenly went off. The music was over, and now came the principal hymn. O God! it was my favorite one: *Befiehl du deine Wege*. The director had told me beforehand that it was the custom here to have this hymn preceded by a very long, elaborate prelude, in which the organist had a chance to show himself, and that I might occupy a quarter of an hour or more with it.

"I did not have to be informed twice, but drew out all the trumpet and trombone basses, and began, the instant that the priest at the altar had pronounced the last word of the gospel, with a majestic adagio. Hereupon, with my left foot on the pedal, I introduced a powerful fugue, which I worked through all the parts with all the artistic subtleties which I had learned from my great teacher, and brought it to a successful close.

"Suddenly I changed the registers. Soft, but murmurous tones, like ocean waves, streamed through the vast cathedral, and the soul, shrinking and trembling, seized with pain and doubt, seemed as if it would sink into the depths of the foaming ocean; then high in the sun-lit clouds resounded the consoling angel voice: *Befiehl du deine Wege*. It was in fact the *Vox Humana*, which I had drawn, and with which upon the upper manual I carried on the melody with the left hand, while the right hand and the pedal made the figural harmony.

"And so I closed the prelude, introducing in a surprising manner, just at the last phrase of the melody, the chime of bells.

"Not a breath stirred in the immeasurable building. Bastian had long been smiling in his sneering way and taking snuff with great energy; when, just as I was about to commence the hymn itself, God in heaven! out shot the court organist from behind the organ, and rushing towards me, cried with a thundering voice:

"Down from the seat! He, turning to a pupil—he plays the hymn!"

"As if struck by lightning, I left the seat. I thought I had done all very well, and yet I had to submit to be driven from a seat, of which I was not worthy, and to hear a blockhead of a school-boy make a mess of the noble choral.

"Like a poor sinner I crept to a stool which stood by the organ, and sat down shivering and shaking. No one spoke with me. Bastian leaned obstinately still against the railing, and the others all avoided me, passed far before me, looking at me shyly.

"I was scarcely able to sit through the sermon. Of what was preached, I did not know a word. There was nothing present to me but the feeling of my misfortune and the most disheartened brooding upon what I had done wrong, and how I could have been so stupid as to have really thought my playing good. As to any further organ-playing, it was no longer to be thought of. Crushed and humbled, I slipped home, where with tears in my eyes, I told my Margaret how horribly I had disgraced myself that day, and that now probably our splendor here would soon come to an end.

"I had no appetite at dinner. I had no consolation, for Bastian had not yet come home.

"Well, about three o'clock—no, what now took place, my dear friends, it is utterly impossible to describe: At about three the chapel director, the court organist and Bastian came into my room. Now, thought I, now it is coming—now they will shake thee, and probably drive thee away! The pain gave me strength and presence of mind, and boldly I called out to them as they entered:

"O, do not trouble yourselves, my masters! I know very well that I have done my task miserably, and that I am now to be hauled over the coals. But if you should take my life away, I could not do it better; indeed, I know not how it were possible; and at all events, I play more discreetly than your blundering choir boys."

"A terrible burst of laughter from all three interrupted me, and the chapel director turned me clear round and exclaimed:

"Cantor, are you then actually mad, or is it only your way? You have to-day, without knowing it yourself, passed your trial in the very bravest manner. Cantor, you are now court organist at St. James!"

"How? What do you say? Trial? Brave? Court organist?" I stammered, and sank down on a chair.

"Yea, verily," replied Bastian, and unfolded the Prince's patent.

"But the letters danced before my eyes; I could not make out a word; and Margaret stood speechless with mouth open.

"I must beseech you now for God's sake," sobbed I, "my kind masters, do me the favor to give me a few right sound boxes on the ear to wake me up. For really this is some hoaxing nonsense of a dream."

"Eh! what dream?" said the chapel director. "Hear how it all came about, and then you may box your own ears for being so bewildered. Long since had Bastian proposed you to our gracious master as the substitute for our worthy but sick court organist; and since the latter had long wished to seek rest and retirement, but was unwilling to resign his post to any but a skilful

master; and since the court organist had tried your organ preludes and praised them highly to the Prince, it all depended upon ascertaining whether you were practically competent to the work.*

"Therefore," the old court organist took up the story, "therefore I did not let you play immediately, in order that you might first of all become familiar with the instrument and with the registers. And therefore was your trial appointed for to-day without your knowledge, lest your fingers should be lamed by fear."

"And therefore," resumed the director,—"therefore I brought out to-day the great, difficult Handelian Psalm, which is a real doctor's test for an organist. What effect you have produced by your playing, you may best judge from what took place here with our worthy court organist. Scarcely were you down from the organist's bench, when he caught hold of me with his left hand and urged me to go home with him and assist at an execution. I knew not what he meant, but I went with him. We were scarcely inside of his house when he cried out with a hideous voice: 'Wife, an axe here!' 'An axe?' asked the good woman, terrified—'an axe, Matthew? What do you want of it? What ails you?' 'An axe, I say! I wish to hew off these useless members. Wife, I tell you, you never in your life heard organ-playing! My performance—old-fashioned, insipid stuff compared to Andreas! And just for that reason I will never touch another key, and do as it stands written in the Bible: If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee! Why, did not the fellow actually make child's play of me? Did not your old man sit behind the organ with the bellows-blower, weeping like a fool, when the malicious spirit on the seat in front there figured the choral with the *Vox Humana*? O wife! if I had let him also play the hymn, who knows what sort of excesses he would have committed? Perhaps I should have had to fall upon his neck before the whole chapel and utterly disgrace myself! So I let Habakkuk play, and gained time, after a few false fifths and octaves, to compose myself the best I could. But on reflection, were I to hack my fingers off and cast them from me, would that help the brave Andreas at all? So, Herr Kapelldirector, come right away now to the castle. The church is out, and the affair must be settled.' 'You are right, old friend,' answered I, and off we went to the Prince, with whom, when we were introduced, we already found Bastian. The Prince was extremely well pleased with your playing, and caused to be made out for you upon the spot the patent as substitute court organist at St. James's, with all the income and emoluments, at the same time pensioning our old friend here with his usual full salary.'

"I assure you, my dear friends, the scales fell from my eyes at this relation of the chapel director. I was really and truly court organist. Like a crazy man I danced about the room, and embraced now Bastian, now the chapel director, now Margaret, now the court organist, and now the stove. Wine was brought, and in the whole Residence there were no happier mortals than we. We were as joyful as we are to-day.

"But all those good men are missed to-day. Before a year had passed, we buried the venerable court organist, and Bastian contrived it admirably again that I should be formally installed

in my office on the seventeenth of December, just a year from the day that I had made acquaintance with him at the house of master Kilian. You should have heard me then—how I made the old organ work together! For now I was sure of bread, and everywhere respected and honored. Verily, I played the organ like a lion!

"Two years afterwards the noble Prince went to his fathers, and the good Bastian soon followed him, constant, as ever, in death. The chapel director too went home, but left us in his place his gallant son.

"The leather-dealer died, the Counsellor died; but we, friends, we still live, and mean, if it please God, to enjoy life now right heartily. To be sure, I am just now an amiable youth of five and sixty years. Is it not so, Margaret? And our Prince, our gracious Grand Duke, will, should I chance——"

Two servants in a rich court livery here interrupted the cheerful old man. They bore into the room a heavy basket, and one of them handed to the court organist a billet from the Grand Duke, which the old man opened with a trembling hand, and, while all rose reverently, read aloud as follows:

"My dear Court Organist:

I am not unaware of what a happy day you have experienced. Therefore I send you here a basket of my good Sillery, and wish we both may have the happiness to celebrate the *fiftieth* jubilee of your office, when you shall receive speaking evidences of the good will of

Your affectionate, &c."

And now burst forth without restraint the cry:

"Long live his royal highness, our Grand Duke, the honored father of our land! *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*"

The champagne corks flew, and for the infinite jubilation no one could hear his own voice. Tongues stammered, but so much the more eloquently spake the sparkling eyes.

The good-hearted court preacher glowed like a Whitsuntide rose, and could do nothing else but laugh and wonder. The kapellmeister had his arm around the old grocer's neck, and both wept for love and kindness.

Then suddenly the court organist rapped on a glass with his knife and cried:

"Silence! silence, my friends! There is still some one wanting in the company, and he must now come forth. Margaret, the faithful fur cap is still living."

"In with him!" we all cried; "in with the fur cap!"

Then the mother of the house, much affected, brought the cap upon a salver, and set it down upon the middle of the table. All at once we grew sober and still, and I rose and solemnly began:

"Six and twenty years ago this day, O fur cap, wast thou born! Thou art indeed one of the least out of Kilian Brustfleck's furriery; but thou wast the instrument of the heavenly Father, who through thee led his unfortunate and wavering children to good fortune; and how far behind thee stand thy whilom brothers and sisters, the fairy, sable, fox-skin and lamb-skin caps, which have long been buried in the kingdom of the past, and no one thinks of them, although they once esteemed themselves thy betters. Small

and insignificant thou mightest appear, but from small causes great results do often flow. Is the life of the respected man, whose head thou wast destined to keep warm, a matter of no prime and national importance? Then at least what was brought about through thee was wonderful and full of blessing. Therefore, long live, O fur cap! In the safe screen far be from thee the corrupting moth and gnawing mouse; far be the sporting mastiff and the fondling cat; and may grandchildren and great-grandchildren at the sight of thee with gratitude and love remember him who was the first to wear thee!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the whole company. "Vivat! long live the fur cap! Live all the caps in the whole world! Live the Grand Duke! Live Bastian! Long live the brave host and the mother! Long live the organ! Long live everything!" we all shrieked in mad jubilee, and drank and laughed, and sang and were happy until, long after midnight, everybody danced, sprang, slipped or tumbled to *Be—thelehem*.

Hints for the Formation of a Musical Library.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FETIS.

It is with a musical library, as with every scientific or literary collection, the best must be that which is most adapted to the taste and wants of the possessor. It would therefore be not only difficult but unreasonable to attempt to decide positively upon the elements that ought to enter into its composition. The library of a learned musician will differ very essentially from that of a composer, and a singer's from that of an instrumental performer; in a word, every one collects such works as are best calculated to augment his knowledge or satisfy his inclination. This is no more than reasonable; for at the same time that it is impossible to possess everything that is valuable, it is not only useless, but something worse, to gather round us piles of books and music which we shall never have the leisure to examine or study. Successively to direct the attention to a multitude of objects, can give only superficial knowledge, instead of imparting solid instruction. Before collecting a musical library, it is therefore necessary to examine the use for which it is designed. This point once settled, the only question will be regarding such a selection as is best calculated to attain the end proposed. The object of this article is to offer some few hints towards making such a selection, of whatever nature it be.

I observed that it is not possible to possess everything valuable; this is self-evident, for not only would it be necessary to employ enormous sums in the acquisition of all that has been written on or respecting music, but it must also be recollected that there is a host of works of extreme rarity, of which chance alone could put us in possession. The most complete musical library ever collected was that of Padre Martini, which contained the works of nearly seventeen thousand writers and composers, and yet, even at the period in which it was formed, it was very incomplete, and would be still more so at the present day.* Next to this library, the most numerous ever formed by an individual, comes that of the court of Vienna, which is maintained with great care, and has been successively enriched several amateurs of music. The Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris, possesses a fine collection of works, both theoretical and practical; this collection dates from the gift made by Sebastian de Brossard to Louis XIV. of his musical library, which has been augmented by several successive additions. It is particularly estimable for the

* Of this library it ought to be known that it consisted not only of works, &c., on music, in all its various branches, but also of every book wherein the subject was merely incidentally mentioned. A single page concerning music in a volume was a sufficient inducement for the learned Abbate to place it in his collection.

number of ancient works which it contains. After this comes the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique, which is numerous, but chiefly remarkable on account of its collection of dramatic music. A well-known amateur, Mr. Poelchau, of Berlin, and the Abbate Santini, of Rome, are possessed of musical libraries which pass for the best in Europe; in effect, they are rich in works in every department of the art, but are not less incomplete than those I have named, it being impossible to amass everything.

It is necessarily to public establishments that we are led to look for a complete assemblage of all that is known relative to music; but, however active the zeal of the librarian, he is sure to meet with obstacles that paralyze his efforts. Money, too, which is so profusely lavished on objects useless, nay, worse than useless, is always wanting for the acquisition of what is necessary. For instance, the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique, rich as it is in scores of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, possesses little or nothing of the fifteenth and sixteenth. The sacred music of the German school is almost entirely unknown there; nothing is found but fragments of the works of Bach, Handel, and the other great men who enriched the domain of music from 1700 to 1750. Of compositions for the organ there are absolutely none, and it is nearly the same as to what regards the theory and history of the art. Under the reign of Napoleon, all these deficiencies had been stated, and a memoir presented on the subject, and funds to the amount of six hundred thousand francs were on the point of being granted, as well for completing the building as for making the necessary acquisitions, when the restoration took place. The Ecole Royale then passed from the jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior into that of the Minister de la maison du Roi, and the imperial ordinance was never carried into execution. By a very simple means, the library of the Ecole Royale de Musique might be rendered one of the most complete in Europe, and that is, by adding to it the collection of ancient music in the Bibliothèque du Roi, thus consolidating the two collections, and making one complete library from two incomplete portions. But, unfortunately, these two establishments belong to different administrations, and it is not likely that so desirable an arrangement will ever take place.

The formation of a great public library of music, in order to fulfil its object, which is that of furnishing means of instruction in all the departments of the art to those who frequent it, ought to be directed according to the following principles:

In the first place, two great divisions should be made; the one of musical literature, the other of practical music, of which the following is a sketch.

The first division should be distributed into classes.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

Subdivisions.

1. Origin and invention of music.
2. Beauty and utility of this art.
3. Of its nature and uses.
4. Of its effects on the moral affections.
5. Of its effects on the physical constitution of man and animals.

II. HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Subdivisions.

1. General history of music of all nations and of every age.
2. Particular history, which may consist of three divisions: 1. Ancient music; Music of the middle ages; 3. Modern music.

The history of *Ancient Music* embraces that of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; and each of these divisions includes whatever has been written on the musical systems of these people, their notation or semiography, their rhythm, musical instruments, &c. This class is very extensive.

The history of the music of the *Middle Ages* may be divided into the eastern and the western; the eastern comprehending whatever has been

written relative to the music of the Greek, Ethiopian, and Armenian churches; the western embracing the history of the Gregorian and Ambrosian chant, and whatever has been written on figured song, notation, formation of systems, invention of harmony and counterpoint, popular songs, music of the troubadours and minstrels, instruments, &c.

The history of *Modern Music* may be divided into general and particular, and consists of all that has been written on the successive progress and revolutions of the art, not only in different parts of Europe, but throughout the world generally. The catalogue of this single division would form more than twenty octavo pages. To this must be added the particular histories of church music, of dramatic music, of the biography of composers, both for the voice and for instruments, singers, and instrument makers of every kind, as well as of bibliography or literal history, dictionaries, &c. These latter divisions comprise more than twelve hundred articles.

The second great division of musical literature includes all that relates to the theory and practice of music, and may be divided as follows:

I. The *Mathematical* and physical part, subdivided into three relations; the first including all that relates to acoustics or the science of sounds, to the organ of hearing, to the voice and echoes; the second, comprehending the calculation of proportions, and the temperament and tuning of instruments; the third, treatises for the construction of instruments. This part comprehends more than six hundred articles.

II. The rudiments of music, divided into four sections: 1st, notation, solmization and rhythm; 2d, solfa-ing; 3d, plain song and figured song; 4th, the methods of performing on different instruments. More than three thousand articles are comprised in this part.

III. The theory and practice of *Harmony* and *Composition*, divided into four sections: 1st, systems of harmony; 2d, treatises of intervals and chords, and methods of accompaniment; 3d, counterpoint and fugue; 4th, composition in general, which is composed of treatises on melody, on poetical and musical rhythm, on the employment of instruments and voices, on orchestral effects, and on the poetry of music. In this part are contained nearly two thousand articles.

IV. *Musical Criticism and Literature*, containing, 1st, treatises on expression, style, and taste; 2nd, considerations on the amelioration of the musical art, and improvements in its methods and different parts; 3d, polemic writings, pamphlets, and satires; 4th, musical journals.

Such should be the materials of the literary part of a grand public library of music.

I now come to the practical part, that is, to compositions of every kind. This part will consist of two divisions; the one comprising vocal, and the other instrumental music.

This division of vocal music will be subdivided into three great sections: 1st, *Church Music*; 2d, *Music of the Theatre*; 3d, *Chamber Music*.

Church Music must again be divided into several classes; the first will embrace all the motets and masses, from the origin of composition in several parts, till about the middle of the sixteenth century, in order to enable us to regard under one point of view all such music as had the mechanical combination of sounds, more or less perfect, for its principle; for the works which remain to us of these times offer little or nothing else, till the period of the reformation of the art by Palestrina.

The second class, of masses and motets, comprehends all that was composed from the time of Palestrina to that of Carissimi, the inventor of the modern style, and of church music with accompaniments.

The third class includes masses, vespers, motets. The Deums, &c., from the time of Carissimi till 1730, at which time wind instruments were introduced into church music accompaniments, and when commenced what may be termed musical coloring and the expressive style. This class will comprehend all that has been written to the present day. Church music might also be divided into schools, in order the better to show its

historical progression. In fine, a particular section should be set apart for all that regards the reformed religion, such as psalms and canticles in several parts, and in the languages of different countries, German masses, Te Deums, and services in German, English, Dutch, &c.

Intermediary between church music and that of the theatre stands the Oratorio; it is allied to the one by its object, and to the other by its dramatic expression, and may therefore be properly assigned to a separate class.

Theatrical Music, strictly speaking, contains but one class—that of the opera; yet it will be proper to divide it according to different epochs and schools. The first epoch of the Italian school comprises the first essays and the first works, from Giulio Caccini to Alessandro Scarlatti, the real inventor of the expressive and dramatic style. The second epoch extends from the time of this composer to that of Pergolesi. The third commences with Maio and Jomelli, the inventors of musical coloring or instrumental effects. The fourth comprises all the works in which the accompaniment ceases to be a secondary part, and claims a rank with the vocal; that is, all that has been written from 1790 till the present day.

Of *German Dramatic Music*, the first epoch commences with Keiser, and finishes with Benda; the second commences with this master and extends to the time of Mozart; the third extends from the works of this great man to those of Weigl. A fourth epoch, which may properly be denominated that of philosophical music, begins with Carl Maria von Weber.

The *French School* will also be divided into several epochs; the first commences with Lulli and extends to Rameau; the second comprehends all that has been written from the time of this master to that of Gluck; the third and fourth are formed by Méhul, Cherubini, and their successors. For the comic opera, one class will comprise the works of Duni, Philidor, Monsigny, Gretry, and their imitators, and the second will extend from 1790 to our time.

Chamber Music will be divided into the madrigal, the canzonet, airs in several parts, the cantata, detached airs, the romance, and national melodies of every country on the globe.

Instrumental Music will be subdivided into concert music and chamber music, and each of these subdivisions will class according to different schools.

Concert Music includes, 1st, all the ancient pieces, known by the French under the name of *Suites*, and by the Germans under that of *Partien*; in other words, all small pieces in several parts, for the viol, lute, harpsichord, &c., of which kind is the whole of the music of the seventeenth century; 2nd, symphonies for full orchestra; 3d, concertos, symphonies, concerted pieces, &c.

Chamber Music is of two kinds: the first comprising works for several instruments, such as duos, trios, quatuors, quintets, sextuors, septuors, &c.; the second, all pieces for a single instrument, either alone or accompanied, viz., the solo, sonata, capriccio, fantasia, varied airs, preludes, fugues, &c. A subdivision will necessarily be made for each instrument, while the organ will form a distinct class.

Military Music will form a third division of instrumental music.

A library formed according to the rules of classification, and as complete in all its parts as possible, would be worthy of such an establishment as the Ecole Royale de Musique, and would be productive of great utility in a nation which owes its success in the musical art to the superiority of its system of education. Let us hope that the government will one day be sensible of the advantages of such an assemblage of musical knowledge, and make the necessary sacrifices to supply the numerous deficiencies which are found in the existing one.

I spoke in the beginning of this article of musical libraries formed according to the peculiar taste or studies of the individual; it will at once be understood that a library of this kind can form but a section, as it were, of the great collection of which I have been speaking. A scholar,

for instance, desirous of pursuing his researches upon some branch of acoustics, would collect works belonging to the physical and mathematical section of musical literature; a professor of harmony and counterpoint, those appertaining to the theoretical part of his art; an organist, those treating of his instrument; and so of the rest. The historian of music, and the biographer of musicians and writers on music, are alone required to possess a universal knowledge of the art.

But it may be asked, what are the books and what the compositions to be selected in forming a musical library, and by what means can a knowledge of their titles and general contents be obtained? I answer, that this is not the place to enter into these details, for a mere catalogue of the materials for forming a great musical library would of itself fill several large volumes. The treatises of musical literature by Forkel and Lichtenthal, Gerber's Dictionary of Musicians, and some other authors, are the sources whence this information may be obtained. Unfortunately, these works are more or less incomplete, more or less faulty and erroneous. I am led to hope that the "Historical Dictionary of Musicians," which I have composed, and the tables with which it is furnished, will leave nothing to be desired in this regard.

Franz Schubert's Symphony in C Major.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

[Concluded.]

Let the reader bring together and envelope in a slight catholic cloud of incense, the pictures of the Donau, the *Stephansturm*, and the distant Alpine range, and he will have a picture of Vienna itself, and, when once the charming landscape stands livingly before him, chords will be touched which otherwise would never have resounded within his breast. On hearing Schubert's symphony, and the clear, blooming, and romantic life it contains, the city rises up before me more plainly than ever, and it becomes once more perfectly evident to me how it is that such works can be produced in exactly such a place. I will not endeavor to give the symphony a folio; the different periods of age vary too much in their tastes, and the youth of eighteen often perceives in a piece of music an event affecting the entire world, where a man sees only an occurrence relating to a single country, while the musician has thought neither of the one nor the other, but simply gave his best music, the music he had in his heart. But that the external world, to-day brilliant and to-morrow gloomy, often penetrates the mind of the poet and musician, is a fact the reader must believe, as well as that more than simply beautiful song, more than mere grief and joy, such as music has already expressed in a hundred different ways, lies concealed in this symphony; nay, to grant it leads us to a region where we cannot remember ever to have been, we have only to hear such a symphony. We find in it, besides masterly technical musical skill of composition, life in every vein, the most delicate gradation of coloring, significance everywhere, and the sharpest expression of individual points, while, finally, diffused over the whole is the romantic hue we have previously met in Franz Schubert. And then the heavenly length of the symphony, like a thick novel in four volumes of Jean Paul, for instance, who also can never end, and that for the best reason, in order to let the reader afterwards create for himself. How does this feeling of riches everywhere refresh us, while, with others, we have always to fear the end, and are so frequently grieved at being deceived. It would be impossible to imagine whence Schubert obtained such playful, brilliant, and masterly power of treating an orchestra, did we not know that this symphony was preceded by six others, and that he wrote it in the most mature vigor of manhood.* It must, at all events, be

accounted an extraordinary instance of talent, that a man who, during his lifetime, heard so few of his instrumental works performed, should have been capable of training so peculiarly each instrument, as well as the combined mass of the orchestra, so that they often sound like separate human voices and a chorus. This similarity with the human voice I have never met with, in so surprising and deceptive a degree, in the works of any other composer, except Beethoven's; it is exactly the reverse of Meyerbeer's treatment of the singing-voice. The perfect independence of the symphony, as far as Beethoven is concerned, affords another proof of its manly origin. Let the reader here remark how correctly and wisely Schubert's genius is displayed. Conscious of his more modest capabilities, he avoids any imitation of the grotesque forms and bold relations with which we meet in Beethoven's later compositions; he gives us a work of the most graceful form, and yet interwoven in a novel manner, never departing too far from the middle point, and always returning to it. Such must be the opinion of every one who has frequently studied the symphony. In the commencement, it is true, its brilliant character, novelty of instrumentation, breadth of form, charming alternation of the life of the feelings, and the completely new world into which we are transported, must embarrass many a person, as the first glance at something unusual always does; but even then there still remains the agreeable feeling which we experience, for instance, after a tale of fairy-land or magic; we are quite convinced that the composer was master of his story, and that the connection of one part with another will in time, become clear to us. This sentiment of security is produced at the outset, by the gorgeously romantic introduction, although everything then appears enveloped in mystery. Completely new, too, is the transition from this to the *Allegro*; the *tempo* seems not to be altered, and we are landed, we know not how. To analyze the separate movements would gratify neither ourselves nor any one else; it would be necessary to transcribe the entire symphony to give an idea of the novel character pervading it. I cannot, however, part without a word for the second movement, which appeals to us with such touching tones. There occurs in it a passage—where a horn summons us as from the distance—which appears to me to have come from some other sphere. Every one listens in silence as if a heavenly spirit were stealing through the orchestra.

The symphony produced among us an effect produced by no work since those of Beethoven. Artists and amateurs united in its praise; and from the master, who had the work studied so carefully that the result was most magnificent, I heard some observations which I would fain have been able to convey to Schubert, as they would, probably, have caused him the greatest pleasure. It will be years, perhaps, before the symphony is firmly established in Germany, but there is no danger that it will be forgotten or neglected; it bears in itself the germ of eternal youth.

My visit to the churchyard, which reminded me of a relation of the deceased composer, rewarded me doubly; my first reward, I received on the day in question. I found upon Beethoven's grave—a steel pen, which I have religiously preserved. Only on festive occasions, like the present, do I use it; may what has flowed from it prove interesting to my readers.

Johanna Wagner in London.

Having presented the favorable view of this lady's singing and acting, from the *News*, we give now what we find upon the other side. The independent critic of the *Leader* (July 5) says:

The memorable and somewhat disrespectful letter of Wagner *père*, in which that gentleman expressed his belief that the English were no judges of music, and only good for money, finds a melancholy comment in the fact that the enthusiastic admirers of JENNY LIND are the cold and astonished sufferers under JOHANNA WAGNER.

No one, it is true, would believe, from the tone of our most powerful organs of public criticism (with one signal and important exception), that Mlle. Wagner had not created an extraordinary sensation in London. But it is not our fault that the criticism of almost all our contemporaries has degenerated into a dilution of vapid and unnecessary eulogy of all new singers, good, bad, or indifferent, who have found their way into the paradise of puffery. It is our humble but earnest duty to speak what we conceive to be the truth. We are, therefore, bound to record the fact that Mlle. Johanna Wagner has narrowly escaped a total *fiasco* in this country. Whether the effect would have been the reverse had she made her first appearance in German opera, we are not enabled to conjecture; we think it would have been impossible to have selected a more unfavorable introduction than *I Capuletti ed I Montecchi*. This feeble and trashy opera, with its meagre and effeminate pasticcio of worn-out reminiscences of tunes strung on to the silliest travesty of a beautiful story, is as dull and worthless a performance as any audience can desire.

The weakness of the opera is rendered monstrous by its Teutonic interpreters. Three Germans to sing Bellini! Mlle. Wagner looks like Minerva in her armor, with her tall and lithesome figure, and the grace and ease of her bounding steps; but the incessant attitude-striking, after the manner not of sculpture, but of those prints of penny warriors so dear to children (1d. plain, 2d. colored), fatigues the admiring and diverts the doubtful critic. There has been so much nonsense talked about the statuesque, that it is time to remind some dramatic artists that *poses* are a poor substitute for feeling and intelligence. We conscientiously avow that we fail to detect a breath of feeling or a gleam of emotion in that Pallas face from the first scene to the last. Only in the last act is there anything approaching an abandonment to the situation, and even there the sacred fire is not, and the passion is a careful trick. As to the singing, Mlle. Wagner cannot be said to have a voice at all: she has a rough sketch, so to speak, of three voices, all equally harsh, imperfect, and unpleasing. Occasionally, it is true, there is a breadth of "phrasing" not without a certain grandeur; but delicacy, refinement, finish, are all absent, and every now and then we are shocked and exasperated by sounds that are neither speech nor song. It is difficult to expect that Mlle. Wagner will correct these deficiencies; she has too high and too assured a reputation in Germany to take lessons any more. Let us hope, at least, that she may improve her visit to London by hearing Mme. Jenny Lind and Mme. Viardot!

We hear it said that Mlle. Wagner cannot be fairly judged by those who have not heard and seen her as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, or Fides in the *Prophète*; and of her *Orfeo* we have never heard but one, and that the highest, opinion. Nevertheless, we are too well satisfied that her dramatic reputation in England will not have been increased by her appearance. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

Mme. Goldschmidt's Last Concert in London.

(From the Times, July 1.)

JENNY LIND took her leave of the English public last night, in Exeter-hall, where a veritable multitude had assembled to greet her. The excitement of this occasion can only be compared in intensity and unanimity to that which was created on the night of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre—May 4, 1847. The universal sentiment last night was one of pleasure mixed with pain—for, if ever public performer may be said to have reigned in the heart of a nation, Jenny Lind has reigned in the heart of England, throughout the length and breadth of which her name is familiar as a household word. The causes of this unprecedented popularity need not here be dwelt upon; enough that, although Jenny Lind is one of the greatest of artists, it is not to her art alone that she is indebted for her celebrity; and, on the other hand, while there is every reason to believe her one of the most single-minded and benevolent

* Written on the score are the words: "March, 1828." Schubert died in the November following.

of her sex, it is not merely her personal character that has raised her to the place she enjoys in the world's esteem. Others have probably sung as well—perhaps (we doubt it) better, but no one, at least in our time, has sung *like her*; others may have been as kind and charitable, but none have publicly exercised the qualities of charity and kindness in a precisely similar manner. Jenny Lind, is, in fact, *an original*, in the fullest acceptance of the term. The grace which is hers belongs to herself exclusively. Even her voice, beyond the fact of its being a *soprano*, possesses nothing in common with any other voice we have heard; and though she has lived in a century remarkable for great singers, she has maintained a place apart from them all.

Not to become rhapsodical, however, the "Farewell Concert" of Jenny Lind last night is likely to be remembered for a long time to come by the audience and herself, since the demonstration that accompanied it was worthy of both, and flattering to both. As it was undoubtedly the last concert, and as everything connected with the event must possess a certain kind of interest, we subjoin the programme:—

PART I.
Overture: 'Clemenza di Tito,'.....Mozart.
Hymn for Soprano, Chorus and Organ—Mme. Goldschmidt,.....Mendelssohn.
Concerto Dramatico: Violin, Herr Ernst,.....Spohr.
Sacred Cantata: the 130th Psalm—Solos, Mme. Goldschmidt & Mr. Lockey,....Otto Goldschmidt.
PART II.
Overture: 'The Ruler of the Spirits,'.....Weber.
Aria: 'Non paventar,'—Mme. Goldschmidt, Mozart.
Concerto for Piano-forte, with Orchestra, Otto Goldschmidt.
Scena and Aria: 'Ah, non giunge,'—Mme. Goldschmidt,.....Bellini.
Fantasie: Violoncello—Sig. Piatti,.....Piatti.
Swedish Melody: 'The Echo,'—Mme. Goldschmidt.
Conductor.....Mr. Benedict.

From the above it will be seen that we should be spared the duty of criticism, even if it were possible, under the circumstances, to be critical. Every piece in the programme (including the psalm and concerto of Herr OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT) had been already heard this season. We shall therefore confine ourselves to recording that the regret at parting with such a singer was made all the more poignant by the splendor of her performances, which left the fixed impression that Jenny Lind was about to retire into private life in the very meridian of her powers. When she first came on to sing in Mendelssohn's hymn she was welcomed by a shout of applause from all parts of the hall, the orchestra included. As the concert progressed the enthusiasm of the audience got warmer and warmer, until, after the extremely arduous and trying song of the Queen of Night (from *Die Zauberflöte*), which taxes the highest notes of the voice so terribly, it became exacting and Jenny Lind was compelled to repeat the *Allegro*—one performance alone of which is enough to shake the physical force of the strongest and most expert vocalist. The second time however, was even better than the first. The great *finale* from *La Sonnambula* presented threefold difficulties after such an effort; but these were overcome with ease, and the *cantabile* singing in the recitative and *largo*, "Ah non credea" was unsurpassable for pathos, delicacy, and refinement, disclosing all the old beauties so often described—and especially that incomparable *sotto voce* shake at the conclusion—in colors more than ever attractive. This truly exquisite performance—listened to throughout by the whole of the vast audience in breathless silence—was followed by such a burst of applause as seldom meets the gratified ears of an artist. The audience were enraptured, and the singer was enraptured too—at least, if we may draw conclusions from the gush of song which followed in the rondo, "Ah non giunge"—only to be likened in its beauty and impulsiveness to those "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" which the poet attributes to the skylark. The audience responded by cheer after cheer, and Jenny Lind was compelled to return to the orchestra; but, having yet another task to perform, she wisely declined to repeat the rondo. The last piece was the well-known "Echo Song," in which, as usual, the songstress accompanied her-

self at the piano. There was something suggestive in this Swedish melody, which, after the reiterated "echos," as everybody knows, terminates *pianissimo*—like the music of some sweet voice heard from a long distance. Jenny Lind seemed to bestow more than ordinary pains upon this illusion, and lingered upon the few concluding notes, as if with a feeling that they were the very last to which she was ever to give utterance in presence of the English public. If such were really the case nothing could be more natural, since where so large a sympathy has been shown it is impossible to believe that it has not in some measure been reciprocated. Jenny Lind has given us good cause to think that she does not belong to the common race of artists, and that ingratitude does not belong to her nature. Let us, then, believe that the regret felt at parting was not all on one side, and that the slight tremulousness which imparted an additional charm to those soft and just audible tones at the end of the "Echo Song" came from the heart of the singer, and meant something more than a simple expedient resorted to for the purpose of effect. Of one thing we are certain—the last notes of Jenny Lind will not very soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear them. They represented the final greeting of one who has rather been idolized than courted as an ordinary public favorite, and were listened to with an interest little short of painful. To portray the scene that ensued is not easy. The audience rose as one, applauding, cheering, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, with an enthusiasm that defies description. The object of this extraordinary ovation—in which the ladies were quite as earnest as the gentlemen—was at length so moved by it that she caught the infection from her admirers, and waved her own handkerchief, first to the audience, and then to the orchestra, with a heartiness that left little doubt of her emotion. When she had gone she was called back again, and the scene repeated.

The end was thus worthy of the beginning. Jenny Lind won the favor of the English public from the first, and retained it undiminished to the last, which recent events have proved; and, as we take it for granted that few can be indifferent to what immediately concerns the welfare of one who—not merely by rare gifts, but by good works—has attained such distinction, we are glad of this opportunity to assure our readers that Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt retires from public life to devote herself to a home which is now, and has been since she was first married, one of unclouded happiness.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

(From the London Press.)

It may be heretical—it may be paradoxical—but, even with the deafening cheering of last Monday night at Exeter-hall still ringing in our ears, we must pronounce the Swedish Nightingale to be a puzzle, both in her career as a vocalist and in her policy as an artiste. As a lyric actress there is no other instance on record of a fame acquired by such an extraordinarily limited range of characters; and, as a concert singer, her range of music seems equally to have been confined to the narrowest limits. Jenny Lind was first heard in England in 1847. She achieved assuredly the greatest success ever known, and yet her dramatic reputation is based on Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Amina in Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and Maria in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*. To state that these respective performances were perfection is an exaggeration. But her Norma was a signal failure. Her Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, always excepting that wondrous piece of vocalization, the "Deh vieni," was singularly repulsive. Her Adina in the *Elisir* was a terrible termagant, and her Lucia the most unloving one ever witnessed. Strange it is, but in one of her finest assumptions, in Spontini's *Vestale*, she never appeared in this country. Taking her oratorio repertoire, we have those magnificent displays in the *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and in the *Elijah*, which will give Lind's name much greater glory than her stage successes. Her collection of music for the concert programmes

exhibited little variety. Her eternal "Echo" song, the "Ah non giunge," the "Non paventar," the scena from *Beatrice*, &c., with ever and anon "John Anderson," a stray ballad of Balfe or Benedict, whoever was conductor for the time being, and some weak work of Herr Otto Goldschmidt, and the catalogue is soon gone through. Setting aside a miserable quibble that has been raised of the probability of Lind's return to sing for others, but not for her own account, assuming that this is a *bonâ fide* farewell, and not a Grist juggle, the truth may now be told of Mme. Goldschmidt's final appearance. It has been given out that her chief reason for the campaign of this year in England was to enable her *caro sposo* to take his position, as she believes, as a second Mendelssohn. If this be true, it was an amiable but an unfortunate delusion, for, whether as pianist or composer, a more marked mediocrity never claimed public patronage than Herr Goldschmidt. In this respect Mme. Schumann, the unrivalled pianiste, has made as great a mistake as Mme. Goldschmidt. Polite toleration and fair hearings have been granted to the productions of Dr. Schumann and Otto Goldschmidt, and that is all. It is yet too early to enter into all the causes of Jenny Lind's popularity. Many judges think that it was mainly owing to her system of singing for charities, like that so successfully adopted by the celebrated Mme. Catalani. This supposition will not stand good, however; if Lind and Catalani had not been great singers, with artistic specialities to distinguish them from the throng, their charitable policy would have availed but little. It is much more reasonable to ascribe the vast triumphs of the Italian and the Swede to their ingenuity in isolation. Catalani would never sing, if she could avoid it, with first-rate artistes. "Moi et mes quatres poupées," her well-known axiom for an Italian opera, has been imitated by Lind. Until towards the close of her career this year, Viardot was the only rival star permitted to approach Mme. Goldschmidt, whose ambition was so overwhelming as to originate Meyerbeer's quaint observation as to its uncompromising character. She has realized an enormous fortune, and yet it is, we believe, a fact, that for money she herself cares but little. To be regarded as the artiste, the singer, here was the impetus to her intensity in the execution of the duties she took on herself.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 26, 1856.

JENNY LIND AND HER LONDON CRITICS.—Human nature in its varieties seems to be about equally distributed in all countries. Everywhere, where genius and highest excellence are recognized and felt, you will see just about the same proportion of deniers and protesters, who declare they can see nothing in it, that the great artist's, poet's, hero's success is all a mystery, and probably a humbug. Everywhere just so many persons, who will believe anything, resort to any silly or malicious explanation, rather than accept acknowledged excellence as genuine. When JENNY LIND sang here she carried the masses with her, as she does everywhere; she awakened that kind of enthusiasm which is a blessing in itself, in that it lifts the common mind above its every-day, dull, hacknied, unbelieving habit, and proves again to us that the ideal is as essential to our life as anything we eat or drink or wear; that in the ideal human souls most nearly touch and feel each other, and the divine relationship and destiny. This remarkable artist, possessed of the highest qualities, and in the fullest measure known to our day, which make up the great singer, appealed alike to high and

low, to popular instinct and to cultivated taste. The general voice acknowledged her. Yet the chorus of praise was always disturbed by some croaking, ill-omened sounds. There were not wanting those who could not or would not believe the thing was genuine, who muttered humbug, trickery, cold and soulless throat imitation of instruments, &c., who indulged, and to this day at every mention of the singer's name indulge, in petty sneers about "ventriloquism." It seems to be an impossibility for some natures, even with the help of considerable experience and technical knowledge in the externals of an art, to credit or conceive of excellence in spheres which transcend their own. What their scales cannot weigh is naught. What is morally, spiritually superior, what is truly imaginative and not conventional, offends and irritates them because (in all simplicity, not meaning it, but necessarily) it somewhat excludes them and their small ways of seeing, hearing, and of judging. When a musical critic "of long standing" habitually abuses Jenny Lind, you know at once the tone and temper of the man.

In England LIND stood always first, where every great singer in her best days was so well known. Never more so than now. This last farewell visit of Madame GOLDSCHMIDT has been a series of the heartiest ovations. We have copied some of the most important notices of the London press. That of her last concert, which we copy from the *Times* to-day, is one in tone with nearly all of them. Yet there are crows among these birds also. On the principle of *Audi alteram partem*, we have copied the testimony of an unbeliever from the *London Press*. It is in the same sceptical tone, only not so vulgar, as some of the criticisms which have appeared here. The amount of it is, the writer cannot conceive how it can be, that a singer can take so much deeper and wider hold upon the public than all others. Grisi, Sontag, Persiani, &c., are great singers, but they have not done it. Therefore it must be an illusion. The worthy public *fancies* it has received vastly more than has been actually given. Note what the writer says about her limited *repertoire*; as if the few rôles she sang in her brief career on the stage, and the oft-returning names of pieces (widely different, it must be owned, in character and style) in the programmes of her crowded concerts, were all or even a tithe of the musical range of Jenny Lind! See what Mr. Benedict has said about it:

It would not be easy, in our time, to meet any *cantatrice* whomsoever, who could play and sing to you from memory, from the first note to the last, the *Armida* of Gluck, the *Chateau de Montenero* of Dalayrac, the *Vestale* of Spontini, the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini, the operas of Mozart, Weber and Meyerbeer, the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, all the melodies of Mendelssohn, of Franz Schubert, of Schumann, the Mazurkas and *Etudes* of Chopin, without counting a very extensive dramatic *repertoire*, comprising the scores of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi.

It would perhaps be yet more difficult to name an artiste, who could appreciate and comprehend these great schools, become penetrated with their genius, preserve their local colors, and appropriate to herself their styles. It would be almost impossible to find a *musicienne*, who could at sight decipher the most difficult pieces, retain melodies of an irregular and unusual rhythm, and repeat them, after several days, as if she had created them herself. Mlle. Lind unites these precious qualities.

The insinuation about jealousy of other artists is mean enough; and equally so the alleged discovery of the *motive* of the singer's recent visit to England—to wit, to bring out her husband as a composer and another Mendelssohn! But it is easy to see that this stern dictum about the "marked mediocrity" of OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT is to be taken with not a few grains of allowance; for it accuses Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN of the same mistake in playing the piano compositions of her husband. Now ROBERT SCHUMANN'S compositions, English prejudices to the contrary, are known to have the merit of originality, rare musicianship and beauty—many of them at least—although they may be open on some sides to criticism.

If Jenny Lind would only visit us now, would it not be like the coming of the rain in Mendelssohn's "Elijah"? Our musical experience is wider than when she came before. We have heard more models to compare her with, and should appreciate her excellence more fully than we could before.

A Note from Mr. Crawford, the Sculptor.

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 22, 1856.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

May I ask the favor of your giving publicity to the following explanation in reference to a misunderstanding, which I supposed some months since had been sufficiently cleared up by your remarks in an article upon the inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven.

I arrived here a few days since from Rome, and hasten to express my surprise at there having been any *question* regarding the right of proprietorship exercised by Mr. C. C. PERKINS in presenting the bronze statue of Beethoven to the Music Hall of your city. I find that attempts have been made to claim for me a portion of whatever thanks the public owe to Mr. Perkins for the liberality of his donation, by suggesting that he merely paid the expense required for the model of the statue and its execution in bronze; while I gave my time and thought to the creation of it, as an acknowledgement of the obligations I may be under for the appreciation your townsmen have conferred upon me.

I desire that it may be distinctly understood, in justice to Mr. Perkins, that such a representation is without any foundation whatever.

I shall only observe in reply to it, that when Mr. Perkins expressed to me his intention of ordering the bronze statue in question, I immediately requested that he would allow me to dedicate my time in the production of the model, as an indication of my esteem, and of my regard for the friendship with which he has honored me during many years. I need scarcely say that my friend insisted upon declining as strenuously as I insisted upon his accepting such a souvenir; and that finally he was induced to accede to my wishes. I have only to add that I shall always consider the statue to be in every sense of the word the *property* of Mr. Perkins, and that I have no more right to question his disposition of it than I should have to claim any portion of the praise due to him for a donation without example, I believe, in the city of Boston. Hoping that this subject, which I regret to find is still a vexed one, may be set at rest forever by the explanation I have given,

I remain very respectfully yours,

THOS. CRAWFORD.

Beethoven's Sonatas.—A Card.

The subscribers to the new German stereotype edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas, are respectfully informed that a case of them has arrived, and that they are ready for delivery at the office of this Journal, 21 School St. The undersigned regrets exceedingly the long delay which has attended their passage to this country, arising from their having been forwarded by a sailing vessel. A. W. THAYER.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Commencement festivities at Cambridge last week were enriched by a new element. In the evening the "Orpheus" Club, of about twenty singers, mostly Germans, from this city, encamped in the College yard, and remained till midnight, singing German and Latin songs, and drinking lager beer, with accompaniments of crackers and cheese. The students of course fraternized with a hearty welcome, and thus one of the pleasantest features of German student life was as it were engrafted on the American. President Walker's levee, it is said, was somewhat deserted in favor of this musical encampment. . . . The *Evening Gazette's* London correspondent, "La Spia," in speaking of Charles Kean's production of "The Winter's Tale," at the Princess's Theatre, recalls a well-known figure to Bostonians. He says: "One of the most pleasing things in the performance was the familiar, jolly, good-natured countenance and spectacles, with bald head attached, of J. L. HATTON, (of 'little fat man' renown,) who presided over the orchestra, and who could not refrain from often joining his voice, in unison with the bassoon, double bass or some other instrument, to some of the quaint old music which accompanied some of the shepherd and bacchanalian dances of the piece."

MAX MARETZKE, in his new three years' lease of the Academy of Music, has wisely and successfully insisted on the curtailing of the stockholders' privilege, so fatal to all managers. He will charge stockholders fifty cents each for the choice of reserved seats, and every seat not so secured by noon on the day of performance, will be freely sold to the first comer. There is now some chance of a paying season of Italian opera in New York. . . . The *Philadelphia Bulletin* translates the following items:

The *Cologne Gazette* states that it is intended to build a monument to HANDEL at Halle, his native town, and that a committee of the principal citizens has been formed for the purpose.

On the 30th of June there died in Darmstadt, J. REICHEL, once celebrated as one of the first basso singers in Italy or Germany. He was for a long time attached to the opera in Darmstadt. The depth of his bass has seldom been equalled, and many of his parts, as for instance those of Sarastro, Osmin in the 'Elopement,' Bertram, Marcel, will long be remembered as wonderful. Reichel was a Hungarian by birth, and a man of such colossal frame that one would have supposed his health impregnable to the ordinary attacks of disease, but he died in his 55th year. He bore, personally, a very high character.

"Stella," of the Worcester *Palladium*, says that "some of the finest music ever heard in that city was performed in the Catholic Church a week or two ago. If we are rightly informed, a mass by Mozart, and selections from Handel, Beethoven, &c., were given under able direction. Surely this is enough to move the heart of the sternest Know-Nothing. Why must all the best sacred music be confined to the Catholic church? Weekly we ask the question, as we hear fine voices singing nothing but psalm-tunes, the majority of which are to the works of these old masters what Mother Goose is to Shakspeare!"

The celebrated musician CARL FRIEDRICH ABEL was one day walking in the streets of London with Lord Kelly. They passed a tavern, where they heard some one playing a concerto of Abel's. "I should like to know who this concealed tavern virtuoso is," said the lord. "Who else can it be," said Abel, "but the accursed Cain?" . . . Here is an anecdote of another Abel:

JOHN ABELL was a native of England, at the time of the reign of Charles Second, and was celebrated for his fine counter-tenor voice. He was sent for at court; but evading to go by feigning some slight excuse, was commanded to attend. At the palace he was placed in a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and suddenly drawn up to a great height, when the king and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him. At the same time a number of wild bears were turned into the hall. The king bid him choose whether he would sing or be let down among the ferocious beasts. Abell chose the former, and declared afterwards that he never sang so well on any occasion before. From this circumstance originated the saying, "The bird that can and won't sing, must be made to sing."

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Burly, dozing Humble Bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.


When the South wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers,
Of gifts of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And briar-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he past.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep—
Woe and want thou canst outsleep—
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

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
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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

As a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament shines the name of a man, who opened an entirely new path in the domain of music, and who by the magic of his melodies mightily stirred the hearts of his hearers and drew tears from their eyes. This hero, whom nature had gifted with a rich and inexhaustible imagination, was LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

He sprang from a musical family. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who died Dec. 24, 1773, as kapellmeister and bass singer in the service of the Elector of Cologne, Max Frederick, had often in his earlier days appeared acceptably upon a national theatre established by his liege. He had particularly distinguished himself in the musical play: *L'amore artigiano*, and in the then very favorite opera, "The Deserter," by Mon-signy. His son, John van Beethoven, also devoted himself to music. He held afterwards a position in the chapel of the Elector, residing at Bonn. On the 12th of November, 1767, he married Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of a head cook of the Elector of Treves, and widow of the electoral Chamberlain, Johann Laym. She was born on the 20th of December, 1746, at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblenz, and died at Bonn on the 17th of July, 1787. Her husband died Dec. 18, 1792.

The second son by this marriage was the great master of tones, LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.—He was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His elder brother, Ludwig Maria, had died soon after his birth (April 2, 1769). After him two younger brothers saw the light: Caspar Anton Carl, on the 8th of April, 1774; and Ni-

colaus Johann, on the 2d of October, 1776. The former supported himself as a piano-forte teacher; the latter learned the art of an apothecary at Bonn. Both afterwards followed their brother Ludwig to Vienna, where he spent the greatest part of his life.

Reliable accounts indicate as the spot where Beethoven first saw the light, the "Graus house," situated in the Bonn-gasse, number 515, the fourth house on the right from the Jews' lane, afterwards owned by Dr. Schildt. Subsequently his parents hired a habitation of the baker, Fischer, in the Rhein-gasse, No. 934, and this house has often been erroneously taken for Beethoven's birth-place.

The scandal here and there circulated about Beethoven's descent from the king of Prussia, Frederick William II., scarcely needs a refutation, since neither was that monarch in Bonn before Beethoven's birth, nor had the mother ever left that city during her married life. How Beethoven expressed himself concerning it, appears from a letter which he addressed in the latter part of his life, Dec. 7, 1826, to an aged friend. "You write me," said Beethoven, "that I have somewhere been referred to as a natural son of the late king of Prussia. I heard of the story a long time ago. But I have made it a principle, never to write anything about myself, and never to answer anything that is written about me. I gladly leave it to you therefore to make known to the world the honesty of my parents, and particularly of my mother."

The education of Beethoven was not distinguished. Reading, writing, drawing, and a little Latin he learned at a public school. Among the pupils the one to whom Beethoven was most deeply attached, was Wurzer, afterwards president of the State Tribunal at Coblenz. But little progress was made in his elementary studies. Music soon supplanted in him any interest in other occupations. Already in his fourth year he knew no greater satisfaction than to listen to his father, when he was preparing himself for a musical performance on the piano. Then Beethoven hastened away from his playmates, listened with eager attention to the fascinating tones, and begged his father, when about to end, that he would still keep on. His greatest pleasure was when his father took him on his lap, and let him with his little fingers accompany the melody of a song on the piano. Presently he began to attempt a repetition of it all alone. This succeeded so well in his fifth year, that his father was induced to give him instruction in music. But by this means music was well nigh spoiled for him entirely. Often did he shed bitter tears over the hard treatment of his not very morally refined father,

who was somewhat given to drink, and in that condition would indulge in an irritability that knew no bounds. This inconsiderate harshness of the father had a still more special ground. His salary scarcely sufficed for the bare necessities of life. In the want of other resources, he cherished the hope of soon procuring through his oldest son some aid towards the education of the two other sons.

Better instruction than he owed his father, in such circumstances, Beethoven received from a certain PFEIFFER, who was music-director and oboist, and afterwards kapellmeister to a Bavarian regiment. To this excellent man, who was known as a talented composer, Beethoven was indebted for the greatest part of his musical education. In his later years he gratefully remembered the instructor of his youth, and, when he found himself in needy circumstances, sent him pecuniary aid from Vienna.

Still greater progress did Beethoven make in music, when one of the most distinguished pianists in Bonn, the court organist and chamber musician, VAN DER EDEN, offered, in consideration of the father's straitened circumstances, to instruct the boy gratuitously. But van der Eden's duties were so pressing, that the lessons could not be continued as regularly as the teacher, who was much delighted with his pupil's progress, could have wished. Van der Eden received a commission from the Elector Max Franz, whose attention had been called to the talent of the boy, to give him an hour's instruction daily at the royal expense. In his musical development, and especially in the technical handling of the organ, Beethoven made such rapid progress, that he often had to let himself be heard in the chapel and in the private chambers of the Elector, and always won applause. Max Franz provided also for the further instruction of the boy after van der Eden's death. Beethoven's teacher now was the celebrated composer and court organist, CHRISTIAN GOTTLÖB NEEFE, who, after having been for a long time music director in Grossmann's theatrical company, had been appointed to the place vacated by van der Eden's death in the electoral chapel at Bonn.

It was of essential advantage for Beethoven's musical culture, particularly for his taste, that he was made acquainted through Neeffe with the works of SEBASTIAN BACH, and learned to overcome the difficulties involved in the execution of these compositions. By this means he acquired an uncommon facility of finger, by which his playing was in later years distinguished. In his eleventh year he already played Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," which consisted of four and twenty preludes and fugues in all the

keys, with such wonderful facility, that his performance was compared with that of many a distinguished pianist. In his ninth year he had begun to compose. His attempts were more successful, after Neefe had taught him the rules of composition, of which until then he had been entirely ignorant. In his eleventh year he composed nine variations on a march, three piano sonatas, and some songs, among others the well known one of Claudius: *Wenn jemand eine Reise thut*, &c. He also wrote about this time the music to a chivalric ballet produced by the high nobility in the Carnival season, which for a long time passed for the work of a Count von Waldstein, who with the dancing master Habich from Aix had arranged the ballet in question.

Beethoven had found an especial patron, who remained not without influence on the higher culture of his talent, in the above-named Count von Waldstein, who at that time lived at Bonn as knight of the Germanic Order, and afterwards as Commander of the order and imperial treasurer at Birnsberg. The Count was not merely a connoisseur of music; he engaged in it practically. It was he who first rightly appreciated Beethoven's talent, and through him was developed in the young artist the gift of varying and working out a theme extempore. From him Beethoven received, with the most delicate regard to his sensibility, frequent pecuniary aid, which was for the most part considered a donation from the Elector. With him the Count stood in high favor, and was almost his inseparable companion. By his mediation Beethoven already in his fifteenth year (1785) was appointed organist to the electoral chapel in Bonn, where he alternated with his teacher, Neefe, in the discharge of the not heavy duties. The little organ in the then Court Chapel (now Evangelical Church) required no great dexterity, nor could such have found sphere in an instrument of such limited construction. Neefe was strong and healthful, and not prevented by other business from attending to his duties. From all this it appears, that Beethoven's appointment was simply a kind provision for his support. Beethoven always alludes to his patron, the Count Waldstein, with a feeling of the deepest gratitude, which he expressed in his later years by dedicating to him his great Sonata in C major, (opus 53), one of his most celebrated works.

To the musical instruction which he gave in a few families, Beethoven was indebted for an attractive acquaintance, which was of the most favorable influence for his social culture. He made it in the house of the widow of the electoral Counsellor von Breuning. The family consisted of three sons, nearly of Beethoven's own age, and one daughter. Besides the latter, the youngest son also received music lessons from Beethoven, and was already a distinguished piano-player, when, after completing his medical studies, in 1798, he died. The second son, Stephen, afterwards imperial Counsellor in Vienna, where he died a few months after Beethoven, (on the 4th of June, 1827,) was his friend of many years' standing, devoted to him with the most inviolable constancy. The third son, Christopher, received a position in Berlin, as privy counsellor of revision and cassation. To the daughter, Eleonore, afterwards married to Dr. F. G. Wegeler, in Coblenz, Beethoven dedicated his first Variations for the Piano.

Throughout his life he retained a friendly re-

collection of the happy days which he had spent in that family. There too he had first become acquainted with the German literature, particularly with the best poetical productions. In that house reigned, with all the impulsiveness of youth, an unconstrained fine tone. Christopher and Stephen von Breuning tried their hands not without success in little poems. The family lived comfortably, and in their social circles there prevailed a conversation, which combined the useful with the agreeable. From several of the later letters of Beethoven it is evident how contented he felt himself in that family, where he was soon treated as a child of the house. Not only the greatest part of the day, but many a night he passed there. There he felt free and without any restraint. Many things conspired to make him cheerful and to further the development of his mind. Especially did the friendly and good-natured lady of the house exert a beneficent influence upon the young man's humors, which occasionally bordered upon stubborn self-will.

In his above-mentioned capacity as court organist, Beethoven first gave accidentally to the orchestra a proof of his talent at a solemnity which took place during Passion week in the Catholic church. There the Lamentations of Jeremiah, consisting as it is well known of little sentences of four to five lines, were chanted to a definite rhythm as chorales. The tune consisted of four successive tones, for example, *c, d, e, f*; several words, indeed whole sentences being always sung upon the third, until a few concluding words led back into the ground tone. As the organ had to be silent during Passion week, the singer was only accompanied *ad libitum* by a pianist. Beethoven, upon whom this office devolved, contrived by his modulations in the accompaniment to throw the very accurate singer Heller so out of time, that he could not find the closing cadence. The kapellmeister Lucchesi, who was present, was amazed at Beethoven's playing. The latter was complained of by Heller, in the first ebullition of his rage, to the Elector, who, although pleased at the youthful wag-gery of the pianist, commanded a more simple accompaniment.

About this time also Beethoven became Chamber musician. One day he was playing *at sight* in a court circle a new Trio by Pleyel, together with FRANZ RIES, the first violinist of the Electoral Chapel, who died in his native city, Bonn, in 1845, and the celebrated BERNHARD ROMBERG, who closed his early career in 1841, at Hamburg. In the second part of the Adagio, the artists, if they were not together, did not break down; they played bravely on, and came out happily together. It was found afterwards that there had been two bars left out in the piano part. The Elector wondered very much about this work of Pleyel's, and a week afterwards caused it to be repeated, when the mystery was discovered, to the satisfaction of the prince.

It was on the first return of the famous JOSEPH HAYDN from England, in July, 1792, that the Elector's orchestra surprised him with some music at a breakfast at Godesberg; a summer place of resort near Bonn. Beethoven was very happy, when a Cantata of his composition, which he submitted to the great master, attracted the especial notice of Haydn, who encouraged the composer to continued studies. The intended performance of this cantata afterwards at Mer-

gentheim, where the Elector used to reside as grand master of the Germanic Order, fell through, because several passages for the wind instruments were so difficult, that several musicians declared they could not play them.

According to the judgment of one of his contemporaries, Beethoven's piano-playing, for which he was afterwards so celebrated, had at that time something rough and hard about it; he had never yet heard any excellent pianist and knew not the fine *nuances* in the treatment of the instrument. Not long afterwards, when he had composed his Variations, dedicated to the Countess von Hatzfeld, upon *Vieni amore*, a theme of Rhigini, he followed the electoral orchestra to Aschaffenburg. By Ries and the two Römbergs he was presented to the kapellmeister STERKEL, who died in 1817, in his native city, Würzburg. By repeated entreaties this then celebrated master was moved to play upon the piano. His performance was very easy and graceful. Beethoven stood by him with the most earnest attention. It was now his turn to play. He only consented to do so because Sterkel had intimated a doubt whether he himself, as the composer of the above-named Variations, could play them readily. Sterkel could not find them. But Beethoven played not only those Variations, so much as he remembered of them, but also several others, which were not less difficult, to the greatest amazement of the listeners, in the same graceful manner, by which he had been so much struck in Sterkel. He thus gave a proof, how easy it was for him to learn his manner of piano-playing from another.

At this time, however different it may have been in later years, it cost but little pains to persuade him to a musical performance. It only required a friendly invitation. So much the greater was his aversion to giving lessons, except those in the von Breuning family. Opposite the house of Madame von Breuning was the hotel of the Austrian ambassador, Count von Westphal. Beethoven could hardly be induced to continue the often interrupted lessons which he had commenced there. Frequently he turned back before the door of the hotel. Then he would promise Madame von Breuning, that he would give two hours' instruction on the following day, but that day it was impossible. His own rather narrow circumstances did not trouble him; but he was made anxious by the thought of his family, particularly of his mother, whom he deeply loved. A similar, if not even stronger aversion, to that for giving lessons, was felt by Beethoven in his later years against invitations to play the piano in company.

"Then he came to me," relates one of his friends, "gloomy and out of tune. He complained of their forcing him to play, even if the blood burned under his nails. Gradually a conversation was spun out between us, in the course of which I sought in a friendly way to entertain and quiet him. That end attained, I let the conversation drop. I seated myself at my writing-desk, and Beethoven, if he wanted to speak with me again, had to sit down upon the stool before the piano. Presently with a careless hand, often while turned away from the instrument, he would seize a couple of chords, out of which by little and little the loveliest melodies developed themselves. About his playing I must say little or nothing, even in passing. Beethoven now went off in an entirely changed mood, and always liked

to come back again. But that repugnance still remained, and frequently became the source for him of the greatest misunderstandings with his friends."

[To be continued.]

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

[ROBERT SCHUMANN is certainly one of the "best abused" and hated of all musical composers. Witness the following amusingly bitter protestations from that lamentable victim of the English bugbear about the "Music of the Future," the London *Musical World*.]

The last concert of the season, [of the Philharmonic Society,] which took place on Monday night, was certainly *unique*. The programme was entirely devoted to—

"*Paradise and the Peri*; a cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. Robert Schumann; the poetry from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, translated and adapted to the music by William Bartholomew. First time of performance. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett."

We do not remember any other composer besides Schumann to whom the whole programme of a concert has been assigned. No doubt "*Paradise and the Peri*" is a long work, which must necessarily preclude anything else being given on the same night. The Choral Symphony is a long work, too, but only one part of the programme is absorbed in its performance. There are many other compositions of length (and strength) which are dealt with by the society according to rule. If compassable within the ordinary duration for one part, they may be performed; if not, they are rejected. The new work of Dr. Schumann constituted an exception: why, we cannot make out, unless that it was given at the express desire of her Majesty, who attended, and who should have the privilege of constructing her own scheme, or, at least, of naming the principal *morceaux*. If, on the present occasion, Her Most Gracious Majesty named Dr. Schumann's "*Paradise and the Peri*," she was thereby the unconscious means of excluding anything else from the programme. We repeat, the concert was *unique*.

Mme. Goldschmidt's singing was entirely thrown away, the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*" being everywhere unvocal, and scarcely anywhere interesting. Indeed, many who heard Jenny Lind for the first time, went away disappointed, having expected something very different from a singer of such colossal reputation. In short, a more dreary concert was never listened to at the Philharmonic.

Of the music of "*Paradise and the Peri*," it is not easy to speak. If judged by the standard of the great writers, it can hardly be considered music at all. It has nothing akin to Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber, Cherubini, Rossini, or any of those whom we have been taught to regard as the masters of the art. There is no melody, no form—nothing that "appeals" to the ear—nothing that touches the heart. Even the effects, to which the disciples of the new school point so triumphantly, are produced by means anything but legitimate. Dr. Schumann, in short, is not possessed of that musical organization, without which all the talent and ingenuity in the world avail nothing. He has mind—but his mind is not musical. He has power—but he lacks the instinct for music. He produces by some mysterious rule of his own; but nothing he does springs naturally from the heart. For years Schumann reigned a high authority on musical matters; but in an evil hour he fancied he could compose, and began, as he imagined, to exemplify his doctrines of taste by music of his own. Finding he could not follow in the path of the really great masters, he determined to strike out a new one for himself, which he effected accordingly in a totally opposite direction. The world will never be in want of those who think that whatever is new *must be good*, and that what is unintelligible must surely be profound. Dr. Schumann was hailed as an apostle of a new school, and became the

prophet of a certain clique. The new preacher, nevertheless, did not boast of many disciples; and Schumann was soon compelled to abdicate in favor of another apostle, who brought with him greater eloquence, subtlety, and daring, with an equal contempt for precedents. The old was deserted for the new; Schumann was dethroned, and Richard Wagner sat in his place. Such is a brief outline of Schumann's career. The asylum at Düsseldorf can tell the sequel.

The principal vocal performers in the Cantata were Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mr. Lockey, Madame Weiss, Mr. Benson, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra and chorus were as zealous and careful as if they had to play the *Walpurgis Night* or the *Requiem*. The singers did their utmost. Professor Sterndale Bennett took immense pains, and never more earnestly strove for a success; but all would not do. There was no success—not even the shadow of a success. The applause at the end was faint, until the Queen arose to depart, when loyalty gave vent to that enthusiasm which the music itself failed to excite.

And yet Jenny Lind sang the last air—when the Peri has found the treasure which buys back her place in Eden—like a cherubim(?)

(From the same, June 28.)

Robert Schumann has had his innings, and been bowled out—like Richard Wagner. "*Paradise and the Peri*" has gone to the tomb of the "*Lohengrins*."

When, to drop metaphor, is all this trifling to cease? How many times more shall we have to insist that the new school—the school of "the Future"—will never do in England? If the Germans choose to muddle themselves with beer, smoke, and metaphysics, till all things appear to them through a distorted medium, or dimly suggested through a cloud of mist, there is no reason why sane and sober Britons should follow their example. The moon-struck zealots of Weimar, Halle, and Leipzig, have their Liszt, to (mis) guide them; but without a Liszt, who may "stand at our elbow and teach us what is *whale* and what *ouzel*" (*Athenæum*—"ante," page 786), it is impossible for ordinary thinkers to apprehend the meaning, if meaning there be, of such strange fish as Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Co. Unhappily, or happily, we are unprovided with a jack-a-lantern. Thus, when listening to the music of such men, we are compelled to wander at random in a dark and impenetrable forest, without even a cheat of a will-o-the-wisp to deceive us for a moment into the notion that we are going somewhere, that we are really about to light upon an unseen path conducting to an outlet from the labyrinth of trees and undergrowth. We are lost, like the babes of the wood, when night approaches—seeing nothing but shadowy phantoms, hearing nothing but the howling of furious wolves, and the roaring of pitiless pards. Why then, we repeat, in the absence of Liszt—who will not travel from Weimar to London, and enlighten us, but sends us books which we cannot understand—why thus helplessly afflict us with Wagner and Schumann? We put it to Professor Bennett, who took such care to introduce the Peri in her best attire, that, but for her moral deformity, she might have passed for something decent and becoming—we put it to Professor Bennett, who has redeemed the Philharmonic sins by good works, and saved those who, justly, should have done penance in a winding sheet—we put it to Professor Bennett, a musician and composer of genius and attainments, who knew Mendelssohn intimately, and worships John Sebastian with his soul—to Professor Bennett, the champion of English instrumental music among foreigners, and the spoiled child of his own country—Professor Bennett, who was nurtured in harmony, and brought up in the path which all sincere musicians should tread—we put it to Bennett, whether such a tuneless rhapsody as "*Paradise and the Peri*" was fit for those whose delicate ears—during half a century, more or less—have been nourished with the pure, and sweet, and healthy strains of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn? We anticipate his answer—"No."

After the disastrous failure of Richard Wagner and his music, last season, there was no excuse for devoting a *whole concert* to the music of another composer of "the Future." Since these gentlemen have written for "the Future," let "the Future" enjoy the exclusive benefit of their inspirations. Why perturb and vex the Present to no purpose? The Present—as the most enthusiastic partisans of Schumann and Wagner admit, nay, insist—is incapable of fathoming the depths of their philosophy; all the length of line which it can throw out is insufficient to get half-way down to the bottom. To abandon it as hopeless, then, and rest satisfied with Mozart and his successors, would surely be the wiser course.

Such an experiment as that of Monday evening must not, on any account, be repeated. The Queen's visit and Jenny Lind's singing were almost rendered inflictions—since, as no one was willing to rise before Her Majesty had given the signal, or to quit the concert-room while Jenny Lind was in the orchestra, the inconveniently crowded audience was compelled by courtesy, if not by inclination, to remain till the end. Imagine—oh, uninitiated reader!—three uninterrupted hours of Schumann, three uninterrupted hours of music "without form and void," three hours of organized sound *without a single tune*! We are not exaggerating, but stating a simple fact. Seriously, this passes the limits of toleration. It was sad to listen to the efforts of Mme. Goldschmidt Lind and her associates—so clever, intelligent, and zealous—to give life to music which has no more spark of vitality than a corpse; it was painful to view the care-stricken countenance of the conductor, who with an "anxious polycoscopy," natural under the circumstances, surveyed now the band and chorus under his control, now Jenny Lind and her vocal fellow-sufferers, now the Queen and her most musical Consort, and now the poor subscribers, half suffocated and half asleep—as though fearful that in spite of all his toil and trouble, the *cantata* would sooner or later go to pieces. Poor Professor Bennett! His task was not an enviable one—before the Queen, too, in presence of the "Nightingale," and with Mr. Costa, all eyes and ears, among the audience.

Last year Richard Wagner very nearly annihilated the Philharmonic. Luckily he did not *quite*. But, now that Wagner has returned to Zurich, never again to be summoned "to the rescue," if Robert Schumann is allowed to represent the school of "the Future" (not as conductor, of course, but as composer), a still greater peril will be incurred—for, though Richard is more subtle, uncompromising, arrogant, and fearless, Robert is more specious. *His* music, at times, more nearly resembles music than the monstrous combinations of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; yet inasmuch as, in principle, it is just as vicious and bad, for that reason it is all the more dangerous.

Paradise, or Purgatory?

[From Punch.]

Being particularly desirous to know what kind of a musical dish the Philharmonic Society had set before the Queen and the subscribers at the concluding concert, Mr. Punch on the following morning sent for the two journals in which the two ablest musical critics of the day keep watch and ward. The great and important novelty of the night was a composition, called "*Paradise and the Peri*," by Dr. Schumann, and Mr. Punch's mind was thus set at rest, and his curiosity satisfactorily met.

The *Daily News* says:

"From the impression on ourselves, as well as the evident effect on a highly critical audience, we believe '*Paradise and the Peri*' to be a work of great genius and power, of which the beauties will develop themselves more and more as it is oftener heard and better understood."

The *Times* says:

"We have only to add that '*Paradise and the Peri*,' as a musical composition, is destitute of invention, and wanting in intelligible form. In short, any thing so hopelessly dreary, so wholly made up of shreds and patches, so ill-defined, so generally uninteresting,—we have rarely heard."

And the question being thus decided, and the

foolish idea of the heterodox, who think that there is no such thing as an absolute fact in musical art, being thus overthrown, Mr. Punch is happy to place on imperishable record the opinions of his brother critics, with whom, he begs to add, that he cordially agrees, without having heard the composition they describe.

Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

BY DR. A. B. MARX.*

What is to be learned, and which is the proper time for each kind of instruction? These questions, of the utmost importance in their minutest particulars, demand the gravest and most searching consideration from parents and teachers when they have determined to dedicate a child to musical education. To professors of music, these questions must always be of the highest interest. In order to point out, at least, the most important periods, we will take a cursory view of all the relationships and circumstances of musical employment, whether as a profession or otherwise.

We must, in the first place, clear away a deep and widely diffused prejudice. On the question being asked: What ought to be learned in music? it is usual, particularly among teachers, to make a distinction between those persons who make music a profession, and those who cultivate it merely for pleasure and general humanizing education; between future professional men and mere amateurs. The former, according to the judgment of the teachers, ought to be *fundamentally*—the latter, however, only *superficially*, or less fundamentally instructed. This distinction is one of the most erroneous and destructive that ever crept into discipline. That education alone is beneficially fruitful which is most perfectly grounded; and what is more, it is the easiest, and consumes the least time. In order to be convinced of the truth of these assertions, it is only necessary to have a right understanding of the nature of this fundamental knowledge; not of the false pedantry which assumes its name (and is as useless to the professional man as to the amateur), but of the study absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the real nature of the science, of the close connection of all that is essential, and of the constant and rational development of one form or figure from another, so that the preceding form necessarily leads on the succeeding, and the succeeding form is always prepared and facilitated by the preceding.

Between the instruction of the artist and of the amateur there is only this difference—that the latter may discontinue his pursuit of the science earlier than the former, at any point or position of artistic power he may choose to fix; whereas the artist is necessarily obliged to dedicate himself entirely, once and for ever, to the art of his election.

Now to return to our own proper question—What is to be learned, and which is the right time for each study?

I. SONG.

We have already said that, if possible, every one should learn music: we now pronounce our opinion more specially, that *every one, if possible, should learn singing*. Song is man's own true peculiar music. The voice is our own peculiar connate instrument—it is much more—it is *the living sympathetic organ of our souls*. Whatever moves within us, whatever sensation or emotion we feel, becomes immediately embodied and perceptible in our voice; and so, indeed, the voice and song, as we may observe in the earliest infancy, are our first poetry and the most faithful companions of our feelings, until the "shrill pipe of tremulous age." If, as in song, properly so called, music and speech be lovingly united, and the

words be those of a true poet, then is consummated the most intimate union of mind and soul, of understanding and feeling—that combined unity, in which the whole power of the human being is exhibited, and exerts upon the singer and the hearer that wonderful might of song, which by infant nations was considered, not quite untruly, as supernatural; and whose softened, and therefore, perhaps, more beneficent influence now contributes to social elevation and moral improvement.

Song is the most appropriate treasure of the solitary, and it is at the same time the most stringent and forcible bond of companionship, even from the jovial or the sentimental popular catch of the booth, to the sublime creations of genius resounding from congregated artistic thousands assembled by one common impulse in the solemn cathedral. Devotion in our churches becomes more edifying; our popular festivals and days of enjoyment become more mannerly and animated; our social meetings more lively and intellectually joyful; our whole life, in short, becomes more elevated and cheerful by the spread of the love of song and of the power of singing among the greatest possible number of individuals. And these individuals will feel themselves more intimately connected with society, more largely participating in its benefits, of more worth in it and gaining more in it and gaining more by it, when they unite their voices in the social harmony of their friends.

To the musician, but more especially to the composer, song is an almost irreplaceable and indispensable means of calling forth and seizing the most delicate, tender, and deepest strains of feeling from our inmost sensations. No instrument can be a substitute for song, the immediate creation of our own soul in our own breast; we can have no deeper impression of the relations of sound, of the power of melody; we cannot work more effectively upon our own souls and upon those of our hearers than by heartfelt song.

Every friend of music, therefore, should sing; and every musician, who has a tolerable voice, should be a master of song in every branch. Song should, also, in the order of time, be our first musical exercise. This should begin in the earliest childhood, in the third to the fifth year, if it be not possible earlier; but not in the form of instruction. The song of the mother, which allures imitation, the joyful circle of children playing together, is the first natural singing school, where, without notes or masters, simply according to hearing and fancy, the fibres of the soul are first freely excited and set in vibration. Instruction in music, properly so called, should not in general begin until the second step of life's ladder, between the seventh and fourteenth years.

By far the greatest number of individuals have sufficient qualifications of voice for singing, and to justify their pursuit of the art with reasonable hope of success. Indeed, very considerable and valuable vocal faculties are much more common than is generally imagined. There is certainly less deficiency of natural gifts than of persons observant and talented enough to discover, to foster, and to cultivate them. In the meantime, if indeed every one have not disposition and means (and good fortune) to become of some consequence as a singer, let us consider that even with an inconsiderable voice, much of the most touching and joy-inspiring capabilities may be attained, if feeling, artistic cultivation, and a vivid conception speak through a medium but slenderly endowed. Why should any one be dissatisfied if small means and trouble have made him capable of touching our hearts with a joyful or tender song; or have enabled him to participate skilfully in the choral assemblies of his fellow citizens? Whether it may be advisable to proceed farther in singing and the cultivation of the voice, must be decided by the circumstances and inclinations of each individual. From composers, conductors, and higher masters, a complete knowledge of everything belonging to singing is to be absolutely demanded, and also practical execution thereof; unless, indeed, organic defect should render it to them impossible. A composer who does not expressly study singing, and practise it as far as

possible, will scarcely be able to write for the voice; he will with difficulty acquire the more delicate musical declamation; he will never become entire master of the life-like conducting of the voice, which is something far different from mere correctness.

II. PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices, or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more masterpieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favor with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of *tone* or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a *tone* in equality of force, in crescendo or in diminuendo, in melting two or more *tones* into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeeds on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear: its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colorless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer; for it requires their assistance to complete and color, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy the senses, and by their means attack the feelings more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct *tones*, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—nay, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed *tones* provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of *tone*, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano

* General Musical Instruction. (*Allgemeine Musiklehre*.) An Aid to Teachers and Learners in every branch of Musical knowledge. By Dr. Adolf Bernhard Marx, Professor of Music in Berlin. Translated, by George Macrone, from the original German, expressly for Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. The musical portion has been revised by Mr. Josiah Pittman, Organist of Lincoln's Inn. London and New York: J. Alfred Novello.

players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of *tone*, are incapable of singing a correct succession of *tones*, or of imagining it, who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are in this manner led astray; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself, and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

[To be continued.]

BIRD CONCERTS.—At Verviers, in Belgium, another species of sport and amusement has become altogether fashionable. The Belgians are not fond of hunting; they are partial to birds, not for masticatory purposes, but in order to hear them sing. On Sunday last a grand concert of *linnets* took place at Verviers, at the residence of Mr. Henry Talurasse. The linnet belonging to Mr. Jean Haizé, a butcher, having performed fifty-five *quoing-sages* in two hours, carried off the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and a ham. The word *quoing-sage* signifies song, musical flourish. The second prize was awarded to a linnet belonging to Mr. Henry Hanlet, having executed fifty-three flourishes, and the third to a linnet belonging to Mr. Henry Talurasse. Numerous amateurs from Spa, Lieges, and the surrounding country attended this interesting concert. The sport is a singular one, but *de gustibus non est disputandum*.—N. O. Delta.

Brass! Brass! again.

[A friend (whose style sounds wondrously familiar) writes Willis's *Musical World* the following letter about the Commencement music at Cambridge.]

Last week we had commencement—commencement at old Harvard—and as usual, a Boston band assisted at the exercises. But—Ichabod!—the glory has departed. Brass, brass, brass,—nothing but brass. Brass led the procession from the library to the church—brass stood in the entry, and blew and blew—as we advanced to our pews. Brass clashed, and drums cracked the drums of our ears as we entered the doors. Brass led us to the dinner in Harvard Hall—brass gave us sentimental melodies in the President's yard in the evening—all is brass now-a-days—nothing but brass.

Brass plays upon the Common in Boston, evenings.—Brass leads off our military and civic and political processions—brass is everywhere, and nothing but brass. God grant, that the disease among the bands do not become chronic. I remember, I remember—when the old Brigade band was our principal delight in musical matters—dulcet flutes, tender hautbois, manly clarinets, solemn bassoons, melting horns, soul-stirring bugles, all joined in the harmony, and filled my soul with delight. But now—oh, no, I cannot mention it—without inwardly execrating Sax! In the history of Tom Thumb, we read that he was the son of a trumpeter, in Queen Anne's service, who might have lived to this day had he not blown his breath away! When I hear this continual braying of brass, I silently pray that the fate of the elder Thumb soon overtake these followers of Sax.

Dwight begs, entreats, prays for a return of the olden time—all in vain: the multitude is satisfied—what though the few are discontented? Really, though, the matter is becoming serious. At this rate, in a few years wood instruments will become unknown, and we shall have to go to Europe to learn how one sounds. Like the singing of men's voices, a brass band occasionally is very beautiful and satisfying; but as in the one case the ear becomes weary, and longs for the soprano voice; so, in the other, we want the soft voices of the wood.

There is one kind of brass music which I never hear here—wonderful for its effect upon the feelings. You can recall, doubtless, from your experience abroad, the thrill which has gone through you as in some narrow street of an ancient European city, suddenly you met a funeral procession, and the long-drawn notes of an old Lutheran chorale arose from the deep-voiced horns, trombones and trumpets. The feeble Sax-horn found no place there, but the bold, manly tones of those old-fashioned, masculine brass instruments, playing the harmonies of Bach, Mozart, Strauss, were pervaded with a solemnity and grandeur for which we sigh here in vain. Here is a legitimate use for brass. But why try to make it the only music?

The music on Boston Common, these moonlight evenings, calls out a vast number of people—many of whom go to hear. Now and then comes up some favorite waltz or song,—then it is fun to hear the applause; but the whining sentimental ditties from operas do not always take. I am glad of it. It is a good sign. The music which takes best is that which is good in its way—that which is genuine. A march, waltz, quickstep, or negro melody, which is the true thing—which has the real spirit of the march, waltz, or quickstep—is sure to be liked. There is taste enough—I only ask that this taste should be cultivated; and this might easily be done by having a full band instead of half a one; and in giving us band music more, and poor vocal music, imitated on brass instruments, less.

One of the Boston German singing societies came out on Commencement evening, and sang in the College yard. It was good, and reminded one of old Germany. Good as it was, much as I liked it, still I am not anxious to have this style of music much cultivated in this country: now that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more. I do not call men's choruses bad, but mixed choruses better—as long as young men and women can mingle so freely as our New England habits now allow, we need not give up the beauty of the true soprano.

Descriptive Music.

A great rage has arisen, in modern days, for giving instrumental music what is called a "descriptive" character; and this rage is now about reaching its maximum intensity. It has been thought not enough that music should excite emotions in the mind; but it has been desired to make it also suggest ideas of facts, which is quite a different office. Emotions must necessarily be produced by the concord of sweet sounds; and happily it is the province of all good music, whether pure or mixed, vocal or instrumental, to excite in us feelings and sensations of the highest and noblest order. But the advocates of descriptive music are not content with this; they wish to make it perform a work altogether different—namely, to excite in the hearers ideas of things properly cognizable only by other senses than that of hearing. For by descriptive music we do not mean that which is imitative only, such as the expression of the warbling of birds by a shake on the flute, or the roll of thunder by a tremolo on the drums; this parrot-mocking of sounds is of the lowest grade, and scarcely worthy of serious mention; but the true descriptive music is of a much better class, and, from the patronage it has received from the best writers, is worthy of much higher esteem.

A few examples will show this, and will at the same time illustrate our meaning clearly. In Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," is a sublime attempt to give, by the character of the music, an idea of intense gloom—"even darkness which might be felt." There is no proper connection between sound and optics; but few fail to appreciate the merit either of this or of other great descriptive music in the same oratorio. Haydn's representation of Chaos is an effort to raise in the mind ideas analogous to a state of formless, incoherent disorder; and,

though to do this well lay beyond the composer's power, there are good points in the composition; as, for instance, the snatches of melody, intended no doubt to symbol the existence, in the midst of the chaos, of the materials from which a fair and happy world should hereafter be formed. There are many other examples of true descriptive music in this Oratorio, mixed however with much of a lower grade. We may content ourselves with a mere allusion to the exquisite dramatic music of Weber, symbolic equally of earthly scenes and unearthly fancies, and refer to—what is by far the grandest of all descriptive compositions—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. And this is more to our purpose, as it is purely instrumental; it depends only on inarticulate sounds, having no libretto, save the few introductory words attached by the composer to make his intentions more clear. There is much misunderstanding about the nature of the descriptiveness in this Symphony, even among some musically educated persons, who, judging by one or two exceptional parts, imagine the representation to consist of mere imitations of sounds, the kind of music we have already condemned. But this is a great mistake; the only portions amenable to this charge are the drums in the storm, and the bird passage at the end of the slow movement. Now, if the former were the only, or even the principal, feature, to indicate the confusion of the elements, it would be certainly puerile; but it is in reality quite subordinate; and as of course the drums must be included, they are skilfully given just that to do for which they are most suitable. As to the nightingale, wagtail, and cuckoo passage, we cannot defend it; we always wish it was not there, as compromising the dignity of the composition; and it is so obviously an episode, that we indulge a fancy it may have been a subsequent interpolation, added perhaps at the instance of some of the composer's romantic lady friends, who thought the presence of good unmistakable birds essential to complete the idea of the wood beside the murmuring stream. We firmly believe that if Beethoven had sincerely approved this style of description, he would have introduced the warblers into the body of the composition, as Spohr has done in *Die Weihe der Töne*. But putting these trifles aside, what a magical composition is this Pastoral Symphony! How true the depiction of the "*heitere Empfindungen*" (the word *heitere* has no correct equivalent in English), awakened by the arrival in the country! How gorgeous the natural coloring of the scene by the rivulet! How joyous the abandon of the dance of the peasants;—and then the storm! What a stupendous exercise of musical genius! This movement alone is a study for a lifetime; it is the climax of the power of legitimate musical description; for it might easily be shown that, strong as is the temptation offered by a storm for unworthy devices, there is scarcely a note of Beethoven's that is not pure music of the noblest kind! Only compare with it an analogous work of another composer of no mean order, the triton among the minnows of Italian Opera, Rossini, and see how poor the *Guillaume Tell* storm appears by its side!

(Conclusion next week.)

CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.—A private letter from Munich gives a charming account of a little impromptu *fête* in honor of our countryman, Crawford, who arrived last week in the Fulton. Müller, the master of the celebrated Foundry, invited the sculptor and a few friends to see the newly-cast statue of Washington by lamplight. Accordingly thirty or forty artists and gentlemen entered the building after dark, and beheld the grand bronze figure exposed to view, against a dark-green curtain, and by the somewhat misty illumination of a few scattered lamps; the effect was quite solemn. The grand proportions of the statue half revealed, the dusky space around and the sombre back-ground gave it a spectral sublimity, like Don Giovanni in the opera. The guests formed a silent and attentive circle, with the artist in the centre; they sang, with impressive accord, an appropriate *canzone*, and, as the chorus died away, Müller stepped forth with an enormous glass of beer in his hand; he addressed

the company and complimented the artist; each person then drank from the huge goblet to Crawford's health and prosperity. Suddenly a Bengal light flashed a noon-day radiance on the statue, where majestic grace and impressed dignity were thus revealed, as it were, by enchantment; cheer after cheer broke from the electrified assembly. They escorted Crawford to Müller's house, each bearing a lighted taper;—there a supper awaited them. Mrs. Crawford's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and speeches, songs and congratulations gaily closed this truly German fête.—*Corr. Boston Transcript.*

German Opinions on Crawford's Washington.

The *Evening Post* translates from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* two opinions on Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington. The first is as follows.

Several journals have already criticised Crawford's statue of Washington, expressing themselves both favorably and unfavorably towards it. The magnitude of this work of art, which is destined to occupy a distinguished place among modern statuary, must be our excuse for venturing once more to give our opinion of its merits.

Crawford has already shown, at the last German Exhibition of Industry, in his strongly contrasted statues of Henry and Jefferson—the one fiery and enthusiastic, the other thoughtful and calm—that he is entitled to rank among the most eminent of living sculptors, and he could, therefore, fear no comparison with his brother artists. But to compare him with Thorwaldsen and Rauch, because he equals them in many respects, is unjust to all parties.

We see in Crawford a sculptor of spirit and patriotic sentiment, both qualities being conspicuous in all his works; but he possesses sound judgment also, and with his acknowledged talent for individualizing plastic forms, we had a right to expect that in his Washington monument, the principal figures as well as the side figures would be properly conceived. Equestrian statues present unusual difficulties to the artist, who must represent the animal in motion, and yet in perfect rest, in order to give a proper conception of the figure. Crawford chose a position, which makes the horse rest with all his weight upon his left hind and right forefoot. The artist wished to show by this beautiful position the spiritual movement of the horse, full of the ardor of combat, and yet under the perfect control of his rider; and it is the execution of this double design in this excellent work that we regard as the least successful part of it.

On the one hand are to be noticed the unplastic appearance of the elevated right hind foot and the too violent movement of the stretched left fore foot of the horse; on the other hand, the curve of the neck, which is natural beyond doubt, but yet not æsthetic, because it covers the rider, the principal figure, if seen in front. One word on the rather clumsy management of the unnaturally swollen veins on the throat of the horse will complete all we have to say of the principal faults of a work which is destined to occupy an honorable place among the trophies of modern plastic art.

Another critic of the same sheet writes from Munich:

"The unfavorable opinion which one of your correspondents has expressed of Crawford's masterpieces, has brought the whole population of Munich, in the midst of a pouring rain, to the royal foundry, and they have expressed their indignation, without reserve. Although the illustrious names of Thorwaldsen and Rauch, have been mentioned in connection with that of the American artist, whose whole desire is to render himself perfect in his art, it has failed to change the favorable opinion of Crawford's Washington. The overwhelming admiration which this colossal work excites in the beholder, renders a timid searching for small faults impossible. The easy position of the horse, so full of animation, is wonderfully true to nature. In the noble attitude of the rider, Crawford shows the hero who commands

on the battle-field, the man of courage and of iron will; he despises the stale accessory of drapery, and nothing conceals the rider's manly form, clothed in the historical costume of his time. Crawford held strictly, in form and treatment, the middle ground between the stiffness of antique models and the extravagant naturalism of modern, and particularly of French artists.

"It is with regret that we leave this noble statue, whose perfect proportions never awaken in the mind that feeling of oppressiveness which a colossal figure naturally produces. (The statue is twenty-two feet high, and weighs 21,000 pounds.) If America does not receive a masterpiece of Thorwaldsen or Rauch, it receives a masterpiece of Crawford, of which King Maximilian said: 'I wish it could remain here to ornament Munich.'"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 2, 1856.

To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be *registered*; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

THE "LIFE OF BEETHOVEN," which we have commenced translating in the present number, is one which we have found prefixed to one of the volumes of the new stereotype edition of the Piano-forte Sonatas, published at Wolfenbüttel, Germany. For a biography of moderate length, and suitable for a weekly journal like ours, it is about the best that has appeared. It is to be sure a matter of fact sort of affair, and its author seems to be one of the careful, industrious, dry literary hacks of Germany. It is not a Life in the artistic sense of the word, a life made alive by the reproductive imagination, the sympathetic feeling and insight of the writer. It is not made interesting and living by sparks of poetry and fancy, or by subtle metaphysical appreciation of genius and character. When it aspires beyond plain narrative of fact, as in the introductory sentence, which we translate literally, it is with an awkward grace.

But in the matter of its facts, it is, we are assured by those who should know best, remarkably complete (for its length) and reliable. And this is what our readers will most prize. Here is not a fine poetic tribute, in the shape of a biography, to the great master whom we all revere, such as LISZT paid to CHOPIN, OULIBICHEFF to MOZART, or CARLYLE to SCHILLER. But here are brought together in convenient shape and size, for reference, the authentic facts, so far as known, of the artistic career of Beethoven. Even the particularity of dates about the persons incidentally mentioned, dry as it may make the story, adds to its value as a work of reference. And a work of reference is what we want. We may find more,—if not a well-digested life, yet certainly much that is extremely interesting about Beethoven,—in the Life by MOSCHELES;—a work however almost out of print. The truth is, a satisfactory biography of Beethoven, one really

worthy of the subject, and accepted as a standard work, does not yet exist. We look forward, as all admirers of Beethoven in this country must do, to the long promised biography by an American, our own "Diarist," who has been devoting the best years of his life with pains-taking earnestness to the collecting and mastering of all the materials to be found in Germany for the composition of the true life of Beethoven. His explorations were nearly completed, when he was obliged, in order to recruit his health and give rest to an over-taxed brain, to come home for the summer months. He will return to Europe in the autumn, and a few months passed in Vienna will complete his long researches. May he then have strength and inspiration to fuse the materials into the book we want, and give it to us speedily!

The present biographer (Dr. Döring) has certainly in one respect discharged his duty well and wisely. He has allowed Beethoven to speak for himself, by frequent citations from his letters. This in itself goes far to clothe the dry bones of fact with flesh and blood. And for the rest have we not the very soul of the composer in his music? Have we not the immortal symphonies? Have we not the thirty piano-forte Sonatas, and the Trios and the Quartets, and the "Egmont" music, and the "Fidelio," unspent vibrations from the very chords of his own life and inmost experience? Have we not the "Choral Symphony?" And shall we not have every year the privilege of listening to it and to all the symphonies, here in our Music Hall, with CRAWFORD's noble statue of the man rising before us in the midst of his interpreters?

Musical Party Warfare.

On another page we copy some curious articles about the recent performance of ROBERT SCHUMANN'S "Paradise and the Peri," in London. Those from the *Musical World*, like the articles in the same journal last year about Richard Wagner, manifest a disposition to find nothing good in any music emanating from certain recent German composers, whom it is pleased to sweep together into one category, called sarcastically the "Music of the Future." Mr. CHORLEY, of the *Athenæum*, is equally bitter and systematically opposed to whatsoever hails from that quarter. So is the musical critic of the *Times*, and so are most of the musical oracles of England; while at the same time they claim MENDELSSOHN to themselves, set him up as the model and *ne plus ultra* of a musician, and abuse the Germans for not publishing every MS. work or sketch he left behind him, good, bad or indifferent.

Of the particular merits or demerits of "Paradise and the Peri," the three hours long Cantata, we cannot speak, since we are not familiar with the work. We only know that in Germany, where there are as good judges of music as there are in England, the work has been over and over brought out with acceptance, and spoken of with admiration in the best critical journals. As to the utter lack of melody complained of, the "three hours of organized sound without a single tune," those of our readers who were so fortunate as to be present at a certain private concert held in Chickering's rooms last winter, and to hear the "Chorus of Houris" from the work in question, will be slow to chime in with the complaint so far

as *that* piece is concerned, and remembering that experience, will be apt to take the English report with some grains of allowance. Moreover we have heard more than one intelligent German say, that in musical *ideas* Schumann is rich to overflowing, that his chief short-coming has been in the art of using them to the best advantage; that, given half the *ideas* found in "Paradise and the Peri," Mendelssohn by his consummate treatment would have produced a wonder of the world.

But this we do know. We have come in contact with Robert Schumann's creative genius at enough points to know, that he is not to be set aside as nought by any dictum of an English or an old-school prejudice. We have heard and have enjoyed and been inspired by—and so have not a few of our readers—a symphony of his, a piano Quintet of his, a great variety of his compositions for the piano alone, which, if they were in some respects strange, have yet left a deep impression, and a desire, which grows by every hearing, to listen to them again. He has composed songs surely, which are among the most beautiful and full of melody and feeling that we know, and which "appeal," (to use the *Musical World's* expression,) to both ear and heart. Therefore the wholesale condemnation of the London critics makes us suspect there may be something of these qualities in "Paradise and the Peri." To take a somewhat analogous case in literature, such abuse is probably worth just about as much as some of the slashing criticisms upon Robert Browning.

But the most striking folly and injustice of this partisan warfare is the absurd way in which it confounds together composers who are most essentially unlike. New School and Old School become mere catch-words, mutual bugbears, and whatever is not wholly of the one is set down as wholly of the other, whoso is not for us is against us, and so the thorough-going partisan sees only one indefinite level in all his adversaries and has but one name for the host of them. "Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, Franz & Co!" There is a combination for you! "Music of the Future!" It is mere calling names. It is like the blind and absurd way of calling people "Transcendentalists" in this country when they show any individuality of thought. For Schumann is no more like Wagner, than Mendelssohn is like Wagner. Their adventurousness, their Beethoven-like unwillingness to be mere copyists, is about all they have in common. Of the young Brahms we know but little; but we presume it is enough for the London critics' purpose, that Schumann happened to admire him and anticipate great things of him. As to Robert Franz, he surely is not in any way of kindred tendency with Wagner. His songs are entirely *sui generis*, as much remarkable for their even classical perfection of form and harmony, as for their peculiar genius. And when he has written for many voices, as hymns, a Kyrie, &c., there is no master with whom he seems so kindred as with the most classic of the classics, old Sebastian Bach!

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FREYBURG.—As everything relating to the world's great organs derives a peculiar interest here, just now, from the discussion of the Music Hall Organ question, we take pleasure in presenting the following extract from a private letter, dated Freyburg, July 5, 1856.

"But the famous organ, built by Mooser, was the great attraction, and is considered one of the finest, if not the finest in Europe. Certain it is, I felt that

I had never heard anything that could be called an organ before, fine as some of ours are. We made a large party of strangers from our hotel, and paying a fee of one franc each, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, P. M., we entered the church, taking seats as far from the organ as possible. The music selected is always that which will best exhibit the wonderful powers of the instrument; but it was so perfectly played that it had not the effect of anything like *clap-trap*.

"First we had the national song of Austria, a charming air, followed by variations upon it, of the organist's own composition, infinite in changes. The last piece was also of his composition, representing a storm, as it commences in the distance and draws gradually near a convent among the mountains. Sighings and gusts of wind are heard, and low, smothered roarings—flashes of lightning—rumbling thunder, driving rain and fierce howlings, as of a terrible hurricane. Through all this, occasionally was heard the prayer of a single monk or nun, in the sweetest, most plaintive of melodies, represented by so close an imitation of the human voice, that we could hardly believe there was not a company of singers up in the dimly lighted organ-loft. And then all the voices would seem to join in grand chorus to finish the evening vespers. All the while, above the roar of the fierce tempest and the songs of the monks, tolled a bell, signaling to the weather-beaten traveller that a refuge was near.

"I had heard great playing, I had thought, at home, and splendid organs; but this surpassed all my ideas of what an organ might be. You know, in America, when anything is undertaken to show what a player can do with his hands and feet, our organs do not seem to join in the display: they make a great noise, but the sounds *jump*, particularly in the playing of accompaniments. There was nothing of the sort here. We were entranced, as we sat listening in the old cathedral, till the twilight had died away entirely, and there was nothing to be seen save the glimmering light far up in the organ-loft, which cast but faint shadows through the gloomy aisles. But the music of that glorious organ—shall I ever hear anything like it again on earth?"

Beethoven's Sonatas.—A Card.

The subscribers to the new German stereotype edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas, are respectfully informed that a case of them has arrived, and that they are ready for delivery at the office of this Journal, 21 School St. The undersigned regrets exceedingly the long delay which has attended their passage to this country, arising from their having been forwarded by a sailing vessel. A. W. THAYER.

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Un Soir sur le Alpes: Nocturne, pour le piano. By CHARLES MEINERTH. pp. 5.

Quite a sweet and graceful little *Noc'urne*, which indicates a refined musical feeling, as well as careful, conscientious writing, it being a regular piece of four-part harmony. It is not difficult, but must be played with expression, and due attention to the four parts.

(Published by Geo. P. Reed & Co.)

Good Night, my Heart (Gute Nacht, mein Herz). No. 2, of Six Songs by ROBERT FRANZ, with English and German words. pp. 3. Price 25 cents.

This is one of those sweet, sad little songs, so full of feeling, in which Franz, with the highest refinement of art, seems still to have caught the natural melody of the people. It is taken from his 12th opus, and not from the first, as indicated at the head of this reprint. The tune repeats itself thrice, with some variation at the close, to verses by the German

poet Geibel. Franz is very faithful always to his poet. The English translator therefore has a nice task to perform. In the main it is well done in this instance, only with a sacrifice of the double endings, and of some little felicities in the fitting of verbal to musical accents, by which Franz develops the melody as it were out of the words. Both sense and accent protest against this:

Thy pains, thy pains, thy joys are dead,
The songs of Spring are o'er,
For the love's rose, so purple red,
Shall bloom, shall bloom no more.

Instead of "For the love's rose," read "The rose of love." And then that repetition of "thy pains" is bad. We mention these little things, because in the Franz songs poetry and music are alike important. But the German words are also here, and every singer who shall learn the little song will be richly rewarded. It is one of the easier ones.

Tone Blossoms: Six Characteristic Pieces, for the Piano, by F. SPINDLER. No. 5, "*Lily*," pp. 3. Price 20 cts.

A cheerful little six-eight melody, running and leaping in sparkling semi-quavers, with common-chord guitar-like accompaniment for the most part. Pretty enough, good for practice to cultivate a light and graceful finger, but not especially "characteristic" of "lilies," or aught else, that we perceive.

Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in the form of Petites Fantaisies for Young Pianists. By TH. OESTEN. No. 2, "*Dearest Maiden*," by MOZART. pp. 5.

The piece before us is a simple sort of child's melody, unmistakably Mozart, with introduction and several pretty variations and finale. Of medium difficulty, and good for practice. The subjects of the rest of the series are to be drawn from a curious variety of sources, from the operas, violin quintets, septuor, &c. of Beethoven and Mozart.

1. *There are Angels ever near us.* Song, by JAMES G. BARNETT.
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This number contains a song by Kücken, airs from *I Lombardi*, *Fra Diavolo*, &c. Easy little pieces.

La Traviata Valse, on VERDI's celebrated opera. By G. MONTAGUE. Price 50 cts.

A set of waltzes, easy and good to waltz by, with introduction and coda.

Musical Chat-Chat.

One of our Boston oratorio societies is in treaty with Madame CLARA NOVELLO for the coming season. She is always spoken of as the greatest living oratorio singer in England. The accession of such a talent would ensure a brilliant season; and we trust the negotiations will not fail. She would probably give also concerts on her own account, and there have been intimations (we know not upon what authority) of some intended combination of forces on the part of the oratorio societies of Boston, New York and other cities, with Mme. Novello for prima donna, to hold one or more musical festivals like those of Birmingham, Norwich, &c. in England. Her first appearance will probably be in this city in October or November.

A. W. LADD, Esq., of Boston, Ms., was officially notified by the last mail from Europe that he had been admitted as a Brother Member of the Grand Imperial Society of Piano-Forte Makers of Paris, as a distinctive mark of honor.

In the list of *scritture*, or engagements, for the next Carnival season at the Pergola theatre in Florence, we notice the name of our townsman, ELISA BISCACCANTI. The Florentine Journal of Arts and Sciences, *L'Indicatore*, alludes to her eminently successful debut there at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on the 22d of June, and expresses the hope that the management "will be able to give the Biscaccianti companions worthy to stand by her side." The same journal says her singing of *Ah non giunge* produced such an outburst of enthusiasm as was excited twenty years before in the same piece by Madame PASTA. Another journal, *L'Arte*, calls her "*questa incomparabile artista*," and is at a loss which to admire most, "the pure and silvery *timbre* of her voice, her most beautiful accent, her unimpeachable method, or the grace, the soul, the sentiment with which she executes the most difficult passages."

Sig. LABLACHE's health prevents his visiting London this season.... Messrs. Fox and Henderson, (says the *Athenæum*), "have contracted to deliver a new Covent Garden Theatre, on the site of the old one, in six months."... Among the doings of innumerable musical societies in London, we read of the Sacred Concerts of the *Ecclesiological Motett Society* now in progress.... M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has been elected by the Académie des Beaux Arts, as successor to Adolphe Adam. His competitors were Panzeron, Felicien David, Niedermeyer, Gounod, and others.... PALESTRINA's "Mass of Pope Marcellus" was announced to be sung on St. Peter's day, at the Church of St. Sulpice, by 250 voices.... The Bradford Triennial Festival (in England) is announced for the 26th to 29th of August. The principal singers will be Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Mlle. Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Mme. Weiss, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, Reichardt, Belletti, Beneventano, Formes, &c. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The oratorio of the first day will be Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; of the second day, Costa's "Eli"; of the third day, Handel's "Messiah"; the fourth day, miscellaneous. In the evening miscellaneous concerts, two MS. Cantatas, "Robin Hood," by J. L. HATTON, and "May-Day" by G. A. MACFARREN, (composed expressly for the festival,) will be performed; besides the usual melange of symphonies, overtures, madrigals, operatic selections, &c.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 139.)

In the year 1792, Beethoven's outward circumstances, which never had been easy, shaped themselves more favorably than before. The Elector Max Franz, with whom he always stood in favor, invited him at his expense to take a journey to Vienna. There he was to improve himself still further in music, especially in composition, under the tuition of the celebrated HAYDN. He became more intimately acquainted with SEBASTIAN BACH's works, which he had already studied at an earlier period, his attention being now again directed to that great master by his teacher. At the same time he diligently studied, with a view to the church style, the compositions of HANDEL. Haydn had formed himself upon them both, and therefore thought he could not commend better models to his pupil, whose progress he remarked with satisfaction. Haydn also made him acquainted with the works of MOZART, whom he found on his arrival in Vienna no more among the living, he having died the year before. Such models gave Beethoven's taste that distinguished direction, to which he remained faithful all his life, thereby winning universal admiration. The instruction he had been receiving was interrupted in 1795, when Haydn made another journey to London. He turned his pupil over to the celebrated contrapuntist, ALBRECHTSBERGER, under whose direction Beethoven studied on industriously.

To the first part of his stay in Vienna belongs a letter, which shows his character from a very amiable side, through the good-heartedness with which he openly confessed and asked pardon for

a hasty act of which he had been guilty. This letter, dated Vienna, Nov. 2, 1793, was addressed to the friend of his youth, Eleonore von Breuning, afterwards the wife of Dr. Wegeler. "A year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that piece of mind which I could have desired; for the late wretched altercation was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings! It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us, and I presume that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction, and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me; but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair, taking a warning by it, that should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face."

This letter was accompanied by some Variations, composed by Beethoven, upon the aria: *Se vuol ballare*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. Beethoven had dedicated them to his friend. "I could only wish," wrote he, "that the work were greater and more worthy of you. They importuned me here to publish this little work, and I improved this opportunity to give you a proof of my respect and friendship for yourself, and of an ever enduring recollection of your house. Accept the trifle, and think, when you look at it, that it comes from a friend who respects you very highly. If it only gives you pleasure, my wishes are entirely satisfied. Let it be a little revival of the time, when I spent so many and such happy hours in your house. Perhaps this work will keep me in your memory, until I come again, which, to be sure, will not be so soon. How we will enjoy ourselves then! You will then find a happier man in your friend, from whose brow time and his better fate have smoothed out the furrows of his past refractory conduct. At the close of my letter I venture one more request. I should like again to be so happy as to possess a waistcoat embroidered with Angora by your own hand. Pardon your friend this presumptuous request. It arose from a great partiality for every thing that is from your hands, and confidentially I can tell you, vanity lies at the bottom

of it, the vanity of being able to say that I possess something from one of the best, most estimable maidens in Bonn. I still have the first waistcoat, which you were so kind as to present to me in Bonn; but through the fashion it has become so unfashionable, that I can only keep it in my clothes-screen as something very dear from you. You would give me great pleasure if you would soon rejoice me with a letter. Should my letters cause you any satisfaction, I promise so far as possible to gratify you."

In relation to the Variations, which accompanied this letter, Beethoven said: "They will be somewhat difficult to play, especially the trills in the Coda. But that need not terrify you. It is so arranged, that you need do nothing but make the trills; the other notes you may leave out, since they occur also in the violin part. I never would have set anything so; but I had frequently remarked, that there was here and there some one in Vienna, who, when I had been improvising in the evening, would write down many of my peculiarities the next day, and make a show upon them. Foreseeing that such things would soon appear, I determined to anticipate them. Another reason was, to puzzle the resident pianists here. Many among them are my deadly enemies, and I wanted in this way to revenge myself upon them, since I foresaw, that here and there the Variations would be set before them, where the gentlemen would make a poor figure in attempting to perform them."

A letter of Beethoven's, written a few weeks later, described the impression made upon him by a gift from the fair friend of his youth. "I was exceedingly surprised," he says, "by the beautiful neck-tie, wrought by your hand. Pleasant as the thing was in itself, it awoke in me feelings of sadness. Its effect was the recollection of former times, and shame on my part through your magnanimous conduct towards me. Really, I did not believe that you still held me worthy of your thought. O, could you have witnessed my emotions yesterday, you surely could find no exaggeration in what I tell you now, that at the thought of you I wept and was very sad. I beg you will believe me, little as I may deserve faith in your eyes, that I have suffered very much, and do still suffer through the loss of your friendship. You and your dear mother I shall never forget. You were so kind to me, that your loss cannot and will not be so soon replaced to me. I know what I have lost, and what you were to me; but—were I to fill up this interval, I should have to go back to scenes which would be unpleasant for you to see, and for me to describe. As a slight return for your kind memento to me, I make free to send you a violin Rondo. I have a great deal to do,

or I would have written off for you the long promised Sonata. In my manuscript it is hardly more than a mere sketch. You can have the Rondo copied off, and then send me back the score. What I here send you is the only one among my things which would be useful to you, and I thought that possibly this trifle might afford you some pleasure. If it is in my power to contribute aught else to your gratification, I beg that you will not pass me by. It is the only means now left of testifying to you my gratitude for the friendship I have enjoyed."

In the above letter Beethoven had spoken of having a great deal to do. His tasks were lightened by a young man, with whose father he had stood in friendly relations in Bonn. It was FERDINAND RIES, then a youth of sixteen, who died at Frankfort on the Main in 1838, a son of the first violinist in the electoral chapel at Bonn, Franz Ries, who closed his earthly career at an advanced age in 1845. By thorough instruction Ferdinand Ries had become a clever pianist and made remarkable progress in music. With a letter of introduction from his father he went to Beethoven, whom he found busied about the completion of his oratorio: "Christ on the Mount of Olives," which was to be produced for his benefit at a concert in the theatre. Beethoven read the letter through, and said: "I cannot answer your father now. But write to him, I have not forgotten how my mother died. With that he will be satisfied." It was only some time later that Ries learned, that his father had in every way actively supported the Beethoven family, then in needy circumstances.

In the very first days Beethoven found that he could use the son of his old friend. On the day of the performance of the above-named oratorio, Beethoven sent for him at five o'clock in the morning. Ries found him still in bed, writing upon single leaves. When he asked what it was, Beethoven replied laconically: "Trombones!" So the trombones were played from those sheets. Possibly they had forgotten to copy those parts.—But it was more probably an after-thought, since Beethoven might have had the original sheets, as well as the copied ones. The rehearsal began at eight in the morning. Besides the oratorio there were also performed for the first time a Symphony of Beethoven's in D major (No. 2) and a Piano-forte Concerto. It was an extremely difficult rehearsal. By half-past two o'clock all the musicians were exhausted and more or less dissatisfied. The prince Lichnowsky, who was present from the beginning, ordered bread and butter, cold meat and wine brought in great baskets. By that means he re-inspired the players to rehearse the oratorio through once more. It is Beethoven's first work in this kind, said the Prince; it must be produced in a manner worthy of him. The concert began about six o'clock, but was so long that a couple of pieces were omitted.

Beethoven had given the score of the above-named Symphony in D major, in his own handwriting, to his young friend Ries. The latter remarked upon it some years afterwards: "The score showed something very striking in the *Larghetto quasi andante*. Indeed the *Larghetto* was so beautiful, conceived in so pure and friendly a spirit, and the carriage of the voices so natural, that one could scarcely imagine anything had been changed in it. The plan too was from the

beginning the same as in the later editions. But in the second violin, almost in the very first lines, in many passages a very considerable part of the accompaniment, and in some places also in the viola, had been changed; and yet all had been so carefully erased, that I could not with the utmost pains find out the original idea. I asked Beethoven about it, and he answered dryly: "It is better so."

Several circumstances conspired to plunge the universally celebrated composer into a sad mood, which often bordered on despondency. It was not merely the cabals of his rivals, who envied him his fame. An essential reason of his melancholy lay in his state of health. An obstinate bowel complaint, of which the first traces had already shown themselves in the year 1796, induced a train of other disorders for him, among which his increasing hardness of hearing became an unspeakable torment, embittering all the joys of life. An extended description of his physical sufferings is contained in a letter to Dr. Wegeler, in Bonn, afterwards the husband of his former pupil, Eleonore von Breuning. After an eight year's residence in Vienna, on the 29th of June, 1800, Beethoven wrote this letter, which may serve as a pure transcript of his mode of thinking and of feeling. He opened it with self-reproaches on account of his long silence.

"How much I thank you," says he to his friend, "for thinking about me! So little have I deserved or tried to deserve from you, and yet you are so kind, you let yourself be turned away by nothing, not even by my unpardonable neglect, but remain always the faithful, sterling friend. That I could ever forget you, you who were once so dear to me, o, do not believe that! There are moments when I yearn towards you, nay when I long to pass some time with you. My fatherland, the beautiful country in which I first saw the light of the world, is still ever beautiful and clear before my eyes, as when I left you; in short, I shall regard that time as one of the happiest events of my life, when I can see you again and greet our father Rhine. When that will be, I cannot yet determine. So much I will tell you, that you will see me right great. Not greater as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man, shall you find me; and then should my fortune become somewhat better in my native land, my art shall exhibit itself only for the benefit of the poor. O happy moment! How happy I esteem myself, that I can bring thee near, that I can myself create thee!"

From the above it appears, that the very straitened circumstances, in which Beethoven lived at Bonn, had shaped themselves more favorably. "You wish to know," he writes to his friend Wegeler, "something of my situation; it is not so bad. Within the last year the prince Lichnowsky, who, if there have been little misunderstandings between us, always was and has remained my warmest friend, has set apart for me a sure sum of 600 florins, which I can draw so long as I find no suitable position. My compositions bring me in a good deal, and I can say I have more orders than I can satisfy. For every thing I have six or seven publishers, and even more, if I make a point of it. They no longer stipulate with me; I demand and they pay. You see that is a nice thing. I see for example a friend in need, and my purse does not allow me to help him immediately; I have only to set my-

self to work, and in a short time he is relieved, and then I am more economical than formerly."

[To be continued.]

Objects of Musical Education, and their Time.

BY DR. A. B. MARX.

[Concluded from p 141.]

We have already said that the pianoforte possesses an extremely voluminous literature, partly written expressly for it, and partly adaptations from other works foreign to it. What can be more natural or more enlightening than to make these works the chief means of instruction, their complete possession being one of the objects of pursuit? For this end, technical readiness, finger exercises, and studies are required. But these are manifestly only means to an end; and as certainly as their use ought not to be delayed, so certainly also they ought to be set aside when the required dexterity has been gained, and the principal difficulties overcome; or else, from a want of methodical arrangement, exercises may be prolonged without end. We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times this error has been stretched to excess, and has overwhelmed us with countless studies, &c. Every respectable teacher, every distinguished amateur, considers himself bound to present the world with some dozens of studies, from which a few particular artistic forms of fingering are to be acquired. And since the composition of a well-sounding study exacts nothing but the occurrence of an idea to be worked in the ordinary routine of composition; since, moreover, a little burst of enthusiasm is highly thought of in these matters; and, further, since the brilliant playing of the author, or the reputation of his master, renders him tolerably sure of his public, we can never tell when this composition and spread of studies will come to an end: neither, indeed, can we imagine how the pupil shall find time to labor through the most respectable of them only; to say nothing of the real works of art themselves, for whose sake alone the whole drudgery has been endured.

Let the non-musical inquirer consider the foregoing as a token of good and bad instruction in the question before us.

Sebastian Bach and Handel, Joseph Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—these are the artists to whom we owe the greatest and the most numerous works of art for the pianoforte. Among these, Bach and Beethoven stand forward, the one in elder, the other in our own times, as those who have reached the highest eminence. After them, Emanuel Bach, Clementi, Dussek, Karl Maria von Weber, Hummel, and many more may be named. We abstain from giving a more numerous list, particularly of those still living, as it is not the province of this work to pass judgment upon individuals. Upon the highest, the vast preponderance in estimation of the five first-named artists, there is not the slightest question among those who have the least tincture of art. The one may indeed be compared with the other, but the high preeminence of all is unquestioned.

We can therefore declare as a condition for good pianoforte teaching, that the works of those five eminent men* shall be considered as the

* We have to give an urgent warning with respect to Seb. Bach's work, the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," that the younger scholars be not set too early to the study of it; and that neither they nor others should be persuaded that everything that that great man has composed—often composed for momentary objects of instruction, &c.—was of equal value. Bach's manner is so different from the modern style, that we cannot without reflection employ his works. This, and the usual beginning with pianos of the most accustomed temperament, have driven more friends of art from this master than the pleasure of his music has created admirers; and, therefore, with the greatest veneration in his regard, we will not refuse to acknowledge that another portion of his works, namely his dances, have outlived their time and become antiquated. But the enlightened teacher will find in the "Six Preludes pour les commencans," in the inventions and single fantasias, namely in the English and other suites among the preludes, sarabands, jigs, &c., a rich choice of the most charming and imperishable compositions, most intimately adapted to our tastes and feelings, and highly calculated to produce both pleasure and improvement in his scholars. We would

distinguished and governing lessons in the instruction. Whatever finger exercises, hand lessons or secondary work, a teacher may find necessary for his pupil, must be left to his decision, as it cannot be estimated. But the teacher who does not conduct his pupil into the study of the five great masters, as soon as it can be done with any precision, and the time of the lesson permits it, and does not make them the chief object and goal of the instruction, such a teacher, we say it without hesitation, is not able to give a true artistic education, however clever and careful he may be in other parts of his duty. Teachers who keep their pupils to fashionable dances and such trifles, to arrangements from favorite operas, &c., are altogether unworthy of the confidence of those who seek for genuine education in art. Therefore, no teacher ought to be chosen without the previous knowledge of his method of instruction.

Pianoforte learning may begin very early—in the seventh or eighth year, or even earlier, even before the hand can span the octave. There is, moreover, a sufficiency of excellent works of Haydn and Mozart, well adapted to the sensibilities of that tender age, if the teacher be but capable of choosing them.

III. COMPOSITION.

We name the study of composition as the third object of general musical education. Deep penetration into art and its productions, a rich development of musical talent, cannot be attained without this study. If it be undertaken in the right sense, it rewards every step forwards with clearer insight and increased pleasure; and, indeed, those also who are not destined by peculiar talents to the profession of composers.

This circumstance demands the more deliberate consideration, the more imperfect and erroneous the representations are which have been attached to it.

Music consists, as can be seen from this book, in an inward comprehension of innumerable most diversified forms, constantly approaching and separating, perpetually combining and dissolving in each other. Their operation can be perceived, more or less, without previous cultivation, and can be understood and represented by a superficial instruction; but to comprehend them entirely, to penetrate into their whole nature and attributions, is to know the meaning and force of each form by itself, and also when in combination with every other. Now, let us imagine a great composition before us, in which different parts are united in the most varied manner, in all sorts of artistic forms, each part having its cantilena, its rhythm, its succession of *tones*, while each *tone* has a determined relation to the *tones* of the other parts, and with all this are combined different degrees and kinds of motion, of *forte* or *piano*, and of manner of performance. Now, we say, with such a composition before us, we presume it will be admitted that without study such a composition could not be understood, and that the study for that object must be thorough, systematic, and methodical.

Let us suppose for a moment that any one unaccustomed to composition undertook the dissection of the above imagined work. Then would he be overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of unities. The completion of his task would be impossible, were it only from the creation of new forms and applications of them which daily takes place in art.

The only ready, practicable, and fruitful procedure is, therefore, to set one's own hand to work, to learn oneself how to bring the forms from out the world of sound, to "call the spirits from the vasty deep;" to learn to feel the rhythm of the

forms, so that all present and future forms shall be within our scope and comprehension, because we have grasped the root of their existence—because we know how they have come into existence, and why. This the doctrine of composition teaches us. This science alone gives us, not abstract ideas upon art—not merely superficial notions upon the operations of art—not a few cut out dead parts, but the whole entire, with all its individualities, and in its unity, matter, and spirit, form and meaning, in that single entirety which is the material of true art.

We may add, from a large experience of every age and of both sexes, that the study of composition, without any proportionate loss of time, even for amateurs, most surely rewards every step, even when but small disposition exists in the student, or when circumstances prevent a lengthened pursuit of the subject. The first few lessons in one-part* compositions will at once awaken the sense for melody, and give a significant idea of its fundamental forms, of the efficacy of rhythm, and of the origin and accumulation of passages and phrases. Already the doctrine, so comprehensive and so easily comprehended, of the two and two composition in two parts, built upon the natural harmony, makes the foundation of all harmony and tonic progression perfectly obvious, and furnishes to moderately endowed students, pleasurable and exciting lessons. So much can be acquired in two or three weeks, with a couple of lessons a week and but little exertion; and, moreover, we might abandon our studies at this point, without having lost our labor. Then the gradual development of harmony and the richer progression of parts, will have, in the mere inspection, the charm of a perfectly rational and highly copious display, from the most simple fundamental forms and the most obvious laws. But to any one who enters upon this pursuit with inbred activity, to such a one the regions of sound are illumined and extended with every effort,—the sense of music is vivified, excited and strengthened by every fresh manifestation of the internal art. Now, with the knowledge of the limitation of chords, freedom in the unfolding of art returns, and her play becomes continually richer and more variegated. Then all artistic forms are imagined and explained, the one from the other—the order of the succession being pre-supposed—the one quite as easy as the other, until, finally, their realization on determined instruments or in song, in ecclesiastical, dramatic, and other objects of our art, completes the whole study. At any point the study may be relinquished with profit, in proportion to the labor bestowed, if circumstances should so command, or the zeal of the student should not urge him to further investigation.

The study of composition may begin early, particularly with talented and lively children, but not before they have made some progress upon a musical instrument,—if possible the pianoforte, and have thereby gained some participation in and capacity for art, and also more penetration and habits of reflection. They ought at least to have got beyond the elementary exercises, and be able to play with feeling and technical correctness larger works, such as, for example, the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. Instruction in composition

*The author has conformed himself here to the tenor and tendency of his Doctrine of Musical Composition (Lehre von der Musikalischen Composition), at Breitkopf and Härtel. How little can the above assurance be given by the old thorough-bass and doctrine of harmony; how unartistic it is in foundation and method, how extremely incomplete and unsatisfactory! This the author has exemplified from time to time in the Instruction for Composition, but more demonstratively in the work "Die alte Musiklehre im Streit mit unsrer Zeit" (the old Doctrine of Music in contention with our times), at Breitkopf and Härtel, 1841,—as had been acknowledged and declared long enough before him by Reicha and every thinking professor of composition. The indolence of so many old masters, or the ignorance of masters absolutely unacquainted with the real nature of composition, is still answerable for the painful and useless labor of many young persons. Many such, indeed, are still enduring in the continually disappointed hope that they will at last, some day, arrive at composition, or at least at a clearer insight into the nature of art; they endure until the time has passed, and with it all pleasure and natural feeling, which either dies away or becomes corrupted.

at an earlier period than this would be mere empty playing; or, what is much worse, would disturb, in the still unself-supporting scholar, the free and immediate enjoyment of the compositions lying before him; and thrust in the place of lively, soul-inspiring, artistic employment, cold and profitless mechanism of the understanding. This is one of the greatest errors of a system pursued in many shapes, of instruction in the piano and harmony combined, which apparently advances the students through an intricate mechanism with great rapidity, but at the cost of the feeling of music itself, which remains undeveloped, and becomes, indeed, oppressed and stifled by the disturbance of the understanding, and the mechanism which that system brings into action. The true joy of art and artistic accomplishment becomes the more surely destroyed thereby,—the more deceptive to the observer is the joy of the scholar at his mechanical success,—and the more his sudden progress in certain parts of music is in the beginning inexplicable to the uninstructed.

We consider thus much to be necessary upon general education. The choice of other instruments may be left to each individual, under the advice of the better-informed. The science and history of music must in like manner be left to the disposition and leisure of every friend of art. The composer, and particularly the well-educated musician, will scarcely be able to restrain himself from the history of his art, not merely from books, but from the works of art themselves.

Descriptive Music.

[Concluded.]

Far be it from us, therefore, to deny that descriptive music may be made a noble thing; but what we complain of is, that it is running wild, or at least the musical world are running wild after it. We only wish we could persuade some of the gifted modern composers, who waste their time in representing the unrepresentable, just to try the experiment of writing a little music, which should, like Mozart's Symphonies, be innocent of meaning; and, though they might not find the task easy, we would back its success very strongly.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound; that it is so to a certain extent is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as may be evident by the fact of the exceeding *indefiniteness* of the representations produced. For, if we examine closely into the working, on the mind, of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavors to make out its meaning. We once heard a magnate of a provincial festival (where Mendelssohn had just succeeded Neukomm in favor) declare he could distinctly trace, in the Wedding March, the exact point where the ring was put on; but for our own part we failed to discover any hymeneal character in it, except, perhaps, the frequent and prominent discords! The most contradictory guesses are made, even by eminent musical critics, as to the meaning of compositions; and we think this very fact might warrant the inference that the meaning so anxiously pursued might be, after all, an *ignis fatuus*—the composition never having been intended by the composer to bear any meaning at all. And often, when an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic composition of the modern school with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played! And we have been almost profanely reminded of the reply of the showman, when asked inconvenient questions

here wish to recommend the new collective edition of Bach's works, at Peter's in Leipzig. As an Introductory School for conducting from our own time and manner into those of Bach, which are so importantly different, and for primary instruction in polyphonic playing, the Author has published a selection from Seb. Bach's compositions, at Chailier's in Berlin, at 20 Sgr.

The above warning may also apply to Handel, whose works, however, for the piano, are not numerous. We can recommend his Six Fugues and a Capriccio, at Trautwein's, in Berlin, for more advanced students.

by his juvenile spectators as to which parts of his picture he was describing.

It is probable that music may be only really capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them; which sensations are producible also by musical compositions. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or certain scenes; and so may seem to describe such objects or scenes; whereas in reality it only results from certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told *what* the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining what is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music is good and commendable, so far as it is kept in bounds; it may call forth much skill and talent; and where a thorough appreciation of the æsthetic character of music exists, it may tend to results of high merit. But to say that all good music *must* be descriptive, because some good music happens to be so, is illogical in the extreme; for by far the greater part of our most esteemed instrumental compositions are of such a character that it is impossible to imagine any consistent programme for them, except by resorting to the wildest rhapsodies of modern German enthusiasm.

And it needs but little argument to show that non-descriptive music, at least in the instrumental form, is of a purer and nobler order than descriptive. The latter depends for its interest partly on an element foreign to the essential nature of the art; for music, strictly speaking, is intended to give pleasure by combinations of sound only; and when the descriptive element is introduced, the composition becomes no longer pure music, but, to a certain extent, a combination of music and drama. But a work to which no programme is attached, must please by its merit as a pure musical composition, standing independently on its phonetic qualities, and unaided by any foreign associations; and we think it may be taken for granted, that the composer who excels in works of this nature shows more true command of his art than he who owes half his success to the embodiment in his composition of some tangible scene or extraneous idea.

It will now, we trust, be seen that we were in sober earnest when we stated that Mozart's instrumental compositions were enhanced in musical worth by their *having no meaning*. Nobody could write descriptive music better than Mozart, when he pleased, as all the world knows; but he did not think that Symphonies, Quartets, and Quintets were the proper field to display this talent upon; and, consequently, in these he confined himself to pure, unadulterated, essential, abstract, *music*. We are not aware that, throughout the whole range of these strictly instrumental compositions, there is any attempt to introduce or suggest a descriptive feature, extraneous meaning, or non-musical idea of any kind whatever. And this is one reason why they form such admirable examples for study. To those who seek intellectual gratification only, the genius of Beethoven may be more captivating; but for solid benefit and practical improvement in composition, there is no school like Mozart, whose works are truly a 'pure well of music, undefiled.'—*Lon. Mus. World*.

Verdi.

A Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, apropos of the performance of the "Sicilian Vespers" on the occasion of the baptism of the imperial baby, gives the following sketch of this popular composer's life.

Verdi, the author of the "Sicilian Vespers," is more than forty years of age. He was born in the Duchy of Parma, at Brussetto, a place so small that it does not figure on the map. His parents were poor peasants, who had not even the means to teach him to read. In Italy, and particularly in the country, the knowledge of reading

is an acquirement and a luxury which benefits no one. But Verdi was unlike his compatriots. The curate of his village took a sudden friendship for him, and taught him all he knew, to wit: reading, writing and music. In a few years the pupil became more learned than his master. He composed military marches and church music, to the great astonishment, admiration and delight of the good curate. Verdi felt his vocation—he left his village, started for Milan, and there, poor, unknown and without protection, he toiled night and day. He subsisted for some time giving music lessons at twenty cents, when destiny brought him in contact with Merelli, the great *impresario*. Merelli proposed to him the composition of a partition for the *Scala*, the first theatre of Milan, and gave him the poem of *Oberto di San Bonifacio*. In Italy, musicians and operas are in such great requisition that the directors oftentimes give themselves up to luck for new operas and productions. They are obliged, sometimes, to have recourse to some unknown composer. If he succeeds, they pay his services with glory; if he fails, they lay him aside to try another. The only difficulty is that experienced by the artistic corps, who have uselessly wasted their time and talents to study works destined to be reproduced no more. *Oberto di San Bonifacio* succeeded admirably, and, as was to be expected, Verdi did not make one cent out of it. Merelli ordered him a second work, *Un Giorno di Regno*, (the reign of one day,) but the violent grief which, at the time, he had conceived at the loss of his wife, whom he adored to distraction, dried up the wells of his wit and inspiration. It is the only work of Verdi which did not take. He did not, however, allow himself to become discouraged.—He had tasted the sweetness of success and of applause, and he began to prepare himself for greater triumphs. Convinced that a musical composer, beside a study and knowledge of the great masters of music, should be deeply versed in the study and knowledge of the great masters in poetry and literature of all times and countries, he condemned himself to a forced labor. He studied, at the same time, Corneille, Hugo, Lamartine, Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, and Dante; and with that perseverance and strength of will characteristic of genius, he felt himself, at length, able to put on the lips of heroes and of nations the musical words which suited each.

Merelli comprehended well the cause of the *fiasco* which had attended the production of *Un Giorno*. He therefore did not hesitate to offer him the poem of *Nabucco*, which he had previously offered without success to several musical composers. Verdi felt the grandeur of the subject.—He treated it in a masterly manner. His success was immense; it gave him more gold than glory—two thousand francs, perhaps. His fortune was secure. From that moment all the directors were at his feet, but Merelli obtained the preference. Verdi composed for the *Scala* the opera of *I Lombardi*, which was more applauded than his previous work; and which yielded him ten thousand francs. Then came *Ernani*, which was represented at the *Fenice*, in Venice; *I Due Foscari*, at Rome, in the Apollo theatre. His genius authorised him to dictate conditions to the directors. In the midst of the *furor* produced by his masterpieces and his glory, he never lost sight of the great object he had in view, viz: to purchase the cottage in which he was born and to establish around it a vast domain. With the proceeds of *Nabucco* he purchased the cot, and by means of his other operas a property which is not less, at present, than nine miles in extent. His great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas. At Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the chorus of *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, of *La Traviata*, and the *Trovatore*.

Endowed with a scientific but *brusque* disposition, Verdi does not love the contact of the world, and studiously avoids all public honors. After the production of his opera, *La Jerusalem*, which was acted for the first time in Paris, he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and after that of the *Sicilian Vespers*, the cross of officer—dis-

tinctions awarded to him without his knowledge or solicitation. He might have had the cross of Parma, which had been conferred upon the most insignificant composers, had he only applied for it, but he disdained to do so. Even the situation of Master of the Emperor's Chapel at Vienna, which has been repeatedly tendered to him, he flatly refused. His art supplies all his wants.—Early in the morning he sits at the piano—he commences over again, if necessary, the same passages, until he is perfectly satisfied with the performance. He does not compose with facility, and his works bear more or less the marks of the midnight lamp. It will take him hours to master the difficulties of a simple note, and to elaborate a single air according to his fancy.

SUMMER.

BY REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.

Now seems all Nature to conspire,
As to dissolve the world in fire—

II.

Which dies among its odorous sweets,
A Phoenix on its funeral-pyre.

III.

Simoom breathes hotly from the waste,
The green earth quits its green attire:

IV.

Floats o'er the plain the liquid heat,
Cheating the traveller's strong desire—

V.

Illusion fair of lake and stream,
Receding as he draweth nigher.

VI.

Ice is more precious now than gold,
Snow more than silver men desire.

VII.

'Tis far to seek unfailing wells
For tender maid or aged sire:

VIII.

Men know the worth of water now,
And learn to prize God's blessing higher;

IX.

The shallow pools have disappeared,
Caked into iron is the mire.

X.

Through clouds of dust the crimson sun
Glories on the earth in lurid ire:

XI.

The parched earth with thirsty lips
Is gasping, ready to expire.

XII.

Oh, happy, who by liquid streams
In shady gardens can retire—

XIII.

Where murmuring falls and whispering trees
Sweet slumber to invite conspire:

XIV.

Or where he may deceive the time
With volume sage, or pensive lyre.

A BATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—The *Independent* of last week contained a "Star Paper," from HENRY WARD BEECHER, descriptive of "A time at the White Mountains." The following is as good as iced Champagne in these hot dog-days.

Reaching the hotel in due season, tired and sweaty, a bath must be had. We went toward the Notch, and turning to the right at the first little stream that let itself down from the mountains, we sought the pools in which we knew such streams kept their sweetest thoughts, expressing them by trout. The only difficulty was in the selection. This pool was deep, rock-rimmed, transparent, gravel-bottomed. The next was level-edged and rock-bottomed, but received its water with such a gush that it whirled around the basin in a liquid dance of bubbles. The next one received a divided stream, one part coming over

a shelving rock and sheeting down in white, while the other portion fell into a hollow murmuring crevice, and came gurgling forth from a half-dark channel. Half way down, the rock was smooth and pleasant to the feet. In the deepest part was fine gravel and powdered mountain, commonly called sand. The waters left the pool even more beautifully than they entered it; for the rock had been rounded and grooved, so that it gave a channel like the finest moulded lip of a water vase; and the moss, beginning below, had crept up into the very throat of the passage, and lined it completely, giving to the clear water a green hue as it rushed through, whirling itself into a plexus of cords, or a kind of pulsating braid of water. This was my pool. It waited for me.—How deliciously it opened its flood to my coming. It rushed up to every pore, and sheeted my skin with an aqueous covering, prepared in the mountain waterfalls. Ah, the coldness! Every drop was molten hail. It was the very brother of ice. At a mere hint of winter it would change to ice again! If the crystal nook was such a surprise of delight to me, what must I have been to it, that had, perhaps, never been invaded, unless by the lip of a moose, or by the lithe and spotted form of sylvan trout! The drops and bubbles ran up to me and broke about my neck, and ran laughing away, frolicking over the mossy margin, and I could hear them laughing all the way down below. Such a monster had never, perhaps, taken covert in the pure, pellucid bowl before!

But this was the centre-part. Not less memorable was the fringe. The trees hung in the air on either side, and stretched their green leaves for a roof far above. The birch and alder, with here and there a silver fir, in bush form, edged the rocks on either side. As you looked up the stream, there opened an ascending avenue of cascades, dripping rocks, bearded with moss, crevices filled with grass or dwarfed shrubs, until the whole was swallowed up in the leaves and trees far above. But if you turned down the stream, then through a lane of richest green, stood the open sky, and lifted up against it thousands of feet, Mount Willard, rocky and rent, or with but here and there a remnant of evergreens sharp and ragged. The sun was behind it and poured against its farther side his whole tide of light, which lapped over as a stream dashes over its bounds and spills its waters beyond. So it stood over against this ocean of atmospheric gold, banked huge and rude, against a most resplendent heaven!

As I stood donning my last articles of raiment, and wringing my over-wet hair, I saw a trout move very deliberately out from under a rock by which I had lain, and walk quietly across to the other side. As he entered the crevice, a smaller one left it and came as demurely across to his rock. It was evident that the old people had sent them out to see if the coast was clear, and whether any damage had been done. Probably it was thought that there had been a *slide* in the mountain, and that a huge icicle or lump of snow had plunged into their pool and melted away there. If there are piscatory philosophers below water half as wise as those above, this would be a very fair theory of the disturbance to which their mountain homestead had been subjected. As I had eaten of their salt, of course I respected the laws of hospitality, and no deceptive fly of mine shall ever tempt trout in a brook which begets pools so lovely, and in pools that yield themselves with such delicious embrace to the pleasures of a mountain bath.

And so, as the sun was gone, it was time for me to go. Step by step I climbed the moss carpeted rocks; slipped in due degree, leaped the wide-set stones, got caught on the dead branches of the cedar, climbed astride over the birch, and reached the road.

MUSICAL CONSERVATORIUMS in Germany are now becoming as plentiful as other educational institutions; and even the little kingdom of Saxony, with its two million of inhabitants, has had the courage to found a second institution for cultivating the art of music. The one which Mendelssohn founded at Leipzig has acquired European fame. That lately

established at Dresden has still to attain honor. The institution is, I believe, an exclusively private undertaking, but its views are purely artistic, as it intends only to teach and encourage the study of "classical music." Persons of both sexes are admitted, whether they intend studying the art as a profession or otherwise; nor is it absolutely necessary they should have acquired even the rudiments of a musical education. The pupil can be taught the pianoforte, organ, singing, and any two orchestral instruments he wishes, either string or wind, besides chorus singing, declamation, harmony, counterpoint, and composition. Lectures are given on the history of music; playing at sight, both in single parts and in full score, is practised; orchestral music, duos, trios, quartets for piano, with or without other instruments, is also taught. The active director of the whole scheme is M. Trostler, who has gained some repute in this town as a violin player. The committee of management selected are—MM. Charles Mayer, Franz Schubert, Julius Otto, and Schneider. M. Charles Mayer is at the head of the pianoforte, and M. Schubert, concertmeister at the Theatre Royal, at the head of the violin instructors. The rest of the teachers are men of talent; and it is to be hoped that the undertaking will meet with encouragement.

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

"The most valuable collections of 'catches, rounds and canons, for three or four voices,' were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate; and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of 'profane music' were kept up together." "The merry monarch loved a tune, and small blame to him."—*Quarterly Review*.

I.

Cavalier music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home of a knightly race
Old as the oak-trees—proud and loyal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell lords it, late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here:
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

II.

Moonlight pours through the painted oriels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley.
Who died for Charles on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

III.

Hot and sudden swoop'd Rupert's horse
Down on the villainous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chesnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm.

IV.

Madrigal music fills the room
With a spring-like beauty and delicate grace:
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore;
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more.

V.

After, a rare old English glee,
Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
And shakes the mullion'd panes flamboyant:
Merry music of olden time
Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical,

VI.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
As over the keys her white hand fits,
And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
Not in the great cathedrals now
Does saintly song as of yore find place:
But it smooths awhile the furrow'd brow
Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

* * * * *

VII.

But the King shall have his own again—
Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water:
Then shall ye hear an easier strain,
A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.
Melody then shall dance right merrily—
Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,
Shall sound through the air of England, verily,
And flood the chambers of Sir Shirley Chase.

—*Dublin University Magazine*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 9, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

It speaks well for human nature, that whoever in any department of intellectual exertion far outstrips his contemporaries, making his mark deeply upon the progress of his race in science, art, literature, politics, jurisprudence, or war, thereby renders himself the topic of so many pens—the cause of so much shedding of ink. What an immense field of our literature is that devoted to biography, to the sayings and doings of great men, to the discussion of their works, their opinions, their feelings, their intentions! Look at Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Franklin, Webster, Raphael, Mozart, Michael Angelo, Goethe, Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson, and numberless others.

Beethoven was born eighty-six years ago. For fifty years he has been the mark for critics, the hero of story-tellers, and the subject of biographers. We have at various times called attention in our columns to the absurdities written by admirers of his music in the form of novelettes and tales, in which real circumstances in his history have been twisted to their fanciful purposes, the origin of the peculiar expression of certain of his works been fantastically explained, or in which stories have been told, utterly without foundation, except in the imaginations of the writers. We propose to give our readers at this time a short review of the sources from which the future biographer of the great master can draw his materials.

The first and most natural source to which he will turn is the periodical musical literature of his time and country. The earliest notice of Beethoven in a printed work, unless we except the dedication by "Ludwig van Beethoven, aged eleven years," of his first published work, to his protector, the Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, is to be found in a musical magazine published in Hamburg, by a certain Cramer, in 1782-3. This work, of which we know but two or three copies in existence, contains a letter from Christian Gottlob Neefe upon Music and Musicians in Bonn, in which he speaks of his remarkable pupil, then about thirteen years of age. Soon after this date the annual Electoral Almanacs begin to give the name of the composer as assistant Court organist and member of the orchestra. (He played viola.)

The *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* began to be published in the year 1798, and during the fifty years of its existence there is not a volume which does not contain something which throws light upon the history of the composer and the success of his works. This is perhaps the most valuable musical periodical ever published, and as it covers the space of time from 1798 to 1848, must be made familiar by any one who will

write upon the music of this century. Less important, though hardly so, are the twenty odd volumes of "*Cæcilia*," edited by Godfried Weber, at Mayence, with the exception of the last few volumes, which appeared under the auspices of the indefatigable and accurate Dehn. General letters and many notices of Beethoven adorn the columns of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, begun by Schumann about 1835(?), and by other editors still continued. Marx's *Berliner Musik Zeitung*, 1823-28, gives some valuable facts. By the way, the piano-forte piece called "*Dernière pensée musicale de Beethoven*," was furnished Marx by the composer, and printed in the *Zeitung* more than three years before his death. The *Wiener Musik Zeitung*, edited at one time by Kanne, an acquaintance of Beethoven, covers a space of several years beginning about 1816, and has considerable value, though less than might be expected from a sheet published in the city where the composer lived and died.

The *Leipziger Repertorium*, of which only two volumes appeared, contains much that is very valuable and interesting from Schindler's pen. These are the more valuable periodicals to the biographer of Beethoven. Besides these, of less value, but not to be overlooked by one who desires to be thorough, are the volumes of Reichardt, (Berlin, 1805-6,) the two musical papers now published at Cologne, one at Mainz, two in Berlin, and especially certain musical and theatrical periodicals of more or less recent date, published at Vienna. Others also have come under our notice, from which something is to be gained.

The *Kölner Zeitung*—the famous Cologne Gazette, a news and political daily paper—contained a long controversy in 1835-6 upon the question whether Beethoven was born in the Rheingasse or the Bonngasse at Bonn; from this controversy many facts and anecdotes of Beethoven's childhood may be drawn, and from it we are enabled to correct a minor statement in our translation of Döring last week in regard to the age at which the little Ludwig was put to the pianoforte for practice by his father. Two old gentlemen, one a mayor of Bonn, the other Beethoven's friend Wegeler, recollected seeing the child at the age of three years standing at the instrument, and practising, with the tears running down his little cheeks.

The second source to which the biographer will naturally look, is musical lexicography. In the case of living musicians, a dictionary of musical science and biography is of value, both for the facts contained, and because of the discussions which doubtful points awaken. In the present case there are two such lexicons which possess value—Gerber's and Schilling's—Fétis's is valueless. Gerber published his first two volumes about 1790-92; his four additional volumes in 1812-14. He appears to have applied directly to Beethoven for information, though of this we are not certain. The article in Schilling, written probably by Marx, was founded apparently upon Gerber, and continued from other sources, and so far as it goes is quite reliable.

The third source is the biography proper of the composer. Setting of course the sketches to be found in periodicals aside, we have the following works of this class.

Immediately after the decease of the great composer, a certain Aloys Schlosser published a little work, which is of about the same value to the

biographer, as a campaign life of Scott to the future historian of the United States—possibly less; we will waste no space upon it. Another small work called out by the death of the composer, was "*Beethoven's Tod*" by his friend Kanne—a work of which we have not yet been able to find a copy. The most valuable work upon the early history of Beethoven, is one published at Coblenz in 1838, in two parts, viz: "*Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*," by Dr. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. Wegeler knew the boy Ludwig, was the intimate friend of the young man Beethoven, and the correspondent of the great master in after years. In his "*Notizen*" he gives particular and precise information in relation to the circumstances of his friend's family and to the first years in Vienna. Several letters of Beethoven to him are among the most valuable which remain from the master's hand.—The second part contains the recollections of Ries, who was Beethoven's pupil, and many letters and notes addressed to him. In 1845 Dr. Wegeler published an appendix to the *Notizen*, containing several valuable and important matters for the future student of Beethoven's history.

In 1840 appeared Schindler's Biography. Few books have been so censured for their shortcomings as this. No reader can arise from its perusal without feelings of strong indignation at the small amount of information given within its pages.* It must be stated to the credit of Schindler that this was not entirely his fault.—The book known in English as "*Moscheles' Life of Beethoven*," is but a translation of Schindler, with an appendix consisting mostly of translations from the work of Wegeler and Ries. We should have mentioned before that in one or two instances Ries' memory failed him, and his anecdotes (in these particular cases) are not quite correct. He died before their publication, and probably never had opportunity of giving them a due version.

Affixed to the work known as *Beethoven's Studien*, also published in English—"Beethoven's Studies"—is a short notice of the composer by Ritter von Seyfried. Seyfried was an old Vienna acquaintance of Beethoven, and Kapellmeister of the "Theatre an der Wien" where 'Fidelio' was first given. We are sorry to say that his memory of events, which transpired twenty-five and thirty years before he wrote, was not always exact and correct. Still Seyfried gives us some valuable facts, and quite a number of interesting letters by Beethoven. More recently Lenz has given the public two works, one upon Beethoven's writings, in which we find little more than a catalogue, with extracts from Schindler and the *Leipziger allg. Mus. Zeitung*, and also Lenz' opinions, and the other a biographical study, which is little more than a rehash of Schindler, Wegeler and Ries, with a few absurd stories from the periodicals of the day. Our journal has already noticed some of the errors of the first volume of this work. These are the principal works in this department of the Beethoven literature.

We have yet to name one other source of knowledge about Beethoven, which we shall consider in our next.

* Our "Diarist" asked Schindler why it was that he gave so little? "Because," said he, "the publisher refused to print more than eighteen sheets!"

Musical Review.

SHEET MUSIC.

(Published by Oliver Ditson.)

Twelve Two-Part Songs, by Kücken, Abt, Mendelssohn, and others. No. 3. "*Gondola Duet*": *O come to me*; by KÜCKEN. pp. 9.

A beautiful duet, for two sopranos, or soprano and bass, with a gently flowing movement, in G minor. Words German and English.

Gaily through life wander, (Libiamo ne' lieti calici); the Brindisi from *La Traviata*, by VERDI. Words Italian and English.

A gay and easy little melody in waltz time; pretty enough, but tame compared with some of those dashing drinking songs of Verdi, not to speak of Donizetti's, in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Deh prendi un dolce amplesso. (We part, we part.) Duetto from MOZART's *Clemenza di Tito*. pp. 5.

Another number of Wesley's arrangements of "*Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart*." This is a lovely duet, without much pretension, sweet, simple, serious, and brief. It has been ascribed, like several of the minor pieces in that opera, to Mozart's pupil, Süßmayer.

Ti guida a palma nobile, (The path that lies before thee): Terzetto from MOZART's "*Magic Flute*," pp. 6.

This appears as a number of the "*Harp of Italy*," though it is properly a string taken (or rather a vibration from a string) from the Harp of Germany.—It is a trio of sopranos, a strain of exhortation addressed by the "Three Ladies" to the young hero Tamino, whose tenor voice once intervenes in a bit of solo, easily sung by the third voice. Of course very beautiful.

Wayside Flowers of France and Italy, translated and adapted by THEO. T. BARKER. No. 1. *La Manola*, by PAUL HENRIOT. pp. 5.

This is a charming little French song, to a Spanish subject: *De l'Aragon, de la Castille, &c.*, and with a sparkling, piquant, half sentimental, half coquettish sort of Spanish melody. A Spanish invitation to the dance, reaching a climax in the ecstatic thought of the *Jota Aragonese*.

Music Abroad.

London.

The season is drawing to a close. It has been a more than usually eventful one. Such a gathering of great artists has rarely been witnessed in one year, and never except in "unmusical London." Mr. Ella never tires of admonishing us that (except at the Musical Union) there is no Music in England, and that the eager connoisseur must betake himself to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or some other great town on the continent, to enjoy the manifestations of his beloved art. Nevertheless we have visited nearly all these boasted marts of harmony, and never heard so much music (or so good) in any of them as in London.

What have we not heard this season? To begin with the concerts of Jenny Lind at Exeter Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms. Where else could this greatly renowned and most charitable of public characters be heard so many times in succession?—and with her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, to boot, who knows all "the Concertos?" Then we have had two Italian Operas. At the one the *vieille garde*—the still unrivalled troop—with Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and Ronconi at its head; at the other, the new revelations of little Piccolomini and big Joanna Wagner, with the incomparable Alboni to bring up the rear. Any one—or at least any two—of these singers would have sufficed to give "the season" *éclat* in a continental town. But we have had them all at once, and many others in the bargain, whom, however talented and respectable, it is not necessary to specify by name.

We have had also two Philharmonic Societies—the "Old" resuscitated, as it were, by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, the "New" manfully and successfully striving under the guidance of Benedict and Dr. Wylde. We have thus had symphonies and concertos, overtures and what-not, to our heart's content. Pianists have swarmed among us—first rate pianists, like Clara (Wieck) Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, Charles Hallé, Alexander Billet, Arabella Goddard—to say nothing of a host of minor stars, all struggling for a hearing, and few of them getting it (at the Musical Union). For violinists it is sufficient to name Ernst,

Sivori, Molique—since the "*et cetera*" would take up too long a space. With Piatti as Violoncello, and Bottesini (better late than never) as double-bass, we need scarcely enlarge the list—both being inimitable.

The unknown artists who have paid us visits this year are too many to count them.

And what a legion of concerts have sprung out of this *embarras de richesses*!—concerts entirely independent of the "societies," whether Philharmonic or Sacred Harmonic, of St. Martin's Hall and Mr. Hulahl, who brought out a new oratorio (Rheinthal's *Jephthah*) and of the stereotyped benefit performances under well-known names. Out of all this novelty, however, it cannot be said that music has gained much. We are still waiting for a composer—since neither Herr Rheinthal nor Senor Yradier will suffice, even with the recommendation of the *Athenæum*. The oratorio of the first is dry and unimaginative; the Spanish romances of the last are trifles, all of a color—when you have heard one of them you have heard the rest.

The single new opera which has been given this season—*La Traviata*—is the weakest of its composer; and though it brought with it a young, fresh, and charming actress, full to overflowing of enthusiasm and promise, it did not present us with what may yet be denominated a singer.

Musically speaking, what, then, have been the facts of the season 1856? Dr. Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," at the elder Philharmonic, was less a 'fact' than a falsehood. Dr. Wylde's "Paradise Lost" remains unfinished; and though two fine works of Mozart were disinterred, they were too ill performed to be successful. The only offering of the New Philharmonic, therefore, was Dr. Schumann's pianoforte concerto, which, although played *con amore* by his clever and interesting wife, was very properly declined by those critics who attempt with more or less success to direct public opinion. We have thus to thank the Philharmonic Societies for Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt—and nothing else? Yes, we are grateful to the directors of the ancient Society for allowing their subscribers an opportunity of hearing and applauding a masterpiece composed by an English musician, and performed by an English pianist. To us, we own, one of the most interesting events of the year was the performance of Dr. Bennett's concerto in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard.

To turn to the Sacred Harmonic. That great Society has introduced Mr. Costa's *Eli* to London; but with the committee of the Birmingham rests the credit of having suggested and first produced that very popular work in public. The Sacred Harmonic has otherwise been content to follow in the beaten path it has trod so long.

Beethoven's later compositions are winning their way slowly but surely. We have dwelt upon Miss Goddard's second performance of the grandest and most difficult sonata; and we have rendered justice to the fine execution of his Ninth Symphony by the Orchestral Union under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. Acknowledgement is due, however to Mr. Hallé, for his intellectual "interpretation" (permit the word) of another of the latest and greatest of the pianoforte sonatas, at his last "Recital"—we mean the Op. 111, in C minor, which, while not designed on a scale so vast and infinitely developed as the Op. 106, in B flat, ranks nevertheless as high as any of its companionworks as an effort of imagination. Even the timid and conservative Mr. Ella has [for the third—not "the first" time in 10 years], assailed the ears and perplexed the understandings of his perfumed "sitters," with the posthumous quartet in B flat—another giant inspiration of the Colossus of instrumental harmony.

Of the concerts of Jenny Lind so much has been said lately that we need say nothing now. Suffice it, the year 1856 will be remembered as the year in which one of the grandest and most perfect of singers retired into private life, in the midst of triumphs, and in the zenith of her powers.

At the Italian Operas (besides the apparition of Marietta Piccolomini), we must mark as "facts" the unfading energy and vigor of Giulia Grisi—the unusually splendid singing of Mario, which has made of the season at the Royal Italian Opera a veritable "Mario season"—the temporary secession of the popular Tamberlik at an early part of the season—the wonderful musico-dramatic displays, tragic and comic, of Ronconi—the increasing reputation and continual improvement of Angiolina Bosio—and the inimitable vocalization of Marietta Alboni, who looks younger and handsomer than in 1847. These have given sufficient interest and *éclat* to the Italian campaign.

What more? Let us see. Balfe has succeeded from the post he filled so honorably from 1849 to 1853 (inclusive) as musical director at Her Majesty's Theatre; in revenge, however, he has set some songs of the poet Longfellow in so kindred a spirit that they promise to excel in popularity all he wrote before; and he has given a benefit at Drury Lane, which was at the same time a bumper and a triumph—so that Balfe, the ex-conductor, stands in no need of consolation.—Covent Garden was burnt down early in March; and in the middle of April the Royal Italian Opera commenced proceedings at the Lyceum! Her Majesty's Theatre has re-opened its familiar doors to the public after two whole years of torpor, with Mr. Lumley, still zealous, eager, and full of enterprise, at the helm. *Enfin*, while one great edifice devoted to Music per-

ished by fire in March, another has risen, as it were by magic, four months later, in the midst of a garden—we mean, of course, the Surry Music Hall, the inauguration of which took place on Tuesday with such brilliant success, under the direction of M. Julien.—*Mus. World*, July 19.

To our Subscribers and Advertisers.

We have to remind many of our patrons that our terms are, *payment in advance*; yet very many are still in arrears not only for the present year, (which commenced in April,) but for one and even two years past. Bills have been sent to all since April, and it is hoped that those who have not already done their duty in this matter, will soon do so by remitting the amounts due, by mail, or otherwise.

☞ Money letters by mail should always be *registered*; in that way only can money be remitted at our risk.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Triennial Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will open in this city on the 10th of September. We understand that the display of Piano-Fortes will be unusually large and brilliant. . . . All who recollect the admirable playing of Mr. MORGAN, last summer, on the Tremont Temple organ, will rejoice to learn, by the announcement in another column, that he is to visit this city again in a few weeks, when he will give two Organ Concerts, in the same place, in connection with the Musical Convention under the auspices of Messrs. JOHNSON and FROST. Mr. M. is one of the most accomplished of English organists, and he will give us plentiful supplies of Bach and Handel, as well as discourse on the fancy stops.

"La Spia," writing to the *Evening Gazette* about one of those interminable English concerts which he attended lately, says "classical music becomes tedious and monotonous, when listened to for more than three consecutive hours." Is there any kind of music which does not? The concert referred to was one of Mr. HOLMES's Piano-forte concerts, in which Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and thirteen other well known names were announced to perform on the same instrument. This Yankee "Spy" dissents from the applause of La PICCOLOMINI. He says:

She really does not deserve it. In *La Figlia del Reggimento* her singing was beneath criticism and her acting such as any piquante French grisette would be able to do after six months experience on the boards of the Opera Comique. Everything she did, whether good, bad or indifferent, was applauded and certainly would have been discouraging to any artist of merit, had he or she been present. She is much better in *La Traviata*, though were her name Miss Jenkins instead of Mlle. Piccolomini she would produce no more effect than would any débutante from the Conservatoire of Paris.

WAGNER, says the Spy, is to sing in *Tancredi* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, "which opera is the sequel by Mozart to the immortal 'Barber of Seville.'" Is not that rather putting the cart before the horse?—Of an American singer in London, the same writer says:

Mr. Drayton, who has been absent from his native city, Philadelphia, for sixteen years, and who holds a very high position as a basso, from his fine voice, his manly and robust figure and his general excellence as an artist, may return home this fall and allow the musical world to see what "Young America" can do in the artistic line. He is acknowledged as the best "Devilshoof" on the stage in England. He has sung for six years in English opera, and before that time had a good schooling in the French Opera Comique.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, editor of the *Musical World*, has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on Music before the Board of Education in New York. The school officers and teachers of the public schools are invited to be present. . . . WILLIAM

VINCENT WALLACE is said to have recovered from his illness, and to be on his way back to America.

OLE BULL, we see, has given \$500 towards establishing a campaign (Fremont) paper among the Germans in Iowa. He never was truer to the instincts of the Artist. If Freedom fails, there is an end of Music and all other Art. . . . The *New York Mirror* says:

We announced a few days since, a little prematurely, that Max Maretzek had leased the Academy of Music, and would open the Opera season early in September. We now learn from one of the Directors that Mr. Maretzek has actually taken the house from Mr. Paine until Oct. 1st, (Mr. Paine's lease expiring at that time,) and that a short season of the Opera will commence about the 1st of September. There is also a possibility that Max may become a permanent lessee, backed up by men of capital; and that a plan has been adopted which can hardly fail to make the Academy of Music a self-paying institution. * * Of the Company, we have learned no particulars. Madame La Grange is in Newport, whither Max has gone to treat with her.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, for some time Professor, is now "Doctor of Music" at Cambridge, Eng. He took his degree Monday afternoon, June 30, and was "created" (that is the term) on the morning of July 1st. The exercise-anthem composed for the degree, and performed a few days before at Great St. Mary's, is thus described by a local paper:

"An anthem composed by Professor W. S. Bennett, as an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music, was performed.—Mr. Hopkins, organist of the University and of Trinity College, presiding at the organ. The subject of the anthem is taken from the 15th Psalm, 'Lord! who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle?' The construction of the composition is original and effective, the question—'Lord, who shall dwell?'—preceding each of the verses in recitative, answered by a double choir. In one of the movements is introduced the English choral, 'St. Mary's,' the University Church bearing that name. The placid character of this choral is strongly contrasted with a declamation of the choir to another subject in unison. This is followed by an elegant movement of a pastoral character, which breaks into a manual and original choral, at the conclusion, to the words—'Gloria Patri.' The anthem will be more acceptable to educated musicians than to the general public."

The *London Leader* (July 19) says JOHANNA WAGNER's performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* confirms the opinion it had "very reluctantly" expressed of her Romeo; and adds: "Extraordinary physical power, incessant exaggeration, and a total want of true feeling, are the chief characteristics of this German prima donna. To those who were familiar with the *Lucrezia* of GRISI the contrast was at once ludicrous and painful. Witness the last scene, in which we all remember the passionate abandonment of despair and tenderness of GRISI when she throws herself on the body of *Gennaro*, the son sacrificed to her cruel lust of vengeance. At this terrible moment Mlle. WAGNER is seen gesticulating coldly but fiercely across the footlights, invoking we may suppose, the excited sympathies of the pit and gallery." Madame AMADEI was the Orsini upon that occasion; and Mr. CHARLES BRAHAM showed his inadequacy (in this critic's opinion) for the rôle of *Gennaro*.

The Cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, is to be consecrated on the 31st of August, and LISZT, the pianist, who is a Hungarian, has composed a mass for the occasion. . . . Bosio continues to *furorreggiare* (as the *Eco di Italia* in New York says) at the Lyceum theatre in London. . . . STEFFANONE is in London on her return from Brazil. . . . Signora VIRGINIA WHITING LORINI is in London too; also our excellent buffo ROVERE, awaiting an engagement, or *disponibile*, as the Italians say. . . . A young soprano of great promise has made her début in Paris. "Her name is RIBAUT. About a year ago the committee of the Grand Opera met to hear a pupil of the Conservatoire, who solicited an engagement at that theatre. She selected the duo of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but there happened to be no one at the Opera to sing with her. A young girl modestly offered to

sing a part in the duet. Her offer was accepted. The first mentioned artist failed; but the young girl was asked if she would not like to enter the Opera, and, upon her affirmative reply, she was at once engaged for three years. This is Mlle. Ribault; the Opera is paying the expenses of her musical education, as it did for Mario and Poulthier."

The report of THALBERG's intention of visiting us is confirmed, with the postscript that he will perhaps bring with him VIVIER, the eccentric hornist. Watchful "Stella" keeps the readers of the Worcester Palladium informed of all the symptoms of a growing taste for music in that "heart of the old Commonwealth"; witness the following:

Chancing the other day to be in the music rooms of GEORGE BURT, the excellent musician and teacher, I had the pleasure of listening to a rare musical entertainment, the only drawback upon which was the thought that more could not share the treat. As a violinist, this gentleman has no equal among us; and his piano playing is characterized by a singular fire and brilliancy, joined to correct and rapid execution. Three of Beethoven's sonatas, including the fine one in A flat, were played upon the violin and piano, by Messrs. Burt and Hodges, with perfect appreciation of their distinct spirit and beauty. Mr. Burt also interprets Mendelssohn and Chopin so finely, that, for the fortieth time, we second the motion often made by our music-loving citizens, viz: that public musical soirées, in which the rich mine of artistic talent now almost hidden in our midst shall expand itself, are "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Will not this proposition receive serious consideration before the close of another season?

Advertisements.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 146.)

Beethoven's contentedness with his condition, and the cheerful mood dependent on it, were, as we have already said, darkened by his uncertain state of health, especially by his increased hardness of hearing, which ended finally in total deafness. He wrote about it in the above-mentioned letter: "That envious demon, my poor health, has thrown a bad stone in my way—to wit: my hearing for the past three years has grown continually weaker; and for this infirmity the first cause must have been furnished by my abdominal troubles, which you know are of long standing, but have here become so much worse that I have been constantly afflicted with diarrhoea and a consequent extraordinary weakness. My physician, Dr. Frank, wanted to restore tone to my body by strengthening medicine, and to my hearing by almond oil. But *prosil* (much good may it do!). Nothing came of that. My hearing became worse and worse, and the other trouble still remained. This lasted till last autumn, when I was many times in a state of despair. Then one medical *asinus* prescribed to me the cold bath, and a more cautious one the usual lukewarm Danube bath. That did wonders; my bowels were better; my deafness remained, or grew still worse. This winter again it went wretchedly with me. I had frightful attacks of colic, and I again relapsed into my former condition. And so it remained until about four weeks ago, when I went to Dr. Bering of the medical staff, because I thought that such a case required at once a surgeon; besides, I had always had confidence in him. He succeeded in almost en-

tirely checking the violent diarrhoea. He ordered me the tepid Danube bath, into which I had to pour each time a little flask of strengthening matters, and gave me no medicine except four days ago some pills for the stomach and some tea for the ear; and I can now say, I find myself stronger and better. Only my ears, they hum and roar all day and night long. I must say, I pass my life miserably. For two years I have avoided nearly all society, because it is not possible for me to say to people: I am deaf. Had I any other profession, I might get on better; but in my profession it is a dreadful situation. And then my enemies, whose number is not small, what will they say to it?

"To give you an idea of this wonderful deafness, let me tell you that I am obliged in the theatre to lean close against the orchestra to understand the players. The high tones of instruments, voices, when I am any ways off, I do not hear. In conversation it is to be wondered that there are people who never have remarked it. As I was often absent-minded, they set it down to that. Frequently too I scarcely hear a person talking in a low voice—the tones, to be sure, but not the words; and yet, as soon as one screams, it is unendurable to me. Heaven knows what will come of it. Bering says, it will certainly become better, if not entirely well. Already often have I cursed my existence. Plutarch has brought me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments of my life when I shall be the most unhappy creature on God's earth. I beg you, say nothing to any one of my condition. Only as a secret do I confide it to you. Should my present state continue, I will come next Spring to you; you can hire me a house in some pleasant place in the country, and then I will become a peasant for half a year. Perhaps that will effect a change. Resignation! what a wretched resource! and yet that is all that there is left me."

Of an earlier mentioned friend of his youth in the time of his life in Bonn, Beethoven wrote: "Stephen Breuning is now here in Vienna, and we are together almost daily. It does me so much good to call up the old feelings again. He has really become a good and noble youth, who knows a little, and has his heart, as we all have more or less, in the right spot. I have very beautiful lodgings now, which look out upon the ramparts and are of double value for my health. I think I shall make it possible to have Breuning come to me. Your love of Art rejoices me much. Only write me how it can be done, and I will send you all my works, which now amount to quite a pretty number, which is increasing day by day. In return for the portrait of my grand-

father, which I beg you to send me as soon as possible by the post wagon, I send you here the portrait of his descendant, your ever kind and heartily loving Beethoven, which has been published here by Artaria, who has often asked me for it. I will write immediately to Christoph Breuning and read him a bit of a lecture on account of his peevish humors. I will scream the old friendship right into his ear. Never have I forgotten one among you, ye dear and good ones, although I have not let you hear from me. But you know writing never was my forte. Even my best friends have not for years long received any letter from me. I live only in my notes, and one is scarcely down before another is begun. As I now write, I often make three or four things at the same time. Write to me oftener now. I will take care that I find time to write to you sometimes. One word of Ries, to whom my hearty greeting. As regards his son, I will soon write you, although I believe Paris is a better place than Vienna for him to make his fortune in. Vienna is overrun with people, and even the best merit finds it hard to sustain itself. Until the autumn or the winter I will see what I can do for him, for then everybody hurries back to the city again."

Beethoven had found a patron and an active furtherer of his talent in the first period of his Vienna life in the Prince Liechnowsky, mentioned in a foregoing letter, who had received him into his house, where he had remained till near the year 1800, alternating, however, with the country. The prince was a great friend and connoisseur of music. He played the piano, and studied diligently Beethoven's works, which he performed with more or less skill, and sought to prove to the young artist, whose attention was often called to the difficulties of his compositions, that he had no need to change anything in his manner of writing. Every Friday morning the Prince had music at his house. Besides four salaried musicians, Beethoven too was present, who willingly listened to the remarks of these gentlemen, as for instance, once when the celebrated violoncellist, Kraft, suggested to him to mark a passage of the third Trio of a symphony composed by him with *sulla corda G*, and in the second part of this Trio to change the 4-4 time, with which Beethoven had marked the finale, into 2-4 time. Beethoven's new compositions were always performed for the first time, so far as they were suitable for that, in the house of Prince Liechnowsky. Several great musical artists were generally present. There too was where Beethoven played over to the famous Haydn the three Sonatas, which he dedicated to him. It is related that Beethoven was there one day invited by the

Count Appony to compose a Quartet for a stipulated sum. Thus far he had produced nothing in that form. Repeatedly reminded by his friends of this commission, he at length set himself to work. The first attempt, however, resulted in a grand violin Trio; the second in a violin Quintet. In the house of Prince Lichnowsky, too, a Hungarian Count once laid before him a difficult composition by Bach, in manuscript, which he performed with great readiness at sight. A musician by the name of Förster brought him one day a Quartet, which he had only copied out that morning. In the second part of the first movement the violoncellist got out. Beethoven stood up, and while he kept on playing his part, he sang the bass accompaniment. To a friend, who expressed his wonder at his thorough knowledge, he said, smiling: "So the bass part *had* to be, else the author understood nothing of composition." Whereupon the latter remarked that he had played the Presto, which he never saw before, so fast that it would have been impossible to see the single notes. "That is not necessary," replied Beethoven. "If you read rapidly, a multitude of misprints may occur; you do not see nor heed them if you only know the language."

So far Beethoven had progressed in his musical culture through the fundamental instruction which, as before mentioned, he owed to the contrapuntist, Albrechtsberger, and to Haydn, after the return of that great master from England. His fame as a composer had been established in a few years through a succession of works, which did equal honor to the teachers and the scholar. To Vienna, which had been so far to his mind, he found himself tied forever after the death of the Elector Max Franz in 1801. He could not count with certainty on a support in his native city, Bonn, even if he had longed to go there. He had no need to be anxious about the means of subsistence. He had acquired so considerable a fame as a composer, that he could sell his compositions to the music-dealers at high prices.

Beethoven loved best to compose in the open air, in the midst of nature, which had always from his boyhood had great charm for him. There he could give himself up undisturbed to his ideas. He fixed them upon paper at once, and went on working upon them by the way and after his return home. We have before intimated that he was quite as great a pianist as he was composer. His virtuosity in the overcoming of great difficulties was wonderful. His most splendid exhibition of himself was in free fantasias. His musical delivery, if not always equally tender, was yet always brilliant. There he possessed an uncommon facility, not only in varying a given theme with the fingers, but in really working it up. In this respect he came the nearest to Mozart, perhaps, of all the modern musicians.

With his rich earnings at this time, he might (which was not always the case) have lived free from care. Brought up in straitened circumstances, and constantly kept, if only by his friends, under a sort of guardianship, Beethoven never knew the worth of money, and was anything but economical. Of this he gave a proof while he still lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. The dinner table was set at four o'clock. Beethoven held it an infringement of his liberty, a burthensome constraint, against

which his nature rebelled, to appear there at that time. "There I must be at home every day at half past three," said he to a friend, "dress myself better, attend to my beard, &c., &c. It's more than I can bear." The result was, that he often went to a restaurant, where, as in all economical matters, he fared badly, since he neither understood the value of the articles nor that of money.

The peculiar sensitiveness of his character was in striking contrast with his ideal liberality, by which he often precipitated himself into all sorts of cares and quandaries. This led him into manifold misunderstandings with his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, so long as he was an inmate of his house, and with other friends; although they were for the most part soon healed over. When the first ebullition of rage was past, he lent a willing ear to rational suggestions, and his heart was speedily inclined again to reconciliation. The consequence was, that in such times he begged pardon for far more wrong than he had done. One day he wrote as follows to a friend living in the same city with him: "In what a hideous light you have shown me to myself! O, I see it, I do not deserve your friendship! It was no consciously premeditated wickedness in me which made me treat you so; it was my unpardonable thoughtlessness." Beethoven closed the somewhat lengthy letter, full of the bitterest self-reproaches, with the words: "But no more! I will come to you myself, and throw myself into your arms, and beg for the lost friend, and you will give yourself back to me, the repentant, loving thee, never forgetting thee, Beethoven."

This irritability was partly a consequence of the gloomy humor into which he was brought by the weaker and weaker condition of his health. He had been obliged, in obedience to medical advice, to submit to the application of the bark of *Daphne mezereum*. About this and his physical sufferings, as well as about the remedies which had proved so fruitless, he speaks particularly in a letter written at Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1801, to his friend Wegeler.

"You wish to know how I am and what I take. Little as I like to talk about the matter, I most gladly do so with you. Bering for some months past has ordered blisters continually applied to both arms, consisting as you know, of a certain bark. This is an extremely disagreeable cure, since it robs me always of the free use of my arms for a couple of days, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, not to speak of the pain. It is true, I cannot deny it, the humming and roaring is somewhat weaker than formerly, especially in the left ear, with which my difficulty first commenced. But my bearing is not at all improved; I dare not determine whether it has not rather become worse. With my abdomen it goes better; especially when I use the lukewarm bath for some days, I find myself for eight or ten days tolerably well. I seldom take anything strengthening for the stomach. Of plunge baths Bering will not hear. On the whole I am very much dissatisfied with him. He has too little care and consideration for such an infirmity. If I had not first gone to him, and that too with much difficulty, I would never see him. What think you of Prof. Schmidt? I do not like to change, but it seems to me Bering is too much a man of practical routine, to get hold of many new ideas through reading. Schmidt seems to me in this regard a wholly different man, and perhaps

would not be so careless. They relate wonders of galvanism. What do you say to that? A physician told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child restored to hearing in Berlin, and also a man who had been deaf for seven years."

Only for moments did a more tranquil mood return to him, soon snatched from him by a glance into a comfortless future. Weaker and weaker grew the hope in him of ever finding a complete relief, and he saw many of his darling plans thus thwarted. In this mood he wrote in the letter just referred to: "I am living somewhat more pleasantly again. You can scarcely believe how drearily, how sadly I have passed my life these last two years. Everywhere my weak hearing haunts me like a spectre. I fled from men, had to appear a misanthrope, and am in fact so little so. This change has been brought about by a dear, enchanting maiden, whom I love, and who loves me. For the first time these two years I have again some happy moments, and it is the first time that I could feel marriage could make me happy. That cannot be at present. I must tumble about still farther in the world. Were it not for my hearing, I should long since have travelled over half the world, and that I must do. For me there is no greater satisfaction than to pursue and show my art. Do not believe that I should be happy with you in Bonn. What should make me happier? Even your solicitude would sadden me; every moment I should read the sympathy upon your faces, and should only feel myself the more unhappy. Those beautiful scenes of my fatherland, what was vouchsafed to me in them? Nothing but the hope of a better condition. It would be mine but for this calamity. O, I would embrace the world were I but free from this! My youth, I feel it, but begins from now. Was I not always a dried-up man? My corporeal strength for some time since grows more than ever, and so too my spiritual energies. Every day I attain nearer to the goal, which I feel, but cannot describe. Only in this can thy Beethoven live. Not a word about rest! I know of none but sleep, and it vexes me enough that I must give more to that than formerly. Give me but half delivery from my trouble, and then, as the completed, ripe man, I will come to you and renew the old feeling of friendship. You must see me happy, as it is allotted me to be here below, and not unhappy. No—that I could not endure! I will clutch hold of the wheel of Fate; surely it shall never bow me down entirely. O, it is so beautiful to live one's life a thousand times. I feel I am not made for a still life."

Almost equally as by his own condition was he troubled about the welfare of his early friend, Stephen von Breuning, living in Vienna. "The life here," he wrote, "involves too many fatigues for his health. Besides, he leads such an isolated life, that I really do not see how he could improve. You know how it is here. I will not say that society would impair his relaxation. One cannot persuade him to go anywhere. I had music at my rooms a short time since; but our friend Stephen staid away." In that Beethoven found all the more proof of his friend's melancholy, since Stephen von Breuning was an amateur, who had made himself an excellent violinist, and had sometimes played in the electoral chapel at Bonn. He seldom enjoyed uninterrupted contentment, owing doubtless in a great degree

to his active labors, which he kept up incessantly until his death in June 1827.

[To be continued.]

Vivier.

(Translated for the Lond. Mus. World from "L'Illustration")

Although a great deal has been written about Vivier in every language, in Turkish and Russian, English and French, German and Italian, &c., &c., he is little known except among his friends. By the public he is seen, as it were, surrounded by the glorious halo of an artist at once incomparable and original, which threatens to make him pass for some fantastic and legendary personage.

It is time that the world should know in what light to behold him, and that we should raise the veil which hides the face of the gifted and eccentric being called Vivier.

Vivier is a Corsican by birth; his family is connected with the most illustrious of his country, among others that of the Colonnas of Istria. His grandfather, staff-surgeon to the armies of Louis XVI., was a Norman. He may thus be likened to an apple-tree grafted on a mountain chesnut, growing in a sunny land, beneath a blue sky. His temperament is robust, harmonious, and poetic. His strength is immense, he can break the hardest nuts between his finger and thumb, as well as perform other feats of physical strength; and if ever he were to give way to violent anger, he would, without doubt, be capable of accomplishing extraordinary things.

This singular physical organization is a great advantage. Vivier possesses wonderfully powerful lungs and a Herculean frame. He is a fine swimmer, and in diving often remains so long under the water as to frighten his friends. When he breathes into his horn, every one else is obliged to take his breath three or four times while he holds on a note, *piano* at first, and then swelling into a powerful *fortissimo*.

Vivier passed his childhood at Brioude in the Haute-Loire, where he first began his studies and where his musical genius was at first revealed. His father held an appointment in the *administration des finances*, and was possessed of a fine artistic organization, playing capably both on the horn and the violin. His three sisters were, also, excellent musicians. It is thus seen that Vivier was born in a musical atmosphere. There was at the college of Brioude a professor of music and dancing, who had the honor of teaching Vivier the violin. One day, during the holidays, the young student got hold of his father's horn, and he had no sooner applied it to his lips than he found he had a perfect *embouchure*. He immediately took a great fancy to the instrument.

Vivier was soon after sent to Poitiers, to an appointment under government. He did not forget to take his horn and violin with him, and most likely found more amusement with them than with his pen.

It was during this time, that by constant and indefatigable practice, he discovered how to produce double and treble notes simultaneously on the horn. He at first obtained the notes in octaves, but did not stop in his "career of conquest," for the sounds coming coarsely and loudly, he was not master of them, and could not, for a length of time, soften and then render them expressive. It was not till after continual study and practice that he was enabled to conquer the rebellious sounds and bend them to his sovereign will.

After having finished his term at Poitiers, Vivier was sent to Lyons to continue his government functions. There he pursued his musical studies, both at the theatre, as an amateur violinist, and in private parties, where he played quartets. He was one of the greatest favorites in the *réunions* of Mad. Mongolfier, a celebrity at that time.

The manager of the Lyons theatre offered Vivier splendid terms as solo horn in the orchestra; but, like another Hippocrates, Vivier refused the offer of this modern Artaxerxes. He felt himself impelled by an inward monitor; he instinctively believed he had a mission to fulfil. One day Vivier asked leave of absence, and, with

his eye fixed on his guiding star, started for Paris, where he arrived with 25 francs in his pocket, and descended at the Hôtel de l'Univers, rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, where he was located in a room on the seventh floor above the *entresol*.

With his usual self-confidence, Vivier called upon the heads of the Government department in which he was employed, to solicit the favor of being employed in Paris. For, above all, he would not give pain to his family, who always dreaded to see him abandon himself exclusively to music. By good fortune, the chief of the staff, M. David, was an excellent violinist. He heard, and at once understood Vivier, and obtained for him a prolonged leave of absence, and a promise of the first vacancy in Paris.

Behold him, then, in Paris, more occupied, no doubt, with music than with finance; always calm, gay, conscious of his strength, which never left him, waiting at home for fortune, and disdaining to run after the coquette.

A dramatic author, a man of *esprit*, who already knew Vivier, kindly offered the use of his rooms, that he might be heard by the most distinguished composers and artists of Paris. Vivier there met Auber, Halévy, Adam, etc., and, after playing before them, was acknowledged and saluted as "King of horn-players, while waiting for the place of horn-player to the king." The newspapers of the month of May, 1843, recorded this great event. We cite a curious extract:

"Give yourself the task of solving an insoluble problem, and imagine that you have succeeded. The quadrature of the circle, aerial navigation, universal peace—realize, in short, Utopia, and you will not be more astonished than we were with what we heard a few days since.

"Assemble all the scientific academies, all the physicians of Europe, and tell them you have heard a man, who, by blowing in a single tube, produces two sounds simultaneously; they will tell you the thing is impossible. But if you persist, and add, moreover, that you have heard, in the same way, three simultaneous sounds, you will run a great risk of being taken either for a madman or a fool. And going still further, should you declare that you have heard four sounds at the same time, you may reckon upon obtaining a certificate that you are both. Our readers must therefore arm themselves with indulgence, and repose implicit faith in our words; they must consent to believe that an impossibility is possible. We shall then, with fuller confidence, attempt a description of what we heard.

"Luckily we are not without accomplices in credulity. Auber, Halévy, and the *élite* of literature and art, whom a colleague in the dramatic commission, Ferdinand Langlé, had assembled together at his house, can testify to the astonishment which this marvellous exhibition created.

"We allude to a young artist—M. Vivier—recently arrived in Paris, who plays on the horn (an ordinary horn without any artificial appliances), passages in chords of two, three, and four notes. What means M. Vivier employs to accomplish this strange phenomenon, which reverses all the laws of acoustics, is his own secret—a secret which no one else can fathom. Whether it is an individual gift, or a discovery that can be made available by others, Vivier alone can tell. All we know is, that the incredible feat has been achieved, and in the presence of witnesses whom it would be folly to endeavor to deceive.

"M. Vivier was in a room separated from his hearers when he played his first *morceau*, and we are ready to acknowledge that we were all rather suspicious of some trickery.

"But when M. Vivier came amongst us, and after playing a few single notes on the horn in the style of ordinary mortals, he produced several notes together, without preparation, and without taking the instrument from his lips, it was plain there was no deception in the matter, and that it was simply a thing inexplicable, a *quasi* miracle which we had witnessed.

"Horn players are generally divided into two classes—*first horns*, who play only the higher, and *second horns*, who play only the lower notes. The instrument, however, is the same in both instances, the difference being made by the

embouchure. M. Vivier is neither a *first* nor a *second* horn—or better, perhaps, is both. He has made a particular study of the 'shut' notes, which he produces with a power that we never observed in any other horn player.

"In the key of F he played a scale of three octaves, sounding at the same time four C's in diatonic succession."

The above article was signed "Adolph Adam." We have given it complete, as much because the writer is an authority in such matters, as because, dating from the period at which it was written, M. Adam was always an enthusiastic admirer and devoted friend of Vivier.

At Adam's house Vivier met the musical celebrities of the day: Spontini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, &c. At the time of the visit of the Queen of England to Eu, Vivier added to the brilliancy of the *fêtes* which were given on the occasion. Her Gracious Majesty complimented him, and expressed a wish to hear him in London. In London, by the way, Vivier made himself known to the public in association with Thalberg.

The career of the artist developed itself day by day. His little room at the Hotel de l'Univers was besieged by distinguished visitors. Rossini never missed an opportunity of listening to Vivier, who, accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Adam, daily delighted the ears of the great composer. He played at several of the nobility's mansions—at the Duchess of Maille's, MM. Duchâtel, de Vetry, etc. It was not, however, till the year 1846 that Vivier made his *début* at the Théâtre-Italian before the Parisian public. His success on that occasion was immense, and the judgment, long before confirmed by competent critics, was ratified by the bravos of an enthusiastic public. We forgot to state that, when in London, he had sent a letter to the *Ministre des Finances*, tendering the resignation of his appointment, which was accepted with great regret.

And now Vivier could follow the bent of his inclination, and visit the scenes of his future conquests, England, Germany, Holland, Prussia, and even Turkey, certain of being welcomed with enthusiasm. The palaces of kings were open to him, as well as the *châteaux* of the nobility, and the more modest houses of men celebrated for their talents. He could not move a step without a hand being stretched out to grasp his; without eyes that sought his; and friends and admirers who courted his society.

And why? It is because Vivier is not only an accomplished and superior artist, but a composer of genius, and a musician of the first rank. He sings with exquisite taste, and plays the violin admirably, even when he uses it in the form of a guitar. Nature has been so bountiful to him, that he has every mode of expression at his command: the horn, the violin, the pianoforte, the voice, and mimicry. His throat is as flexible as his ear is fine. Above all, he is a man of delightful *esprit*, quick, "*prime-sautier*," with great tact, active and strong, full of life and vivacity. It does not require much more to please, or, at least, to be sought after with eagerness.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the London Musical World.]

Opinions of Continental Organs.

During a recent tour, I had an opportunity, through the kindness and attention of the builder, Walcker of Ludwigsburg, of examining the magnificent new organ in Ulin Cathedral, which will be the largest he has yet built, if not the largest in the world. It stands at the west entrance under the tower arch, and the surrounding walls serve for three sides of a case. A vast space is thus allotted to the various portions of the organ and the sound boards are particularly wide and free.—Indeed the interior is quite majestic, and affords ample space for inspecting the details of mechanism, pneumatic application, &c.

The blowing apparatus consists of twelve upright cylinders in zinc; the upper end being weighted to force the air into the different trunks and is raised again by means of the ordinary valves underneath. This method of supplying

the lungs of an organ is rather common in Germany, and appears desirable where space is limited, although that cannot be an object in this instance.

* * * The design of the organ is grand and comprehensive in the extreme, and embraces everything that can be imagined. Not being completed at the time of my visit, it was not possible to judge of the aggregate effect, but the quality of the portion I did hear, struck me as very beautiful. Walcker produces charming 8 and 4-foot work, and perhaps in this department he is not surpassed. The metal is of course first-rate, with fine voicing and an excellent temperament; the 8-foot work in his organs is very fascinating.—Judging from his organ at Frankfort, neither his reeds, nor mixtures, equal those of some other builders, but there appears to be some special excellence belonging to each of the great foreign builders. Reed work may be the *forte* of the French builders, but mixture work certainly is not; while the Germans (to whom we look for everything that is orthodox, as they certainly have been the originators of the great style of organ building) appear to have obtained by simple means a *variety* of tone in their flue works, of which in England there is little idea. In this respect, varying the scales, voicing, and formation of the mouth of the pipe, Walcker has displayed his resources and ingenuity.

Most of the reed work is of the free species, including the Vox Humana, the body of which is similar to our stopped diapason, perforated. The registers are ranged in a semicircular form, on either side of the manuals, and are very convenient for use. The Double Pedal board also presents greater facilities to the performer than could be expected; the second or small pedal organ slanting upwards beyond the first pedal. The naturals are 10 inches in length, the harps 4.—The sixteenth principal, in wood, has the upper lip of iron, attached to the body of the pipe, which is moveable, to regulate the intonation.—The sixteenth violin is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches inside measure. The fugara is of a very small scale in metal, with three ears, and most of the metal pipes have an arched upper lip with moderate nicking (as we term it, the excess of which tends to deteriorate the tone.) The cost of the organ is 28,000 florins, (£2,240 sterling.)

A short account of the organ at Weingarten may not be uninteresting; as, though it has been held in universal renown, the place itself has, hitherto, been difficult of access. Weingarten nearly adjoins Ravensburg, which has a station on the Wirtemberg line of Railway, about an hour's ride from Ulm. The situation of the abbey is very commanding, and the surrounding scenery for extent and beauty probably surpasses even that seen from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The abbey is ascended by a long flight of steps, and is a very large and handsome building in the Italian style. It is sumptuously decorated and in good preservation.

Not so the organ, which has not been cleaned since its erection, and, therefore, is in a lamentable condition, and much dilapidated. It was commenced in 1739, and completed in 1752.—The case is as splendid as the abbey itself, and very gorgeous. The wind is supplied from 12 large bellows (which are placed in a distant chamber,) and conveyed through one immense trunk, but is not adequate to the requirements of the instrument. There are not two pedal organs, nor a mixture of 60 ranks, as recently stated.—The size and extent of the organ is somewhat like that at Haarlem, and were it as well preserved, it would probably yield a similar sweetness and brilliancy: but the resonance of the Abbey is inferior to that of St. Nicholas at Haarlem. The Weingarten organ evidently stands in its original integrity, and, on this account, is unusually interesting. The 32-foot metal speaks with a purity which characterizes the whole instrument, as far as it is possible to judge of the tone through the accumulation of dust; but considering the epoch at which it was built, the organ, throughout, is a wonderful specimen of skill and ingenuity. The carillons are played from the pedals; they are beautiful in tone, and contain a great

portion of silver. There is also a small organ near the choir, by the same builder, Gäbler, of Ravensburg, who probably built the numerous organs in his native place, besides that at Stuttgart, which is nearly equal to the Weingarten, and has lately been renovated by Walcker. The large organ registers are ranged horizontally (an idea probably suggested to Cavallé at the Madelaine.)

The organ at Freiburg (*en Suisse*) is a fine instrument in the *ensemble*, but on analysis it seems to be over-rated. The tone is good, but of moderate quality. The Vox Humana, I think, is excelled by Cavallé at the Madelaine, although this register has probably gained for the organ half its renown. It stands in a position peculiarly favorable for effect, viz., in a swell (of which there are two) which opens behind the organ in the lowest part, causing the tone to speak under the tower-arch, from whence it travels into the building subdued and modified. The sub-bass, 32 feet, is a 16-foot bourdon. Some of the most striking registers are those recently introduced by Haas of Berne, viz., two free reeds, a clarinet 8 feet, and a physharmonica, a new flute, quint, and quintadine of 16 feet. The effect of this last is very beautiful, and proves great skill in voicing, the double sound of the fundamental tone combined with its harmonics being singular, yet charming. The organist, M. Vogt, makes free use of the clarinet as a solo stop in his storm illustrations, which he certainly manages well. The free reeds, now very general on the Continent, form a pleasing contrast to the beating reeds, and for solo purposes are preferable. The Paris builders produce them in the greatest variety and perfection; and I think they would be an advantage in English organs, but they are difficult to make well.—Another striking feature in the Freiburg organ is the cornet (which certainly ought not to have been discarded in large English organs). The one termed 16-feet contains a bourdon of this pitch from 2-feet C, and with the thick nasal quality peculiar to this register, imparts gravity and weight of tone in the full organ. It binds the mixtures with the 8 and 16-feet work well together, and destroys that piercing tone, which is too often a most unpleasant characteristic of modern organs. Haas of Berne is a builder of great repute, and he has lately reconstructed the cathedral organ of that place, where his free reeds are very prominent. The *jeux de fond* are very good, but the mixtures are bad. Haas is just completing a new organ at Basle of grand proportions, and is about to build a similar instrument at Lucerne.

I remain, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. KOSKELL.

The Native Lands of Voices.

We begin with the Contralto. It is a curious fact that this voice is found principally in the southern parts of Italy and Spain, and among the poorer classes that work in the open air. I have always remarked in my own country (Italy), that in small provincial theatres, the Contralto chorussingers are in far greater number than the Soprano; I have no doubt that this is owing to the hard labor and frugal fare of these women, (they being mostly peasants, following some laborious out-door occupation), which manner of living gives to the vocal organs greater strength and volume.

The Mezzo Soprano is, if I may so speak, cosmopolite; for everywhere may this voice be found. Mme. Malibran, Spain; Stoltz, France; Sheriff, England, &c., &c.

Northern countries, on the contrary, are the cradle of fine Soprano voices. M^{rs}. Sontag, Germany; Persiani, North of Italy; Demerie (who had one of the most beautiful voices possible), Hungary; Jenny Lind, Sweden; Damoureaux Cinti, North of France.

The Tenor voices are principally found in the centre of Italy and South of France. Nourrit, Montpellier; Rubini, Bergamo; Duprez, Toulouse; Mario, Bettini, and Gardoni, centre of Italy.

Bass and Baritone are also cosmopolites. La-

blache and Benedetti, Naples; Barolhet, France; Tamburini, Bergamo; Badiali, Marini, and Ben-eventano, centre of Italy; Herr Formes, Germany. But Russia may boast of having produced the very deepest and most powerful Bass.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

NOTES ON BELLS.—Human eccentricity nowhere records itself more nakedly than on bells, for example.—At Albourne, on the first bell, we read, "The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn, Music and ringing we like so well And for that reason we give this bell."

On the fourth bell is—

"Humphry Symson gave xx pound to buy this bell, And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

A not uncommon epigraph is—

"Come when I call
To serve God all."

At Chilton Foliot, on the tenor, is—

"Into the church the living I call,
And to the grave I summon all.
Attend the instruction which I give,
That so you may for ever live."

At Devizes, St. Mary, on the first bell, is—

"I am the first, altho' but small,
I will be heard above you all."

And on the second bell is—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I will sing."

Which, at Broadchalk, is thus varied.

"I in this place am second bell,
I'll surely do my part as well."

On the third bell at Colne is—

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well disposed people, as I do you tell."

At Bath Abbey, on the tenth bell is—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On the fifth bell at Amesbury is—

"Be strong in faith, praise God well,
Frances Countess Hertford's bell."

And on the tenor—

"Altho' it be unto my loss,
I hope you will consider my cost."

At Stowe, Northamptonshire, and at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, we find—

"Be it known to all that doth me see
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell, is—

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go."

On the seventh bell is—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
That all may come and none can stay at home."

On the eighth bell is—

"I am and have been called the common bell
To ring, when fire breaks out to tell."

At St. Peter's-le-Bailey, Oxford, four bells were sold towards finishing the tower, and in 1792 a large bell was put up, with this inscription—

"With seven more I hope soon to be
For ages joined in harmony."

But this very reasonable wish has not yet been realized; whereas at St. Lawrence's, Reading, when two bells were added to form a peal of ten, on the second we find—

"By adding two our notes we'll raise,
And sound the good subscribers' praise."

[From the Canadian Musical Review.]

Musical Criticism.

In our editorial capacity it becomes our duty to pass judgment on the performances of others, be they artists or amateurs; and invariably will our remarks be found not only to have been generally averse to those expressed by our daily contemporaries, but contrary probably to the opinions of some of our readers. People in this latitude have become so accustomed to read such flattering encomiums on musical performances that they might almost imagine that remarks or criticisms disparaging to the persons interested, were suggested by ill feeling or prejudice, and certainly it is apparently contrary to all past practice for

concert gives to expect anything at all approaching a fair or just criticism of their performances.—What they expect is to read that their performances were in the highest degree successful, and the applause (no matter whether bestowed by an intelligent and appreciating audience or not) was truly well merited. How true to nature this is! Who, embarking all his hopes of wordly success on the favorable opinion and judgment of the popular voice, can be insensible to the encomiums expressed in his behalf: and who is not equally jealous of such remarks as would appear to crush all his rising hopes and exultant feelings? How difficult then must be the position of that critic, who desires to discriminate without prejudice or partiality between genuine and fictitious talent, and yet to advance, as in duty and conscience he is bound, the favorite Art which he has (or ought to have) made his constant study! To do this rightly is, emphatically, no easy task. The human heart is not naturally so humble as to submit to the judgment of others without murmuring; but still as we, acknowledge the duty of good citizenship is to yield to laws for the preservation of order and the public weal, so must those who seek or depend on popular favor submit to public criticism of their performances. Nor is this altogether a personal question. The object of criticism is not to advance PERSONS but ART. On this principle we endeavor to base all our judgments; but we fear in these our days, and on this continent in particular, this just view of the subject is completely lost sight of, and we feel the incongruous criticisms which appear in many of our contemporaries to be extremely unfortunate for the true progress of the Musical Art; especially as it is not difficult to trace to its source the cause of this misfortune;—the ignorance of those who undertake to criticize *everything*, and the prevalence of that insatiable thirst for puffing, instances of which are too common and recent to be noticed here. A true minded man must scorn most indignantly these little mean contrivances for gaining “a name;” and we are convinced artists, who are so *innately*, will not fear, nay, they will be much more likely to prize critiques founded on just appreciation and truth.

We have been led to make these observations, because we desire all our remarks hitherto, as well as those we may have occasion to make in future, to prove useful both to those criticised and to our readers generally. We do not, however, claim *infallibility* for our judgments; but as they are given in all sincerity of purpose, we do think that the failings we point out should be cheerfully accepted, with a view of overcoming them by practice and farther good instruction; and our readers by remarking where failings have been detected will be more likely to know when and how to bestow their commendations, than they have done of late. In fact this ought really to be the proper aim and end of criticism, to point out defects with a view of removing, or at least diminishing their force, else what advantage arises therefrom? Unmerited, or if even merited, unduly bestowed praise tends considerably to the depression of all high Art; and there are few, even with the most brilliant talents, in whom we may not detect a retrogradation, more or less apparent, where we have observed the many injudicious compliments heaped upon them. The reason is obvious: why need they farther trouble themselves when their talents are already so highly appreciated? The truth is, the most talented artists that have ever appeared, notwithstanding their justly earned reputation, are not always exempt from just and impartial criticism, but these being judiciously expressed have frequently proved beneficial; indeed it is but the most ignorant, and those least entitled to notice of any sort whatever, on whom such suggestions fail in effect, or produce improper impressions. Every day experience proves unquestionably that the greater progress we make in scientific studies, the more we see and feel what we *still have to learn*, and then it is we understand how truly “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.” Did our self-confident aspirants for public applause only wisely consider their position, and remember that whatever the various political journals may say of them—(for,

we say it in all due respect, how many of them are capable of speaking critically of musical matters?) it would be utterly absurd to believe for one moment they had actually realized the perfection they would have us believe they had arrived at. To entertain such exaggerated opinions would simply prove us ignorant of the whole nature of musical art. To believe all these journals from time to time put forth, how many Jenny Linds, Albonis, Tambourinis, Formes's, Thalbergs, *ad infinitum*, might we not find reason to boast of possessing! But all these attempts to play on the public credulity are transparent enough; they may deceive us for a time, but their unsubstantial character is soon perceived.

Whilst exercising a judicious and impartial tone of encouragement to deserving *virtuosi*, but still not losing sight of the defects they may exhibit, it is surely the province of the critic to discourage by every means in his power the presumption and over confidence of many who dare to palm themselves on the public as first-rate artists; who, in the case of vocal aspirants, having a voice of fair quality, or as likely no quality at all, but a great deal of assurance, and a “little” knowledge, would fain delude us poor ignorant beings into the belief that they alone held the palm for the possession of all the natural and acquired talent that goes to produce the artist. They, alas, for art, are too often successful in their deception, but the duty of an uncompromising and conscientious critic is plain, and we trust, as information and intelligence in musical matters become more and more disseminated, to witness a vast improvement in the criticisms of our contemporaries. There is too much enslavement to *interest*—too little regard for that which constitutes the soul of true Art, and correct judgment.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music.

.....The Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming for battle; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate or suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and sorrow and fear and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.

Paradise Lost, i. 550.

The cultivation of the Fine Arts is a principal source of the superiority in positive enjoyment which the civilized man possesses over the savage. The refined pleasure, moreover, which a contemplation of their productions excites, is seldom unattended with generous impulse. The existence of most of them, however, is precarious and evanescent in the extreme. Like exotics, they require a genial atmosphere and fostering care. Their productions are for the most part rare and expensive, and demand for them appreciation, abundant leisure and cultivated taste; but their tendency has been too often to enervate as well as to refine.

But there is one whose genial influence is as common and as gladdening as the sunlight—life's grateful anodyne—a potent sympathy which lends itself to our pleasures, our sorrows, our divinest aspirations—the noblest art of man, the only art on earth which has its counterpart in heaven—and this is Music.

Of all the finer arts, Music can claim the highest antiquity and the most extensive prosecution. Its birth is almost coeval with that of mankind; and we cannot account for the knowledge which the immediate descendants of Adam possessed of it, but by supposing it to be, like language, a gift to humanity direct from the hands of the Deity. Unless, indeed, with the

help of imagination, we suppose that, in the freshness of the infant world, before sin had encrusted the senses of man, Jubal, in the stillness of the eventide, attuned his harp to the dying notes of the far-off flutes of angels, as the loitering zephyrs bore along the “star-born melody.” Nor is this all a dream, for more than once since then the harmony of heaven has broke on mortal ears, as on the enraptured plains of Bethlehem;

“When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Sion Hill.”

And Music would seem, even now, to preserve something of its divine origin. It awakens emotions and conjures up visions which no other power can summon, and it seems at times when the passions are still, to set in motion some hidden chords in the soul—chords which once beat in unison with the choirs of heaven, and which call up what seem like memories—memories of a sinless time, now gone forever. “It brings us near to the Infinite,” says Carlyle; “we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal sea of light, when Music leads and inspires us. Philosophers of every age have borne testimony to its ameliorating influence on mankind. Plato, who excluded it from his ideal republic, elsewhere speaks of it in terms of the loftiest panegyric.

The sisters have often been prostituted to ignoble purposes, and have been largely employed in the services of the Romish Church, with little advantage to true piety. But Music is preëminently the handmaid of devotion. It has ever been in all ages the language of prophecy. With its aid Israel's prophet king poured forth his raptures, Jeremiah his lamentations, and the rescued people of the Lord danced in exultation on the shores of the Red Sea. Since its incorporation with the ceremonies of the Christian Church in the time of Constantine, it has been adopted by every Christian creed. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Armenian have alike availed themselves of its divine inspirations; and in earlier times the old Gregorian chant bore through the portals of heaven the thanksgiving of the Christian pioneers. Now on the wings of Music was wafted to heaven the psalm of some lonely anchorite from the desert of the Thebaid; now the vespers of some holy sisterhood sequestered from the world; now swelling in organ tones through the dim aisles of some solemn cathedral; and now rising like a cloud of incense from some kneeling host on the slopes of the Grampian hills.

“Devotion borrows Music's tone,
And Music takes Devotion's wing,
And like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.”

How prolific of pleasure, how important in its relations to mankind, has been the union of Music and Poetry! How wide and beneficent the influence of the ballad and the song! The former was long the vehicle of tradition, and well it performed its office. For Music once impressed upon the memory is never forgotten. Circumstances, impressions, familiar scenes grow dim in the memory, but who ever forgets a once well known air? It may lie latent in the mind, but strike the chord, and it rises fresh as ever, and as it rises, brings with it a host of forgotten memories that had lain embalmed along with it.

The minstrel was the historian as well as the poet of the dark ages, and his character was

everywhere held sacred. In the semi-barbaric time of chivalry, when little literature and little taste for it existed, the minstrel supplied in a measure its absence. He was welcome in every baronial hall. Every festival was graced by his presence, and its enjoyment enhanced by his art. Great must have been his influence in attempering that ferocity, which war naturally engenders, to the generous gallantry which distinguishes and redeems that melo-dramatic age. The gleeman of the Saxon, the Norman minstrel, the Celtic harper, and the bard of Wales are frequently conspicuous in English history. They exerted a resistless control over the minds of their countrymen. Edward the First knew this well, and he deemed the conquest of Wales incomplete till he had treacherously invited her bards to a banquet and massacred them all.

Little or nothing remains of the northern bards, unless we believe that Fingal lived and Ossian sang; but wandering minstrels of the south of Europe gave birth to modern lyric poetry. The troubadours did much to refine the languages of the South, and how deeply is their character imbued with the romantic hue which pervades the whole chivalric age.

Far superior to the feudal chiefs in intellectual attainments, to them must be ascribed in a great measure the transmission to the West of some of the refinements which still lingered about the Eastern Empire, when, returning from a life of adventure in the holy war, they chanted to the dames of the pleasant Provence, in that mellifluous old Romanesque, the deeds of their knights in Palestine.

Not only is Music coeval in birth with our race, but its diffusion has been co-extensive. Everywhere has it been employed for the same lofty purposes. It links the lowest type of humanity with the cherubim; it is that golden chain old Homer dreamed he saw suspending earth from the stars of heaven.

But how wide the compass, how endless the variety of nature's music! The choristers of the morning, "wedding their notes to the enamored air;" the gilded insects, winding their slender horns in the sultry air of noon; Philomel, with her thick-warbled notes, loading the evening breeze with melody; the pleasant gurgling of the brook, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones;" the sullen bass of the angry ocean forever lashing the resounding shore; the low sigh of the zephyrs dallying with the closing flowers; the plaintive wailing of the gale; the deep murmur of the forest as it fluctuates in the storm; the full diapason of the thunder. But shall we stop here? Does the harmony of nature cease, when the finite faculties of man no longer hear it? No;

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

When this fleshly garment which enshrouds the soul is laid in its parent earth, and the disembodied spirit seeks the empyrean, who can tell its ecstasies as it threads among the spheres? For round the throne on heaven's crystal floor the angelic hosts are singing, singing an immortal song. The listening stars re-echo the refrain. We cannot tell the name this bears in heaven; but long ago a faculty was implanted in the breast of

man, by which he learned to assuage the miseries of his fallen state and hymn the praises of his Maker, and men have called it Music.

August 1, 1856.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 16, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

(Concluded from last week.)

The last field, and one which has been wrought with diligence by none save Schindler, Prof. Jahn of Bonn, and our "Diarist," is that of the manuscripts relating to the composer—namely, his correspondence, his memorandum and conversation books. Beethoven seems to have been an industrious correspondent. The number of letters already in print, though scattered in all sorts of publications and very difficult to find, is very large. Many are in the hands of collectors; others, which are known to have existed, have thus far escaped the most careful search. As for memorandum books, a few are still in existence, useful for the dates they give, but of no great importance upon the whole. They are generally nothing but calendars, upon the blank spaces of which little matters of domestic occurrence are just noted.

The conversation books are of a different nature. It is well known that Beethoven so completely lost his hearing, that for many years before his death he carried with him a slate or a little blank book, in which those who wished to communicate with him wrote out their share in the conversation. Of these books, some of which are stitched by the bookbinder and contain probably a quire of paper, folded into a size convenient for the coat pocket, while others are nothing but a few sheets of paper doubled together, one hundred and thirty-eight (we think that is the number) are preserved. During the last twelve years of the master, Schindler was much with him, and enjoyed a very large share of his confidence. Carl Beethoven, the brother, died in 1815. Johann was much absent from Vienna, and when present by no means a congenial spirit. The nephew, son of Carl, was but a child when his father died, and thus Schindler became the person to whom the composer turned in all exigencies. After his death Beethoven's manuscripts fell into Schindler's hands and were carefully preserved. Several of his greatest works in their original scores, many sketches for future works, as well as for such as he had completed, and especially the conversation books, were excluded from the sale at auction of Beethoven's effects, and, with the consent of the few parties interested, transferred to Schindler. The conversation books were then many more in number than now. Schindler says, that upon examining them he found that very many of them could be of no possible use—that some ought not to be preserved, out of regard to Beethoven's memory and the feelings of living persons, and that, moved by these reasons, as well as by the inconvenience caused by their great quantity, he carefully went through them all and destroyed a part. In 1845, at the time of the inauguration of the statue at Bonn, the King of Prussia was induced to buy the papers in Schindler's hands, paying him a

large sum down, and an annual pension so long as he lives, and thus they come into the Royal Library at Berlin.

Of the difficulty of the task of going through these books, no one who has not had some similar experience can form a conception. It is not an easy matter always to read old manuscripts in our familiar English. In this case, however, one has to study out the broken sense of common talk upon all sorts of subjects, from questions of philosophy, politics and history, down to the chat of the little nephew of Breuning's son, or the cramped phrases of the old housekeeper upon the important question, what she shall buy for dinner. All this, too, is written in German, in German handwriting, with lead pencil, thirty years ago.

Many of the books are dated by Beethoven's own hand; others can have their dates fixed only by some allusions generally to the pieces performed at the opera or at concerts, which enables one to find the date by consulting the periodicals of the day. In many cases, leaves have been torn out, and not seldom in the midst of conversations, which, after costing days of labor to study out, prove of no value because the last part is wanting. Schindler has annotated the books to some extent, and performed a good service by inserting very extensively the names of the writers. The great value of these books, seldom containing anything from Beethoven's own hand, of course, as he spoke in reply to what was written to him, is the intimate acquaintance one forms with the people who were most with the great master. Here one becomes familiarly acquainted with Moritz Lichnowsky, with the composer's brother and nephew, Schindler, von Breuning, Schuppanzigh, Haslinger, Blahetka, Holz, Dr. Bach, Bernard, the author of the text of the "Oratorium für Boston in Nord Amerika," Grillparzer, author of the text to "Melusina," which Beethoven was under agreement to compose, and so on. Sometimes we find a musical idea noted down. For instance, in a book dated 1819, it appears that Bernard, Peters, (a particular friend of Beethoven,) and the composer dine at an eating house together. They talk about borrowing some money for Beethoven, about how Carl, the nephew, is doing, whose conduct excites much anxiety in the mind of his uncle, and other such common topics. In the midst of the conversation, two pages are taken up, one by the waiter's bill for the dinner, and the other with the first idea of the "*Et vitam venturi, Amen*," of the great Second Mass.

Several visits of Fraulein Ungher, now Madame Sabbatier, appear; one of Sontag, and of others known to fame. Nothing but the strongest sentiment of duty could ever lead a man to wade through such an immense mass of useless matter in search of the scattered facts, which still to one person in thousands repay the labor. Yet it is simply ridiculous for any one to pretend to have really fitted himself to speak with authority upon the life of Beethoven who has not done this. Whoever has accomplished or shall accomplish the task, will find at last that his love and respect for the master as a man have increased tenfold, and that his opinion of Beethoven's Boswell—Schindler—has been raised. The whole history of the sorrows caused that devoted uncle by the ingratitude and shameless conduct of his nephew, his legally adopted son, is there written. The

shame and mortification caused him by the foul lasciviousness of the widow of his brother Carl, and that of the wife of his brother Johann—a strumpet, whom Johann married and took to his house, with her illegitimate daughter, of whom he was not the father—all this is written in these books; poverty was nothing in comparison with the shame which Beethoven felt at the conduct of persons bearing his name, one which in his person was honored, pure and unsullied.

Many interesting sketches are scattered through recent German literature, depicting the impression made upon visitors by Beethoven. Rellstab, Rochlitz, Tomaschek, are names which occur to us in this connection, and especially Bettina von Arnim, whose letters to Goethe, too highly poetical for Schindler, seem to us worthy of full faith. Zelter also, in his correspondence with Goethe, gives us some interesting details.

In the case of Mozart, we have a most minute history of his childhood and early years preserved in the family correspondence; but the means of tracing his life from day to day in his later years are not furnished us, as is the fact with Beethoven. What in addition to the sources of the biography of the latter already mentioned may be found by our "Diarist" in Vienna, cannot be known at present. It is his wish and intention, to make personal examination there before many months elapse, and he hopes not only to find materials in print and manuscript not yet known to him, but also to find some few persons still left, who knew Beethoven and enjoyed his acquaintance.

Hints for Choirs.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—Your paper having been highly recommended to me by a friend, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines. I attend church at —, and have become quite discouraged about musical matters. The choir of which I have had the charge of late, has met with all kinds of discouragements during the past eighteen months. And all the evils incident to such a state of things have followed in their turn. Relating my troubles to a friend, he thought that I might create a little interest by circulating a paper devoted to the science of music, and spoke very favorably of your sheet. If I can get a few specimen numbers for either "love or money," I shall not hesitate; but make a show as quick as possible. I have tried to find an agent, but have been unsuccessful in my attempt.

But as Editors like short letters and right to the point, I will bring this epistle to a close. If you will send me a few specimen numbers, or inform me where or how I can get them, I promise that they shall have fair play here. There is no paper of the kind taken anywhere within seven miles, that I am aware of. Please to send the "glad tidings" as quick as you can make it convenient, and

"I hope you will credit my friendly intent,
And in kindness receive what in kindness was sent,"

By your bewildered, disheartened, and I trust will be most obedient servant,

P. S.—I hope you will pardon me for making you any more trouble, but I wish to ask a little advice. What book would you recommend to a choir of about a dozen members, all four parts being represented. There is no professor in the place; but we are left to grope our way in the dark, as often meeting the frown as the smile of those to whom we should look for encouragement. Most of us being in the prime of life, any advice from older and wiser heads would be very thankfully received. We now use the "Shawm."

REPLY.—It is very rarely the case that we are able to reply to private letters, owing to the numerous calls upon our time. We make an exception in

your case because we are pleased with the spirit in which you write, and because we hope that our own experience and observation may be of some use to you. You ask some advice in relation to the choice of a new book. Before recommending any one, we wish to give you a few hints as to the reasons which influence us in our opinion, and to what is necessary on the part of singers before a really good book can be used to any advantage.

We call a really good book one in which there is *real* music. *Real* music expresses feeling and sentiment; and this feeling and sentiment is found either in melodic or harmonic effects, or in both. Some tunes are mere melodies, and harmony adds nothing but a support to the air. Others are little more than harmonies, and are good for just nothing, unless all parts be properly balanced. Now-a-days it is much the fashion to fill up books with tunes all cut out by the same pattern, having a sort of sickly sentimentality, but no real deep feeling—all such books should be avoided.

Now, can your people *read* music? When they see the notes of a tune, do they feel at once what the notes mean? What the tones are which they represent? If not, we fear that any *good* music will be found difficult.

Are your people willing to come together and really study their music? Will they take their books home and sit down and study out tunes, as they studied arithmetic at school? If they will do this, you can have a good choir and soon get up such an interest in singing, that it will become one of the pleasures of the week to come together and practice. Here in Boston people meet together, who have had regular and thorough musical educations, and study their music, choruses and the like, week after week before they undertake really to sing the piece. Now are not your singers willing to study a little for the sake of the pleasure which is to come?

We think the best book for you is "The Ancient Lyre," published in this city. It is full of splendid old tunes and of very fine new ones by Charles Zeuner. But as so much of the *effect* of this music depends upon the harmony, it is necessary that your bass singers should be able to sing their part full, firmly and correctly;—so of your altos, your tenors, and above all your trebles. Your trebles must learn to open their mouths and throats and pour forth long-drawn, full tones. Can they do this? If a discord is introduced by the composer, the notes must be sung just as fully and distinctly as if all was in sweet concord, because the succeeding notes will be found always to be just so much the sweeter and more delicious as the preceding discord may seem to you harsh.

If you have good music and your choir once is able to sing it in full and firm tones, then music will become a delight and you will need fear no discouragements from others. So long however as you go hesitatingly to work, half singing *easy tunes*, so long you can have no real enjoyment. Oh, that all singers could know the glory of joining in the choruses of Handel's "Messiah," or Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—but this is music which cost weeks of practice even in such societies as the "Handel and Haydn" society of this city or the most famous ones in Europe. Good singing *must* be preceded by *good* study. All that join in, *must* do it with spirit and understanding.

Much of the music in the "Ancient Lyre" requires a free, bold, lively execution. It must go with spirit and energy. We know of no book in which joyous Christian feelings are so nobly expressed.—Here are the names of some of our favorites, "Missionary Chant," "Telemann's Chant," "Zeuner," "Seaman's Song," "Boston." Nor is plaintive, sweet music wanting; in fact, the variety of music is greater than in any other book.

Our paper is not devoted particularly to psalmody,

but aims to make its readers familiar with what is going on in the highest regions of musical art, without however neglecting other departments. You will see in the specimens sent that we forward the paper regularly by mail for \$2 per annum, in advance. Surely there ought to be at least one or two copies taken constantly in every choir and singing school or club throughout the land. If *all* cannot appreciate discussions of high Art, yet through the minds of the minority, the one or two even, who can, it may exert a wholesome influence. The fear of things too difficult, too high, too good for us, is what saps all the soul and nerve out of our education, especially in music. Something to promote earnest thought and study is much needed.

We forgot to say above, that of all fourpart music for practice, none is equal to the old German chorals, arranged by John Sebastian Bach, to bring a choir into the knowledge of the beauty of harmonic effects, and to teach the singers to pour out their voices in long, full, firmly drawn notes. In sacred music this is utterly indispensable. Those who cannot sing slow music well, can never be *really* successful in that which goes quick and should be sung with life and energy. *

Musical Chat-Chat.

Signor BADIALI, the great baritone, after numerous premature announcements, has at length sailed for Europe by the steamer *Persia*, last week, from New York; so *L'Eco di Italia* informs us. He first left Bologna in August, 1849, for Havana, where he remained seventeen months a member of the Marti troupe; after which he came to the United States with that celebrated company, which numbered a Steffanone, a Bettini, Salvi, Marini, Vietti-Vertprach, &c. Next he entered into a long engagement with Maretzek, since which he has sung with Jenny Lind, with Sontag, Parodi and Alboni and his last appearance was at the benefit night of the orchestra and chorus of the Academy of Music, when his Carlo Quinto in *Ernani* excited quite a frenzy of applause. It is said that he will return to America; and it need not be said he will be sure of the warmest welcome in Boston, as in the other cities, whenever that good time may come.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gives a concert at Nahant this evening, assisted by that very sweet *tenore*, Mr. C. R. ADAMS, and by CARL HAUSE, pianist, and JUNGNIKKEL, violoncellist. Miss Phillips will sing *Non più mesta*, which she always does so brilliantly, the scena: *Dio elemento*, by Donizetti, a couple of English ballads, and the duet from *Trovatore* with Mr. Adams, who is set down for Donizetti's *In terra solo*, and a German song, Fecsa's "Wanderer." Mr. Hause will play one of Hummel's concertos, and Mr. Jungnickel a grand violoncello fantasia. It is the first thing in the shape of a concert which we have heard of for a long time.

The New York *Musical Review* asks: "Mr. Perkins has already had his ovation; when is Mr. Crawford to have his?" He *always* has it, and he always will, so long as the work shall stand to praise the master. The *Review* is so fond of barking at this old hole, that it would do well to read H. W. Beecher's "Dog Noble" story.... BORDOGNI, the great singing teacher in Paris, who taught Sontag, Cinti-Damoreau, and latterly our own Miss Hensler, has retired, after thirty-two years of service. PANOFKA takes his place.... STRAKOSCH and PARODI are said to have cleared \$100,000 by their concert tour, while LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK, OLE BULL, and all the other wandering stars have failed.... A niece of Mrs. SEGUIN, named Signora EUFRASINA PAREPA, is prima donna at the same theatre in Florence at which our Bis-

CACCIANTI is engaged.... A new semi-monthly musical paper has made its appearance at Albany, N. Y., called the "Musical Gazette." It is a neat sheet of eight pages, one of which is devoted to music, and published by John P. Grafton at \$1 00 per annum. This makes the fifth or sixth new musical journal which we have chronicled this summer. Pray do not fancy our success so great that you must all rush into the business!

The members of the Teutonia and Liederkranz Musical Societies of New York, have made a pleasure-trip to Niagara, which passed off with great satisfaction to all concerned. The party, all Germans, numbered 160 persons, and left the city on Saturday week, reaching the Falls Sunday noon. Arrangements had been made for a concert on the Canada side on the following evening, but as the company stopped on the American side, they were anxious to return after the performance. The Captain of the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, which runs up to the Horse-Shoe Fall and back daily, declined to cross the river after nightfall, but finally consented, and the Germans built bonfires on both sides of the river as guides and signals. It was probably the first time so large a company has crossed the Niagara River in the night. An afternoon concert was given by the societies, at which there was an immense attendance of German farmers, who came in by an excursion train to hear the music of Fatherland. In the evening, the company gave another musical entertainment at the Clifton House, at which Dordworth's famous band assisted. The concert over, the musicians started for the dock, where the fires were blazing. Those who witnessed the scene say the effect of the flames was very curious and fantastic; one of the number says the rugged rocks, the red glare, and the falling water, made up a view like that of the Wolf's Glen, as it should be seen in *Der Freyschütz*, only infinitely better than any stage scenery can hope to be. The whole party returned home in the best of health and spirits.

N. Y. Musical Review, Aug. 9.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 155.)

In singular contrast with his suffering condition was the humor which prevailed in some of Beethoven's letters in the first part of his life in Vienna. These letters were addressed to the kapellmeister Hofmeister, in Leipzig, who at that time, (1800) under the firm: "Hofmeister & Kühnel, Bureau de Musique," had commenced a correspondence with Beethoven. This correspondence adds an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven, who at that time, fired with restless activity, stood in the full bloom of his creative genius.

In a letter to Hofmeister, dated Dec. 15, 1800, Beethoven excused his delay in answering: "I am," wrote he, "extremely lazy as a correspondent; it takes a long time before I can bring myself to writing dry letters instead of notes. But now I have at length compelled myself to give you satisfaction. *Pro primo*, you must know, it pains me very much that you, my dear brother in musical Art, did not inform me earlier, so that I might have offered you my Quartets, as well as many other things, which I have now disposed of; and if my brother is as conscientious as many other honorable engravers (in German, *Stecher*, or *prickers*), who prick us poor composers to death, he would know how to find his account in publishing them. I will briefly state what the Herr Bruder may obtain of me. 1. A Septet *per il Violino, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto—tutti obbligati*; for I can write nothing that is not *obbligato*, inasmuch as I came into the world with an obli-

gato accompaniment. 2. A Grand Symphony for full orchestra. 3. A Concerto for the piano, which to be sure I do not give out as one of my best, since I keep the best for myself until I make a journey. Yet it can do you no discredit to engrave this Concerto. 4. A grand Solo Sonata. This is all that I can produce at present. A little later you can have a Quintet for string instruments, and perhaps some quartets and other things, which I have not by me now. In your answer you can yourself fix the price, and since you are neither Jew nor Italian, nor I either, we shall readily agree."

Four weeks later, Jan. 15, 1801, Beethoven wrote to Hofmeister: "Right heartily I thank you for the good opinion which you have conceived of me and of my works, and I often wish I could deserve it. I rejoice in your undertakings, and I wish, if Art can be the gainer, that this gain might rather accrue to the genuine, true artists, than to mere traders in the art. Your design of publishing Sebastian Bach's works is something that really does my heart good, which beats entirely for the high, great Art of this great father of harmony. I hope, as soon as we shall hear the golden peace announced, to contribute to the undertaking much from here myself, if you take subscribers."

Beethoven's character shows an amiable side in this letter, through its disinterestedness. "As regards our own private business," he writes, "I make you, since you desire it, the following offers: For the Septet 20 ducats; the Symphony the same; the Concerto 10 ducats; grand Solo Sonata, Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Rondo, 20 ducats; this Sonata has washed itself, (is *comme il faut*,) my dear brother. You will wonder, perhaps, that I make no difference here between the Sonata, Septet and Symphony. Because I find that a Septet or a Symphony has not so much sale as a Sonata; therefore I do this, although a Symphony should unquestionably be worth more. I set the Concerto down at only 10 ducats, because, as I have already written, I do not consider it as one of my best. I do not think that this will seem exorbitant to you, taking the whole together. At least I have tried to put the prices as moderate as possible to you. The whole sum would be 70 ducats for all my works. I understand no other currency but the Vienna ducats; how many thalers of your money that will make I know not, since I am a wretched *negociant* and accountant. If the sour business were only settled! I call it so, because I wish it might be different in the world. There ought to be a magazine of Art, where the artist would only have to hand in his works of art, to take what he needs. But as it is, one has to be half merchant, and

how ill at home one feels in it! Good God! that is what I call sour."

In a letter to Hofmeister, 22d April, 1801, Beethoven excused his long silence on the ground of his sickness and his excess of business. He writes: "It was scarcely possible even to think what I had to send to you. It is perhaps the only genius-like thing about me, that my things are not always in the best order; yet no one but myself can help the matter. Thus, for instance, in the score of the Concerto, the piano part, according to my custom, was not written, and I have but just now written it out, so that you have it in my own, not indeed very legible handwriting."

In this same letter he wrote: "The arrangement of the Mozart Sonata as a Quartet will do you honor, and will certainly remunerate. I could wish that I were able to contribute more myself on such occasions here, but I am an irregular man, and with the best will I forget everything. But I have here and there spoken of it, and find the best inclination towards it. It would be a nice thing, if the Herr Bruder, besides publishing the Septet, would also arrange the same for flute, for example, as Quintet. That would help the flute amateurs, who have already assailed me on the subject, and they would swarm around it and feed on it like insects. F— has presented us with a production, which does not correspond with the ideas the newspapers gave us of him. He seems to have made Casperle* his ideal, but without reaching him. Fine prospects these, under which we poor children of men here have to grow up!"

In a later letter, June, 1801, Beethoven, not without feeling, vindicated himself against a groundless accusation, which had cast an ambiguous light upon his thoroughly upright character. "I am a little astonished," he writes to Hofmeister, "at the message you have sent me through your business agent here. I might almost feel offended that you hold me capable of such a shabby trick. It would be another thing, if I had only sold my works to money-making traders, and had then made secretly another good speculation. But between artist and artist, it is rather severe to impute such a thing to me. The whole thing seems to me either entirely an invention, to try me, or else a mere suspicion. At all events I hereby inform you, that, before you had the Septet of me, I sent it to Herr Salomon in London, to play at his concert, purely out of friendship, cautioning him at the same time not to let it go into other hands, because I intended to have it printed in Germany; you can ask Salomon himself, if you think it necessary. But to give you one more proof of my integrity, I hereby assure

* Jack-Pudding.

you that I have sold the Septet, the Concerto, the Symphony and the Sonata to no one in the world but you, and that you can formally regard them as your own exclusive property, for which I pledge my honor. You can make use of this assurance in any way you will. Moreover, I believe Salomon was as little capable of the shabby trick of getting the Septet printed, as I was of selling it to him. I am so conscientious, that I have refused to several publishers the piano arrangement of the Septet, for which you had asked me. I have also written to Salomon. But since I esteem your charge a mere report, which you caught up a little too credulously, I cannot close this letter otherwise than with some coldness towards so credulous a friend."

A humorous letter was received by the friend, with whom Beethoven was soon reconciled, on the 8th November 1802. "Does the devil ride you altogether?" wrote Beethoven. "To propose to me to make *such* a Sonata! In the time of the revolutionary fever that might have been something! But now, when everything seeks to shove itself upon the track again, when Buonaparte has concluded the Concordat with the Pope—such a Sonata now! If it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria*, a *tre voce*, or a *Vesper*, &c., why then I would take at once my pencil in hand, and with great pound notes write away at a *Credo in unum*. But, good God, such a Sonata in these newly commencing Christian times! Ho! ho! There, let me off, there can nothing come of it! Now for my answer in the quickest *tempo*! The lady can have a Sonata of me; also in an æsthetic regard in general I will follow her plan. For the price of five ducats she can keep the same for herself, for her own enjoyment, and neither she nor I shall publish the Sonata. After the expiration of a year it becomes mine again; i. e. I can and shall publish it, and the lady can, if she thinks she can find any honor in it, be asked to let me dedicate the work to her. How gladly would I give many things away! But only consider, friend, everything about me here is established, and knows precisely what it lives upon. But, good God, where will one establish such a *parvum talentum com ego* at the imperial court?"

The humor which prevails in this letter of Beethoven, gave way again not seldom to a high degree of irritability, which had its chief ground in his oft returning physical sufferings. It was about this time (1802), that he had completed, at Heiligenstadt, a village a mile and a half out of Vienna, his third Symphony, known under the title of *Sinfonia Eroica*. He often in his compositions thought of a definite object, although he used to laugh and scold about musical painting, especially the minuter sort. Even acknowledged masterpieces, such as Haydn's "Creation," and his "Seasons," were not spared in his censure; while at the same time he did not deny the great talent of Haydn, and gave him the deserved praise in his choruses. In the third Symphony he had in mind Buonaparte, while he was yet first Consul. He had an excellent idea of him then, and compared him with the greatest Roman Consuls. The Symphony lay written out in score upon his table. At the top of the title page stood the word "Buonaparte," and at the bottom "*Luigi van Beethoven*," but not a word more. Whether the intervening space was to have been filled out, and how, was quite unknown to Beethoven's friends. One of them brought him the news that Buona-

parte had allowed himself to be proclaimed Emperor. Then Beethoven became furious and exclaimed: "Is *he*, too, nothing but an ordinary man? Now *he*, too, will trample all human rights under his feet, and be the slave of his ambition; he will seek now to place himself higher than all others, and will become a tyrant." With these words Beethoven seized the title leaf of his Symphony, which lay upon the table, tore it asunder, and threw it on the floor. The first page was re-written and received the title: *Sinfonia Eroica*. Some time afterwards the Prince Lichnowsky in Vienna bought this Symphony of the composer, for his own use for some years. It was performed several times in his palace. It was there that Beethoven, who himself directed, once in the second part of the first Allegro, where there occur so many half notes, brought the whole orchestra so out of time, that they were obliged to commence the Symphony anew.

On the same evening Beethoven played a Piano Quintet, composed by him, with accompaniment of wind instruments. The celebrated oboist, Ram, from Munich, took part in it, and accompanied Beethoven's playing. In the last Allegro, at a pause before the theme commenced again, he took it into his head suddenly to improvise. He took the Rondo for a theme, and entertained himself and the listeners for a considerable time. But not so those who accompanied the piano-playing. They were in great perplexity. It was a ludicrous sight, when they, expecting every moment that he would begin again, put their instruments to their mouths, and then quietly took them away again. At length Beethoven was satisfied. He fell into the Rondo again. The whole company were in raptures.

When the Russian imperial kapellmeister Steibelt, who died at St. Petersburg in 1823, came after a somewhat lengthy stay in Paris to Vienna, Beethoven's friends were anxious lest that then highly celebrated composer might damage the reputation he had acquired. Steibelt did not visit him. They met for the first time one evening at the house of Count Fries, where Beethoven produced a new Trio in B flat major for piano, clarinet and violoncello. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, and paid the composer a few compliments. Thereupon he played a Quintet of his own composition, improvised, and produced particularly a great effect by his *tremulandos*, which at that time were something quite new. Beethoven could no longer be induced to play. With equal success Steibelt a week later performed a Quintet in a concert at Count Fries's. He had studied out a brilliant Fantasia, and had chosen for a theme Beethoven's Trio. That excited his admirers and himself. He *had* now to go to the piano, and to improvise. As he passed along he took with him the violoncello part of Steibelt's Quartet, placed it bottom upwards on the desk, and with one finger drummed out a theme for himself from the first bars. Wounded and excited, he improvised so, that Steibelt, before he had ended, left the hall, and would never meet him afterwards; indeed, he made it a condition, before going anywhere, that Beethoven should not be invited.

Nothing crossed Beethoven more, than to have something go wrong in the performance of his works. Then he gave himself up to an irritability that knew no bounds. In a grand concert in the theatre at Vienna, where, besides his "Pas-

toral Symphony," a Fantasia of his for piano, orchestra and chorus was performed, the clarinetist in the variations of the concluding theme made by mistake a repetition of eight bars. Beethoven sprang up in a rage, and covered the members of the orchestra with loud invectives. Finally he cried out: "From the beginning!" The theme began again. They all fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But when the concert was over, the artists remembered the honorable titles which Beethoven had given them, and swore that they would never play again, if he was in the orchestra. But this lasted only until he again came forward with a new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their anger.

How easily offended Beethoven was, was shown by his relations to a man to whom he owed a great part of his musical education. Mozart, Handel and Bach were his favorites. If anything lay upon his desk, it was sure to be compositions of one of these masters. On the contrary, he had always something to object to Haydn's music. It was for the most part a private grudge against that artist, dating from an earlier period. Beethoven's first attempt in composition was the three Trios before mentioned. They were to have been produced in a soirée at Prince Lichnowsky's, and several artists and dilettanti had been invited, among them Haydn, on whose judgment all depended. The trios were played, and produced a remarkable sensation. Haydn said some flattering things to the composer, but advised him not to publish the third Trio, in C minor. Beethoven had regarded this Trio as his best. Haydn's words, therefore, made a very unpleasant impression on him. He thought that Haydn was envious, and jealous of his reputation, and that he was not candid with him. In this he was mistaken. Haydn had dissuaded him from the publication of this Trio merely because he thought it was not so easy, and would not be so quickly understood as the others.

In spite of all the representations of his friends, Beethoven was so unalterable in his dislike to Haydn, that he one day said he had learned nothing from him. From Albrechtsberger, as we have before said, he had received instruction in Counterpoint, and from Salieri in dramatic composition. Both agreed that he was often wilful and ill-humored. They maintained that he had had to learn many things through his own bitter experience, which he had formerly held of small account as matters of instruction. The introduction to dramatic composition, which Salieri gave him, after the taste of the Italian school, could not of course satisfy him.

[To be continued.]

Vivier.

[Concluded from p 155.]

But let us endeavor to make Vivier better understood by a slight description of his personal appearance and character.

He is of the middle size, with a high and expansive forehead, and marked features. The regularity of the latter would entitle him to pass for a "*joli garçon*," were not his physiognomy manly and energetic. His complexion denotes strength, while the peculiar texture of his skin announces unusual susceptibility. But to balance this nervous organization he has great muscular power. He can, therefore, feel deeply without being enervated; hence his extraordinary *sang-froid*.

His vision is weak, although he is quick at perceiving details. He takes no interest in painting, but the fine susceptibility of his ear is remarkable. He knows every sound and its slightest variation. He protests, indeed, that the gradations of sounds represent to his mind colors and their various tints. He can hear from a long distance, and frequently astonishes by repeating every word of a conversation maintained a long way off. His musical memory, in so far as it regards his own works, is prodigious, but in respect to those of others mediocre. His vocal organ is wonderfully supple, and, as he has the faculty of imitation to an extraordinary degree, nothing is easier for him than to make you believe that he speaks and sings in German, Italian, English, modern Greek, Arabic, etc., etc.

Intellectually, Vivier's perceptive (artistic) faculties carry him on to the reflective (philosophical). Thus he loves to view life as it presents itself at the moment. He feels the desire to extract from every stone on the roadside the electric spark. Rarely does his imagination bury itself in the past or wander into the future.

Like many rich in their own resources and gifted with great spontaneity, Vivier reads but little. He is not learned, but he has an instinct for most things. With his delicate, susceptible and peculiar organization, he feels most deeply. He is unapproachable as an improvisator. Melodies, dramatic scenes, caricatures, flow from him as water from a spring.

Thus, when he is among those who can appreciate him, he becomes brilliant as a diamond, and shines pre-eminently. He attracts as if by enchantment, with melodies serious and melancholy, elegant and dramatic, ideal and real, at the same time fresh and tender, comical and terrible, which, sung with perfect expression, make happy hours pass quickly away, although the recollection of them is retained for ever.

It is only in such moments of inspiration that we can obtain anything like a complete idea of his rich and powerful artistic mind.

Vivier has composed a great deal, but much of what he has written is not only unpublished and unknown to the public, but even unwritten. It bubbles in his head by the side of a thousand precious seeds that favorable circumstances alone can germinate (!) But where is the Shakespeare, to write a poem for such a strange musician? Vivier would require a plot as eccentric and complex as himself—the fanciful and the dramatic, the real and the ideal, mingled together at random, so as to give free vent to all his imagination. If Vivier would, he could write both the music and the libretto of an opera. It is, indeed, a pity that the light of such a genius should remain for ever hidden. In vain Rossini, who loves him for his gaiety, *esprit*, and talent, which the grand *maestro* appreciates better than any one—in vain Rossini says to him, "Take your place, it is waiting for you—*en avant!*" Perhaps the fruit is not yet ripe. We must believe so, for Vivier has in him a store of melodies, original, fine, expressive, and tender, and a mine of harmony hitherto unknown. If it was not necessary to spoil so much paper in the composition of an opera—if it could only be improvised!

Vivier, we have said, is gifted with the faculty of perception. Nevertheless, his reflective faculty tempers his energetic activity, so that the excessive delicacy of his nature is equalized by his physical power. (*Literal translation!*) He would otherwise be less strong, less profound, and comprehend less accurately so many various subjects.

In his double capacity of artist and philosopher, Vivier has a horror of the ordinary cares of life, of those miserable pettinesses that take away from the poetry of existence. This feeling is so strong in him, that he often passes whole days in bed with nothing to trouble him, in order that he may pursue his reflections at his ease. Thus he has twenty portmanteaus which he never opens, but makes use of as chairs or tables in the absence of such necessary articles. The ordinary pursuits of life have no value in his eyes, since he sees too clearly their emptiness. To be provident, to have a motive, to dull his spirits, enslave his intellect, and gain nothing but meagre and uncertain

rewards, is not for Vivier, but for fools (*sic*). Men, and the incidents of their lives, affect him much in the same way as the atoms that dance in the rays of the sun. He knows them all—from the highest to the lowest, from the cottage to the palace; with every link in the social system he is familiar: great and small, handsome and ugly, strong and weak; kings and porters, high-born ladies and lowly maidens—what are they but dust!

Against reflections of this gloomy kind, he has but one refuge—*melody*! Vivier composes music for his own pleasure, listens to it, studies, invents, sings to himself all night in the solitude of his garret.

But no—he has, at least, one live companion—a pigeon, a game cock, or some bird that he has tamed wonderfully, and taught to be strange, amusing, and sentimental. Being little contemplative, he absolutely requires something living to be always about him. Thus, his nervous system becomes soothed, and he can resign himself to thought.

One day he took it into his head that it would be more agreeable, and at the same time instructive, to have a rattlesnake for a companion. Death on a journey from the bite of a serpent appeared to this singular nature a climax sufficiently eccentric; but I am bound to add that he gave up both the idea and the rattlesnake, which is now the property of the *Jardin des Plantes*.

Although Vivier does not think much of the value of life, of which he knows the hollowness, although he does not hold poor humanity in much esteem, he is nevertheless no misanthrope. On the contrary, he loves his family, is always thinking of its welfare, and has often rendered great services to those who have solicited his aid. He writes letters and transacts business to oblige others, although on his own account he dislikes attending to such uninteresting matters. For those who know him, this is a strong proof of the excellence of his heart. He is very susceptible to kindness, and this feeling has more power over him than he is inclined to confess.

To sum up, Vivier is morally of a nature quite Shakespearian. He possesses at the same time, in a high degree, the sentiment of the real and the ideal. That is the secret of the peculiarity of his compositions, where melancholy, elegance, and tenderness are united to thoughts both serious and profound; and also of his marvellous eccentricities, in which nature seems suddenly seized at its most salient and showy point (*sic*). There is in Vivier something both of Beethoven and Rabelais. He is a composer of the highest rank, and yet on the other hand he must be called *l'Empereur des Farces*, as was quaintly said of him by a domestic, whom he was continually making die with laughter or with fear.

Every body knows the spirit, the *verve*, the extraordinary imagination of Vivier; but few are aware that if he would only take the trouble, he might soon gain the reputation of a charming, *spirituel*, humorous, and philosophical writer. In a corner of one of his numerous portmanteaus (to Vivier, life is really a journey; he is always ready to set out) are to be found pages of manuscripts written while travelling in England, pages that recall Sterne, and would very strongly, we think, throw in shade even the *Sentimental Journey* of the English humorist. Will Vivier ever publish this little volume? "What would be the use of it?" he says. A retort which appears to us an example of indifference on his part, of which we did not think him capable. Let us, however, not despair.

We were about to forget an essential feature in Vivier's character—his perfect independence. Neither glory, fortune, nor woman, can make a slave of him. It is not that he is insensible to the charms of women, to the delights of hearing delicate and merited praise, even to the pleasure of having money in his pocket; nor, above all, to shine in social life, and exhibit his wonderful gifts to advantage. On the contrary; but Vivier is so full of life that he passes through it like a stream that flows beneath the canopy of heaven (*sic*), and feels so intense a luxury in liberty, that the slightest restraint becomes odious in his eyes.

Another characteristic feature in Vivier is that

he possesses the "gift" of familiarity—not of that silly and impertinent familiarity which is always disagreeable, but of a familiarity which is delightful because it is attractive. He makes himself at home immediately, and with equal grace with a child and a king, M. Prudhomme, Rossini, or Lamartine—a high-born lady or a peasant girl—a cat or a bird—these, so different in character from each other, feel themselves directly at ease with him. It is because he understands and sympathizes with them all—thanks to his universal and brilliant nature; it is because he is always master of himself—thanks to the happy balance of his faculties.

To conclude, Vivier is so gifted by nature, that he should be called a magician. He pleases, he amuses, he raises you from the earth and transports you to the regions of imagination; he makes you happy; his witchcraft is so perfect that he influences in the same degree the man of genius and the child, the weak and the strong. It is sufficient to have eyes and ears, and Vivier is sure to have you at some point.

We expect that some of our readers will say, "This is all enthusiasm and blind prejudice." To such we answer—"You must see to believe." We shall be greatly deceived if any who have ever been in company with Vivier, say we have exaggerated or passed the bounds of a just appreciation.

I own that I admire Vivier—that I like him immensely; but I like truth still more, and would not willingly wrong one or the other.

EDWARD DE POMPERY.

Mozart's Autograph Manuscripts.

(Extract from a letter addressed to "La France Musicale.")

The autograph manuscripts of Mozart are in possession of the brothers André, one of whom is an editor of music at Offenbach, another a manufacturer of pianos at Frankfort, and the third professor and composer at Berlin.* The collection of manuscripts formerly at Offenbach is at present at Frankfort, in the possession of the manufacturer. A descriptive and thematic catalogue has been printed, and I have now before me a copy given me by the brothers André, with particulars of 280 manuscripts. This, however, does not contain all that Mozart wrote. Neither the score of the *Nozze di Figaro*, nor that of the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, nor that of the *Requiem*, is included. The last is preserved in the imperial library of Vienna. Nor do we find the symphony in E flat, the finest of the quartets, nor any of the quintets for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, except the one in C, in which the violoncello begins the *motivo*. The six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, besides some others, were at the beginning of this century in possession of Mr. Stumpf, harp manufacturer, of London. After his death, they were sold by auction, and the quartets, inscribed to the Father of the Symphony, were knocked down for the moderate sum of £6 sterling.

Beneath is the list of the operas, the scores of which are comprised in M. André's collection. I give both the titles and the notes, which are in the hand-writing of Mozart's father:

No. 29 of the Catalogue. *Apollo and Hyacinthus*—a Comedy in Latin (with music), for the University of Salzburg. On the title page of the score, in Mozart's handwriting, is "*Di Wolfgang Mozart, producta 13 May, 1767.*" He was then eleven years old.

No. 30.—*Bastien et Bastienne*—a German opera in one act. On the manuscript, in the handwriting of Mozart's father—"Di Wolfgang Mozart, 1768, nel suo 12^o anno."

No. 31.—*La Finta Semplice*—an Italian opera in three acts. On the manuscript Mozart has written—"Di Wolfgang Mozart, 1768."

No. 32.—*Mitridate*—an opera in three acts, composed for the Milan Theatre. The Manuscript of this opera is incomplete, and just as it was found after the death of Mozart.

No. 33.—*Ascanio in Alba*—action théâtrale. On the first page of the manuscript Mozart has written, "*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolff, Mozart.*"

No. 34.—*Il Sogno di Scipione*—action théâtrale de

* Mr. Gustav André, of the music-publishing firm of G. André & Co., Philadelphia, is also one of the brothers.—ED.

Métastase. Written in March, 1772, at Salzburg, for the nomination of the Archbishop Jérôme.

No. 35.—*Lucio Silla*—an opera in three acts, composed at Milan for the Carnival of 1773. Mozart has written on the title—“*Lucio Silla, dramma per musica del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgang Mozart. Academico di Bologna e di Verona, nel carnevale, 1773 (Milano)*.”

No. 36.—*La Finta Giardiniera*—an opera in three acts. The first act is wanting. The author has written on the title page of the second act, “*La Finta Giardiniera, atto 2, del Signor Amadeo Wolfg. Mozart*.” It is noticed that under the Italian words of all the airs, Mozart has added a German translation.

No. 37.—*Il Ré Pastore*—a dramatic cantata in two acts. On the title page, in Mozart's writing, “*Del Signor Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgang Mozart, a Salisburgo, 1775*.”

No. 38.—*Zaide*—a melodramatic opera in two acts.

No. 39.—*Idomeneo*—an opera in three acts.

No. 40.—*Airs de Ballets pour Idomeneo*. These airs have remained unpublished to this day. M. André intends to publish them immediately, arranged as duets for the pianoforte.

No. 41.—*Lo Sposo Deluso, ossia la Rivalita di tre Donne per un solo amante*—an opera in two acts, left unfinished by Mozart.

No. 42.—*L'Oca del Cairo*—a comic opera, of which only the first act remains. The opera has eight characters (four sopranos, two tenors, and two basses), and was, as well as the one preceding, written by Mozart, at Salzburg, in 1783.

No. 43.—*Der Schauspieler Director*—a comedy with music for the palace of Schönbrunn. Mozart has written on the title page—“*Di Wolfgang Amadeo Mozart*.”

No. 44.—*Don Giovanni*—an opera in two acts.

No. 45.—*Così fan tutte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 46.—*Zauberflöte*—an opera in two acts.

No. 47.—*La Clemenza di Tito*—an opera in two acts. Several pieces of this score were wanting, when M. André obtained the manuscripts of Mozart.

About the year 1800, the father of the Messrs. André, a music publisher and composer, bought this important collection of Mozart's widow. Since that period they remained intact in the family; but a short time ago M. Streicher, of Vienna, who had married a daughter of Antoine André, by whom he had children, asserted his right to a part of the manuscripts, and chose for his share the score of *Don Giovanni*, and some other works of less importance. M. Pauer, a relation of the Streichers, about a year since, brought the score of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* to London; and successively offered it to the Queen of England, and the British Museum, but without success. An eminent *artiste* (Mme. Viardot Garcia) showed a better appreciation of its value, and purchased it for £200.

The catalogue of autograph manuscripts possessed by M. André contains 28 masses, litanies, etc. Nearly all these compositions are dated. The oldest is dated 1776. Mozart was then ten years of age. Several are dated 1776. One, and that is the latest, 1783, viz., the Mass of which Mozart afterwards took several pieces for his cantata of *Davidde Penitente*. I did not find the well-known *Ave Verum*; but we can see by a thematic catalogue in Mozart's handwriting, which includes all his compositions from the year 1784 to his death, that this was one of his latest productions. Independent of the operas of which I have given the names, the catalogue comprises about forty scenas, arias, duos, trios, quatuors, and choruses—the greater part of which were intended by Mozart to be interpolated in his own operas, or in those of other composers. For example, the quatuor and the trio, composed at Vienna, in 1785, for the *Villanella Rapita*, an opera in which the famous Céleste Coltellini sang—the *prima donna* for whom Paisiello wrote the part of Nina. Several of these *morceaux* bear the names of the singers for whom they were composed in the handwriting of Mozart. Among them are Fortini, Palmini; the tenors, Raff and Adamberger; Signora Storace; the *basso*, Fischer; and on two arias (Nos. 74 and 76 of the catalogue), Signora Weber, Mozart's wife's sister. The first of these is dated Mannheim, the 24th February, 1778; the second, Munich, the 8th January, 1779. Another aria (No. 58 of the catalogue) contains the following, in Mozart's writing—“*Il Curioso indiscreto, atto primo; per la Signora Lange. Vienna,*

il 20 di Giugno, 1783.” Thus we find Mlle. Weber, sister of Constance Weber, the wife of Mozart, became Madame Lange—under which name she gained great celebrity as a singer. No. 87 in the catalogue, is another soprano aria, written at Vienna, in 1788, for the same Signora Lange.

Numbers 102 to 130 of the catalogue of Mozart's autograph manuscripts, consist of twenty-eight symphonies and one overture. The greatest number were written in the early youth of the composer. No. 102 is dated London, without naming the year, but it is known that Mozart was about eight when, after first visiting Paris with his father and sister, he repaired to the capital of England. No. 103 is dated La Haye, in the month of December 1765. I have already stated that the symphony in E flat was not in the catalogue; but the symphonies in G minor and in C with the fugue (*Jupiter*) are both there, as well as the symphony in D, which Mozart wrote at Paris in 1778 for the *Concerts Spirituels*. I shall not go into details about all the pieces in this interesting catalogue, but confine myself to those upon which the great musician has himself commented.

The first is 205, a concerto for the piano in G. The manuscript tells us that Mozart completed this at Vienna on the 12th April 1784, and that it was composed for the Signora Barbara Hoyer, no doubt an artist, or, at least, an amateur, of distinction. No. 226 is a sonata in C, for piano and violin, which is well known. This, Mozart informs us, was composed at Mannheim, and finished March 11th, 1778, for Mademoiselle Thérèse Pierron. No. 253 is an *andante* in C, for flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, alto, basso, two hautbois, and two horns, a copy of which I procured from Germany some years ago for M. Dorus, who introduced it at the Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire. I recollect that at the time a few wisecracks in the orchestra denied that this *morceau* was composed by the author of *Don Juan*, or that it was written for the flute at all.

Nor 265 is a concerto for the horn, with orchestral accompaniments. The *virtuoso* who first attempted to play this composition must have been anything but a good player, since he seems to have excited the anger of Mozart, who has written a number of significant remarks on the manuscript. For example, at the beginning of the solo “*A lei signor asino*,” “*Animo*,” “*Presto, su via*,” “*da bravo*,” “*Coraggio*,” and at the end “*Grazia al Ciel! basta*.”

No. 257 is another concerto for the horn. On the manuscript is written “*Wolfgang Amadé*.” Mozart has taken compassion on Leitgab, ass, ox (*ochs*) and madman, at Vienna, 27th May, 1783. No. 259 is a concerto for harp and flute, with an accompaniment for two violins, two altos, two hautbois, and two horns, composed by Mozart during his sojourn in Paris (1778), for the Duc de Guines and his daughter.

The valuable collection of MM. André is shut up in a press divided into two compartments, and the manuscripts are in two species of portfolios. I examined with religious attention that of the opera of *Idomeneo*. It is on paper in the Italian fashion, of a rather large size, and consists of three volumes, stitched in boards, covered with variegated red paper. The whole work is in a fine hand, and there are but few notes erased or interlineated. The whole had been to all appearances thoroughly elaborated in Mozart's head, and afterwards put down on paper without the slightest hesitation. It is well known that anciently, on the Italian stage, the simple recitative was accompanied by a harpsichord, a violoncello, and a double bass, the performers upon which lead off from the score; it was to render this accompaniment the more easy that Mozart has throughout the whole opera written the bass part in larger notes.

Among the manuscripts which, at my request, M. André was good enough to show me, I will again refer to that of the famous symphony in G minor. It is on Italian paper, and the writing presents the signs of great rapidity of execution. The bars which run up and down the page are

made without the slightest regard to the perpendicular. Mozart does not seem to have taken the trouble to mend his pen, for the notes are much less elegant in form than in other manuscripts, and the strokes of the tails are somewhat thick. One might suppose that this *chef-d'œuvre* had been extemporized. The learned professor Schnyder von Wartensee, whose reception of me was most amiable, was kind enough to communicate two important observations to me on the manuscript of this admirable symphony, and I was able to convince myself of their exactitude by examining, with my own eyes, the autograph of Mozart.

Here is a long affair about a catalogue, you will perhaps observe, and with reason; but you will agree that one has not always a Mozart to do with, and all that relates to so great a man is fraught with interest. One loves to follow him in the smallest details of his artist's life, and even in the details of his private life, which may sometimes assist in comprehending so rare an organization.

The Organ.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The organ seems able—like the pianoforte, and even still better—to present itself in the instrumental hierarchy, under two aspects—as an instrument belonging to the orchestra, or as being in itself a complete and independent orchestra. It is doubtless possible to blend the organ with the divers constituent elements of the orchestra; and it has even been many times done; but it is strangely derogatory to this majestic instrument, to reduce it to this secondary condition. Moreover, it should be felt that its smooth, equal, and uniform sonority never entirely melts into the variously characterized sounds of the orchestra, and that there seems to exist between these two musical powers a secret antipathy. The organ and the orchestra are both kings; or rather one is emperor, the other pope; their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all these occasions, where this singular connection is attempted, either the organ much predominates over the orchestra, or the orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. The soft stops of the organ seem alone suitable for accompanying the voice. In general, the organ is formed for absolute dominion; it is a jealous and intolerant instrument. In one case only, it seems to me, the organ can, without derogation, mingle with the choir and orchestra; and even then, it would be on condition of itself remaining in its solemn isolation. For example, if a mass of voices placed in the choir of a church, at a great distance from the organ, interrupted its chants from time to time, that they might be repeated on the organ, in part, or entirely; if the same choir, in a rite of some sad character, were accompanied by a lament from the orchestra and from the organ, issuing thus from the two extreme points of the temple, the organ succeeding to the orchestra, like the mysterious echo of its lamentation—this would be a mode of instrumentation susceptible of grand and sublime effects. But, even in this case, the organ would not really mingle with the other instruments; it would answer them, it would interrogate them; and the alliance between the two rival powers would only be the more sincere, that neither the one nor the other would lose anything of their respective dignity. Whenever I have heard the organ playing at the same time with the orchestra, it has seemed to me to produce a detestable effect, and to impair that of the orchestra instead of augmenting it.

DEATH OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.—Recent foreign papers report the death of Robert Schumann, by many considered the greatest of living German composers, as he was undoubtedly one of the most original, at Bonn, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. From a notice of the deceased in the New York *Evening Post*, we learn that he was born in Zwickau, Saxony, and at the commencement of his career was distinguished as a musical critic, the

Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, established by him in Leipzig, being one of the most able and successful musical journals of the day.

His musical tastes being of a very decided character, he soon forsook the editorial profession for the study of composition, which he prosecuted with extraordinary zeal. He modelled his style successively upon that of Haydn, Mozart, Moscheles and Ries, but soon struck into a path of his own, in which he exhibited great individuality, and a boldness and eccentricity which startled the critics, and brought down upon him denunciations and ridicule without stint. He had, however, a circle of enthusiastic admirers, who as warily upheld him, and whose numbers constantly increased.

In 1840 he married the celebrated Clara Wieck, now, as then, a charming pianist, and most estimable woman. His married life was very happy, and with a fecundity of genius quite remarkable, he composed during this period a vast number of pianoforte pieces, many of them novel and fantastic in form, and almost all of exceeding beauty, besides quintets for string instruments, some remarkable symphonies, various large vocal works, cantatas, &c., and a multitude of charming little songs.

Some of his symphonies and many of his songs are familiar to our audiences, and have created genuine admiration of Schumann's great merit as a composer. About two years ago he began to exhibit symptoms of insanity; the disease rapidly gathered strength, and for the last two years he has been a confirmed lunatic. Under such melancholy circumstances, has this distinguished man left the world.

Music Abroad.

London.

Both Italian Operas brought their season to a close on the 2d inst., and both rejoiced in crowded houses during the last month. We extract from the *Times's* summing up:

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The tenth season of the Royal Italian Opera came to a termination on Saturday night with a very fine performance of Donizetti's *Favorita*, the principal characters being sustained, as before, by Madame Grisi, Signors Mario, Graziani, Soldi and Zelger. The opera was followed by "God save the Queen," in which the solo verses were delivered with great warmth and earnestness of manner by Madame Grisi.

This season has been the briefest on record (owing chiefly to the burning of Covent Garden Theatre in March). . . . The programme was inevitably a modest one, including chiefly the names of familiar works, dispensing altogether with the grand and costly operas by Meyerbeer and the French school of lyric melo-drama, and only holding out the promise of a single novelty. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that everything had to be done afresh, and that the production of each successive opera entailed the united and unremitting labor of scene-painter, *costumier*, decorator, machinist, and music-copyist. It was then a wonder that so many of the works announced were actually presented; and on this head we think subscribers have no very strong cause for complaint. Out of a list of 17, 10 were forthcoming—viz., *Il Conte Ory*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Favorita*—all of which were placed upon the stage in a style of elegance and completeness the more praiseworthy when the peculiar difficulties of the situation are considered. The other seven advertised in the prospectus, though not performed, were *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Fidelio*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Traviata*.

If seven out of 17 operas were postponed until a more favorable occasion, one only was missing from the promised list of artists. That one, nevertheless, was almost equal to seven of ordinary weight; we mean LABLACHE. "Dov'è Lablache?" might form the appropriate burden of a *cavatina*, so often has the question been asked during the last three months within the precincts of the Royal Italian Opera. Lablache, however, like the rest of us, must submit to his share of the ills that flesh is heir to; and if we have been rightly informed, the great *basso* has been suffering from a malady which deprived him for a time of the use of his legs, and rendered a season of repose absolutely indispensable.

While we have no new fact upon which to dwell, no new opera, successful or unsuccessful, to refer to, it is at least pleasant to be able to bestow a few words of well-merited compliment upon artists who, having long enjoyed public favor to the fullest extent, never perhaps before proved themselves so entirely worthy of it. Without being invidious, we may at once name Signor MARIO as an honorable instance. Mario's singing this year has surprised and delighted subscribers almost in an equal measure. His first appearance—when his voice failed him after the prologue of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and dispelled the expectations raised

by his exquisite delivery of "Di pescatore ignobile"—was ominous of future disasters. But the omen proved delusive; from that night to the end of the season Mario was never once found wanting. As the *Barbiere*, *Rigoletto*, and the *Favorita* were alternately produced, he sang better and better, maintaining besides his reputation as one of the most consummate actors that Italy has sent to England. He further did good service in assuming the part of Manrico, when, after the departure for Rio Janeiro of the popular Signor Tamberlik, at an early part of the season, *Il Trovatore*, but for Mario, must have been withdrawn from the bills—to the detriment of the treasury. Manrico has been universally pronounced one of his most admirable performances. We must not separate from Mario the ever eager and indomitable GRISI, who came out as Norma with renewed energy and vigor, appeared frequently as Leonora (*La Favorita*) and Lucrezia Borgia, in both of which she is still incomparable, and resumed her famous part of Elvira (*I Puritani*) with eminent success. It was a pity that to these could not have been added Semiramide, Desdemona and Anna Bolena—since, as was hinted last year, to confine her eternally to "the sickle, the cloister, and the cup of poison," is as unkind to Grisi as it is unfair to her admirers.

It is scarcely polite, and, indeed, not exactly just, to allude to the continued "improvement" of Madame BOSIO, who at the present time is neither more nor less than one of the most accomplished vocalists living, second alone in the execution of florid music of the Italian school to ALBONI, and enjoying at the same time the evident advantage of a *soprano* voice—which is queen to the regal tenor. Nevertheless, Madame Bosio has improved since last season, and the mere fact that she is always progressing leads to the conviction that she is always studying—a practice from which no honest counsellor would endeavor to dissuade her. Madame Bosio has sung this season with unvarying success in six operas: *Rigoletto* (Gilda), the *Barbiere* (Rosina), *Don Giovanni* (Zerlina), the *Conte Ory* (Countess), the *Elisir* (Adina), and *Il Trovatore*. The part of Leonora in the last—Verdi's best—was allotted to her after the expiration of Madame JENNY NEX's engagement. That Madame Bosio would execute the music brilliantly no one doubted for a moment; but few anticipated that in the dramatic realization she was not merely to equal but to eclipse her Teutonic predecessor. The passing allusion to *Don Giovanni* brings Signor RONCONI to mind, and while we find no reason to change our opinion of his unfitness for the representation of Mozart's profligate hero, we have only to record his legitimate triumph in every other character he attempted. A bare catalogue of his assumptions will suffice to conjure up their surpassing merit to the minds of those among our readers who are in the habit of attending the Italian Opera:—*Rigoletto*, Figaro, Duke Alphonso, Dulcamara. Extremes meet here, and no mistake; but Ronconi's aptitude to represent high tragedy and low comedy, or farce, with equal felicity, is notorious, and a proof of the versatility of his genius.

Signor GARDONI, an excellent artist, and a favorite in the bargain, has proved himself this year extremely useful, since, in addition to his admired performance in the *Conte Ory*, he lightened the responsibilities of Signor Mario by assuming with great talent that gentleman's favorite part of Arturo in the *Puritani*, and atoned for the loss of Signor Tamberlik by undertaking that of Don Ottavio, in which he acquitted himself scarcely less to the satisfaction of subscribers.

Signor GRAZIANI, the barytone, confirmed the good impression produced last season, and his beautiful voice always conferred pleasure in the air, "Il balen," of the *Trovatore*, and the romance of the King of Castille, "A tanto amor," in *La Favorita*. Madame NANTIER DIDIE, by the united force of ability and perseverance, has rendered herself invaluable to this establishment, and so won upon the good graces of the public that it would be dangerous to think of replacing her by any other *contralto*. Her performances as Ragonda in the *Conte Ory*, Magdalen in *Rigoletto*, &c., need only to be mentioned; but her highly successful portraiture of the Gipsy Azucena brought her at once in contact with the Viardots and Albonis, and materially enhanced her reputation as an artist of higher pretensions. Madame Didié, although she has acquired great professional experience, has, moreover, the eminent advantage of being young; a flattering prospect therefore lies before her. Mademoiselle MARAI, a *comprimaria* "hors ligne," admirable in Adalgisa and characters still more difficult from a musical point of view—like Isolero, the page in the *Conte Ory*—is also quite equal to undertake "first business" on an emergency, with credit to herself and satisfaction to the audience. This was placed beyond a doubt on the first night of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, when, Madame Bosio being ill, Mademoiselle Marai played Adina with remarkable talent and success. Such a *seconda donna* is precious. The appearances of Herr FORMES, owing to the operas of Meyerbeer being unavoidably laid aside for a period, have been rare. His parts of Oroveso and Baldassare (in *Norma* and *La Favorita*) were transferred—why we are unable to explain—to M. ZELGER. The *Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Barbiere*, if we are not mistaken, are the only operas in which the German *basso* has sung this year. His Basilio can never fail to strike as a characteristic piece of dry humor, while his Leporello for histrionic conception has yet to be surpassed. Of Signors TAG-

LIATICO and POLONINI we have only to record what has been recorded season after season in the annual *resumé*. Whatever these gentlemen have to do, be it small or great, they take the utmost pains with, and this, added to their thorough competence, makes their value to the theatre inestimable. Two new comers—Mademoiselle ROSA DEVRIES and Signor NERI BER-ALDI—were both favorably received, but we must hear more than the Donna Anna of the *soprano* and the Nemorino of the tenor to enable us to judge of their respective merits as dramatic singers. The band and chorus, though reduced to meet the proportions of the Lyceum, have been in no way less effective than what we have been accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera; but this was pretty sure to be the case with Mr. COSTA as musical director, and therefore astonished nobody.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Saturday night, the last of the subscription, perfectly reflected the enthusiasm with which the season commenced. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather, every part of the house was closely packed, and Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, at the end of *La Traviata*, was thrice called to be pelted with bouquets. It was really a marvellous sight, that quantity of floral gifts flung from all directions—some safely reaching the place of their destination, others bursting into a thousand fragments, and defying the young idol to collect together the whole of her treasure. She never sang better than on Saturday; her execution was faultless, and into the last scene she infused that peculiar intensity of expression in which she is without a rival, and which especially stamps her as the vocalist of emotion, as distinguished from the vocalist in the abstract. There could not have been a greater triumph of histrionic singing.

The ceremony of smothering Mlle. Piccolomini with flowers having been duly performed, with shouts of delight on one side and the most gracious smiles on the other, the National Anthem was executed. MM. REICHARDT, BELLETTI and BRAHAM sang the first verse, Mlle. Piccolomini showed her powers of articulation in the second (a solo), and the third was sung by Mlle. Piccolomini, Mlle. FINOLI, M. CALZOLARI and M. BENEVENTANO. When first the theatre opened in May, everybody hurried to revive his memory of the "old institution." Hence, when the long-locked portals were thrown open it was a natural consequence that the public rushed into boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, just as air rushes into a vacuum. The delightful singing of Madame ALBONI in *Cenerentola*, and the successful *début* of four new *danseuses*, caused an audience that had come to be pleased, to depart in high satisfaction. The season had started well. Next came the brilliant *début* of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI in *La Traviata*. *La Figlia del Reggimento* followed *La Traviata*, and was succeeded in its turn by *Don Pasquale*, and still the Piccolomini sentiment went on augmenting. Those who had seen her laugh for a very little while in Verdi's lugubrious production, loved to see her smile more permanently as the playful Maria or the arch Norina; and all the terms of praise that were invented for her special account had in them something of affection. She was called the "pet of the public," the "spoilt child," and the "*cara bambina*;" and, like a little despot, she ruled the entire season.

The *début* of Mlle. WAGNER as Romeo in *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti* was another grand event. The lady had caused such a deal of talk that everybody was anxious to see her, and when she first came forward, with her nodding plume and glittering armor, great was the effect produced by the largeness of her acting and the power and compass of her voice. But still we must consider that Mlle. Wagner rather gave evidence of her genius than thoroughly exhibited it in the course of the present season, and certainly she never became so prominent a figure in the minds of the *habitues* as the younger *débutante*.

The re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre would not have been complete without the revival of ballet on that large scale which used to delight the patrons of former times. Not only, therefore, did Mademoiselle Marie Taglioni, coming as an addition to the four younger *danseuses*, raise the *divertissements* to a high degree of brilliancy, but *Le Corsaire*, the great Terpsichorean novelty of Paris, was brought out with the same *première* and the same scenic effects that had caused such a lasting impression in Paris. The graces of Rosati and the grandeur of the concluding *tableau* must still be fresh in the minds of all who witnessed them.

To note the lustre of the season in terms composed of its brightest elements, we should set down in chronological order the names of Alboni, Piccolomini, Wagner, and Rosati; but it would be wrong to pass over such excellent and well established artists as MM. Belletti, Reichardt, and Calzolari, the favorable impression left by Madame Albertini, the respectable performance of M. Beneventano, the highly creditable *début* of M. Rossi, and the universal esteem gained by the conductor, M. Bonetti. In fact, the whole season has been a "lucky" season, in the fullest sense of the word.—*Times*, Aug. 4.

JOHANNA WAGNER's performances came to a close with *Tancredi*, and she left England for Berlin, "without having had the opportunity of really displaying her unquestionably great powers in a German Opera."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 23, 1856.

Organ Concerts—Mr. Morgan.

The first of the two Grand Organ Concerts at Tremont Temple, given, in connection with the Musical Convention now in session, by Mr. G. W. MORGAN, organist of Grace Church in New York, took place on Wednesday afternoon. In spite of the drenching easterly storm, it was gratifying to see what a large and eagerly attentive audience it drew; of course there was a pretty large nucleus of an audience already in attendance on the daily exercises of the Convention—choristers and country singing school teachers, who had come to spend a week in town, in brushing up their notions of the art of teaching, by putting themselves in the position of pupils under such experienced teachers as Messrs. JOHNSON and FROST. These, of course, were all ears, and whether it was Fugue of Bach, or a pretty variation on "The Last Rose;" whether the noble instrument spake out in full, in language of its own, (as seized and written down by Bachs and Handels), and so stood upon its dignity, or whether it stooped down to play with little children and to imitate a hand-organ,—all was rapturously applauded. Naturally enough, the oddest, most grotesque, uncharacteristic, questionable things—those in which the organ spoke not for itself, but stooped to imitate, and, as the boys say, "cut up monkey shines," excited the most rapture. But on the other hand two long fugues, and two movements of a symphony, failed not to make a genuine impression. It was perhaps well that they should hear both kinds; many came to be amused as well as to learn, and possibly, on Jullien's principle, it was, that by tickling their more childish senses, they were charmed into listening to what touched their souls. Then again, it is not every day that one hears a great organ; the instrument (the *chef d'œuvre* of the Messrs. HOOK, the largest in America, with its 77 stops, four banks of finger keys, and pedal,) was one of the lions, which they came for, and they wished to see and hear it put through all its paces, deep thundering sub-bass contrasted with highest slender whistle, (a combination of extremes, by the way, of which the player in his improvisations appeared rather fond); they wanted to discriminate its various registers or qualities of tone, and hear it "do" the orchestra, from double bass to piccolo; and therefore ingenious variations and combinations of stops, however trivial the music, served them for a lesson on the many-sided capabilities of the great tone-structure.

All this was well enough once, and more than once—only let it not stop here. For, after all, the organ is a poor thing, and quite superfluous, if it only seek to imitate an orchestra, and do the smaller work of other instruments. There is music which belongs to it, which needs it, and which is of the most sublime and soul-satisfying of music. The programme contained some of this too—perhaps as much, or nearly as much as it would have been prudent to venture upon such occasions, considering their infrequency. We only wish that public opportunities of hearing organ music could be made more common, so that curiosity about the instrument, the stops, and so

forth, might soon give way to interest in the real organ music, and these quasi-orchestral and fire-work exhibitions become exceptional, (as child's play after sermon and brain-work), the solid, glorious fugues and choruses and chorales being the staple of each entertainment.

The programme included two solid pieces in the strictly organ style of composition; and these plainly did not suffer under the masterly hands (and feet) of Mr. Morgan; for he is a thoroughbred organist of the English school, familiar with the grand old music, and master of his art, more so (mechanically at least) than any we have heard. Whether he is quite as greatly master of his *Art*, as he is master of his instrument, however, is what it becomes us, before hearing more of the best European, and particularly German organists, to be cautious about deciding. We can only say, we do enjoy it greatly when he plays a good fugue.

He commenced with a "Grand Prelude and Fugue in D," by HESSE, of which we regretted to lose all but the last workings of the subject. Next came the Slow Movement, Minuet and Trio from a Symphony in C, by MOZART. This was the least objectionable kind of orchestral music for the organ: for in a symphony (at all events by Mozart) subjects are developed after the deeper laws of musical form, which, whether strictly fugue or not, has always the fugue *principle* latent in it, and thus it is congenial with the organ. It was exquisitely played, the alternation of stops being highly suggestive. Next came Bach's celebrated Fugue in G minor; full of life and grandeur and of infinite suggestion as the ocean. The soul feels glad and strong while it keeps on; and you saw every face was animated; there was no need of clap-trap to enlist attention. The "Wedding-March" (MENDELSSOHN) closed the first part. This was an example of the fullest, loudest strength of the organ; crowded harmonies, rushing together through all the pipes, diapauses, trumpets, mixtures, solos, astounding the new listeners. It was made remarkably distinct, crisp and orchestra-like; but for such a great roaring mass of sound, one felt the need of a larger place in which to hear it; the sub-bass of the organ, down to the 32-feet C, appears round and substantial, but it seems to need more space to speak in, a longer beach to roll its waves upon. Then again, do not the necessary dissonances involved in the use of the full organ, with the mixtures drawn, on the principle of increasing the éclat and lustre of the mass of tone, require a vaster space in which to let the cross vibrations work themselves out clear?

The second part was all outside of organ music proper. The overture to "William Tell" was very skilfully played, and more effective than one would suppose it could be on the organ. The "Theme with Variations (extempore)" was "The Last Rose of Summer," much of it more ingenious than edifying, yet not without some beautiful effects. The "Turkish March," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," was a pretty trifle, Turkish enough, and short. Mr. Morgan closed with "God save the King," wrought up a *la Fantasia*, with variations, after his own fancy. There was some astonishing pedal work in it. What a *furor*! hand-clappings and hurrahs mingle themselves with the deafening roar of the big pipes long ere their "hurly-burly's done."

Mlle. Piccolomini in "La Traviata."

The more serious portion of the London press is greatly stirred up about the morality of the stage representations, which have recently created such a *furor* in Her Majesty's Theatre—not,

however, countenanced, it would seem, by Her Majesty. The vice of the Verdi music, as well as of the modern French plays and novels, is that it resorts to cheap, coarse, sensual stimulus for inspiration. All its dishes must be terribly seasoned with mustard and red pepper. All its plots are harrowing and bloody—a mingling of voluptuousness and terror. The unnatural and monstrous attitudes and complications of human life and passion are sought out for exciting subjects, as if what is simple, natural and harmonious were tame. They have lost faith, these eager strivers for effect, in daylight and clear, common air, in natural skies and green fields. It is refreshing to see any signs of a wholesome reaction against it. Not the most effective always is the most true; every false school in literature and art has had its turn in running away with the crowd, and for the time being finds it easy to put out the stars with its own noisy blaze of rockets and blue lights.

The following extracts show the state of feeling among sober London critics. The *Spectator* discourses thus:

THEATRICAL MORALITIES.—It has never been thought unfair to apply to the taste and morals of a people the touchstone of their public amusements. These form the sphere in which a nation is least controlled by circumstances independent of its choice, and in which its real sympathies and tendencies may be expected most freely to show themselves. How happens it, if this is true, that the class of amusements which ought most vividly to reflect national character, and which at other periods of our social development has done so, should be gradually assuming among us here in London a more exotic and certainly more immoral tone? The favorite opera of the season has been *La Traviata*, the favorite play has been *Retribution*. The highest society in England has thronged the opera-house night after night, to see a very young and innocent-looking lady personate the heroine of an infamous modern French novel, who varies her prostitution by a frantic passion suddenly conceived for one of her numerous lovers, and is brought up to the modern standard of intense interest by dying of consumption on the stage. If the music had been instinct with genius, something might have been said on the score of artistic beauty, though morality would have barred the appeal. But Verdi's music, which generally descends below his subjects, can in this case claim the ambiguous merit of being quite worthy of the subject. If the attraction was—as no doubt it mainly was—in Piccolomini's grace and pathos, surely grace and pathos are to be found anywhere rather than in Parisian lorettes; and we are finally reduced to seek for some at least of the charm in the contrast between the actress and the part she was called on to sustain,—just the sort of attraction which the fine gentlemen of the Caroline era felt in hearing the broadest indecencies put into the mouths of young and pretty women in the prologues and epilogues of the comedies of that reprobate age. We should have thought the production of *La Traviata* an outrage on the ladies of the aristocracy who support the theatre, if they had not by crowding their boxes every night shown that they did not notice the underlying vice of the opera. But these ladies are not exempt from the weakness of slavery to fashion. No one of them likes to be the first to pronounce authoritatively that a thing is improper, no one chooses to be more particular or prudish than her neighbor; and so familiarity with evil gradually grows, and the very instinct which would in most cases warn women against such exhibitions as these becomes dulled, and ceases soon to retain any vitality. The fashionable world acts like all corporate bodies, and tolerates collectively what the majority individually disapproves. The corrective would be that morality should become corporate, and that exhibitions under the patronage of the female aristocracy should be submitted beforehand to a committee of patronesses. If the ladies objected to act by themselves in so difficult and delicate a matter, let a "dowager bishop" or two—of whom there will in future be an ample supply—be added to the committee. When Vice becomes brazen, it is time for Virtue to call mundane influences to her aid. Then why should that charming little Olympic—so well managed, too, in many important respects—be given up for a whole season to the representation of a story which has

nothing but its wickedness to recommend it? It is not true that murder and adultery are the most interesting subjects of dramatic art, for it is not true that the persons guilty of these crimes present the most interesting contrasts of character or the most powerful conflicts of passion. Nothing can be a more vulgar prejudice than that vicious persons are less tiresome, less monotonous, than virtuous persons. The very violence of the sensations in which they indulge takes from them all elasticity and freshness of mind and character. They are moral drunkards, stupid when they are not mad, and disgusting when their fury-fits are on them. Surely Mr. Wigan's subtle sense of shades of feeling would easily find better scope among the innocent and noble diversities of human nature than in portraying the frenzy of revenge and the fiend-like deliberation of hatred; and an English audience at a theatre must be very unlike the same English audience at their own firesides, or the same English audience in their choice of books and pictures, if they need this demoniacal stimulus to jaded sensibilities. Let us borrow from the Italians their mellifluous voices, and from the French their neatness of plot and smartness of dialogue, but let us leave alone that hankering after prurient sentiment and melo-dramatic situation which must be the bane of art, as it certainly is damaging to the moral purity and strength which we value more than art, but which lie at the root of all good art.

Our second extract is from a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*:

The production of Verdi's "Traviata" is represented as the cause of the royal displeasure with Mr. Lumley. When an attempt was made to bring out a translation of the "Dame aux Camelias" at Drury Lane, the Lord Chamberlain interposed and refused his license. That a woman of abandoned life should be capable of entertaining a great passion, and of sacrificing her own happiness for that of the man she loves, may be conceded as possible; but that such a woman, fresh from the purifying and refining influences of a real attachment, should again throw herself into the haunts of vice, from which her love had withdrawn her, is a story so mischievous, so unnatural, and so impure, that it cannot be doubted the Lord Chamberlain exercised a laudable discretion in preventing the performance in the English language, of a drama, which surrounds an abandoned woman with a halo of false sympathy and misplaced admiration. Her majesty refused to enter the theatre at which this plot formed the subject of an opera. Once, and once only, has the Queen visited Her Majesty's Theatre during the season just ended; and, as her majesty and her prince were then accompanied by her royal Belgian visitors, it may safely be assumed that they only went on that occasion in deference to the wish expressed by their relatives, to see Wagner, in the opera of "Romeo and Juliet." I regret to say, that the aristocratic frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre have not imitated the example of their sovereign. They have indeed found a hideous piquancy in the spectacle of a young lady of stainless life and noble family personating the rôle of a shameless and abandoned woman. Mlle. Piccolomini's fresh girlish voice, her arch looks and pretty, wilful, spoiled ways might excite sympathy for a youthful lady who resembles the fair Sabrina surrounded by Comus and his "rabble rout." But her youth and beauty and seeming innocence are but the *sauce piquante* of the dish devoured with such gluttonous appetite by the frequenters of the orchestra stalls and omnibus boxes; and a hundred powerful glasses were turned upon Maria Piccolomini's features as she sang the bacchanalian *Libiamo, libiamo*, in the attempt to discover the reflex action of that which she pretends to be upon that which she is.

That young and nobly-born English maidens should lend the sanction of their presence to such an exhibition does not say much for the tone of morality in high life. The music of the "Traviata" is, with one or two exceptions, poor and common-place; yet the opera has filled the house, and has put into Mr. Lumley's pocket whatever surplus he may find there, after paying high salaries to Alboni, Wagner and Piccolomini.

The *Times* says:

The composition in which she made her *debut* was little worth, and the libretto with which it was connected was almost repulsive from the physical and phthisical nature of the woes which it illustrated. This did not matter a jot. The appearance of a young, fresh talent, adorned with innate grace, and free from everything like convention, at once vanquished every heart without an effort on the part of the fair *victrix*. No vocal actress ever succeeded more perfectly in making her song go to the hearts

of her hearers than Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The song belonged not only to the voice, but to the face, the manner, to the gesticulation. The little artist dashed off her reckless champagne-lyric, and occupants of the stalls wagged their heads in accordance with the time; she gave a heartbroken shriek when parting from her lover, and, lo! the hearts of forty old *habitués* were rent in twain; she coughed herself to death before their eyes, and nothing was so fascinating as the last agony. "Come in and die, Ralph!" says the old citizen's wife in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, when she wants to see the apprentice act the closing scene of a tragedy. "Come in and die, Piccolomini!" was the mental ejaculation of many a staunch *habitué*; but it was that he might revive her with potent lungs and a ponderous boquet. Never was so complete a sympathy established between artist and audience.

We could speak very strongly on the subject of this same *Traviata*, but in some cases figures of speech must succumb to figures of arithmetic; and it can, we believe, be proved by statistical returns that this particular opera, thanks to Mademoiselle Piccolomini, has been played for a greater number of nights than any other modern work within the same period.

THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.—Certainly all our readers will be interested in the following communication, from one whose frequent and well-appreciated favors in our columns have earned him the right to address them familiarly:

CAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18, 1856.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—I have been so long known to the readers of your Journal as rather an industrious contributor to your columns, that possibly it may not appear to exhibit a want of proper modesty if I answer in this manner a few questions, which are put to me continually, both by friends and strangers, in relation to the work so long since announced by you as in preparation. I refer to a Life of Beethoven, by an American, for the American public.

During the years I have spent abroad, I have heard of but one person beside myself, who has made any extensive researches for such a work. That gentleman is Professor Otto Jahn, of Bonn. Prof. Jahn is a well known philologist, who devotes his leisure to music and musical literature, and has undertaken the great task of writing the biographies of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. The first volume of his life of Mozart you have already made known to your readers, in extracts from its pages. The object of the professor is to give not only the history of these men, but also a critical discussion of their works, with the position they occupy, and the influence they exert and are exerting upon the history of their art. These works will be very extensive and hardly of a popular character. It may not be out of place to notice here a work upon Handel, of a similar character, now in preparation by a Dr. Crysanther, and which, I have every reason to believe from what I know of that gentleman's indefatigable industry and profound knowledge of music, will prove a veritable masterpiece.

My object, on the other hand, is to give a full, exact and reliable history of Beethoven *the man*, with such remarks upon his works and mission as will naturally arise from a somewhat extensive study of the subject during the last ten years, avoiding, however, those endless scientific discussions of which no man, save some profound and learned contrapantist, like Dehn, for instance, is capable. Had it been in my power to devote myself exclusively to this work, it would long since have been in the reader's hands. The first draft of the first half of the work has already been completed, and a few months of uninterrupted devotion to the subject in Vienna, the scene of all the important years of Beethoven's life, will enable me to make the final researches now necessary, and to fill up, revise and complete the sketch already drawn. The materials already collected are large in quantity, but there are still many gaps to be filled, omissions to be supplied, points to be elucidated, and facts to be verified. My undertaking has proved no holiday task. I can say with great satisfaction, however, that at length its extent is visible, and that the hope of soon giving my countrymen the means of judging for themselves of the character of that great man, whose music stirs them as that of no other composer does, lends me new courage and zeal in the work.

Yours Truly, A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Our accomplished singer, Mrs. J. H. LONG, gives a vocal concert at Nahant this evening, with the assistance of Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, basso, and Mr. T. Hinton, as accompanist. Her programme is light, short and choice—just the thing for a summer evening of the gay crowd at the sea-side. She is to sing herself the beautiful Romanza from "William Tell," the Cavatina, *Non fu Sogno*, of Verdi, and two English songs: "The Normandy Maid" and "Cherry Ripe." Mr. Wetherbee will sing the comic bass song of the Harem Keeper, from Mozart's *Seraglio*, which we have heard him do with great *gusto*. The duets are: *La ci darem* ("Don Juan") and *Dunque io sono*, from "The Barber."... Miss Phillipps's concert at the same place last week was, we are told, quite successful.... At Newport they have Mme. LAGRANGE, GOTTSCHALK, BRIGNOLI, &c., and have enjoyed various concerts, besides the bewitching promenades and dance music of a goodly number of the old "Germanians," re-assembled for an orchestra.

If Psalm Tunes by their multitude can save the country, we are safe. Five new collections are now on the eve of publication. These are: The "Sabbath Bell," edited by Lowell Mason and Geo. F. Root; the "Keystone Collection," by A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost; the "Hosanna," by Leonard Marshall, the "Selah," by T. Hastings; and the "Dulcimer," by I. B. Woodbury.

L'Eco di Italia announces the arrival in New York of a new tenor, Sig. TIBERINI, who has just had a brilliant career at the Tacon theatre in Havana, where he sung in *Norma*, *Favorite*, *Lucia*, *I due Foscari*, *Trovatore*, *L'Elisir*, *Rigoletto*, *I Martiri*, and other difficult pieces, always "*con felicissimo successo*," as he had before done in the theatres of Naples, Rome and Palermo.... VESTVALI has engaged for her Mexican Opera a prima donna assoluta (name not mentioned), the baritone OTTAVIANI and the tenor STEFANI.... Sig. ARDITI, the well-known conductor, and composer of *La Spia*, has arrived in London, where we have now two *Spies*.... Mmes. BOSTO, MARAI; Signors LABLACHE, RONCONI, CALZOLARI, and TAGLIAFICO, together with CERITO, the beautiful danseuse, are engaged to appear during the coronation fêtes at Moscow.... Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, Signors GARDONI, GRAZIANI, BENEVENTANO and NERI BERARDI are engaged for the winter at Paris.

The *London Musical World* contains the following letter addressed by the poet, LONGFELLOW, to the composer, BALFE, whose musical settings of certain beautiful lyrics of the former have obtained wide popularity in England:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel very much flattered by your friendly note, and the precious volume of music which came with it; and I should not be so tardy in my thanks, had I not been laid up on my sofa with a lame knee for the last month. Finally, I have crept from Cambridge to this sea-side place, and am well enough to sit at a table and write.

One of my first letters is to acknowledge your beautiful gift, and to say how successful this musical translation of my poems seems to me. You have sung them better than I did; for, after all, music reproduces the mood of mind in which a piece is written better than words can.

For all these various and beautiful melodies, these interpretations of my thoughts, I very sincerely thank you; and beg to assure you that I truly appreciate this token of your regard for what I have written, and all the friendly expressions of your letter. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Nahant, near Boston, July 12, 1856.

"A more graceful tribute," adds the *World*, "was never paid by poet to musician—by one man of genius to another." The songs referred to are, "Good night, beloved!" Serenade; "The reaper and the flowers;" "This is the place, stand still, my steed;" "The green trees whispered wild and low;" "Annie of Tharaw;" "The day is done," and "Trust her not." Duet. They are published by Messrs. Boosey & Sons, 28 Holles street, London.... The same journal informs us that there is no truth in the report that WILLIAM V. WALLACE had become blind.

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 162.)

The fame which Beethoven had already acquired did not betray him into vanity or an exaggerated self-esteem. The experience of many years had taught him that with the multitude the mere name is sufficient for them to find everything in a work beautiful and excellent, or mediocre and poor. It chanced one evening, at Count Browne's, in Baden, near Vienna, that Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, who had been recommended to the Count as a pianist, and who usually performed his master's compositions to him in the evening, played a march that just then occurred to him. The circle at the Count's consisted of outright enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven. An old Countess, whose devout adherence had become annoying to the composer, went into raptures at that march. She supposed it something new by Beethoven, and Ries waggishly confessed it. Unfortunately, the next day Beethoven himself came to Baden. He had scarcely stepped into the Count's saloon, when the old lady began to speak of the exceedingly ingenious and splendid march. Ries was in no little of a quandary. He knew that Beethoven could not endure the old Countess. So he drew him rapidly aside, and whispered to him that he had merely amused himself with her silliness. Beethoven took it well; but the embarrassment of the pupil increased when he was obliged to repeat the march, which this time turned out much worse, since Beethoven stood beside him. The latter was overwhelmed with praises, to which he listened in confusion and with inward

rage. "You see, dear Ries," said he to his young friend afterwards, "these are the great connoisseurs, who judge every sort of music so correctly and so sharply. Only give them the name of their favorite; that's all they need."

It was not always that Beethoven's excitable nature had such self-control. Soon afterwards he played with Ries a Sonata for four hands, composed by him. During the performance the young Count P. talked so loud with a young lady in the door-way of the ante-room, that Beethoven, after several fruitless efforts to obtain silence, suddenly, in the midst of their playing, pulled away his pupil's hands from the piano, sprang up quickly, and in a loud voice said: "I do not play for such swine!" All attempts to bring him back to the piano were in vain. He would not even permit Ries to go on with the Sonata. The consequence was that the music was resolved into a general chagrin.

In the opposite mood Beethoven took a slight reproof of his own musical performance for just what it was, a harmless joke, conscious, as teacher, of having committed a like fault with his scholar. "One evening," Ries related, "I had to play at Count Browne's a Sonata of Beethoven. It was the Sonata in A minor. As Beethoven was present, and I had never practised that Sonata with him, I begged that I might play any other, but not that one. They turned to Beethoven, who finally said: 'Come, you surely will not play it so badly that I cannot listen to it.' So I had to submit. Beethoven, as usual, turned the leaves. At a leap with the left hand, where one note should be made quite prominent, I came full on the neighbor note. Beethoven tapped me with one finger on the head, which the Princess Lichnowsky, who sat opposite me leaning upon the piano, remarked and smiled. After the playing was over Beethoven said: 'Right bravely done! You have no need first to learn the Sonata with me. The finger was merely to show you my attention.' Afterwards Beethoven had to play. He chose his D minor Sonata, which had then just appeared. The Princess may have expected that Beethoven might make some mistake. She placed herself behind his stool, and I turned the leaves. At the 53d and 54th bars Beethoven missed the beginning, and instead of going down with two and two notes, he struck every quarter with the full hand, three or four notes at once, descending. It sounded as if the key-board were being dusted. The Princess Lichnowsky gave him some not very soft blows on the head, with the remark that: 'If the pupil gets a finger for one false note, then the master, who commits greater blunders, must be punished with full hands.' They all laughed, especially Beet-

hoven. He began anew, and played with wonderful beauty. The Adagio, especially, he rendered in an inimitable manner.

Ries ascribed the carefulness and patience which Beethoven showed in his instruction, to his love for his father, with whom Beethoven had stood in the friendliest relations formerly at Bonn. He had to repeat many things ten times over, and oftener. If it happened that he missed aught in a passage, or that he struck certain notes wrong, which Beethoven wanted to have made quite prominent, he seldom said a word. But he was stirred up if his pupil missed the expression in a Crescendo, for instance, and thereby perverted the character of the whole piece. The first, he would say, was mere accident, but the other betrayed want of knowledge, of feeling or attention.

His hardness of hearing, before mentioned, gave him a high degree of sensitiveness. This affliction, although suspended for some time, always returned again. Those about him had to be very careful not to make him sensible of this infirmity by talking loud to him. If he did not understand anything, he commonly put it off upon absent-mindedness, from which he was not free. How much his hearing had diminished, was shown in 1802, during a walk in the country. His companion, Ries, called his attention to a shepherd, who played quite prettily in the woods upon a flute carved out of elder wood. For half an hour Beethoven could hear nothing. But notwithstanding Ries assured him that he too heard nothing more, (which was not the case,) Beethoven sank into a melancholy mood. He grew monosyllabic, and stared straight before him with a gloomy look. On the way home he kept on muttering to himself, emitting inarticulate sounds, without singing any definite notes. There had occurred to him, he said, a theme for the last Allegro of one of his Sonatas. When he had entered his chamber with his companion, he ran with his hat on his head to the piano, and busied himself for almost an hour with the finale of his Sonata in F minor. When he rose from the piano, he was surprised to see his young friend still there, who had seated himself the meanwhile in a corner of the room. Beethoven said to him shortly: "I can give you no lesson to-day; I must still work."

The comfortless condition in which Beethoven found himself placed by his deafness, is described by one of his earliest friends, Stephen von Breuning, in a letter dated 13th Nov. 1806, to Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. "You cannot believe," he writes, "what an indescribable, I might say terrible impression, the decay of his hearing has produced on Beethoven. Imagine what the feel-

ing of unhappiness must be, with his earnest character; to which add reserve, mistrust, frequently towards his best friends, in many things irresolution. For the most part, with but few exceptions, where his original feeling expresses itself quite freely, intercourse with him is an actual exertion, since one never can abandon himself. From May to the beginning of this month we have lived in the same house, and during the first days I took him into my room. He was scarcely with me, when he fell into a severe illness, almost dangerous, which passed at length into an obstinate intermittent fever. Care and nursing have debilitated me considerably. He is now well again. He lives upon the ramparts, I in a house newly built by Prince Esterhazy before the Alster-Caserne, and as I manage my own house-keeping, Beethoven eats every day with me."

Some years before, in July 1804, Beethoven had had a falling out with this friend of his youth, which threatened a complete rupture of their relations. The immediate occasion of this violent altercation between them was, that Stephen von Breuning had delayed or omitted the usual notice to quit from Beethoven's former lodgings in the theatre building upon the Wieden. Breuning, a hot-head like Beethoven, was the more provoked at his conduct, since it had not been all among themselves. Beethoven wrote to his pupil, Ries, in the beginning of July 1804: "Since Breuning has not scrupled to represent my character to you, by his behavior, in such a light that I appear a wretched, pitiable, small man, I must select you to bear my answer to him orally, but only to the first point of his letter, which I answer simply to vindicate my character with you. Tell him, then, that I never thought of reproaching him for the delay of the notice, and that, had it really been Breuning's fault, every harmonious relation in the world was far too dear to me, to suffer me for a few hundreds, or even more, to inflict mortifications upon one of my friends. You know yourself, that I have charged you jokingly with the fault of the quit-notice having arrived too late through you. I am sure you will remember this; on my part the whole matter was forgotten. And then my brother began at the table, and said that he believed that it was Breuning's fault. I denied it on the spot and said: 'It was *your* fault.' That, I think, was clear enough, that I did not impute the fault to Breuning. But he sprang up like a mad man and said he would call up the master of the house. This to me unusual conduct before all the men with whom I associate, quite discomposed me. I too sprang up, upset my chair, went off and did not return. This behavior moved Breuning to place me in such a beautiful light with you and the keeper of the house, and to send me a letter, which I answered only by silence. To Breuning I have no more to say. His mode of thinking and of action in regard to mine, shows that a friendly relation never should have been formed between us, and certainly cannot continue."

A similar mood prevails in a later letter of Beethoven's to Ries, written July 24th, 1804, at Baden, near Vienna. This letter contributes essentially to an understanding of his friend's and of his own character. Here Beethoven frankly confesses his own weaknesses, but does not acquit his friend entirely of all faults. In relation to the affair just mentioned he wrote to Ries: "Believe me, my flying into a passion was only an

outbreak of many past unpleasant occurrences. I have the faculty of concealing and repressing my sensibility in a great many matters; but if I happen to get excited at a time when I am more susceptible to anger, I explode more vehemently than anybody else. Breuning has certainly very excellent peculiarities; but he thinks himself free from all faults, and for the most part has those in the strongest degree which he believes he finds in other men. He has a spirit of littleness, which I have despised from childhood. My judgment almost prophesied the turn things have taken with Breuning, since our ways of thinking, acting and feeling were too different. But I had believed that even these difficulties might be overcome. Experience has convinced me of the contrary. And now no friendship more! I have had but two friends in the world, with whom I never had a misunderstanding; but what men! One is dead, the other lives yet. Although for six long years we neither of us have known anything of the other, yet I know that I hold in his heart the first place, as he does in mine. The ground of friendship is the greatest similarity in the souls and hearts of men. I wish nothing but that you read my letter, and his to me. No, no longer will he maintain the place he did have in my heart. He who can attribute to his friend such a low way of thinking, and who can allow himself so low a way of acting towards him, is not worthy of my friendship."

Scarcely a few months had passed after this letter, when Beethoven accidentally met Breuning. A full reconciliation took place instantly. Every hostile intention, however strongly he had expressed himself about it in the above letter, was entirely forgotten. Beethoven dedicated to him one of his Sonatas, and dined with him daily in his before-mentioned lodgings in front of the Alster-Caserne.

Beethoven's irritability was frequently increased by an easily-excited suspiciousness, which had its foundation in his hardness of hearing. His most tried friends might be calumniated before him through any unknown person, for he was extremely credulous. To the suspected party he made no accusation. He asked no explanation of him, but he showed the deepest contempt for him upon the spot. Frequently one knew not how he stood with him, until the affair, for the most part accidental, cleared itself up. But then he sought to make good the wrong he had done as quickly as possible.

To his friends, so long as he had no suspicions against them, he was unalterably true. They could reckon in all trials upon his sympathy and aid. This amiable side of his character showed itself towards his friend and pupil, Ries, through a magnanimous intercession.

Soon after the march of the French army into Vienna, in the year 1805, Ries, who was born on the left bank of the Rhine, was summoned back by the French laws as a conscript. Whereupon Beethoven wrote a petition to the Princess von Lichtenstein, which, however, to his great indignation, was not delivered. This petition read: "Pardon me, most gracious Princess, should you be disagreeably surprised, perchance, through the bearer of this. Poor Ries, my pupil, must in this unhappy war take the musket on his shoulder, and must as a foreigner in a few days go far from here. He has nothing, actually nothing, and must make a long journey. Under these

circumstances the opportunity of giving a concert is entirely cut off for him. He must take refuge in the beneficence of others. I commend him to you. I know you will pardon me this step. Only in the extremest need can a noble man resort to such means. In this confidence I send the poor fellow to you, hoping that you may in some way ease his circumstances."

Even from this friend, for whom Beethoven interfered so actively, he was some years after separated by a misunderstanding fortunately soon healed. It was in the year 1809, that Beethoven received from Napoleon's brother Jerome, then King of Westphalia, a call as kapellmeister at Cassel. His situation had become so unfavorable through the pressure of the war, that a place, which would yield a definite income, must have been desirable to him. In the contract there was offered him a salary of 600 ducats, beside free equipage. Nothing but his signature was wanting. By this call the arch-duke Rudolph and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky were led to secure to the renowned composer a life annuity, on the sole condition that he remained in the imperial states.

Unexpectedly Ries received a visit from the kapellmeister Reichardt, who told him that Beethoven had definitely declined the place of kapellmeister in Cassel; the question was, therefore, whether he, as Beethoven's pupil, would not perhaps go to Cassel for a smaller salary. Ries went straight to Beethoven to get more exact information about the matter, and to ask his advice. For three weeks long he was repulsed; even his letters were not answered. At length he met Beethoven upon a redoubt. He went up to him and made him acquainted with his business. "Do you think," said Beethoven, in a cutting tone, "that you can fill a place which has been offered to me?" He remained cold and repulsive. The next morning Ries went to Beethoven's dwelling, hoping to come to an understanding with him. His servant said he was not at home. But Ries heard him singing and playing in an adjoining room. He resolved, as the servant would not announce him, to go right in, but was pushed back before the door. Exceedingly provoked, Ries knocked the servant down. There Beethoven found him, as, disturbed by the noise, he rushed out of the room. Overwhelmed with reproaches by Ries, he could not find words for amazement. He stood motionless and staring. When the matter was explained Beethoven said quietly: "I did not know that; I had been told that you sought to get the place behind my back." Ries assured him that he had not yet given any answer. And now Beethoven sought to repair the wrong. He took every pains to procure the place in question for his pupil, but without success, because it was too late.

It would have been advantageous for Ries, if the plan proposed by Beethoven of a common journey had been executed. Ries on that journey was to perform Beethoven's pianoforte Concertos, as well as other compositions. Beethoven himself would direct and only improvise. In that way his performance was the most extraordinary that could be heard, particularly when he was in a good humor, or found himself in an excited mood. Few artists have reached the height at which he stood in this branch of the art. The wealth of his ideas, his variety of treatment, his mastery of difficulties which presented them-

selves or which he introduced, were inexhaustible. It was remarkable how his inspiration made him utterly insensible to outward impressions. "One day," related Ries in his later years, "after the lesson was finished, we were talking about themes for fugues; I was at the piano, and Beethoven sat near me; while I played the first fugue theme out of Graun's *Tod Jesu*, Beethoven began with the left hand to play it over after me, then he brought in the right also, and now he worked it up, without the slightest interruption, for about half an hour. It was incomprehensible to me, how he was able to hold out so long in that extremely inconvenient position." With an expression all his own he played the Rondo of his first Concerto in C major, in which he brought in several doubled notes, to make it more brilliant. In general he played his own compositions with a good deal of moodiness, but yet adhered for the most part to strict time, and took only occasionally, but seldom, a more rapid tempo. Sometimes in his *crescendo* he held back with a *ritardando*, and thus produced a very beautiful and striking effect. In playing he gave now with the right, and now with the left hand, some beautiful and quite inimitable expression. But very rarely did he add notes or ornaments.

[To be continued.]

The Science of Sound applied to Public Buildings.

A paper on this subject was read last week, by Prof. JOSEPH HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institution, before the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," in session at Albany, N. Y. The substance of the paper is thus reported in the N. Y. Tribune:

At the meeting of the American Association in 1854 I gave a verbal account of a plan for a lecture-room in the Smithsonian Institution. Since then the room has been employed two Winters, for courses of lectures to large audiences, and I believe it is the universal opinion of those who have been present, that the arrangement for seeing and hearing, considering the size of the apartment, is entirely unexceptionable. The origin of this plan was as follows: The President of the United States directed Capt. Meigs to confer with Prof. Bache and myself in regard to the acoustics of the new rooms in the extension of the Capitol. We had first studied the peculiarities of the present hall of the House of Representatives, allowed by experience to be one of the worst possible apartments for public speaking. To discover the cause of the confusion of sounds which exists there during debate, is of considerable importance in suggesting improvements in new rooms. We afterward examined the principal halls and churches in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, to investigate their peculiarities. It is an easy matter in a small room for a speaker to be heard distinctly at every point; but in a large room, unless provision has been made from the first for a suitable form on acoustic principles, it is usually impossible to produce the desired effect. The same remark may be applied to lighting, heating and ventilation, and to all the special purposes to which a particular building is to be applied.

In the erection of a building, the uses to which it is to be applied should be clearly understood, and provision definitely made in the original plan for every desired object. Modern architecture is not a fine art; modern buildings are made for other purposes than artistic effect, and in them the æsthetical must be subordinate to the useful, though the two may coexist. The buildings of a country and an age should be an ethnological expression of the wants, habits, arts, and sentiments of the time in which they were erected.

Architecture was with the Greek architect a fine art. He was trammelled by no necessity for doors and windows, heating and ventilation. His buildings, though objects of great beauty, and fully realizing the architect's intention, cannot be copied in our day without violating the principles which should govern in architectural adaptation. It is only when a building expresses the dominant sentiment of the age in which it is built, and is adapted to its use, that it is entitled to our admiration. Architecture should also adapt itself to the material employed; the tenacity and strength of iron points to different forms from those of buildings reared from the quarries or the brick-yard.

But, to return to acoustics as applied to halls for public speaking, while sound has been investigated within the last fifty years with a rich harvest of results, few attempts have been successfully made to apply these results to practical purposes. The science of acoustics as applied to buildings requires, perhaps more than any other subject, the union of scientific principles with experimental deductions. The human voice in speaking gives us a series of irregular sounds of short duration; each syllable being a separate sound, having a pitch, and therefore somewhat of a musical tone; and it is wonderful that the ear can so accurately recognize and distinguish such a very great variety of sounds coming in so short a time as in the case of rapidly articulated speech. No sound is ever perfectly instantaneous, and the impression on the ear lasts a small fraction of a second—which increases the wonder. The impulse from an explosion of a bubble of gases in open air is propagated equally in all directions, but the noise of a cannon, though heard in every direction, is much louder in the direction before and behind the cannon. Many experiments at Washington have been made to test how far the voice of a reader in the open air is heard in different directions around him. Other experiments were made to determine the distance at which an echo blends with the original sound. Sound requires time for its transmission, and it is reflected according to the laws of the reflection of light, or approximately so. When the sound of a speaker's voice strikes the opposite wall it is reflected back. If the wall is distant, it comes to the neighborhood of the speaker so long after he has spoken, as to make a distinct echo. By clapping the hands in front of a wall, at the distance of a hundred feet you get an echo, but approaching nearer you lose the echo when you approach within 35 feet. The difference in time between the sound and the echo is then but the sixteenth of a second, and the ear hears them but as the one louder sound. This explains the distinctness of the echo from the edge of a forest. All points within 35 feet of the edge would return an echo at practically the same instant, and the echo from points farther in the forest would be too faint to affect the character of the sound. The echo from the wall behind the speaker should be loud, because it will but strengthen the sound of the voice. Draperies behind the pulpit are a waste of the preacher's voice—hard walls in front of him, at a greater distance than forty feet, an interference with it.

A more serious evil is reverberation—that is, repeated echoes bandied back and forth between parallel walls. If the voice chances to be on the same pitch as the reverberation, a resonance of great force will be produced, to the annoyance of the hearer. The reverberation will depend chiefly on the size of the room, the loudness of the sound, the position of the walls, and the nature of their materials. The larger the room, the less number of times per second will the sound strike the walls, and therefore the less rapidly be lost. The louder the sound, the more there is to be destroyed by transference of motion to the walls, and therefore the longer will the reverberation continue. And if the reflecting surfaces are not parallel, and the sound is not sent entirely across the room, the more frequently will it strike the walls, and the sooner be absorbed. Here also is the value of panneling and other variation of surface, not to destroy direct echo, but to check reverberation. The material of the wall will also affect the duration of a resonance. A wall of nitrogen would scarcely reflect any sound; a wall of steel would

send back the echo nearly as loud as the original impulse. To test the nature of substances in this respect, a series of experiments was tried with a tuning fork, first to show that the motions excited by setting the fork on the back of a solid body are similar to those excited by the impulses of sound coming through the air against that body; and next to discover what those motions are. A fork suspended by a cambric thread vibrated for 252 seconds, as was determined by holding under it a cavity, which would resound in unison with the fork, and listening to it with an ear trumpet. Placed on a thin pine board, the fork gave a loud sound, which continued less than 10 seconds, the motive power of the fork being communicated to so large a mass of wood, and through that rapidly to the air. Placed on a slab of marble, the sound was feeble, but lasted 115 seconds. The fork was now placed upon a cube of India rubber lying on the marble slab. The sound was very feeble, but continued less than 40 seconds. The question what became of the motive power in this case, as it produced so little sound, was answered by a set of experiments, proving that the sound was (so to speak) converted into heat. The amount of heat evolved in the rubber, was so small as to be detected only by a delicate galvanometer. Jule has, however, shown that the mechanical energy generated by a pound weight, falling through 750 feet, would, when converted into heat, elevate the temperature of a pound of water only one degree. On a brick wall the duration of the vibration was 88 seconds; on lath and plaster there was a louder sound of only 18 seconds.

A series of different experiments was devised upon the reflection of sound. Parabolic mirrors were tested by lights placed in the focus, and, a watch being substituted for the light, the reflected sound and the position of its focus examined by means of an ear trumpet. Tissue paper, flannel, and felt were introduced between the watch and the mirror, to try the effect of curtains upon sound. The experiments on these mirrors showed the confusion in the House of Representatives to arise from the interior of the dome. There is another principle of acoustics which guided experiments upon the effect of heated currents—the refrangibility of sound. But the experiments confirmed the deductions of science, and showed that these heated currents produce no confusion in the hearing of a speaker's voice. The ear is a very poor judge of the direction in which a sound comes, and the difference in the lengths of a direct and a refracted path can never reach the length of 70 feet, which it must do before it produces any doubling of the sound. These researches open a field of investigation, equally interesting to the lover of abstract science, and to the practical builder, and I hope to pursue them further, and give you further facts at another meeting.

The new lecture room at the Smithsonian Institution is in the second story, 100 feet in length; and by occupying part of the towers a width has been secured of 75 feet. The ceiling is 25 feet high, smooth and unbroken, with the exception of an oval opening to admit light on the platform. It thus powerfully reflects the sound of the speaker's voice to the hearers, and being so low, the reflection blends with the original sound and simply reinforces it. The general form of the room is fan-shaped, the speaker being near the handle of the fan, on one side of the room. The walls behind and near him are smooth lath and plaster, giving a powerful but short resonance, which simply strengthens his voice. Not being parallel, they produce no reverberation, but send the sound out from the speaker to increase the volume of his voice until it reaches the farthest part of the gallery. The multitude of surfaces directly in front of the speaker—gallery, pillars, stair screens, and the seats, or the audience—utterly prevent reverberation there. The seats are curved, so that each spectator faces the platform; and the floor is also curved, so that the back seats rise above the front—not quite so much as we wished, and as is required by the *panoptic* curve of Prof. Bache, but as much as the size of the room would allow. The gallery, it will be seen, is in the form of a horse-shoe. The architecture of this room is due to Capt. Alexander, of the corps of Topo-

graphical Engineers. He fully appreciated all the principles of sound which I have given, and varied his plans until the required conditions were as nearly as possible fulfilled. This is the true work of an architect, for he who works by rules instead of by principles is not worthy of that name.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." "The Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music, and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true.

Its author, Rouget de Lisle, was an officer in a corps of French Engineers, stationed at Strasbourg in 1792. He was born amid the mountains that hem in Sons le Salnier in the Paza, and amused himself and his soldier companions by composing and singing love ditties during the leisure of garrison life. He is said to have composed quite a number of songs, but the fame of the Marseillaise has entirely obscured his other productions.

It is quite clear that no musical composition of any age has had so much influence over the minds of men as this hymn of De Lisle. In a week it had spread throughout France, kindling the most intense enthusiasm in every heart. The political clubs of Marseillaise, by resolution adopted it to be sung at the opening and close of their sessions, and named it after their city. Its author became obnoxious to the government, and was obliged to escape in disguise from the land of his birth. France was jubilant with the soul-stirring anthem. It is like criticising sunlight to criticise this famous hymn. Musically, its proportions are faultless as its words are glowing and spirited. It has fullness, rotundity, rhythm, accent, progress, culmination, all in perfection.

NEW WORK BY RUBINSTEIN.—This young pianist and composer, who has attracted so much attention both abroad and here of late, and who seems to try his hand at every kind of composition, has attempted some of the old forms of Bach and Handel in an "Album," which is reviewed by CHORLEY of the London *Athenæum* after this fashion:

Album, 1856.—Suite pour le Piano. Composée par A. Rubinstein. Op. 31. (Schott & Co.)—This *suite*, caricaturing the fashion of similar collections by Bach and Handel, contains a *Prélude*, *Menuet*, *Gigue*, *Sarabande*, *Gavotte*, *Pasacaille*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Passepied*, and *Bourrée*.—Such enumeration will of itself acquaint the reader that M. Rubinstein has aspired, in his "Album for 1856," to write music of the past,—belonging to a period when much of the melody which instrumental music possessed was still associated with dancing measures, the recurring rhythms of which precluded the possibility of an unbroken recourse to the *fugato* style. Yet, seeing that all real musical idea, if it deserve the name, may be defined, with rare exceptions, as melodious, it is fair to guard the ancients against the accusation of dryness of thought, which many have associated with their stiffness of form. In nothing are they more distinct from the moderns than in the vivacity and variety of their first ideas. Being themselves pilferers of tunes and phrases to an extent which, were it fully exposed, would make the hair of the purists stand on end, their works offer a positive mine of fancies, humors and phrases to the pilferers,—real jewels, which need only some change in the setting to amaze the world as so many novelties. Let us return from this digression to M. Rubinstein, who has, in some degree, caught the forms of the Past, but who is less imbued with its spirit than might be wished. The suavity of Handel, serene, or fresh, or pompous, but never sickly—the pertinence of Bach, quaint, clear, or nervous, but never ugly—are wanted to his dancing themes. As movements, the separate items of his *suite* are

all of them conducted with such ease and decorum as bespeak the well-educated writer. Among the ten movements, the *Prélude* seems to be the best; the *Menuet* is a *polonoise* rather than a *menuet*; the rusticity of the *Gigue* is spoilt by too many devices of counterpoint; the *Allemande* wants simplicity; the *Courante* is flowing, and, as a study, in 9-8 tempo, of that *legato* style of playing which the taste for modern *thumb-melody* has gone far to destroy, is commendable. But the want throughout is want of idea; and to want of idea, however regular (or irregular) be the structure, no talk of old worlds or new worlds—of the style scientific or the style transcendental—of technical learning or poetical expression—will ever reconcile us. M. Rubinstein is, obviously, well skilled in the grammar of his art; but art implies fancy, as well as orthography, syntax, and prosody; and there is too much chance of this threadbare truth being forgotten.

THE SURREY GARDENS FESTIVAL.—The new Concert Hall in these Gardens, which was inaugurated this week with a series of grand musical performances, conducted by M. Jullien, sets propriety at defiance, more pleasantly than most buildings that have been built. Every rule is broken by the architecture. The hall is a tall and narrow oblong structure, having a steeply-curved roof, built in pale brick, with four corner pavilions of rich red brick, profusely flounced and festooned with stone-work,—these last connected by verandahs, balconies, &c., so contrived as to link the world of hearers inside and outside the building into one audience. Though there be proportions and decorations which, we doubt not, will throw lecturers into fits, there is a fantastic, festive, summer-garden air about the building, entirely distinct from *lath-and-plaster* flimsiness which, to our eyes, harmonizes all that is opposed to just principles. Within, the ear was no less astonished on Tuesday. The hall has two tiers of galleries all round it,—even above the orchestra,—and the orchestra, the space excepted which is devoted to the principal singers, is, without metaphor, almost thrust back into a cavity. In consequence of a larger number of executants being assembled than the building provides space for, a part of the chorus on Tuesday was placed in the gallery above the orchestra,—other sections being distributed in the lateral galleries planned for the spectators. Choral power might be lost, but the general sonority was excellent:—it was evident that all the *solo* singers were singing at their utmost ease. That the most delicate sound or the smallest word penetrated to every corner of the building, "up-stairs," "down-stairs," within, and without, we can assert from personal experience. No one, we repeat, could have predicated that a building without as floridly decorated as if it had been only intended for Mr. Dodgson to draw in water-colors, and within so unpractically arranged, should turn out so capital as a music-room:—but the fact is as stated, and we leave it to be examined and explained by those who have discoursed on "waves of sound," acoustic curves, and other scientific postulates and *data* connected with the subject.

As regards the Inauguration Festival, conceiving such a room in such a site likely to prove a boon to Southern London, and knowing M. Jullien's ways by heart, we would not be too exigent. A little "essence of Barnum" might be allowed to mingle with the ink of the *programme*; but we were treated to it, not in drops, but in quart-measures. There was a large chorus, collected from all parts of England, and a good orchestra, and the *soli* were the best obtainable,—but the assistants were set out in an array too solemn to be overlooked:—e. g., the following list of Conductors for the Festival week:—"Mr. Balfe, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Wesley, Dr. Wyld, Mr. Amott (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Gloucester), Mr. Done (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Worcester), Mr. T. Smith (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Triennial Music Festival, Hereford), Mr. Stimpson (conductor of the Birmingham Festival Society), Mr. Mellon, (leader and con-

ductor of the Ballet, Italian Opera, London), and M. Jullien." Now, every musical child must know that so far as music is concerned such a concourse of *bâtons* must make a Babel, and not an Eden, of this enchanted garden. This was to be felt in the very outset of the first morning performance, when a version of the Hundreth Psalm ("agonized," not "harmonized," to quote a listener in our neighborhood) opened the building, with the outcries of pedantry, not the "one consent" of praise. Let the new Concert Hall be accepted as a theatre for popular music, and the doings there should not be searched and sifted too narrowly;—but if "commemorations" and "festivals," and other classical doings, are to be promised as about to take the lead in a city where great oratorio performances are "the rule," not the exception, the puff must be less extensive, or the execution superior to that of 'The Messiah,' on Monday. If the Philharmonic Concert, and Her Majesty's Theatre, and Drury Lane must be tried each by its own pretensions,—so must, also, the Surrey Gardens—and the highest possible claims are advanced on their behalf.

Refinement presides there—elegance is to be enforced. Where curassows formerly cackled, where cassowaries stepped out, where elephants did vulgar tricks in the sociable hopes of buns, where hungry lions roared—a simple bear or two, just to please juvenile visitors, are, we believe, all the beasts that now remain,

Like brotherless hermits the last of their race,
To mark where "the Garden" has been.

The Surrey bears, we apprehend, like Goldsmith's immortal quadruped, will only dance to the genteelst of tunes,—'Water parted from the Sea,' and the minuet from 'Ariadne.' But we forget; dancing is to have no place in the Surrey Gardens. The smokers, further, are to be exclusively confined to one of the *Kiosques* hard by Mr. Danson's capitol-painted Bosphorus, by way of giving "the weed" an air à la *chibouque*. Base beer is banned in favor of more dainty drinks, since what saith the official *programme*?—

"Encouraged by the improving taste of the masses for more refined, in place of stronger, beverages, the Directors despatched an agent to Epernay, in Champagne, who has concluded an arrangement with the highly-reputed firm of —, Propriétaires Vignerons et Marchands de Vin, at Epernay, to supply Champagne from their own vineyards at 6d. a glass, or 5s. 6d. a bottle. The Directors are, therefore, able to guarantee the patrons of the Royal Surrey Gardens a genuine Champagne, of the best growth and the highest quality, at a moderate price."

We have small fear of being numbered among those who ridicule any attempts to raise the tone of public amusements, and who disbelieve in the increased and increasing intelligence and courtesy of "the many." But wishing sincerely well, as we do, to the success of every enterprise undertaken in this spirit, let us point out, that exaggerated gentility and stupendous promises will be felt in no class sooner, or more widely, than in that very portion of the public which alone they can be designed to assemble and seduce.

London *Athenæum*, July 19.

CHEAP EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.—Our friend, Mr. A. W. THAYER, the able "Diary" of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, has laid upon our table a copy of a new and very cheap German edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, for which he proposes to receive subscriptions at the very low rate of six dollars per copy. The musical student cannot make a better investment. We have been much pleased with the edition; the print is good, correct, and very legible, on white and firm paper; and the Biography which precedes, although perhaps containing nothing new, is well worth reading. Mr. Thayer deserves the thanks of every lover of music for arranging to supply the work so cheaply, and we trust it will be bought and studied by many of our amateurs. It will be worth cart-loads of Waltzes, Polkas, Fantasias, etc. Beethoven's Sonatas are an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction to all advanced pianoforte players, who have not as yet by the practice of trash, lost the power of thought and reflection. These Sonatas are the life of the

master; his youth and his manhood. Whoever desires to read and study him in the *original language*, so to speak, should buy these Sonatas. They will give him a better insight into the merits and grandeur of the master, as well as into the history of the development of modern music, than the perusal of any number of literary works upon the subject can ever impart.

An improvement in the labors of the editorial department of these Sonatas we cannot refrain from suggesting. We refer to a more rational and philosophic arrangement of the Sonatas, which would prove of great assistance to the student. Would it not have been better to have commenced the series with the easier and more intelligible of the Sonatas, progressing to the end, and closing with those of the greatest difficulty of execution and comprehension, prefixing to each a few words in regard to the date and circumstances under which it was composed, referring also to the new and original steps taken by the author as he grew old in years and genius? But this refers to the question already discussed—Whether our whole pianoforte literature should not be revised for the purpose of assisting in imparting a spiritual as well as mechanical education on the pianoforte. We know of no existing method for advanced students, which does not aim too exclusively to the education of the fingers merely, without reference to the history and spirit of the music played.

Editions of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others, edited carefully, with reference to such a spirit, would advance musical art to the same extent, as the early appeal to the heart and reason of a child will be found the best guide in the difficult circumstances of after life. For this reason we shall always come back to this grand question.—*Musical Review and Gazette.*

Music Abroad.

London.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.—The *Athenæum* also has its summary—curt and characteristic—of the season closed last month. It says:

Never was season, in our recollection, so full of stir, so void of creditable novelty. Mr. Lumley has produced only three artists—Madame Alboni, Signor Belletti, and Calzolari—worth hearing. The exhibition of these, the production of 'La Traviata,' the triumphs of Mdles. Piccolomini and Wagner, and the unaccounted for disappearance of Madame Albertini, after a *début* apparently as triumphant as theirs, make up the tale of the *Haymarket*—a tale of musical dearth and imperfection, let the appearance of popularity be what it may.

Had the dearth and imperfection been owned as such—had the engagements been apologized for as the best which could be presented under difficulties, the curtain might have been allowed to fall over *Her Majesty's Theatre*. But the song of triumph was never louder in misrepresentation of its misdeeds, even in the days that are gone. Never was the abuse of fine language, in mystification of the public, more unscrupulously accompanied with private abuse of those who have been unable to dispense with music in a musical theatre, and who have declined to join the chorus of praise that has been vented in honor of artists (so called) who have never mastered the alphabet of their art. In defence of what is good and true, then, and in instruction of distant readers, it is necessary to restate the case.

When 'style' and 'vocalization' are talked of as so many antiquities belonging to a past time, the talkers forget their logic. What is vocalization but command of the voice?—the same command that gives the violinist his power to play, or him of the trombone to shake on *double D*, if M. Meyerbeer exacts it. Let composers write plainly or ornately, the singer who cannot sing what good vocal composers have written, is no more a singer than the violinist would be a violinist who simplified the winding-up of Cherubini's 'Anacreon' Overture, and who, on being requested to shake, declined it, as a concession to obsolete prejudice. Tried by this law, neither Mdle. Piccolomini, as Italian, nor Mdle. Wagner, as German, deserves the name of singer. These ladies have given the public something else, we know; but that has been something apart from music, not in addition to it. Mdle. Piccolomini has true instincts as an actress; and, as we have said, if not "hampered by music," might go far, especially in comedy. She might, too, it is possible, by study, improve the management and accomplishment of her voice, late though it be for one already enthroned as a goddess. Of amendment in

Mdlle. Wagner we have less hope, since she has become famous in Germany during a period of contempt for the singer's art; and though theoretically she may not share the scorn, since she dashes at all the difficulties and brilliancies which other *prime donne* have mastered, her want of practical study, just knowledge, or due public appreciation, permit her to present the dashing for the deed; and this with a courage which will be proof to reproof so long as hands are clapped and *bouquets* rain from the Opera Olympus. We have already spoken of 'La Traviata' as an opera.

The *Lyceum Theatre* has been, perforce, on provisional allowance—small novelty having been possible there. Under circumstances, it is much to say that the excellence of the *Royal Italian Opera* performances has not deteriorated owing to the diminution of scale on which they have been given. It is pleasant to record, in honor of our connoisseurship, that this completeness has been well recognized. That Mesdames Bosio and Nantier Didiée have advanced in favor—that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario have had fewer "bad nights" than they must have had in a larger theatre, and in M. Meyerbeer's operas—that Madame Devries has appeared—and that Signor Neri-Beraldi has been tried—are the facts which complete the record. On the whole, Mr. Gye, well supported by his artists, has so far weathered his difficulties sensibly and courageously, without make-shift or complaint, or appeal in *forma pauperis*; and we think this will not be forgotten by the public.

M. JULLIEN'S MONSTER CONCERTS.—The Surrey Garden Music has subsided to the habitual flow of M. Jullien's Concerts, which, as having a form and color of their own, matching well with their locality, please us far better than attempts at 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' and such grave works, demanding a public graver than a monstrous assemblage curious to taste the new champagne, and looking restlessly forward to the rockets, Catherine wheels, and *bouquets* of golden fire, which shall be discharged after the "Amen" has been hurried to its close. It is pleasant to see how heartily the music is enjoyed—the classical overtures and fragments by many; the *pot-pourris* and *polkas* by all. The orchestra is good, and sounds well in its new abode. Madame Gassier, too, is the nightingale of nightingales for a Surrey cage. A little more finish would make her a really brilliant singer:—as it is, (to illustrate by a metaphor) her *electro-plated* ornaments are so gay and profuse in taste, and shine so little less brightly than the real metal, that they attract a vast and restless audience almost as well as broidery and festoon-work, finer in taste, sharper in finish, and more delicately precious in material might do. When it is lit up and peopled at night, the Concert Hall looks very gay. The somewhat disproportionate effect of height, narrowness, and tight enclosure which the interior presents may at any time be corrected, by the judicious introduction of color, let this only take the form of a tint richer than white in the coved ceiling and on the walls.—*Athenæum.*

Paris.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The prospects of the Italian Opera are very gloomy. Calzodo, the manager, knows little or nothing about the business, and he has been advised by M. Fould to resign after the season. He has engaged several stars, but there is no *ensemble*. The following is a list of his company:

Prime Donne—Alboni, Frezzolini, Piccolomini, Florentini, and Pozzi.
Tenors—Gardoni, Carrion, Balestra, Solari, and Lucchesi.

Baritons and Bassi—Graziani, Corsi, Cuturi, Nerini, Angiolini, and Zucchini.

Conductors—Bottesini and Alary.

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| The expenses of last year were, | - | - | 754,322f |
| Receipts, | - | - | 523,060 |
| Subvention, | - | - | 100,000 |
| | | | 623,060 |

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| Loss, | - | - | - | 131,262f |
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In the list of expenses of last year are the following items:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|-----------|
| Salaries of artists, six months, | - | 345,000f. |
| Chorus and orchestra, six months, | - | 60,000f. |
| Rent, six months, | - | 84,000f. |
| Ten per cent. hospital duty, | - | 52,360f. |

The expenses of this year are much higher, although the company is inferior:

| | | |
|-------------------------------|---|----------|
| Alboni gets, for five months, | - | 60,000f. |
| Frezzolini gets | - | 40,000f. |
| Piccolomini gets | - | 36,000f. |
| Gardoni gets | - | 50,000f. |
| Carrion gets | - | 25,000f. |
| Corsi gets | - | 24,000f. |
| Graziani gets | - | 20,000f. |

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera House, Mme. Köster has taken leave of the public, for a time, in anticipation of her *congé* as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. She was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled several times. Mlle. LEHMANN, from the German theatre at Amsterdam, made her *début* recently as Donna Anna, but was not very successful.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 30, 1856.

Robert Schumann.

A great musician, a man of real genius, and in earnest with his art, has left the world. His works will now be re-examined and more justly appreciated than they have been. He has been over-admired by a few, no doubt, but underestimated by the many. As a creator in the field of musical ideas, who has there been in Germany since MENDELSSOHN, who in all Europe, that could be called his equal? With all his faults, in spite of all the prejudices which his faults or his virtues, which the bugbear of "innovation," "New School," "Music of the Future," &c., have raised against him, it is vain to deny that Robert Schumann has given to the world some of the most remarkable and valuable compositions of the last twenty years, many of which bid fair to live and become classical. Such moderate opportunities as we here have had, to make acquaintance with his music, have abundantly sufficed to make us smile as we have read the wholesale abuse of all he ever wrote, upon the part of his most virulent opponents, the critics of the English press. Those exquisite songs which have found some circulation here; those genial, piquant, sometimes grotesque, sometimes lovely compositions and sketches for the piano, which the best pianists have let us hear; that Symphony in B flat, which has made such impression upon audiences accustomed to and staunch believers in Beethoven; and those quartets and quintets for piano and string-instruments, which have been admired in the same series of concerts in which the chamber music of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Beethoven have set the tone, are proof to us that there is something more and finer in the works of Schumann than could be apprehended by the London critic, who could only speak of it as "ugly" music;—or more properly, than he was willing to perceive.

We copied a brief notice of the life and character of Schumann last week. A German correspondent of the *New York Musical Review* adds the following facts:

Schumann's father was a bookseller and publisher at Zittau in Saxony. Robert studied the law, but his whole heart was with art. At the death of his father he inherited considerable property, removed to Leipzig and founded the well known *Neue Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, (now Brendel's.) He was a first-rate pianist, in the fullest sense of the word, and the most conscientious musician, aiming only at that which to him seemed great and noble in the art. He was of so reserved and taciturn a temperament that it baffles description. A friend visiting him might be for hours there and get only a few monosyllables for an answer; almost entirely absent in thought, he would still not let his friends depart. At the wine or beer houses, where in Germany all classes meet for general intercourse and conversation, he would sit the whole of the night through, thinking and plodding, but almost looking lifeless, except for the frequent involuntary raising of the goblet. When he spoke, however, there was great intensity of thought and clear judgment always to be expected. Totally unacquainted with business, nor caring for it, he had spent all his fortune when a brother died and left him his share. There was even a considerable inroad made on this second portion, when he met with Clara Wieck, who became his wife, his bookkeeper, the manager of his affairs, who arranged his scores for the piano-forte, gave lessons, played at concerts, yet with exemplary maternal anxiety educated at the same time a numerous young family. A more united and loving couple never existed. They were revered at Leipzig, where

they lived in close friendship with Mendelssohn. The veneration for this eminent "Trio" drove the good Leipzigers to the affectation of never speaking of them but as Felix, Robert and Clara.

When called to Düsseldorf as "Musik-director," poor Robert was out of his element; he could not conduct—he was *too absent*, and strange as it may seem, he went so far as to forget where the instruments were placed, and soon was quite incapacitated by the illness which preceded his death. He had been attacked on former occasions by *delirium tremens*, and became quite insane, and although there had been hopes held out of his ultimate recovery at the beginning, it soon proved incurable. Clara Schumann was the most devoted and affectionate wife and nurse to him. Both had become spoiled children by the almost idolizing adulation of the Leipzig public. Mendelssohn had his share of it, and showed it too when not meeting with similar incense elsewhere. We cannot but bewail the unfortunate end of so great a musician and critic, who meant honestly with the art, and who, more than any one else, rejoiced at finding anything worthy of praise.

A full and true account of Schumann, of his genius and his services to Art, is yet to be written. Perhaps we shall soon have it from one of the able writers of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. It is for a man like LISZT to render him that justice which he has done to CHOPIN and ROBERT FRANZ. His warmest admirers have not been blind to the faults, particularly of his earlier efforts. For the present we translate some passages from a critique upon his Piano compositions which appeared in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, in January, 1844. It gives a good idea of the influences and circumstances under which Schumann first took his peculiar direction, and characterizes truly both his excellences and faults as a composer.

"In music, as in every art, the superficial, the external, gains a general recognition, long before what is sterling and original. * * * Recall, for instance, the inconclusive, utterly unfavorable reception at first of the *Iphigenia* or the *Zauberflöte*, of *Don Juan*, *Figaro*, or the doubtful and by no means general success of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the Symphonies, Von Weber's *Euryanthe*, &c.

"But by degrees this uncertainty is dissipated in the public. To all that is truly excellent, however hidden and unknown, its day will surely come. * * * This may be prophesied, without any special seer's gift, of the piano-forte compositions of Schumann. They, too, in spite of their distinguished and important musical worth, have been known and recognized in only a small and select circle of those who have a feeling for Art; the great public, properly so called, remains but slightly moved by them; they have not yet succeeded in penetrating to the *people*, to the masses; while at the same time so many an empty, outwardly propped mediocrity has been trumpeted in good Jericho fashion as a paragon of excellence, and has thus acquired a certain transient celebrity. * * *

"Casting our eyes back, for a right critical and historical standpoint, over the state of music for the last ten or fifteen years, we find the following result. On the one hand, an excessive regard paid to mechanical facility, a partiality for executive, for practical ability, an over-cultivated *virtuosity*, a *bravura* that defies all limits and flies far above all hitherto known difficulties; in a word, a disposition to work wonders in a mere *technical* point of view.

"On the other hand: A more or less significant ebb of real intellectual, spiritual production;

a gradual retreating and sinking away of the stream of thought that once rolled in so full and strong; of the peculiarly *creative* element; in short, the want of genial, original natures, the disappearance of self-relying, original minds."

The writer of course recognizes the manifold advantages of an enlarged and perfected *technique*. It is the excess of which he complains. The modern virtuosity seeks to reverse the true relation; hence the multitude of compositions, full of dazzling difficulties, which contain "an infinite deal of nothing." Of course there have been noble exceptions to this tendency; but these have not had pregnant individuality enough to turn the tide.

"Under such circumstances it is a great thing, not only to have kept oneself up, but to have floated steadfastly in one's own current.

"This merit must be thoroughly and in an unusual degree acknowledged in the piano compositions of Robert Schumann. Although for the most part contemporary with the over-practical and external tendency just mentioned—which threatens more and more to degenerate into the superficial, the humdrum and *blasé*—they have yet been unaffected by the influences of that luxurious, soul-and-thought-killing virtuosity; you would rather charge them with the opposite fault, although this is only half a fault, seeing that it springs from an excellence. * * * Certain it is that subaltern heads can never fall into such faults.

* * *
"In all the piano compositions of Schumann one remarks a constant striving after peculiarity, after originality in form and matter; although the former seems not to have been attended uniformly with success, and the latter often can be called in no wise edifying. It is impossible, too, to mistake in Schumann the strong and lasting impressions of the study of classical models, such as Bach and Beethoven; even more modern influences are sometimes clearly heard in his music; for instance, Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c.

"We do not speak, of course, of special reminiscences, of pains-taking, slavish imitation, so much as of something created in a like tone and a kindred spirit—a distinction too often overlooked by partial, narrow and one-sided critics.

"This striving for originality in Schumann sometimes disturbs us greatly; the wish to be always new and striking, and always produce something extraordinary, is too clearly prominent. Still more does it put us out of tune when this striving degenerates at times into a mere search for strange, unheard of turns and effects, into utterly unenjoyable *bizzarrierie*. In the first place the god-given spiritual spontaneity, the happy unconsciousness, in short that inexpressible *naïveté*, in which the highest charm of every genuine work of Art resides, is wholly lost by such a prepared and calculated style; and in the second place, pure, quiet, artistic beauty is continually violated.

"This is especially the case with the pieces belonging to an earlier period, which almost all suffer from confusion and overloading; and if, as Novalis says, these latter peculiarities almost always indicate with certainty a fulness of ideas, a considerable, if for the time being unarranged spiritual wealth, yet the same poet elsewhere says that the artificial is commonly better understood

than the natural, and that the simple requires more genius than the complicated, although less talent.

"Now we may presume, that Schumann perhaps, for the very sake of a more decisive reaction against the every-day *Philisterei*, and in the spirit of opposition and of triumph or of hatred against dry, frivolous virtuosity in general, frequently gave too much of a good thing, crowded his works too full of solid, compact matter, so that one had difficulty in toiling through them, as through a thick and tangled forest. * * * But there is another explanation, which we would here indicate in passing.

"After Beethoven's mighty and Titanic apparition; after the soul-ful and characteristic strains of Weber, which soon followed; and after the noble, super-earthly, magically gleaming images of the sublimely gifted Schubert, and the truly poetic and intellectual overtures of Mendelssohn, had risen like meteors on the musical horizon, it became the fashion among Art-critics and writers upon musical aesthetics, to speak of a 'Romantic Music *par excellence*,' as of a field first won and to be cultivated in modern times. Musical Romanticism! People wondered what strange fish had been caught there out of the pool of musical terminology, while it was nothing but a strange and high-sounding name for something which we possessed long ago, substantially, although predominating less in some composers than in others. Or do not Sebastian Bach's two 'Passions,' his Mass in B minor, Piano compositions, &c., or Handel's Oratorios—not to speak of *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte*—breathe for us that wonderful and super-earthly charm, that musical-romantic spirit, which we have since felt in the mighty symphonies, in the *Freyschutz* and *Euryanthe*, as well as in the songs, so full of thought and feeling, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave" of the above-named masters?

"Be that as it may: in consequence of that one-sided, exclusive and therefore erroneous view, by which the idea of 'Musical Romanticism' seems to have been at once screwed up to the extremest point of what is wilful, formless and eccentric, the most important and most promising young talents bound themselves together in a formal league, in which they pledged themselves faithfully and as exuberantly as possible to further all that had been kept back in the 'romantic' tendency to wilful lawlessness and extravagance. They took a mutual vow that they would always be as *bizarre*, as strange, as mystically deep and as redolent of genius, as it was possible to be.

"Accordingly, at all hours when they pleased they overflowed with the strangest perceptions, with the noblest and most precious feelings; they had *in petto* at every moment the deepest things, the most far-fetched maxims and artistic verities, and were always interchanging the most fine and subtle transcendentalisms, for which they scooped about them as with money-rakes. Care too, of course, was taken that all these splendors should have due publicity.

"This they called the New Romanticism, and themselves the discoverers, prophets and diffusers of the new light, the romantically privileged Neo-Romanticists by the grace of God!

"Our author also must be charged with a strong, although but passing inclination towards this so-called 'New Romantic School,' and we return to the pieces of the early period, before

mentioned, for support of the assertion. As compositions which especially betray that influence, we name the following:

Allegro in B. Op. 8. Leipzig: Friese.
Etudes Symphoniques. Op. 13. Vienna: Haslinger.
Concert sans Orchestre. Op. 14. Ditto.
Piano-Forte Sonata. Op. 15. Leipzig: Friese.
Fantasia. Op. 17. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel."

We must reserve the remainder of these extracts till next week.

A Portrait of Rossini.

A capital photographic likeness of ROSSINI was placed in our hands a few days since by the publishers, Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, daguerrotypists, of this city. It is a copy of one taken from life, and represents the genial old man as he now appears. It is a fine, speaking countenance; just the face one would expect to see, who knows his music and has read much of his life and character. To enjoy it with a relish, one should, besides knowing the music of "The Barber" and of "William Tell," look back to those numbers of our Journal (Vol. viii. pp. 57-138), which contain Ferdinand Hiller's narrative of conversations with the old man last summer at a watering place near Havre. Every lover of those sparkling, exhaustless melodies, will like to trace them to their sunny source, and ought to have a copy of this picture. It gives one cheerful views of life to look upon it.

We have all seen portraits of Rossini a much younger man. Making allowance for the effects of age, the identity is easily perceived between the best of them and this. And yet the ravages of time appear far less than the accounts of his shattered condition had prepared us to expect. The jovial composer seems in an admirable state of preservation. Something may be owing to the wig of glossy black hair, contrasting with the grey whiskers; but there was no counterfeiting the vivacity and youthfulness of spirit that beams out through all.

Organ Concerts.

In consequence of the storm on Wednesday of last week, Mr. MORGAN repeated the same programme on Friday evening before a much larger audience. The Bach Fugue in G minor was again rapturously applauded, and encored. Was it not a mistake, seeing that the people wanted to hear that again, to throw away so good an opportunity of expounding Bach to eager listeners, and play a lighter piece, the *Pastorale* by Kullak, in its place?

For the third concert (Saturday afternoon) the programme was much better than before. It included:

PART I.
1—Fantasia, Organ, from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, Dr. Steggall.
2—Andante and Variations in A, for the Organ.Hesse.
3—Organ Fugue (B minor).Bach.
4—Movement from the *Lessons*.Handel.
5—Introduction and Fugue.Mendelssohn.

PART II.
1—Overture (Oberon).Weber.
2—Fantasia, extempore, (introducing an imitation of a Thunder Storm).Morgan.
3—March, from the *Prophète*, (by desire).Meyerbeer.
4—Grand Fugue and Chorus, from *Israel in Egypt*.Handel.

The Fantasia upon *Athalie* was very rich, impressive music, with a well-connected progress of ideas. Hesse's Andante, a sweet and gentle melody, with variations in good organ style, was greatly admired. The fugues by BACH and MENDELSSOHN were noble specimens of their respective authors, and grandly played. The piece by HANDEL was that well-known movement from one of the *Suites de Pièces*, which has somehow got the name of the "Harmonious

Blacksmith,"—always charming when so well played. The overture to *Oberon* appeared to more advantage on the organ than most overtures; indeed, many of the effects were exquisite; there were fine contrasts of coloring, and fine harmony and progress in the whole. It had to be repeated. The old stereotyped exploit of organists, the imitation of a thunder storm, was achieved to a marvel, with such an organ and with such a—Morgan. The "rolling billows" chorus from "Israel in Egypt" was sublime, as the March from the *Prophète* was stunning.

On Thursday evening a Complimentary Concert was given to Mr. Morgan by the members of the "Musical Convention," to whose meetings he had added so much éclat. The programme was as follows:

PART I.
1—Sonata in F.Mendelssohn.
2—Kullak's *Pastorale*.
3—Fugue in D Minor.Bach.

PART II.
Selections from *Stabat Mater* and *Moses in Egypt*, sung by Miss Whitehouse and Mr. Frost.
Songs, "Come unto me," from the *Messiah*, and "Tell me, my heart," by Bishop, sung by Mrs. C. A. Drew.

PART III.
1—Overture to *Oberon*.Weber.
2—Extempore.Morgan.

The "Sonata in F" means the one in F minor, the first of the set of six, recently noticed in this Journal, as published by Novello. It was indeed a treat to hear. The solemn, full, complaining chords of the opening movement (*Allegro moderato e serioso*), with those answering "angel voices," and the tide of harmony swelling fuller and stronger, with that bold and rapid pedal passage, to the close, were deeply interesting. The Adagio is lovely and full of consolation, and was exquisitely played. Then the recitative fragments, answered by grand chords of the full organ, is excitingly dramatic. The Finale, in the major of the key, is full of life and spirit; but those constant running and *arpeggio* figures seemed too rapid for distinct hearing on the organ; they are more like piano music. Kullak's *Pastorale* is a graceful, pretty thing in its way, and never fails of an encore. Still a third fugue by Bach! Mr. Morgan surely is entitled to the gratitude of all who love great organ music. Of the singing, so much as we heard (by the two ladies), we cannot say much. Its style was painfully mechanical.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Preparations for the new German Opera in New York appear to be going forward hopefully. Mr. VAN BERKEL is the impresario, whose agent in Germany has engaged several artists. "They are," says the *Musical Review*, "a baritone, a prima donna for tragic rôles, and a lyric tenor. The first performance of this new troupe will be on the sixteenth of next month at Niblo's. Arrangements have been made with the popular Ravel troupe to fill the ballet portions of the operas. We hear with much satisfaction, that many wealthy German merchants have already evinced their sympathy for this undertaking by liberal subscriptions for reserved seats; the number of these set apart for subscribers, we are informed, are nearly all taken. The rehearsals under CARL BERGMANN commenced some two weeks since, and have proved very satisfactory with regard to all engaged in them. The chorus especially is said to be better than any which has preceded it in America. Success to the new German Opera Company! . . . MARETZKE's announcements are out for a short season of Italian opera at the Academy, commencing next week with the everlasting *Trovatore*. . . . The "Thayer Female Sax-Horn Band" is the name of a concert-giving company in Illinois. They should make Calliope (who sings by steam) their patron muse.

The *N. Y. Tribune* notices a company of musicians, who, if their merits be not overstated, ought

not to be neglected. They might form just the desirable nucleus for an orchestra in some music-loving city, which lacks the means of bringing out the symphonies and overtures of the great masters. The notice is as follows:

A company of young musicians of Belgium, forming a small but very superior orchestra, was recently induced by the promises of profitable employment in this country offered them by an irresponsible speculator, to come over here to give concerts at the watering places. But on arrival they found they had been deceived, and were left by the speculator at Saratoga in very straightened circumstances. Mr. Gottschalk bore testimony to their great ability as artists, and gave a concert there for their benefit. Mr. Gottschalk having highly recommended them to Mr. Maillard, that gentleman has given them temporary employment until they can obtain situations in the opera or theatre worthy of their merits. They will give performances for the present every evening from 9 till 11 1-2 o'clock, at Maillard's saloon, where managers or leaders desiring to engage superior performers would do well to go and hear them."

The *New Yorker* says: "We can fully endorse the account of the talent displayed by these young men. The obœ especially is an admirable performer. They form the nucleus of an excellent orchestra."

The great piano-forte manufactory of the Messrs. BROADWOOD, in London, an establishment of thirty years standing, was consumed by fire on the night of the 12th inst. It covered two acres of ground, and consisted of five distinct ranges of building, of three stories each, employing 420 workmen. About one thousand pianos in various stages of progress were destroyed. Also the workmen's tools, valued at from £50 to £70 per man. The total loss is estimated at from £100,000 to £150,000.

It is impossible to decide what JOHANNA WAGNER is, from the criticisms of the London Press. We have quoted some, decidedly unfavorable, in our abstract of "Music Abroad." Others on the contrary say of her Tancredi, that it was the only satisfactory interpretation since Pasta and Malibran:—"her beautiful person, expressive features, noble and graceful aspect, presenting a fine picture of the ideal hero of romantic fiction," whilst, the music being entirely suited to the compass and quality of her voice, "she entered completely into its heroic and chivalrous character, and executed its softest and most delicate passages with Italian grace, smoothness and finish."

A good joke is made of JULIEN's speech at the private festivity that preceded the public opening of the Surrey Gardens, London. He said that he intended to make the shilling concerts equal in every respect to the best Ancient Concerts—or Philharmonic class of concerts to be had in Europe—and continued:—"I would say—no—de programme shall be arl good—de classique—de fin moosike. No. Arl-ways, from de time I give de first concert in Paris—it vas ven I vas seventeen—I put in de programme de fin—classique—moosike. But also, de frivole—de populaire moosike. Some tings I have write good. But I write for de many—de frivole. De frivole make dem comb. Ven dey comb I give dem besser. I offer shinsheerbread, and ven dey comb I give dem r-r-r-oast-beef!"

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 171.)

Without over-valuing himself, Beethoven was so little free from artist pride, that he easily lent a willing ear to a friend's suggestion, that the celebrated CLEMENTI, who had been but a short time in Vienna, ought to pay him the first visit. So they only learned to know each other by sight, without coming into closer contact. It frequently happened that Clementi, with his pupil, KLENGEL, and Beethoven with Ries, sat at one and the same table at dinner at the Swan. They all knew one another, but neither spoke with the other or so much as greeted him. The two pupils had to imitate their masters, since each was probably threatened with the loss of lessons. Ries at all events would have suffered that loss, since Beethoven never knew a middle course.

A deeper and more painful impression than this constraint, to which he had been obliged to submit himself, was left in Ries's memory by an incident in which the often-mentioned sensitiveness in Beethoven's character was manifested in a high degree. One day when he played to his scholar his Sonata in C major, the latter was so delighted with the great Andante in F major, then included in it, but which Beethoven afterwards separated from that Sonata and published as an independent piece, that he urged his teacher until he repeated it. On his way home, which led him past the house of Prince Lichnowsky, Ries went in to tell him of the new and splendid composition of Beethoven. He was earnestly entreated to play over all he recollected

of the piece. As more and more of it recurred to him, the Prince compelled him to repeat it once more, and the result was, that he also learned a part of it. In order to surprise Beethoven, the Prince went to him the next morning, and said he had composed something, which he thought was not so bad. In spite of Beethoven's distinct avowal that he did not wish to hear it, the Prince sat down at the piano and played, to Beethoven's astonishment, a large part of the Andante. Whereupon the composer was so angry that he declared he would never play again if his pupil Ries were present. Many times he desired him to leave the room. One day, when a little company, to which Beethoven and Ries belonged, breakfasted with Prince Lichnowsky at eight o'clock in the morning, after a concert in the Augarten, it was proposed to go over to Beethoven's house, to hear his as yet unperformed opera, *Leonora*. Arrived there, Beethoven in the most decided way demanded that his scholar, Ries, should withdraw; Ries, with tears in his eyes, since the most pressing entreaties of all present were of no avail, complied. Prince Lichnowsky went after him, and begged him to wait in the ante-room, which the young man's wounded sense of honor would not permit. As he afterwards learned, the Prince had been provoked at Beethoven's conduct, had reproached him most severely, and reminded him that nothing but enthusiasm for his works had given occasion to the whole affair, and consequently to his wrath. But the representation had no effect, but to prevent Beethoven playing any more in company at all.

He was seized with a very melancholy mood at the thought of the cold reception of one of his master works, the opera *Fidelio*. He charged it to the cabals of the not small number of his enemies. But the time chosen for its production was exceedingly unfavorable, since the French troops had just then occupied (1805) the imperial city. All the friends of music and the more wealthy portion of the population had fled from Vienna. The theatre was filled mainly with French officers. What Beethoven's friend, Stephen von Breuning, said of the opera itself and its production, in a letter from Vienna, June 2, 1806, to his brother-in-law Dr. Wegeler in Coblenz, deserves a place here.

"I promised you," he writes, "so far as I remember, to tell you something of Beethoven's opera, and I will keep my promise. The music is the most beautiful and perfect one can hear. The subject is interesting. It represents the deliverance of a prisoner through the fidelity and courage of his wife. But in spite of all that, nothing has caused Beethoven so much vexation

as this work, whose worth the future only will appreciate. In the first place, the opera was given seven days after the entrance of the French troops, a most unfavorable moment. Naturally the theatres were empty, and Beethoven, who at once remarked some imperfections in the handling of the text, withdrew the pieces after the third performance. When things had got back to their old order, he and I took it up again. I recast the entire libretto for him, so that the action became more lively and more rapid. Beethoven shortened many pieces, and it was then brought out three times with the greatest applause. But now his enemies were active in the theatre; and since he had offended several persons, particularly in the second representation, they prevailed so far that the opera has not since been given. Already they had placed many difficulties in his way, and this one circumstance may serve as a proof of the rest: that at the second representation he did not succeed in getting the opera announced with the title changed to *Fidelio*, as it is called in the French original, and as it has been printed since the alterations were made. Contrary to every promise, the first title, "*Leonora*," stood upon the show bills. The cabal is the more unpleasant for Beethoven, since through the non-performance of the opera, out of whose receipts he was to be paid a percentage, he will recover himself the more slowly; the treatment he has suffered has destroyed a great part of his taste and love for the work. I perhaps have given him more joy than anybody, since, without his knowing it, both in November and in the performance at the end of March, I had a little poem printed and distributed through the theatre."

Beethoven's friends thought his opera would gain by curtailments. The progress of the action was too slow and dragging. Before the renewed performance in the year 1807, a meeting was held to take counsel on that matter. The circle was composed, besides the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, who was a distinguished pianist, of the poet von Collin and Stephen von Breuning, both of whom had already spoken about shortening the opera, the tenor Röck, the basso Meyer, and lastly Beethoven himself, who at the outset defended every bar. With his excitable nature his rage knew no bounds, when a general opinion was expressed that whole pieces must come out. The aria of Pizarro had its peculiar difficulties for the singer, which Beethoven felt himself finally, and promised to compose a new aria. Prince Lichnowsky at length carried him so far that he consented to have several single pieces left out, but only by way of experiment, in the next performance, since they had failed

once to produce effect; they could afterwards be re-inserted or used elsewhere. Beethoven yielded after long persuasion; but the crossed out pieces, among which were a duet in 9-8 time for two sopranos, and a terzet in 3-4 time, were never sung again upon the stage.

Greatly occupied and in often changing humor, Beethoven had for a long time discontinued his correspondence with his early friend, Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. It was the 2d of May, 1810, when he again gave him some account of his situation. In the opening of his letter, written in no cheerful mood, he excused himself for his long silence. "My good old friend," wrote Beethoven, "I can almost think my lines will cause you some astonishment. And yet, although you have had no proofs in writing, I still hold you always in the liveliest remembrance. For a couple of years past all still and quiet life has ceased with me. And yet I have formed no conclusion therefor, perhaps rather the contrary. Who can escape the influence of the outward storms? Yet I were happy, perhaps one of the happiest of men, had not the demon taken up his abode in my ears. Had I not read somewhere that a man ought not voluntarily to depart from this life so long as he can yet do one good deed, I long since should have been no more, and that through myself. O how beautiful is life! For me, however, it is forever poisoned!"

The motive of the request contained in this letter, to send him his certificate of baptism, is obscure. "Whatever expenses there may be," he wrote, "as Stephen von Breuning has an account with you, you can be made good at once, since I will pay him all here immediately. Should you yourself think it worth the pains to investigate the matter, and should you be pleased to make the journey to Bonn, charge all to me. One thing is to be considered, namely, that there was still a brother of earlier birth before me, who likewise was called Ludwig, but with the addition of Maria, but who is dead. To determine my precise age, this also must be found, since I know well enough that an error in regard to it has arisen through others, they making me out older than I was. Alas! I have lived a good while without knowing how old I am. I had a strangers' register, but it is lost. Do not be offended if I commend this matter to you very warmly, namely, to find out the Ludwig Maria and the present Ludwig, who came after him. The sooner you send me the baptismal certificate, the greater my obligation."

In striking contrast with this letter, in which Beethoven's discontent and weariness of life had risen to a purpose of self-murder, from which only his moral sentiment restrained him, was one written about three months later (Aug. 11, 1810.) With enthusiasm Beethoven described in this letter the impression of a visit, with which BETTINA, the sister of the poet, Clemens Brentano, and afterwards wife of the writer Achim von Arnim, had not long before surprised him.

"No Spring was ever fairer than this year's," wrote Beethoven. "That say I, dearest Bettina, and I feel it too, since I have made your acquaintance. You must have seen that in company I am like a frog on the sand; he waltzes round and cannot get away, until some benevolent Galatea tosses him again into the great sea. Yes, I was really high and dry, dearest Bettina. I was surprised by you in a moment when despon-

dency was wholly master of me. But verily, it vanished at the sight of you. I would have it, that you were of another world, and not of this absurd one, to which one cannot, with the best will, open his ears. I am a wretched man, and mourn over others! This you will pardon me with your good heart, which looks out of your eyes, and your understanding, which lies in your ears. At least, your ears know how to flatter when they listen. My ears, alas! are a partition wall, through which I cannot easily have any friendly communication with men. Otherwise perhaps I should have confided more to you. As it was, I could only understand the great wise look of your eyes, and that has assured me I shall never more forget it. Dear Bettina! Dearest girl! Art! Who understands it? with whom can one speak about this great goddess? How dear to me are the few days when we chatted together, or rather corresponded! I have kept all the little cards on which your clever, your dear, dearest answers stand. And so I have to thank my bad eyes, that the best part of those flying conversations were written down. Since you have been away, I have had painful hours, shadow hours, in which one can do nothing. I ran round indeed at three o'clock in the alley at Schönbrunn, and on the ramparts, after you were gone. But no angel met me there, who would have exorcised me like *thee*, angel. Pardon, dearest Bettina, this departure from the key. Such intervals I must have, to air my heart. And you have written to GOETHE about me—is it not true? O that I might stick my head into a bag, where I could hear and see nothing of all that is going on in the world, because, dearest angel, I shall not meet thee in it. But then I shall receive a letter from you? Hope nourishes me—she nourishes half the world, and I have had her for a neighbor all my life. Else what would have become of me! I send here, written with my own hand: *Kennst du das Land*, &c., as a memorial of the hour when I first learned to know you. I send also the other song, which I have composed since I took leave of thee, dear, dearest heart:

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

"Yes, dear Bettina, you must answer me that. Write me what the matter is (*was es geben soll*) with me, since my heart has become such a rebel."

The impression which the talented Bettina had made upon Beethoven, and especially upon his heart, lasted a long time. On the 11th of February, 1811, he wrote: "I have now two letters from you, dear Bettina. Your first letter I have carried about with me the whole summer, and it has often made me happy. If I do not write to you so often, and you see nothing of me, yet I write you a thousand times a thousand letters in my thoughts. How you are situated there amongst the world's rabble in Berlin, I could not conceive if I had not read it from you. A great deal of twaddle about Art, without deeds! The best description of that is found in Schiller's epigram: 'The Rivers,' where the Spree speaks."

In congratulating his friend on her approaching marriage, Beethoven adds a reflection on his own condition. "You marry, dear Bettina, or it is already done. I have not seen you once before.

Then to you and to your husband flow all the happiness with which wedlock blesses the wedded! What shall I tell you of myself? 'Lament my fate!' I exclaim with Schiller's Joan. If I can only rescue a few more years of life, I will thank the Highest, the All-in-Himself-including, therefore, as for all weal or woe. If you write of me to Goethe, seek out all the words which can express to him my inmost reverence and admiration. I am just thinking of writing to him myself, on account of the *Egmont*, to which I have set music, and indeed purely out of love for his poems, which make me happy. Who can thank enough a great poet, the precious jewel of his nation? But no more now, dear, good Bettina. I came home this morning about four o'clock from a bacchanalian party, where I was forced to laugh a great deal, only to weep as much almost to-day. Intoxicating joy often drives me violently back upon myself. I kiss thee on thy forehead, dear Bettina, and impress therewith, as with a seal, all my thoughts for thee."

In a later letter to Bettina Beethoven placed artistic worth higher than rank, titles and other outward distinctions. He had been led to these reflections by his meeting with Goethe in Tep-litz. He wrote from there to Bettina in August 1812: "Kings and Princes can indeed make Professors and Privy Councillors, and hang about them titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, minds which stand out above the common rabble. That they must let alone, and they must hold us in respect when two such come together as I and Goethe. Then even Majesty must mark what can pass for great with one of us. Yesterday on the way home we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Goethe made himself free from my side, to place himself on the side of the walk. Say what I would, I could not bring him a step further! I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my overcoat, and went with arms down through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and courtiers opened to right and left. Duke Rudolph took off his hat; the lady Empress greeted me first. The dignitaries knew me. I saw, to my true amusement, the procession defile past Goethe. He stood, hat in hand, profoundly bowing, at the side. Then I took him to task. I gave him no pardon, and I reproached him with all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettina! We had just been speaking of you. God! could I have had as much time with you as he, believe me, I would have produced more, much more, that is great. A musician is also a poet; he can feel himself suddenly transported by a pair of eyes into a fairer world, where grander spirits play with him, and moved to noble plans. What thoughts came into my head when I first learned to know thee, on the observatory here during the splendid May shower! It was a right fruitful one for me too; the most beautiful themes slipped from your looks into my heart, which were one day to ravish the world, when Beethoven should no more direct! God grant me yet a couple of years, for I must see thee again, dear, Bettina! So demands the voice which always carries the point in me. Spirits, too, can love one another; I shall always woo yours. Your approbation is the dearest thing in the world to me. I have told Goethe my opinion, how applause operates on one of us, and that one wants to be heard with the understanding by

one's equals. Emotion is only fit for ladies—pardon me. With a man music must strike fire out of his soul. Ah, dearest child, how long it is already that we have been of one opinion about everything! Nothing is good but to have a beautiful, good soul, whom one recognizes in all things, and before whom one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would appear something; the world must recognize a person; it is not always unjust. That to be sure is of no concern to me, since I have a higher aim. The Duke of Weimar and Goethe wished that I would perform some of my music. I refused both. I do not play to their perverse whims. I do not make absurd stuff at the common expense, with princely ones, who never discharge that sort of debts. Thy last letter, dear Bettina, lay a whole night on my heart, and there quickened me. Musicians take all liberties."

[To be continued.]

Clementi's Sonatas.

MUZIO CLEMENTI (born in 1752, died in 1832) composed over one hundred Sonatas for the piano-forte. They enjoyed great favor in their day, and have always been esteemed classical models in that form of composition. It was only the deeper and grander poetry, the inspiration of a Beethoven, that cast them in the shade. The London *Athenæum*, takes occasion, from the republication of some of them in London, to recall attention to their worth. As our own enterprising publisher in Boston, Mr. Nathan Richardson, also has a dozen of these sonatas now in course of publication, we have thought that it may help to awaken an interest in them to copy here the *Athenæum's* article.

Clementi's Sonatas. Nos. I. XXX. Andre's New Edition. Scheurmann & Co.

In one respect time takes as good care of musician as poet—giving him a better chance than he awards to painter or architect: "Wind and weather" cannot corrode the forms and features of a score once on paper. "*Littera scripta manet*" is a truth that applies to a Palestrina as well as to a Pindar; and we are disposed to cherish the comfortable fancy that in music there is little fear of that perishing which intrinsically deserved to live. The rude trials and venturings accomplished in the days before civilization and culture—the junction of science and imagination—had made the art an art; the manuscripts circulated ere printing was resorted to, are not comprehended, of course, in the above argument. Traditions, it must be owned, perish; but in all the relics of music which exist, the form, color and proportion are there, unaltered by time, and thus within the power of taste (if taste be catholic) to appreciate, however remote the ancient form be from the modern fashion. The disposition to revisit and bring to light the monuments of music is on the increase. We have lived to see the discoveries in which Mdlle. de Montpensier's *marmiton*, the Italian Lulli, conciliated his Southern instincts for melody with the French taste for dramatic pertinence, and thus laid the foundation of a noble school of opera, resuming their place in the admiration of collectors and connoisseurs, not as curiosities, but as pleasures by no means to be despised, even in our days of meretricious exaggeration and exhaustion. Less extreme is the example now to be noticed. Still it is significant, as appearing at the very time when the counters of foreign music-shops groan beneath violent and chaotic productions, professing to be new, but in reality, oldest of the old. A new edition of '*Clementi's Sonatas*' is a real boon to the race of pianists.

Clementi was one of the dry pianists we have elsewhere pointed out—a composer to be ranged

with Domenico Scarlatti, Cherubini, and Spontini. Such "dryness" as theirs, however, does not exclude beauty, but makes beauty auxiliary to thought. At the other extremity of the scale stand such composers as Corelli, Pergolesi, and (in our own day) Signor Rossini; men with whom the fascinations of symmetry, color, brilliancy without harshness, sweetness which should not cloy, stood first, and intellectual pertinence came second. Be our classification admitted or protested against, it is certain that any one having competent knowledge, who examines this series of Clementi's *Sonatas*, will be surprised, not merely by the science they display, but by a variety in form and invention, only paragoned by Beethoven's varieties. Let us illustrate this by specification. In No. 3 attention may be called to the capital animation of the opening *Allegro*. The second movement, *un poco andante*, is as fresh as if Haydn had sung and said it (for there is saying as well as singing in Haydn's *andantes*), the *Finale* is built on a theme alike graceful and important; and Clementi's were days when bustle, rather than such real consequence as belongs to grace, was sought for in *finales* (as, again, the works of Haydn exhibit.) In No. 5, page 69, we find the progression used by Beethoven in his *B flat* Symphony (referred to in the *Athenæum* some weeks since,) and, with it, an example of licence, which in Clementi's days must have seemed heterodox. The passage in question—bold and new enough to have made its inventor enamored of it—is not repeated at the second part of the *Allegro*, as canon law ordained. In its place we have a *cadenza*, far freer than most of the improvisations (so called) with which modern *concerto* players work up their *concertos*. No. 6 is the *Zaubersföte Sonata*. No. 7 (* originally the third of three dedicated to Miss Blake, the second of which in D minor, is remarkable for its force and passion) may be especially commended for the sake of its *Adagio* and *Rondo*. The former is not long drawn, but expressive, new, and bold (as the burden passage of its last five bars will suffice to prove); the latter is capital as a mixture of sparkling and strict composition. No. 9, a *Sonata*, in G minor, is of a higher order still—a composition superb alike in its poetry and in its science. There is nothing in being for the piano-forte finer than its opening *Allegro con fuoco*, with its intimations and its meltings of figures, rhythms, *tempi*, one into the other (see especially pp. 137, 138.) These are as felicitous and as free as the "breaking out" of the *Allegro* in Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture, and the general tone of impassioned melancholy sustained throughout. The slow movement, too, is *suave* and noble. In No. 11, F sharp minor,—excellent throughout as an example of wild music—the *Presto* strikes us as having furnished possible aliment to Mendelssohn (compare it with the *Scherzo* in his Pianoforte Quartet in B minor). No. 12, in F major, might have been characterized as *alla Fantasia* by its composer. In his notes on Schindler's 'Life of Beethoven,' Prof. Moscheles calls attention to the recurrence of a three-bar phrase in common *tempo* in the 'Choral Fantasia' as one of Beethoven's inventions; but, if Clementi's *Sonata* was an earlier work, here we find the peculiarity anticipated with an effect of symmetry and strangeness combined, alike felicitous and quaint. The grandeur of outline in the opening *Allegro* in No. 14—the grace of the final *Rondo Vivace* in No. 15—the contrasts in the *Allegro con spirito* (No. 17)—the grace of the *Maestoso e Cantabile* (No. 18) all claim notice.—No. 21, in E flat, is throughout full of interest; and as a study of brilliancy and expression combined ranks high. The *Adagio* is one of Clementi's most largely-developed slow movements. In No. 24 the

* We intrude the above parenthesis because we imagine that the numbers on the title-pages of this re-issue do not represent the original numbers in the list of Clementi's compositions. It would be well if, in all such cases, the modern publisher would be more explicit in notification; since the matter becomes of historical consequence in a case like this, which involves the disinterment of a writer who may be suspected to have furnished suggestion to his contemporaries so largely as Clementi.

Cadenza (pp. 135, 6, 7) may be pointed out as one of those flights of fancy spontaneous enough to silence those who have been used to complain of the ancient masters of science as hide-bound, pedantic, and *rococo*. So far from this, they could be free in proportion as they were learned. The 'Chromatic Fantasia' of Sebastian Bach is fuller of notions and varieties than any ten caprices of modern times that we could name,—and who is more charming in melody than he could be in *Sarabanda*, *Gavotte*, or *Bourrée*?

These selected *Sonatas* of Clementi—to return to our immediate subject—will astonish many by the versatility, and contrast, and experiment they disclose, if examined as a body of works. And the edition does not yet include the author's Cherubini *Sonatas*, the third of which—his '*Didone abbandonata*'—will never be forgotten among pianists of the highest class,—while the second, a fiery and free composition in D minor, deserves to be restored to our chamber concerts. Whether these *Sonatas* be admitted to indicate that Clementi had the mine and quarry whence others have drawn ore, or the furnace in which he cast and refined the product of mine and quarry with mixtures and amalgams of his own, we repeat that, as a series of pianoforte poems, they stand next to Beethoven's. They are more various than Mozart's, more muscular, less mechanical than Dussek's, compositions of the same form. They cannot be played or relished without the student's ideas of style being enriched—his knowledge of the capacities of form extended—and his mechanical command over his instrument strengthened.

The Right Object and the Right Means.

BY DR. A. B. MARX.

What is really the proper object of all musical education and employment?

Joy in the art—we declare as the first object. A joyless occupation in it—and how frequently do we meet it! how common is the observation, unfortunately, that in the learning and practising of music, the original delight is quickly extinguished, never to be felt again in its pristine vigor and productiveness!—is fatal to the artistic sense, and is, indeed, more injurious than total disoccupation, since it not only misapplies the time which might have been otherwise profitably employed, but also destroys our capacity of receiving satisfaction from art.

But the joy must be really *artistic*—not foreign; and still less must it be opposed to art. We would hereby deprecate the *tickling vanity* which loves to make a display of extraordinary technical facility, and plumes itself on difficulties overcome. Nothing is more foreign nor further than this littleness from true art, whose high calling it is to raise us from the narrow limits of personal feelings, into the region in common, of universal joy, love, and inspiration; nothing is more inimical and destructive to the true sense and enjoyment of art, than this poisonous mildew, which overlays artistic activity and its productions. Nothing more surely draws the mind from the purifying atmosphere of art, into the petty, narrow strivings and contentions of self-seeking vanity, than this eager ostentation of personal skill; and, in fine, nothing manifests more clearly to an intelligent mind, the wide gulf which separates vain from true art, than this exchange of its outward means, for its inward soul and object. How general, however, is this striving in our parties and concerts! How rarely is the joy of the listeners the object of our concert players and amateurs! How much nearer have they not at heart to astonish the less proficient, and to startle the unartistic crowd with newly-invented contrivances, with a technical composition of a Chopin, or a study of a Thalberg, or whatever the latest finger-artist may be called.* And how often is it not the teachers who urge their pupils to this pernicious composition, simply in order to obtain more scholars! The lowest, most unreflecting, merely corporeal pleasure of music, the most superficial enjoyment of a skipping dance, is more artistic, more pro-

* Chopin a finger-artist!—ED.

ductive and nobler, than this monstrosity, which is so widely diffused amongst us. The feeling performance of the most trivial song or the most simple waltz, is a stronger proof of the ability of the scholar and of the teacher, than those precocious and forced, though in reality cheap productions of vanity.

The corporeal pleasure caused by art, awakens by itself a spiritual participation; and this *spiritual participation in art* we regard as the highest object to which our employment therein is to be directed. If we do not close our heart and sensibilities, by caprice and ill-directed exertion,—if we do not ourselves destroy our feelings, and the natural operation of our minds, emotion will spring of itself from the corporeal apprehension of the artistic work; a more elevated life will flow through our nerves, and joy through our mind, such as the pure enjoyment of art alone can produce; the assurance of community, of well-being, will loosen the hard crust of egotism from our hearts, and bind us the more closely in sympathy and affection with the friends who participate in our pleasures. The heart opens itself willingly to new sensations and an altered state of mind occasioned by works of art, and receives them devotedly, pure, and free from all the dross and sharp asperities of real personality; it is a communion of one soul with others, full of the internal feelings of humanity, and yet exempt from all oppressive materiality, or other disturbing objects. And thus this shadowy being, invoked by the musician's art, waves its life of high significance before us; we live in it, in pleasure or in pain, as the spirit of the artist wills; with him, faultless and untouched, our personality becomes involved in a manifold spiritual existence, and we experience in ourselves the countless riches of this spiritual life, together with our narrowly-limited corporeal reality. Herein we behold long departed beings and circumstances—those pure forms which Gluck evoked from Greece and the enchanted East: the patriarchal simplicity and dignity of that people, out of whose darkness the light of the world was to come, in Handel's songs: the mad confusion of the Pharisees and their party, before the holiness of the new covenant, in Bach's immortal works. All these pass before us; ages long in oblivion, seem sensibly present.

Whatever can move the human heart in innocence, joy, delicacy, and childish humor, the most lovely play of the imagination, and the most mysterious sensations of our spiritual essence,—all that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven could feel or imagine, is laid open to us, and becomes our own.

The real indwelling in art, and sincere devotion to it, are essential conditions in artistic education; without them we cannot participate in its inestimable gifts; *they are absolutely indispensable.*

It is not the possession of great artists, nor of great works of art, which insures to a nation or to its gifted individuals, a genuine artistic education, and thereby the full enjoyment, the highest pleasures of art. If such were the case, no nation could be more assured than ours* of the highest musical education; since, during the last century, at least, our musicians have produced the most lofty and most pregnant ideas that have ever been embodied in sound. We have, on the other hand, experienced within a single century, after three noble exaltations, in the days of Bach and Handel, of Gluck,—Haydn, and Mozart,—and of Beethoven, also three several depressions from our upward flight; nay, if we will believe the loudest and most numerous voices of the day, it would seem that in many minds even the remembrance were lost of what in former days were universally acknowledged to be our brightest landmarks to excellence.

Playing and hearing only, cannot be relied on as a sufficient means of education, although they must be the foundation and companions of all musical cultivation; for we hear bad music as well as good; and we know that the weak and spurious produces its effect (often quicker and to a greater extent) as well as the elevated and genuine. We must herein the more readily acknowledge the power of sound, that even in its perverted

* The German.

employment it still exerts a vast influence over the mind and senses,—apart, moreover, from the effect of secondary objects, of prejudice, and of fashion. Indeed, it is not to be denied, that the corporeal effect of sound acting in large masses, in conjunction with considerable talent, magnified, perhaps, by partiality into great superiority, in the performers, is capable of producing from very moderate or indifferent works an effect which may surprise artists of judgment; but the cause of that effect is not in the composition—it is the attribute of the large body or volume of sound, and of the influential partiality for the performers. Hence we may perceive how small the claims may be of many a vaunted work of art, whose pretensions have been estimated by its immediate consequences. Those persons, however, are acting very injudiciously, who, desirous of no further struggle, seem contented and satisfied with the good that exists. It will indeed endure without further exertion. It will be conveyed from artist to artist, and the magnificent structure of art will be completed, so far as may be permitted to humanity. But the communication, the participation of artistic, and therewith civilized elevation to our contemporaries, cannot be allowed to remain stationary. The history of the world is reckoned by centuries, and at wide intervals. The moments of improvement progress like stars in the heavens, and with them as they roll; but the limited space of human life cannot dispense with its portion of their beneficent illumination.

In fine, the mere external, technical, mechanical, formal education, does not reach to the deep spring, where the lifestream of art is generated and preserved. It is but too often observable, unfortunately, how empty and unproductive this false external cultivation leaves the mind; how, in its pursuit, year after year, full of the noblest germs of life, and capable of the highest joys of art, are allowed to fade and wither away. It has been remarked but too frequently, that these disciples of technicality, these virtuosi, these amateur dilettanti, these thorough bass cognoscenti, and æsthetical critics, have the most unsatisfactory conception of art, that they have little sympathy with it, are utter strangers to its nature and operation.

True artistic education, like true art, is not concerned merely with the technicalities, which make only a handicraftsman, nor with mere outward considerations, which, instead of living art, produce nothing but dead abstractions. It is governed by the essential nature of its duties, and assumes for its object the bringing into life and action the highest and fullest conception of art in each individual, and in the greatest number of individuals in the whole nation. In the pupil, it searches for the germ of artistic susceptibility and capacity. This spark it cherishes and frees from obstructions, and nourishes and strengthens into the power of life. It then contemplates the region of art, and examines what has hitherto been produced. Of all this, and of that which is most worthy, it endeavors to convey as much as possible to the scholar, according to the power of each individual. This education does not move the hand and fill the ear alone, but penetrates by the senses into the soul; through the deeply moved sensibilities it awakens the inward consciousness. And now the waves of sound may surge and roll—what the inward consciousness has apprehended, that which has become a sentiment and property of the mind, can be safely preserved and extended.

This, in brief, is the *object of true artistic education,—to elevate the capabilities, mental and corporeal, to the highest point.* This is the indispensable process, without which, high attainment in art is not possible. This is more or less the enlightened struggle of all who either wholly or in part devote their life and powers to artistic employment; this, whether it be acknowledged or not, it is the absolutely undeniable and indispensable obligation of all teachers to produce.

Shall it be considered an empty dream to desire for our country, so deeply gifted in the art of sound, a general popular education in music, in that high and only true sense? Does not this want and right proclaim itself from the deep inborn feelings of the people, from the overflowing

abundance of their conceptions, from our countless artists, from our display of the richest productions of art in advance of nations? Shall our festivals be never more joyous with our *national songs*, which are more abundant, more varied, more melodious, and more deeply touching than those of any people on earth? Shall the evangelical church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the catholic church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from Rossini's and Bellini's operas, and Auber's overtures, disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain; where in recent times, church music is dumb, even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object. We, a laborious people, strong in body and mind, must strive for a higher elevation than tender nature has conferred on her southern children, to amuse their happy hours.

Musical Practice Among Birds.

Many people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribes a life-study, hold a different theory, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information from a practised observer will be new to many of our readers:

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter without any particular form of song. The cat-bird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own; but each one may have a song of his own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable characteristics of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song-sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by the sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are to this day as fresh in my memory as any of our common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal, six years back:

No. 1, sung 27 times; No. 2, 36 times; No. 3, 23 times; No. 4, 19 times; No. 5, 21 times; No. 6, 32 times; No. 7, 18 times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2; then, perhaps, No. 4, or 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting-grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I

noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases I have known a singer to return to the same place two, three, and four years; but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe.—*New England Farmer*.

HANDEL OUT OF TUNE—CONCORDIA DISCORDS.—This celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into an orchestra on a night when the late Prince of Wales (the first royal personage who ever succeeded in "composing" Handel,) was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *Con Spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bearheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

Political Magazine, 1786.

TENORS, BY A TENORE.—"La Spia" writes from Paris to the *Transcript*, among other things the following:

A new tenor ("*l'oiseau rare*" as the journals say) is said to have been found in the person of M. RENARD. He has a fine organ but does not know how to use it yet. The days of DUPREZ, RUBINI, etc., are passed, and there is in the list of modern singers none to fill their vacant places. It may not be known that Rossini's "Wm. Tell" shared the fate at first of most operas—that is, it was performed but a very few times and then thrown by as a failure. The critics found as usual, some rather effective choruses and a fine trio only. It was written for NOURRIT, who sang with a sort of mixed falsetto voice. Duprez had then just arrived from Italy and was engaged at the Grand Opera. It was thought great presumption on his part to attempt to sing against the favorite Nourrit, who was so much admired by the public, that upon taking his farewell, he brought his children on the stage with him and took a sort of family adieu of his friends. Duprez said he did not wish to take away any rôle from Nourrit, but would accept any one for his début Nourrit might choose to give him. "William Tell" had then failed so decidedly that Nourrit said he might take the rôle of *Arnold*. Duprez accepted it, and the house was crowded with the friends of Nourrit, who felt sure of Duprez's *fiasco*. The articulation of Duprez was so perfect that for the first time on record every syllable and every letter even, was distinctly understood in the opening recitative. The audience stared at one another and waited, not knowing what to think of the tenor whose manner of declamation was always at full voice; and after the first act there were but little enthusiasm, every one saying it would be impossible for a singer to continue five acts with such a method.

Duprez himself, between the first and second acts, entered the private box where his wife was seated, and told her "that without doubt they would be obliged to return to Italy." In the trio

of the second act, however, he created such enthusiasm, even among his enemies, as was never before or afterward known; and in the *aria finale* he stamped himself the greatest artist the world ever produced. He gives lessons now to his classes at the Conservatoire, and has written two or three operettas, which have been done with some success. He is not as rich as he ought to be, as, artist-like, he lived very fast, and artists were not paid in those days as liberally as they are now. He said a short time since to his class, "*Allez! Allez!! Etudiez!! peut-être pourrez vous gagner vingt mille francs par mois! il est vrai que je ne les ai jamais gagné moi; mais cependant il y en a, qui gagnent autant que cela!*" (referring to Tamberlik.)

M. GUEYMARD, the present *tenor de force*, has been indisposed for some time past, and on his account the performance of Wm. Tell has been delayed. It is announced, however, as soon as he is recovered, which from all accounts will not be at present. A week ago, his voice was despaired of entirely, he having broken it in endeavoring to reach not the famous "do," but the "re," *de poitrine*. ROGER, his rival, is doubtless one of the happiest of mortals at present, and will continue to warble in falsetto for many years to come. Last week, Mademoiselle Duprez, the daughter of the ex-tenor, who sings at the *Opera Comique*, was married, I hear, to a young professor of the piano, and has had allowed her a month's vacation in consequence. She is said to sing well with a *tres-petite voix*, and doubtless her husband will make himself useful in playing her accompaniments. * * * It is well known that Nourrit while at Naples, hearing of the continued success of Duprez in Paris, committed suicide by throwing himself from his chamber window into the street.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 6, 1856.

Music among the Blind.

The blind have certain advantages over the rest of us in the study of music. The very inconvenience of not seeing notes drives them into more immediate and direct dealings with the sounds themselves. They commune with music at first hand. They cannot see how high a note is, what the width of an interval, what the contents of a chord; they learn it by the ear, they hear it. Such aid as they may receive from the raised characters, employed in our modern system of education for the blind, cannot alter the case materially. The fingers can feel over but a few notes at a time, where the eye takes in the general course of a musical passage or a whole movement. Hence where the blind study music at all, they learn to deal with sounds and intervals as fixed and positive facts, with the thing signified, and not the mere sign. Notes for the eye are a great convenience: but they also tempt to laziness in the exercise of the power of conceiving of sounds as sounds.

The pupils in Blind Institutions therefore often make good organists. Their attention is so fastened upon the true relation of sounds and voices in polyphonus composition, the development of themes by innate laws, that they readily acquire a taste for the strict style of composition. Then there is something in their very abstraction from the outward world which favors that deeper absorption in music as a world by itself, which is a condition of all genuine musicianship, especially in the sphere of organ music.

Music is made an important branch in institutions for the education of the blind. The Royal

Institution at Paris has supplied many of the churches with organists from its graduate pupils. All the older institutions of our own country have sent forth qualified musicians, who have become teachers of music, organists, &c. Some of these have evinced skill in composition.

We are led to these remarks from perusing some organ compositions sent us in MS. from Philadelphia. They are the production of a recent pupil and assistant teacher of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Mr. DAVID WOOD, a young man scarcely of age, who has been totally blind from birth. He performed with great credit in the recent organ concerts in that city, for the exhibition of the great organ built by Mr. KNAUFF. He has been for several years under the musical instruction of Mr. E. PFEIFFER, teacher in the institution, and also of Mr. GETZE, a distinguished organist in Philadelphia.

They consist of three short Preludes, and a Fugue with Chorale: the last three with a third staff for the pedal. The preludes are slow movements in strict organ style; all is clear as it is complex, all well connected and symmetrical, the themes naturally developed, each of the four voices being always *obligato*, &c. The technical demands of musicianship are fully satisfied. They may not show creative genius, but they do show a decided turn for this sort of writing, and amount to something more than mere phrase work; they are not without sentiment and beauty. The fourth is a regular fugue, which is made a foundation for the introduction of a *canto firmo*, the old tune of "Nuremberg," line by line, with intervals between, while the fugue goes on. This too is clear, ingenious, effective. On the whole, these are compositions such as do not often make their appearance in our American schools of music, and they would do credit to the Conservatoires abroad. By the annual report of the Pennsylvania Institution, we learn that the musical department continues to give very satisfactory results under the skilful direction of Mr. Pfeiffer. Twelve of the pupils receive instruction on the organ, and forty-six on the piano. Several of them are already qualified as organists in the Episcopal or other service, and others to teach the piano or sing in church choirs. They have an Orchestra among themselves, composed of thirty-four members:

The orchestra is composed of the following instruments:—violins, 12; violas, 2; violoncellos, 2; contra basses, 2; flutes, 3; clarinets, 2; horns, 2; trumpets, 3; bass trombone, 1; ophicleide, 1; great drum, 1; military drum, 1; cymbals, 1; triangle, 1; total 34.

Among the celebrated and difficult pieces performed by the orchestra, are the following:—The overtures of "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn; "William Tell," by Rossini; and "Le Serment," by Auber; C minor Symphony, by Beethoven; Weber's Concerto, for piano and orchestra; and other remarkable compositions by these and other great masters.

Robert Schumann.

We conclude our extracts, commenced in our last, from a German critique on Schumann's earlier compositions for the piano-forte. As instances of his more extravagant manner when first infected by the fever of what was called the "New Romanticism" in Art, the following works were named: *Allegro* in B, Op. 8; *Etudes Symphoniques*, Op. 13; *Concert sans Orchestre*, Op. 14; *Piano-forte Sonata*, Op. 15; *Fantasie*, Op. 17. The writer proceeds:

"These youthful creations contain much that

is individual, sterling, and deeply conceived; many beauties that betray uncommon gifts, and single passages that are excellent. Especially from the last two productions (Op. 15 and 17) there flashes many a noble gem; still it is not wrought out, not purified from the surrounding dross, and too much disfigured by baser earths and metals.

"Besides this heterogeneous overloading, we find on all sides difficulties of the most appalling calibre, heaped up unnecessarily, enough to frighten away the most skilful, practiced player, if he rank not with the *virtuosos* by profession, with the Liszts, Thalbergs, &c.

"Unquestionably the *Fantasie*, inscribed to Liszt, affords the richest and yet most unquickening luxuriance of this neo-romantic *hypergeniality*. The eccentric, the arbitrary, the vague and undetermined, could scarcely be pushed farther. The transcendentalism, so loved before all things, degenerates at times here into madness and utter unintelligibility, while the striving after originality loses itself in the unnatural and overstrained. The composer reminds us of a rich nobleman, who, to make himself inaccessible to all approach in his aristocratic superiority, selfishly fences himself in from the world, surrounds his grounds with deep pits, high, thorny hedges, spring-guns, and foot-snares, and so fortifies and palisades himself that people are discouraged from seeking nearer acquaintance with him. The *Davidsbündlertänze* and the *Carnival-scenen* are refreshing exceptions." [Dances of the members of the "David's league" against the "Philistines," or Young Germany against old fogies. For an account of this and of the little musical fancies, called the "Carnival scenes," see vol. vii., page 5, and vol. viii. p. 17 of this Journal.] "The first, thrown off as sketches, rather than finished character-pieces, are nevertheless distinguished by variety and individuality in tone and keeping. So too are the latter, 'musical *genre* pictures,' so spirited and interesting in their treatment, from which gleams a certain *je ne sais quoi* of genuine French *esprit*, full of epigrammatic points and barbed witticisms. It goes on in grotesque medley; a downright fantastical masquerade, full of humors and intrigues. But out of the wild, chaotic whirl, amidst the sounds of mirth and exhilaration, rising like fleeting Champagne bubbles, there meets the ear at times, with unexpected pathos, a single, as it were stray tone of sweet, sincere tenderness, and humoristic contentedness and constancy.

"If we go through Schumann's piano compositions consecutively, it is interesting to remark how the composer gradually gains in simplicity and works himself out more and more to self-dependence. The peculiar *naturel* of the composer himself, his musical subjectivity comes out purer, sharper, more decided, while there is more facility and conscious certainty in the handling of the motives. That awkward and disturbing heaviness disappears, because the composer seeks to rid himself of all superfluous baggage, all chance accessories, and limits himself to the essential and the indispensable. Whereas at first he always wrote so hard that, to use Boerne's expression, 'the axle threatened to break under him'; but here already you can entrust yourself to him with less danger.

"We must here mention the '*Kinderscenen*,' (Scenes of Childhood) Op. 15, which belong un-

questionably to Schumann's best achievements in this kind. Here, by a half prophetic, half poetic intuition, and by that plastic quality of mind which is peculiar to the objective way of viewing things, the composer has succeeded in so merging himself in single moods, states, and salient moments of childhood's world, and in so mastering them musically, that a susceptible mind must feel itself most deeply penetrated and most vividly addressed by them. How is this remarkable effect produced? How is the hearer transported into so complete an illusion? By the truth of the delineation, by the fidelity to nature of the coloring; by the fact that the tone-poet is entirely absorbed in his subject, has lived and felt his way into it, or rather back to it; in a word, that he has most happily hit the charmingly naive, the sweetly, carelessly gushing, real childlike tone.

"These '*Kinderscenen*' prove most clearly, that what is significant and characteristic admits of being compressed into a narrow space, into the limits of a determinate form; that it is not always necessary to give loose rein to wild and planless fancy, and throw oneself into the arms of chance. The greatest artists often feel a noble and a finer pride in the achievement of what is great and individual within and in spite of formal limits.

"The '*Arabeske*,' Op. 18, and the '*Blumenstück*,' (Flower piece) Op. 19, must also be commended, as works more distinguished by their melodious flow, their clearness and song-like keeping, than by any special originality. The latter bears an occasional family resemblance to Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' and to John Field's Nottunos and Romanzas. The soft, dreamy, tender, lyrical, almost feminine character of Field's *cantelina*, sounds unmistakably in both pieces. But the resemblance does not affect you unpleasantly; quite the contrary, because Schumann knew how to join with it an excellence which is foreign to the Englishman, and which lifts him far above Field; to-wit, an altogether richer, fuller, and more various harmonic setting, a more artistic perfection of figures and forms of accompaniment, than is ever the case with Field, where so much is loose and dilettantish.

"More independent and significant are the '*Humoreske*' and the G minor Sonata, which we venture to pronounce the gems of the whole collection, full as it is of sterling things. In the '*Humoreske*' the interest is kept awake and increased from beginning to end by the great variety in matter and in form, by the constant, rapid, and yet always natural and easy alternation of the most diverse images, ideas and feelings, floating in and out fantastically and dreamily. * * * *

"Novalis says: 'A work of Art is so much the more interesting and genuine an outflow of one's personality, the more sides it presents, the more the ways in which it can be understood and loved.' This seems to us to be the case with the composition in question. If then we confess that we felt a breath from it as of pure mountain air, an altogether peculiar, keen, but invigorating freshness; and then again fancied ourselves in the midst of the young, fresh, impetuous torrent of the forest brooks; if we add, that a strangely sweet, shuddering feeling of power, of intellectual health and fullness seems to dwell in this '*Humoreske*,' which imparts itself by little and little to the hearer, and gradually fills him with that

perfect, blissful satisfaction, which one only feels in strains that flow out from the deepest and most secret fountains of the soul, we think we shall come tolerably near to the truth.

"Still richer matter for discussion and for all sorts of adventurous interpretations is afforded by the G minor Sonata; of which we will merely say that the composer has here adhered strictly and consistently to the existing Sonata form. In these last two works the forms and dimensions are larger and more developed; everything in them is more thoroughly wrought out and finished than in the '*Kinderscenen*,' which are fugitive and sketchy, although kept within certain limits.

"The '*Nackstücke*,' (Night pieces) are to be mentioned as containing in their rhapsodical and arbitrary grouping something that is like improvisation, something taken from the chance humors of the moment.

"Then there is the '*Faschungsschwank aus Wien*,' (Carnival pranks in Vienna) a companion piece to the Carnival Scenes; at least you find in it the same shifting medley, the same over-foaming, sparkling humor. Humoristic heat-lightings on all sides; everywhere the rockets of wit and jubilant spirits shoot up the imps of roguish mockery and most unbridled whim hiss around us, for example, on page 7, 8 and 9, where among other things, the old-fashioned, right Philisterish and 'foggy' motive: *Als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm*, (which appears also in the Carnival) produces a grotesque contrast and a most comical *rococo* effect. The most musically rich of these fancy pictures doubtless is the Intermezzo, No. 4. How such a dark fellow, such a marplot and genuine Old Grumbler, looking out so threatening and repulsive from under his E flat minor visor, could happen into this jovial company, it is not easy to see. The harsh, serious and stern tone, before which all joy and cheerfulness must freeze to death, is hardly suited to such pranks. Once happily passed this Intermezzo, and we breathe freely again, as if we felt delivered from an evil charm, and could call after him, like Shakspeare's Orlando to Master Jacques: 'I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy!'"

The writer closes his review of these earlier works with the belief "that they are to be counted among the most significant productions of Art at the present day (1844), distinguished throughout by a high and noble striving, and containing in themselves many germs of a new era."

A Grave Professor.

Another of those incredible programmes has been placed before us, of the miraculous concerts by which the musical ideas of people in our country villages are continually lifted to the top-wave of sublimity and ecstasy. This was a concert at Sharon Springs. The hero thereof was a blind man, yclep'd Prof. W. A. CAENS, "the lion bass of the world." The show-bill further states that Prof. C. is a young man of 21 years of age. "*He pronounces distinctly words of two or more syllables on GG in the Bass, and up to BB in alt, making a compass of about four octaves and a half!*" He excels in instrumental music, performing upon the Melodeon and Piano with exquisite taste. He plays some of the most difficult opera music upon the Cornet, in connection with either of these instruments, at the same time. He also *plays tunes upon a common wire*, about three feet long, and imitates on these instruments a locomotive in

full operation. He is also able to play the most difficult music upon two different instruments at the same time, and imitates a full brass band! Produces three different tones on one instrument, and gives a most perfect imitation of a locomotive, in motion, in times of danger, arriving and leaving stations, and imitates the steam, whistle, and bell, with wonderful precision." We have our own suspicions about this blind professor. There is a smell of sulphur about it. He surely cannot be of this world; or he is in league with powers below. Nor is our terror dissipated by the lugubrious, phantasmal, church-yard character of his "suitable selections for the evening's entertainment," which include the following "sentimental" pieces:—

Greeting: Introductory.
The Maniac: A Scene in a Lunatic Asylum.
The Old Sexton: A piece in which is represented a Sexton burying the dead, the falling of the dirt on the coffin, &c.
The Spell: A song of Love.
The Green Bay Tree: Disappointed Love.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep: Representing the waves of the ocean dashing and foaming.
The Phantom Chorus.
Death of Napoleon: Bass Solo.
Boyhood Days: Bass Solo.
Giant Song: Bass Solo.
I looked around.
My Mother and my Home.—These lines were suggested on the occasion of a mother watching by the death-bed of her son.
Would we'd never met.
Man the Life-Boat: A Song of Shipwreck.
I'm afloat: Pirate Song.
A Life on the Ocean Wave.
Grave of Bonaparte.
Wrongs and Woes: Bass Solo.
My Name in the Sand: Bass Solo.
N. B.—The Sleigh Ride: Pumpkin Pie: We're all dodging, &c.

Those cheerful pumpkins and sleigh-rides at the end, however, indicate a funny ghost. But the ceremonies conclude with three "overtures," entitled, "The Locomotive," "The Storm," and—"DEATH"!—after which this professor of the black art, *redivivus*, treats his appalled audience to feats of ventriloquism, "mysterious disappearances," &c.

"Father HEINRICH" is again meditating in his old age a return flight over the ocean to his German home; and the thought suggesting certain analogies with scenes in his hermit life in the Western forests, he has added another (the Opus 77) to that list of stupendous tone-works of his, which have always proved impracticable to our orchestras. He sends us the fantastic programme:

Programme of the 77th Work of A. P. H.

COLUMBÆ:

THE WILD OR PASSENGER PIGEONS.

Grande Capriccio Volante. A Characteristic American Tone-Picture, for full Orchestra.

- No. 1. The flitting of birds, and thunder-like flappings of a passing phalanx of American Wild Pigeons.
2. The aerial armies alight on the primeval forest trees, which bend and crash beneath their weight.
3. A twilight scene. The cooing of the doves, previous to their nightly repose.
4. With Aurora comes the conflict for the beech-nuts.
5. The vast conclave in grand council resolve to migrate elsewhere.
6. Sudden rise and flight of the myriad winged emigrants.
7. The presence of hunters startles the multitudinous array.
8. The wounded and dying sink tumultuously earthward.
9. In brooding agitation the Columbines continue their flight, darkening the welkin, as they utter their aerial requiem, but passing onward, ever onward to the goal of their nomadic wandering—

The green Savannas of the New World.

A recollection of a Hermit in his Log-house in Kentucky.

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH.

MOTTO.

In dark'ning clouds the westward pigeons fly,
And winged thunders shake the brooding sky;
The forest rocks—the waters surfeited rise,
With answering quake the echoing earth replies.

DUGANNE.

Musical Chat-Chat.

It is stated, on the authority of a private letter from London, that GRISI and MARIO have resolved to visit America again, and may be expected during the next winter. . . . The *New York Musical World*, (RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, editor,) in commencing a new volume this day, with "a weekly issue of 15,000 copies," announces an important accession to its editorial corps in "that Nestor of the musical profession," Dr. EDWARD HODGES, the learned organist of Trinity Church. We may expect some spicy criticisms. We congratulate friends WILLIS and MORAND on the remarkable success of their journal; we should be glad of half as much. The *Musical Review* (Messrs. MASON & BROTHERS) informs its readers regularly upon its title-page that its circulation is more than three times that of any other musical periodical:—45,000, then! Forty-five thousand people in our country, who love and think of Music as an Art enough to subscribe to a musical Art journal! Verily we are a musical people. The best musical journals in Germany, even, count their subscribers by hundreds, and not by thousands.

MARETZKE opened most brilliantly at the New York Academy on Monday night—at least so far as audience goes—for there was a rush of many more than could obtain entrance. The piece was *Il Trovatore*; the principal singers Mme. LAGRANGE, Mlle. VENTALDI (as the Gipsy), AMODIO and BRIGNOLI. On Wednesday evening TIBERINI, the new tenor, lately from Havana, of whom great things were said beforehand, appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The *N. Y. Times* says he is about equal to BRIGNOLI. . . . The *New York Musical World* informs us that "a German Opera troupe commences at Boston in September"; "said to be a large and most efficient company, and will give German, Italian and French operas." This is too good news to have reached us here, where Boston is, and we are all eager to learn particulars. . . . Still another new psalm book!—making six this season. This last goes right up to the stars, calling itself "The Celestina"; it is the production of a tuneful swain rejoicing in the name of VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.

HENRY B. SQUIRES, the American vocalist (tenor) will shortly return from Naples. . . . VESTVALI is at Hoboken, getting up her wardrobe for her opera in Mexico, and her brother is in Europe, forwarding singers for the troupe. . . . Our young townsman, Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP, the pianist, who has been studying for two years at the Musical Conservatorium in Leipzig, is now on his way home to his native city, (if he has not already arrived,) bringing very high testimonials from his professors, Moscheles, Plaidy, Richter, and others. We believe he intends to establish himself in Boston, and trust that he will find patronage, and strengthen the cause of true Art in our community. At least we are encouraged to hope this by the kind of interest he has shown in music while abroad, (see notices of private concerts, &c. in Leipzig in our columns during the last winter.)

A concert for the benefit of the French sufferers by the late inundations was given on the 14th ult. at Baden-Baden; with grand orchestra and chorus, conducted by BERLIOZ, and with Mlle. DUPREZ and Mme. VIARDOT, from Paris, and Herr GREMMINGER, from Karlsruhe, as solo singers. . . . Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was recently given at Geneva by more than seven hundred performers. . . . BORDOGNI, the famous singing-master, died recently in Paris.

German journals mention that Prof. Cornelius, the painter, has lately been appearing as an amateur composer of music, in the shape of sacred works and *Lieder*,—and announce that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is engaged on a fifth opera, entitled "Diana." . . . The

Gazette Musicale of Paris states that five MS. Quartets for stringed instruments, by Donizetti, have been for some time in the hands of Signor Piatti; and that on being tried by him and three Italian partners they proved to be of "a magnificent beauty." . . . Mr. White, a young artist of color, the other day carried off the first prize for violin playing, in an arena no less ambitious than that of the *Paris Conservatoire*.

The London *Athenæum* has some pertinent remarks upon a point to which we have before called attention, and which we hope will some day be practically considered by our music-publishers. It says:

A musical friend throws out a suggestion, the importance of which needs no word of ours to commend it.—"Why," says he, "is published music never dated?" The complete works of a writer like Dr. Spohr (to give an instance) may stretch over half a century. It is true they are numbered, for the most part—but their number represents the order of composition, not of publication. A time comes when original editions are exhausted—and when from the dispersed mass of the master's works, unequal in value, some professor or publisher shall select and re-issue that which is of permanent value. In this re-issue of course the numerical sequence may be broken, and the guidance of a date would be most welcome. The suggestion of our friend was called out in reference to the republication of the best among Clementi's hundred and six *Sonatas*, making four-and-thirty works (*vide Fétis*). Few who examine the new series, and who remark the numerous examples of imitation or of resemblance to the works of other writers which Clementi's *Sonatas* contain, will not wish to ascertain how far certain ideas have been anticipations, coincidences, or recollections. As matters stand, however, precise information on the subject is hardly attainable.

Advertisements.

SINGING AT SIGHT.

A Sight Singing School will be opened by D. U. MARTIN, at the Christian Baptist Church, corner of Kneeland and Tyler Streets, on Monday Evening, Sept. 22, when Prof. H. W. DAY, A. M., the well-known Inventor of the method, will deliver a free opening Lecture.

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Sign. BENDELARI's class of young ladies in singing, for beginners only, will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, where the exercises will be continued every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at the same hour.

For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

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The great expense attending the publication of these works and the low price at which it is proposed to furnish them, can only be met by large sales; and it is hoped that all those favoring the circulation of an advanced style of music, and a consequent cultivation of a fine musical taste throughout our country, will so far aid the enterprise as to become purchasers of this edition of BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS, as also of the works that may follow.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÜRING.

(Continued from page 179.)

Such blissful moments were his compensation for many a bitter experience. Nothing so stirred up his sense of justice as to find himself deceived in the character of a man with whom he had long stood in friendly relations. The lawsuit, in which he became involved with a brother artist, the court mechanic, MAELZEL, in Vienna, ended in a sort of compromise, whereby Beethoven let the case drop, but was obliged to pay half the costs. Beethoven's masterwork, the "Battle of Vittoria," which was to be performed during the Vienna Congress in the year 1814, was the occasion of this controversy, about which Beethoven expressed himself at length in a deposition prepared for his counsel, Dr. von Adlersburg.

"I had written for Maelzel," he says, "at my own suggestion and without reward, a battle symphony for his Panharmonica. After he had had this awhile, he brought me the score, from which he had already begun to engrave, and wished it arranged for full orchestra. I had before then conceived the idea of a battle music, which, however, was not applicable to his Panharmonica. We agreed to give this and other works of mine in a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. In the meantime I was in the most terrible pecuniary embarrassment. Forsaken by the whole world here in Vienna, in expectation of a change, &c., Maelzel offered me 50 ducats. I took them, and told him that I would return them to him here, or give him the work to take to London, in case I did not make the journey with him, in

which latter case I would introduce him to an English publisher, who would pay him the 50 ducats. The concerts were approaching; and now for the first time Herr Maelzel's plan and character developed themselves. Without my consent, he had printed on the handbills that it was *his* property. Provoked at this, I made him tear down the bills again. Then he put on: 'Out of friendship, on occasion of his journey to London.' This I permitted, since I reserved to myself the liberty of choosing under what conditions I would give him the work. I remember there was a vehement contest during the printing of the bills. But I had not much time, and was still writing on my work. In the fire of inspiration, wholly absorbed in it, I scarcely thought of Maelzel more. Meanwhile, just after the first performance in the hall of the University, I was told on all sides, and by reliable men, that Maelzel had everywhere reported that he had lent me 400 ducats in gold. Immediately after the first concert, I gave back to Maelzel his 50 ducats, told him that, since I had found out his character, I would not travel with him, being justly indignant that he, without asking me, had stated in the bills that all the arrangements for the concert had been thwarted; and even that his bad patriotic character had manifested itself in several public expressions. I declared that I would not give him the work to take with him to London, except on conditions which I would make known to him. He now maintained that it was a *gift of friendship*, and had this expression put into the newspaper after the second concert, without asking me at all. As Maelzel is a coarse man, wholly without education, without culture, one can imagine how he behaved towards me during this time, and how he more and more provoked me. Who would make such a man a friendly present on compulsion? An opportunity occurred for me to send the work to the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV., of England. So it was not possible for me to give him this work unconditionally. Maelzel now made proposals. He was told on what day he should appear, to receive an answer; but he came not; he travelled abroad, and had the work performed in Munich. How came he by it? Stealing was not possible. Herr Maelzel had some of the separate parts for some days at his house, and from these he got some low musical hack to put together a whole, which he is now peddling about the world. Herr Maelzel had promised me machines to help my hearing. To stimulate him, I arranged the Battle Symphony for his Panharmonica. His machines finally came to hand, but were not of sufficient use to me. For this little trouble Herr Maelzel thought, after I had com-

posed the Triumphal Symphony for grand orchestra, that I should compose the battle in addition, and make him the exclusive owner of the work. Admitting that I felt under some obligations to him for the hearing machines, yet this is cancelled by the fact that he earned at least 500 florins in convention coin with the battle stolen from me or put together in a mutilated form. So he has made himself good. He even had the effrontery here to say that he had the Battle; nay, he showed it to several men in writing. But I did not believe it, and was so far right, since the whole was not by me, but put together by another. Besides, the honor, which he ascribed to himself alone, might in itself pass for compensation. The Councillor of War did not mention me; and yet all the music of which the two concerts consisted was by me."

Beethoven's uneasiness about such a dishonest proceeding, led him in a letter composed about the same time, July 25th, 1814, to acquaint the musicians in London with the matter, and to warn the English public of a fraud in the highest degree injurious to him and his artistic reputation. He wrote: "Herr Maelzel, who is at present in London, has on his journey thither brought out in Munich my triumphal symphonies and Wellington's 'Battle at Vittoria,' and will, in all probability, give musical concerts with the same, as he had a mind to do in Frankfort. This leads me publicly to declare that I have never and in no way ceded or made over the said works to Herr Maelzel, that no one possesses a copy of them, and that I have sent the only one with which I ever parted to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England. The performance of these works, therefore, by Herr Maelzel is either a fraud upon the public, since, by the above explanation, he does not possess these works, or, if he does possess them, an injury to me, since he has got hold of them in an unlawful way. But even in the latter case the public will be deceived; for what Herr Maelzel brings out under the title: 'Wellington's Battle at Vittoria and Triumphal Symphony,' must plainly be a spurious or a mutilated work, since of these two works of mine he never received anything from me except a single part for a couple of days. This suspicion becomes certainty when I add the assurance of the musicians here, whose names I am authorized if need be to make public, that Herr Maelzel, on his departure from Vienna, informed them that he possessed these works, and that he had shown them parts (voices) of them, which, as I have already shown, could only be mutilated and not genuine. Whether Herr Maelzel is capable of such a wrong to me, is answered by the fact, that he announced himself alone in the

public prints, without the mention of my name, as the undertaker of my concerts which took place here in Vienna, for the benefit of those wounded in the war, when only my works were performed. Therefore I exhort the musicians of London not to suffer such a wrong to me, their brother artist, as the performance there by Herr Maelzel of the 'Battle of Vittoria' and the 'Triumphal Symphony,' and to prevent the London public from being deceived by him in the way now charged."

In September, 1814, at the time of the Vienna Congress, these works, which had caused the composer so much vexation, were performed with great acceptance. Beethoven saw himself honored by many a distinction. The Empress of Russia made him a present of 200 ducats. A musical society in England sent him a costly piano-forte, made by one of the first artists there. The magistrate at Vienna conferred on him the honorary right of citizenship, and the Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire made him an honorary member. Similar honors were extended to him by the Philharmonic Society at Laibach, as well as by the musical academies in Amsterdam and Stockholm.

So much the more was he surprised by the apparently indifferent reception of the "Battle of Vittoria" on the part of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV., of England. As we have already mentioned, Beethoven had sent the score of his work, with an inscription, to this Prince, through the Austrian ambassador. For a long time he heard nothing of it, except that the "Battle of Vittoria" had been performed with great acceptance several evenings in succession in the Drury Lane Theatre. Then he sent enclosed to his friend and pupil Ries, a letter in his own hand to King George IV., with directions to deliver it in person. But this method had its great difficulties, inasmuch as only persons of the highest rank, and only the select of these, were presented to the King. The very look of the letter was enough to frighten one, although Beethoven, whose hand-writing was for the most part illegible, may have tried to write more fairly and distinctly. Ries turned to the secretary of the Austrian legation, Herr von Bauer. But he replied, he could not possibly in his position hand the letter to the king; but he would try to have it reach the monarch's hands through some private person. This attempt, however, remained fruitless. Through a page, who was very fond of Beethoven's compositions, the letter was indeed handed to the king; but no gift nor word of thanks resulted. Of this Beethoven often bitterly complained, and this led him one day, in a letter to Ries, to make use of the humorous expression: "The king might at least have honored me with a butcher's knife or a turtle." Probably Beethoven had heard that the king was a gourmand; hence this allusion.

In striking contrast with this cold reception of one of his most eminent works, stands the memorable distinction shown him at an earlier period (179-) by a German prince. He never could forget his reception at the court of the King of Prussia, Frederick William II. In Berlin Beethoven composed and played two Sonatas with violoncello *obligato*, one of them for the first violinist of the king, DUPONT. On taking leave he received a golden snuff-box filled with Louis-d'ors. With satisfaction, he declared that it was

no common box, but such an one as was given to ambassadors. Of the kapellmeister HIMMEL, with whom he had much intercourse during his stay in Berlin, Beethoven said: "He possesses a very clever talent, and his piano playing is elegant and pleasing; but he stands far below Prince Louis Ferdinand in this respect." To the latter Beethoven thought to pay a great compliment when he told him that he played not in a kingly or princely manner, but like a clever pianist. The friendly relation between Beethoven and Himmel, however, was of short duration. Himmel was weak enough to enter into a competition with Beethoven in improvising upon the piano. Beethoven, after listening to him for some time, offended him by saying: "You prelude a great while; when are you going to begin?" Himmel's vanity could never quite get over this wound, and there was ever after a coldness between him and Beethoven, in spite of an apparent reconciliation.

Regard for outward conventions, even where their demands seemed unconditional, was a thing impossible for Beethoven. Whatever belonged to etiquette, he had never known and would not know. His conduct often caused no little embarrassment in the immediate circle of the Archduke Rudolph. When he was instructed about the formalities which he had to observe, he promised to do better, but it always ended with a promise. One day, when they tutored him again, as he called it, he rushed in a state of extreme indignation to the Archduke, and declared unequivocally, that he cherished the deepest reverence for him and his person, but that strict observance of the prescriptions which they gave him daily was, once for all, no business of his. The Archduke smiled good-naturedly, and gave orders that thenceforth they should let him go his own way undisturbed; there was no help for it.

One of Beethoven's manifold peculiarities was his frequent change of lodgings. In the beginning of spring he went regularly into the country, and did not return to the city until late in autumn. When he composed his opera *Leonora*, he had for a whole year free lodgings in the theatre upon the Wieden. But this habitation did not content him long. He hired rooms at the same time in the red house, so called, on the Alster-Caserne, where his friend Stephen von Breuning also lived. When Summer came, he engaged a country residence in Döbling. After his return to the city, a quarrel with Breuning, before mentioned, led him to hire lodgings in the fourth story of the house of Baron Pasquillati, on the Mölker ramparts, commanding a very beautiful prospect. Thus he had four dwelling places at a time. From the last he moved out several times, but always came back again, so that the Baron Pasquillati used good-humoredly to say, when Beethoven moved out: "The rooms shall not be let; Beethoven is coming back."

The natural consequence of this frequent change of residence was, that not a little time was consumed in the transportation of his chattels back and forth, before any order was restored among them, especially among his papers. To his own manuscript works Beethoven attached little value. They lay for the most part, after they were once engraved, in an adjoining room, or on the floor in the middle of the room with other music. Scarcely put in order, his papers, if he looked for any-

thing, flew into confusion again. Beethoven's dwelling betrayed no especial expensiveness; he had no fondness for it even in his dress, although it was always neat and he wore particularly fine linen. Of luxury and splendor of any sort he was no friend, and in his demeanor from youth up he was awkward and ungainly. As his friend Ries said, Beethoven seldom took anything into his hand, that did not fall or break. Many a time did he upset his inkstand into his piano, which stood near the writing desk. Ries adds: "How Beethoven contrived to shave himself, it is hard to conceive, unless one considered the frequent cuts upon his cheeks." He was utterly unsuited for the care of economical matters. In an already mentioned letter of an earlier period, 1801, to the kapellmeister Hofmeister in Leipzig, Beethoven himself confessed that he was anything but an accountant. For that reason his life and his own housekeeping were more expensive for him than for anybody else, notwithstanding that he denied himself almost every convenience. But he seldom complained of it, and did not willingly accept aid from friends who knew his situation.

He was particularly straitened through the depreciation of paper money. This he confessed in a letter to his friend Ries, which at the same time affords valid proof of how Beethoven's kind-heartedness, in spite of his embarrassments, was quite unable to withhold a helping hand from others. In that letter (Nov. 22, 1815) he confessed: "I have lost 600 florins yearly on my salary. At the time of the bank notes it was nothing. Then came the redemption bonds, and by them I lost these 600 florins. We are now at the point where the bonds are worse than ever the bank notes were. I pay 1,000 florins house rent. Imagine the distress which this paper money occasions. My poor, unhappy brother Carl has just died. He had a bad wife. I can say he had for some years consumption of the lungs, and I can safely reckon what I gave him, to make life easier to him, at 10,000 florins, Vienna currency. That now for an Englishman indeed is not much, but for a poor German, much more an Austrian, it is a great deal. The poor fellow had altered a good deal in his last years. From my heart I lament him, and I rejoice to be able to say to myself, that I have in nothing fallen short of my duty in regard to his support."

While the death of his brother, as Beethoven confessed in a letter to Ries, Feb. 18, 1816, "worked deeply on his mind and on his works," he experienced a new and not less sensible loss. His countryman, the before-mentioned famous violinist Salomon, born like himself in Bonn, died in London, where he had lived many years, on the 25th of November, 1815. As a member of the Philharmonic Society he had been of great service in diffusing there a taste for Haydn's music, and also in regard to Beethoven, whose compositions, especially his symphonies, he had brought out in several public concerts. In a letter of the 28th of February, 1816, to Ries, who was then in London, Beethoven said: "Salomon's death pains me much, since he was a noble man, whom I remember from my childhood. You have become his executor, and I at the same time guardian of the child of my poor dead brother. You will hardly have had as much annoyance as I have from this death. But there

remains to me the sweet consolation of having rescued a poor innocent child from the hands of an unworthy mother."

The straitened condition in which he then was, and which he has described in a forgoing letter, was ill calculated to put Beethoven in a cheerful humor, to say nothing of the oft-returning attacks of sickness which robbed him of it. He often found himself in pecuniary trouble. "Of the ten ducats," he wrote on the 8th of March, 1816, to Ries in London, "not a farthing has arrived as yet, and I begin already to believe that the English too are only generous abroad. So I found it with the Prince Regent, from whom I have never even received the cost of copying for my 'Battle of Vittoria,' nay, not even a word of written or of oral thanks. My income amounts to 3400 in paper; I pay 1100 for house rent; my servant with his wife costs me 900 florins; you can reckon what remains. Besides, I have my little nephew wholly to provide for; until now he is at the Institute; that costs me as much as 1100 florins, and a bad arrangement at that, so that I shall have to commence regular house-keeping, and take him home with me. How much one has to earn, merely to be able to live here! And yet there is no end of it—for—for—for—you know already. Then, too, my dear pupil Ries must set himself to work and dedicate something clever to me, to which the master must respond, and offset like with like." Beethoven closed his letter with the words: "All that is beautiful to your wife; alas! I have none. I have found but one, and her I never shall possess; but I am no woman-hater for all that."

That Beethoven never was without a tender passion, and for the most part deeply smitten by it, appears from the unanimous testimony of his friends. The first object of his youthful inclination was a young lady of Cologne, JEANNETTE D'HONRATH, who often passed some weeks in the von Breuning family in Bonn. She was a handsome, lively blonde, of agreeable culture, who took a lively interest in music, and sang quite gracefully. Her favored lover and afterwards husband was an Austrian officer in Cologne, by the name of CARL GRATH, who died as field-marshal lieutenant and commandant of Temeswar on the 15th of October, 1827. After this, by a sort of Werther's love, Beethoven was for some time enchained to a Fräulein von W—, also distinguished by her beauty and her culture. In Vienna also he had formed several love relations, and sometimes made conquests which would have been difficult, if not impossible, to many an Adonis. Even in his later years, he liked very well to look upon beautiful young faces. When he met a charming maiden in the street, he turned round, surveyed her sharply through his glass, and smiled when he saw that any one observed it. But his loves were only of short duration. He openly confessed once to his friend Ries, who joked him on the conquest of a beautiful lady, that she had enchained him the most deeply and the longest, seven full months.

"One evening," says Ries at a later period, "I went to Beethoven at Baden near Vienna, where he often stopped, in order to continue my lessons. There I found a handsome young lady sitting by him on the sofa. As it seemed to me that I came malapropos, I was on the point of instantly retiring, but Beethoven held me back

and said: "Play a little while." He and the lady remained sitting behind me. I had already played a long while, when Beethoven suddenly exclaimed: 'Ries! play something that has love in it!' Then again soon: 'Something melancholy!' Then: 'Something passionate!' and so on. From what I heard, I could conclude that he had perhaps offended the lady in some way, and now wanted to make it right by humors. Finally he sprang up and cried: 'Those are mere things of mine!' I had, to be sure, always played movements out of his own works, strung together merely by some short transitions, which, however, seemed to have caused him satisfaction. The lady went away, and Beethoven, to my great astonishment, did not know who she was. I then heard that she had come in just before me, in order to make Beethoven's acquaintance. We soon followed after her, to ascertain her residence, and thereby afterwards her rank. We saw her still in the distance, since it was bright moonlight; but suddenly she vanished. We kept on walking and conversing upon various matters for about an hour and a half in the beautiful vale adjoining. As we went away, Beethoven said: 'I must contrive to find out who she is, and you must help me.' Long afterwards I met her in Vienna, and I now discovered that she was the loved one of a foreign Prince. I imparted my information to Beethoven, but have never, either from him or from any one else, heard anything more about her."

With these rapid changes of his feelings and outward impressions, Beethoven's absent-mindedness and forgetfulness were naturally connected. For some variations in A major on a Russian air, he had received from Count Browne in Vienna a present of a fine saddle horse. He rode it a few times, but soon forgot all about his fodder. Beethoven's servant, soon observing this, used his master's forgetfulness for his own profit. He let out the horse, but for a long time handed in no accounts for fodder, so as not to awaken his master's attention. At last Beethoven received all at once a large bill, which suddenly recalled to memory his horse and his own negligence. In many other cases Beethoven's distraction showed itself. When the charms of nature, which he loved from his youth up, enticed him into the open air, he forgot, to the great distress of his hired housekeeper, to return at meal time. He ate in any chance eating house, while many a friend, whom he had invited to dine with him, vainly awaited his return. It often happened, when he sat down upon the grass, that he got up suddenly and hastened on, without remarking that he had left his hat lying on the ground. Not seldom did it occur, that after staying out a long time in the most frightful weather, he came home shivering and bare-headed, with the rain dripping from his gray hair.

[To be continued.]

Farewell to Robert Schumann.

[Translated from the Kölnische Zeitung for Lond. Mus. World.]

Yesterday evening we conducted Robert Schumann to his last home!

The young minstrel brothers of the *Concordia* bore the simple coffin, which was decorated with a wreath of laurels. Joachim, Brahms, and Dietrich, so intimately connected with Schumann during his lifetime, went first, then came the clergyman, and near him, the burgomaster of Bonn, accompanied by a considerable number of

worthy men. Solemnly echoed the tones of brass instruments, and brazen melodies, those chorals, which for centuries have glorified so much joy and so much suffering. Solemnly did the procession wind through the streets of Bonn, while the inhabitants seemed to follow it with sympathizing looks. When it reached the cemetery, a circle was formed around the open grave. The coffin was lowered into it—from the dense crowd the gentle form of a woman glided forward, here and there, and let a nosegay, or a chaplet, fall from her hands upon the bier beneath—it did not last longer than the time to shed a tear. The pastor Wiseman took a spadeful of earth, and, throwing it on the coffin, pronounced the old, time-honored words: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," followed by a prayer. He then spoke a few and fervent words concerning the fate and fortunes of the deceased, and the singers of the *Concordia* sang a mournful song. Again did a solemn choral resound—and each of us took a handful of earth and scattered it on the coffin—a last, poor, cold offering of love! Meanwhile the sun had set, and everything was dissolved into undefined masses and shadows—and the crowd, which had hitherto been held together by a common object of interest, dispersed, just as everything else quickly breaks up when the connecting power ceases to work, when the fashioning germ has fallen a victim to annihilation. Poor Schumann!

And yet there was a time when kings might have envied thee! With a golden sceptre didst thou sway a magnificent world of tones, creating and working in it with strength and freedom. Many of the best men joined thee, surrendered themselves up to thee, inspired thee with their own inspiration, and rewarded thee by the most profound partiality. And what love decked out thy life! A wife, crowned with the beaming crown of genius, stood by thy side, and thou wast for her as a father for a daughter, as a bridegroom for a bride, as a master for a pupil, as a saint for a believer. And when she could no longer remain at thy side, and clear every little stone from out thy path, then didst thou feel in the midst of thy dreams and thy sufferings, her protecting hand from afar off, and when the Angel of Death had compassion on thee, and approached thy anguish-tortured soul, in order to raise it once more to light and liberty, in thy last hours thy glance met hers, and, illuminated by love, thy weary spirit winged hence its course!

Thy wearied spirit! Yes; for thou hadst required of it too much. Thou asked'st from it, every moment as a right, that which falls to the lot of him who thankfully receives only in the hour of inspiration. As in the orange-groves of Italy, blossoms and fruit are displayed in constantly successive luxuriousness upon the same branch, thou would'st have had thy genius lay its golden apples in one uninterrupted course of budding, blooming and ripening at thy feet. Long did it willingly obey—and who can ever say how disunion between thee and it was brought about? Ah, perhaps it was but a short quarrel, such as occurs between the best of friends, appearing only to our weak eyes as strife, while you are, perhaps, on the best terms again, and smile at all we are now saying of you—while you smile gently and forgive us!

But I fear no smile from bad or good spirits, dear Schumann, when I speak of the elevation of thy efforts, and of their veracity and truth. Thou wast a real artist, and but few know how much sturdy, incorruptible will, devoted activity, and persevering courage is expressed by this. And thou wast gentle and good, and just towards others, as much as it is given to a mortal to be. Out of thy melodies gleams the grace of a sweet soul—out of thy melodies gushes the warmth of a loving heart. Silently didst thou sit and listen to the singing and heaving sounds within thee, and all the wonderful harmonies which lived there like the flowers at the bottom of the sea, but thou wouldst not listen to the whisperings of petty vanity, which only too often are mixed up with the melodies and chords in a musician's soul—perhaps they did not even strive to tempt thee, for they knew it would be in vain!

But thy works have become a so much greater

ornament, and will deck thy name better than marks of distinction *granted by others* could ever have done. Around the resting-place which the city of Bonn has selected for thee in her beautiful cemetery, so rich in great recollections, five young plane trees are planted. May the luxurious shade which they will cast in after years around the mound over thy grave, be a picture of the results of thy creations; and mayst thou, O admirable master, now repose, if repose is the lot of immortal spirits, and rejoice at the great amount of what is good and beautiful that thou hast produced in word and tone, rejoice at all the love and respect which blooms for thee in so many hearts in the great German Fatherland.

FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 1 August, 1856.

Marriage of Caroline Duprez.

(Translated from *L'Artiste*.)

The most interesting romance of the week is the marriage of a young, rich, and popular vocalist—Mlle. Caroline Duprez—with a young, poor, and almost unknown musician—M. Van den Heuven. Opportunities of decrying the artist-world are so eagerly caught, that when a chance is presented of showing it in an admirable light, we are too glad to lay hold of it. Besides, the heroine of our story, both as a woman and an artist, enjoys everybody's good wishes. Why, then, should not the story of her noble action be related to the public—if only to prove that romance can be allied to common sense, that apparent impossibilities may sometimes happen, and that honesty is not always of necessity deprived of the charm of adventure?

The *prestige* of Parisian actresses, it is well known, implies all sorts of extravagance. But if some who are twenty times lost, faded, in debt, without talent, and ugly, find magnificent alliances, what pretensions must those have who are irreproachable, young, opulent, talented, beautiful! By the double illustration of her name, by her brilliant position, Mlle. Caroline Duprez could not be supposed to deny herself any satisfaction arising from vanity. Her every ambition was gratified, and yet she has given a rare example of spirit in marrying according to her choice; she might have espoused a Russian highness, a French marquis, a veritable millionaire; she has chosen a simple accompanist at the opera. Moreover, what attracted Mlle. Duprez towards her future husband is worth recounting. M. Van den Heuven is one of those rare young men who sacrifice their youth to their family, as if in obedience to a vow of filial love; we never see them expend upon themselves any part of their modest income, nor devote to their own pleasures a single hour of their time. They have the strength to resist temptation, and spend their lives in this kind of devotion. This it was which won the heart of Mlle. Duprez; who wished at once to recompense self-denial and add one to the list of the happy. She herself was fortune, and she had but one word to say to realize the metamorphosis. Her name is now Madame Van den Heuven. M. and Madame Duprez entertained, it is said, the same generous sentiments as their daughter. They were only desirous of testing her affection by a single ordeal—that of time. A term was fixed; the term expired, and Mlle. Duprez found herself in the same mind, calm and decided. There was a party at the house of M. Duprez; M. Van den Heuven was a guest. Mlle. Duprez, in the most graceful manner, took the young musician by the hand, and presented to the guests her future husband.

The other evening, listening to Mlle. Duprez, in an opera as exquisite as herself—*Les Diamants de la Couronne*—it seemed to us as if she was acting her own history. A queen marries a poor gentleman: Mlle. Duprez herself might have been taken by M. Scribe for his charming plot.

XAVIER AUBRIER.

Letters from Cologne mention that Herr Hiller is preparing a new oratorio, "Saul," against Whitsuntide, 1857, by which time the restorations of the

Gürzenich Hall will be completed, and when a grand solemnization of the Lower Rhenish Musical Festival will take place.

Madame Vestris.

By this well-known name—and not by that which for eighteen years she has legally borne as wife to Mr. Charles Mathews—must we announce the death of one of London's favorites, which took place at the close of last week. Her decease has been, for the Lady's self, a release, for her illness was a long one, accompanied with increasing physical agony.

The *Morning Post* gives fifty-nine as the age of Lucia Elizabeth Mathews, born (as the French would say) Bartolozzi. She came on the stage early—some forty years ago or more—and after singing awhile at the Italian Opera, was tempted to leave it for illegitimate drama and *vaudeville* on the English stage. Her character-*hit* (we are reminded by our contemporaries) was made in 'Giovanni in London.' Her song *par excellence* was 'Cherry Ripe.' After filling the print-shop windows and making a fortune for ballad composers for some halfscore years, Madame Vestris established herself as a manager at the Olympic Theatre five-and-twenty years since. There she remained for some seasons of brilliant success, during which she may be said to have worked out a new style of entertainment,—in conjunction with such skilled writers as Messrs. Planché, C. Dance and Oxenford. There, too, she married Mr. Charles Mathews. Her subsequent career, as engaged in the managements of Covent Garden and the Lyceum Theatres, ended by a fatal malady, needs not be followed.

In theatrical annals Madame Vestris will be remembered for sumptuousness of fancy and taste in detail, rather than for any intellectual subtlety or high artistic finish as an actress. She may possibly have owed to her foreign origin those instincts which marked her career. As a girl, she was rarely bewitching if not faultlessly beautiful—endowed with one of the most musical, easy, rich *contralto* voices ever bestowed on singer, which retained its charm to the last;—full of taste and fancy for all that is luxurious, decorative and gorgeous; but, perhaps not willing, perhaps not able, to learn beyond a certain depth. Thus, with every requisite for setting the opera "town" on fire, Madame Vestris never gained a very high place as singer in a musical theatre. Thus, with a public eager to praise whatever she said, smiled, or sang, Madame Vestris must be said to have sat at Comedy's "second table"—to have been inapprehensive in dialogue, flat in repartee, slow in conceiving character, as apart from *costume*,—and hence not to be remembered by any comic creation or impersonation. Thus, despite her remarkable personal fascinations, she cannot rank among the great mimes—with Pallarini, or Elssler, or even Leroux,—women who, without speaking, have presented beings of the mind which will live in the annals of Drama. It was a certain instinct, we repeat, that saved Madame Vestris, and kept her for so many years in the full blaze of public favor. She managed to bring every incomplete gift into such play, that few cared to ask what, and *how*, was the spell that kept its owner "swimming" when more sterling folk were swamped. Without having mastered the singer's art, she charmed by her singing—the parts that she could not act she dressed superbly. She was unequal to the utterance of Shakspeare's poetical fancies—not elegant enough for Congreve—not sufficiently piquant for Sheridan,—but in *extravaganzas*, burlesques, musical farces, she was so accomplished, sprightly and graceful, that the charm by which she held her public was hardly felt to be third-rate while she was in presence. Her taste in decoration of every kind was lavish, fantastic, but always harmonious. She was imperious, extravagant, exigent, in no common degree,—like one who from her girlhood had been used to suit and service,—the gratification of whose every idea of luxury had been encouraged, not balanced by prudential considerations. That she was considerate and kindly in her managerial rule and governance many an obscure person

could now testify. She was tended in her long and weary illness by affectionate relatives and steady friends; and though she leaves behind her no great name in Drama, she leaves one which, by reason of its peculiarity, will not be forgotten.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sharps, Flats and Accidentals.

FLORENCE, Mass., Sept. 6, 1856.

MR. EDITOR—Every paper, now-a-days, has its watering-place correspondence; why should not you? So, if you admit gossip into your staid and sober Journal, I have no objection to transmitting to you and your readers sundry musical odds and ends which I have lately picked up. For although you may, by glancing at the date, have rashly flattered yourself that you were about to read a letter from the original "beautiful Florence," the point from which I write is no more nor less than one of the most genuine of *watering* places, viz.: a water-cure establishment. Do any of you know what it is to belong to the "Cold Water Folks" or to take the "treatment?" Have any of you been initiated into the mysteries of the "pack, sitz bath, douche, plunge," etc.? But whether you have or not, these do not belong to our present subject. To get back upon the right road to that, we must glance at the amusements provided for the patients and at the patients themselves. Thus by degrees we shall arrive at the source of enjoyment which at present concerns us most closely—Music.

We find ourselves in a neighborhood which is musical by memory and association, but much less so in reality. We are within a few miles of Northampton, around which JENNY LIND once shed a musical halo, but upon which, alas! her mantle has not fallen. It is so seldom that a concert takes place in this good village, that the people require a special rousing and stirring up before taking the trouble to go to one. Last Tuesday night, however, thanks to the efforts of a few Art-lovers, a very fair audience (for Northampton) was assembled to listen to the sweet strains of one of your songsters, Miss LUCY A. DOANE, assisted by her friend and teacher, Mr. KREISSMANN, also, your townsman, and a young pianist, fresh from the Conservatory at Leipzig, Mr. LEONHARDT. I will not enter into detail, except to say that everything went off well. The programme exhibited, to be sure, a strange mixture of names—Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Caraffa, Franz and Chopin alternating with Donizetti, Abt, Dempster, etc. It will seem almost inconsistent with my former remarks about the Northamptonians when I tell you that almost the only pieces encored were Handel's beautiful "Angels ever bright and fair," a duet by Caraffa, and Franz's "*Willkommen mein Wald*," to which Mr. Kreissmann did full justice. I cannot explain it.

Miss Doane has for some weeks been "one of us," and has become a general favorite, through her amiable manners, and her constant readiness to oblige us by letting us hear her beautiful voice. Her singing, too, proves her to have had a really good teacher, while her taste in music is the best. We were thus well prepared to like Mr. Kreissmann when he came among us for a few days, with his joyous, earnest temperament, his long experience in music, and his exquisite voice. We gave him in return, what we could—the green fields, the dark woods, the purling brooks, and all the music which Nature makes with her thousand voices, and the delicious quiet of one of the loveliest rural spots. I am not sure but that he also took a taste of the water-cure; but that was his own choice and the doctor's doing.

Previous to this last "solemn opportunity," (to use a Quaker phrase,) our halls were filled with music nearly every night. Besides Miss Doane, there were among our number several amateur per-

formers, both vocal and instrumental, who relieved and accompanied her, and from one of these, a young lady who was quite a proficient in both branches, and one of the "appreciative" ones, I heard a ludicrous story of her experience. She had been requested to play, and had responded by some light, pleasing pieces which she had at her finger's ends, when a lady from Texas inquired: "Don't you play any of Beethoven's (pronounced according to the strictest English rules) music? I like him better than any one else," &c. Our fair friend, surprised that anything so good could come out of Texas, was finally beguiled into a belief that she had stumbled upon a kindred spirit, and, having before promised a friend to play one of the Sonatas when there should be a good chance, took this opportunity to do so. The exclamations: "Elegant! lovely!" etc., from the Texan lady, somewhat damped the ardor of the enthusiasm to which the glorious composition was raising her; but when, all excitement and inspiration, she let the last chord die away, no "douche" could have given her a greater shock than the words of her neighbor: "That is very pretty. Do you play any of Verdi's music?" Speechless at first, our friend finally gasped out: "No!" "But I have an air from *Trovatore*; if I get it, wont you try it?" "No—I can't play Verdi after Beethoven;" soon after which *exit* the appreciative young lady, vainly endeavoring to recover from the thunderbolt which had thus fallen upon her. In the evening a cold shudder came over her as she saw the Texan lady approaching her, and heard her say: "Can't you play another of Beethoven's *Sonnatas*?" She excused herself on the plea of the parlor being too full, and then was treated to an account of the state of music in Houston, Texas, which was certainly amusing? Among other things, she was informed that, among the many Germans residing there, there was a daughter of "Professor von Hoffenbach, the great composer, who composed the Midnight Waltz." I am not very well posted up in musical biography and history; perhaps you can enlighten me with regard to this distinguished gentleman.

One more item, and then I will close this letter, which, as coming from a stranger, I fear you will already consider too long. I saw an excellent joke in a German comic paper the other day, which must not be lost to your Journal. It ran thus: "No one could deny that if Mozart were to hear most of the modern instrumental music, he would surely turn in his grave. Now, as it had hitherto been impossible to ascertain the exact spot in which the great composer was buried, it was proposed that a grand orchestra should be placed in the churchyard where he is known to rest, and made to play some of the above-mentioned music, by Verdi, or other writers of the same school, while a man should be stationed as listener at every grave. The noise made by the turning of the body would leave no more room for doubt as to Mozart's last resting-place." The cut which accompanied this proposal, with the grand orchestra playing away for dear life, the leader making the most fearful contortions, and the expectant, anxious and awed faces of the men at the graves, was exceedingly ludicrous.

HYDROPATHOS.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—(From the *Musical World*, Aug. 9.)—The twelfth concert yesterday se'night brought the series to a close with brilliant *éclat*. The attendance was again immense, and the music room was filled with a dazzling array of rank and fashion. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Overture (*Leonora*).....Beethoven
Aria—"Ah per sempre," Sig. Graziani,.....Bellini

Aria e Coro—"Possenti numi," Herr Formes and Chorus.....Mozart
Swiss Echo Song—Mlle. Rosa Devries,....Carl Eckert
Madrigal—"Down in a flow'ry vale,".....Fesca
Romanza—"Una virgine," Sig. Gardoni,....Donizetti
Quartetto, "Ecco quel fiero istante," Mesdames Grisi and Didié, Signors Mario and Ronconi,.....Costa
Valse—"Ah! che assorta," Mad. Bosio,....Venzano
Finale—"Qual cor tradisti," (*Norma*).....Bellini

PART II.

Overture (*Guillaume Tell*).....Rossini
Cavatina—"Qui la voce," Mad. Grisi,.....Bellini
Duet—"Una dama," Mlle. and Sig. Gardoni, Rossini
Cantata—"Adelaide," Sig. Mario,.....Beethoven
Duet—"Quanto amore," Mad. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi,.....Donizetti
Romanza—"Una furtiva lagrima," Sig. Neri Beraldi,.....Donizetti
Aria—"Il segreto per esser felice," Mad. Nantier Didié,.....Donizetti
Finale—(*Fidelio*),.....Beethoven

The overture to *Leonora* was wonderfully played under the direction of Mr. Costa. Sig. Graziani sang the slow movement of the air from *I Puritani* extremely well. Herr Formes was ably supported by the chorus in "Possenti Numi," which was a solemn and impressive performance. Mlle. Rosa Devries was encored in the Swiss Echo Song, originally written for Madame Sontag. Another encore was awarded to Fesca's Madrigal, which immediately followed. Sig. Gardoni sang the romance from the *Favorita* with genuine feeling; and Mr. Costa's flowing and melodious quartet was given to perfection by the singers. A tumultuous "*bis*" was bestowed on Mad. Bosio in Venzano's valse, which was repeated amid reiterated applause. The *finale* to the last act of *Norma* was powerfully rendered by Madame Grisi, Sig. Gardoni, Herr Formes and chorus.

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was loudly re-demanded, as indeed its performance by the band fully warranted. Grisi's peculiar charm of voice and her irresistible *mezza voce* were displayed to great advantage in the cavatina from *I Puritani*. The lovely duet from *Conte Ory* was perfectly given by Mlle. Marai and Sig. Gardoni. Sig. Mario was encored in "Adelaide," a compliment which his exquisite singing richly deserved. Mr. Costa's orchestral arrangement of the piano-forte accompaniment in this scene was much admired. The three succeeding pieces were re-demanded and repeated. The duet from the *Elisir d'Amore* delighted and amused the audience vastly, so much animation and spirit was thrown into their singing by Mme. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi; Sig. Neri Beraldi displayed a very pleasing voice and nice taste in the *romanza* from the same opera; and Mad. Nantier Didié, who seems to sing better every time she sings, dashed off the famous *brindisi* with irresistible *entrain*. A more brilliant termination to a brilliant series of concerts could hardly have been desired, than the finale to the last act of *Fidelio*, in which the solos were sung by Mme. Bosio, Mlle. Marai, Sigs. Gardoni, Beraldi, Polonini, and Herr Formes.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.—(From the same.)—Among the novelties lately produced in the musical department must be named the Zouave trumpeters, who appeared for the first time on Tuesday night with extraordinary success. Strictly speaking, the Zouave trumpeters play no tunes. They have the "reveil," the "retraite," the "alarme," the "roll-call," the "bivouac," and other calls, such as to march, to fire, to cease firing, exactly as our regimental buglers have; only instead of the bugle, the Zouaves use a brass trumpet—a *clarion*—and are wonderfully expert. M. Jullien has made precisely the same use of them as previously he had done of the National Guard drummers. The appearance of the Zouaves wrought no little in favor of their success; and directly the well-known costume was perceived in the orchestra, the audience welcomed them with a shout that might have been heard at Sebastopol.

To introduce them to the public, and to display their talent to the best advantage, M. Jullien composed a new quadrille, entitled "The Zouaves," in which all the various calls of the trumpeters are introduced with remarkable effect. The success of the trumpeters of the Second Regiment of Zouaves was indisputable, and the new quadrille was admired for its ingenuity and its brilliant orchestration.

On the same evening the programme, among other things, contained the overture to *Egmont*, *allegro* from Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony, *larghetto* from Beethoven's Symphony in D, and grand operatic selection from *Il Trovatore*, with which the mob has become violently enamored, owing to the fine performance of MM. König, Lavigne, Reichart, and Hughes on their respective instruments. A solo on the violoncello, by M. Ernest Demunck, a very young performer, and son of the celebrated Belgian violoncellist, was greatly admired and applauded with enthusiasm. Mad. Rüdersdorff was encored in "Robert, toi que j'aime," which she sang with unusual fervor; and Miss Kate Ranoe produced a marked sensation by her simple and unpretending manner, in the graceful "Evening Prayer," from Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Signor Ferrari was put down for Mercadante's "Ella piangea," and Fräulein Jessy Rolls for the

grand scena from *Der Freyschütz*. The attendance was enormous, both in the gardens and the music-room.

Aug. 16.—On Saturday there was an excellent selection of madrigals and part-songs, which was so successful, that a night in every week is for the future to be set apart for the same kind of music.

On Wednesday the first Mendelssohn concert was given. The programme was full of interest. The concert began with the "Military Overture" in C major, composed for wind instruments. The stringed basses, on this occasion, were additions to the score—but scarcely, we think, improvements. The symphony in A major was played entire, and in a style which conferred infinite credit upon M. Jullien and his orchestra. There was also the first movement (without the "repeat") of the early quintet in the same key, for two violins, two tenors and violoncello, Op. 18, executed by MM. Kettenus, Sigheicelli, Schreurs (brothers), and Vieuxtemps. It is curious that a tranquil piece of chamber music should be heard so well in so vast a building. Two of the part-songs—"Oh hills, oh vales," and the "Vale of Rest"—and the *finale* to the unfinished opera of *Loreley*, in which Mme. Rüdersdorff was the principal *soprano*, afforded an agreeable contrast to the instrumental music. "Oh hills, oh vales," was encored. The whole performances were thoroughly appreciated by the most crowded assembly we have seen in the Surrey Gardens since the inauguration of the new music hall. We should have stated that the band was enlarged for the occasion, and that Mr. Willey led. Mr. Land directed the chorus.

The Zouaves pursue their prosperous career, and the "Zouave Quadrille" is certainly one of M. Jullien's greatest hits.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening last, this society gave the second concert for the summer season in the lower room of Exeter Hall. The music consisted of Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's *Engedi*—an adaptation of the *Mount of Olives*. The vocalists in the *Last Judgment* were Miss S. Gilbert, Miss M. Wells, Mr. Donald King, and Mrs. Lawler. Miss S. Gilbert and Mr. Donald King were encored in the duet "Forsake me not." The principals in *Engedi* were Miss E. Hughes, a pupil of Sir George Smart, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Lawler. The band, led by Mr. H. Blagrove, although not numerous, was efficient. The trebles, tenors, and basses were pretty well up to the mark, but the altos were weak. Mr. Surman was at his post as conductor. The audience was select, and consisted of the subscribers to the concerts for the summer season, which are to include works not now performed in the large hall.

BRUNSWICK.—The 25th anniversary festival of the North German Sängerbund was celebrated here, in the most solemn and worthy manner, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st July, by 1,000 singers, representing 53 unions. The reception of the members of the various societies at the railway station, and the procession to the magnificent Rathhaus, as well as the hearty welcome pronounced by the upper burgomaster, Herr Caspari, and the father of the Männergesangverein, Herr Grassau, formed an elevating introduction to the festival. The general rehearsal, under the direction of the Court *Capellmeister*, and musical directors, Herren Spohr, Abt, Fischer, Otto, Tschirsch, and Zabel, in the Egidien-Kirche, so admirable for its acoustic qualities, went off so excellently that it appeared almost impossible to attain a better *ensemble*. Tenors and basses, the latter down to E flat, outvalued each other, both in strength and decision, as well as in softness and distinctness of pronunciation, and were supported by the admirable Hoboist corps of the Ducal regiment of infantry. On the 20th, three festive songs, under the direction of the musical director, Herr Daub, resounded from the Altstadt-markt, and then three others, under the direction of Herr Julius Schneider, in Hollandt's-garden. After breakfast, the procession set out from the Altstadt-markt. Three bands and forty flags preceded the joyous singers through the streets, which were richly adorned with floral festoons, while the windows were densely thronged with lovely women and young girls, scattering wreaths and flowers. The performance in the church was even more successful than the rehearsal the day previously; this was the case with the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Oberon*; of the vocal pieces, a solo quartet by Otto, a "Prayer" by Abt, "An das Vaterland" by Kreutzer, and "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" by Fischer, were the best executed. The separate performances of the various societies took place, during the grand dinner, under the marquee in Hollandt's-garden; the Liedertafel of Brunswick, and then the Liedertafeln of Hamburg, Minden, Dortmund, Bielefeld, Magdeburg, and Berlin especially distinguished themselves. To the Berlin Liederverein, under the direction of Herr Julius Schneider, was awarded, by the committee, the praise "of being the gem of the Brunswick Festival," and on this account the usual rules were suspended, and it was immediately admitted into the North German Sängerbund. Herren Spohr, Abt, Fischer, Otto, Tschirsch, Mühling, Jul. Schneider, were elected honorary members of the society. While the musical portion of the Festival was thus brilliantly carried out, the extraneous arrangements, which materially tended to the success of the whole, were

not less so. Among these must be mentioned the festive hall in Hollandt's garden, the splendid pyrotechnic display, and illumination with Bengal fires, the charming ball, the most agreeable trip to the Harzburg on the 21st, the many comical scenes there, the indefatigable attentions of the committee, the excellent cheer, in the shape of eatables and drinkables, &c. The North German Sängerbund will meet next year in Pyrmont.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 13, 1856.

Bach's Chorals.

It has long been a matter of wonder with us, considering the flood of wishy-washy, commonplace, mechanical and un-religious psalmody in which we have been weltering, that some one has not felt moved to give us, in convenient form, the incomparable old German Chorals (*Choral-Gesänge*) as harmonized by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Could these be studied in our more advanced choirs, our choral societies, our musical classes and "Conventions," their influence in developing a love and taste for what is true, and pure, and high, and really devotional in sacred music, would be incalculable. It is not possible that any one can once become familiar with Bach's Chorals and not love them—not feel that the highest ends of music are wonderfully realized in their most soul-ful and unworldly harmony. Bach never wrote for money or for cheap effect; he was a religious artist; his artistic efforts were his aspiration to the beautiful and good and true—to the Most High. All that he did was genuine. Hence his works never grow old. To those who study them now, a century since his death, they are the newest of the new. "In all his works he stands out great and bold and new."

Bach did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship; nor did he even allow them to be printed. He wrote them *occasionally*, partly as examples for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the *Thomas-Schule*, over which he presided in Leipzig, to be used in their various private occasions, New Year's festivals, &c., and partly as interludes in his larger pieces, his Motets, Cantatas, Passions, &c. For these purposes he took the old German choral tunes, which the people loved during the religious excitement of the Reformation, and harmonized them for four voices, in his own incomparable way; taking for words a verse or two of some of those quaint and homely, but really religious hymns, of which the Germany of that period was so prolific. These old tunes have always been named from the first lines of the hymns with which they were originally associated. But Bach has in most instances used other hymns. The first collection of them was published at Berlin and Leipzig by his son, Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, in 1765-69, in two parts, containing one hundred Chorals each. Afterwards (in 1784-89) Kirnberger published a larger collection in four parts. The later and now commonly received collections are that made by Becker in 1831, which contains 371 Chorals, *without words*, and that by Erk, in 184-, of which the first part only is now out, containing 200 Chorals, with the words used by Bach, and with conscientious restoration of the harmony, wherever it had been altered, to the original form as Bach wrote it.

Congregational singing in unison is the practice all over Germany, and hence the Bach Chorals are not used there in the churches. We, on the contrary, have our small trained choirs, who sing in parts. Why, then, should we not, instead of common-place and trashy psalmody, make some use of these purest, noblest models of four-part sacred music that exist? The reasons why we have not done it are obvious. In the first place, as works of Art, they imply a more refined and cultivated taste than has prevailed or ever can prevail in our churches, so long as we have only the cheap and easy psalmody of everybody's manufacture for the musical religious sense to feed upon. And then it might spoil the enormous trade in psalmody, to allow the love for the true thing to be nurtured; for just so surely as any company of singers, who have music in their souls, shall get familiar with these chorals, will they find the common psalmody become "flat, stale and unprofitable." (We do not mean, of course, "Old Hundred" and the few grand old tunes.) In the next place the rhythm and metre of these old German hymns is so peculiar in most cases, abounding in double endings, or what is called female rhymes, that the tunes cannot be used much in connection with our hymn books. The Bach Chorals cannot supplant the psalm-tunes in our common forms of worship until the forms themselves are changed. But not the less is it desirable to have them made accessible. They may be put to many excellent uses, of which we name the following:

1. They may be sung as voluntary pieces for opening or closing of service, &c., by choirs; and they suit equally well the largest or the smallest (simple quartet) choir; provided they be executed with the utmost precision and true feeling by good, well-trained voices.

2. They may be used with admirable effect in alternation with congregational singing; a verse of the latter, with organ accompaniment, in strong, homely unison, followed by a verse of the former, by trained voices, without accompaniment, the same hymn responding as it were from a more spiritual height, glorified in the fine harmonies and modulations of Bach; for as he has treated them, you have the religious essence of the music expressed, and purified from all that is low and common.

3. For great Choral or Oratorio Societies, to be sung in their more miscellaneous sacred concerts, or at the beginning and ending of a performance. Nothing has made a finer impression in such concerts here than two of these same Chorals, similarly treated by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul." When perfectly sung by a great mass of voices, as our Mendelssohn Choral Society gave them, the effect is sublime.

4. In little private musical clubs and circles they will afford the very best sort of practice.

5. For organists and pianists, to be used simply as instrumental pieces, their purity and marvelous beauty and significance of harmony must commend them. There is more religious satisfaction in just playing them on the piano, than in listening to most of the music to be heard in any of our churches. The way in which each of the four parts, and each note in each, so perfectly serves the end of the great whole, is in itself a type of pure devotion.

6. But their most important service will be to musical schools and classes. As models in the

art of four-part composition, within the short form of a choral or psalm tune—an art at which so many try their hands in our day—they will be invaluable. The harmonizing of chorals, with Bach for a model, is made the foundation of all exercises in composition by Marx and the other masters in the German schools. Many of these Chorals Bach has harmonized in several different ways.

We have not room to say all we would upon this subject now. But we are happy to inform our readers that a beginning is soon to be made in introducing to the American public some of the Chorals of Bach, precisely as he wrote them, and with English words. Mr. Oliver Ditson, our enterprising publisher, has the matter in hand. When the first number appears we shall resume the subject.

Old Hundred.

MY DEAR DWIGHT—You may perhaps remember that in reply to the kind and friendly letter of Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, which appeared in your paper in June 1854, I promised him to look a little farther into the question of the origin of our popular "Old Hundred."

I am not yet ready to go extensively into the matter, and send you the few following notes, to show that I have not forgotten my promise.

In Mr. H.'s "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune," page 12, you may read: "The earliest copy of the tune, so far as it is known, stands in a Geneva edition of a portion of the English Psalter. * * * The date of the Psalter is 1561." Herr Becker, of Leipsic, has in his collection "Marot & Beza's Pseaumes," of the date, 1560. In this collection the 135th Pseaume has the tune just as given by Mr. H. in his English book of the year subsequent. At Wolfenbüttel a "Bible et Pseaumes," printed by Antoine Rebal—no place, but date 1560—gives us the same tune to the same Pseaume. The same is true also of an edition of Marot & Beza in the same fine library, of the date of 1559, which is two years earlier than Mr. Havergal's earliest known copy.

On page 24 of Mr. H.'s history, he speaks of the Hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren, printed at Ulm, 1538, and in a note says: "The only known copy of this most beautifully printed work is now in the author's possession." If Mr. Havergal will visit the library at Berlin or that at Zwickau, he will not only find other copies of that "most beautifully printed" edition, but also of various editions of earlier dates.

If Mr. H. will turn to Calvin's prefatory letter, published in editions of Marot & Beza, he will see that that great and severe reformer speaks of the tunes as having been *moderée* to the present version of the psalms. I follow Winterfield and other great German authorities in supposing that this term is employed to denote that, in taking secular and popular melodies for the psalms, they were stripped to some extent of their florid character, and rendered more grave and suitable to religious words. Two years ago I believed Mr. H.'s theory, that "Old Hundred" is made up of Gregorian phrases. I believe now that it is one of those secular melodies which Calvin says were *moderée*; and moreover I believe I have a copy of the original melody from which it was thus *moderée*.

As to Guillaume Franc, I was asking Ludwig Erk one day if he could give me any information about him. "I do not think," said he, "that there ever was any such man. I think Franc a misprint for"—I am not ready to say what name yet, as I have not yet finished my investigations. I asked Mr. Erk on several occasions his reason for his strange idea.

He had entirely forgotten what had led him to think so. I turned to Fetis, to Hawkins and Burney, and to the Dictionary, and find that all, without exception, only quote Bayle; so I went and bought Bayle—four huge folio volumes in French. I examined him, and found all that he gives in relation to Franc was from a *manuscript* letter of a Lausanne professor. I am fully satisfied that Mr. Ludwig Erk *may* prove right in his conjecture—*may*, not *will*.

In conclusion, I renew my promise to Rev. Mr. Havergal, not to give up the search until some satisfactory results are attained. If those results are such as to substantiate "the only claim to originality" which Mr. H. "ventures to advance," (see p. 51) it will be a source of gratification to me. I fear, however, that "Old Hundred" will prove to have been picked from the kennel, washed, combed and made decent for the church. Yours truly,

A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Exhibition of the Mechanic Association, in Faneuil and Quincy Halls, commenced on Wednesday, and will continue a fortnight longer. The display of products of artistic and mechanical ingenuity is uncommonly brilliant. The entire upper story (the armory rooms) of Faneuil Hall is occupied with the piano-fortes, melodeons, &c. The farther end of the hall is shared between the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co. who have put up extensive decorations. The former makers have on exhibition some six or eight of their most splendid grands, semi-grands and parlor-grands, and as many more square pianos. Grand pianos are also exhibited by Hallet & Davis, A. W. Ladd & Co. and T. Gilbert, (the latter for the first time.) There are also square pianos by Brown & Allen, Jacob Chickering, W. P. Emerson, J. W. Vose, and others. Melodeons and other reed instruments are exhibited by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, Nichols & Gerrish and S. D. Smith & Co. All that we noticed were from Boston manufactures, and the collection contains many admirable instruments. In the centre of all Mr. Nathan Richardson has erected a tasteful pagoda surmounted with busts of Beethoven, Mozart, &c., around which are displayed his various musical publications. The Judges in the Musical department, we understand, are Messrs. Otto Dresel, J. C. D. Parker, George Minot, Dr. Wm. Read, Gen. H. K. Oliver, of Lawrence, and George W. Warren, of Albany: gentlemen who have knowledge and conscientiousness enough among them, we should think, to ensure impartial justice.—We must be pardoned one suggestion. Some of the loudest exhibitors employ a person to keep one of their instruments resounding all day long, without cessation, with the loudest and most dashing sort of modern piano music. Sometimes two or three are going at once in this way, so that one is absolutely stunned on entering, and it is quite impossible to test the quality of any other instrument; the majority are literally cried down by these two or three, and get no chance to speak a modest word for themselves. Would not a spirit of mutual accommodation and forbearance in this matter be for the good of all? Or is it the only ambition of A, B, or C, to have his instrument pronounced a "stunner"?

At the New York Academy of Music *Ernani* was presented on Monday night. Mme. LAGRANGE was admired, as she is always. Sig. TAFFANELLI had fair success as the King; and Sig. CERESA, the tenor, who so agreeably surprised a Boston audience in the early summer, more than met the public expectation. The *Tribune* says of him:—

Since he appeared here he has devoted himself to earnest study of his art, and the improvements is manifest. His voice is fresh and sympathetic in the

middle register, and the higher notes have that ringing metallic quality which is so effective in concerted pieces. Over the combined effects of the chorus and orchestra in the noisy finale of the third act it was distinctly heard. He would be classed probably as a *tenore robusto*, but this term scarcely describes the quality of his voice. It more resembles Bolcioni's than Brignoli's, and, to our apprehension, would be more permanently effective than either in rôles which require power rather than sweetness. Unlike some artists, he exhibited no inclination to husband his voice during the first act, and was apparently entirely unfatigued at the close. As an actor, he is far below his position as a vocalist.

On Wednesday evening they had *Il Tronatore* again, which drew \$2,700 on Monday of last week—said to be the largest amount ever received at the Academy. This time again the house overflowed, the freshest attraction being ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who appeared as the gypsy Azucena. It is telegraphed in all the papers, that "she sang and acted with spirit, and was heartily greeted by the immense audience." The other principal characters were sustained, as formerly, by LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI, and AMODIO. . . . The new German Opera, with CARL BERGMAN as conductor, is to open on the 16th with *Robert der Teufel*, not exactly a German opera, although Meyerbeer is a German. The German merchants have subscribed very liberally for the season. . . . GOTTSCHALK announces his readiness to give lessons on the piano—terms only *five dollars per hour*!

Mlle. PARODI gave a successful concert in Philadelphia this week, assisted by STRAKOSCH, PAUL JULIEN, BERNARDI, the baritone, and TIBERINI, the new tenor, of whom the *Bulletin* says:

He made quite a hit, and gave the most satisfactory contradiction to the depreciating criticisms of New York. Since Salvi and Mario we have had no such finished artist among the tenor singers who have visited us. His voice is of excellent quality, extensive compass and completely under control. His method and delivery are admirable, and the only fault we have to find with him is a disposition to overload his pieces with ornaments. In the cadenza to "*Spirito gentil*," there were many inappropriate embellishments, which marred the effect of a romance otherwise exquisite sung.

MARIO and GRISI are recruiting at the Isle of Wight. . . . Duke ERNEST, of Saxe-Coburg, is composing his fifth opera. It is entitled *Diana*. . . . MEYERBEER was expected in Paris on the 25th ult. He has a new comic opera ready, in which there are only three characters and no choruses. M. Royer, the new manager of the Grand Opera, has been promised Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, or another opera, which is also nearly ready. . . . The musical composer, PETER CORNELIUS, mentioned in our last, is not (it seems) the celebrated painter, Prof. Peter von Cornelius, but a nephew and godson of his. He lives at Weimar, is a musician by profession, and belongs to the artistic circle assembled around LISZT. He is considered a young man of much promise. . . . VERDI is in Paris, "which looks like *business*," (says the *Athenæum*). . . . THEODORE PIXIS, a violin virtuoso of the first rank, died suddenly at an early age on the first of August. He was a professor in the Rhenish Music School. . . . Mr. JOHN P. GROVES, the young Bostonian, who went abroad a couple of years since for musical improvement, is said to be the first violinist in the Brussels Conservatoire. . . . BOSIO, BETTINI and MARINI are engaged for the opera at Moscow during the Coronation festival. . . .

Papers from Lima, Peru, mention the death in that city of Mme. BARILI THORNE, a favorite prima donna of the Italian Opera in New York, (in the days of Palmo's Theatre, when BENEDETTI first appeared,) who married the son of Col. Thorne. . . . Mr. HENRY C. TIMM, the modest and excellent musician, who has so long been looked up to by the musical profession and public in New York, has composed, it is said, a new *Mass*, which has already created a sensation among the knowing ones who have had a peep at it.

A NOBLE MAN AND ARTIST GONE!—It is with a sincere grief, which not a few of our readers will know how to share, that we read this morning in the *Evening Post* the following obituary:—

SETH CHENEY the artist, died yesterday, at Manchester, in Connecticut, about ten miles from Hartford. His age, we suppose, might be about fifty-five. In him a fine genius has been withdrawn from the age and the country.

Mr. Cheney's drawings in crayon are among the most remarkable things of their kind. The greater number of them are portraits of the size of life, but though portraits, they are informed with a noble idealism. It is almost impossible to look upon any work that came from his hand without acknowledging the presence of a certain purity, and spirituality, which the friends of the artist maintained was the proper expression of his own character. His strictly ideal pieces are of so high a degree of beauty and dignity that his friends scarcely scruple to speak of them as worthy of a place beside the drawings of Raphael. It was remarkable that he would never draw the likeness of any one for whom he had not a personal respect. His circumstances did not compel him to depend solely on his art for a livelihood, and when importuned to allow any distinguished man of defective morals, whom other artists might be proud to paint, to sit to him for a likeness, he steadily refused. He would not consent to copy traits of sensuality and dissimulation in the countenance of any man, whatever his station or influence.

Mr. Cheney had retired to Manchester, where with his brother, Mr. John Cheney, the eminent engraver, he had built a studio, and where he purposed to devote himself to painting—adding color, for which he is said to be possessed of a fine eye and delicate feeling to outline and shadow, by the management and disposition of which he has gained his reputation. Here he became a prey to the wasting disease by which he died, spoken of by some as consumption, but said by his physician to have been an exhaustion of the nervous organization, which in him was peculiarly sensitive. His personal character was of remarkable and blameless excellence, and he was greatly beloved by his friends.

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 187.)

The realm of tones snatched Beethoven in his last years almost entirely from the actual world, from which his nearly total loss of hearing separated him. He shrank back into solitude, declining almost every invitation, lest he should be, through his deafness, burdensome to others. With this tender sparing of others there was united in Beethoven a citizen of the world sense of freedom which would brook no restraint. Without regard to consequences, when he appeared in public places he expressed his opinion freely and plainly, not seldom very sarcastically, about the government, about the police, about the manners of the great, &c. Everybody understood this in Vienna, and indulged him, whether on the score of eccentricity or out of reverence for his genius. Hence Beethoven frequently maintained that: "Nowhere can one speak more freely than in Vienna." His ideal of a constitution was the English. By that he tried every political manifestation. But he knew very well how much he and his works were prized in England.

He had an unmistakable proof of that in 1817, when the Philharmonic Society in London invited him to come there and to compose some grand symphonies. Beethoven was compelled by his sickness and by other circumstances to give up this journey. But the lively interest he took in the idea for a long time appears in the correspondence which he had about it with his friend and pupil, Ries, who had for some years lived in London. From the fact, too, that it sheds some light upon Beethoven's otherwise not

very favorable situation, this correspondence is not without interest.

Beethoven wrote to Ries from Vienna on the 9th of July, 1817: "The commissions sent me in your last letter are very flattering. From this you will see how highly I esteem them. Were it not for my unlucky infirmity, which makes me require much more nursing and expense, especially upon a journey and in a foreign land, I should accept *unconditionally* the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. But place yourself in my position; consider how many more hindrances I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my requirements are unreasonable. Here they are, and I beg you to communicate them personally to the gentlemen directors of the Philharmonic Society: 1. I will be in London in the first half of the month of January, 1818, by the latest. 2. The two grand symphonies, entirely new, shall then be ready, and shall remain the property of the Society alone. 3. The Society gives me 300 guineas for them, and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which, however, will come much higher in my case, since it will be indispensable that I take a companion with me. 4. Since I begin immediately to work upon the composition of these grand symphonies, the Society (on the receipt of my draft) will send me here the sum of 150 guineas, so that I may provide a carriage and other preparations for the journey without delay. 5. The conditions with regard to not appearing in any other orchestra, to not directing, and to giving the preference to the Society, other things being equal, are accepted by me, and would, by my love of honor, have been understood as a matter of course. I must hope for the countenance of the society in initiating and furthering one or more (according to circumstances) benefit concerts for me. The especial friendship of some of the directors of your estimable Réunion, as well as the kind interest of all artists in my works is to me a pledge of that, and spurs me on so much the more to realize their expectations. 7. Moreover, I wish to have the acceptance or ratification of the above drawn up in the English language, signed by three directors in the name of the Society." In a postscript to this letter he adds: "I have purposely used another's hand in this letter, in order that you may be better able to read it all and lay it before the Society. Of your friendly sentiment towards me I am convinced, and hope that the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposal. You may be assured that I will use all my power to execute the honorable commission of so select a Society in the most worthy manner." In the same postscript Beethoven inquired how strong the orchestra

would be? how many violins, &c.? with or one with two proportions of brass? Is the hall large or resonant? &c.

Beethoven unfortunately was obliged to postpone the intended journey. "In spite of my wishes," he wrote to Ries on the 5th of March, 1818, "it was not possible for me to come this year to London. I beg you to say to the Philharmonic Society, that my feeble health prevented me. I hope, however, to be this spring perhaps entirely cured, and then to avail myself early in the autumn of the commission from the Society, and fulfil all the conditions of the same."

The following passage in this letter affords a deep insight into Beethoven's situation, which, according to his own statements, must have been very oppressive. "I wish," he says to Ries, "that your fortunes may improve daily. Alas! I cannot say that of myself. I cannot see another starve; I must give. So you can imagine what and how I suffer. Write to me very soon, I beg you. If it is in any way possible, I will get away from here early, to escape my utter ruin, and so reach London at the latest in the winter. I know that you will stand by an unfortunate friend. Had I been in the possession of my strength, and had I not been here, as always, bound by circumstances, I surely should have done far more for you."

Over a year had passed, when Beethoven, in a letter to Ries (April 3, 1819) saw himself obliged once more to announce, that for the present he could not possibly come to London, since he was entangled in so many circumstances. "But God will certainly," he added, "aid me to come to London next winter, when I will bring with me the new symphonies. I expect very soon the text for a new Oratorio, which I write here for the Musical Society, and which perhaps will also serve us in London. Do what you can for me, for I need it. Orders from the Philharmonic Society would have been very welcome. The accounts which Neate has sent me from London about the almost total failure of the three overtures, distressed me. Here each of them in its way not only pleased, but those in E flat and C major made a really great impression. The fate of these compositions with the Philharmonic Society is incomprehensible to me. You will already have received the arranged Quintet and the Sonata. Have both these works, especially the Quintet, engraved at once. With the Sonata there is less need of haste; yet I should like to have it appear within at least two, or at the most, three months. Your earlier letter, of which you speak, I did not receive; hence I did not hesitate to sell these two works here also—that is to say, merely for Germany. Meanwhile it will take

three months before the Sonata appears here. But do make haste with the Quintet. As soon as you remit me the money here, I will send you, for the publisher, a certificate as proprietor of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c."

About a fortnight later, on the 18th of April, 1819, Ries received from his old friend and teacher a very discontented letter: "It is incomprehensible to me," wrote Beethoven, "how so many errors could occur in the copy of the Sonata. The incorrect copying may have arisen from the fact that I no longer have a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about, and God must better it, until there comes a different state of things. This has lasted now a whole year. It is frightful how this thing has gone on, and what has become of my material; and yet no man can say what will come of it, until the promised year is passed. Should the Sonata not suit London, I could send another, or you could leave out the Largo, and begin at once with the Fugue in the last piece. I leave it to your discretion. The Sonata has been written in depressing circumstances; for it is hard to write almost for bread's sake. To this then have I come! To go to London were certainly the sole salvation for me, to free me from this wretched, irksome situation, in which I never can be well, and never do the work I could in better circumstances." In a later letter (25th May, 1819) Beethoven confessed: "I was confined by cares, as never before in my life, and that by excessive kindness towards other men."

Beethoven excused his long silence in a letter of the 6th of April, 1822, with the confession that he had been sick again for more than a whole year. "Still," he wrote, "I cherish the thought of coming yet to London, if only my health permit, perhaps next Spring. You would find in me, dear Ries, the true appreciator of my dear scholar, now great master; and who knows what new good thing for Art may yet spring up in union with you. I am, as always, given up entirely to my Muse, and find in that alone the happiness of my life."

In this same letter Beethoven mentioned a grand Mass, (*Missa solennis*) which he had not long before written. To his inquiry to Ries, whether something might not be made of it in London, he had received no answer. Accordingly he turned (in a letter of the 26th of July, 1822) to the music-dealer, Peters, in Leipzig, the head of the Bureau de Musique there. "I hereby inform you," he wrote, "that I will give you the Mass, together with the piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of 1000 florins in Convention coin. By the end of July you will receive this work well written off in score; perhaps a few days earlier or later, since I am always very busy and have been sick now for five months. But since one has to go through a work very attentively when it is going to a distance, it becomes a slow operation with me. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have also lost much. Besides, I am foster-father to my brother's helpless child. As this boy of fifteen shows so much talent for the sciences, it not only costs a great deal for the instruction and support of my nephew, but his future must be thought of, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who leave all to the dear God, and it is a

sad life, that of a *pauper*. In relation to one expression in your letter, I assure you on my honor that it has always been my principle never to offer myself to any publisher; not out of pride, but because I like to see how far the domain of my little talent reaches."

On the 3d of August, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Peters in Leipzig: "I have already told you of my not yet being wholly restored to health. I require baths, as also mineral water, and medicine besides. Hence things are somewhat deranged with me, the more so, that I must still write. Corrections, too, consume time. In regard to the songs and the other marches and little things, I am not yet decided on the selection; but all may be ready to send by the 15th of this month. I wait for your directions, and will make no use of your remittance. So soon as I know that the price for the Mass and for the other works is here, all can be delivered by the 15th of this month. But after the 15th I must go to a mineral bath which is in this neighborhood. Hence it is important for me to avoid all business for a while.

About his physical condition Beethoven wrote some three months later, on the 22d of November, 1822: "My health is not indeed fully restored by my baths; but on the whole I have gained. I had one special evil here, which was hard to overcome; another person had sought me out a dwelling-place which did not suit me; and this put back my business not a little, since one never can get on well so."

A letter of Beethoven to Peters in Leipzig (20th Dec., 1822) contains the confession: "It is impossible for me in all cases to make a percentage arrangement. I find it very hard to reckon in that way, oftener than is absolutely necessary. Besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you suppose. I am not in a condition to give an immediate hearing to all orders. There are too many of them; and there are many things which cannot be refused. Not always does the thing required accord with the author's wish. Were not my income wholly *without* income, I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, at the least quintets." With the expressions in this letter, another of the same date, to his friend Ries in London, harmonizes. "With satisfaction," he writes, "I accept the commission to write a new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society. If the compensation from the English cannot be compared with other nations, I would write even gratis for the first artists of Europe, if I were not always the poor Beethoven. If I were only in London, what great things would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! For Beethoven, thank God! can write nothing else in the world. If God only gives me back my health again, which has improved, to say the least, then I can execute orders from all parts of Europe, nay, even from North America, and I may yet come to a green branch."

In a letter of the 20th of March, 1823, Beethoven pleaded his situation in excuse for his delay in sending some military marches to Peters, the *chef* of the Bureau de Musique in Leipzig. "You would not think it strange," he wrote, "that you receive the three marches only to-day, if you were here and knew my situation. A description of it would be too prolix both for you and me. But I find here something to remark on what I have sent. In the grand march there

might be several regimental bands united, in order to man all the parts; and where a regimental band is not strong enough, a band master can easily manage it by leaving out some parts. In Leipzig even, you may find some one who can show you how this march may be set with fewer parts; although it will pain me if it should not appear in print entirely as it is. You must pardon the many corrections in the copy. My old copyist's sight is failing, and the younger one must first be broken in. But all is at least free from errors. It is impossible for me to serve you at once with a violin and a piano quartet. In case you write me betimes, however, whether you wish both works, I will do all I can. Only I must add, that I cannot take for a violin quartet less than 50 ducats, and for a piano quartet 70 ducats, as otherwise I should suffer loss. Indeed, 50 ducats have been offered me more than once for violin quartets. But I do not like to be exorbitant, and hence with you I adhere to these 50 ducats, which is actually now the common price. You know how quartets have risen now to the highest point, so that one is even shamed with a great work. Meanwhile my situation demands that I should have every advantage more or less for an inducement. It is quite another matter with the work itself. There I never think, thank God! of the advantage, but only *how* I write."

Beethoven often complained that he was obliged, for the sake of gain, to have recourse to giving lessons. On the 25th of April, 1823, he wrote to Ries in London: "The visit of the Archduke Rudolph here in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. Then I had every day to give two and a half or three hours lessons, and lost much time by it. After such lessons, on the next day one is hardly in a state to think, much less to write. But my continually sad condition requires that I shall write for the moment that which brings me so much money, which is needed for the moment. What a gloomy revelation you have here! Even now I am not well of many troubles I have suffered; indeed I have bad eyes. But do not be concerned; you shall have the symphonies very soon. Nothing but this miserable condition causes the delay."

Beethoven had dedicated some piano-forte variations to the wife of his friend Ries, and had sent them to London. "They have perhaps already arrived," he wrote on the 16th of July 1823. "The dedication to your wife I could not make myself, since I did not know her name. Do you then make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend. Surprise her with it. The fair sex loves that. Between ourselves, what is surprising as well as beautiful is the best. As to the *Allegri di bravura*, I must first see yours. Candidly, I am no friend of such things, since they demand too much mechanism, at least those which I know. I will send you some choruses if I succeed in composing any new ones. It is just my darling passion. Whatever you can get for the Variations, take. I am content in any case; only I must stipulate, that for the dedication to your wife there shall be absolutely no other pay taken but a kiss, which I have to receive in London. You frequently write *guineas*, and I receive only *sterling*; but I hear there is a distinction. Be not angry about it with a *pauvre musicien Autrichien*; really my condition is still oppressive. I am writing now a new violin quar-

tet. Might one perhaps offer this to the London musical or unmusical Jews—*en vrai Juif?*”

Beethoven's melancholy condition troubled him the more, since it everywhere set limits to the disinterestedness and liberality, which were fundamental traits in his character. In a letter to Ries, Sept. 5, 1823, he confessed: “Were I not so poor that I have to live by my pen, I would take nothing from the Philharmonic Society. I must really wait until the price for the symphony has been remitted. But to give a proof of my love and confidence for this Society, I have already sent them off a new overture. I leave it to the Society to do as it pleases with the overture. My brother Johann, who supports an equipage, has also wished to draw from me, and so, without asking me, he has offered the said overture to a publisher, Boosey, in London. Just say that my brother was mistaken about the overture. He bought it of me to speculate upon, as I perceive. *O frater!* Of your Symphony, dedicated to me, I have received nothing. If I did not consider the dedication as a sort of challenge, upon which I should have had to give you satisfaction, I should already have dedicated some work to you. But I thought all the time that I must first see your work, and how gladly I would testify my thanks to you by something of the sort. I am deeply your debtor for so much devotion and obligingness which you have shown to me. If my health should be improved by the mineral bath, then I will kiss your wife in 1824 in London.”

The portrait which is sketched of Beethoven by an Englishman, who visited him about this time, is interesting in many ways. “The 28th of September, 1823,” wrote that traveller, “will always be remembered by me as a *Dies fastus*. In fact I do not know that I ever lived a happier day. Early in the morning we went to Baden, a village near Vienna, where Beethoven was residing. As Herr H., one of his most intimate friends, accompanied me, I could not feel embarrassed at appearing before Beethoven. At first he looked steadily at me, and then he shook my hand as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance; for he remembered clearly my first visit in the year 1816, although that had been a very brief one—a proof of his excellent memory. I found to my deep regret a great change in his exterior, and it occurred to me at the moment that he seemed to be very unhappy. His complaints to H. afterwards confirmed my apprehension. I feared that he would not understand a word of what I said. But I was mistaken, for he comprehended all that I said to him aloud and slowly. From his answers it appeared that nothing of what H. said was lost, although neither he nor I used the hearing trumpet. Yet I must mention that when he played the piano, he as a general rule began so that twenty or thirty strings had to pay the penalty. Nothing can be more full of life and genius, and, to use an expression which characterizes his symphonies so well, more energetic, than his conversation, when one has once put him in a good humor. But an untimely question, a bad piece of advice, for instance, in relation to the cure of his deafness, is enough to alienate him forever. He wished, for a composition upon which he was just then engaged, to know the utmost possible compass of the trombone, and asked Herr H. about it, whose reply, however, did not satisfy him. Thereupon he told me that he had made it a rule to inform himself through the

different artists themselves about the construction, character and compass of the leading instruments. He presented to me his nephew, a handsome young man of about eighteen years, the only relative with whom he lived upon a friendly footing. He added: ‘You can, if you will, give him a puzzle in Greek,’ by which he meant to inform me of the young man's intimate acquaintance with that language. The history of this relation places Beethoven's goodness of heart in the clearest light. The most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices for him than he did.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we took our leave, to meet again at one o'clock at table in the romantic Helenenthal. We visited the baths and other notabilities, went about noon again to Beethoven's house, where he was already awaiting us, and then set out on our way to the valley. Beethoven is a good walker, and takes delight in walks of several miles, especially through a wild and romantic country; indeed they told me that he passed whole nights on such excursions, and often staid away from home for several days. On our way to the valley he frequently stopped suddenly and showed me the beautiful points, or remarked the want of new buildings. Another time he seemed entirely buried in himself, and merely hummed to himself in an unintelligible manner. I heard, however, that this was his way of composing, and that he never wrote down a note until he had made himself a definite plan of the whole piece. As the day was singularly beautiful, we ate in the open air, and what seemed particularly to please Beethoven was, that we were the only guests in the hotel and had the whole day alone to ourselves. The meal prepared for us was so luxurious that Beethoven could not help making remarks about it. ‘Wherefore so many different dishes?’ he exclaimed. ‘Man stands but little above other animals if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table.’ Such reflections he made several times more during the repast. Of meats he is only fond of fishes, and among them the trout is his favorite. He hates all constraint, and I do not believe there is a person in Vienna who speaks of everything, even of political subjects, with so little reserve as Beethoven. He hears poorly, but he speaks extraordinarily well, and his remarks are as characteristic and original as his compositions. During the whole course of our table talk nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I sat next to him, and I heard him most distinctly say in German: ‘Handel is the greatest composer who has ever lived.’ I cannot describe with what expression I might say, with what inspiration he spoke of the ‘Messiah’ of that immortal genius. Every one of us felt deeply moved when he said: ‘I would uncover my head and kneel upon his grave.’ Repeatedly I sought to turn the conversation upon Mozart, but in vain. I only heard him say: ‘In a monarchy we know who is first,’ which might or might not refer to this subject. I heard afterwards that Beethoven is sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is remarkable that he cannot hear his own earlier works praised, and I learned that it was the surest way to vex him, if one complimented him upon his Septuor and the Trios. He is most fond of his last creations, among the rest his second Mass, which he considers his best work. He is now engaged in writing a new opera, called ‘Melusina,’ of which the text is by

the poet Grillparzer. Beethoven is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, especially the Odyssey, and Plutarch, he prefers to all others. Of his own country's poets he has studied particularly Schiller and Goethe. He has the most favorable opinion of the British nation. ‘I like,’ said he, ‘the noble simplicity of the English manners,’ and added other praise besides. It seemed to me as if he still cherished a hope of visiting England with his nephew. I must not forget, that I have heard a Trio by him, for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, while it was still in manuscript. It impressed me as very beautiful, and I hear it will soon appear in London. I could tell much more of this extraordinary man, who, after what I have seen and experienced, has filled me with the deepest reverence. The friendly way in which he treated me and bade me farewell has made an impression on me, which will last for life.”

[Conclusion next week.]

Meyerbeer.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.)

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born rich. His father was a wealthy Jewish banker of Berlin, and by the death of his brothers, our hero is now the master of some eight or ten millions of dollars. This fortune has never been used except to advance his knowledge of Art—and for this he is always ready to sacrifice not only money but time, ease and pleasure. He paid the author of the “book” of “Romilda,” bought all the costumes necessary, paid the performers' salaries, and gave the score as a present to the manager of the Italian theatre, where it was first brought out.

Meyer Liebmann Beer was born at Berlin, the 5th September, 1794, and he is consequently in his sixty-third year. It was at an early period of his life that he refined the harshness of his paternal name into the more pleasing appellation which he has since made famous. It appears he was induced to make this change by reflecting that as his name was about to become public property, and the prey of enemies who would be sure to lose no means of irritating him, it would be wise not to leave in their hands a topic for so much sport as the name Liebmann Beer, which means “bear philanthropist” when translated into English, would be certain to afford wittlings. He dropped Liebmann, united Meyer and Beer together, and after translating his father's Christian name into Italian, he signed himself Giacomo (James) Meyerbeer.

Like most eminent geniuses, his “turn” early exhibited itself. Although he had not then attained his fourth year, he never heard a hand-organ grind in the street that he did not hasten to the piano and repeat in an accompaniment, which overflowed with grace and delicacy, the popular air roughly interpreted by the ambulating musician. His father judiciously fostered these talents with all the appliances wealth so easily commands, and as he encouraged his eldest son William in the study of mathematics until he became an eminent astronomer, and Michael in the cultivation of the belles-lettres until he achieved reputation as a poet, (he is the author of two tragedies of merit: “The Pariah” and “Struensee,”) so Giacomo was incited in the study of music. A celebrated player, named Lauska, directed his first musical studies; in his seventh year he was master of all the secrets of the piano key-board, and was eminent in all the private concerts of Berlin. When he was nine years old the Abbé Vogler, then the master of a highly esteemed musical school at Darmstadt, met him in Berlin, and after hearing him play said: “Courage! my lad, courage! If you persevere you will become the most famous piano player in Europe.” He engaged him to choose for his master of musical composition one Bernard Anselme Weber, one of his old pupils, and then leader of the orchestra of the first theatre of Berlin.

This master appears to have been deeply acquainted with the science of instrumentation and dramatic style, but ignorant of the rules of harmony. One day Giacomo wrote a fugue, which he showed to his master, who proclaimed it admirable, and forthwith he would send it by a special messenger to the Abbé Vogler at Darmstadt. The special messenger returned, but he brought with him no reply; a month, two months, three months passed away, but not a line came from Darmstadt, and Weber began to boast that Vogler was silent from mere spite to see his whole school outdone. The boast was premature. Early in the fourth month a huge package came from Darmstadt; it contained a complete treatise on fugue in MSS., written entirely by Vogler, a critical analysis of Giacomo's fugue, wherein all its details were examined and proved wrong, and a fugue written by Vogler on the same *thema* and explained note by note, measure by measure, with the most exact logic. Weber went to bed sick. Giacomo studied the treatise by day and night, and in six months afterwards sent a fugue in eight parts to the Abbé Vogler. "Come," replied the Abbé, "come to my house; I will treat you as my own son, and together, we will delve in deepest mines of science."

Although the Abbé Vogler was the organist of the Darmstadt church, and he made his pupils study sacred music especially, Giacomo's family nevertheless sent him to the Abbé's house. Here Giacomo found Charles Marie von Weber (the composer of "Der Freyschütz," and who was Meyerbeer's fast friend until his untimely death,) Godfrey von Weber, and Gambascher (since chapel master at Vienna.) Their day commenced with a mass celebrated by the Abbé Vogler, Charles von Weber being at the organ—mass ended, they set to work, the master giving to each pupil the *thema* he was to study, and which was generally a piece of religious music, a "Kyrie Sancte," or "Gloria in Excelsis," Vogler himself working as hard as any of them. Sundays the whole school would go to the cathedral, where Vogler would take one organ and his pupils the other, and reply to him either by repeating his own strains, or by throwing the reins over the neck of their winged steed and plunging into the highest of the ideal.

Before he was seventeen M. Meyerbeer had written some scores of religious music, which are said to be very remarkable; but he has never allowed any of them to be published; because, so it is said, he knows very well they exhibit too frequent use of the scholastic formulas and contain too little harmony. Be this as it may, one of these pieces, "God and Nature," commanded the unanimous applause of the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, and the Grand Duke appointed him his composer in ordinary. In 1811, Vogler closed his school and made with his pupils a tour in the German towns. Meyerbeer had then in his pocket his first opera, "Jeptha's Vow," which his master and companions thought an admirable production: it was performed during his tour at Munich, but fell, with the silence of this lukewarm age, *un succès d'estime*. M. Meyerbeer is of too sensitive a nature to bear a check; and he hastened to Vienna to console himself by the triumphs of the piano-players for the defeat of the composer.

At that period of time Hummel and Clementi were the great piano-players of Europe. The latter had given Meyerbeer lessons at Berlin, but he had never heard the former. He made no appearance in public after Hummel's arrival at Vienna; for he felt instantly that though he possessed the fire and brilliancy of Clementi's school, he lacked the grace, charm and purity which distinguished Hummel's playing. M. Meyerbeer acted in a very characteristic manner. He shut himself up for six months, worked for eighteen hours a day, and then made his appearance in the Vienna concert rooms. Hummel acknowledged him his superior! Isn't genius the child of patience? M. Meyerbeer has constantly refused to publish his compositions for the piano.

But M. Meyerbeer's secret aspirations were not for the fame of Hummel's, Listz's, and Thalberg's. His defeat at Munich fired, rather than extinguished his ambition, and he wrote "Abimelech,

or the Two Caliphs." It was "brought out" at the Imperial theatre of Vienna; Vogler and Charles von Weber vowed it a masterpiece, but it fell stillborn. A few days afterwards Salieri, the imperial chapel-master, the author of an opera called "Les Danaïdes," and the composer for whom Beaumarchais wrote "Tartar," called upon him, and after telling him that he was not sufficiently master of his art, engaged him to go to Italy. M. Meyerbeer went to Venice, where for eight months he heard Rossini's music, and, as it is said, "Tancredi" wrought a wonderful change in him. Three years afterwards (1818) he gave his first Italian opera "Romilda e Constanza," Mme. Pisaroni singing the principal part. In 1819 he wrote at Turin, for Mme. Caroline Bassai, the part of "Semiramide Riconosciuta," and early the following year the San Benedetto theatre of Venice played "Emma di Risburgo," which had a great deal of success.

M. Meyerbeer returned to Germany, preceded by the fame of his Italian successes. They prejudicated, rather than advanced him. The most violent attacks against him rang through every newspaper in Germany; he was called a renegade, a traitor, an unfilial child, because he deserted, so they said, the German for the Italian school. He wrote a score, "Brandenburg Gate," for a Berlin festival, but the theatre refused to allow it to be played. Dresden, however, was more generous, and "Emma di Risburgo" was warmly applauded by the court and the people. This cold reception was, perhaps, of use to M. Meyerbeer, since they attracted him again to the German school—to that style in which his most lasting works are written. Milan invited M. Meyerbeer to La Scala, where "Margherita d'Angiù" and "Usule di Granata" were given. He wrote next an opera in two acts, "Almanzor," for Rome, but the illness of Mme. Caroline Bassai prevented the opera from being performed. It is said that M. Meyerbeer has introduced into his French operas the best music of "Brandenburg Gate" and "Almanzor." "Il Crociato" was next composed, and it was first played at Venice in 1824.

M. Meyerbeer heard, while he was at Milan, that the Italian Opera at Paris was about to produce "Il Crociato," with Mlle. Schiasetti (a contralto of the second rank) as the principal personage; Mme. Pasta as the "high" soprano, (so that she would have been obliged to transpose her part from one end to the other,) and the tenor's part by M. Curioni, (a worn-out barytone.) M. Meyerbeer flew to Paris, in a state of mind which has been described as bordering on distraction. He insisted that Mme. Pasta should take Mlle. Schiasetti's part; Mme. Mombelli, Mme. Pasta's; and Donzelli, Curioni's part. For eleven months poor M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by rehearsals which were constantly interrupted, then pressed forward rapidly: at last "Il Crociato" was played, but it met with no sort of success for this reason. See on what a slender thread success sometimes hangs!

In the admirable *quartetto* of the second act, a child is made to appear, a "walking" character, who is supposed to be the son of *Palmide*, and is presented to the Sultan to bring him to more merciful ideas. The child appears late in the course of the evening. It no sooner appeared on the stage than it began to gape; the public smiled; *Palmide* sang with inexpressible tenderness: "*Frena le lagrime*, (gape the second,) *consolarte*, (gape,) *sapra*, (gape,) *il ciel*," (gape.) The audience could withstand it no longer, and laughed in those immoderate peals which ruin a serious work. But three years afterwards "Il Crociato" was played here with some success.

M. Meyerbeer married in 1827 and for a long time remained silent, and his silence was prolonged by the loss of two children, the first and second issue of his marriage. For two years he composed nothing but religious music; among these compositions are the twelve Psalms with a double choir, the "Stabat," "Miserere," "Te Deum," Klöpstock's eight canticles for four voices without accompaniment, which are now in every lady's hands.

He returned to Paris early in 1830. Before

his marriage Pixérécourt, then manager of the Opera Comique, was anxious for him to write an opera for the Opera Comique, and proposed Alex. Duval and Dupaty as the best "book" writers he could find; but M. Meyerbeer declined them both, although Alex. Duval actually wrote a "book" for him. His brother, Michael Beer was on intimate terms with Casimir and Germain Delavigne, and Michael engaged the latter to promise that he would with M. Scribe write a "book" for an opera comique for Giacomo Meyerbeer. The book was written; it was a three act opera comique—its name was "Robert le Diable!" M. Meyerbeer took the "book" with him to Berlin, but he became discouraged after the death of his children and threw up the "book." M. de La Rochefoucauld was then General Director of the Fine Arts, and he engaged M. Meyerbeer to write an opera for the Grand Opera; the latter asked two things—first, to read M. de La Rochefoucauld a *scenario* he had composed, secondly to procure M. Scribe to translate it into French. M. Meyerbeer read his *scenario* to M. de La Rochefoucauld, who was then anxious to find a ballet for Mlle. Taglioni, and who found it in the *scenario*, which M. Meyerbeer thereupon abandoned to him, and the latter agreed to decide MM. Scribe and Delavigne to change their opera comique into a grand opera; they, however, long refused to do any such thing. "Robert le Diable" was not performed until the 22d November, 1832, I need not say with an unparalleled success. The first fifty performances were of \$2,000 each, and even now it never fails to bring in \$1,600. The first performance came near causing the death of Mlle. Taglioni and of Nourrit. Strange to say, before the first performance and at the general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer was annoyed by the beauty of the famous scene of the nuns leaving their tombs: "That's all very fine, but you have evidently no confidence in the success of my music, you are anxious to obtain a success of scenery."

This splendid success irritated Rossini to the last degree, and by that infirmity which so frequently attends genius, M. Meyerbeer detests Rossini even more than the latter hates him. Dr. Veron (who was then the manager of the Grand Opera) seeing Rossini's ill humor, sought to engage him to write an opera on M. Scribe's "Gustave," which he represented as containing all the great human passions. "Depend upon it, my dear Rossini, action, contrasts, splendid costumes and scenery aid a musical work immensely." "You forget, my good Veron," replied Rossini, while a sardonic smile flitted across the face, "to add to those attractions, eighty additional musicians in the orchestra." "True, true," said Veron, caught in the snare Rossini laid for him; "and they give force and volume to the music; the orchestra of the Italian Opera is too small." "Your principles are excellent," my dear Veron, "carry them into practice with your new work, 'La Juive.' M. Halévy is also a Jew; some wit has said 'he is Meyerbeer's crime and punishment;' [you know M. Halévy is an imitator of M. Meyerbeer.] You will obtain as much success with it as with 'Robert le Diable.' I cannot write you 'Gustave,' for I am going to Italy. I'll return when your Jews have ended their *Sabbat*."

M. Meyerbeer does not express his aversion for Rossini so frankly, but he is accused by the malevolent of engaging his friends to go to sleep in conspicuous places when Rossini's music is executed. Last October, at the second performance of "Semiramide," M. Meyerbeer took a stage-box at the Italian Opera here. When Mme. Bosio sang her great air, he turned around to the stage and listened in such a way that it was evident to every body that he was paying a compliment to the prima donna rather than the opera. At the *finale* of the first act, he leaned back in his chair, and went, or seemed to go, fast asleep!

One curious remark about M. Meyerbeer's operas in France has been made: the cholera has visited Paris with each of them; when "Robert le Diable" was first played, 1832, this city was decimated by that hideous scourge, and when "Le Prophète" was produced in 1849, and when "Le Etoile du Nord" appeared in 1854! Somebody has said, "Oh! this is not at all astonishing."

When Meyerbeer's music is heard, plagues and pestilences must be near at hand; for he is not a musician, he is the Devil!"

Let me tell you a very good story of how M. Meyerbeer silenced some critics without opening his purse. He is morbidly sensitive to the least harsh criticism, and when he is attacked he exerts every means in his power to prevent the attack from being renewed. On the eve of every important performance of his works, he invites the leading *feuilletonistes* to a splendid dinner at the Hotel des Princes or Trois Frères Provençaux, to appropriate their critical acumen. He calls this *chauffer la reclame*. But to my story.

One day a gentleman entered M. Mires's office (he too is a Jew, and the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*), and after discussing railways and the funds, he carelessly asked, "Do you know the author of 'Les Huguenots'?" "No, I have never seen him." "That's odd. It was only yesterday he was praising you up to the skies. If I were in your place I would go to see him." "Really? Then I'll go to-day." In due time M. Mires called at the Hotel du Danube, Rue Richepanse, where M. Meyerbeer usually stays when in Paris. I need scarcely say M. Meyerbeer expected the visit of the opulent banker; and received him with the greatest cordiality. After they been talking an hour, M. Meyerbeer said very calmly: "Do you know I am constantly attacked in *Le Pays*?" "No! What, attacked in *Le Pays*, in my newspaper?" "I was sure you knew nothing about it." "Not a word, I pledge you my honor. And now I know it, rest assured you shan't be attacked again." That very evening the musical critic was summoned: "You must not attack my friend Meyerbeer." *Mais—*" "There are no *mais* about it. You must exalt his wonderful genius." "Really...." "Well, if you do not choose to do so, resign your place, and I'll appoint another." "No; in *Le Pays* we will do as you please. But in *La France Musicale* we will express our own opinions." "Not at all! Unless you praise Meyerbeer, my friend, you shall not write in *Le Pays*." From that day to this, Meyerbeer is the Jupiter Tonans of *Le Pays* and *La France Musicale*!

The extreme care M. Meyerbeer takes with all his compositions has given rise to the accredited opinion that all his operas are the children of labor, and science, and skill, but not of inspiration. "*Tu l'as dit, oui, tu n'aimes,*" (the famous duet which ends the fourth act of "Les Huguenots") may be instanced to disprove this belief. The whole of the duet was written the 20th November, 1835, between 11 o'clock at night and 2 o'clock in the morning. After the first general rehearsal, M. Meyerbeer ran home—he was then staying with his friend M. Gouin, his great Paris *factotum*—and fell into a chair. All's lost, Gouin! said he, "all goes to ruin. Nourrit swears he can never sing the last piece in the fourth act, and everybody sides with him." "Bah! why not write something else?" "Impossible. Scribe vows he will not touch the 'book' again." "The deuce! Do you want many words?" "*Mon Dieu!* no; all I want is something for an *andante*." "I'll get Emile Deschamps; he'll do what we want. Off M. Gouin ran to the Divan Lepelletier, the favorite haunt of Deschamps, and brought him to M. Meyerbeer. The words were soon written, the *maestro* sat down to the piano, and in three hours the famous duet you applaud every winter was turned to shape, and the airy nothing had a local habitation and a name.

M. Meyerbeer scarcely slept that night. At day break he went to see Nourrit, duet in hand. Nourrit took the score, hummed the air, gave an enthusiastic huzza, and fell into the composer's arms. The second day afterwards it was written for the orchestra; it was rehearsed; the orchestra laid down their instruments and cheered; Habeneck climbed over the foot-lights, followed by all his musicians, and M. Meyerbeer was carried around the stage in triumph, amid the cheers of the company; Raol applauded and Valentine wept.

At the rehearsal of his operas, M. Meyerbeer is the most timid of men. He consults everybody:

machinist, prompter, fireman, chorister, supernumerary, and especially the leader of the *claque*. He sits by the latter's side during rehearsal and listens to him as to an oracle. "There's a dangerous piece," the leader of the *claque* has but to say; "if you have many friends in the house who will undertake it, we will continue it, but I can't guarantee it." "But," replies M. Meyerbeer, "you know more about it than I do." But when once the opera has been played, and is successful, he consults nobody, and every body must yield to him. When his operas are at stake, M. Meyerbeer is as insensible as Sir Giles Overreach. Last spring a year, "*L'Etoile du Nord*" was in all its glory. Mlle. Decroix, who sang the duet of the Vivandières with Mlle. Lemerrier, lost her mother very suddenly. The manager gave her a leave of absence, and supplied her place by Mlle. Belia, who knew the part. Meyerbeer heard of the change, and asked what it meant. He was told. "You were right to give Mlle. Decroix a leave of absence, but I cannot accept Mlle. Belia. Our contract interdicts you from 'doubling before the fiftieth performance.'" "Very true, but".... "Suspend the piece until Mlle. Decroix returns." "That I can't do; I can't afford to lose the money." "Then make Mlle. Decroix sing," was the heartless reply of the celebrated composer; and the poor, weeping girl was forced to give the public that gay song, the evening her mother was buried! He detests cats, and faints if he is thrown with a man who has a nervous twitch of the eyes, or other feature. He is very absent minded.

GAMMA.

TO A BOUQUET.

Tints the fairest,
Scent the rarest,
Make of thee a prize!
Let me place thee
Where I'll face thee
When I raise my eyes.
On the table—
'Tis no fable—
Thou mak'st radiant all;
Shedding sweetness
And completeness
O'er my room so small.
When thou'lt perish
Shall I cherish
Sadd'ning thoughts of thee?
Mem'ry painting—
No hue fainting—
Thus thou'lt live with me.

STELLA.

Worcester Palladium.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

HALLE.—This city was the birth-place of HANDEL. It is by no means one of the most genial homes of German Art at present, although it is the residence of one of Germany's truest artists, ROBERT FRANZ. It is proposed there to celebrate the centenary of Handel's death, and a committee has put forth the following announcement:

On the 13th April, 1759, George Frederick Handel, one of the greatest men of the German nation, and one of the most eminent men of his art, departed this life. The approaching centenary of his death calls upon all Germans to discharge the debt of gratitude yet due to their countryman. To our great satisfaction we learn that preparations have been made to honor the memory of Handel by a complete edition of his works. At the same time it is desirable that this mark of respect should be followed by another. Halle, the city where Handel was born, and received the first all-important impressions of youth, desires that a monument to him should be raised within her walls; and to carry out this object a committee has been formed. The original design is to found here an institution especially devoted to the cultivation of Handel's music. We are forced, however, to concede that a plan of this sort would favor local interests to the detriment of the main object, and hence propose that the memory of Handel should be honored by the erection of his statue in the place of his birth. This project will, doubtless, receive the support of all who are indebted to Handel for intellectual excitement and elevation—that is, of the majority of cultivated persons in every

nation. With musicians, the accomplishment of the plan will be a point of honor. If our success is proportionate to the greatness of the master, we shall, perhaps, be enabled to carry out the original notion as well as the present one; but the proximity of the Centenary Festival compels us to request that all friends to our musical project may use all possible speed in enabling us to carry it out, by public performances, subscriptions, and other suitable means. We shall not fail to report publicly on the progress of the work, and the expenditure of the money contributed (to be addressed to Herr Geheimderath Wucherer, Halle). We request that this announcement may be circulated as widely as possible, and trust that the editors of the German papers will support us by inserting the same, and also by receiving subscriptions. Halle, June, 1856.

SALZBURG, the place of MOZART's birth, has prepared a great festival in his honor this month. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* furnishes the following programme of it, (as translated in the *London Musical World*):

Saturday, 6th Sept.—When the visitors, passing through the gates, which will be adorned with appropriate inscriptions, garlands, &c., enter the venerable Juvavia, (the ancient name of Salzburg,) so renowned in the history of the world and of Art, the city will show them its joyous countenance by a torchlight procession, which directing its movements towards the statue of Mozart, will terminate with a cantata composed by Lachner, to words by Professor Beck, and a magical illumination of the mountains.

Sunday, 7th.—About 9 o'clock, A. M., Mozart's grand mass in C, in which distinguished "stars" will assist. In the evening the first festival-concert in the hall (decorated for the occasion,) of the *Studiengänge*. The music will be exclusively that of Mozart, and will comprise the symphony (Jupiter) in C major; an aria from *Tito*, with bassoon obligato; quartet from *Idomeneo* (two soprani, alto and tenor); piano-concerto in D minor; concerto for violin and tenor; and the Count's aria from *Figaro*; trio from *Lo Sposo*; scene from *Idomeneo*; overture to *Zauberflöte*.

Monday, 8th.—In the Cathedral, Mozart's grand mass in F major, as on the preceding day. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the great festival procession, consisting of all the *Liedertafeln*, with their banners and emblems, will march to the decorated tribune on the Mönchsberg, where the "Abendlied," "Bundeslied," Mozart's "O Isis," Lachner's "Kriegers Gebet," Storch's "Grün," the chorus from Mendelssohn's "Edipus," the "Frau Musica" of Rochlitz, the hunting chorus from Robert Schumann's "Pilgerfahrt," and amid the firing of salutes, "Prince Eugene" will be sung by the various societies in union, besides sundry intervening pieces by the different societies separately.

Tuesday, 9th, the second festival concert will take place, when the music will comprise: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, an aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Spohr's "Concerto in forma di scena cantante," march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy-Blas*, the second act from Glück's *Orfeo*, aria (tenor) from Weber's *Euryanthe*, "Wunderbare Harmonie"—a vocal quartet by Haydn, duet from Spontini's *Vestal* (?), Handel's "Hallelujah." The festival concerts will be under the direction of Herr Lachner, the performance of the "Liedertafeln" under Herr Storch, and the masses in the church under Herr Taux. The assistant artists for solos will comprise—Frau Behrend-Brand, Frau Mangstl-Stretzenegger, Frau Dietz, Herr Grill (?), Herr Härtinger, Herr Young, and Herr Kindermann. Several professors from Munich, and artists from far and near will also take part in the orchestra. Among the first violins will be many violinists and orchestra directors of repute, including men from the northern German states—even Schleswig-Holstein. During the festival, the relics of Mozart—the harpsichord, spinet, letters, portraits, etc., now in the possession of the "Mozarteum" will be exhibited in the room where the great composer was born.

DARMSTADT.—On the 31st August and 1st September, the Middle Rhine Musical Festival will take place at Darmstadt. The cities that join in the celebration are Darmstadt, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Giessen, &c. The orchestra will comprise the Grand Ducal band of Darmstadt, the band of the Court theatre at Mannheim, and several distinguished talents from Mayence, Wiesbaden, Carlsruhe, and Frankfurt. The programme is as follows: First day, Handel's "Messiah." Second day—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; Concerto on the violin with harp obligato by Viouxtemps; "Bachus-Chor," from the *Hermannschlacht* of Mangold; Chorus from Haydn's "Creation"; Beethoven's Sinfonia Eroica.

PARIS.—A new *bouffonnerie musicale* in one act, called *Deux Vieilles Gardes*, words by MM. de Ville-neuve and Lemonnier, music by M. Delibes, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The piece is bad, but the music is pretty. M. Delibes is a pupil of the late Adolph Adam, and his present composition augurs well for his future.

At the Grand Opéra, the revival of *Guillaume Tell*,

with all the music, was announced. The *Prophète*, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Fides, will follow soon after; and later in the season it is expected that Mme. Medori will appear in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 20, 1856.

The Franklin Day—Inauguration of the Statue.

The 17th of September, already memorable in the annals of our country, has acquired a fresh significance in Boston. The festival of that day was in many respects the most successful of all the public celebrations which we can remember. It was in admirable contrast with our noisy, rowdy, senseless, semi-savage way of celebrating the Fourth of July. No firing of guns and crackers; none of that insane joy which seems to know not why it is rejoicing. Then we act like prisoners or slaves set free, with no thought of the ends of freedom and a great destiny to be fulfilled. But the rejoicings of this day were significant, pervaded by a true, a high American idea; the keynote given by the memory of a great man, "the great Bostonian," perhaps the first mind in our Revolution. We all went forth, amid the splendors of a perfect autumn day, to set up his statue, which should be a perpetual reminder to us of the true meaning of our freedom, the true mission of our country. A nobler type of the true American could not be erected. Here were the scenes of his early life. Here in poverty and honest labor had he laid the foundations of that character, that did so much to shape the destinies of a great people. Incidents from his life, maxims of practical wisdom and stirring words of true, of moral independence, taken from his pen and lips, illustrations in his person of the dignity of labor, of the union of the highest with the homeliest; lessons of true, free American manhood, borrowed from his whole life; these gave the hint for all the decorations of the streets, for the richest features of the immense procession, and inspired a sort of artistic unity in all the multifarious doings of the day.

From morning till night, with all that immense crowd poured out, there was no rude disorder, no intoxication, vulgarity, or stupid wandering about (as is the wont of American multitudes on feast days,) in solemn, unsuccessful search of pleasure; no sign of anything but joy and genuine entertainment, with renewed consciousness that after all we have a glorious mission in our hands, to work out the sublime moral of the struggle which has left us free. There was *community* of feeling on that day, and hence its pomp and pageantry became artistic.

The newspapers record the order of the great procession, the seeing or forming part of which was the *chief* occupation of the greatest number. The turn-out of the mechanic trades, with their implements and banners, was more imposing than any of the kind before. There were some small displays of Yankee peddling vanity and self-advertising, to be sure, mixed up with the rest. But by far the most of the representations were of those solid, noble arts of life, which make them elemental types of the true dignity of labor, and carry poetry and meaning with them. The workers in iron and in brass, those

stalwart bands of men, with the products of their hands, uniting strength and beauty, for their emblems; the makers of bread; the printers (with Franklin's own press, and printing office in full operation; the miniature school-rooms, with beautiful and happy children at their desks—best fruits of the tree which Franklin with wise forethought planted; the innumerable wagons of the expressmen, loaded with bales and boxes lettered for all corners of the continent, showing at a glance the vast spread of our business relations;—all was full of deep suggestion. The Fine Arts too were there. Noble bodies of laborers bore their insignia. The 200 workmen from the Chicopee foundry, who cast the statue, and who bore above their heads small models of the same and other statues, as well as cutlery and silver ware made a goodly show. So, too, the workers in ornamental iron, the silversmiths, the makers of gas fixtures, hundreds of them, each man carrying a brass rod (they might call themselves the Fraternity of the Golden Rule).

And music was there. We must say a word of that. The 300 men from the piano-forte manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and the 200 from the manufactory of Messrs. Hallett & Davis, were among the finest looking bodies of men. The former were preceded by an elegant and tasteful pavilion, on which stood the first grand piano made by Jonas Chickering in 1824, and followed by another containing the *last* grand piano by the brothers Chickering. A beautiful feature of their parade was the respect paid to those who had grown old in the service, who were drawn in elegant barouches. At the head of Hallett & Davis's column moved a pavilion, containing one of those very old ancestors of the piano, a veritable spinet, which has been for years in Worcester, and was labelled, "made 150 years before Franklin's birth," and by its side one of their last splendid grand pianos.—Other musical instrument makers we saw none; but there were bands innumerable in full blast, representing and trumpeting the makers of wind instruments, unfortunately all brass.

Of the ceremonies in Court Square, the unveiling of the statue, the eloquent and fit words spoken, we cannot report, for it was only a comparatively small and representative crowd that could find room there. Of the modern Olympic games and competitions of our brave firemen, too, upon the Common, and the happy outpouring of the children of the schools upon the Public Garden, green as an emerald, and flashing with masses of bright-colored flowers, as it was that day, we can but make mention.

The statue itself is a noble work of Art, and does the greatest honor to the sculptor, RICHARD GREENOUGH, as well as to the founders, who have cast it in light golden-colored bronze, and to all who have had part in the design and execution of the whole project. The figure is eight feet in height, and stands upon a beautiful die-stone of the Vermont verde antique marble, which surmounts a chaste granite pedestal. The old Franklin stands there in his plain, quiet, natural posture, the big, wise head inclining forward; nothing theatrical or for effect about it; no particular action; his hat held up under the left arm, the other arm dropped quietly; looking as you might have met him any day in Washington street, or in the streets of Paris, going thoughtfully along. The expression of the face is serene, thoughtful,

benevolent, wise, happy: and with the drooping fulness of the head, the whole man seems as if full of a great future, as if serene and happy in the feeling that the ground has been faithfully cleared and the true seeds planted, and in the anticipation of a glorious harvest for posterity.

In the evening the square was illuminated by ornamental gas-lights covering the front of City Hall, and there were crowds and music; and at midnight the German Glee Club (Orpheus) and Serenade Band, with true German artist feeling, brought the tribute of their music, in the form of a serenade, to the image of this patriarch of their free adopted country.

A WORD FROM THE ANTI-SCHUMANN-ITES.
—The London *Musical World* has the following notice of our recent strictures upon the English criticisms of Schumann, Wagner, and others.

We have inserted in another page an article from *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, written in a gentlemanly tone, although somewhat dogmatic in spirit. The writer is, we think, mistaken in two ways—mistaken in his admiration of the late Robert Schumann (as a composer), and mistaken in his interpretation of certain views which have from time to time been advanced in these columns, and which have as often been attacked in those of our transatlantic contemporary.

Among other things we are rated with inconsistency for simultaneously objecting to the music of Wagner, Schumann, Brahms and Franz, the styles of those composers bearing (according to Dwight) no resemblance whatever to each other. Now our contemporary must excuse us when we tell him that he has assumed something on his own account, and then combated the assumption. We never said there was any relationship among the styles of his favorite composers. First, we do not admit them to possess what the term *style* is supposed to represent. A want of *style* indeed is among their various deficiencies. Secondly, we object to their music generally and individually because, according to our belief in what constitutes good in art, their music is essentially *bad*. Surely we may denounce several bad things together without being open to the charge of not knowing the difference between one and another. *Lohengrin* is a bad thing, *Paradise and the Peri* is a bad thing, and the sonata of Brahms is a (very) bad thing; but at the same time they have nothing in common but this badness for which they are condemned. Mr. Dwight finds that Wagner and Schumann have nothing in common but their "*Beethoven-like* unwillingness to be mere copyists." May the Muses pardon our contemporary his sacrilegious application of the mightiest name in music! We cannot.

There is one consoling point in all this vain preaching up of what is vicious in art—or rather, of what has really no claim to be denominated *art*—among our cousins, the Yankees. Those critics who are most enthusiastic about Wagner and Schumann are always either sneering at or endeavoring to throw cold water upon the greatest musical genius of his day—the legitimate successor of Beethoven (although no more like Beethoven than Schumann is like Wagner—resembling Beethoven alone in that high instinct which made both disdain to pass off charlatanism for art). We of course allude to Mendelssohn. It is the same in Germany as in America. In Germany, critics who are shallow enough, or mad enough, to be proselytes of Wagner, are furious against Mendelssohn, because Mendelssohn while he lived was a beacon to warn us from the rocks and quicksands that are always at hand for the unwary. The observation of certain "intelligent Germans" of Mr. Dwight's acquaintance that, "given half the *ideas* found in *Paradise and the Peri* Mendelssohn, by his consummate treatment, would have produced a wonder of the world," is merely intended to convey by innuendo that Mendelssohn had no *ideas*, or at least not so many as Schumann, which is neither more nor less than preposterous

nonsense. If Mr. Dwight and his friends are unable to detect the difference between the two men, to know how one was a true and the other a false apostle, the one a great, the other a small musician, we are sorry for Mr. Dwight and his friends. And yet what have we a right to expect from critics who fancy they can see a resemblance between Robert Franz and John Sebastian Bach?

We cannot see that the above requires any answer, farther than to say, we still adhere to all that we have said. We must deny that Schumann, Wagner and Franz have only written music that is *bad*; for Brahms we have made no claim. And as for Franz, we still maintain, that any one who studies his music, even his songs, will find traces of the influence of Bach quite as distinctly as they are found in Mendelssohn; that Franz, even in the English sense, therefore, is *classical* in style.

Musical Review.

(Published by Nathan Richardson.)

The Musical Drama: a collection of Choruses, Quintets, Quartets, Trios and concerted pieces, from standard German, Italian and French Operas, &c. Selected, arranged and translated by J. C. D. PARKER, A. M. (See Advertisement.)

Here is a work which, judging from the first number, now before us, will be of real value to amateur clubs and singing societies. There are many treasures in the way of concerted pieces in the best operas, which have never been drawn forth (at least without alteration or curtailment) for the benefit of American singers. Especially is this true of German operas. No. 1 of the promised nine numbers in this series is devoted purely to German opera. It contains six admirable pieces. The first is that exquisite Chorus of Elves from the opening of Weber's *Oberon* (sung last winter at Mr. Dresel's private concert). Next comes the Quartet from *Fidelio* (sung at our Beethoven Festival.) The other pieces are a chorus from Gluck's *Armide*; a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Die Heimkehr*; the Trio (in masks) from *Don Giovanni*; and a Scene (Trio and Chorus) from *Der Freyschütz*. These alone have more meat in them than is found in all the opera chorus books which have appeared in English. Mr. Parker has done his work faithfully, with a true musician's feeling. In every case he gives the German words, with a good singable translation. In the case of the Don Juan Trio we should have thought it well to give also the usual Italian words: *Protegga il giusto cielo*, &c. Each piece is arranged with a piano-forte accompaniment.

(From George P. Reed & Co.)

Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in form of Petites Fantaisies, for Young Pianists. By TH. OESTEN. Op. 95.—No. 5. Quintet, Op. 16, of BEETHOVEN. Price 25 cents.

A simple piano-forte arrangement of the two quick movements from the Quintet in E flat, originally written for piano, oböe, clarinet, horn and fagotto.—It is clear, bright, buoyant music.

La Traviata, by VERDI. Arranged for piano by ADOLPH BAUMBACH. Part II. 50 cents.

The lover of operatic sweets has here in practicable form, and connected into one, the duet: *Parigi, o cara*; the arias: *O mio remorso*, and *Di Provenza il mar*; and the chorus of gipseys.

Mimnhaha Polka: for Piano, by J. W. BLENDIN. 25 cents.

Musical Chat-Chat.

MARETZKE, at the New York Academy, announced the *Trovatore* again for the last time on Wednesday; the theatre to be closed thereafter for rehearsals of *L'Etoile du Nord*. . . . Mme. DE WIL-

HORST made her first appearance as a vocalist in a concert at Niblo's on Wednesday, assisted by Signori BRIGNOLI and AMODIO, with accompaniments on the *Orgue Alexandre* and piano-forte by Senor and Senora RANIERI VILANOVA. The pieces sung were wholly Italian operas. . . . The New York Harmonic Society propose giving four or five grand performances this winter, with full orchestra under Carl Bergmann's direction. They rehearse every Monday evening at Dodworth's. Among the compositions to be taken up are Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." . . . The Mendelssohn Union (New York) have commenced rehearsals, under Mr. Morgan's direction, of Costa's oratorio of "Eli."

The new German Opera opened on Tuesday evening with *Robert le Diable* (sung in German.) Niblo's Theatre was crowded; the price of admission being 50 cents, with 50 cents extra for reserved seats. The general opinion seems to have been that *Robert* was an unlucky selection for any but a first-class troupe, which this is not. The *Tribune* is by no means complimentary in its notice of the principal singers, and "cannot refrain from stating that their vocal efforts were generally crude and immethodical; exhibiting deficient phrasing, inexact bravuraism, and some inexorable shrieking." The *Times* is more considerate; thus:

Of all recent attempts at German Opera—and they have been numerous—this promises to be the most substantial and satisfactory. Although the company can scarcely be considered first-class in any of its departments, and is otherwise unsatisfactory in important respects, it is nevertheless the best that has been offered to an American audience. We have seldom seen Niblo's Theatre more densely crowded, and certainly have never sat in a more critical audience. So uncompromising were auditors in their denunciations, that at one period we had fears for the progress of the opera.

The cast was as follows: *Robert*, Herr PICKANESER; *Bertram*, Herr WEINLICH; *Rinaldo*, Herr BEUTLER; *Isabella*, Mme. VON BERKEL; *Alice*, Mlle. PICKER.

Mme. Berkel has an acceptable voice, an interesting appearance and an impressive dramatic method. When she can tread the stage with the confident ease of a favorite, she will display all of these qualities to greater advantage, and especially in lighter operas where the compass of the voice is not overtaxed. In the upper register Mme. Berkel is anything but pure, either in quality or intonation, and it is these gusty sections which she should avoid. The rôle of the Princess is a never-ending one. All great artists improve on it, and contribute another to the traditions which already exist. Mme. Berkel's personation was not remarkable for force or originality, but it was clear and artist-like, and filled with brave little touches of excellence. It was the only effort of the evening that satisfied the audience. Mlle. Pucker (*Alice*) has a good voice, but it lacks cultivation and method. Like Mme. Berkel's it is harsh and gusty in the upper part. Of the gentlemen, we shall be brief. They were, so far as this opera is concerned, utterly beneath criticism. Whether they will be valuable in other operas remains to be seen. Mr. Weinlich appears to have a fine organ, but he is altogether unable to manage it, and its crudeness and inequality run riot. Herr Pickanesser is not an improvement on the ordinary run of German tenors—a race, which, we sincerely hope, is peculiar to this city.

The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Bergmann, is superb, and compensates for many of the drawbacks we have referred to. It is quite strong, but its sinews are held together by a master-hand. The chorus, although numerically strong, did not shine to great advantage,—the voices are twangey and nasal.

In point of neatness and propriety this version of "Robert the Devil" will bear favorable comparison with any former revival. Some excellent scenery has been prepared, and the costumes are rich and in good taste. These indications are particularly cheerful, and induce us to believe that, in spite of a somewhat disputed success, the new German Opera Troupe will gain in public favor, and make a prosperous voyage after all.

The New Orleans *Picayune* describes the prospects for French Opera this season in that very opera-loving city. It seems that M. Boudousquié, the impresario, has visited Paris and made the following engagements of singers:

Mr. Moulin, first tenor for Grand Opera, succeeding Mr. Duluc.

Mr. Martin, baritone, succeeding Mr. Cramflade.

Mr. Guillot, first basso for Grand Opera, and second

basso for Comic Opera, succeeding Mr. Grant.

Mlle. Bourgeois, prima donna, mezzo-soprano, suc-

ceeding Mme. Cambier.

Mme. Latouche, *chanteuse légère* (or light singer for

Comic and Grand Opera) and *dugazon*.

Mme. Guillot, *dugazon*.

Mr. Lacroix, leading comedian, succeeding Mr. Gus-

tave.

Mr. Deligne, second comedian, succeeding Mr. Chol.

Mme. Berger Lacroix, leading lady, succeeding Mlle.

Darmont.

The chorists will also receive an addition to their

numbers in seven male and female performers.—

M. Boudousquié was at last dates still in search of a

prima donna soprano and a first light tenor. With

these his opera troupe will be one of the most com-

plete ever had in this country, and as he has hitherto

shown a most laudable liberality and enterprise in

securing artists of a superior class, no matter at what

cost, doubtless the new comers will be very desirable

additions to our operatic and dramatic circles. We

notice among them the name of Mme. Latouche, a

younger sister of our favorite Mme. Colson. She is

spoken of as a very charming singer. She could not

well be otherwise; and as Mme. Colson remains with

us, too, next season, it will be quite pleasing to wit-

ness the exhibition of the fine talent of these sisters

on the same boards. Mr. Delagrave and Mr. Junca,

first tenor and first basso, will also resume their

respective posts, much to the pleasure of the admirers

of artistic singing.

The *Musical World* gives us a list of the artists

whom "the felicitous FELICITA VESTVALI takes with

her as directress of the opera to Mexico; viz:

"Countess Tasca-Tascani, Signorina Landi, Signor-

ina Casali, and Signora Manzini, as *prime donne asso-*

lute. Signora Ziegholi, as *prima donna e comprimaria*.

Signora Gierafola, as *seconda donna*. Signorina

Felicitia Vestvali, *prima donna contralto*. Signor

Steffani and Sig. Bianchi, *primi tenori assoluti*. Sig.

Ottaviani and E. Barilli, *baratoni assoluti*. Sigs. Bel-

lini and Solares, *bassi assoluti*. Signor Fattori,

maestro del orchestra. We understand that these are

all good and thoroughbred artists, and some of the

very first quality. The repertory of operas to be

produced is a very rich one: composed as follows:

Il Tronatore, La Favorita, Les Vepres Siciliennes,

Nabuchadnosser, Rigoletto, Giovana d'Arco—all by

Verdi. *Tancredi, Donna del Lago, Cenerentola,*

Matilda di Schabran—by Rossini. *Scaramuzza*, by

Ricci. *Louisa Strozzi*, by Martini. *Buondelmode* and

Saffo, by Puccini. *Normani in Parigi*, by Mercad-

dante. *Beatrice di Fenda*, by Bellini. *Etoile du*

Nord, by Meyerbeer. *Romeo and Juliette*, by Bellini

and Vacay. *Don Roccio. Brajo di Presto, Polucto*

e Paolina, etc., etc. This list includes many operas

unknown to the American public, which M. Vestvali

has brought with him from Europe. It is said that

Mexican audiences are fastidious as to any sameness

in operas given. The Government has also something

to say and partly sustains the opera."

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

[Concluded from p 195.]

Of not less interest than the preceding is the account by an English lady of a visit to Beethoven in October, 1825. Then also he was living in the little town of Baden, near Vienna. "I had been told," writes the lady, "that I must be prepared for a rough and forbidding reception. When we arrived, Beethoven had just come home in a shower, and was about to change his coat. From what I had heard of his *brusque* character, I was apprehensive that he might not receive us heartily, as with hasty steps he came out from a side chamber. He accosted us in a very polite, friendly and agreeable manner. He is very short-built and haggard, but attentive enough to his personal appearance. He remarked that Herr H. was very fond of Handel, said that he loved him also, and went on for a long time praising that great composer. I conversed with him by writing, since I found it impossible to make myself heard; and though this was an awkward mode of communication, it did not require much, since Beethoven always talked on freely and without prompting, and neither replied to questions nor seemed to expect long answers. I ventured to express to him my admiration for his compositions, and praised among other things his *Adelaide*. He remarked very modestly, that this poem of MATTHISON was very beautiful. He spoke French well. He would have learned also, he said, to speak English; but his deafness had prevented him from going farther into that language than to learn to read it. He preferred the English writers to the

French. *Ils sont plus vrais*, said he. THOMPSON is his favorite author; but particularly great is his admiration for SHAKESPEARE. When we rose to take our leave, Beethoven begged us to stay longer. *Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*, said he. Whereupon he went into a side chamber, and wrote a short canon for the piano-forte, which he handed to me in a very friendly manner. Then he requested me to spell my name to him, so that he might superscribe his impromptu correctly. Then he took me by the arm and led me into the chamber where he had written, so that I might see the whole of his quarters, which were altogether those of an author, but perfectly neat. Although they betrayed no sign of abundance or of wealth, yet they showed no want of useful furniture or nice arrangement. I led him cautiously back into a chamber on the other side, in which stood his Broadwood grand piano; but he seemed to me to grow melancholy at the sight of the instrument. Also he remarked that it was not in a fit condition, for the tuner in the country was extraordinarily bad. He struck a few keys, to convince me of it. In spite of that, I laid the manuscript which he had given me upon the desk, and he played it simply through, after he had preluded with three or four chords. Thereupon he stopped, and I would not for any price have urged him more, since I found that he himself had no pleasure in playing. We then took leave of one another, and Beethoven told me that if he ever came to England, he would certainly visit us."

One of his brother artists, CARL MARIA VON WEBER, describes the reception which he found a few years earlier (1823) with Beethoven, in these words: "We went several times to see him. He was in bad humor, and fled all human society. But finally we succeeded in finding the favorable moment. We were conducted in, and we saw him sitting at his writing desk, from which however he did not rise to welcome us. Beethoven had known me for some years, so that I could enter into a conversation with him. Suddenly he sprang up, stood upright before me, and laying his hands on my shoulders, shook me with a sort of rough heartiness, saying: 'You have always been a clever fellow!' Whereupon he embraced me in an extremely kind and affectionate manner. Of all the marks of distinction which I received in Vienna, of all the fame and praise which I reaped there, nothing has so touched my heart as this brotherly kiss of Beethoven."

With the physical sufferings, which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all

Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of ROSSINI, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of Art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the Ninth Symphony and the *Missa Solennis*. The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet at the repetition the house was empty; it was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies.

Beethoven had resolved to offer his *Missa Solennis* in manuscript to the European courts for the price of 50 ducats. But only the Emperor of Russia and the kings of France, Prussia and Saxony accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Anton von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelble, director of the Cæcilia Society in Frankfort on the Main, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven, whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the 50 ducats. But Beethoven decided, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription: *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*, upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to CHERUBINI upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his last sonatas and quartets he got from 40 to 80 ducats; but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others a Russian Prince, Nicolaus von Gallitzin, in 1824, had ordered three quartets for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of 125 ducats; yet, after receiving the quartets, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behavior of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before said, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2d of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful protégé in an open carriage, because his brother Johann, at whose country seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad

weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wavruch hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wavruch in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to 100 florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to MOSCHELES in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of £100, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them farther should he be in need.

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. Whatever he left behind him he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores he wrote with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly projected works, among others an oratorio: "The Triumph of the Cross," he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunder-storm, accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days: "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wavruch. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me: 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution!' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us—to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wavruch begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament, to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly: 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end; for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends: '*Plaudite amici, comædia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did not die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned,

STEPHEN VON BREUNING, together with the music-director, A. SCHINDLER, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost immeasurable multitude of men, of the most different conditions, followed the hearse in long procession from the house to the neighboring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial ground before the Währing line. There the actor ANSCHUTZ pronounced a funeral discourse composed by GRILLPARZER. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory, and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his masterworks resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches a visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly almost entirely gray hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye in smiling drew back almost into his head. But suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all, and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visibly inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral, or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But on the other hand, worldly prudence and knowledge of men were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light, or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognized his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

Thus he wrote one day on sending his portrait to his friend Stephen von Breuning, with whom he had fallen out: "Behind this picture, my good, dear Stephen, be forever hidden what for a long time has passed between us. I know I have rent thy heart. My own pained feelings, which you must surely have remarked, had punished me enough for it. It was no wickedness on my part. Else I were no more worthy of thy friendship. Passion on thy part and on mine. But mistrust towards thee was awakened in me; men placed themselves between us, who were not worthy of thee and me. My portrait was already long ago intended for thee; you know that I had always intended it for some one. To whom could I so well give it with the warmest heart as to thee, faithful, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me if I have caused thee pain; I suffered not less myself. When for so long a time I saw thee no more about me, then I began to feel right vividly how dear thou art and ever wilt be to my heart. Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms, as formerly."

The usual consequences of deafness—mistrust, ill humor and reserve—manifested themselves in a high degree in Beethoven. He hated all formality. Hence he only went unwillingly to the Archduke Rudolph's, his illustrious pupil, careful as that Prince was to exempt him from these formalities. So, too, he once abandoned beautiful lodgings at the villa of Baron von Pronay, for no other reason than because the Baron, when he met him, made him too profound bows. For similar reasons he often, as we have before said, changed his lodgings, so that he had to pay for two, three, and at one time even four dwelling-places at once. From this it is easily understood how he, although he had a decent income, never laid up anything, but rather, by the confession of his own letters, found himself not seldom in pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he never suffered real personal privations.

As a musician, there were united in Beethoven the most thorough musical knowledge with the happy talent for inventing charming melodies. In his earlier works, especially in his piano variations, Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, he followed essentially the direction, which Haydn, who moreover was his teacher, and Mozart had given to instrumental music. He sympathized with Haydn's humor and with Mozart's tender feeling. Even in many of his later works, in several symphonies and sonatas, above all in his wonderful B flat major Trio, that tendency predominated in him. But whereas Haydn turned afterwards especially to church music, and Mozart established his fame forever as a dramatic composer, Beethoven struck into an entirely opposite path. His withdrawal from the world and its appearances, from the pictures, forms and laws of the drama and the church, led him into the domain of instrumental music, and here again to the confidential, private, self-satisfying piano-forte. His piano compositions became the circle in which his musical creative power moved almost exclusively. By a more appropriate treatment, by a deeper entering into the character and capabilities of his favorite instrument, Beethoven soon left his great predecessors behind him. His tone-figures, his chords were richer and fuller; the melody came out clearer and more distinct, through the arrangement of the subordinate voices. Every connoisseur in the Art must have soon convinced himself how his genius buried itself in these tones and elevated this his chosen instrument to be his most peculiar organ.

With years and the steady ripening of his talent, Beethoven's musical ideas and outpourings of feeling became ever grander, mightier and more transporting. Deeper than formerly had a theme to be felt, to be able to enchain him long. His works rose gradually to a spiritual and plastic unity of feeling, which his great predecessors in similar compositions had not reached. His absorption in an idea, his revelling in a feeling, often led him to an insatiable pitch. He could not make an end, and always after every rich gush of feeling, he sent another deeper still. It was wonderful at the same time how the overflowing stream of his feeling never overstepped the prescribed lines of a form circumspectly chosen, but only expanded it in a legitimate way. He was always meditating upon new combinations, which to one not fully initiated in the art appeared often strange, or even bizarre.

Rich and deep as his piano compositions and Quartets, nay, grander and mightier, were Beethoven's orchestral works, in which his genius could move more boldly and freely. If anything remained unattainable to him, it was the innocent clearness, comparable to the blue heavens, of Haydn's instrumentation. It better corresponded with Beethoven's nature, as a gifted writer expressed it, to lead us into a clond or storm, or into the rosy atmosphere of an Indian night. He had grown so to live in the voices of his instrumental world, that he felt himself more related to them than to human beings, from intercourse with whom he was separated by his weakness of hearing. What intercourse with men did not afford him, these voices murmured and whispered to his soul; he infused his own feeling, his own consciousness into his instrument.

The greatness of his musical talent revealed itself already in his earliest works, in his first Mass, in the Oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives;" then in his opera: "Leonora," afterwards remodelled under the title of "Fidelio," which may be called the most perfect dramatic creation since Mozart, and stands beside his masterworks. Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," his overture to "Coriolanus," translated the works of the poets better for him than he could have done it in the form of vocal music. The depth and inwardness of his feeling expressed itself in the most various states of mind. Touchingly resounded the melting, never-ending farewell of a loving pair in his Sonata: *Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*. In his C minor Symphony Beethoven knew how to represent in an inimitable manner, how a strong soul, after severe, painful conflict with gloomy doubts, inspired by looking up to heaven, lifts itself in strength and clearness to an unshakeable conviction. His Sonata quasi una Fantasia he wrote when he had been deceived in a tender passion, and had to tear himself violently away. Among Beethoven's numerous compositions his "Battle of Vittoria," of which so much has been said, and his "Pastoral Symphony, have maintained no insubordinate place. Attractive also were the images from a heroic life in his *Sinfonia Eroica*.

The greatest part of his works show always a uniform succession of ideas, now resting upon outward circumstances, and now upon determinate views of human life in general, or of his own life. Never, or at the most very rarely, in his works, did a thought once heard return again. Even his accompaniment was always new. Each one of his compositions had its own peculiar circle, in which it coincided with no other; in each a new, self-contained world revealed itself: each brought forth special, unmistakeable views, scenes of life or images of nature. Such a variety were hardly possible without that genuine poetic tendency to individual shaping of his creations, which reigned in Beethoven's nature. But to this tendency he could resign himself more uninterruptedly than most composers.

Withdrawn from the actual world, he lived only in the realm of tones. Into the voiceless solitude his love-craving and with-love-overflowing heart accompanied him. Deep, unsatisfied yearning seemed to be the ground-tone, especially in many of his later works. As in his outward life he longed in vain for the bliss of domestic life, so in his Art he turned with longing love towards men. He gave the deepest expression to

these feelings in his masterly composition of the song of Schiller: "To Joy." Some striking remarks upon the character of his music in general are contained in a little pamphlet which appeared in Dresden in 1854, under the title: *Beethoven's Symphonien nach ihren idealen Gehalt*.*

Eighteen years after Beethoven's death had passed, when his native city, Bonn, honored him by the erection of a colossal monument in bronze, for which the sculptor HAEHNEL, in Dresden, modelled the design. The monument is 25 feet in height, the statue itself being 10 feet and the pedestal 15 feet. Beethoven is represented in the inspired moment of artistic activity. While the upward look betrays the lightning of a creative thought, the right hand lifts itself, as if involuntarily, to write down the thought at once upon the note-book held in the left hand. In the whole bearing of the figure and in the energetic expression of the features you see at the first glance a man who wills to achieve something great, extraordinary, and who is conscious also of the power to do it. The four reliefs, which adorn the pedestal, are happily conceived. On the front side we have Imagination in flying robe, hastening away upon the back of a Sphinx. On the opposite side is Instrumental Music, or rather Symphony, as its representative, a floating female figure, surrounded by four Genii, which indicate the four parts of the Symphony; the first holds the sword, the second the serpent and the torch reversed, the third the thyrsus and the castanets, the fourth the triangle. On the two sides we see two sitting female figures, one of which, playing the organ, represents Church Music, the other, with two masks, Dramatic Music.

The unveiling of the monument took place amid many solemnities on the 12th of August, 1845. Two days before, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in D, and his last Symphony, with chorus, were performed, under the direction of kapellmeister SPOHR, in a splendid hall then newly built. On the 12th of August, at 9 o'clock in the morning, a numerous procession walked to the cathedral, where Prof. BREIDENSTEIN conducted the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. After the Mass the procession moved to the public square, where an immeasurable multitude were already assembled, including many strangers from all parts of Germany. At twelve o'clock the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced the arrival of the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., and several members of the royal family. The unveiling of the monument followed a festival discourse pronounced by Professor Breidenstein, and was succeeded by a chorus of men's voices with an accompaniment of wind instruments. The festivities were closed by a second grand concert in the Fest-hall, in which, under the alternate direction of SPOHR and LISZT, several of Beethoven's works were performed: his overture to "Coriolanus," a Concerto in E flat major, a Quartet-canon from "Fidelio," a string Quartet in E flat, a grand scene with chorus from the oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives," his C minor Symphony, and finally the second Finale from "Fidelio."†

* "Beethoven's Symphonies with reference to their ideal contents." For a translation of this clever essay see Vol. VII., page 73, *et seq.*, of this Journal.

† For full description of this festival, borrowed from Chorley's "Modern German Music," see Vol. VI., pp. 1-18, of this Journal.

A letter of Beethoven's to MATTHISSON, whose poem, *Adelaide*, he composed, may be regarded as a relic. This letter, written in the earliest period of his life in Vienna, affords by its pervading tone of modesty an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven. "You have here," he writes (Vienna, Aug. 4, 1800), "a composition of mine, which has already been for some years published, and of which you perhaps, to my shame, as yet know nothing. I can perhaps excuse myself, and tell you why I dedicated a thing, which came so warm out of my heart, to you, and yet did not inform you of it, by stating that in the first place I did not know where you resided; and again on the ground of shyness, since I feared I had been too forward in dedicating to you anything, of which I knew not whether it had your approbation. Even now I send you the *Adelaide* with misgiving. You yourself know what a change a few years produce in an artist who is constantly progressing. The farther one has advanced in Art, the less do his earlier works satisfy him. My greatest wish is satisfied, if the musical composition of your heavenly *Adelaide* does not entirely displease you; and if you shall be moved thereby to produce soon another similar poem, and do not find my request presumptuous, that you will send it to me at once. I will then summon up all my powers, to come near to your beautiful poetry. Consider the dedication as a sign of my gratitude and high estimation for the blissful satisfaction which your poetry has always given me and will still give me."

"Professors."

A foreigner looking through the directory of this, or any other American city, would be apt to conclude us to be a remarkably musical people, judging from the innumerable "Professors of Music" whose addresses are to be found inserted in the cumbrous volume. Indeed, even we have often been surprised at the shoals of persons claiming this distinctive title, while in fact, they have no right so to dub themselves, and while no reason exists for their being so termed by others. "Artist" and "Professor" are rapidly becoming meaningless words, after having been for long years employed as the honorable indicators of those accomplished and learned men who devoted their lives to the services of the Arts and Sciences. To deserve and possess the rank of Artist—for rank it then actually was—constituted at one time the ambition of lofty genius; to be an artist was to prove an affinity with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the great Art names of old; now we see "Artists in Hair" on half the signs of the Wig stores in town, and in the cant of the day, dancers, actresses, sign painters, bootmakers, &c., are all indiscriminately called "Artists." What results from this wholesale abuse? Simply this,—the men who really possess the right so to term themselves, drop the word and announce themselves as "historical painters," "landscape painters," or "portrait painters" as the case may chance to be.

The word "Professor" is similarly misapplied, and has lost its correct signification, although as yet it has not produced so marked a result upon the class of men to which the title should be strictly confined. The reason of this non-result may be that the true Professors cannot find, or have not heretofore sought to find a different word to employ, in order to express their calling; that they know of none to answer their purposes as correctly and perfectly as Painter does for Artist. We have professors of dancing, professors of boxing, of magic, and of almost everything that one can call to mind. There can be no question about the fact that a Professor means one who publicly teaches any science or branch of learning; but it appears to us to be equally unquestionable that

dancing, boxing, and fencing are but accomplishments at the best, and not sufficiently scientific or learned for the teachers to be dignified by the high sounding title so extensively employed by them. We have given the widest definition to the word, not the strict one which says a Professor is a man who is thoroughly conversant with the practice and theory of the science which he professes; this would shut out, and justly too, many whom we tacitly acknowledge to have a claim on the title.

It is in regard to the musical application of the word that we particularly wish to speak. No one can deny that Music is a science, aye, and an abstruse one also; therefore the propriety of having such a degree as Professor of Music is as undoubted as that of having a Professor of Mathematics, or of Chemistry. To return, therefore, to what we said at the very outset of this article, a foreigner might well conclude Americans to be a very musical people, on perceiving the great number of Professors pursuing their profession in our different cities. We, however, who live in the midst of these so styled Professors, know a great majority of them to be as unworthy of the designation as the magicians, fencing masters, and the rest.

A strange abuse has fallen on this unfortunate word, an abuse that a few years since, we believed was about to work its own destruction; it still exists, perhaps in fuller force than ever. "Professor" and "teacher" seem to have become inextricably entangled, and from the way in which the words are misused, one might imagine them to be synonymous. We grant that a Professor may be a teacher, yes, and the very best description of teacher, likewise, but we do not grant that a teacher is necessarily a Professor.

Nearly every teacher dubs himself either a Professor of Music at large, of the violin, the organ, singing, or of any other separate branch. As a general rule the less a man knows about the business the more he parades the "Professor," and we used to believe that the public would at length perceive the impositions perpetually practised upon them, so that the evil would work its own cure by carrying itself beyond even their endurance. We are mistaken; there are more "Professors" than ever, and the few who are really such, now sensibly style themselves Teachers of Harmony, Composition, Instrumental or Vocal Music, as they may chance to be.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

St. George's Hall, Bradford, England.

[The following description of this Hall is taken chiefly from the printed document prefixed to the programmes of the late Musical Festival, described in another column.]

St. George's Hall stands in the centre of the town, three of its sides facing into separate streets, and covers an area of 1,600 square yards. Its outer walls and columns are of Yorkshire stone. The front or western elevation is 75 feet in height from the ground to the apex of the pediment, and is composed of a rusticated basement 27 feet high, surmounted with Corinthian columns and pilasters which support the entablature. The principal entrance is by three arched doorways, with folding doors on the basement of this façade. On each side are niches containing bronze candelabra. The centres of the arches over the doorways are enriched with masks executed by Yorkshire artists. The lower parts of the intercolumniations are occupied by windows 14 feet high, and the upper with circular shields in stone, bordered with wreaths of oak leaves. The south side elevation consists of a rusticated basement story, with deeply recessed windows, between which are elaborately carved festoons of fruit and flowers. Above this story are Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an unbroken entablature the whole length of the building. The intercolumniations are filled with eight arched windows 14 feet high. The entrance leads into a vestibule 46 by 25 feet, and 22 feet in height. From the centre of the floor springs the grand staircase branching off to the right and left, and terminating in the gallery on each side leading to the stalls and area. At

the foot of the staircase on either side are bronze candelabra 12 feet high, with 9 branches to each. The hall itself is 152 feet in length, 76 in breadth, and 60 feet high. It is divided into Area, Stalls, and Gallery. The first is 96 by 45 feet, and will accommodate 1000 persons with seats. The stalls are raised 12 feet above the area, and contain 528 seats. The front of the stalls is ornamented with foliated scroll work, executed in cartouche; in the centre of each scroll are two emblematic figures in alto relievo. The gallery is carried round three sides of the building, and contains 1,800 seats. The Hall is thus calculated to hold an audience of 3,328 persons. The eastern or orchestral end is semicircular, with a diameter of 45 feet: on either side of the organ are Corinthian pillars springing from the orchestra, and supporting the entablature. A space of 6 feet from the cornice to the ceiling is coved and divided into panels, enriched with a deep border of vine and ivy leaves, fruit and flowers. Around the ceiling runs a border of the same character. The ceiling itself is divided into four compartments by an inner border of scroll work, with central ornaments of water leaves and flowers.

At the Festival of 1853, the building had only been just completed, and possession given on the Monday in the same week. The intended decorations and painting, therefore, could not be carried out, and the performances were given within comparatively bare walls. The paintings and decorations are now all completed, and the interior of the Hall, for elegance and appropriateness combined, is not surpassed by any music-room in Europe. The walls are painted a buff color, the panels pale blue, and the ribs and mouldings a rich cream. The centre flowers and the foliage fruit and flowers of the beams "between the several compartments of the ceiling, are picked out in crimson, and the ornamental mouldings and flats around the panels relieved with dead gold and tertiary colors. The pilasters around the orchestra have been filled with scroll-work, with pale blue ground, and the capitals and mouldings gilded. Between the pilasters projecting from the wall, are placed elegant groups of musical instruments, in the form of trophies, surmounted by globes, from which spring angelic figures of nearly life size bearing coronals of light.

The Hall is lighted by 16 arched windows 14 feet high. The method of lighting it in the evening is by a continuous line of 1,600 gas jets from pipes carried round three sides of the Hall on the upper surface of the cornice, while the orchestra is lighted from the coronals borne by the figures between the pilasters. This affords a subdued and splendid light to all parts of the room, without the disagreeable effect of strong lights and shadows occasioned by the ordinary mode of lighting with lamps and chandeliers. The ventilation is effected by circular apertures 7 inches in diameter, pierced through the exterior moulding of the outer border of the ceiling, continued entirely round the four sides of the latter, and giving a ventilating surface equal to a superficial area of 130 square feet. The heating is by the usual hot water apparatus; cold air can readily be let into the building without creating any scarcely perceptible draughts, and at the same time afford an ample supply of fresh air. The organ used at the Festival in 1853 was not calculated for so large a building as the Hall. This has been replaced by the present powerful instrument, just completed by Messrs. Hill and Sons, of London. The exterior of the organ has been made to harmonize with the building in its decorations and architectural character, and is rich in ornament, with a bold, varied, yet chaste outline, presenting altogether, one of the most appropriate designs for a Concert Room organ. The decorations reflect the highest credit upon the taste and skill of Messrs. Briggs and Mensforth, to whom the whole of the painting, &c., has been entrusted. The general arrangement for the comfort of the audience has been carefully attended to. Separate entries are provided for each class of visitors, and all possible precautions taken to avoid a crush on entering or leaving the Hall. On a level with the stalls are refreshment and cloak rooms; the former 45 by 25 feet, for the accommodation of

the occupants of that portion of the Hall; and a similar arrangement has been made for those of the area. It is believed, and competent authorities have expressed their opinion, that there are few, if any buildings, of the same character in which so large a number of people can be assembled, and where the comfort and accommodation of each class have been so much considered and so effectually provided for.

Music Abroad.

England.

BRADFORD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—This great festival commenced on Tuesday morning, Aug. 26, in St. George's Hall. The first festival was held three years ago, when that magnificent music hall was finished. A large and powerful organ has been added, containing 51 stops and 2783 pipes.

The principal sopranos engaged were Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss, Miss Milner, and Miss Sherrington, together with the new and brilliant star in the musical horizon, Mlle. Piccolomini, who appeared on the last two evenings. Among the contraltos we find Mme. Alboni, Mme. Viardot Garcia, and Miss Fanny Huddart. Mr. Sims Reeves led as tenor, assisted by Mr. Montem Smith and Herr Reichardt; whilst Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, with Signor Belletti, Signor Beneventano, and Mr. Winn, took the bass portions during the whole of the performances. Mr. J. L. Brownsmith presided at the organ; Mr. W. Jackson was chorus master; Mr. Costa conductor. The band consisted of 101 performers, and the chorus, nearly exclusively Yorkshire, of about 250 voices.

The first morning was devoted to a splendid performance of the oratorio of *Elijah*. The evening concert consisted of three parts. The first opened with Mozart's G minor Symphony. For the rest we copy from the *Times*:

Miss Sherrington followed, with Halévy's air, "Bocages épais," from *Les Mousquetaires*, in which the beautiful freshness of her soprano voice, and her evident feeling (notwithstanding the shake at the end of the *andante*), made a strong impression. This young lady has means which deserve cultivation, but she would have done wiser to choose an air by Auber himself, rather than one which, with all its cleverness, is little better than Auber and water. No one that we know of can sing "In diesen heiligen Hallen" (from *Die Zauberflöte*), like Herr Formes, who never sang it more impressively than on the present occasion. This was succeeded by a display of vocalization in which the genuine art of song was exemplified to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection—Rossini's "Una voce poco fa."—by Rossini's most accomplished disciple; it is scarcely necessary to name Alboni. * * * The chorus, were encored in Pearsall's madrigal, "Oh who will o'er the downs so free." Though capitably sung, this is by no means a striking madrigal, and could well have been spared the second time. All the altos in the Bradford festival chorus are men, we think a mistake. The female *contralti* are not only for the most part better in tune, but give a greater and more pleasing variety of *tone* to the vocal harmony; and this is particularly felt in part songs and madrigals. If Madame Clara Novello would introduce Weber's elaborate and lengthy *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," less frequently it would be more welcome. It seems to be her pet festival song. Nevertheless, although she gives it with great energy, and splendid power in the upper notes of her voice, it is by no means the piece best suited to her talents. She was applauded with great warmth. The first part ended famously, with a magnificent performance of Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, which roused the audience to enthusiasm.

Next came a new composition by a name well known here in Boston; about which the *Times* shall speak again:

The second part of the concert was wholly devoted to Mr. J. L. Hatton's new *cantata*, entitled *Robin Hood*, the performance of which was directed by the composer himself. The *libretto* of this piece, by Mr. George Linley, is in the usual manner of that fluent verse-maker. The personages are Maid Marion (Miss Milnor), Robin Hood (Mr. Sims Reeves), Little John (Mr. Winn, barytone-bass), and "the Bishop" (Mr. Weiss). The *cantata*, which is written with that facility for which Mr. Hatton is noted, although with less of marked character than the subject might have suggested, and than was expected from the author of the music of *Henry VIII.* and *The Winter's Tale* (Mr. Kean's versions), may be shortly described. It opens with a lively chorus of outlaws, who "no tribute pay" and "no monarch obey," according to the fashion of mediæval outlaws in ordinary. The "Bishop," in

a bass air, then threatens them for killing the King's deer, proclaiming his authority as "Custos Rotulorum." This air, while there are too many words to the notes, is at the same time a good specimen of mock bombast, and was delivered with appropriate grandiloquence by Mr. Weiss. The Bishop, however, reckons without his host. He is caught in a *quêt-apens* by the gallant Robin Hood, whose archers, clad in Lincoln green, surround the reverend father and his retainers. Robin then (doubtless at the instance of some wary and far-seeing publisher) addresses the Bishop in a sentimental ballad, inviting him and his companions to share the joys of his sylvan retreat, which are described after the most approved manner of drawing-room ballads, made "to sell." The first line of this ballad which sounds odd enough from the lips of Robin Hood, no carpet-knight, if chronicles tell truth, is after Shakspeare—"Under the greenwood tree." The rest—The music is tuneful and pretty, if not very new, and was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves with so much expression and tenderness that no one would have dreamed he was impersonating an outlaw; and so the song was redemanded. In a trio with chorus that follows, the fault of which is its length, the bold Robin Hood and his "merry, merry men" are supposed to strip the good Bishop, in spite of his tears and protestations, of all he has about him. They then force him to dance against his will and much to his discomfort, in a chorus, "Strike the harp," which is by no means the best piece of music in the *cantata*. A madrigal of "forest maidens"—whatever they may be (forest deers was suggested)—"In our forest dell," for female voices, completes the picture of sylvan felicity subsequent to the act of brigandage, and contains further allusions to the "greenwood tree," under which these gentlewomen are accustomed to

"—wile away
The sultry day."

This madrigal is extremely pleasing and ingeniously accompanied. It was well sung by the ladies, and encored. Now that the Bishop has been plundered of his wealth and furniture, Robin and Marion have time to think of other matters, and the *cantata* comes to a termination with some pastoral billing and cooing. In a fresh sentimental ballad, "Oh, love is like the ocean wild—now calm, &c." (not so good as its predecessors though aiming at the same mark), Maid Marion describes her heart as a "frail bark" upon the "waters of love," which, "when the angry storm descends," sinks "beneath the spray." A duet follows, in which the two declare their eternal affection for each other, and their perfect satisfaction with forest life, in glowing and passionate numbers. The music of this duet is well suited to the words. The *finale* is another lively chorus, in which Robin's followers express their disregard of "kings and courtiers" and their devotion to their stalwart chief. This, too, was encored, and at the end Mr. Hatton was honored by bursts of applause, both from the members of the chorus (who, however, had no perceptible right to applaud a performance in which they took so conspicuous a share) and the audience. His success could hardly have been more complete.

Viardot Garcia was the heroine of the third part, and was greatly admired in a trio by Cimarosa, which she sang with Mme. Novello and Mrs. Weiss; also in *Ah! non giunge*. There was the madrigal, "Down in the flow'ry vale," a song by Albani, and the concert closed with Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture. The attendance was small, owing partly to bad weather, but more, it is said, to aristocratic prices.

Second day. The same causes prevented a full hall to hear a work about which all England has so much curiosity as Costa's oratorio of *Eli*. As a matter of interest to the members of our own Handel and Haydn Society, who are about dipping into this new work, we copy what the *Times* says of the performance:

The choruses could not have gone better than in Mendelssohn's oratorio, but the solos assuredly did. This was the more important, since it is in the beauty of many of the recitatives and airs that the chief merit of *Eli* consists. Very few can write more naturally or more skilfully for voices than Mr. Costa, whose method of scoring for the orchestra, moreover, is so clear and well calculated that his instruments always support and enrich the melodious phrases, never clogging, obscuring or overpowering them.

That the Bradford audience were highly pleased with *Eli* was evident from the manner in which the oratorio was received. The perfection of the execution, indeed, would have charmed a more exacting tribunal, and have aided a composition even less meritorious than that of Mr. Costa in passing muster triumphantly. Madame Viardot's conception of the music allotted to the boy-prophet, Samuel, is as pure and unobtrusive as her singing in the Morning and Prayers (two of the most beautiful of the vocal solos) is faultless. Madame Novello's lovely voice is heard to signal advantage in the two airs, "Turn unto me," and "I will extol thee," in which the barren and disconsolate, the fruitful and exulting Hannah are so well contrasted by the composer, and which, though

in such opposite styles, the popular English *soprano* renders with equal effect. Mr. Sims Reeves is as much at home in the smooth and tranquil melody given to the devout Elkanah, as in the fierce and boisterous defiance of the Philistine warrior Saph, embodied in music which, if not precisely the best, is among the most theatrically striking in the oratorio. Herr Formes is all that could be desired for the prophet Eli. The music is so precisely suited to his noble voice, his measured style of singing and declamation, that we may presume that Mr. Costa wrote it expressly for him. At the same time this, in a degree (apart from the view which the composer may have taken of his chief personage,) would help to explain the unvarying slowness and solemnity by which the airs and recitatives of Eli are distinguished, and which has laid them open to the general charge of monotony. To resume, we believe Mr. Costa might have searched Europe in vain for more admirable representatives of his four most prominent characters than Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, who on the present occasion, as was hinted yesterday, fairly surpassed themselves, singing their very best, at once charming the public and satisfying the composer. As the Man of God, too, a small but very significant part, Mr. Weiss was entitled to praise for his uniformly correct and careful singing; while Mr. Montem Smith did his best for the two concerted pieces which call the voice of the second tenor into requisition. A verdict of unqualified approval might with strict justice be passed upon the execution of the choruses; but some of these were sung to such a degree of perfection that we must instance them by name. First there was the thanksgiving: "Blessed be the Lord," where the fugue on the word "Amen" was given with wonderful precision; then the *chorale* of the people: "How mighty is Thy name;" then the "Hosanna" at the end of Part I. (with fugue No. 2, which, although the notes are not exactly the same, always conjures up the first bars of Handel's "Rejoice greatly,") just as vigorous, clear, and pointed as the first; then "Hold not Thy peace, and be not still, O God!" which includes the fugue in G minor, with florid accompaniments ("O God, make them like a wheel,") the ablest and most energetic movement of this kind in the whole work, sinning only through diffuseness; then the choral march: "God and King of Jacob's nation," (which, effective as it may be styled in conventional language, always appears *de trop*, the interest of the martial theme having been exhausted by the very long instrumental movement in another key when it is first presented); and last, not least, the concluding chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," with the fugue on "Hallelujah," the most unlike a genuine fugue, by the way, of the four fugue pieces to be found in *Eli*. All these, as we have suggested, were splendid examples of choral singing.

Third Day. The anticipations about *The Messiah* have been partly but not entirely realized. The attendance this morning seemed much fuller than on the opening day, the greatest number of vacant seats being remarkable among the 15s. and 10s. places—a result which justifies what was said yesterday about the extreme ill judgment displayed by the committee in their tariff of admission prices. The 7s. places were very nearly filled, and those at 3s. 6d. crowded—two other facts worth noting. * * * The performance of Handel's immortal masterpiece went even beyond anticipation. It was indeed first-rate. The choruses were executed in a manner that renders criticism superfluous, since there was nothing to criticize, but everything to praise. It is unnecessary even to specify any of them, since all the comparatively less important were just as well rendered as the three most unparalleled in popularity—viz., "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," (during the performance of which the whole audience, as usual, were on their feet,) and "Worthy is the Lamb! Amen"—perhaps the grandest and most stupendous of them all, if any choice may be permitted among things of such uniform sublimity. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Misses Sherrington and F. Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes, the two last named gentlemen sharing between them the music for the bass voice.

The novelty of the evening concert was Macfarren's Cantata, "May Day," which the English critics seem to admire more than Hatton's "Robin Hood." The programme also included Beethoven's C major Symphony (No. 1); overtures to *Oberon* and *Siege of Corinth*; two-part songs by the chorus, and vocal selections by Mmes. Albani, Viardot, and Weiss, Mlle. Piccolomini, Miss Sherrington, Herr Reichardt, Signors Belletti and Benevrentano. The Piccolomini became at once "the talk and toast of Bradford."

Fourth Day. The morning selections consisted of the 103d Psalm, by Mr. Jackson, chorus master at St. George's Hall; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm; a portion of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio, *Immanuel*; a MS. *Credo* by Mendelssohn, and pieces of sacred music sung by Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Sims Reeves and others. The last evening drew an audience of some 4,000 persons. Mendelssohn's Italian

Symphony, the overture to "Tell," a new choral part-song, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, madrigals, operatic songs, &c., composed the programme.

The English papers are full of musical festivals. There has been the festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester; the inauguration festival of a new music hall at Birmingham (where they had one splendid hall before); the inauguration of St. George's Hall in Liverpool, &c., &c., for some accounts of all which we hope to find room hereafter.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 27, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our next number, Saturday, Oct. 4, commences a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

[] We can furnish one *any one only* complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

A New Organ.

Our enterprising organ builders, Messrs. SIMMONS & FISHER, No. 1 Charles Street, have just completed a fine organ for the Citadel Square Church in Charleston, S. C. Companies of musical persons have been invited to their manufactory nearly every afternoon and evening of this week, to see the noble instrument and hear it discourse fugues, and voluntaries, and fantasias, and "arrangements," under the hands of quite a number of our most accomplished organists. On Monday and on Thursday evening there were regular programmes. That of Monday was as follows:

PART I.

1. Pastoral Symphony, (from the Messiah),...Handel
2. Treble Solo—"O quam suavis," arranged for Organ,.....Mendelssohn
3. Voluntary, in Cathedral style,....S. P. Tuckerman
4. Introduction and Fugue, from the Anthem, "I will praise thee, O Lord!".....Dr. Croft
S. P. Tuckerman, Music Doctor.
5. Fantasia, for two performers,.....Hesse
Messrs. Bancroft and Willcox.
6. Extempore Performance, ending with Fugue in E flat,.....Bach
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.

PART II.

1. First Movement from the Concerto in F,....Rink
2. "Priests' March," from "Athalia,"...Mendelssohn
Mr. J. B. Lang.
3. Extempore Performance,.....
4. "Songs without Words,".....Mendelssohn
5. Fugue—"Cum sancto spiritu," from the 12th Mass,.....Mozart

The first four pieces were played by Dr. TUCKERMAN; the last three by Mr. WILLCOX, who is associated with Messrs. Simmons & Fisher, and whose skill in combining and contrasting the various stops of an organ, in extempore performance, so as to exhibit all its qualities, is known to most of our readers. The music and the instrument gave general satisfaction. A few pieces to be sure, were not strictly organ music, in the highest sense; but it was understood of course that one leading object was to put the instrument through all its paces.

The organ is not a very large one, but it is remarkably effective and powerful for its size. It contains about thirty sounding stops, some of which are of rare beauty and individuality of character. The pedal bass is grand and satisfying; the diapasons uncommonly rich and musical and telling; the reeds, the flutes, &c., are all finely voiced. We were particularly struck with the warm, rich tone of the Claribella, with the faithful imitation of the clarinet, especially in the characteristic lower octave, and with the purity and delicacy of the Violin stop. The full organ seems finely balanced, and is very impressive in great choral passages. The Swell too, is very perfect. The external figure of the instrument is singular, being built with reference to its position in the church, the two ends running up in separate piles, so as to show the window of the nave between them, and only connected for a few feet from the floor below. The key-boards form a separate desk in front, so that the organist fronts the audience. The style is Norman Gothic. The metal pipes are displayed in tasteful order, and are *diapered*, as it is called, after the old English manner, that is, richly ornamented in blue, vermilion and gold, and contrast finely with the rich oak-colored frame. The arrangement of the works within so singular a form must have been a problem of no little difficulty to the skillful makers.

The selections on Thursday evening were excellent. Mr. WILLIAM R. BABCOCK opened with the first movement of a Fantasia by Bach, and a Fugue from Graun's *Tod Jesu*, in plain, full, solemn organ style, without change of stops, and showing to great advantage the solidity and power of the diapasons and foundation portions of the organ generally. Next came selections from the second Mass of Haydn, and from Beethoven's Mass in C, by Mr. A. WERNER, organist at the Catholic Church in Franklin street. These were played with much skill and expressive alternation of stops. The *Credo*, *Et incarnatus est*, and *Et vitam venturæ* of Haydn, offered fine contrasts of sentiment and coloring, and were greatly enjoyed; but much more so the *Sanctus* and *Hosanna* from Beethoven, in which the deeper master was at once revealed. We only regretted that the selections from that Mass were not continued further. A Fugue by Bach in E minor, arranged for four hands, was then played by Mr. Werner and a young pupil of his.

Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN gave some good specimens of the sweet and flowing style, upon the softer stops, in a couple of movements from Palestrina's Motets, the introduction to Neukomm's "David," and the solo: *Return, O God of hosts*, from Handel's "Samson." He also played the Dead March from "Saul," introducing the *Tremulante* sub-bass with imposing effect, and a clear and spirited Introduction and Fugue by André. Mr. B. J. LANG played again, and in a very clean and spirited manner, the "Priest's March" of Mendelssohn (that second edition of the "Wedding March,") and the beautiful and florid movement from Rink's Concerto.

The Fantasia by Hesse was volunteered again by Messrs. BANCROFT and WILLCOX, to the great satisfaction of the company. Mr. WILLCOX played that beautiful and deeply pathetic *Agnus Dei* from Haydn's First Mass, with the concluding *Dona Nobis*; also Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and the sublime concluding chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb*, from the "Messiah."

We think it was the general opinion of the many musicians and amateurs assembled on these pleasant occasions, that Messrs. Simmons & Fisher have produced an organ which may challenge comparison with any American organ of its size; while in certain important respects, as the sufficiency and beauty of its Diapasons, and the perfection of its Swell, it seems to surpass most that we have heard.

BEETHOVEN'S "BATTLE SYMPHONY."—In translating the biography of Beethoven, by Dr. Döring, which is completed in this present number, we could not but be surprised at the author's attaching so much consequence to a certain composition which Beethoven wrote for Maelzel, and which is spoken of sometimes as the "Battle of Vittoria," sometimes as "Wellington's Battle at Vittoria and Triumphal Symphony," and sometimes as if there were two distinct pieces, one called the Battle and the other the Triumphal Symphony. Apart from its accidental prominence, derived from the composer's quarrel with Maelzel, this biographer refers to it more frequently than to any other of Beethoven's works, and calls it a *masterwork*. He even singles it out in speaking of the symphonies, and couples it with the *Pastorale* in his praise. Yet it is very certain that among musicians this Battle Symphony is *not* esteemed as one of his important works. It is not counted among the immortal Nine Symphonies; and it is difficult for any one who ever heard it, (for instance as performed here once by the Musical Fund Society) to imagine for a moment that the great master was in earnest when he wrote it.

It is an *ad captandum*, trivial thing at best; an occasional piece, produced to order, and not in the way Beethoven usually wrote, inspired and seeking the ideal. So far as we can gather from the Life by Moscheles, the true explanation is this:—It was written for Maelzel, the "Conflagration of Moscow" man. Maelzel made, though unsuccessfully, an instrument to relieve the great composer's deafness, and requested in return a battle symphony for his Panharmonicon, which he might exhibit about Europe, himself dictating the drum and trumpet calls and all the principal effects. This Beethoven did, and afterwards expanded the same for a full orchestra, partly at Maelzel's suggestion, and partly by way of avenging himself upon the French soldiers who filled the theatre at Vienna on the night of the first production of his *Fidelio*, and whose poor appreciation damned that opera for the time. He luckily bethought himself of this Panharmonicon business, and resolved that he would write them something full of drums and cannon, music which they should understand, and yet not most flattering to their national pride. He turned it into the "Battle of Vittoria Symphony, in honor of Wellington's victory at Waterloo." It can hardly be considered more than a musical joke, therefore, although the master's strength and grandeur of conception cannot help betraying themselves here and there in the working up of the themes, especially in the finale with "God save the King."

It is quite possible that such a Symphony, for the very reason of its more trivial character and *ad captandum* title, was of more pecuniary worth to Beethoven than his far grander symphonies. At least Herr Maelzel, with shrewd eye to business, saw that; and the composer, smarting under

the sense of wrong from him, may naturally have had his imagination wrought up to an undue notion of the value of the work itself. In this way must we account for certain phrases in regard to it in one of his own letters.

ERRATUM.—It is the 134th Psalm of Marot and Beza's version, which has the music of "Old 100," not the 135th, as misprinted week before last in A. W. T.'s communication.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Another concert season is approaching, and we begin to see signs of movement among our various societies. The Committee who managed the "Orchestral Concerts" last winter are already taking measures to secure a similar series of eight grand concerts, under the name of "THE BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY," of which more hereafter. Subscription lists will be opened in a few days, and the lovers of orchestral music must distinctly understand that the giving of the concerts will be made conditional upon the number of tickets subscribed for by a given day. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, under their new president, Mr. C. F. CHICKERING, and with Mr. ZERRAHN for conductor and Mr. MULLER for organist again, commenced their rehearsals last Sunday evening, with a first trial of Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, which has excited so much attention during the past year in England. Mehul's "Joseph and his Brethren," and one of Mendelssohn's two oratorios, as also his *Christus* fragment, some of his Psalms, Chorals of Bach, &c., are talked of among the other possibilities of the winter's programme. The president stated at the meeting that the negotiations with Mme. CLARA NOVELLO had failed, and that she will not probably come to America this season. . . . The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL and the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY also are stirring, and we understand that the bâton of the former has been offered to Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the teacher and composer, and a gentleman, we doubt not, admirably fitted for the post. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will in a few days announce the programme of their winter campaign in the sphere of classical chamber music.

Mlle. PARODI has come round again, with her Concert troupe under the direction of M. STRAKOSCH. They announce three concerts next week in the Music Hall. Besides her own great attractions, she brings some superior artists. PAUL JULIEN, the young violinist, is always welcome. Then we are to hear for the first time Sig. TIBERINI the new tenor, about whom the Philadelphians are so enthusiastic, and Sig. BERNARDI, the baritone, who has made a fine impression in New York. . . . Negotiations are in progress, we are told, for Italian Opera (MARETZEK's troupe) at the Boston Theatre, commencing about the middle of October.

The New York Philharmonic Society have gone back to their old and popular conductor, Mr. THEODORE EISFELD. Their steadily increasing audiences the last winters, having overflowed Niblo's theatre, have forced them to engage for the coming season the Academy of Music, both for their concerts and rehearsals. The old C minor Symphony is to lead off. CARL BERGMANN, the conductor of last year, having his hands full of German Opera, Choral Societies, &c., steps gracefully back into the ranks as violoncello-player. In the same good spirit Mr. Eisfeld last year yielded the bâton to him and played the first tenor. . . . Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella* has been performed at the German Opera this week, with good success, exhibiting the talents of the company to much more advantage than *Robert le Diable*. . . . At the Academy of Music the long promised

novelty of Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced on Wednesday evening.

The well known German composer, Lindpaintner, died on the 21st August, at Nonnenhorn, on the Bodensee. Peter von Lindpaintner was born 1791 in Coblenz. His first opera "*Demophoon*," was written in his 18th year. Besides his later operas, of which the *Vampyr*, *die Geneserin*, and *di Sicilianische Vesper*, are the most prominent, Lindpaintner wrote a great number of instrumental works. His was a productive and thoroughly-trained talent which never distinguished itself by great originality or strength. Lindpaintner was court-kapellmeister at Stuttgart. . . . Madame Clara Schumann has returned to Düsseldorf. Among the many gifts received by her in London is a handsome Erard grand-piano for concert use, presented by Madame Erard. . . . Richard Wagner, the composer, for the last six months has been in very feeble health, induced by hard work upon his new opera "*Die Nibelungen*." This is a triple opera, intended to occupy three evenings of performance. The first two parts are completed. To recruit a little and at the same time to complete the third part of this gigantic work, Wagner has left Zürich and betaken himself to the neighborhood of Genf. . . . The music-publisher André, of Offenbach, has just put forth a composition of Mozart which has never yet been published. It was composed in the year 1777, and its title is *Litania de venerabili Altaris*.

Mrs. DE WILHORST's Concert in New York is chronicled as a great success. The *Mirror* calls her "a pretty little pocket edition of a woman; with a voice remarkable for clearness, accuracy and compass; well trained and well managed; but lacking in that quality of sympathy so essential to the highest achievements of genius." The *Tribune* (W. H. Fry) says: "The lady sings like an artist, and one who has already mastered the chief difficulties of vocalism. Her voice is true as a die, and her execution clear, rapid, brilliant. One or two tours de force of pre-eminent merit could be pointed out. The quality of the voice is a high soprano; light, flexible, and capable of being well heard in a large room. She was much applauded, and it was not simply the applause of friends but of admirers. Her *aplomb* before such an audience was very uncommon for a debutante."

The editor of *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Philadelphia, has set apart several columns of his pleasant weekly for a *resumé* of musical events, musical criticisms, &c. We borrow from him in another column some seasonable reflections on our alarmingly large crop of "Professors." We also learn from him that musical matters promise to be lively in Philadelphia this winter. In the first place their grand new Opera House (Academy of Music) is approaching its completion, and will probably be opened before Christmas. Then their musical societies are all in the field. Their Handel and Haydn Society have purchased the old organ of their namesake society in Boston, and are rehearsing the "Messiah," which is to be brought out soon at National Hall, under the direction of Mr. KNAUFF; they also talk of Loewe's oratorio, "The Seven Sleepers." The Musical Fund Society have issued their subscription lists; they think of performing Mr. Darley's "Cities of the Plain" at one of their concerts. The Harmonia Society will commence with a miscellaneous concert, to be followed by "The Deluge," "The Cities of the Plain," &c. The Musical Union will bring out "Moses in Egypt" and oratorios. Sig. PERELLI resumes his classes for the last time in Philadelphia; it is said that he goes next year to Vienna, having received a commission to compose a work for the Opera there. The lovers of Symphony and Overture in Philadelphia are congratulated on a forth-coming series of concerts by a new orchestra, composed of some of the oldest members of the "Germania." The names of Schultze, Sentz, Stoli,

Albrecht, and others are mentioned. We trust this does not portend any withdrawal of musical force from Boston.

A Londoner, who was present at the Coronation ceremonies in Moscow, writes thus of the Grand Opera there:

I have just returned from the Grand Opera, which was opened for the first time this evening with Bosio, Lablache, Calzolari, and other London favorites. The appearance of this magnificent theatre, when lighted up and filled with a brilliant audience, fully realized the expectations expressed in a former letter. It has five rows of boxes, with twenty-eight seats in each row, and to each loge there is a retiring room as large as many a London drawing-room. The pit is all divided into comfortable stalls, and in no case are more tickets issued than the house will conveniently accommodate, a hint that might be taken with great advantage by the managers of our London houses. What with the elaborate gold scroll, raised on a groundwork of delicate green, the richly-carved pillars and pilasters, the scarlet velvet lining of the boxes, and the exquisitely painted drop scene, the interior of the imperial theatre presented a *coup d'œil* such as one could hardly have expected at a distance of 2000 miles from London. But when I add that the audience were mainly composed of officers in gorgeous uniforms, and ladies in grand toilette, you can easily imagine how surpassing must have been the general effect. It only wanted the presence of the Emperor and Empress, whose box is a little palace in itself, to make the picture complete. The embassies of the great powers were well represented, the French filling one box on the grand tier, and the English another. The opera was "Puritani," in which Bosio's singing so delighted the Russians that she was called several times before the curtain, although, I must add, that her acting did not satisfy me as to her fitness for the part of Bellini's heroine. Lablache looked stupendous, and rivaled the Greek priests in the depth of his intonation, and the rest of the performers acquitted themselves respectably. There were no encores—an admirable practice; and when the opera was over the audience could go home without suffering the purgatory of an interminable ballet. The performance of the orchestra of 150 performers was worthy of all praise.

The papers have the following romantic story about the new tenor, TIBERINI:—

"Young Tiberini is said to be a Roman of pure noble birth and blood, and closely and intimately connected with a princely family, who trace their ancestry up to the days of the despot Tiberius, whose name is included in the list of those of the family who wore the imperial purple, or swayed the destinies of the mighty empire from the popular and elective tribune. Although no crowns are at their disposal now, the pride of a long line of rulers still clings to the heads of the T. family. Tiberini, the tenor, possessed of a beautiful voice, great musical enthusiasm, and fine personal appearance, and chafing under the disqualifications and restrictions which condemn to the church or the army all the cadets of noble families in the Old World, determined to carve out for himself a fame and fortune and add another honor to a name that history has recorded in her storied pages. To carry out the determination, and after secret but ardent study, he appeared under an assumed name in a distant city. His secret was, however, discovered, and the alternative was presented to him either to retire for ever from the profession of a singer, or be disowned and abandoned by all who bear his name. His choice was made at once; he would follow the art to which his aspirations led him, even at the sacrifice of name and prospective fortune. The bitterest trial that fell to his lot was the compulsory separation from his affianced one, who of birth equal to his own, and returning his love with equal ardor, was forced by her friends to retire to a convent to avoid collision with a mere singer. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of his success in Italy; every obstacle that could be raised through the agency of wealth or family connection rose up against him, and despairing alike of his art and his love, he fled hoping to find in another land a fair chance for the display of such talent as he might possess, and to meet in the approbation and sympathy of strangers a balm for that grief which words may indicate but cannot express."

The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* gives for a leading article a glowing biography of ALFRED JAELL. We hear of the young pianist during the last month as concertizing at the German watering places—Hamburg, Ems, Wildbad, &c.—and in Aus-

tria, at Ischl and Gastein. The Tyrol and Italy are in his eye for the next months; and then Vienna, and Hannover, where he is pianist to the king.

Madame ANNA BISHOP appeared at the Theatre Royal in Melbourne, on the 9th of June, where she has produced a series of Italian operas. . . . THALBERG, the Pianist, at the last accounts, was about to leave Paris, for this country. His piano has preceded him.

At the Swiss music festival this year, among other works, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and a Beethoven symphony were given by 700 performers. 3000 people, musicians and guests, partook of a princely banquet at the superb villa Bartholony. The banker Bartholony also laid the foundation of a new Conservatory of Music, with great accompanying pomp, on the 14th of July.

Mozart's Requiem has just been performed in St. Petersburg for the first time, under the direction of Schubert.

1500 singers took part in the late great festival at Brunswick. It was the 25th year of the gathering.

A gigantic organ is just being built by Merklin, Schültze & Co., Brussels, for the Cathedral in Murcia, Spain. It is to have 64 stops, four manuals, and two octaves of pedals. A great improvement has been secured in the touch, which resembles that of an Erard piano.

Meyerbeer is just now at Spa; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Rossini at Kissingen.

Advertisements.

Strakosch Grand Concert Company.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Different Judgments about works of Musical Art.

[From the German of ROCHLITZ.]

About the productions of no Art do so many persons judge, and with such various judgment, as about those of the Musical and the Dramatic Art. This is natural. Their productions are themselves so very various, that everybody finds something for himself in them; they are everywhere publicly presented, and all the world goes to make itself acquainted with them. With the number that are interested in anything, since very few refrain from passing some judgment, the number of those that judge increases; with their varieties of character and wishes, increases the variety of their judgments. In the case of Music—for with that alone we have to do here—there is still this additional circumstance—that it has no prototype in the external world, which may serve in some sort as a point of rest and union between the judges. Thus, however different the judgments passed upon the painting of a rose-twig, in one important point they all agree; for everybody has seen natural roses, and compared the painted with the original; and when he comes to express his opinion, it may be a very unartistic one, but it is impossible that it should be wholly false. We read quite often, to be sure, that "Music has its prototype in the inner world of feeling in the human breast." Granting this for the time being, still a man must already know these constant changes of his state, which we call feelings, must be accustomed to bring them in the moment of judging to clear consciousness; must possess the difficult faculty of seizing them in idea, when he would judge of their effects, and in words when he would express the idea. But that

this is not and cannot be the business of every one, needs scarcely to be mentioned. "He that cannot do a thing, ought not to judge of it." True; but he *does* judge. Nay, by far the majority, true to the well-known human weakness, judge of nothing so willingly, of nothing so quickly, as of what they do not understand; for in matters which they do understand they know the difficulty, both of performance and of judgment. "Well, but let every one start off boldly and straight-forward, whichever way he may be drawn, and as he pleases, despising the opinion of the many." So say you, you who are twenty years old, or scarcely more; when you are forty, you will talk differently; and if you get to be sixty, you will smile or repent that you ever spoke so. Still it is not our purpose to dwell here upon the judgment of unlimited numbers. We let these rest upon their own foundation; and not to leave so great a company without a parting word, we repeat the well-known observation: A work of Art which does not produce an effect upon the mass of those who are capable of feeling, whatever their relation to the Art, is certainly not good, although it is not for that reason bad; one which does produce an effect upon them is certainly not bad, although it is not therefore good; one which at once fully satisfies them, is, to say the least, not excellent.

We turn now to the judgments of those who are included under the names of musical artists and musicians, connoisseurs and amateurs of music, that is to say, of those who have susceptibility, not only in general, but for music especially; who have had more or less experience of its effect upon themselves, and who possess also more or less knowledge of the means by which this Art produces its effects. Should we not from these expect some harmony of judgment about works of musical Art, at least in the essentials? Experience teaches the contrary; and where we find this harmony about essentials in the case of a few of the most excellent works, it is only when it has been forced upon them after the lapse of a considerable time. This experience is so universal and so public as to require no examples. If any one desires them, let him only think of GLUCK and MOZART. Now whence this difference of judgment, even in such circles? Whence, but from the difference in the persons who compose them?

STERNE (in his "Sentimental Journey,") divides travellers, and after him, JEAN PAUL (in his *Unsichtbare Loge*) divides walkers into four classes. In the first go, according to them, the most deplorable, those who do it for mere vanity and fashion; in the second, the learned, for the sake of exercise, and less to enjoy than to digest

what they have enjoyed. In the third we see those who wander with the eyes of landscape painters; in the fourth, those who cast not merely an artistic, but a hallowed eye upon creation, who into this blooming world transplant the second world, and among other creatures the Creator. We might in a similar manner arrange those who hear and judge of music in these four classes. It will not take from the force of our reflections, that much which is to be adduced of them may also be applied to the beholders of the works of other arts, indeed of life itself.

About the first class, who from vanity and fashion hear music, judge of music, perchance make music, we shall not trouble ourselves much; nor do they trouble themselves at all about us. To them the opera house and concert hall, (the church, too, when there is music made there) is nothing but a spacious place, where well-dressed people may assemble unmolested, merely for the sake of feeling that they have been there, and that they may talk about it. How the singer "looks," that is, how she is dressed, occupies them more than what or how she sings; they might be present at a concert of Mozart's, without finding anything more interesting than the circumstance that he, who has produced such grand and mighty works, was such a little, feeble manikin. To them in music all is right or all wrong which just at this day, and in just this society of *ton*, is so declared; and to them the correct and fine tone is that which the most admired lady, the most respectable gentleman, at just this day, in this society has set. With the most this is not narrowness, but voluntary self-limitation. They would be and would have nothing farther, even if they could. They have no wrong opinion; they have no opinion at all; they only think they have. You find these musical amateurs mostly among the rich and fashionable of both sexes in great cities.

To the second class belong those who hear attentively, but merely *with the understanding* (so to speak.) They wish to be called connoisseurs in Art, and they not seldom get their wish. Many of them shrink from all that is written to-day, and from the manner of performance. All this displeases them; why? Because it is not as it was forty, fifty or more years ago. Like certain scholars on examination, they have completed their course for their whole lifetime with their early schooling. What then delighted them, perhaps with good reason, is now not merely good, but good alone. With this one-sided prejudice, the present music, which has become so different, can move them little; and that little one can easily deny himself. Those who do not do so, but who proceed more candidly, refer

to the small effect of the present music, compared to the infinitely stronger and deeper music of the past; but they do not consider that their judgment is derived merely from its effect on *them*; that the ground thereof lies in themselves. Their excitability is lessened, their sensibility is grown cold; and so the music lacks charm and expression. "But the music of my youth enchants me still, whenever I hear it!" Is it really the music that enchants you, and not rather the youth to which it transports you back?—youth with its thousand sweet remembrances, which even without clear consciousness, and the more powerfully the more vaguely, mingles with the charm? Or, if Phillis is fair, is Doris ugly because she is not? But this is the way with man when he acts like himself!

Others, and the smaller (though more fatal) number of this class, are the dead, conceited grammarians of music, who are nothing *but* grammarians. They do not willingly miss the performance of a new piece of music, simply or mainly for the sake of spying out some violation of a rule, were it only a traditional one. Some trifling reminiscence, a hidden fifth, a forbidden octave, is for them a real God-send, especially in any celebrated master; and they shrug their shoulders over the whole of Mozart's wonderful finale to the first act of *Titus*, because such a case occurs in the inversion of one of the accompanying figures. They are like those reviewers, who have nothing to report of a beautiful poem, but a false rhyme; or that critic in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," who in Wilhelm's representation of Hamlet, found nothing worth remarking upon but the white ribbon which peeped out from under his black robe in the duel with Laertes. "But were it not better that the false rhyme, the white ribbon were not there?" O yes, it would be better; and you are right. We find these two classes of men (there are no women of this sort), in the nature of the case, almost solely among superannuated artists and *passés* judges of Art.

To this class belong also the *virtuosos*, who are nothing *but* virtuosos—ingenious sons of Tubal-Cain, "from whom descend the fiddlers and the pipers." These are interested in nothing, or in scarcely anything except what is full of break-neck difficulties, and the successful or unsuccessful execution of the same; like walking the tight-rope for rope-dancers by profession. What is easy to perform, they find indifferent; what is simple and natural is common-place and flat. The easy execution of difficulties is of course a part of the matter, especially with virtuosos; but it should be as a means to an end. Of this they seldom know, or they make small account of it. They hold to the former; this may come of itself. And in fact, (in such various forms does man's intellectual nature work, and on such different sides may the domain of music be approached!) to be candid, we must confess: If they possess, besides great facility, mind and talent, not to say genius, the end is actually realized, in a certain manner and in happy hours, under favorable circumstances; but otherwise not. Now, since the executive skill of distinguished virtuosos costs great labor, and thus the object upon which this labor is expended acquires to them a value from this very fact; since they see everywhere a great majority of persons who cannot do what *they* can, and yet who would like to do it; since they find every-

where admiration and applause, if not sympathy and satisfaction, (and admiration and applause break out more loudly and more suddenly than sympathy and satisfaction), and man's self-love or vanity is all too easily carried away by what is loud and sudden, especially in moments when he has been stimulated to unusual exertions and to a full sense, if not an undue estimation, of his powers: their habitual decision against what is not in their line, their enthusiasm solely for the article in which they deal, their positive condemnation on their own authority, and so forth, are easily enough explained. Amongst these virtuosos shine just now almost as many women as men.

The third class includes those hearers and judges of musical works who show a certain susceptibility to music, get animated and even enthusiastic about it, but yet listen only *with the ear*, and judge accordingly. They love music because it puts their blood in livelier motion and makes them feel more comfortable; because music, whether in solitude or in society, serves as an ever-present means of whiling away the time and filling the vacuum of the mind. They value and applaud compositions according as they promote this end; according to their more or less proficiency, they seize upon small or great, upon the trivial or the significant, nay, even upon the excellent, so that it serve that end, and only so far as it serves it. If you would know how great, nay, how enormous is the number of this class, ask the publishers of pretty dances and variations upon favorite airs; ask the arrangers of military music, the purchasers of operas arranged for every instrument (without text); watch the audience at a concert, and observe the entirely different degree of attention paid, during a symphony by HAYDN for instance, to the *Adagio* and to the *Scherzando*; ask experienced singers what is their surest way to set the hands in motion.

But we must carefully avoid ridiculing them, or even despising them; and this not merely out of prudence, if we are ourselves musicians, since in that case we need them; since youth (of either sex) belongs to them, and youth everywhere can clap the loudest, and its noise, even if it die away as fast as it breaks out, is yet indispensable to the musician, as well as to the actor, who lives immediately for the moment and generally of the moment; not merely for this reason, but also because the members of this class do actually possess some sensibility and love for music, do actually attach themselves to somewhat that belongs to the essential nature of music, and do even help to further all that makes up its nature, if at the same time it only fulfils this desire of theirs, which, with a few lawful exceptions, it really ought to do. A sound human nature may be so far trusted: Whoever shows a susceptibility and passion for any art, and for what is worthy in its products, must carry away with him somewhat of its nobler and higher quality, even if it be only with an indistinct feeling, and without will or knowledge. Only *give them what is good*; give it well, and give it constantly; the vagueness will clear up, knowledge and volition will be awakened—to a certain degree. And we must not be contented, anywhere, or in anything, with what has been accomplished; above all, we must learn to wait. How many of us, ourselves, were different in our early years? or must the

world have changed because we have changed? *We* have, at all events. All this seems so obvious, that I shall be reproached with trifling in alluding to it. And yet how often is it overlooked! how often, therefore, are things done without fitness, without result, and even attended with much harm; or else nothing at all is done, from mortification that such is the way!

Finally, in the fourth class sit those, not over many, for the most part still, and seldom expressly consulted, but not unrecognized, not unesteemed, not without wholesome influence, who hear *with their whole soul*. They want, with the sensual enjoyment, the spiritual also; with hearing, feeling; and with both, also thinking; for even thinking affords them enjoyment. To them Music is, like Poetry, one of the means of pure joy; and through pure joy, of pure love; and through pure love, of the ennobling of the race. What science effects through conviction, that, they think, should Art effect through feeling. If that points man to his highest aim, this makes him more inclined to reach out for it. If that teach the way, this makes it smoother. Many of these persons recognize in music a second speech, granted to man in God's mercy, like the first, to distinguish his race from all the creatures upon earth, to elevate it, and bring it nearer to its final destiny.

Accordingly these persons recognize and feel in melodies not merely the melody, but the infinite spirit of love and peace; in harmonies not merely the harmony, but the original source of all unity and reconciliation of the diversely constituted, the ultimate goal of all which, separate, still strives to become one; the holy re-acceptance into the fulness of peace; the harmonizing of all that appears remote, apart and heterogeneous. And if one tells them: "This is fanatical dreaming and new-fangled mysticism," they say nothing, or at the most point among their books to Plato.

Now one who is accustomed to think, knows also how to distinguish. Accordingly the hearers of the fourth class distinguish between music which claims to be Art, and music which looks merely to the moment's entertainment. Only soul—soul they require even here, in whatever kind, in whatever form, it may see fit to manifest itself; for without soul, they think, the playing becomes mere child's play—for very little children. To them, therefore, ROUSSEAU'S air of three notes is worth more than many a whole opera, which only makes a noise; and HANDEL'S prayer for peace, which has scarcely more notes in it, more than many a fugue, which is a mere matter of correct calculation. So, too, he who delivers the former well and beautifully, is more dear to them than he who merely brings out a string of bravura arias with facility. They do not despise the unessential in music, any more than they do mere cleverness in that; but both are matters of indifference to them unless they serve the aspiration to a higher goal; and they naturally avoid what is indifferent and yet consumes time. They adhere neither to the new, nor to the old, but to the good, which contemplates and which approximates a higher end; but still more to the excellent, which reaches it. They do not despise the judgments of the second class; they only give them quietly their place; they do not quarrel with those of the third: they only give them credit in a friendly spirit for just

what they are. Their applause not seldom coincides with that of both of them; their point of view, never. They understand them both quite easily, but are with difficulty understood by them. Yet, if they show themselves tolerant, they like also to be tolerated. The maxim: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, they hold to be a sheer truism, and all disputation, except between like-minded persons, to be fruitless effort.

"Ah! where are they then, these listeners and judges?"

Do you comprehend and love them? Then, my friend, you yourself belong among them, or you are on the way to it, if you but will to be!

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

By the Author of the New Philharmonic Programmes, London.

This remarkable work is admitted on all hands to be one of the finest examples in existence of that style of composition called *descriptive music*; the aim of which is not merely to raise emotions in the mind, but to suggest ideas of objects, facts, or scenes, properly appreciable only by other senses than that of hearing.

This purpose may be attempted in several ways; as, first, by the artificial imitation of natural sounds—such as the warbling of birds, the cries of animals, the noise of a storm, &c., &c. Or, secondly, there may be an attempt to imitate qualities not phonetic; as, for instance, to represent something rising by the use of an ascending scale, or something leaping by skips of intervals; a ludicrous example of this kind of description being the celebrated old catch, in which the notes formed a curve, to represent a rainbow! Both these styles of composition, however, though in skilful hands they may give rise to ingenious and not displeasing effects (as may be seen in Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation*, and many other works), are but of a low grade, requiring no great amount of intellectual perception or musical genius in the composer, and giving rise to only very commonplace feelings of appreciation in the hearer. A far more noble kind of descriptive music is that which, avoiding trivial imitations, endeavors to make the general character of the composition serve for the depiction of the general ideal characteristics of the scene to be represented. The description in this case is effected by what may be called kindred emotions. The music is made to describe facts or scenes through the medium of sensations appertaining to them, which sensations are producible only by musical combinations. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or solemnity conveyed by music may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects or scenes, and so may be said to *describe* such scenes by recalling certain subjective qualities of them. The composer then will seek first to determine clearly what are the ideal characteristics of the scene he wishes to portray, and will write his music so as to excite corresponding ideas, leaving all trivial similarities out of the question altogether.

The best kind of descriptive music, therefore, combines in itself, to a certain extent, the qualities of music and drama together. In music written expressly for dramatic representation, the character must, of course, be suitable to the nature of the scene; and, in return, the scene aids in rendering the character of the music intelligible; but, in symphonic compositions, where no adventitious aids are present, the task of description becomes much more difficult, and the interpretation often much less clear. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was, as far as we know, the first attempt to give a symphony, as a whole, a descriptive character; and we would particularly draw attention to the fact, not generally understood, we think, that the method of description here followed is almost exclusively of the higher kind. An impression prevails amongst many persons who have not studied the work carefully, that it consists in a great measure of *imitative* music. This is quite a mistake; the author has most

carefully avoided (except in one passage, which we shall hereafter point out) any common-place imitative effects, and has relied solely on the nobler design of acting on the mind by kindred impressions. If there were any doubt about this, we have Beethoven's own authority in proof of it; for it is on record that he described the symphony as "consisting more in the expression of sentiment, than in actual representation." And it is particularly in illustration of the character of the work that we offer the following remarks upon it.

The Pastoral Symphony was composed in 1808, and is numbered as Op. 68, corresponding to about the middle period of the composer's second or best style. It is the only symphonic composition, except the funeral march in the *Eroica*, to which any descriptive character has been expressly attached by the composer.

The first movement is intended to depict the cheerful sensations awakened in the mind by an arrival in the country; and this idea of a *visit* is a very striking one. Beethoven understood well the fact that the charms of rural scenery are much more keenly appreciated by visitors to, than by residents in, the country; and there are few inhabitants of large towns who cannot bear testimony to the delight experienced, when, after perhaps months of imprisonment in crowded streets, they first arrive amidst the freshness of a country scene. The original expression in the score, "*heitere Empfindungen*," is scarcely well translatable into English, the word *heitere* meaning something between "cheerful" and "gay," more lively than the former, more earnest than the latter; the kind of sensation we feel when something occurs to exhilarate the mind without disturbing its thoughtfulness; precisely that, in short, which is produced by charming scenery. And to raise sensations of this kind, through the medium of the ear instead of the eye, has been the composer's object in this first movement. It is in no respect whatever imitative, and it is scarcely possible to give a meaning to individual passages, as it is by the general character of the movement alone that its effect is intended to be produced. It is exceedingly simple, melodious, and flowing, exhibiting no feature calculated to distract the attention from the pure harmony and melody of the music, or even to call forth that startled admiration with which this composer's works are sometimes heard; all is quiet and calm, and may be listened to and admired with as little mental exertion as is required to appreciate the beauties of the woods and the fields. The second motivo includes double counterpoint on three subjects, but is, nevertheless, perfectly clear; and the elaboration of the second part is singularly free from complexity—so true has the composer adhered to the plan he had in view. The instrumentation of this, as well as the second movement, is simple, the orchestra consisting only of the ordinary string and wood bands, with the addition of two horns.

The second or slow movement is entitled *Scene am Bach*; i. e., a scene by a brook or rivulet. It is not easy to define, with any pretensions to accuracy, the precise nature of the ideas that the composer intended to convey in this movement, further than that its general character is placid, flowing, rich, and melodious, and so may be taken to correspond with the feelings excited by the gorgeous natural coloring of some thickly wooded landscape, having a stream as its principal feature. The leading character of the music lies in the fulness of the harmony, the peculiar flowing style of the accompaniment, and the richness of the instrumentation. It has been sometimes thought that the accompaniment may be intended to represent the murmuring of a brook; but this, we think, would be inconsistent with the principle usually followed throughout the symphony. As an imitation, the thing would be a failure; as a suggestion of the idea of massive beauty, it is noble and effective. There is, however, a passage at the end of the movement which comes under the category of imitation of sounds—namely, a trio, of three birds, denoted in the score as nightingale, quail, and cuckoo, and represented by the flute, oboe, and clarinet respectively.

We have often wished this passage, so unlike any other part of the symphony, was not there, as compromising the dignity of the composition; and it is so obviously an episode, that we indulge a fancy it may have been a subsequent interpolation, added perhaps at the instance of some of the composer's lady friends, who thought the presence of good unmistakeable birds essential to complete the ideal landscape. We believe that if Beethoven had sincerely approved this style of description, he would have introduced the warblers into the body of the movement (as Spohr has done in his symphony "*Die Weihe der Töne*"); for the few shakes and ornaments that occur in the melodies are obviously only suggestive and not imitative. The bird episode, is, however, it must be admitted, in some measure redeemed by the admirable way in which it is expressed, and its skilful connection with the more legitimate part of the music.

The third movement, in which trumpets are added, is intended to represent a rustic *fête*, and its general characteristic is sparkling gaiety, mingled with a certain quaintness difficult to describe, but which admirably corresponds with the idea generally entertained of peasant sports. A kind of *musette* feature, frequently occurring, may probably be intended to embody the idea of the simplicity of rustic music. A kind of solo for oboe, repeated by clarinet and horn, and accompanied each time with the bassoon playing only the key note and its fifth alternately, points to the same resemblance. In the middle of the movement, occurs an episode in common time, the strongly marked rhythm and quaint construction of which evidently suggest the joyous *abandon* of unrestrained rustic merriment. At the end of this, a sustained trumpet note appears to call the revellers back; the former measure is introduced again, soon becoming more joyous as the time increases to presto, and the *fête* appears to come to a close. The final cadence is, however, not completed; for, instead of the expected close on the chord of F, the dominant harmony is succeeded by a low murmur of the basses on D \flat , forming the commencement of the storm.

And how shall we describe the stupendous display of musical genius here contained? This movement is alone a study for a lifetime; not only as an unparalleled example of the power of musical description, but also as one of the most masterly specimens of legitimate musical writing that is to be found in the whole range of Beethoven's compositions. For it is easy to show that, strong as is the temptation which a storm offers for unworthy devices, there is not a note of this which is not pure music of the noblest kind. We cannot lay too much emphasis on the fact that it is not imitative. There are people who think it necessary, in order to realize to their own minds the descriptive power of the composition, that they should be able to trace in it, not only the roll of the thunder, but the pattering of the rain drops, the howling of the wind, the cries of frightened animals, &c.; but all this is pure imagination, and we are convinced that the composer himself would not have considered such interpretations any compliment to his intellectual powers. His aim was not to imitate noises, which would have been but puerile work at the best, but rather to produce impressions or emotions—a far higher and nobler work, and one which gave him a much wider scope, as embracing elements of impressiveness out of the domain of sound altogether, such as the heavy sultriness of the air, the gasping of nature, as it were, for breath; the general impression of awe produced by the impending war of the elements, &c. &c., all of which are more or less typified in the scene now before us. The emotions excited by the awful phenomena of a heavy summer thunder storm are of the sublimest character; and their production by music, if practicable at all, certainly requires higher means than the clatter of peas in a tin case, or a series of thumps on a drum head. And it is particularly worthy of notice, as an evidence how Beethoven shunned mere imitation, that the drums, which in ordinary musical storms form the staple commodity, as giving from time immemorial the orthodox representation of thunder, are throughout this movement quite subordinate; they strengthen the

effects of the other instruments but in no instance take any independent part of their own. For example, the first idea of any ordinary composer would have been to commence the storm with a roll of the drums *pianissimo*, to imitate distant thunder. Not so Beethoven. He produces the effect desired by music, not by mere noise. His first rumble is, as has been already stated, an interruption of a cadence by a tremolo of basses on the semitone above the dominant. This is followed by light piano passages, of a singular uncertain character, on the violins; the tremolo then is repeated a little louder and longer, with the addition of a few holding notes on wind instruments; the violin passages enter again, a gradual crescendo follows, then the first burst of the storm occurs. It is impossible to conceive a better representation, condensed into so short a space, of the feelings attendant upon the approach of a storm: the first distant alarm, the incipient fear, the listening anxiety, and at last the certainty of the impending elemental war! The crash itself is simply a fortissimo minor chord, with a tremolo on the violins. Here the drums enter for the first time; but we have a great doubt whether, either here or in any other part of the movement, the composer had the intention of giving any direct imitation of the sound of thunder. The idea is rather that of alarm and confusion; the latter being expressed by a very original device in the basses—namely, making the *contra bassi* play groups of four notes against corresponding groups of five on the violoncellos; the drums add weight, of course, to the general effect, as they do in any other *forte* passage, but nothing more. The strength of the storm is carried on by a series of vigorous erratic unison passages, giving a fine idea of a wayward force struggling, as it were, to expand itself in the strife of the elements. After this comes a lull of some length, interrupted by occasional vivid startling chords, with an echo instantly following, probably intended, not so much to depict any actual incident, as to keep the attention awake, and give a general idea of the constant power of the disturbing agency, though for the present subdued; and this is also impressed on the mind by the continual tremolo of the violins and the frequent low running passages of the basses, which, however, are here more regular than before. In time, another outbreak threatens; the violins take up again their first passage, the wind instruments join in sustained moaning notes, or in pitiful interrupted wails; the basses resume their confused rumble; and, after a gradual crescendo, comes another fortissimo burst of the storm. This, however, is not a simple sustained chord like the first one, but a regular musical phrase; in which the hurried descent of the violins through the chord in each bar; the fine march of the bass; the impressive prolonged unisons of the wind instruments; the double syncopated accents; and the simple, yet masterly and striking modulations, give not only a most forcible and appropriate effect, but also a character of great grandeur in a musical point of view.

The storm temporarily lulls again, and now comes the most striking part of the scene. It may be noticed by anybody who will take the trouble to observe the phenomena of a thunder-storm, that, immediately before the heaviest crash, there generally occurs a lull; during which, however, the stillness which seems to prevail is of an unearthly awful character, evidently only the precursor of greater violence: the heavens, so to speak, appearing to be gathering strength for their most terrible discharge. At this time the atmosphere is unusually oppressive; and it is impossible to avoid a sensation of fearful suspense, in expectation of the explosion, which we feel must be close at hand. Now Beethoven has seized this feature with the greatest skill. It is scarcely possible to describe the manner in which the representation is effected; but, for about twelve bars (pp. 136 and 137 in the Leipsic Score), the imagination is kept in a state of indescribable tension, precisely corresponding to the effect on the mind of the lull above alluded to. It is here, and here only, that the composer has used the chromatic scale; one of the most common devices to imitate storm and wind among common-

place writers; but its effect here is not imitative—it is used as a means of increasing the sensation of indefinite, restless anxiety; and, conjoined with the alternate moaning and starting of the other parts, expresses perfectly the feeling intended to be conveyed; namely, the anticipation of the coming explosion. And, accordingly, on the fourth beat of the bar; that is, just when it would be least expected, the whole orchestra, now strengthened for the first time by two trombones and a piccolo, burst into a terrific crash, which is the grand climax of the force of the storm. This is formed by the full chord of the diminished seventh, sustained for several bars, and followed by a succession of other similar chords, interrupted by sudden *sforzandos*, and leading into a repetition of the fine descending passage before alluded to.

But now the storm begins finally to abate; and here again the skill of the composer becomes strongly marked. It is a matter of observation that, generally speaking, a storm ceases very soon after the most violent outburst; the whole accumulation of the disturbing agent being then relieved. The thunder continues for a time in the distance; but the gloom begins to clear off, the clouds open, a peep of the blue sky is seen, which quickly expands, and relieved nature resumes her wonted appearance. All this is most admirably followed in the Symphony; the grand crash over, the force soon begins to slacken, a diminuendo commences, and soon reaches a piano; the basses descend, bringing the rumbling to their lowest notes; an occasional *sforzando* occurs, but the evidence of the brightening up of the elements gradually becomes more complete; and this not only by the cessation of the characteristics of the storm, but by a complete change in the nature of the harmony; the entrance of clear, open, major chords; first subdued in the lower octaves, and then taken more prominently, and combined with sweet, touching melody, offering a most striking and beautiful parallel to the natural effect above described. The basses ever and anon give a slight, deep roll; but this soon ceases altogether, and a few clear notes of the flute, used as a passing into the last movement, declare that the storm is over, and all is again serene.

Such is Beethoven's representation of a storm, which we may safely say is altogether unparalleled, not only in its effect, but in regard to the noble character of the means by which this effect is obtained.

The concluding movement represents Pastoral Songs, or the embodiment of feelings of joy and gratitude after the storm. It commences with a kind of pastoral call, taken first on the clarionets, and then on the horns; after which an elegant melody is introduced, which forms the principal subject of the movement. The character of the whole is highly melodious and cheerful; the instrumentation rich and full; the two trombones, first introduced in the storm, being here retained to fill in the harmony. The coda, from the *diminuendo* after the *fortissimo*, is singularly beautiful and impressive, and the conclusion is very original.

ROSSINI.—It is most interesting to hear him speak of Beethoven and Mozart. He calls the last "*un homme colossal*"—the greatest genius of which the musical world can boast. When only in his ninth year he knew Mozart's Sonatas, and a few years later, all his other works. His admiration for Mozart is unbounded. That he perfectly understood *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* did not astonish me; but that, on hearing the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, he continually broke out in expressions of admiration, proved an amount of appreciation in him not generally suspected by Germans. He designated *Così fan Tutte* the first comic opera, and on my politely making an allusion to his own *Barbiere*, he exclaimed, discontentedly, as if I had wished to pay him a false compliment: "Ah, what is that in comparison!" To show the impression real German music produces upon him, I may mention that he praised Spohr's *concertos* very highly; of his operas, on the other hand, he had only found one or two good things in *Faust*;

Spohr's other dramatic works he did not know. I asked him if he had never composed symphonies himself. He replied that, with the exception of the overtures to his operas, he had never written instrumental music. "What would you have?" he said. "That is a separate study; any one who, after Beethoven, would produce anything of importance in this branch of art, must devote himself, *à corps perdu*, to the most earnest and most profound efforts, and would not, even then, produce anything like what Beethoven has produced. I have neither attempted to acquire the necessary knowledge, nor have I had time to do so." He speaks with great reverence of Mendelssohn and Weber. He appeared to be but little acquainted with the more modern Italian composers; if any of their works were played on the Promenade at Kissingen, he was always obliged to refer to the programme for the names of the authors. Of his own compositions, he speaks with great modesty, and frequently replies to praise of them with deprecatory contempt. On one occasion, when Meyerbeer's *Marche aux Flambeaux* was performed, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Mais de qui est donc cette marche de géants; c'est quelque chose de fort vieux." On my telling him the name of the composer, he merely said: "C'est fort beau!" and walked on.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.

THE VIOLIN.—Slow and tender melodies, confided too often, now-a-days, to wind instruments, are, nevertheless, never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh, lament, chant, pray, and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.—*Berlioz*.

Yankee Doodle.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for the current month seems to find his Dutch blood dancing to a new tune in the delight he experiences at a discovery in recent researches into American literature, concerning the much-disputed origin of Yankee Doodle. Of course we cannot find it in our hearts to criticize the "song in use among the Dutch laborers" which "trolls out thus:"

"Yanker didel, doodel down
Didel, dudel, lanter,
Yanke viver, voover vown
Botermilk und Tanther."

There is a genuineness in the look of these lines which reminds one of the works of Diedrick Knickerbocker; and we rejoice in the addition of this testimony to the mass of evidence going to show the immense value of the Dutch element in our population which the "*losel* Yankees" (we mean New Englanders) have so studiously obscured and covered up in history. We commend this subject to the Historical Society. And in this connection we desire to add another and a similar proof of the base spirit which has hitherto succeeded in preventing the merits of our early Dutch literature from shining by its own light in the darkness which always precedes the dawn of a great era.

These remarks have been suggested by finding among the curious Dutch works in the library of the Historical Society a copy of the poems of the learned Rijme-Laar, a much neglected writer, who accompanied Adrian Block in the "*Tiger*" to New Netherlands in 1612-13. It is well known that Block's ship was burnt at Manhattan while he was preparing to return to Holland, and that he was obliged to remain while engaged in building the yacht, which was the glorious Dutch har-

binger of the future maritime supremacy of New Netherlands. It was at this time that the first cabins were built on Manhattan Island; and it is supposed that the poet exercised his talent for composition "in the midst of the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement," "not repelled by the rudeness of the wild life of America, but drawing from its unkempt nature fresh illustrations and a bolder imagery."

But to our extract: (Vervolg der Gedichten van H. K. Rijme-Laar, 2, p. 66.) The intelligent reader will need no further introduction or comment, in view of such "flat burglary as ever was committed."

"Heile Kolombie's jollie landt;
Heile das burgher's belliepandt,
Vat held das laws und bond das stadt
Vat was nein loose, nein dawn, nein late;
Und ven licht of sonne was gone
Was loosed und leit das honor daun.
Boosaardig mensch may carp and yaw,
Goedaardig mensch zorg nein von straw:
Allos ready for zwaar-bier
Wanneer Hollandenschan appear:
Vast, vereenigd leit vos bec
Hauling taut our bandt-bellie;
On bewimpeld en our talk,
Leit us blazen for Nieuw-Jorck."

New York, Oct. 1, 1855. BLINK BOLLIKOT.

"Professors."

(Continued from Fitzgerald's City Item, Philadelphia.)

Our readers will remember that last week we spoke at length of the existing abuses in regard to the expression, "Professors of Music," and particularly of the wide latitude allowed by the public as to its true signification. The extent to which the abuse is carried almost exceeds belief. Every foreigner who comes to take his abode here styles himself a Professor, issues circulars and cards as if he were the most accomplished musician in the world, and on the sole strength, perhaps, of a tolerable execution on the piano, does his best to impose himself upon the public as the only person in the city worthy of encouragement. A young lad from the country or some inland town, with the small smattering of knowledge obtainable in his native place, and with the confidence naturally ensuing from having been lionized by people more ignorant than himself, comes here and does as the foreigners have done—he, too, announces himself a Professor. Still more unworthy recruits come from the ranks of trade, which they abandon upon discovering that pretentious claims, founded upon the smallest modicum of musical ability, are more profitable than manual labor. No matter how trifling the amount of information any of these pretenders may possess; if they proceed in a business-like way to humbug the people, success and patronage attend them for a time at least; so the blame should not fall solely upon their shoulders, but be divided between them and those who consent to foster the obvious imposition.

As the evil has not worked its own cure, it appears to us that the time has come for the real musicians to arouse and strive manfully to check, without delay, the spread of the abuse. There are many ways to effect this desirable end, but the most feasible and decisive method seems to be that of which we are now about to speak.

We have no conservatory of music such as those which exist in all the European cities of a population as large as Philadelphia's, and in many, too, that boast but half our number of inhabitants. The so-called Academies of Music, both here and in New York, are merely theatres for the representation of Italian or French Operas, not schools for the instruction of Americans in the science or practice of music, as their name would seem to imply that they should be. There is not a faculty of any college or university in the Union justly qualified to confer musical degrees, although one institution attempted to create a Doctor of Music, and thereby produced an infinite deal of amusement among the really musical circles. What we suggest, then, is that some well-established musical society in our city should obtain from the Legislature a supplement to its charter, empowering it to form a College of

Music, consisting, we will say, of three professorships, of Vocal, Instrumental Music, and of Composition. These chairs must be filled by gentlemen of long experience and of unquestionable ability, and there are many such among our old ranks of "Teachers," as they now term themselves. They should form classes for instruction, lay down regular, complete and thorough courses of study, to be gone through by every pupil, and by strict examination assure themselves of the competence of each student before suffering him to pass finally. On graduating, the students should be furnished with diplomas, giving them perhaps the degree of Professor, or still better, that of Bachelor of Music, as is done in the English Universities. This would serve as a guarantee of their ability, and as a strong recommendation to the public should the graduates determine upon teaching music.

We think this plan would have the desired effect. It would give the native musicians opportunities of study which they do not now possess, and on their passing through the college, it would confer upon them a distinction that would at once give them a place in the consideration of the public, and show that they had a right to the position claimed. It would not, it is true, prevent imposture entirely, but it would give it a severe check, as the people at large would expect any person terming himself a Professor, to be able to show his diploma. The society undertaking to perform this work would deserve the thanks of all the true musicians of the country, and do more good to the cause of music than by giving fifty concerts in a season, gratis. It is, however, a plan that cannot succeed by means of half measures; the professors selected must be men of standing, musically and socially; their names must be widely known and their merit acknowledged; the course of study be severe and closely adhered to, while the examinations cannot be too minute, or too strict. These matters are necessary in order to prove that the rank of Professor cannot be properly obtained without toil and difficulty, and that the graduate has fairly won his degree.

We commend our suggestions to all our old chartered societies and to the musical circles at large, trusting that some steps may be taken to prevent the further intrusion of incompetent teachers.

The "North Star" at the New York Academy.

The production of MEYERBEER'S *North Star*—as an opera written in French and sung in Italian is facetiously called—drew a larger audience than has been gathered together by any musical event since Grisi and Mario left us; and judging from the manner in which the performance was received, a succession of well filled houses will reward the manager for the pains he has taken in bringing out this novelty. This *North Star*, or *Etoile du Nord*, or *Stella del Nord*, is in fact *The Camp of Silesia*, written to another libretto, and re-written in some parts of the music, if we mistake not. It is both in plot and style of composition much lighter than any other of Meyerbeer's works with which the public generally are acquainted. Peter the Great is the hero; and we first see him playing ship-carpenter at a village near Wyborg on the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Here, according to SCRIBE, the libretto-writer, he fell in love with a village beauty named Catherine, and here too found, in a pastry cook, a man who became afterwards one of his most favored officers and councillors. The origin of the *Menshikoffs* was plainly in Scribe's eye. Catherine favors Peter, whose real rank she of course does not suspect; but she sends him off to win a cross of honor, in order to be worthy of her. (She wouldn't have made the same condition with the Czar. Why?) He goes; but meantime, she, by tact and boldness, has saved her native village from being plundered by a roving band of villainous-looking Cossacks; and she herself joins the army as a substitute for a cowardly brother, who is just about to be married, and who prefers the one companion-in-arms that he has, to the many that he might have;

only on the principle, we suppose, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. As she goes off in a boat to join the army, the first act closes.

The second act takes us to the Russian Camp, where we find her doing soldier's duty and just on the point of discovering a plot against the Czar. Peter himself soon appears, and as he is drinking and talking with the quondam pastry-cook, his mistress is detailed to stand sentry by his tent. She is a man and a soldier, however, only as far as her regimentals go; and she peeps into the tent. There she sees Peter, her Peter, with his cross of honor indeed, but, alas for the frailty of man, making temporary love to a *vivandiere*. This does not suit her notions of propriety; and being in her wrath, surprised at her peeping by her corporal, and reproved, she slaps his face. The crime is worthy of death, and to death on the spot she is condemned by Peter. She attempts to make him recognize her; but after his fashion he has got gloriously drunk, and she is carried off to be shot. She makes her escape, however, having previously sent to her Peter—the information which she has obtained about the revolt, which he is thus enabled to quell, and the second act closes in an outburst of loyalty and patriotism.

In the third act she has got to Moscow, and goes mad in white muslin. Could any young woman, with a due sense of propriety, allow herself to become insane in a toilet composed of any other material? Her Peter is profoundly touched, and attempts her restoration by building for and placing her in a village like that in which he first found her; and having made up this trifling little prescription, he adds to it, by way of condiments, some Finnish choruses and an air upon the flute by himself. The treatment is efficacious. The young lady comes to her senses in the arms of her Peter, and—being a lady—faints, of course. She revives, however, in time to have the imperial purple thrown over her white muslin before the curtain falls.

From this sketch of the chief incidents of the plot, it will be seen that the opera is altogether wanting in dramatic interest. The relations of the events to each other are not clearly defined, the situations have no striking import, and the story ends but does not culminate. Compare such a plot as this with those of *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Giuramento*, *Ernani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and see how utterly deficient it is in that grand dramatic element upon which rests so much of their success, and also of their actual merit as lyric dramas. To this lack of interest in its story, it adds the utter want of inspiration in its music. Meyerbeer, a musician of prodigious acquirements, an artist who has thorough mastery of his materials, the voice and the orchestra, a man of indefatigable industry and of singular ingenuity, has every quality necessary to the composer, but one—genius. Genius is a thing of degree, and men may have of it a high or an inferior order; but he has none of any kind—not a spark. In his best work, *Robert le Diable*, there is one air, and but one, which is almost as good as an inspiration; but even that is a miracle of labor; and every other that he has written is itself evidence that it was painfully perpetrated with malice aforethought. His success—such as it is—has been gained by making his operas splendid spectacles. In *L'Etoile du Nord*, there is a great deal of skilfully written concerted music, admirable use of the orchestra, singular and striking effects produced by a few instruments, but not one spontaneous melody; and we decline the ungrateful task of examining it in detail. Taken as a whole, however, it must always be entertaining to a general audience, when it is properly put on the stage. It is bustling, amusing, and striking in the way of spectacle. The performers generally do the music and themselves justice. Mme. La Grange and Sig. Coletti particularly distinguish themselves. Sig. Amodio has a part much too low for him, and with little music worth singing. Sig. Brignoli has a pretty-ish romance, daintily accompanied, which he sings in a pretty-ish way—not always in tune. The choruses are fairly, and the orchestral parts very creditably, performed.—N. Y. Cour. & Enq.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 4, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our present number of October 4, commences a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

[F] We can furnish one and one only complete set of the Journal of Music bound; for which of course we must charge an extra price.—With the exception of two numbers only, (which occur in Vols. V. and VI.) we can furnish volumes bound or unbound of the Journal from the commencement. Also single numbers.

Orchestral Concerts—The Beethoven Concert Society.

There is a singular anomaly in the history of orchestral, or, as they are sometimes called, symphony concerts in Boston. We have had the name of being remarkably fond of hearing great instrumental music, and of being classical in our taste—at least, compared with most American cities. We have had during the past twenty years a great many more orchestral concerts than New York or Philadelphia, or than many a European city of our size. We have had *all* of Beethoven's symphonies performed in the course of a single winter, and with our great Music Hall crowded, or at least full, each time. We have had each winter two or three times as many public concerts, two or three times as many great orchestral works performed, and before larger audiences, than any of our sister cities. And yet, strange to say, and to our shame it must be confessed, Boston at this day is as far as it ever was from having any sure and permanent provision for the satisfaction of this still returning want. The thing is not yet organized and grown up into a live institution, to which we can look forward every winter as a matter of course, sure of our orchestral supplies, and not have to speculate and inquire doubtfully and anxiously: Are we to have orchestral music again? Is anybody moving in the matter, or will it be left to take care of itself, until it is too late to seize upon the true conditions of success? Are we simply trusting in our oft-attested love of music, taking the demand as earnest of the supply, and folding our arms in the comfortable assurance that something must and will "turn up"? Like a certain clerical *bon vivant*, who was supposed to look back from the other world upon the goods things of this, we think of our musical seasons past and we grow "hungry from recollection;" yet our *cuisine* remains all to be organized as much as ever.

To build up a grand orchestra, worthy of Beethoven and Mozart and all the great composers whom we want to hear and know, is really a great work, a work of years. We have heard most of the masterpieces of these authors, we have had so many years of concerts, so many glorious performances and seasons full of present pleasure and of greater promise, and yet here at this day we have no orchestra. *Boston is without*

an orchestra!—Boston, the classical-music-loving city. To organize good concerts on the grand scale, so that they shall both *pay*—that is, offer inducements to the musicians and artists to take part in them—and at the same time not sink into the category of mere amusements for grown-up children, but minister to a higher love, and educate and carry up the public taste, is also a work of time, requiring not a little management and toil, even with the good orchestra given and only waiting for the employer to say the word. Twenty years of concerts, some of them glorious to look back upon, and yet we have neither the organized management nor the established, constantly-improving orchestra, for which all the world, hearing of our concerts, credits Boston! To our shame must we own it.

Where lies the difficulty? It is not that we have lacked materials for an orchestra;—although these, deceived in the hope of sure and permanent support, may have somewhat dwindled in the last two years. It is not that the love and taste for Symphony and Overture is not yet enough developed in our people;—although the taste of a community, however high and promising to-day, is pretty sure to fall away from its high water mark to-morrow, without some sure progressive course of exercise and education; if we do not progress, we retrograde. It is not that we have not liberal and wealthy friends of music, who have stood in the gap many times, and are ready to do so again:—although the forcing process, as a substitute for growth, must in the nature of things lose virtue when too frequently repeated. It is not, that we have not had abundance of efforts, of external aid, and all manner of experiments and systems tried. The difficulty lies in the fact that no one method has been persisted in, until gradually it could shape itself into the right method. Many times we have had promising results, we have succeeded temporarily and approximately, and have closed a season with enthusiasm and rejoicing, and have taken it for granted that it would of course go on from glory unto glory in succeeding seasons. But the temporary success has never been pursued and cultivated into permanence. The whole want has been of organization; for other wanting elements would have been one by one supplied and made secure in course of time by that. Now we have tried a great many systems, and have got a great many good concerts out of them; but still where are we? Where we were at first, as to the power of *using* our advantages. We have had organized societies to provide our music. We have had our Academy, employing the musicians; we have had our Musical Fund Society, in which the musicians employed themselves; each did the best it could for a few years, did really much good, but had to give it up beyond a certain point. We have sat still and let music come to us from abroad;—and for a series of writers the taste for instrumental music was certainly quickened as it had never been before by the artistic performances of that little "Germania" orchestra, with its fine sketches rather than full presentations of the Symphonies; these were a good model, and we owe them much, but we could not hold them, they were not of us, and they scattered. Last year we tried the simple subscription plan, guaranteed by amateurs of means, who had their committee for raising an orchestra and managing the concerts; and the result was a larger and better

orchestra and an excellent series of concerts—on the whole perhaps the best we ever had—a growing attendance and delight throughout the season; yet the concerts did not *pay*; there was a considerable deficit, which nothing but the extraordinary interest of the Beethoven Statue festival (justifying double prices for that evening) saved from being a very formidable one. The public had been appealed to, and the public only half responded.

Now it is perfectly right that the supply, in music as in more material necessities, should depend on the demand. If the public want good music, let the public pay for it. A very moderate price, if paid by all or half of all who anxiously inquire: What for orchestral concerts this winter? would be ample support for the best of concerts. It is the only wholesome and thoroughly reliable kind of support. To be reliable and to really amount to a support, it must come in the form of pledged subscriptions to a series of concerts promptly given beforehand. This is one prime condition of good concerts. To make it operative, there must be one other: a permanent, wise organization of managers, ready to meet the public, and on whom the public can rely to use the support so furnished in the most effectual manner for the end desired. These two levers are to set the ball in motion, and not let it spend its force and drop entirely to the ground at the end of each heat.

An appeal is now again made to the musical public of Boston, and a chance offered to secure a series of Eight Grand Orchestral Concerts, if said public care enough to have them. In the want of any established organization, the same committee of gentlemen, who managed the concerts last year, and in answer to repeated suggestions and inquiries, have undertaken to try the experiment again. They have thought that the ground gained last winter ought not to be lost; that a little systematic perseverance for perhaps only one year more, in building on upon that gain, may place orchestral music on a sure basis for the future here in Boston. Their aim is not simply to provide for the present want; their aim is now, as it was last year, to build up an orchestra and a machinery for giving concerts, which may prove permanent. Every musical city in Europe has its Philharmonic Society, on which it can depend for annual supplies of great orchestral music. New York, which never until the last two years has had as many concerts or as large audiences as our smaller city, has now its flourishing Philharmonic Society, with a large and long-trained orchestra, and a certainty of selling all its tickets at the slightest announcement of a concert. Why shall it not be so here?

With a view to this permanence, and taking a suggestion from the great Symphonies most frequently performed, and from the noble statue that presides in our hall, the committee have assumed the name of "THE BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY." It is a good name to conjure by. They who have taken it, and who have volunteered to work under it, will do their best, will do at least as well as they *have* done, and turn the past experience to account, if only their appeal is promptly met by our so-called musical public. With the public now the whole thing rests. The public must come forward promptly and take up the tickets before the concerts can be given. The usual democratic system of cheap

prices is proposed. In order that the great risk may be covered at the outset, the inducement to subscribe for the series is made liberal: only *three dollars* for the whole eight concerts. And a broad difference is made in favor of those who take tickets for the season. For the single concert the price is fixed at *one dollar*—more than we have been used to, but not more than is usual in all other cities, and really very low for concerts of this order, which should be worth as much as any opera.

Let it be clearly understood then, that *the concerts will not be given unless 1500 sets of tickets, at the low rate of \$3.00, shall be subscribed for before the 20th of this month.* Will not all who value opportunities of hearing good orchestral music come promptly forward and put down their names? Will you not settle it now once for all, friends, that there shall be no uncertainty in future about good orchestral concerts here in Boston, where we have enjoyed so many?

P. S. We have omitted to mention one part of the plan. Should the proposed concerts more than pay expenses, the balance will be applied towards the formation of a fund in aid of future Orchestral Concerts.

Mlle. Parodi's Concerts.

Mlle. PARODI is a singer who pleases the many, who always draws large audiences, and all whose efforts are applauded and encored. Mr. STRAKOSCH is a pianist of the brilliant, popular kind, who makes the tones of the Piano sparkle before the eyes, as it were, of those who are susceptible to the beauty of musical sounds, but who are children in musical taste and knowledge. That he can play also for the intellectual and classically cultivated ear, we do not doubt. But he chooses to please the public and to do a good business; and he has proved himself one of the most shrewd of concert managers. With such a partner and manager, and with such other excellent talent as they have known how to associate with themselves, Mlle. Parodi's concert all over our wide country have been attended with success; and she has made the tour of the States in this way we know not how many times. This week Boston has its turn again.

The Concerts of Tuesday and Thursday evenings had large and enthusiastic audiences, as usual: audiences composed largely of that class of persons who are most demonstrative when they are pleased. Everything, as usual, has been vehemently applauded, and almost everything encored. The programmes have been various and brilliant; the popular and well-worn predominating, but with some things also for the more classical taste. Mlle. PARODI seems in perfect health and voice. She does not sing out of tune, as she did frequently when she was here last. There is the same rich, clear, resonance in her voice, especially the middle and lower tones. She has great execution in a wide range of music. She charms more by her power of voice and energy of manner, a certain free abandon and impassioned air, than by any rare delicacy and truth of expression, or really satisfying refinement of artistic style. We have liked her best in the music of Verdi; there is something in its coldly intense character that seems to suit her. Her "Ricci waltz," with variations, her "Rataplan" and other such bravura fireworks, always bring the house down, but they have not the exquisite charm of SONTAG. In the *La ci darem* duet "by the immortal Mozart," we could not find the simplicity and innocent sweetness of Zerlina in her singing or her manner: certain points were coarsely overdone. Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, thou that killest," &c., she delivered in a large and telling voice and style; but delicacy and depth of feeling

we could not find in those tones. In "Hear ye, Israel," one could only think of Jenny Lind. There was force and brilliancy in Parodi's rendering; but it did not seem spiritual force. She is a very physical singer. Sometimes a high, emphatic tone is painfully harsh in quality, and in no sense sympathetic.

Sig. TIBERINI, the young Roman tenor, of whom romantic stories have been told, has a delicate, pure, penetrating voice, over which he has great control. He occasionally gives a note or a short phrase with great power of voice, like a true robust tenor. He seems to have sung Verdi a great deal, for he has a habit of contrasting very loud with very soft tones oftener than is necessary. Indeed, he is too apt to sacrifice the expression of a piece to vocal display. Hence his singing is cold and lifeless, even when he makes energetic effort. He quite mistook the character of *Spirto gentil*; beginning it in a soft cantabile, like SALVI, but making a bravura piece of it before he got through, introducing a wild flourish in one place, and in another repeating phrases in echoes, with which surely the song could have nothing to do. We liked him best, too, in Verdi, especially in the duet from *Ernani*. That from *La Traviata* is an odd musical conceit, which, however sung, we could not admire.

Sig. BERNARDI is an excellent baritone; in his serious look and manner much reminding one of MORELLI, and somewhat too in the character of his voice, which is rich and resonant, but requires forcing in the upper notes. He sang *Vi ravviso*, the duet from "Don Juan," a romanza by Balfe, and other pieces in very chaste and satisfactory style.

PAUL JULIEN is no longer the boy, but his extraordinary talent with the violin has ripened, so that it is more than ever a delight to hear him play. A *Fantasia* by Vieuxtemps, a difficult and thoughtful composition, was rendered by him in quite masterly style. So Paganini's "Witches' Dance," and other show-pieces. In purity and firmness of tone, in graceful execution, and in feeling, he is truly a young artist. The accompaniments were all played by STRAKOSCH, whose pretty, sparkling "Nightingale" and "Sylphide" pieces enchanted the multitude as usual.—The last concert is this evening.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their annual series of Chamber Concerts. OTTO DRESEL, too, will give us more of his delightful Soirées. May both have plenty of subscribers; for such music as they afford is among the choicest privileges of Boston. Of the ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS we have spoken fully in another column; those who intend to subscribe must lose no time. . . . Mr. WM. SCHULTZE, our excellent violinist, we are happy to say will not leave Boston to settle in Philadelphia; and we are sorry to learn that Mr. AUGUST FRIES is in such poor health as threatens to deprive our concerts of his violin for some time. We can ill afford to lose either of them. . . . Mr. and Mrs. CARL ZERRAHN, our popular conductor and his wife, will live in town this winter, and are prepared to receive pupils at their residence next door to the Music Hall, fit place! We cordially commend them to those who wish to learn. See card below.

We understand that S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, Mus. Doc., has resigned his place as organist and conductor at St. Paul's Church, and with him go a number of the singers, thus breaking up the fine double choir which it has cost long pains and practice to make what it was. Mr. J. H. WILLCOX leaves the organ in the Baptist Church in Charles Street, to take Dr. Tuckerman's place.

Our worthy neighbors of the *Telegraph* consult the interests of Art and business in one and the same

article, criticizing PARODI's concert, by the following ingenious method:

Our reporter says: "Mr. Strakosch never played so indifferently, and could not have given his audience more indifferent music, though his brilliant display of Lily Dale and other familiar Ethiopian melodies commanded the applause of his audience. With the great Beethoven looking down upon him, and an exquisite Chickering grand piano before him, we surely looked for some higher inspiration in a pianist equal to any effort in the highest department of his art, so far as mere finger dexterity goes."

But our reporter has a very delicate and severe taste in music, and is not very patient with any below that high-toned and severely classical standard which regulates his own estimate of such performances. Strakosch's concert performances certainly please the great mass of his audiences, and the result of our observation is, that he is the only pianist we have heard who makes a piano at a concert popular or even satisfactory to three fourths of those who attend. The select few of course require something "higher;" but the majority will continue to cheer what Strakosch knows they like.

This reminds us that we must thank the *Telegraph* for its very cordial notice of our Journal, now commencing a new volume, calling it "the best paper of the kind, not only here but in the world!"

It will be seen by our advertising columns that Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE commences two new classes next week, for pupils on the piano-forte, one for young misses just beginning, and one for advanced pupils. The lady's own musicianship, and patient, faithful and remarkably successful experience in teaching in classes for the two years past, must ensure her plenty of pupils. . . . We ask attention to the card of Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP, who offers his services as a teacher on the piano. Mr. C. has talent, a high and cultivated musical taste, and has had the advantage of the best influences in his Art at the Conservatoire in Leipzig, from which he returns an accomplished pianist, and a musician with true and worthy notions of his profession. We trust he will not lack inducements to pursue his calling here in his native city.

Advertisements.

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL

Proposes to give his FOURTH SERIES of FOUR SOIRÉES, At the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, during the months of December, January, February and March, on Saturday evenings to be hereafter specified.

Subscription for the Series, in packages of four tickets, \$3. Subscription lists may be found at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, and at the music stores.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club,

Respectfully inform the musical public of Boston and vicinity that they will give their usual series of EIGHT CONCERTS, to take place at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Packages of eight tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$5. Single tickets will be \$1 each. Lists will be out in a few days.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of this Society are notified that Rehearsals will be resumed on TUESDAY EVENING, Oct. 7th, and continued on each succeeding Tuesday evening, at the Piano-Forte Warerooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., No. 409 Washington Street, commencing at 7½ o'clock.

J. H. SOUTHARD, Esq., Director; W. R. BARCOCK, Pianist. Applications for admission to the Society either as active or privileged members will be received by the undersigned at any rehearsal, or at his place of business, No. 350 Washington St. The practice of the season will embrace the "Imperial Mass" and the "Passion," by HAYDN; the "Last Judgment," by SPOHR; "St. Paul" and "Enjah," by MENDELSSOHN; and several Chorals by BACH.

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BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY.

It is proposed by the Committee who managed the Orchestral Concerts of the last season to give a series of *EIGHT CONCERTS* at the Boston Music Hall, during the coming winter, under the name of the "Beethoven Concert Society," provided fifteen hundred sets of tickets shall be subscribed for previous to Oct. 20th.

The Orchestra will consist of at least Fifty Musicians, under the direction of CARL ZERRAAN.

Price of Tickets for the Series, to be used at pleasure, \$3.

Single Tickets, \$1.

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PIANO.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that a New Class for *Beginners* (Young Misses only to be admitted) will be open on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, and another Class for Young Ladies will open on Tuesday, Oct. 7th.

Applications to be made at No. 55 Hancock Street.

THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THIS beautiful Art novel, by Mme. GEORGE SAND, just completed in the Journal of Music, for which it was expressly translated, has been reprinted in a neat pamphlet, and may be had at this office, and at the periodical and bookstores. Price 15 cents. Copies sent by mail post-paid, for 18 cents.

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MR. NATHAN B. CLAPP, from the "Conservatorium der Musik," Leipzig, having returned to his native city, is now prepared to receive pupils for instruction in the Art of Piano-playing. Applications may be made at his residence, 24 Hudson St., or at Richardson's Musical Exchange.

TO PIANO-FORTE PLAYERS.

THE undersigned would call the attention of all who desire to possess the works for piano-forte solo by the greatest masters, to a new, correct, and elegant stereotype edition now issuing from the press in Germany. Depending upon a very extensive sale of this edition, the publisher has put his prices so low that no one who really desires to carry the practice of the instrument beyond the performance of a few songs, polkas, quicksteps, and the like, need be deprived of complete sets of the grandest and most beautiful works yet composed for the Piano-Forte.

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An Additional Volume of BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE WORKS for two hands, is also in preparation, which is to contain his Variations, and smaller works generally, not included among the thirty-two Sonatas.

The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

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Translated for this Journal.

Robert Schumann's Impressions of various Operas.

THEATRICAL NOTE-BOOK, 1847—50.

BOIELDIEU'S "JOHN OF PARIS."

(May 4, 1847, in Dresden.)

A masterly opera. Two acts, two decorations, two hours in length—all admirably contrived. "John of Paris," "Figaro," and "The Barber," the first comic operas of the world; each mirrors its composer's nation.

Instrumentation (to which my attention now is principally directed) everywhere masterly; the wind instruments, especially the clarinets and horns, treated with partiality, nowhere covering up the vocal melody—the violoncellos effective here and there as independent voices.

The horns ring in a high register, when the voice part lies still higher, very finely and blend with the voice.

MARSCHNER'S "TEMPLAR AND THE JEWESS."

(May 8, 1847.)

Heard with great enjoyment. The composition here and there lacks repose, not quite clearly instrumented, with a fulness of happily conceived melodies. Considerable dramatic talent—some reminiscences of Weber.

A jewel, which cannot entirely divest itself of its rough exterior.

Treatment of the voice-parts ungrateful and smothered by the orchestra. Too much of the trombones.

The choruses went ludicrously bad; some of them should have produced a greater effect.

In short, after Weber's, the most important German Opera of recent times.

GLUCK'S "IPHIGENIA IN AULIS."

(May 15, 1847.)

Schröder-Devrient, Clytemnestra; Johanna Wagner, Iphigenia; Mitterwurzer, Agamemnon; Tichatschek, Achilles.

Richard Wagner has put the opera upon the stage; costumes and decorations very appropriate. He has also made additions to the music; I thought I heard it here and there. And he has added the conclusion: "*Nach Troja*. This is decidedly inadmissible. Gluck would perhaps have reversed the process with Richard Wagner's opera; he would have retrenched, cut out.

But what shall I say here of the opera? As long as the world stands, such music will continually come into prominence again; it can never grow old.

A great original artist. Mozart evidently stands upon his shoulders; Spontini copies him often word for word.

The conclusion of the opera again is extremely effective, as in *Armida*.

RICHARD WAGNER'S TANNHAUSER.

(Aug. 7, 1857.)

An opera not to be dispatched in a few words. Certain it is, it has a touch of genius in it. Were he as melodious a musician, as he is an intellectually gifted one, he would be the man of the age.

Much might be said about the opera, and it deserves it, but I must reserve it to another time.

DONIZETTI'S "FAVORITA."

(Aug. 30, 1847.)

I only heard two acts. Puppet-show music!

C. M. VON WEBER'S "EURYANTHE."

(Sept. 23, 1847.)

We have been transported, as we have not been for long before. The music is still too little known and recognized. It is heart's blood, the noblest he had in him; a piece of his life this opera has cost him, surely. But then he makes himself immortal by the means.

A chain of sparkling jewels from beginning to end. All in the highest degree genial and masterly. How admirably characterized the individuals, especially Eglantine and Euryanthe, and how the instruments ring!—out of the inmost depth they speak to us.

We were quite full of it, and talked it over a long time. The most genial piece in the opera seems to me the duet between Lysiart and Eglantine in the second act. So too the march in the third act in honor of the same; but the crown belongs not to particular parts, but to the whole.

ROSSINI'S "BARBER OF SEVILLE."

(Nov. 1847.)

With Viardot Garcia as Rosina. Ever enlivening, genial music; the best that Rossini ever made. The Viardot makes great variations in the music; scarcely a melody does she leave untrimmed. What a false view of virtuoso freedom! Still it is her best rôle.

AUBER'S "MASANIELLO."

(Feb. 22, 1848.)

The opera of a musical child of luck. The subject has kept it up. The music is indeed too coarse, soulless, and moreover hideously instrumented. Here and there sparks of genius.

WEBER'S "OBERON."

(March 18, 1848.)

Really too lyrical a subject. Also the music is inferior in freshness to other operas of Weber. A slovenly performance.

SPONTINI'S "FERNANDO CORTEZ."

(July 27, 1848.)

Heard it with rapture for the first time.

BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO."

(Aug. 11, 1848.)

Bad performance and incomprehensible taking of the *tempi* by R. Wagner.

CIMAROSA'S "MATRIMONIO SEGRETO."

(June 19, 1849.)

In technical respects (counterpoint and instrumentation) thoroughly masterly; but otherwise rather uninteresting, and at last really tedious and empty of all thought.

CHERUBINI'S "WASSERTRAEGER" ("LES DEUX JOURNEES.")

(July 8.)

With great delight have heard again for the first time for many years this genial, masterly opera. An excellent Water-carrier in Dall'Aste.

"THE PROPHET," BY GIAC. MEYERBEER.

(Feb. 2, 1850.)



The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.

"In treating of the piano-forte, in attempting to sketch its history and its capabilities—offering a few brief notices of those masters whose performances have given it new powers, and whose compositions have either founded or sustained its different schools—and separating the legitimate from the illegitimate, the ephemeral from the permanent, the true, in short, from the false—

the reviewer is offering the largest contribution in his power to the advancement of chamber music. For in England, where the national character is solitary rather than sociable, and its reserve is strangely mixed up with an impatience of drudgery and research—where the physical facility of throat and finger seems to be denied, such as makes the Italian street-singer vocalize without knowing it, and the German tavern musician place his hands on the bow or the keys in a correct position—the piano-forte will always be the instrument most largely in favor. To play respectably a solo on the violin or violoncello requires a devotion of labor and a self-renunciation, which is not common; while a quartet implies, beyond this, a sedulous union of sundry personages submitting themselves to one presiding head. The flute, it is beginning to be admitted, is so poor an instrument as to be placed almost out of the reach of the higher order of music save in orchestral concert."

"Of the piano-forte—the history of its wood and wire—a few words must be said. The head of the family was perhaps the Psalter, which, according to Mr. Hogarth, 'consisted of a square box, of small depth, over which was stretched a sounding-board of fir, and on this sounding-board were stretched a set of strings of steel and brass, tuned to the notes of the scale.' The psalter being played upon with two little rods, was substantially the same as the present street dulcimer. * * * As time wore on, the little rods were discarded, and the psalter became a clavichord, the feeble and tinkling grandfather of the piano-forte. Contemporary with the clavichord was the virginal, its own cousin, and progenitor of the larger and more complete harpsichord. * * * Early in the eighteenth century, the little octave spinnet, sometimes in its most ancient and triangular form, 'was used to accompany singing in private houses throughout Italy.' * * * The high esteem in which harpsichords were held from the first, may be gathered from the scull and music books which Salvator Rosa (that fiery and versatile genius) condescended to paint on the case of his instrument. * * * But the instrument's worthiest claim to modern respect lies in the fact of its increased capabilities and powers of effect, having called forth the exquisite *Passacaglias* and *Sarabandas*, and fugues and *Allemandes* of Scarlatti."

Such is a brief history of the progress of discovery, which has finally resulted in the present piano-forte, which, however, has received numberless improvements since its first invention, and is doubtless destined to receive many more. From the history of the instrument itself, the reviewer is led to some account of the eminent composers for it, whom he distinguishes into five classes or eras, which we digest and bring together in the following form:

1. The *solid, harmonic* school, of the first composers, with Sebastian Bach at their head.
2. The *expressive, melodic* school, at the head of which is Mozart.
3. The school of *mere execution*, of *finger music*, brought out by Kalkbrenner.
4. The school of *genius*, availing itself of all the former schools for working up its own distinct and original conceptions. The first of this school, chronologically, was Clementi.
5. The *marvellous* or *hyper-romantic* school, of which Sigismond Thalberg was the first.

We shall follow the reviewer through his notices of these five schools and their principal composers.

1. We have already mentioned SCARLATTI'S compositions for the harpsichord. He is "one of the two earliest composers for keyed instruments, whose works are still heard with pleasure, the other being SEBASTIAN BACH." He is the first in whose works "the trammels of the old severe style, originating with the Church, are broken through," and that "with an intrepidity which must have been startling in the composer's day. But the name of Scarlatti has a further interest and significance, as belonging to the last Italian composer for keyed instruments. Since his time, a series of showy solo performers on stringed instruments—in their compositions little stronger

than the flimsy but graceful writers of vocal airs of agility or expression for the Farinelli or the Pacchierotti of the hour—is all the contribution made by Italy during the last hundred years, to our enormous stores of orchestral and chamber music; a contribution as worthless as it is meagre."

SEBASTIAN BACH'S works are "among music's least mortal possessions." The following are some of the reviewer's remarks upon this great composer.

"Any one who can execute the works of Bach perfectly, must have gained in the course of his study a force, a flexibility, and an equality of finger, which qualify him to attack the most impracticable of the great modern music; any one who can rightly give expression to his subjects, as boldly and beautifully conceived as they are at once strictly and variously brought out, may be trusted to approach the richest melody of Mozart, the loftiest and most dramatic phrase of Beethoven, or the wildest imaginings of Weber. We are not writing for the technical student, and it would therefore be superfluous in us to insist minutely upon the unapproached preëminence gained by Bach in one species of composition—namely, the fugue; to point out by what means he not only understood but sported with secrets merely talked about or awkwardly touched by others; to expatiate upon his preludes, at once strongly-knit and excursive, masculine in their boldness, child-like in their artless freedom. The public of musicians is already sufficiently alive to their rare excellence."

Even Bach himself, however, did not escape the French taste for frippery, which, from Couperin, spread over all Europe. The reviewer goes on:

"And yet, if we compare the piano-forte music of Bach with the harpsichord lessons of Handel, we shall find how infinitely small a portion of obsolete cadences and passages is to be ascribed to Couperin in the works of the former, compared with the no less obsolete roulades and trills and chains of mechanical sequences which the author of 'Otho' and 'Ariadne' borrowed from his mates of the Italian Opera. Each is a patriarch in instrumental writing; but Handel's periwig is the most obtrusive; and whereas Bach never wearies by his manner of descanting upon and amplifying his themes, Handel's instrumental compositions are often spun to a tedious length by contrivances of no greater significance than the modern Rossinian close, so happily compared by Liszt to the 'your humble servant,' with which every letter concludes."

"The august style of writing, carried to perfection by Bach, was maintained by none of his successors. The improvements made in the tone of the clavichord, now become a piano-forte, and the rapid spread of Italian music, alike tempted the composer to attend to pleasing and rhythmical melody, and to neglect those beauties and intricacies of structure, which in feeble hands, degenerate into wearisome formality. If we consult Charles Philip Emanuel Bach's (son of Sebastian Bach) 'Art of Playing the Piano-forte,' we shall find instances of all the modern airs and graces, nay, the very terms, which belong to the free style, and by an exaggeration of which, sentiment becomes affectation, and liberty licentiousness, as a thousand recent instances testify."

Thus Bach and his son prepared the way for the second school of the piano-forte. HAYDN followed, "uniting ancient science to modern melody;" and, so far as this instrument is concerned, should be regarded as falling between the two schools.

2. MOZART stands at the head of the second school.

"His remarkable facility of execution, in which the man kept the promise made by the *infant prodigy*—his prodigal fancy in extempore performance, the haunting sweetness of his melodies, and his legitimate employment of the daily increasing powers of the piano-forte—whether alone or in combination with other instruments—gave both the man and his music a sudden and extensive influence, totally unprecedented. It was his good fortune to appeal to and touch all

classes. The uninstructed were fascinated by such delicious airs, as, till a recent period, had been the *singer's* exclusive property; the more enterprising among the scientific were enraptured by novel forms of composition and harmonies at once bold and smooth; while there was sufficient evidence of his power over the more rigid and stately forms of music, (as in his Sonata in the style of Handel, his duet fugues, &c.) to satisfy the purists that he had chosen a new path, not out of any disrespect to, or ignorance of, the old one, but from that eagerness of genius, which makes it always, more or less, a discoverer."

"So exquisite a compound of captivating execution, honeyed melody, and science wearing a form alluring rather than repulsive, as Mozart's music displayed, was certain to form the foundation of a school of art; and accordingly, we trace downwards from him a long line of pianists and composers, who reduced his works to principles, on which they formed themselves. Till a better title be found for it, this body may fairly be called the expressive school."

"As contemporaries of Mozart, but lingering far behind, by reason of their feebleness and self-iteration, even in one branch of composition which was common to both, LEOPOLD KOZELUCH and IGNACE PLEYEL may be grouped with him. Their accompanied Sonatas are now all but forgotten; but a student might do worse than familiarize himself with the simpler and more superficial forms of expression, by studying them as early lessons. They may also be thought excellent and natural practice for the hand, by those who have not yet subscribed to the principle of yesterday, which tends to make all the violent extreme positions of the fingers an elementary part of instruction. To this school, too, though possibly immediately influenced by the study of Clementi rather than Mozart, belong DUSSEK and STEIBELT. Each added something to the executive powers of his instrument—the former being of the two the more substantial and dignified, richer in harmony, more sterling in the progression of his passages—the latter being the more airy in his melody, the more picturesque in his general conception, and sometimes the more happily imaginative. * * * The Sonatas of both will form part of the library of every classical scholar."

"A far greater pianist and writer of the Mozart school—we mean JOHN NEPOMUK HUMMEL—is now to be noticed. 'To me,' writes Zelter, 'Hummel is a summary of the piano-forte playing of our time, for he unites, with much meaning and skill, what is genuine and what is new. You are not aware either of fingers or strings; you have *music*. Everything comes out as sure, and with as much ease as possible, however great the difficulty. He is like a vessel of the worst material, full of Pandora's treasures.'

"It appears to us that Hummel was capable of greater things than he ever achieved—greater things than the natural and delicious melody, never sickly, however sweet, sustained by harmonies rich and choice, and alternated by passages of execution at once brilliant and substantial. For in his grand *Fantasia*, and in his Sonata in F sharp minor, he so nearly reached that highest possible style of composition, which evidences grandeur of thought as well as of style, as to justify the belief just expressed, that there were powers born with him, of whose existence he had but glimpses of consciousness."

"There are many persons who would have placed another in the post of preëminence just given to Hummel, that other being of course JOHN B. CRAMER. And in one point of view, as an author of *Studies*, Cramer undoubtedly ranks the higher of the two. Wherever the piano-forte is known as anything better than a machine on which some unwilling child is compelled to hammer out the tunes of the last new opera—wherever the true uses of the instrument are sought for, and expression made the one thing needful, even in the most complicated and rapid passages—Cramer's *Studies* have long been consulted and appreciated. Their composer suffered from his too willing connexion with shops and schools, by which he was led to beat out his

powers in manufacturing pretty lessons and *fantasias*, in which was no fancy; and hence his earlier Sonatas, written in those years of a man's life when art is loved more than money, are among his best works—but still not comparable with those of Hummel which have been cited."

"A name or two remain to be mentioned as having belonged to the expressive school. One of these is WOELFFEL's, in his time—that is, about the beginning of the present century—considered as among the most surprising of European pianists. The name FIELD, too, must not be forgotten, as the artist whom we were rich enough to be able to afford to Russia. There is ALOYS SCHMIDT, whose mind is of far stronger fibre than Field's, and whose music is far too little known by those who profess attention to what is classical among us. Here, too, may be placed ONSLOW. None of these masters, however, has added enough of what is striking to the resources of his instrument, or to the student's library of noble thoughts and cunning combinations, to call for detail or analysis, where space is limited, so that a new and more important division of the subject in hand may be entered."

3. We now come to the third school,—“that showy, school, which fashionable executionists have, from time to time, attempted to establish by the legerdemain of their amazing mechanical powers. It will never be wholly deserted, inasmuch as the myriad prefer the false to the true: would rather be seduced than convinced—inasmuch as about two persons in ten, who learn music in England, are endowed with any real capacity for the art, and one in fifty is awakened to any perception of its real objects and bearings.” “Superseding the Sonata, the Rondo now had its turn;—just then, too, Rossini was in the zenith of his splendor, and his melodies, however fascinating on the stage, when sung by a Sontag or a David, could not but exercise an effect, destructive as it was fascinating, upon instrumental composition. Every thing was noise and sparkle and trickery. Though KALKBRENNER began with a better genius, it was presently laid aside for the popular idol, and he preferred to call down thunders of applause by wonderful flights of octaves, his exquisitely and glassy shakes, his brilliant divisions, round and clear *comme une chaîne de perles*, or his slower melodies meretriciously overlaid with ornament,—to receiving such less noisy but more permanent honors, as would have rewarded the exercise of thought and meditation. In England, at least, Kalkbrenner's music, with the exception of his Studies, is as wholly forgotten, as if he had not in his day been the Thalberg of the concert bill, while in the French capital his name is but sparingly mentioned by the passionate and enthusiastic *jeunesse*. His execution has been outdone in piquancy by Herz, in elasticity by Döhler, in velocity by Liszt, in delicacy by Chopin, in grandeur by Thalberg;—a fact to be clearly stated as a warning, for the benefit of those who permit themselves to be seduced from what is true and lofty by what is tinsel and superficial. A few other executive artists, far smaller than Kalkbrenner in their intellectual calibre, may be dismissed in his company. CZERNY, whose marvellous facility of covering music paper by the yard, is a weekly astonishment to those who make the tour of such music-shops as supply “schools”; PIXIS, who hid his light under a bushel, much about the time when Sontag quitted the stage, and who now travels Europe with his adopted daughter, Mlle. Francilla; and HERZ, only three years ago an indispensable at every London concert, but who last season was unwilling, unassisted, to risk a benefit entertainment on his own account—*sic transit gloria!* Before, however, the last named mechanist be passed over for worthier names, justice demands that he should receive such praise as belongs to an ingenious manufacturer of changes on airs—to a melodist, whose original themes have a nerve and piquancy partaking of the best features of ballet music. Nor let this be thought mockery in the place of commendation. Those who can write up to Taglioni and Fanny Elssler,—as Herz among the pianists and Mayseder among the violinists, are exactly calculated to do,—must possess such merit as belongs to elegance and

vivacity. Some of the brilliant duets for piano and violin, in which Herz has written the part for his own instrument, and De Beriot or Lafont that for the violin, may be mentioned as among the most vivacious and effective things of their kind. It is needless once again to point out how the wide circulation of all this music *ad captandum*, cannot but exercise a depreciating influence upon taste, and perpetuate the reign of what is tawdry and false and fashionable among those, whom other nurture might have rendered capable of relishing thoughts as well as sounds, and expression yet more than finger-gymnastics.”

[To be continued.]

FAILURE OF ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.—The *Courier and Enquirer* makes the following comments on the last of the many fruitless attempts to make Italian Opera support itself at the Academy of Music.

The Academy of Music.—The prospects of the establishment of Italian Opera in New York appear to be no brighter than they were ten years ago. The Academy of Music, a building which—whatever the pretense of the charter by which its proprietors exist as a corporate body—was erected with the sole object of being the home and the permanent home of Italian Opera, is closed and is without a lessee: the only man who has managed it with any semblance of success—MAX MAREZEK—declining to take a lease on the terms prescribed, and no other we believe, and, we must say, we trust, being unwise enough to accept what he refuses. As our readers know, we have not sustained what is called “the popular view” of the opera question. For reasons so often stated that they do not need to be now repeated, we are convinced that no series of operatic performances worthy of anything but hisses, can be given here at the price of fifty cents or seventy-five cents for each admission; that price would not enable a manager to employ artists worth hearing and go through a short season without ruin or dishonesty. For the same reasons, we do not believe that a scale of prices ranging from one dollar to twenty-five cents will sustain a manager through the year. Mr. Maretzek has had a very successful month. But September is of all months in the year the month except August perhaps, in which the New Yorkers who are expected to support the opera are not in New York. The Academy of Music during the past month has been filled with strangers, almost exclusively: and to call the support of an opera house by strangers, the establishment of Italian opera, is an absurdity. It is very true that the opera houses of Europe look to travelers for a considerable part of their receipts; but they do not look to them for their support. In other words the opera would be ‘an institution’ in Paris, London, Vienna, Milan, &c., whether there were travellers or not; and the fact that it is ‘an institution’ in the great capitals of the other hemisphere, is one among the many inducements to visit them. The conductors of the opera there look at home for support, in one shape or another: what the travellers bring is profit. When the Italian Opera is on a similar footing here, then it will be established; and not till then. At present there are not enough people in New York—still less in any other city of the Union—who possess both the taste and the money to support, by the mere purchase of tickets of admission, such an opera company as a New York public now requires. For a poor operatic performance the New Yorkers will not accept: they will not even go and hiss it: they keep their money in their pockets, and stay away—the most ruinous of all courses to a manager, for it does not even get up an excitement. Years must elapse before an opera manager in New York can rely upon the money taken at his doors to pay his rent, and his company, if he ever can depend on that source three years together, either here or elsewhere, which we doubt. Italian Opera is a luxury, a part of the expense of which, over and above what is paid by the public, ever has been, and we believe for years to come must be, borne by a comparatively few enthusiastic devotees of music, or of fashion, or of both. An Italian Opera cannot be sustained from year to year with-

out subscribers; and that these subscribers should have a choice of seats in return for advancing the money by which the opera exists seems only fair; and the outcry about exclusiveness is but a plausible clamor. But, as we understand the matter, the gentlemen who administer the affairs of the Academy of Music go much farther than this. They demand for the subscribers in the first place the interest for their money, in the next, the choice of two hundred and fifty and odd of the best seats in the house, and in the next, the privilege of transferring these seats, with their tickets of admission, to whomsoever they please, either gratuitously, or “for a *con-si-de-ra-tion*.” A lease of the house on such terms Mr. Maretzek very wisely has refused. The owners of the house have a right to demand what rent for it they please; but if they wish to be considered the worthy upholders of an institution established “for the encouragement of the Art of Music in the United States,” they should be content with a very moderate interest: and they may also reasonably claim the choice of seats, but the price of their tickets of admission, which should be *untransferable*, should either be paid by them in the current coin of this republic, or else deducted from the rent. This the stockholders as a body should seriously consider; and meantime, while their vast and expensive house stands with closed doors, they may well devote themselves to the careful study of the fable of The Dog and the Shadow.

The Handel Society in London.

In 1843 a number of musical professors met together and instituted a society for the purpose of bringing out a complete and correct edition of all the works of Handel. The editions of Walsh, which appeared during the life-time of the composer, were justly considered imperfect, while those of Arnold were not only full of errors, but contained several remarkable violations of the text. The importance of the undertaking may be imagined from a computation made at the time, that, to carry it out satisfactorily, no less than 12,000 plates would have to be engraved. As the speculation of a music-publisher, it could only be entertained at so vast an outlay that there was little chance of the risk being incurred. As the task of a single editor the impracticability was equally great, the time and labor demanded being far beyond the power of any one professor to bestow, however zealous, competent, and indefatigable. With this persuasion, the originators of the society elected from among themselves a permanent council, with absolute control over its affairs. They limited the number of members to 1000, who, in return for an annual payment of one guinea, should be entitled to a copy of each work produced by the society during the year of subscription. The council was composed of Sir Henry Bishop, the late Dr. Crotch, Sir George Smart, Mr. Moscheles, Dr. Rimbault, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, E. T. Hopkins, Henry Smart, and other gentlemen well known to the musical world. Proceedings were commenced with great activity, and in a very short time a vast number of subscribers were obtained, among whom were Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the King of Prussia, &c. The council allotted the labor of editing the different compositions to various professors of eminence, who consulted the original manuscripts in Buckingham Palace, and every other available source, for the purpose of emending and perfecting the text. The works were produced in full score, with a condensed adaptation to the instrumental parts for the piano or organ. The first publication included the *Anthems for the Coronation of George II.*, edited by Dr. Crotch. Next, in close succession, came the *Allegro, Penseroso, and Moderato* (Mr. Moscheles), *Esther*, an oratorio (Mr. Lucas), *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* (Mr. Mudie), *Israel in Egypt* (Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy), *Dettingen Te Deum* (Sir George Smart), *Acis and Galatea* (Mr. Sterndale Bennett), *Belshazzar*, an oratorio (Mr. Macfarren), and *The Messiah* (Dr. Rimbault). A strange oversight was made by the council in connexion with *Israel in Egypt*. Mendelssohn expressed a wish to compose additional

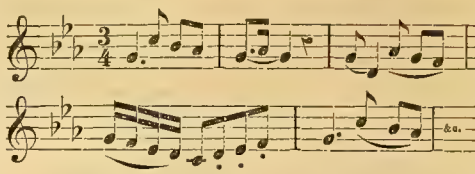
accompaniments for that oratorio, as Mozart had done for *The Messiah* and *Alexander's Feast*; but, being overruled, he merely added a free organ part, and thus the council of the Handel Society entailed a loss upon the world which death has since made irreparable. There was the less excuse for this, since, subsequently, Dr. Rimbault printed the accompaniments of Mozart, in his edition of the *Messiah*, in small type, to distinguish them from the score of Handel. Notwithstanding the auspicious beginning made by the Handel Society, a relaxation of zeal, or some other antagonistic influence caused the subscription list gradually to decrease, until, at a meeting of the council, it was finally agreed that the society should be dissolved; and the plates of the works already published handed over to the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., with the condition that they should accept the liabilities of the society, and carry out the original scheme. The chamber duets and trios, composed by Handel, have just been added to the catalogue, under the new superintendence. These very interesting works were written by Handel in 1711, at Hanover, expressly for the study of the Electoral Princess; the words were provided by the Abbate Mauro Hortensio. Mr. Henry Smart the editor, has performed his task with consummate ability, and, in his independent accompaniment for the piano-forte, has imitated Handel's style with great success. There yet remains, we believe, enough for another book of chamber duets, including the four, to Italian words, which the great composer afterwards reproduced, in a more developed form as choruses, ("His yoke is easy," "And He shall purify," "For unto us a child is born," and "All we like sheep," in the *Messiah*.) The style in which the present volume is brought out proves that Messrs. Cramer and Beale are disposed to follow with scrupulous fidelity the plan of the originators of the Handel Society. The publication merits encouragement, as one of the most important, interesting and costly connected with the art of music.—*Times*, 1852.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Dancing Pages.

On the evening of the 16th June 1854, being the next after that of "Corpus Domini," I went with several friends to the Cathedral of Seville to see a most extraordinary spectacle, of which I have never met with any account in print nor ever heard mention by travellers. It was just at twilight, and the vast cathedral was lit only by the blaze of candles on and about the high altar, and a few lights in sconces hung against the nearest columns, which served but "to make darkness visible"—and the long aisles grander and more mysterious. The solemn tones of the organ added greatly to the effect, and fitly gave voice to the feelings of the devout among the crowd who knelt or stood about the Altar. As the last sounds died away, the Archbishop in gorgeous robes of state ceremonial, entered the space before the Altar, which is shut off from the body of the Cathedral by an iron grating. Attended by a body of priests he took his station on the right hand, while opposite him, on the left, a small orchestra of twenty or thirty musicians with stringed instruments, horns, bassoons, and clarinets, was arranged, leaving a vacant space between them. Then appeared from either side of the altar ten boys dressed as pages, in doublets of white satin, striped with red, with plumed velvet hats upon their heads, and with castanets in their hands. Advancing into the vacant space, they at a given signal began to dance a stately minuet, singing with the accompanying orchestra. Then followed a bolero, in which the castanets played an important part, and which they executed with perfect grace, still singing and dancing as the Jews before the Ark of the

Covenant. This is the theme of the bolero, which I noted down on my return to the house.



Anything more strange and theatrical cannot be conceived. The vast cathedral, the blazing altar, the priests and cardinals, the dancing boys in their quaint and charming costume, the kneeling crowd, and as a back ground the long dim aisles fading away into the black darkness, combined to produce an ensemble never to be forgotten. All grew spectral and like a dream as one by one the lights were extinguished, and we wended our way back to the streets filled with the crowd thronging its way homewards. Every evening for a week, the dancing was repeated at the same hour, and with the same strange ceremonies, and we went again and again to make sure that we had really seen with our bodily eyes so unusual and striking a spectacle.

The cathedral is at all hours a marvel of beauty—but at no hour more wondrous, than just towards sunset, when the rays of light pour through the painted windows, tinting the marble pavement with rainbow hues, and faintly struggling against the gloom gathering slowly in the far off corners of the edifice. A few kneeling figures, here and there, the beggar in his rags, side by side with the high born lady, over whose form the mantilla of rich black lace falls in graceful folds, equal in God's sight and in his temple, lend a living interest to the scene: and cold must be the heart which is not touched with devotional feeling, and dead the imagination which does not kindle with aspirations towards a better and a more spiritual life, while the eye is privileged to gaze upon the wonders of that most glorious of Gothic Minsters, the Cathedral of Seville. VIATOR.

Haydn's "Passion."

As this notable work is among the pieces announced for practice this winter by one of our societies, (the Mendelssohn Choral,) the following review from the *Quarterly Musical Review*, published in London (1828) may be of interest to many of our readers:

Haydn's Passione, or "Seven last words," with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, arranged from the full Score, by V. Novello. London.

Those who have witnessed the solemn ceremonies of the Catholic religion, can but be aware that much of their impressiveness on the feelings is made through the imagination, and as the music corresponds with the devotions it accompanies in character, it can but be regarded with the same emotions. *The Messiah* requires no assistance from external circumstances to heighten its effect, but of Mozart's Requiem (as fine a composition, perhaps, in another style,) no adequate idea can be formed, unless it is heard on an occasion similar to that for which it was written. Thus it is difficult to judge of the work before us without the concurrence of "place and circumstance;" nor indeed can it fairly be done without fully considering the peculiar occasion for which it was composed. That this may be fully understood, we quote Haydn's own preface, a translation of which is prefixed to Mr. Novello's edition of the "Passione."

"It is about fifteen years ago since I was applied to by a clergyman in Cadiz, who requested

me to write the instrumental music to the seven words of Jesus on the cross.

"It was then customary every year in Lent to perform an oratorio in the cathedral at Cadiz, the effect of which the following arrangements contributed not a little to heighten. The walls, windows, and columns of the church were hung with black cloth, and only one large lamp, hanging in the centre, lighted the solemn and religious gloom. At noon all the doors were closed, and the music began.

"After a prelude suited to the occasion, the bishop ascended the pulpit and pronounced one of the seven words, which was succeeded by reflections upon it. As soon as these were ended, he descended from the pulpit and fell on his knees before the altar. This pause was filled by music. The bishop ascended and descended again a second, a third time, and so on, and each time the orchestra filled up the intervals in the discourse.

"My composition must be judged on a consideration of these circumstances. The task of writing seven *adagios*, each of which was to last about ten minutes, to preserve a connection between them, without wearying the hearers, was none of the lightest, and I soon found that I could not confine myself within the limits of the time prescribed."

The difficulty of such an attempt was indeed enormous; a subject more extraordinary, more awful, or more sublime, for the inspirations of genius, could not have been found. It appears to us that the task was better suited to the vast and various powers of Handel, than to the milder feeling and more polished style of Haydn, although we are apprehensive that many of the followers of the ancient faith may perhaps differ with us in this opinion. Haydn has, with his usual method and uniformity of design, laid down a plan for the *Passione*, from which he has never swerved, and which has consequently ensured to his work a clearness and perspicuity that is doubly advantageous, since it almost ensures its certain impression and easy comprehension, both as a composition and as a performance. It must, however, be recollected it was first made for instruments alone, and that the voice parts were added at a subsequent period. Thus, in its original shape, it must be considered as addressing the feelings in a totally different language to that used when words affix definite ideas, and lead the hearers along in a given train. Upon such an occasion as the present, all the great and little differences that subsist between music and language must be brought to mind and allowed for. From the power possessed by the words of presenting definite ideas, its impressions are instant, distinct, and vivid; mere melody and harmony being unendowed with such absolute means, are constrained to draw their effects from resources less distinct. It would be impossible to add to the impression produced on the mind by the simple words of our Savior on the cross; Haydn has therefore merely adapted to each one characteristic harmony, and has then allowed his fancy to work its will, in portraying the varied feelings created by each sentence, which, by the spell of association alone, act sufficiently on the feelings to awaken such emotions as the composer loves to heighten by the powers of his art, and thus he has called into action all the secret springs of harmony, of which he alone possessed the impulse; and whilst parts of the composition may at first be thought to breathe too light a strain, it must be recollected, that adapting such words to music is like translating from a strong into a softer language. The original ideas may be expanded, and perhaps softened or refined, but the feeling is the same, put in a form congenial to its new vehicle.

A deep contrast between languor and force is the leading trait in the introduction, and induces the inference that the composer moulded his inspirations on the sufferings and the majesty of the Redeemer. The first *largo*, after the first word, *Padre celeste*, partakes of the same character; the words are adapted with exquisite feeling, and the construction of the parts combines strength with sweetness; and simplicity has been the

composer's aim in the second movement, *Tu di grazio sei sorgente*, supported by the charms of melody. The first bar of the subject is one, however, from the *Benedictus* of Mozart's Requiem, even to the accompaniment, and the resemblance is preserved in the character of the air throughout. This analogy is curious, inasmuch as it proves the occasional concurrence of great minds, for the character of the two compositions is the same throughout. No. 3, *Vergin Madre*, is exquisitely tender in parts; a splendid transition takes place at page 23, bar 6, in perfect consonance with one of those minute shades of feeling which music has by this means a power of developing above that of language. This beautiful movement is also distinguished by one of those peculiarities that so perceptibly marks the style of the composer. One of the most expressive passages, (page 20, bar 6) begins in a manner that would lead us to anticipate something of what we should denominate Haydn's prettiness, but it instantly afterwards, by a delicate transition unexpected by the ear, alters its whole character, and takes the heart as well as the ear by surprise. This little manœuvre has evidently pleased the composer; it is often repeated, but is of a kind never to tire. At the last bar of page 18, there is, as appears to us, a slight defect, whether of the original score or the arranger we cannot tell; most probably of the former. It is the introduction of the D and B by the accompaniment before it is taken by the voices. The repetition weakens the force of the passage, which by its very nature is intended for the voice; and there is too wide a contrast between the treble sustaining the E# against the instruments or organ without other support. This movement, however, is a perfect gem, bright from the mines of its creator, for its subject is particularly adapted to Haydn's style, and he has treated it with proportionate care. No. 5, *Perche m'hai derelitto?* is a splendid movement in F minor, and its greatest beauty consists in the solidity of its style, and the mystery which by means of modulation it is made to express, whilst at the same time a beautiful melody is maintained, which keeps up the interest. The accompaniments and intervening symphonies are exquisite.

A symphony for wind instruments is next interposed, of which it is impossible to judge without the score; but we depend on the word of the arranger, who, in a note, states it to be "a perfect model of masterly counterpoint and refined scoring." It cannot perhaps be better compared as a composition than to Haydn's own "*Chaos*," with which it ranges in equal companionship.

The whole construction and development of No. 5, *Gesu sciamava*, is perfect. The two opposite feelings of horror and supplication are combined and contrasted with the most exact discrimination and the nicest sensibility. The whole subject is contained in a few notes, yet it is developed in so masterly a manner that it is never monotonous, but acts with more certainty on the feelings from its very condensation. Thus the effect of confining the words "*Geju sciamava*" to the tenor as a solo, and the simplicity of the passage is awfully splendid. No. 6, *Consummatum est*, is scarcely so intense as the rest; perhaps Haydn would have done well to have sacrificed his melody to the awful sublimity of his subject. The movement is characteristic, but not sufficiently so. No. 7, *Nella tua mano, Signor*, is also a little too florid. The *L'uom dio mori*, with the earthquake, depends for effect on the orchestra. The chorus can only assist in that effect by the power which the combination of a number of voices bestows.

Splendid as the "*Passione*" really is, we cannot consider it as the finest of Haydn's works, in which light it stands, we believe, throughout Germany. It appears to us that the subject is of too awful a nature for the peculiar character of his mind. His intellect was of too refined a texture to be capable of encountering and developing an incident of such towering sublimity; one which stands alone in the history of the world, and would almost seem to require a corresponding elevation in the mind which would attempt its treatment. The "*Passione*" does not affect the feelings with the awful, irresistible solemnity of *The*

Messiah, the *Requiem*, or even with the grateful emotion of its composer's own *Creation*. Yet in such a work the effect should be instantaneous and certain. Still it is a masterpiece, and the lovers of Haydn will recognize in it all his purity of harmony and unity of design, and welcome it as a substantial support, if not the most splendid of those raised by the genius to the fame of its immortal composer.

Music Abroad.

England.

BIRMINGHAM.—On the 2d and 3d of September a festival was held here for the inauguration of a new music hall. There appears to be a rage for splendid new halls and new organs in the larger towns of England lately. The excuse for the new one in Birmingham, where there already existed one so famous, is thus set forth in the *Times*:

The committee of the great hall in which the Birmingham Triennial Festival (the grandest periodical music-meeting in Europe) is accustomed to be held, with a view to the especial interests of the General Hospital, on behalf of the funds of which the festival is given, rather discourage than promote the frequent performance of oratorios and other great music works depending for effect upon the congregation of masses. They believe, or profess to believe, that if oratorios were often produced during the interval of the festivals, they would lessen the attraction of the triennial celebrations, and so militate against the just expectations of their noble charity. Thus, while Birmingham possesses one of the finest music-halls in the world, and is essentially a musical town, it enjoys fewer opportunities of offering musical treats to its inhabitants than either Liverpool or Manchester. The Festival Committee, who are also the committee of the General Hospital, will not let their hall (where the immortal *Elijah* was first presented to the world) for any performances whatever, except those in which they are themselves immediately concerned. Even their organ, a work of more than ordinary magnitude, is dedicated almost exclusively to the use of their own organist, who instituted the cheap Monday concerts, in which the attraction consists for the most part in his own playing. But the Birmingham people are notably a musical people, and consider that a festival on a large scale once in three years is not enough. A committee of gentlemen amateurs of music was therefore instituted some time since with the object of breaking up the monopoly of the Festival despots, and this resulted in the project of a new and spacious music-hall, at which oratorios or miscellaneous concerts might be given to the Birmingham public as often as convenient or necessary. The hall being completed, it was of course desirable to "inaugurate" it in an appropriate manner, and an engagement was contracted with Mr. ALFRED MELLON to get up a series of performances in honor of the occasion.

The "*Messiah*" was performed on the first day, and on the second the "*Elijah*." The orchestra (Mr. Alfred Mellon's Orchestral Union) numbered between 50 and 60; the chorus, chiefly local, hardly exceeded 100 voices. The principal singers, like the orchestra and chorus, were all English: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Messrs. Thomas, Montem and Sims Reeves. The solos and the orchestra are highly praised, but the choruses "left much to desire." There were miscellaneous concerts in the evenings, in which were performed Beethoven's Symphony in C, (No. 1); the "*Tell*" Overture; *Fra Diavolo* ditto; *Der Freyschütz* and *Zampa* ditto; Mendelssohn's "*Italian*" Symphony; Solos on the new organ, by Mr. Simms; Extracts from Costa's "*Eli*," and a variety of vocal pieces from Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Donizetti, Verdi, Hatton, Wallace, &c. &c.

GLoucester.—The annual meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester commenced Sept. 9th, and lasted three days.

The preliminary arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Amott, organist of the Cathedral, who also conducted the musical performances. The programme, although exhibiting little variety or novelty, was, on the whole, good. The principal vocalists included Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Clara Hepworth, Locket, Temple and Alboni; Messrs. Locket, Weiss, Thomas, Gassier and Sims Reeves. The orchestra and chorus comprised in all 300 players; leaders, Messrs. Blagrove and Sainton; organist, Mr. Townshend Smith (of Hereford Cathedral); accompanist, Mr. Done (of Worcester Cathedral).

The festival opened as usual with a full cathedral service, including a voluntary on the organ, anthems

by Handel and by Mendelssohn, the *Preces* and *Responses* of Tallis, &c. "*Elijah*" was performed on the second morning, after a service of old English music; and on the third morning, Haydn's "*Creation*," Mozart's "*Requiem*," selections from "*St. Paul*," and the following miscellany:

Air—Mme. Novello, "Let the bright Seraphim;" Chorus—"Let their celestial concerts," Handel... Duet—Mrs. Hepworth and Mr. Reeves, "Forsake me not," Spohr. Air and Chorus—Mr. Weiss, "Qui tollis," Haydn. Duet—Mesdames Novello and Viardot, "Quis est homo," Rossini. Recitative and Air—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Deeper and deeper still;" Air—Mrs. Hepworth, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," Handel. Duet—Mme. Viardot and Mr. Reeves, "Te ergo," Graun. Chorus—"Hallelujah," (Mount of Olives,) Beethoven.

There were miscellaneous concerts each evening. The gem of the first was Alboni's splendid singing of the air, *Deh per questo*, from Mozart's *Tito*. The whole first part of that concert consisted of selections from Mozart's operas. Then followed the finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, in which Mme. Novello took the solos of Leonora; and then the usual kind of miscellany of glees and operatic pieces. The programme of the second concert was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture, *Der Freyschütz*, Weber; Madrigal, "Down in a flow'ry vale," Festa; Aria, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini; Trio, "Quanto a quest' alma," Rossini; Aria, "Deh vieni," Mozart; March and Chorus, "Crown ye the altars," Beethoven; Cavatina, "Ah, quel giorno," Rossini; Concertante, for two violins (No. 2), Spohr; Duetto, "Lasciami! non t' ascolto," Rossini.

PART II.—Symphony (No. 3), Haydn; Ballad, "I wake," Bergenswold; Duet, "Amor! possente nome," Rossini; Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Weiss; Song, "I love my little native Isle," F. Mori; Duet, "Di capriccio," Rossini; Ballad, "Bonnie Jean," Linley; Glee, "Summer Eve," Hatton; Aria, "In questo semplice," Donizetti; Quintetto, "Sento, oh Dio," (Cosi fan tutti), Mozart.

BRADFORD.—As a sample of organ concerts in England we may mention one lately given at St. George's Hall, by Mr. W. T. BEST, of Liverpool. The organ performances were varied with vocal Selections by the Bradford Choral Union. The audience numbered upwards of 1500 persons. Mr. Best has engaged to give four similar concerts. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Organ Concerto, No. 2, Handel. Romanza, from Symphony, "La Reine de France," Haydn. Choral March, Becker, by the Bradford Choral Union. Fuga (F major), W. T. Best. Air with variations, Rode. Part Song, "Where's the gain of restless care," L. de Call, by the Bradford Choral Union. Wedding March, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Preciosa*), Weber. Part Song, "Go speed thy flight, sweet evening breeze," Otto, by the Bradford Choral Union. Andante, from Symphony in C minor, Beethoven. Prelude and Fuga (E major), J. S. Bach. War Song, "The banners wave, the drums are beating," Kücken, by the Bradford Choral Union. Chorus, "May no rash intruder," Handel. The Nightingale Chorus—Solomon. Grand Offertoire, (No. 3, op. 35) Lefebure Wely.

Paris.

THE OPERAS.—(*Corres. of London Mus. World.*)—As the summer wanes and the autumn sets in, the musical season here begins to exhibit some indication of life. For a long time nothing has occurred at any of the lyric theatres worth calling your attention to. The reprise of *Guillaume Tell* at the Grand-Opéra has been the latest novelty; but the reproduction of Rossini's greatest work has not proved as successful as was anticipated from the immense pains and time expended on it. The fault is principally owing to the cast, which does not comprise one great name. M. Gueymard, as Arnold, has entirely failed to recall one reminiscence of Nourrit or Duprez, and sings the music very indifferently. Moreover, the Parisians will never forgive him for not being able to sing the *ut de poitrine* in the "*Suivez moi*," which he most wisely did not even attempt. Besides, all the music of the original score is not restored, as was promised, so that the real musical public are disappointed and offended. The scenery, however, is splendid, and the ballets most admirable, which, with a band and chorus almost beyond reproach, goes far to conciliate the audience. Auber's *Cheval de bronze*, with new recitatives and ballet music, is about to be put into rehearsal. I have no doubt that it will prove even more successful at the "Grand" than the "Comique" Opera. The *Cheval de Bronze* I always considered one of the composer's most delightful works. At the Italiens, the most lively preparations are being made for the re-opening next month. M. Calzado has already enlisted a numerous and powerful company, including the following artists:—Mesdames Alboni, Piccolomini, Frez-

zolini, Fiorentini, Gambardi, Dell' Anese, Martini, Valli; Signors Mario, Carrion, Luchesi, Graziani, Nerini, Angelini, Mathieu, Ballestra, Solieri, Cuturi, Rossi, Zucchini, Soldi, and Corsi. Several of these names, are unknown to me, but I cannot refrain from pointing to that of Signor Corsi, who has long been considered one of the most eminent barytones in Italy, and I am certain will be much liked in *certain parts*. He is something in Ronconi's serious line. Mario and Piccolomini will not arrive until November, M. Calzando having extended their leave for one month. Signor Bottesini is reinstated as conductor. It is affirmed that Signor Verdi has made a large demand for permission to play the *Traviata* and other of his operas at the Italiens. M. Calzando has thought proper to refuse, and intends bringing out the *Traviata* on his own responsibility leaving it to the composer to prove his claim by law. The *reprise* of the *Prophète* and the *début* of Madame Borghi Mamo as Fides comes off to-night (Thursday) Sept. 18.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 11, 1856.

NEW VOLUME.—Our number of last week, Oct. 4, commenced a new half-yearly volume. The month of October too is properly the commencement of the academic year in music; it is the beginning of the musical "season." We shall be happy therefore to receive the names (and dollars) of as many new subscribers as desire a weekly paper, which shall keep them "posted up" in musical matters, and aid them to discern and to appreciate what is true and worthy amid so much that is pretentious and false. Give us a large subscription list this winter, and we will make your paper doubly worth it.

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Thalberg.

The great pianist, so many times expected, is at last actually in New York. He arrived by the steamer last week, with the indefatigable Ullman for his business agent, and will commence a series of concerts there upon the 20th; after which he will of course visit Boston and the other cities of the Union. His presence will be something of an event in our musical world. We shall all of course be eager to hear one of the two most celebrated masters of the modern virtuoso school of pianism. With the exception of LISZT, no name has stood so prominent, so long, as THALBERG. Liszt has long since retired from the arena, in which he was always crowned and always excited the wonder of the crowd; he has abandoned solo-playing in public, and taken to composing and to bringing out the great ensemble pieces of the masters, and to playing patron to new aspirants for the honor of original composers. It must be ten years, too, since Thalberg closed his concert career, to which he now returns in a new country. Thalberg was the founder of this whole virtuoso school. It was he who first undertook to overcome the short-comings of the piano-forte by wonderful rapidity and wide grasp of execution. It was he who first made the piano speak through the whole length of its keyboard like an orchestra, letting the melody sing distinctly in the middle or tenor region, accompanied at once by a deep bass and a perfect aurora borealis of swift, flickering arpeggios above.

Many of us remember the time when HERZ, with his light arabesque prettinesses, in the shape of variations upon well-known airs, was the won-

der of the age; for it is ever the few who know the deeper charm and inspiration of real master works of genius, like the Sonatas of BEETHOVEN. Herz came to America after his day had passed in Europe, and after even our ears had become accustomed (through the hands of skilful followers) to the then astonishing fantasias by Thalberg, with whose name all reports of concerts in England, France and Germany were filled. We all recollect the wonder and delight with which we first listened to the stately symmetry, the broad architectural splendor of his Fantasia upon "Moses in Egypt," with the light blaze of arpeggi accompanying the Prayer. It was, if we remember rightly, at the first concert given in our city by the elder of the brothers RACKEMANN, about the year 1839, who was the first to introduce us to the New School piano compositions—to THALBERG, LISZT, HENSELT, DOEHLER, CHOPIN, &c., although it is almost a sin to class a pure star of genius like the last with lights that must prove so much more ephemeral. Since then Thalberg has been played to us by all the brilliant concert pianists, who have visited these shores, and finally by not a few young rising virtuosos who were born among us. So far as it is possible to know Thalberg by his compositions, interpreted to us as they have been, not unskilfully, although at second hand, our musical public is pretty well acquainted with the style and nature of the man. We know his music, that is, we are familiar with those pieces of his by which he has been most known everywhere, and which he still chooses to make the *chevaux de bataille* of his concerts. We have heard Jaell, and Satter, and Heller, and Strakosch, and Mason, and we know not how many more, perform his Fantasias on *Moïse*, *Don Juan*, *Lucia* and *Les Huguenots*—pieces which exhibit his chief power as an arranger, translator (*traductor*) and embellisher of operatic themes and scenas for the piano solo. And we have heard those gentler, less pretending pieces, like his *Andante Tremolo*, and some of his *Nocturnes*, in which there is a certain poetry and delicacy of feeling, something like original creation. It only remains now to hear them from his own hands, from the fingers of their creator, and of the, in many respects, first executive pianist of the world. For if he have not all the energy the fantastic boldness, the singular magnetism of Liszt, he is without his faults of questionable eccentricity. There is a symmetry, repose and clearness in his style, corresponding, it is said, with the gentlemanly ease and quietness of the whole man. Music, which owes its peculiarity of structure so entirely to the wants of the performer in connection with his instrument, ought surely to be heard at first hand, as the composer-player renders it, to give a perfect idea of its beauty. And this opportunity we shall soon have.

Besides his Fantasias, Nocturnes, Etudes, Waltzes, Impromptus, &c., Thalberg has composed in larger forms, Concertos, a Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, and more recently an Opera in four acts, *Florinda*, of which some account may be found in this Journal for Sept. 2, 1854. It is his intention, as we understand, to give quite a number of concerts in New York, commencing on the 20th of this month; and he will play almost exclusively his own compositions, including those with which we are familiar, as the *Moïse* and *Don Juan* fantasias, the *Andante*, &c. The repertoire also contains his Trio, a Concerto by

Beethoven, and one or two other classical pieces. Would it not be a fine thing for us here in Boston to hear him play that Beethoven Concerto, under the statue of Beethoven, in one of the grand orchestral concerts of the "Beethoven Concert Society"? Let us hope.

We shall be better able to speak of Thalberg hereafter. Meanwhile we commence copying on another page a good historical classification of the noted composers for the piano, written some years since by Mr. CHORLEY, which will help us somewhat to station the new-comer; and we place here an abstract, which we once made for another purpose, from the sketch of him in M. Fétis's Universal Biography of Musicians.

Sigismund Thalberg, the celebrated pianist, was born at Geneva, January 7, 1812. At an early age he was taken to Vienna, where his musical education commenced. He is said to have received lessons from Sechter and from Hummel; but M. Fétis, states that Thalberg himself denied this, as well as the assertion that he acquired his talent by indefatigable labor. At the age of fifteen he began to excite attention in saloons and concerts. At sixteen he published his first works, now regarded by himself as trifles, but in which there are indications of the peculiar style which he has since developed. One who knows Thalberg as he has since become, both as pianist and as composer, says M. Fétis, will find it interesting to examine his "*Mélange sur les thèmes d'Euryanthe*," (op. 1,) his fantasia on a Scotch air, (op. 2,) and his impromptu on motives from the "*Siège de Corinthe*," (op. 3,) which appeared at Vienna in 1828. Two years after this he made his first visit to England to give concerts. The journals of that day are full of him. He had written for this tour a concerto, (op. 5;) but it was not for this speciality that his talent fitted him; the constraint of the classical form and of the orchestra was too much for him. His thoughts then turned to the development of the sonorous power of the piano; to the combinations of various effects; and, above all, to a novelty of which the invention properly belongs to him. The old school of pianists was divided into two principal categories; namely, the brilliant pianists, such as Clementi and his pupils, and the harmonists, such as Mozart and Beethoven. Each of these schools was subdivided into several shades. Thus Dussek, by his national instinct, tended to the harmonic school, although he wrote incorrectly, and must be considered one of the brilliant pianists. Kalkbrenner afterwards followed the same direction. On the other hand, Hummel, and then Moscheles, pianists of the harmonic school, gave more of brilliancy to their compositions than did Mozart and Beethoven. But in both schools we remark that song and harmony on the one hand, and the brilliant traits on the other, are always separated, and that these two elements of piano-forte music only appear one by one in turn, and in an order nearly symmetrical. In the brilliant passages of these two schools it is the scales that predominate; the *arpeggi* appear only at long intervals, and almost always in the same forms. In the singing and harmonious passages, if the two hands are brought together they occupy but one side of the key board; if they are widely separated they leave a void between them; the harmony is not filled up. Such was the state of piano playing when Thalberg conceived the idea of uniting song and harmony and brilliant passages in one, instead of letting them alternate with one another by a sort of formula. He sought to make the whole key board speak at once throughout its entire compass, leaving no void in the middle. This thought, gradually matured and developed, led him to the discovery of a multitude of ingenious combinations of the figures, whereby the song or melody could always be heard strongly accented in the midst of rapid arpeggio passages and very complicated forms of accompaniment. In this new system the scales ceased to be a principal part in the brilliant piano music; different forms of *arpeggi* took their place; the fingering was greatly modified; and the frequent passage of the thumb became its essential characteristic. It was by means of the thumb, taken alternately in the two hands, that the melody established itself in the centre of the instrument.

In 1830 Thalberg made an artistic tour through Germany. In 1834 he accompanied the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, as pianist to the imperial chamber, to Toplitz, to the meeting of his sovereign with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. There his playing awakened a warm interest. But his true European fame dates from his success in

Paris during his first visit there in the latter part of the year 1835. Since then he has made frequent tours in France, Belgium, England, Russia and Germany; and everywhere the precision, delicacy, and finish of his playing, the beautiful sound which he draws from his instrument, the brilliant effects which he combines, and the individual charm which he has put into his musical forms, have excited a general enthusiasm. These forms, imitated by most of the new school pianists in their compositions, or rather their arrangements of themes from the operas, have become the fashion of nearly all the piano music of our time.

CONCERTS.

Mlle. PARODI has continued her concerts through a second week, to close this evening. The audiences have been always large and the appetite, as indicated by encores, insatiable. Indeed, repetitions have been not the exception but the rule—the unjust rule of a half-musical majority, fatiguing to artists, and to the really musical minority.

We heard the concerts of Saturday and Tuesday. The former opened with a baritone aria by Mercadante, from *Zaira*, one of the most pleasing concert pieces of the kind which we have heard for some time, and the better for being new to most of us. Sig. BERNARDI sang it in his usually chaste manner, with rich, sonorous, manly voice, to which we find it a pleasure to listen. PAUL JULIEN played De Beriot's "Tremolo," that is to say, his violin fantasia on that solemn slow movement from Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," and he played it admirably. Mlle. PARODI sang the great song of Fides from "The Prophet": *Ah! mon fils!* The quieter portions of it sounded finely with her rich, large voice; but she overstepped the bounds of euphony, of music, in some of those passionate outbursts, betraying a tendency to overdo things by sheer physical energy. How different from the chaste, refined style of LAGRANGE! Sig. TIBERINI gave us Mozart's *Il mio tesoro*, not much *a la MARIO* to be sure, but yet creditably as to execution and expression; and one could take pleasure in the music itself and thank him for it. His voice grows upon us, but sounds better in simpler melody and in declamatory passages than in any thing so florid. PARODI sang *Com' è bello* from "Lucia," effectively in the main, beautifully in parts, but still wounding the ear and breaking the spell at times by a harsh loud high note. M. STRAKOSCH tickled the ears and dazzled the sensuous imagination of the crowd by "Musical Rockets" on the Grand Piano, whose tones he knows how to bring out in all their sonorousness and brilliancy and sweetness. His pretty show-pieces do indeed belong to the category of musical fireworks; but the superb sweep and grandeur of the rocket we hardly found in this case. The Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia* was very finely sung by all three artists, and produced great effect. Of course repeated.

The Second Part opened with a French Romanza, from Halévy's *L'Eclair*, sung by Sig. BERNARDI. Edgardo died again in TIBERINI's sweet and die-away tenor. PARODI called forth roars of laughter by her romping "Rataplan,"—a clever piece of vocal tom-foolery. PAUL JULIEN played an ingenious fantasia by Allard, on themes from *La Favorita*, delighting by his exquisite execution, his firm, pure violin tone, his faultless truth of intonation, and graceful mastery of all points of expression. The concert closed with Martini's "Laughing Trio," so long familiar in

English. Parodi's laugh was of rather a forced order and not the most refined.

On Tuesday evening (first of the extra series) the young Paul played one of De Beriot's fine Concertos admirably well, and made the "Carnival of Venice" as grotesque and humorous as almost any one. Sig. BERNARDI made that hacknied baritone air from the "Trovatore": *Il Balen*, &c., sound better than we yet have heard it, and gained still more upon appreciative listeners by his dignity and truth of manner in the Trio from *Attila* and the Barcarole from *Don Sebastian*. Sig. TIBERINI gave us real pleasure in his twice singing of Mozart's *O caro imagine*, from the "Magic Flute." It was rendered with delicacy and with fervor. As before, he was less successful with *Spirto gentil*, still employing unmeaning echoes and other far-fetched bravura. Mlle. PARODI pleased us more than in any other piece this time by her large, simple, truthful and expressive delivery of Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, thou that killest," &c. The singer seemed to subordinate herself to the noble and deep-feeling music. Her declamation of the *Marseillaise* was powerful, splendid as far as voice and physical energy go, but not imaginative in a high sense, not poetic and inspired; although it took hugely with the multitude. She sang it well, but we had rather hear RACHEL sing it badly. The trios were the well-known one from *Attila*, which went finely, and that coarse laughing piece again.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The subscription list for the Eight Orchestral Concerts of the BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY grows from day to day. Do not forget that it absolutely requires a pledged subscription of *fifteen hundred sets of tickets*, at the very low price of three dollars, to make it safe or possible to give the concerts at all. Certainly our musical public will feel it to be a great mistake, a calamity, if they lose them by any want of alacrity in subscribing. Our love of great instrumental music is now distinctly put to the test. After November, when the weight of long political anxiety shall be somewhat lifted from us, will there not be comfort in the Fifth Symphony? Shall we not rush to great orchestral music as one rushes from hot streets in dog-days to the sea-shore?

The great organ for the Music Hall is no longer a matter of uncertainty. At a late meeting of the Directors, it was finally determined that, the conditions prescribed by the stockholders having been complied with, a contract may now be made, and the President of the Boston Music Hall Association, Dr. J. BAXTER UPHAM, was authorized to proceed to Europe for that purpose. Dr. Upham left on his mission by steamer Canada on Wednesday, and the best wishes of many friends and of all lovers of music and Art go with him. To his enthusiasm and perseverance are we chiefly indebted for the success of a project, which we feel confident will reflect honor and credit upon Boston and its public-spirited citizens in all coming time.

We passed a delightful evening last week at the rooms of the German "Orpheus," or Männerchor. It was a social entertainment in true German style: music, conversation, lager beer, cigars and comic recitations blending or alternating in agreeable proportions. The Germans understand the art of having a good time. There was a healthy, hearty good cheer, a perfect sense of freedom, as well as a tone of artistic refinement about it. Yet most of the singers are plain mechanics. Under their excellent leader, Mr. KREISSMANN, they sang good German

four-part songs and choruses among others, the Pilgrim Chant from *Tannhäuser*, "O Isis and Osiris," from the *Zauberflöte*, part-songs by Mendelssohn and others, and some very comical students' songs. OTTO DRESEL, too, was present and contributed some pieces by Mendelssohn and Schumann on a fine Chickering grand piano. Also Mr. LEONHARD, a young pianist just from the Conservatoire at Leipzig, who played a very difficult Polonaise of Chopin admirably, and who is a musician of rare talent and a true artistic tone. It will be seen by a card below that he proposes to reside and teach in this city, and we wish him all success. Mr. KREISSMANN sang several songs by Franz, which were received with the most unfeigned enthusiasm; and there were other songs by members of the Club.

At the German Opera in New York last week the pieces were *Masaniello* and *Der Freyschütz*. This week, on Thursday evening, Lortzing's popular music to Fouqué's "Undine" was given for the first time. In spite of the slashing criticisms of those who have been so spoiled by Italian opera, that they regard the individual singer as of more consequence than the music, it seems to be the opinion of the best judges that this troupe presents a better musical and dramatic ensemble than our cities have been used to; Bergmann's orchestra is superior. . . . The Italian Opera at the Academy came to an abrupt close last week, Maretzek not having prevailed on the stockholders to relinquish their claim to the best seats gratis: a condition which has proved ruinous to every manager. The piece was *L'Etoile du Nord*. Max was called out for a speech, in which he set forth the reason of the repeated failures in quite pungent language. He has since given two operatic concerts, and it is said we may expect his troupe in Boston by the 20th.

Mme. DE WILHORST has given a second concert in New York, in which the *Tribune* thinks she fairly settled the question that she is destined to take rank among *prime donne*. . . . A musical society in New York, the oldest in the country, called the Euterpean Society—something like our Amateur Orchestra, we believe—held its 58th anniversary last week. . . . Ullmann, the indefatigable, who flies back and forth over the Atlantic like a shuttle, weaving star after star of European theatre and concert notoriety into the great American web of Art and—speculation, has engaged the famous contralto, Mme. ANGRI, who has been thought second only to Alboni. Her speedy arrival is looked for. It is not stated whether she is to concertize with THALBERG.

Advertisements.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT SOCIETY.

It is proposed by the Committee who managed the Orchestral Concerts of the last season to give a series of *EIGHT CONCERTS* at the Boston Music Hall, during the coming winter, under the name of the "Beethoven Concert Society," provided *fifteen hundred sets of tickets* shall be subscribed for previous to Oct. 20th.

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The undersigned proposes to visit Germany again in the course of the ensuing autumn, and would be happy to receive orders for any or all of the above works. The publisher of this Journal has kindly consented to receive and forward to him all such orders, and also to receive and distribute the volumes when forwarded from Germany. It is possible to import these works at the prices given below, only upon the plan of a subscription; nor can any be ordered until a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to bring the expenses arising from transportation, duties, exchange, &c., within reasonable limits. The works will be delivered at the publishing office of this Journal, on the following terms—provided that a sufficient number be ordered:—

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The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.

(Continued from page 11)

But we are giving too much space to this "heartless school," and will pass to one of a very different character.

4. This is the school—"not of strict science; not of judiciously varied finger-music; not of melody, equable, genial and fascinating,—but of Genius, which shall avail itself of the results of the contrapuntist's labor, which shall employ the hand of the performer, and give melody a thousand various characters subserviently to the working out of its own distinct and original conceptions. Of this school no one can be rightly called a founder, inasmuch as its nature implies a distinctive originality and invention in all its disciples, which owe as much to the student's self as to his master. CLEMENTI, however, must be included in it, and, following chronological order, may be placed first.

"Few have done more for their art than he did—few have lived to see a progress so rapid and so extended. He may be said to have witnessed the infancy and growth of pianoforte-playing—not its decline, however, as some lovers of the old school have been pleased to imagine. * * * With a brain of his own, fertile enough, and a hand sufficiently patient to ensure him success as an inventor, whether as a melodist, or an executive artist; his position as a young man was eminently calculated to make him an artist in the best sense of the term. * * * Throughout the long range of Clementi's Sonatas, a remarkable variety is observable. In his *allegros* there is manifest a fire and a nerve, and an employment of the conceits of science and the vagaries of fancy, with equal freedom and judgment—in his slower movements a richness of harmony, an expressiveness of melody, and a mastery over all the embroidery of music, which is so delightful if not laid on with too gaudy a fancy. Clementi's works—a faithful reflection of his playing—have been too much cast into the shade in these latter days."

"Greater honors might justly have been paid to Clementi, in the shape of minuter remark and

closer analysis, did not the next and noblest writer for the pianoforte, whom we must mention, demand a Benjamin's share of attention. And if whosoever would approach the music of BEETHOVEN, must be constrained by its unparalleled variety and suggestiveness to employ epithets and illustrations almost without the limits even of liberal-Art-criticism—the reviewer, in the present case, has a labor of more than ordinary love and extent, by reason of the new light recently thrown on his life and works, in the biographical notices standing at the head of this article. So much has been whispered, but so little known, about Beethoven, in England, that as much personal detail as can be possibly here compressed, besides being welcome, will also be found not irrelevant to the understanding of his genius and his works."

The work here referred to is entitled *Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*. Von Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. Coblenz, 1838. *Biographical Notices of Lewis van Beethoven*. By Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. The reviewer goes on.

"To authenticate these 'Notizen,' which do not pretend to any connection or completeness, it is enough to say that Dr. Wegeler, one of their authors, and himself the intimate friend of Beethoven, is the husband of that Eleonora von Breuning, in whose mother's house the wild and eccentric genius found a second home during the years of his boyhood, &c. Dr. Wegeler's share of the work includes many original letters of a deep and melancholy interest; for the Hermit of Vienna, though, as life advanced, his nature was *gnarled*, as it were, into an uncouth and threatening shape, by suffering and contracted circumstances and domestic trial,—never ceased to love his old friends, at Bonn, or wholly to drop correspondence with them, though he might write but once in ten years. The second half of the 'Notizen,' yet more valuable to the musician for the anecdotes it contains, was contributed by Ries, Beethoven's own pupil.

"He was strongly attached to his mother, and cherished her memory long after her decease:—when Ries presented himself as pupil before him, with a letter from Father Ries, Beethoven, who was then busy, and never very ceremonious, received him with "I cannot now answer your father, but tell him I have not forgotten when my mother died"—a period of trial at which Father Ries had assisted him with money. * * * It is beautiful to find him in his earlier days writing and speaking of his art as a service bringing its own reward, and only valuable as an engine of money-getting, inasmuch as it might enable him to assist the poor or to help an old friend. The strange craving for money which possessed him in his latter days, was but a malady superinduced by physical disease, and the unworthy treatment of coarse, rapacious relations. Never was any one less worldly than Beethoven as a boy—never any less disposed to stoop as a young man. Never was any one less of a courtier,—more stiff-neckedly resolute not to avail himself of the luxuries to which the patronage of his great friends might have introduced him.

"Characteristics so strongly marked, humors so far removed from common-place sympathies as those here presenting themselves, could not fail to tincture the musical career, as well as the personal life, of their possessor. Neither Wegeler nor

Ries throw much light upon his mode of study; the former indeed tells us that Beethoven was indebted for instruction to Pfeiffer and Van der Eder of Bonn, and not (as other biographers have said) to Neefe, with whom he was merely appointed co-organist; that Haydn gave him few or no lessons; and that Salieri and Albrechtsberger found him a stubborn and not very industrious pupil, indisposed without question to subject himself to the straight-lacing of theoretical instruction; and showing, when but a youth, glimpses of that positive and self-relying spirit which made him, many, many years afterwards, defend two consecutive fifths which Ries had detected in one of his compositions, with a despotic "*Well, then, I permit it.*" Lest others, fancying themselves geniuses no less eminent, should be led astray, we will not say that Beethoven's music was like Dogberry's reading and writing, "the gift of nature;" but it is certain that at an early age he manifested attainments of a height and a daring which pointed him out as already "first among the first."

We find this part of the Review which relates to Beethoven so interesting, that we shall present our readers with copious extracts. For example:

"The following instance occurred very soon after his being appointed fellow organist with Neefe:—

"In this new position" (says Dr. Wegeler) 'Beethoven first gave to the orchestra an accidental proof of his talents in the following manner. In the Catholic church the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah are sung on three days in the Holy Week. These compositions consist, as every one knows, of short verses, which are chanted with a certain rhythm; the vocal part consists of four notes following each other, as for instance E D E F, on the third of which several words, or a whole phrase, are sung, till at the close a few notes bring back the singer to the cadence of the common chord. As the organ is not allowed to play on these three days, the performer is only supported by a slight pianoforte accompaniment. Upon one occasion, when it fell to our Beethoven to play this accompaniment, he asked that very correct singer, Heller, whether he would allow himself to be thrown out if Beethoven could do it. The rash consent of the singer was no sooner obtained, than Beethoven threw him so completely out by variations of the accompaniment, although with his *little finger* he struck the note which Heller was to hold all the time, that the latter lost the note so that he could not hit the proper cadence. Old Ries used to relate how astonished Lacchesi, the then Kapellmeister, was by Beethoven's playing. In the first burst of Heller's wrath he complained to the Elector, and though the occurrence pleased that young and clever prince, he ordered a simpler accompaniment in future.'—(pp. 14—15.)

"This was but the herald of a greater feat told us (p. 36), concerning the concerto in C major. At its first rehearsal, to accommodate himself with the pitch of the wind instruments, which was half a note higher than that of the pianoforte, Beethoven actually played this long and complicated work in C sharp!

"But the stubbornness implied in these anecdotes, which might have only qualified its owner to compose in one strain—as it were, for the miners in Fridolin's foundry, and not for the lady, or the knight, or the page, was tempered in Beet-

hoben by that wonderful facility and power of adaptation by which genius, saved from doggedness and self-occupation, is qualified for its loftiest and most excursive flights."

"It is to be remarked, that if nothing could be much more unworldly and retired than Beethoven's life; nothing, also, could be more carefully, almost sullenly withheld from the market where patronage and fashion resort, than his executive talent. He would sit down among the Breunings and extemporize fantasias suitable to the characters of the company, unconsciously shadowing forth, as it were, that turn of invention which should make him one day select 'Napoleon' as the idea of that symphony which is now called the 'Eroica';—but he never loved to exhibit in public; and was incorrect, and uncertain as a player. But, for this, his mind wrought all the more incessantly, and a spirit of self-concentration was nourished to an unusual strength, in addition to the force of will, and the variety of fancy with which nature had gifted him so largely. And he had not long entered upon the career of invention—not long detached himself from those indulgent friends, whose constant society must have tended to soften and to humanize, when he was doomed to be driven yet deeper into the recesses of his own mind, by the most terrible calamity which could befall him. That deafness, which finally compelled him to a total seclusion from the world, began to manifest itself in the year 1800; and there are few more painful chapters in the history of genius than those, still to be added, which will contain the early letters on the subject addressed by Beethoven to Dr. Wegeler;—few more melancholy anecdotes than the one told by Ries, how the latter first became aware of his master's impaired hearing, by calling upon him, when they were walking together in the country, to listen to a shepherd's pipe; being no longer able to hear which, Beethoven stalked homeward by the side of his scholar, gloomy and saying nothing. The legend of the prisoner shut up in the iron chamber, day by day narrowing around him, but reflects what the feelings of the musician must have been: for his fate approached, though no less steadily, more slowly. At first, in his letters to Wegeler, who is a physician, we find him writing of his malady as a secret to be kept with jealous care;—then, in a sudden moment of anguish, exclaiming that self-destruction, his only cure, was forbidden him by divine laws. Nor was his condition ameliorated by his domestic relations. His brothers, in whose case he showed a forbearance as extraordinary as was his violence and suspicion in other instances, were worthless and rapacious. They would snatch from his table his compositions when half completed, and dispose of them without his consent to the highest bidder, careless of promises and engagements; and Ries gives us an illustrative anecdote of the master and his brother Caspar having actually fought in the street about the three pianoforte sonatas, op. 31, (the second, one of the most superb pieces of dramatic composition extant), which had been promised to a music-seller at Zurich, but which Caspar had disposed of elsewhere. Under these unfavorable circumstances, it was not wonderful that every exorcism of a nature strong, but prone to malformation, should become exaggerated, until at last they absorbed all life and force from its healthier parts—that a generous disregard of money should be exchanged for a self-tormenting and grasping avarice—that the same suspiciousness, which made him in Vienna choose an open place for his residence, to escape from the pilferings of meaner musicians, in particular, of one A. G. (Abbé Gelinek?) who used to settle themselves close in his neighborhood, for the purpose of stealing what they could from his improvisations—should at last drive him to an extreme of unreasonable harshness."

"One more anecdote of Beethoven's pianoforte-playing which can be drawn from these interesting 'Notizen,' may be placed here by way of relief:—

"When Steibelt came, with his great celebrity, from Paris to Vienna, several of Beethoven's friends were afraid that the reputation of the latter might be injured. Steibelt did not call upon him

—they met, for the first time, at a party given by Count Fries, where Beethoven introduced his new trio in B flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello (op. 11.) The performer has no peculiar opportunity for display in this piece. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, paid Beethoven a few compliments, and thought himself sure of his victory. He played a quintet of his own composition, extemporized, and produced much effect by his *tremolando* passages, which were then quite novel. Beethoven could not be induced to play any more. A week afterwards Count Fries gave another concert. On this occasion Steibelt played a quintet with great success, and a brilliant fantasia, which he had evidently got up—on the same theme (*Pria ch' impegno*) on which the variations in Beethoven's trio are written. This provoked the admirers of Beethoven and the master himself: they insisted on his sitting down to improvise. He went to the instrument in his usual, I may say, uncouth manner, as if he was pushed there, and, as he went by, took up the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet, laid it (purposely?) upside down on the desk, and, with one finger, strummed a theme out of the first bars. As he went on he became so enraged and excited in his improvisation that Steibelt left the room before Beethoven had done—never would meet him again, and made it a condition that any one wishing for his company should not invite Beethoven."—pp. 81, 82.

"But enough of these illustrations; though with such a treasury of precious material before us, it is easier for us to speak of the peculiarities and faults of the man—of his lonely household, and his gloomy death-bed, haunted by spectres of poverty and ruin which his own distempered fancy had conjured up—than to attempt, however imperfectly, to characterize the works which have placed him above his contemporaries. But Beethoven's pianoforte compositions are above parallel, and even to their technical analysis must be brought something of the spirit in which they were composed. What this spirit was may partly be divined from his own confessions, as recorded in the charming but wild letters of Bettine Brentano to Goethe."

"When I open my eyes (said Beethoven) I cannot choose but sigh; for what I behold is at enmity with my faith, and I am forced to despise the world, which has no conception that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy; it is the wine which inspires new creations; and I am the Bacchus that crushes out this noble juice for mankind, and makes their spirits drunk; and when they are sobered again, then you see what a world of things they have fished up to bring back with them to *dry land* again. I have no friend: I must needs live alone with myself, but I well know that God is nearer me in my Art than others: I commune with him without fear: evermore have I acknowledged and understood him: and I am not fearful concerning my music—no evil fate can befall it: and he to whom it is become intelligible must become free from all the paltriness that the others drag about with them."

"Visionary as may this '*raptus*' seem, it nevertheless contains the true philosophy of genius in its highest manifestation. Beethoven says of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* that the sacred Art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject; and he thoroughly acted up to this judgment in choosing the subject of his one opera, *Fidelio*."

"Beethoven's great thoughts are not in any wise dependent upon the great means employed in their utterance. The critic who, in speaking of Michael Angelo's sketch of 'Cleopatra,' begged especial attention to the style 'in which that twisted lock is wound about the shoulders,' adding, 'it is but a plait of woman's hair, yet lies with an immensity of coil which might besem a serpent on the neck of the Medusa,' used a figure admirably suited to many of our poet's works—admirably illustrative of his whole style of handling. And it is the constant presence of this grasp and greatness, that has led some of Beethoven's eulogists to speak of him as merely stern, dark and gloomy—as if there were not some score of his

scherzi laughing such an one-sided character in the face; as if he had not, in the *finale* to the second Razumouffsky quartet, given playfulness and joy an utterance, the ecstasy of which was never exceeded by Rossini or Auber himself;—as if the slow movement of the first of the three Zurich sonatas (about which their composer and his brother Caspar fought) did not remain as an evidence of utter mastery over the finest details of grace and ornament; and the *finale* to the already-cited Waldstein Sonata, and the whole Sonata *pastorale* (op. 28) did not exist to remind them that for such pictures also as are conveyed by a fresh and sunny and peaceful melody, their rugged and incomparable storm-painter has not left his peer behind him. Even in Beethoven's latest compositions, by some charged with a subtlety fatal to their excellences, (as if it followed that the labyrinth is impassable because the clue is not ready to every hand) there is always some outbreak of fancy, as felicitously simple, as startling by its originality, as familiar by its truth, as the happiest couplet in Shakspeare. With ourselves, the genuine success which has attended the recent performances of the Choral Symphony, so long considered in England a chaotic puzzle, reasonably encourages the anticipation of that time when even the elaborate Sonata, No. 106, with its tremendous fugued *finale*, will be as distinctly understood, if not as frequently played as the three first Sonatas (dedicated to Haydn) or the *pastorale*, or the Lichnowsky Sonata, already renowned for the exquisite clearness of their beauty."

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the New York Musical World.)

A Letter from Hector Berlioz.

[DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly publish Berlioz's last letter from Paris? As there have appeared a great many erroneous statements about his works in one of my articles written for your paper, I think that this will prove the best way to do justice to his great genius, and to furnish your readers with an interesting musical feuilleton. Your obedient servant,

GUSTAVE SATTER.

U. States Hotel, BOSTON, Sept. 20th, 1856.]

MY DEAR SATTER:—I was in Germany when Mr. Millard called on me and left your amiable letter. This was the reason why I could not see him. A thousand thanks for the music which you have sent me. One sees at your manner of treating the piano, that you are one of the great masters of the harpsichord. Your *Morceau des Clochettes* is charmingly original, but the *Impromptu-Rondeau* pleases me still more, on account of the dazzling grace with which the theme (which is very beautiful in itself,) has been treated. I would admire to send you my works in return, but unfortunately my editors are not extremely prodigal, and I have no more copies of my scores.

I regret it much more, as I see in the notice which you have been kind enough to publish in the *New York Musical World* many errors concerning the nature and worth of my compositions; errors which you have committed by believing badly informed papers. So the apotheosis is no cantata; it is the finale of my *Grande Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* for two orchestras and chorus. This symphony was never written and performed for the transferment of Napoleon's ashes to France, but for the inauguration of the Colonne de la Bastille in 1840, and for the transferment of the victims of the July-Revolution to this vast tomb.

Faust is no symphony either, but a *Dramatic Legend*—a concert-opera. I believe sincerely that you are mistaken about the worth of 'Benvenuto Cellini' and the 'Infancy of Christ.' This last score is the happiest of all that I have ever written, so far as success is concerned. The piano-score of Cellini will be published at Meyer's in Brunswick, and I certainly will not fail to send it to you on the first occasion.

The greatest piece that I have ever written is the *Finale (Judeus Credens)* of my *Te Deum*. This score which you do not know, is published in Paris, at Brandus. There are many other works besides, which it would take too much space to write of in the letter. But I am glad that you remain faithful to my symphonies, which some silly

fellows declare now-a-days to be youthful mistakes. A thousand thanks for your cordiality.

I have returned from Germany, where I have been engaged to lead a concert in Baden. My "Infancy of Christ," has been better performed there, especially the chorus, than in any other place. The success was very great. The 'Infancy of Christ' is no cantata, but an oratorio in three parts,—a sacred Trilogv.

The "Episode de la vie d'un Artiste," has never won the prize at the Paris Conservatoire: you mistake it for my cantata "Sardanapalus," which exists no more; I have burnt it.

Now I work hard at an immense composition,—an opera of five acts, for which I have written the Libretto, as I did for the 'Infancy of Christ.' Heaven knows when it will be done.

Good bye. Thousands and thousands of friendly wishes from your most devoted

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1856.

The Handel Statue at Halle.

The following spunky letter is addressed to the London *Athenæum*:

"You have already, in the *Athenæum*, announced the designs in progress at Halle, the birth-place of Handel, for holding a centenary festival there in 1859, with the purpose of erecting a statue to him in his native town. It was added, too, to the announcement that the leading English musicians and professors had been, or were to be, invited to contribute their simultaneous efforts to carry out the idea. Now, a higher object of musical interest than honor to Handel could not by any ingenuity be propounded to the lovers of the greatest music; for if there be such a thing as a settled fact in the Art, it is not that, with every musician's advancing experience, and by every fresh opportunity of comparison, Handel's glory rises, and brightens, and deepens, and spreads—that the variety, no less than the vastness of his genius becomes more and more admitted, better and better appreciated? Thus, any majestic celebration in memorial of such greatness as his should be responded to reverently, gratefully and cordially by the people of England. But ere plans are formed or committees convoked, permit a lover of Handel and debtor to the Germans to suggest some reason why, if English memorial there be, it should stand on English, not on German ground, should be raised in the place of our great fellow-citizen's labors and death, and not of his birth. Never was there a German musician who less belonged to Germany than Handel. Ere he had written a single one of the works which entitle him to statue and laurel crown, Handel's intercourse with his native country had ceased. It was during half a century's residence in England, betwixt the year 1710, when he came to the Haymarket Italian Opera to compose *Rinaldo*, and the Good Friday of 1759, when he died, that his great productions were written—in England and for England. Not one of them that could be named is with German words. They were produced to glorify our festivals—to suit our fashions—to meet our powers of appreciation as well as of execution. Nor is it asserting too much to say that in Germany, up to this day, the love of Handel has not penetrated Handel's countrymen as it has penetrated Handel's fellow-citizens; that his works are not so well known, not so frequently, and never so adequately, performed there as here. We English put all our enthusiasm into *For unto us a child is born, the Hallelujah, The Horse and his rider*; the Germans sing these choruses strictly, but without any unction of sympathy or tradition, or national preference. There is no reasoning about these differences, no explaining why the musical pilgrim must seek in one place for Palestrina, in another for Gluck, with a certainty that there he will have the real meaning drawn by the executants from the poet's work; but when we are raising an artistic monument, should accident (for such is birth) wholly define and decide the place?—should not the more important sequel of such accident be con-

sidered? Let Superstition raise its memorial pillar on the spot where the cradle stood, but let Hope and Faith build their shrines on the place where the Prophet lived and struggled, taught and triumphed. Another question raises itself on the occasion, less large and generous, still not to be wholly overlooked. How is it possible to forget former instances of musical commemoration in which Germany, having appealed to England for assistance, has failed in herself contributing much beyond such appeal? The Mendelssohn Scholarship is not the only case in which German reverence has said, 'Do let us dip into England's purse,' the while clasping her own strong box tight. This would matter nothing, were there any real feeling of confraternity in Art betwixt Germany and England. But that there is little on their side, all who know the land and its men must admit. They profit by us, they respect our probity, but they love us little and esteem our judgment less. This is no 'fire-brand flung about' in sport. Let us have truth all round, as the best courtesy or the most courteous animosity. If English artists and amateurs think it well to join Germany in erecting a statue to Handel in Halle, and not in Hanover Square or 'near the Abbey,' let them at least stipulate, like the 'nation of shopkeepers' we are still reputed to be, that no sum shall pass across the channel for any such purpose, unless a proportionate amount—say twice as much—shall have been raised in Germany by those suing for extraneous assistance.

H. F. C."

From the Canadian Mus. Review.

Musical Education at Schools.

We have had some little experience in Musical Education at Schools. Need we wonder at the present state of the Art in this country when we see, day after day, not only the abuse it is subjected to, but the carelessness and indifference displayed in imparting necessary instruction. Few of the uninitiated would be prepared to credit the absolute ignorance which exists among pupils in many of what are otherwise considered excellent institutions for teaching "the young idea." We have often come across the path of those who, having learned to play some fashionable polka or even the more aspiring fantasia, with some dash and show, fancy they know everything concerning the Art. But examine farther into their qualifications; endeavor to extract from them satisfactory demonstration of their sound and thorough inculcation into its mysteries and principles, and how quickly are we undeceived! How painful to find that far from understanding its depth, they have not even touched the surface; that they are not only deficient in knowledge of the principles but the very rudiments of the art! Every effect must be the product of some cause; and if we endeavor to probe for the cause of this ill effect, we fear we can trace it but too plainly.

Music is very properly considered one of the most refined means of elevating our minds, and in its social aspect, of creating and cementing that bond of affection which it is so desirable should find existence in the family circle. Many parents being conscious of this—if they are not themselves even more susceptible to the charms of sound—are naturally led, from an anxiety for their children's happiness, to encourage their taste for it, and finally to seek for them such instruction as will ensure them its practical enjoyment. So far their desires are most praiseworthy. A family so educated, practising and delighting in their favorite art for the sake of the internal pleasure which it yields, to our mind must be one of the most pleasing of earthly communities. In it we cannot imagine any of those evils to be fostered which so often mar our happiness, blight our hopes, and doom to misery and wretchedness our present existence. On the contrary, there we see in the brightest colors all that is virtuous, beautiful and lovely. This is no fancy sketch; it has an existence in fact, and many such happy examples may be found. Yet we fear here begins the grand error which parents so unfortunately commit, viz., an impatience to

realize the pleasure they anticipate from their children's performance, and also, we are led to believe, a not very commendable spirit which desires them to outrival others in mere technical ability and outward show, overthrowing at one stroke that beautifully symmetrical architecture they at first so commendably undertook to rear. Nothing can be more injurious to the child, the professor or the art. In the first place, a wish for these early precocious displays not only comes in the way of a thorough, systematic training, but induces the teacher to pass over much that is both valuable and indeed indispensable to the satisfactory progress of his pupil, and oftentimes encouraging a listlessness thereto which in any other study would be considered highly reprehensible. In the pupils also its ill effects are displayed in the trivial taste, incorrect and spiritless feelings they evoke in their performances. How much better would it rather be for parents to exercise more patience and judgment in this matter, and see their children's talents drawn forth and encouraged in the right direction by a trustworthy and able master! How much real talent would not this course save to us and to the world. Yet by this worse than childish impatience we are deluged with would-be artists the most contemptible, amateurs the most plebeian.

The periodical displays usual in some schools we cannot but consider as detrimental to the true end of musical education. If such exhibitions mean anything, they are intended to certify the progress of the pupil; and it would be proper in judging of their performances not only to attend to the mere correct reading and certainty of touch they may evince, but also to the spirit, feeling and pathos with which they imbue the compositions they may interpret, for there indeed is displayed their true progress—whether they are musicians in *mind* as well as finger. Let our superintendents of schools say how this is to be effected within the mystifying influence of twelve pianos, and an organ, &c., hammered upon all at once (!), or the performance of a piece which has cost the pupil six months' hard study. How such strange frolics can be said to indicate the progress of each individual pupil in anything but a wicked display of *power*, we are at a loss to estimate. If music has anything commendable appertaining to it more than for the practice of mere childish freaks, let the pupils learn to appreciate it at once, so that its beauties may be duly impressed upon their minds, and they may learn to look upon it with different feelings than those which attach themselves to the mere outward blandishments and frivolities of the world.

ROBERT THE DEVIL IN ITALY.—They have got to playing "Robert the Devil" on the Italian stage; but the strict censorship established in Naples and the other Italian States has taken very strange, but not unexpected, liberties with Scribe's rather anti-church notion *libretto*.

The censor has effected the following changes in the opera: the Genius of Evil, Bertram, is transformed into a magician; Sicily is metamorphosed into Scotland; Normandy becomes Picardy; the convent is a castle; the ghostly nuns are simply ghosts; the chapel is a charitable institution; the cross is crossed out, and Alice has to throw herself at the foot of a fir-tree instead. The Roman censor thinks the Devil is as much afraid of a Scottish fir-tree as he is, or ought to be, of the holy cross.

The connection is so close and logical between Meyerbeer's music and every minute phase and point in the libretto, that these odd alterations in the latter must make the music appear exceedingly ludicrous, especially to many Italians who are familiar with the opera as it is legitimately played.

The "North Star."

The new opera is exceedingly novel and entertaining. Its pictures of life have a wild and barbaric interest, and are new to the American public. The war with Russia has produced an undercurrent of romantic interest in this people, which serves as a new basis on which to found

modern stage-romance. It is a relief to see new figures in our scenic landscape. The cossack looks well on the stage. The invasion of this northern horde, in the first act, is fresh and picturesque to a remarkable degree. Like northern boars and bears they huddle fiercely in, wild with passion and greed, to be subdued by a fair young girl, who appeals to their superstition:—for even nature in the rough, and at the roughest, has somewhere a helm which it blindly obeys—can one but get his hand upon it.

Like all the works of Meyerbeer, this is a carefully-written opera. No one probably ever took more care, or gave himself more time, to hit the nail of effect precisely on the head, than this writer. Mozart was impulsive. He wrote with no idea of immortality. He finished his overture to *Don Giovanni*, twixt sleep and awake, the night before the first performance; and the ink was not dry on the paper that the orchestra played from at the rehearsal the next morning. Meyerbeer would take more time than that, to decide whether the first chord of an overture should be minor or major. He seems to write always in full and alarmed consciousness, as to a possible immortality, and a receding or progressing in the public estimate of his powers. Pope was determined to be a poet and coolly made up his mind to be one beforehand; and the same seems to be true of Meyerbeer as a composer. But Mozart and Beethoven were composers because they could not help it and in spite of themselves. In the one case, the men were possessed of their genius—in the other, they possessed themselves of it, apparently, by main force.

But despite all this careful elaboration and forecast, this calculation of musical and scenic effect, this bringing-to-bear of all that can dazzle the eye in scenery and costume, and this patient waiting of years for the opera to grow mellow, and to throw off its redundancies, despite all this—or rather by reason of all this,—what a clear and symmetrical work is presented at the last!

Great is the merit and great the recompenses of industry! Life is short, but it is ever long enough judiciously to wait—and we think the life of Meyerbeer teaches this lesson. His early failures, too, in Germany, which were signal, and repeated and complete—the discouraging contemporaneous successes of C. M. von Weber, his fellow pupil with the Abbe Vogler; his wise changing of the scene to Italy and his study and coming out afresh there—what capital Art-lessons, and life-lessons, are contained in all this!

We advise our friends who hear this opera (should not the unexpected close of the season prevent their soon hearing it again) to listen well to the instrumentation. It will reward them. Meyerbeer has the immense advantage over the modern Italian composers, that "his early education was not neglected." His melody is not the foam that tops the sluggishly-rolling wave beneath—but the wave, itself, rolls to deep melody. For, in the dark waters of his accompaniment there disport gold-fish, that flash in the sunshine of his bright fancy and illumine the depths below. Meyerbeer is no surface-composer.

Mme. de La Grange makes a very captivating young gentleman. We do not wonder that the vivandieres wanted (illusively) to kiss her. Adequately to praise her singing in this opera, would compel our ascent into the superlatives. The public, we are glad to see, are beginning to rub their eyes, preparatorily to opening them, quite, to the merits of this great singer.

Mme. Bertucca Maretzek has an agreeable way of surprising people, now and then, with brilliant little feats of vocalism, for which they are unprepared. We found ourselves silently comparing her with the impresario. The world seems to go well with both of them—they certainly never looked in such excellent condition.

The other signori and signorini, are quite adequate to the demands of the opera, with the exception of the unfortunate Arnoldi (we think that is his name) whose very scared and lunatic look,—contrasting strangely with a certain ambitiousness of performance,—renders him the least welcome apparition of the stage.

N. Y. Musical World.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Oct. 15, 1856.

Dear Dwight—I have been detained here the last two or three weeks by a business which has occupied far more of my time during the last three years than I could wish—indeed, for more than I can make out to be for my advantage—viz., convalescing. A pretty good sign that my present job of the kind is drawing to a close is the strength of the impulse which urges me to write to you once more. Not that I have anything special to say, nor indeed anything properly adapted to the columns of a Journal of Music; but the impulse is here, and I give way.

On the whole this is no bad place for a convalescent. I have a nice little room fronting directly south, and within five minutes' walk of all the public offices. There are the railroad station and the post-office, and the building that used to be the principal grog-shop—where the man was stabbed a few years since—sundry groceries, dry goods shops, tailors, milliners, and all the usual *et ceteras*, with a barber's shop and an oyster cellar. Lawyer Bacon's office is in plain view, and that of lawyer Ham is only hidden by an intervening building or two. Then there are the four meeting houses of four different denominations, and facing the four cardinal points exactly. Whether it was accident, or that there is a little gentle sarcasm in the matter, I am not informed; but the fact is, that while our good old Puritanic, Orthodox, Trinitarian Church of the straightest sect fronts exactly south, our Universalist meeting house faces directly towards the north star, as if it had another road to heaven; while the Methodist and Baptist houses, as a sort of "twixt and 'tweenities," look respectively the one to the rising, the other to the setting sun. I am not sure that either of our spiritual advisers lives within the five minute limits, but Dr. Russell is my next neighbor, and just now he is of more importance to me than the gentlemen who have the "cure of souls." I should mention that the offices of our town clerk and the deputy sheriff are hard by, and also the sky parlor in which the new brass band meets hebdomadally for the practice of cacophony, and in which on Sundays the seven wise men, especially one from the East, meet with divers adherents and followers to explore the mysteries of the other world through the intervention of tables and rappings. I propose that they fill their noses with rappee snuff and test the language of sternutation. As to the band, I slept one night in a house just back of said sky-parlor; their windows were open and so were mine; and I must confess my admiration at the resolute perseverance and strength of ear with which popular melodies were put through their paces, no two brazen nerve-destroyers being within about a quarter of a tone of the same pitch. However, people say that they have just begun and are making excellent progress. Suppose they conquer at last; whether the game will prove worth the powder and shot? I trow not.

On the other side of the street, a little to the right, my front windows overlook the open space which is to be our common. It possesses just now the following elements of beauty: some twenty feet of old picket fence, four or five wooden posts where a fence once was, an ash, an

elm, four apple trees, a few straggling peach trees on the site of a former garden, half a dozen excavations with low mounds about them, where as many buildings once stood, and a very fine growth of weeds. This piece of ground is to be levelled off and made into something of which we shall be proud; but when? Some say immediately; others, at that future epoch when so many things are to be done—such as the erection of a decent new station house in such a place that every train which stops need not stand directly across our main street; the removal of decayed humanity from the old burying ground, which, but for the obstinacy of a few individuals, would have ceased to disgrace the village long ago; the elevation of the town clock; the building of the new town house; the removal of the engine house and horse sheds, which now cut off the view of our handsomest church from all such as come up the street from the East or sit at my side window; and the construction of the new road in the almost straight line laid out by nature, with her own cuttings through the ledges, down to South Natick.

Directly in front of my windows, at the end of a short street, is our big school house, three stories high. This building is a great subject of speculation to me, architecturally. The north side, that upon which I look, has a deep projection, containing the entrances and stairways; but as the doors are in the sides of this projection, I cannot get over the feeling, that I look upon the back of the edifice, and that its front *must* face the back yard.

A little to my left, across the street, is a wooden building occupied chiefly by dispensers of ready-made clothing, millinery goods, and groceries, but in which also is printed that mirror of the passing age, the *Natick Observer*! You must not suppose, because Natick is renowned in New England history as the great Indian town, that our paper, like the Cherokee *Phoenix* in those days, when slavery had not yet driven the Cherokees from their homes and stolen their cultivated lands, is printed half in English and half in Indian. I assure you, solemnly that is not the case!

Between the school house and this last named building, the two structures being my picture frame, I have a little view, which has been, during my imprisonment, a source of great delight. You must know that the land which spreads away south of my street is for about half a mile so level that we do not compare it to a pancake, but give our idea of the flatness of that palatable viand by saying they are as flat as it. It has been declared to be as flat as one of Cass's speeches; but I cannot say as to that.

Now, beyond this plain rises abruptly the Deacon's Hill—not the lofty elevation I thought it in boyhood, (it has diminished in some such measure as has the value of the dollar, which I then thought wealth) but a pleasant little pile of rocks and earth, thrown up some 140 or 150 feet, directly from the meadow. The curve that its upper outline makes, falling gently away to the left into a low ridge, until it is lost behind the printing office, is precisely that of Hogarth's line of beauty and grace. The whole is covered completely with dense forest. And here the Great Painter has been at work.

The first time I sat at my window he had just begun to lay new colors upon his ground of green.

The point of deepest color was, and still is, a little clump of pines just at the apex of the height, near the huge flat rock where the mountain cranberry and the bearberry grow; and from that spot I could trace the gradual shades of lighter and lighter green into a yellowish green, a greenish yellow, and so on to a confirmed straw color. The next morning a new coat had been given my picture. The yellows had deepened; and so it went on day after day—an inaudible symphony, in which the theme was working out in delicious harmonies, until my picture was a masterpiece of brilliant, harmonious coloring. The pines retained their dark depths of green; the hickories became golden; a maple here and there added liveliness to the picture, resplendent in a dress that vied with the purple brocades of Copley's pictures; sturdy oaks were more deliberate in changing their costume, trying mixtures of green and red, but settling finally upon a rich dark brown velvet. Down by the meadows, like pretty maidens, stood a long line of graceful birches, and having their roots in the wet earth, they retained still their delicate pale green robes.

Somewhere in your Journal a long time ago I compared the orchestral music of Mendelssohn to this kind of work from the Great Painter's hand. I do not withdraw the simile. If the melody in the one case and the clearly defined design in the other be wanting, yet how deliciously beautiful, how soothing, or how exhilarating the harmony!

Dr. Russell takes me out with him to ride when he visits his distant patients. During some of these rides I have seen bits of colored landscape which seem to me beyond anything previously within my experience. Are the woods more brilliant this fall than usual? Or after a three years' *interregnum*, do they strike me more than ever? On our way to Sherborn is a bit of swamp. The young maples, and now some oaks which grow there, have had a color, than which, with the sun shining on and through them, as I have repeatedly seen it, nothing in Church's picture is more brilliant and dazzling nor higher in color. I did hope to be able to ramble along Charles river, or about our numerous ponds in search of such a scene as that of the picture referred to, but the leaves are falling, and I have not had the strength. But I have seen enough within the last few weeks to enable me to feel that picture possible. Would not our European friends laugh, though, at such a piece of coloring! Laugh away, friends; you say we have no spring. I assure you, you have no autumn—you have no conception of it as we enjoy it. A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 18, 1856.

Fétis versus Wagner.

The second edition, revised and enlarged, of M. FÉTIS'S *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, is soon to appear in Paris, from the press of MM. Firmin Didot brothers. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* publishes the learned author's Preface in advance, which we may deem it worth while at some convenient time to give to our readers in full. We have read enough to see that M. Fétis is as firmly set as ever against the music and the theories of RICHARD WAGNER. That he fully

appreciates his music or fully understands his theories, is by no means clear to us. Yet that he is not tilting merely against windmills, but against false tendencies, which are too common, however much they may serve to blind the critic to whatever truer and greater elements there may be in Wagner, must be admitted. We translate a few paragraphs. He says:

"One of the greatest obstacles to correct judgment of the worth of musical works is found in the doctrine of progress applied to the Arts. I have long had to struggle against it, and to support ardent polemics, when I maintained that music undergoes transformation, but does not progress, except in its material elements. To-day, in view of the condition of Art throughout all Europe, no one longer dares to oppose me with the term progress; a prudent silence is observed upon the subject. Perhaps I should not find now many adversaries, should I say, according to my conviction, that certain things, considered as a progress, are in reality a decadence. For example, the development of the thought of a work, within certain limits, is undoubtedly a condition of beauty; but if one overreach the mark, the result is diffuseness, and the effect of the first thought is weakened. Carried to the pitch that it is to-day, the mania for development produces only fatigue and distaste: this is decadence. The character of grandeur excites our admiration; we find it raised to its highest power in the works of Handel, of Gluck, and of the second epoch of Beethoven; but the gigantesque, the disproportionate, which men have sought more recently to realize in certain productions, are monstrosities which indicate an erratic epoch. Elegant and unexpected modulation, when not too profusely lavished, is one of the riches born of our modern tonality; Mozart, that model of perfection, whom we always have to cite, has derived admirable effects from it; but multiplied to excess, employed at every instant to disguise the poverty of the melodic thought, according to the method of certain composers, modulation is equivalent to monotony and becomes an indication of the decay of Art. Finally, instrumental coloring is one of the most beautiful acquisitions of the modern music; its developments have been the fruits of the progressive improvement of instruments and of the invention of several new elements of sonority. There cannot be too many means for the artist who uses them with taste for the adornment of a thought beautiful with inspiration and originality, and who, in the multitude of possible effects, knows how to choose and find at once the secret of the right nuance and of variety; but the excess of instrumentation, the fatigue it causes by the incessant combination of all its elements; the noise the constantly increasing racket of its exaggerated forces, by which the ear is deafened in our days, is decadence, nothing but decadence, instead of being progress.

"We say it with confidence: the doctrine of progress, good and true for the sciences as for industry, has nothing to do with the arts of imagination, and less with music than with any other. It cannot furnish any valid rule for the appreciation of the works and talent of an artist. It is in the object of these works, in the thought and in the sentiment which have dictated them, that we must seek their value. With very limited developments, simple and rare modulations, in short, with an instrumentation reduced to the

elements of a quartet, Alessandro Scarlatti has merited the name of a *great artist* from the latter years of the seventeenth century. Reinhardt Keiser, who lived at the same period, has not been surpassed by any one in originality of thought. Finally, Mozart, who wrote *Don Juan* seventy years before the moment in which I trace these lines, has remained the greatest of modern musicians, because he had what does not progress, to-wit, genius the most rich, the most fruitful, the most delicate, and the most passionate, united with the purest taste.

"Yet a party has been formed within a few years, which has the audacity to proclaim itself as the creator of the only veritable and complete Art, for which all that has preceded has been mere preparation. What is wanting to the coryphæuses of this party, is precisely the imaginative faculties. For them, party opinions are ideas, and obscurity of thought profundity. The disdain which they affect for form proceeds from the difficulty of constraining themselves to it without betraying poverty of matter. Disorder, phrases merely sketched and without connection, are more to their liking, because nothing is more irksome than the logic of ideas for sterile or indolent imaginations. The adherents of the party preach up this disorder to the good-natured public, as the result of free, original inspiration. In Germany, they have possessed themselves of journals to ensure the triumph of their revolutionary attempt. A silence as of death reigns in these same writings about the productions of artists who follow other ways. Some serious men have endeavored to enlighten opinion by a rational criticism of this shameful socialism; but they have not been able to make their voice heard; all approaches to the press have been interdicted to them. It would take too long to tell the means employed by the brethren and friends for the glorification of their chief (Wagner); their manœuvres to get possession of theatres; their falsehoods to smother truth when she tries to make herself heard; their concerted plans to blacken and calumniate whoever is not with them.

"All the time, in spite of their efforts, or rather by these very efforts, they show that they have no faith, some in what they produce, others in what they exalt. The great men whose works and names are revered in the musical world, have never had recourse to these charlatan methods. Simple men, ignorant of the advantages of the *claque* and of association, they have lived isolated, producing from the internal necessity of production, by virtue of the inspirations of their genius, and abandoning their works to the free judgment of their contemporaries and of posterity. In fact there is no need of anything else to the artist who is gifted by nature, and whose happy faculties have been perfected by serious and well-made studies. If sometimes the bold flights of his inspiration are not immediately comprehended, because they open paths to orders of ideas and facts unknown before, time never fails to make their beauties manifest; the admiration which is due to them is only retarded.

"While neglecting no means to reap the advantages of the present, the chief of the party of which I speak appeals to the future for the understanding of his work. This affected confidence in the judgment of future generations has pro-

duced the effect which he anticipated; for it has awakened curiosity for extravagances which had inspired nothing but disgust and ennui. The future, in which he seems to place his trust, will be for him mere nothingness; for the political interests which now group adherents round him will then have given place to others. If the future remembers these things, it will be to ridicule them. But for the honor of the present, the future ought to know that wherever taste and good sense still reigned, wherever the sentiment of pure Art was preserved, there these negations of ideal music have found only reprobation. In the interest of the actual generation, to guarantee public opinion against the deviations into which some seek to drag it, to protect young talents against the illusions with which the successes of a coterie might inspire them, it is the duty of an enlightened criticism to lift up its voice, to recall indefatigably what constitutes the domain of the beautiful, to honor the memory of artists who have remained faithful to it, and to combat the aberrations which tend to make us lose sight of it. This duty the author of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* believes that he has not failed to perform."

CONCERTS.

THE PARODI-STRAKOSCH COMPANY gave their sixth and last concert in the Music Hall on Saturday evening last. All the audiences had been large, but this was the largest. We heard but a small portion of the programme, and particularly regretted to miss Beethoven's song, *Adelaida*, sung by Signor TIBERINI, who has done himself honor by the selection each evening of one piece of so high a character, by masters like Mozart and Beethoven. PAUL JULIEN won encores as usual by his masterly violin-playing, in which mechanical perfection seems really animated by an inward sense and feeling of beauty. But master Paul we fear is resting too contented with his laurels and does not take the pains to add much to his stock of ideas; he repeats himself too much, and "improvises" after every *encore* the same set of phrases as uniformly as Sig. Tiberini answers with the *La donna é mobile* (which by the way was meant to run in a livelier vein than his). What did PARODI sing? We have forgotten, and no matter; it was nothing new or noticeable apart from previous notices. And what did STRAKOSCH play? What pretty strains did he coax out of the splendid piano? All who have heard him once can easily imagine. Sig. BERNARDI still sustains himself as a baritone of rich and telling voice, and a singer who gives pleasure and commands respect by a chaste, natural, finished manner.

MME. CORA DE WILHORST.—This lady, whose successful debut in New York has been mentioned in our Chit-Chat, and who is a native born American vocalist, surprised our town by the announcement of a concert in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening. A romantic story introduces her, which, as we have not copied it before, we now give, following the version of the *Evening Gazette*:

A daughter of Reuben Withers, the well-known Banker in New York, from her earliest childhood she was singularly fond of music and has long, ere she made her appearance in the Concert-Room, been one of the charms of the select circle of which she was

one of the most brilliant ornaments. Singularly enough, love—that commencement of all human joys and troubles—is the cause which has led her at present to appeal to the vocalist. Cora Withers fell in love with a young German nobleman (German nobleman means more specifically German gentleman according to American and English notions of the term) and also this young German nobleman fell in love with her. Not being a good *parti*, naturally enough the parental Withers disliked the probability of their being linked together. This dislike of course confirmed Cora Withers' liking, which soon ripened into love. M. De Wilhorst—the young German—made her a delicate proposition. She listened and finally acceded to his request. They ran away and were married. This happened somewhere in Switzerland, as we have been told, and has at all events been productive of happiness to themselves. How it happened we do not pretend to know, but a short time after this matters were again apparently reconciled and they were living with Mr. Withers in New York. But M. De Wilhorst, not being contented to sit at the table of his wealthy father-in-law, wished to find some calling opened to him, little doubting that this very natural desire would be promptly acceded to. On mentioning it however, he met with a decided refusal and found that, through Mr. Withers's strange decision, every chance of mercantile success would in all probability be closed upon him. Singularly enough the delicate Cora Wilhorst—a child reared in the lap of opulence and luxury—one who had hitherto practised music as a rare pleasure because she could only display it to a few of her friends—that *mignonne* edition of fashionable life, suggested to him that she might make sufficient to maintain themselves were she to sing in public. For a long time he contended with this wish, but at length he acceded and her first appearance was announced to take place at Newport, R. I., in August last. Of course all our readers will remember what this announcement induced—an attack upon her husband by one of her brothers, who could not see that the profession of a vocalist is as good and as honorable *per se* as that of a Banker or a merchant. Jenny Lind may be placed as an honorable contrast in juxtaposition with the Fauntleroy and Schuylers, and we believe that but few of our readers are there who, should Cora De Wilhorst meet with continuous success in her new vocation, would not rank her name above that of her respectable parent (of whom we confess that we have heard nothing but good) even although he be a Banker.

Mme. De Wilhorst called her entertainment, "Opera in the Drawing-Room," the programme consisting almost entirely of extracts from *Il Trovatore*. But there was "sandwiched" between the two parts of that a double slice of "miscellaneous," at the commencement of which it was our lot to enter the hall. Out-of-door attractions, torchlight processions, and so forth, had left her but a very moderate audience, yet respectable in numbers and in character. They wore the look of having been pleased. First came Mr. SATTER, who performed on a Chickering piano a *Grand Galop Fantastique* of his own, a piece of thundering force; and on being recalled, a dashing transcription with variations upon *La donna é mobile*. Then the lady appeared, decidedly prepossessing in appearance, *petite*, handsome, with a bright, intelligent face, dressed in fine taste, and with an air of self-possessed energy and confidence. One would scarce suppose her such a novice in the concert room. She sang the *Brindisi* from Verdi's "Macbeth," and sang it with a voice and manner that were quite captivating. Her voice though not large, is a soprano of remarkably pure, telling quality, brilliant indeed in the higher notes, with which she trills and warbles like a bird; true as a bell in intonation, filling the place perfectly. The tones impinge upon the sense with a certain hard but smooth solidity of attack, which is never offensive, but on the contrary decidedly pleasing. Her singing was very spirited and natural; her execution free and brilliant, in many parts highly finished; and she sang as if she loved it, as if nature had done more for her than art, though art

had done not a little. Yet was there a coldness withal in those polished hard tones; the beauty of the thing was its fresh life and spirit, and not any peculiarly sympathetic touch of feeling.

This was more evident in her pieces from *Il Trovatore*, which followed: in *D'amor sul ali rosee*, in the duet with baritone: *Qual voce*, and particularly in the *Miserere* with tenor. The lower and middle tones, though pure and sweet, had not the largeness and dramatic strength of passion. But the pieces were all charmingly and effectively sung, leaving room enough, however, for study with a good master in cultivating the vocal faculty to a more ideal refinement. It was the brilliancy, the purity, the naturalness, the freshness of the exhibition which won her the decided favor of the audience. Altogether we may call her a bright, bird-like little person. We only hope, that besides this genuine impulse and power to revel and sparkle in the sunshine of the voice, there is also in her, conscious or latent, the something that shall prompt her to seek expression in a more soul-full and inspired kind of music. A whole evening of melodies from the *Trovatore* is meagre and not over-wholesome fare.

Mme. Wilhorst was assisted by our old friend the tenor, Sig. GUIDI, whose voice seems to have gained strength in retirement, and whose style was always elegant, and by a French baritone (his debut in America), M. ACHILLE RIVARDI, who has style and method, but a dry, feeble voice. Some of the music suffered in the piano-forte accompaniments, which of course were not by Mr. SATTER.

This evening Mme. DE WILHORST gives a second concert, to be made up mainly of selections from *L'Etoile du Nord*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The prospect for Orchestral Concerts, we are sorry to learn, does not look very bright. The time allowed for filling up the required subscription of fifteen hundred sets of tickets will expire on Monday, and so far the list shows not the half of that number. The opportunity has been offered; if our music-lovers do not want good orchestral music enough to engage to support it at a very trifling cost—not more for the whole season than the same persons often throw away upon confectionary or oysters in a single evening—why then they must not complain should the season offer no good music when they wake up to the discovery that they still want it. We hope and pray that the day or two of grace left may bring people to their senses; for without good orchestral concerts the whole musical cause goes backwards, the standard of taste in the community is lowered. If we fail now, it will be the first time for twenty years and more, the first time since the old C minor first inspired us, that a Boston winter has been unwarmed by a Symphony of Beethoven! . . . In answer to the frequent inquiries about Opera, English or Italian, we have to say that we are quite uninformed. Whatever there is or is to be of it, goes on obscurely—hides its light under a bushel; whether this be from consciousness of inferiority, or from the modesty of merit, we cannot say. . . . We hear of changes in the relations of the music-publishing fraternity in our city. Mr. GEO. P. REED, who has so long occupied a foremost position in the trade, retires from business; Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON unites with the junior partner of G. P. Reed & Co., Mr. RUSSELL, in buying out Mr. Reed's interest and "annexing" the same to his already extensive and flourishing Musical Exchange. The

union of these two forces must make a powerful establishment, and will require enlarged accommodations.

We have already spoken of the fine display of piano-fortes and reed instruments at the late Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. A list of premiums awarded to competitors in the various departments is at length published, filling over five closely printed columns of the Transcript. For Grand Pianos the gold medal has been awarded to the Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS; and a silver medal to TIMOTHY GILBERT & CO., who put in their first Grand on this occasion. For Semi-Grands, a silver medal to Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & CO. For Square Pianos, the first silver medal to Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, and the second to JAMES W. VOSE, makers of quite recent standing, whose instruments have done them great credit.—Messrs. BROWN & ALLEN, GEORGE HEWS, JACOB CHICKERING, and WILLIAM P. EMERSON receive Diplomas for Square Pianos. Bronze medals or diplomas were awarded to various makers for the cases, considered separately, of their instruments. MASON & HAMLIN receive the gold medal for their Organ Harmonium, and a silver medal for their Melodeons. Diplomas are given to A. G. CORLISS for the "Swell Mute Attachment" exhibited by Chickering & Sons; to NICHOLS & GERRISH for Melodeons, and to L. LOUIS for his Tremolo attachment to reed organs. The judges, through their chairman, Gen. H. K. OLIVER, of Lawrence, will we presume ere long report at length; when we hope to lay the report before our readers. We cannot doubt that the awards were as nearly just as it was possible to make them. They confirm our own impressions, from such casual examination of the instruments as we were able to make, in every instance.

THALBERG's first concert in New York is postponed until after the Presidential election; and Mme. ANGRI, the contralto, now upon her way from Europe, will it is said appear on that occasion.... Mr. J. NICHOLS CROUCH—he seems to have dropped the "Professor," having discovered that Professors are too common—has left Philadelphia, and now hails from Washington, D. C., where he announces himself in connection with W. H. PALMER, (the resurrection name of the late ROBERT HELLER, the pianist, necromancer, &c.) as Vocal Director of an Academy of Music. They give private musical soirées by invitation; the following is one of the programmes:

PART I.

Grand Quintet—Piano-forte, two Violins, Viola, Cello and Bass,.....Kalkbrenner.
Scena—"Friend of the Brave,".....Dr. Calcott.
Concertante Duo—Piano-forte and Violin: "Styrien Airs,".....Leonard.
Ballad—"Kathleen Mavourneen,"....By the Author.
Improvise—Piano-forte, "Crown Diamonds," Palmer.

PART II.

Grand Trio—Violin, cello and Piano-forte, Beethoven.
German Song—"The Wanderer,".....Schubert.
Cantabile—Violin,.....Mendelssohn.
Irish Ballad—"Kathleen Dear,"....By the Author.
Brilliant Selections—Piano-forte,.....Palmer.

Messrs. Crouch and Palmer (late Heller) also hold the positions respectively of *maestro di capella* and organist at St. Matthew's Church, where there is a fine choir, and where, with the aid of an orchestra, including some of the old Germanians, (their old leader, LENSCHOW, directing,) a musical service was recently held for the consecration of a new altar. The programme included a march by Mendelssohn; a Mass by Haydn (No. 5), with 25 in the chorus and 25 in the band; the Amen chorus by Handel; selections from Rossini's *Mosé* and *Stabat Mater*, Hymns, &c.

Handel's "Messiah" was performed last week in Philadelphia. The *Bulletin* says:—"There was a full orchestra, a fine organ and a strong chorus. The organ was well played, and the orchestra did tolerably,

but the chorus wanted training and made sad work of the difficult choruses which constitute the chief beauty of this and all Handel's oratorios. The leading soprano part was very well sustained by Mrs. Leach, of New York. The other solo singers were Mrs. Weiss, (soprano,) Miss Kemp, (contralto,) Mr. Frazer, (tenor,) and Mr. Rohr, (baritone). Each did very well."...The Mozart Society in Worcester, Ms., have commenced rehearsals, under the leadership of Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON. Four concerts will be given during the season, the first early in November.

Mme. ERARD presented CLARA SCHUMANN, while in England, with a superb Erard piano. When shall we hear her in America—the queen of pianists, and in the true and not the mere display sphere of Art!...STAUDIGL, the great German basso, died recently in an insane asylum.

Prof. BECKER, of the Leipzig Conservatoire, the distinguished organist, has presented his entire musical library to the library of the city. This rich collection, on which he has bestowed all his care for thirty years, contains: 144 works, written in all the languages of Europe, on the acoustics, history, æsthetics and theory of music; 552 collections of Chorals of every confession, classed in chronological order from 1450 to 1852; 227 rare works, printed or in manuscript, of the 16th and 17th centuries, by masters of every school; 1250 copies of works by old masters, &c. In making this magnificent donation, Herr Becker has made this sole condition, that it shall be managed in the same way with the principal library, and be entered in the catalogue as the Becker Library.

Mme. LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK gave a concert last week in Philadelphia. The great cantatrice sang from "Sicilian Vespers," the "North Star," and the "Stabat Mater;" also "any piece selected by the audience out of a list of 600"; and a "Grande Valse Poétique Concertante," for piano and voice, with variations, composed for her by Gottschalk. The latter played his own compositions, an *Etude* by Chopin, a waltz by Wollenhaupt, and "any piece the audience might call for."...At a performance of the "Messiah" in Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, the trombone players of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa., assisted....We have received the second number of the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* (German Musical Journal for the United States) published in Philadelphia. (No. 1 has failed to reach us). It is published every month by PHILIPP ROHR, and edited by P. M. WOLSEFFER. It is in the German language, handsome type and paper, and contains good editorials on the *Gesang-vereine*, on musical instruction, on the new Philadelphia opera house, on the science of harmony, &c.; also correspondence and musical news, advertisements, and three pages of new light music. It promises well.

ORGAN HARMONIUM.—The *Traveller* contains the following notice of these instruments, for which a gold medal was awarded by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association:

"We have before now called attention to the instruments manufactured by Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, Cambridge street, corner of Charles, and will do so again to note the fact that they have been awarded the two first premiums, a gold and silver medal, as the best reed instruments, by the Committee of Examination at the Mechanics' Charitable Association, whose eighth exhibition was recently held in this city.

The Organ-Harmonium furnished by Mason & Hamlin, and which drew the gold medal, was a new style, just completed, and differs from the common style, in that it is blown by another person, and has two octaves of pedals, with separate set of pedal reeds, and also a coupler to connect with the manuals, making in fact a complete organ in effect. While in the Exhibition, this instrument was examined and thoroughly tested by many of our best musicians, and

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The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

The Hungarian music bears so original a character, and is so essentially distinct from the music of all other European nations, that it must interest the musician and the amateur of every grade to learn something more authentic and precise about it from the pen of one who knows. The writer of these lines, while completing his musical studies with Sechter in Vienna, in the years 1849—51, made several excursions into Hungary, principally to Pesth; but the remoter regions on the Theiss were not unvisited.

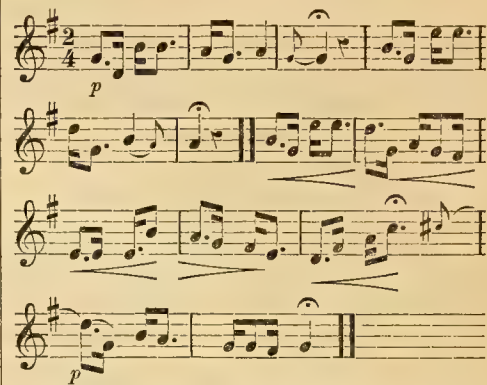
His thoughts about the Hungarian music (so far as he was able to pursue the subject with his moderate allowance of time and money) here follow. Let us understand first of all what we mean by Hungarian music.

It is well known that, of the sixteen millions who inhabit Hungary, at the most the fourth part are Magyars, that is, descendants of the Asiatic hordes who came into Europe in the ninth century, pushed through the iron gate into what is now Hungary, and here selected for their dwelling-places the broad plains either side of the Theiss and the region of the Danube up as far as Comorn. But the greatest part of the inhabitants of Hungary are Slaves; a not insignificant part consists of Germans and Wallachians, and a smaller part of Jews and Gipsies. In this great intermingling of races one may well ask, to which of these stocks does what we call in a specific sense "Hungarian music," owe its origin? Is Hungarian music synonymous with the Magyar, or with the music of the Slaves, Germans, Wallachians, Jews or Gipsies, who inhabit Hungary? The last two nations are excluded in the outset

from the question of *originality*, for Jews and Gipsies can indeed avail themselves of what they find existing, and can make fine contributions to its development; but never in any branch of Art or industry can they impress a national stamp upon the land in which they live a scattered life as a tolerated minority; and that this is true also of Hungary the following leaves will show.

Since the character of the Hungarian music, as we have before remarked, differs essentially from every other European music, it can neither be of Slavic nor of German origin; for neither the Music of the Germans nor that of the Slavic races, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, &c., has any resemblance with the Hungarian national music. And so it stands to reason that the Hungarian music is of purely Magyar origin; without denying, of course, that the physical peculiarities of the country, as well as the non-Magyar races themselves, who inhabit Hungary, have exercised more or less influence on the development of this music.

What is it now that places the Hungarian popular music in so strange a relation to all other European music? It is, above all, its *Rhythm*—the rhythm both in the parts of the measure and in the combination of measures. Thus, while all the other Western music in the even kinds of measure (2-4, 4-4 measure, &c.) lets the accent fall, as a general rule, upon the strong divisions of the measure, *one* and *three*, exactly the contrary is the case in the Hungarian music. Our weak parts of the measure are with them the strong ones, and if we place the accent upon *one* and *three*, the Hungarian in most cases accents *two* and *four*. This rhythm gives the Hungarian music its *heroic, proud, defiant* character, while at the same time it expresses the yet rude, unbroken temper of this warlike and chivalric nation. Moreover, we find in a whole series of Magyar popular melodies alternate even and odd numbers of measures, and *rhythms of seven bars* are of very frequent occurrence. As the Hungarian *People's Music* (and of this I speak first of all) knows merely the even measures, and knows nothing of a 3-4, 3-8, or even 6-8 measure, we may regard the occurrence in Hungarian popular airs of the three, five, and seven-bar rhythms as a compensation for the entire want of the uneven measures in this music. These uneven rhythms (of several bars or measures) are not, to be sure, universally the law in the Hungarian popular music; on the contrary, so far as dance music is concerned, the four-bar rhythm is equally prevalent. I may cite here as an example one of the most beautiful and heart-felt of the Hungarian melodies, in which this remarkable phenomenon occurs. It sounds in this way:



And this occurs in a multitude of popular dances; so that the good Nægeli is mistaken when he maintains, in his ingenious lectures upon music, that "*all dances of all nations consist of not more and not less than four times four measures.*"

But the Hungarian music is distinguished from that of the rest of Europe not merely by its *Rhythm*, but also by its *Melody*; not merely extensively, but also intensively. First, it is the predominant tendency to the *Minor Mood*, by which this music betrays its oriental character in general; then again it is especially the way and manner in which the Magyar Apollo moves in this mournful costume. The *superfluous second* plays an important part in the Hungarian minor tunes. If we try to reduce the melodic character of the latter, independently of its particular application, to the general criterion of the scale, we find the following scheme of the Hungarian minor mood:



So we find it, for instance, in the famous Rákoczy March:



And an equally genuine Magyar *nota* (Hungarian popular tune) begins thus:



Here the *superfluous second* is used even in the ascending direction. The *superfluous second*, of which they are so fond in a melodic regard, makes itself available also in the harmony of the Hungarian music in a chord to which the minor airs of this nation are everywhere partial. This is the *superfluous Quint-Sext Chord*, or the chord with a pure fifth and *superfluous sixth*, as found for the most part toward the end of their melo-

dies, but also earlier, in a great many Hungarian minor airs, especially in their *Lassus* (Adagios); for instance, continuing the minor tune already begun a few bars further, we hear:



As a farther peculiarity of the Hungarian minor airs, we may remark, that they generally close in the major chord with the major third; at least the Hungarian gipsies, of whose proficiency in this music more will be said hereafter, constantly make this close; and the Hungarian musician recognizes it as at least adequate to the spirit of his national music, if he does not always observe this himself. We may show this by the characteristic closing cadence which recurs in every genuine Magyar *nota* (Hungarian air):



Apart from the less essential, although characteristic phenomenon of a minor melody ending with a major harmony, (which, to be sure, frequently occurs also in German composers, as Sebastian Bach and others, only not as a popular practice, as it does in the Hungarian music,) we have here observed at the same time the rhythmic peculiarity, that the conclusion of the melodic accent falls upon a weak part of the measure; and this is throughout the case in the Hungarian music. The formula above given is rhythmically, melodically and harmonically the genuine concluding formula of every Magyar *nota*, even of that major melody before cited with a rhythm of three and seven bars. The uneven rhythm of several measures is most striking, where the melody itself, according to our feeling, seems to struggle against it. Thus, for example, an altogether elegant *csárdás* (pronounced *tschaardaasch*, the name of the Hungarian people's dance and of the corresponding dance music), in its second part sounds thus:



Who of my readers would not expect it to go on after the fifth measure in this way:



With whom, if unaccustomed to this rhythm, does it not call forth a painfully unsatisfied feeling? This is but a little episode regarding rhythm, and now to our remarks about the harmony of the Hungarian popular melodies.

[To be continued.]

The Piano-Forte.

From the London and Westminster Review, 1839.

(Continued from page 18.)

"The first of those who followed in Beethoven's train was FERDINAND RIES, something of whose nature as a man and pretensions as an artist, may have already been indicated by the passages just quoted from the 'Notizen.' Every musician is

familiar with the anecdote of his having forced praise from Beethoven by the execution of an enormously difficult cadence, introduced by him into one of his master's concertos, which the latter almost forbade him to attempt in public:—and the older race of English professional instrumentalists still recollect the surprise excited by the announcement of his first appearance in London to perform his own Concerto in C sharp minor,—a signature within the intricate circle of which few dared venture! These two artistic feats were types of the man's intrepidity. It was in traveling through Russia—always a hospitable country to pianoforte players—that the success, denied until he entertained thoughts of quitting the profession, began to follow Ries. He ensured it by gathering and setting the melancholy and quaint airs of the north in a rich frame-work of scientific form and ornamental execution. In many of his earlier works, the principal melodies are Danish, Russian, or Norwegian. The powers of Ries as a pianist, which declined after his taking up his residence in England, in proportion as he submitted closely to the drudgery of lesson giving, were then remarkable, and worthy of Beethoven's only pupil. In one requisite, namely—that utter independence which enables the right and left hand each to work its own will, however different be the time,—he was almost unequalled, and hence his more showy compositions are full of examples of that *tour de force*. Indeed, to execute the C sharp minor Concerto aforesaid, steadily, but with the unstudied expression which it demands, is almost as difficult an undertaking as the young aspirant can propose to his fingers: moreover, for its thorough execution, he must possess something of fantasy as well as of feeling. For Ries, though following closely in his master's track—nay, at times even servilely imitating the very letter of his music—is essentially more fantastic than Beethoven—less loftily sustained—using a larger proportion of abrupt modulations, and fierce fragmentary phrases, and closes suspended without reason. These features are caricatured in his weakest works; in his best, Ries displays a vein of melody at once graceful and original. He has also left us, a more decided specimen of picture music in his 'Dream' Fantasia than had been hitherto attempted on the pianoforte, unless those ancient enormities, the 'Battle of Prague,' and the 'Surrender of Toulon,' were allowed to pass as classical. Beethoven, indeed, had given emotions in his *Adieu*, *Absence*, *et Retour*;—suggested a tone of coloring in his *pastorale* Sonata—but in the 'Dream' a more distinct outline is attempted, and the shapes which haunt the pillow of the sleeper—now tender, now warlike, now portentous—are portrayed with a happy boldness and contrast. As specimens of two manners of working completely different, the student of the picturesque cannot do better than compare this with the 'Dream' by Moscheles, the last but one of the latter's 'Characteristic Studies.' The fault of Ries lay in his fertility, and in the absence of such scrupulousness as makes an artist question rather than accept those ideas which catch his notice by their simplicity; but his works have not deserved the neglect into which they have fallen in England. One in every ten is eminently worthy of revival and careful study. And the justice here desired for him ought to be paid with all the greater good will, inasmuch as he adorned the intellectual school of instrumental music by those moral excellences which, if not indispensable to its existence, contribute largely to its maintenance."

"That the theory which would connect what is true and genuine and intellectual in Art with what is beautiful and sound in character, may not want further examples, the name of CARL MARIA VON WEBER may next be mentioned. His devoted life and his melancholy death are too well known to require being once again cited for the illustration of his works. Weber was far more romantic than Ries—but far more scrupulously original, and far more constantly master of the power of exhibiting his ideas to the best advantage. After Beethoven's pianoforte Sonatas, there exist none more highly toned, bolder in their invention, fresher in their melodies, than his four

grand works of the same class—the first movement of the one in A flat, for the expression of romantic melancholy, stands almost alone in music, while the opening *allegro* of that in D minor has a startling and colossal boldness. Weber, too, loved to develop those rhythmical forms, such as give their character to the dance and the national melody, but 'with a difference.' He had his own way of giving its crowning *impishness* to the *scherzo*. He had his own peculiar passages. There is one brilliant *spray-shower* of notes which, whether in the 'Victoria Chorus' of *Der Freischütz*, or in the joyous *finale* to the first act of *Euryanthe*, or in the working up of the *Aufforderung zum Tanze*, or in the *stretto* to the *Concert Stück*—that first and best of all concertos *alla fantasia*—as inevitably indicates its master as a white horse does a picture by Wouvermans; or the ripe lip and luscious eye of a Spanish peasant, the most devotional group by Murillo. Other original and characteristic forms are to be traced in Weber's music, though its chief merit lies not in form. The student will there discover early examples of melody and accompaniment given to the same hand;—the mechanist will perceive that constant disposition to stretch beyond the octave, recently exaggerated so frightfully. Some excellent specimens of popular composition, too, will be found, to the surprise of those critics who still write of Weber as if he could produce no other such music than that which had traveled from the Harz Mountain in the private satchel of Zamiel or Mephistopheles. Any one comparing his variations upon the melody from Mehul's 'Joseph' with those of Herz upon the same theme, must admit that in variety, grace, and that poorest requisite for producing effect, difficulty to be overcome,—to say nothing of such trifles as science, expression, and character,—the transcendental German could beat the most *piquant* writer of the *gew-gaw* school on his own debatable ground. It is to be regretted, that Weber's early death, and the dramatic course taken by his talents, make his contribution to the stores of orchestral or chamber music for the pianoforte comparatively limited."

The following analysis of the talents and compositions of MOSCHELES is very just, and cannot fail to interest our readers. The reviewer places him in the school of *genius*, though he came forward while the mere executionists had the field.

"Before this heartless school had reached its fullest glory a young artist appeared, who promised on his outset largely to contribute to the wonders of the pianoforte, and played so, to quote the Goethe and Zelter correspondence, 'that one was obliged to taste of the waters of Lethe, and forget all one had ever heard before. The fellow has hands,' continues the writer, 'which he turns in and out like a garment, and even with the nails he does not play badly.' This was Moscheles, whose 'Fall of Paris,' on its tour of triumph throughout Europe, eclipsed all the most marvelous of its predecessors. But even in those variations, professedly written to strike and to enchant, no musician, though he might be as adverse to 'French foam' as Zelter himself, could fail to detect a nervousness of structure—a disposition to travel out of the beaten track of harmony, which showed that a new mind was at work. That mind belonged to one who is now our first *thinker* for his instrument. Whether in the performance or the compositions of Moscheles, it is impossible not to perceive how remarkably great mechanical powers and consummate scientific experience have been placed wholly at the disposal of a clear and fine intellect. What was said of a deceased authoress applies to him, 'Some are led to thought through poetry,' but he has been 'led to poetry through thought.'"

"Few artists have tested themselves so severely in their intercourse with the public, as Moscheles has done; no one within the circle of our experience stood the test with such uniform success. For there is no style of music, from the fugues of Bach to the follies of Herz, which he has not performed; and there is none in which he has failed. For force and clearness of finger, in all sprightly, petulant passages, he is unrivaled. The place of Moscheles, among the musicians of Europe, will

become higher and more influential every year, for the mellowing process progressively discernible in his compositions and in his performance, is far from having reached its climax."

We come last of all, to FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, with whom the reviewer closes the account of the school of *genius*.

"One more artist is yet to be mentioned, before closing the record of the legitimate German school of modern pianoforte music—one more confirmation to be deduced of our theory that high mental and moral endowments, are the strongest pillars on which the temple of Art rests. This is Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Young as he is, he has conquered almost every form of composition. He might be made the subject of an article for his organ-playing, if his pianoforte compositions did not demand our attention; and his oratorio of 'St. Paul' in its stately simplicity comes so near to the massive works of Handel, that it is not chimerical to expect that the opera upon which he is known to be at present engaged for the English stage, may introduce into our lyric drama effects scarcely less grand—scarcely less severely natural than those which make Gluck's 'Orfeo' and 'Iphigenia' model works. Though Mendelssohn's earliest pianoforte works, the quartets, show that he, too, possesses that splendor of execution to which the most ceaseless chain of difficulties is no more than a string of common notes,—their author had scarcely reached the full use of his powers when he began at once to take the loftiest ground by writing for a full orchestra, and to throw into his compositions on that grand scale a picturesqueness of fancy which some had feared had left the world with Weber. His early love for the organ, and his initiative studies under Zelter, had already led him back beyond the imaginative present to the grave and severe past, and familiarized him with the gigantic works of Sebastian Bach. Such natural gifts—such a course of study, have stamped his music with a character at once picturesque and solid.

"His melodies, it must be noted, have introduced a novelty to the pianist, and have brought him yet closer to the vocal performer than he had hitherto been brought, by calling upon him for that distinctness and appropriateness of expression hitherto supposed the exclusive property of the singer. The further that Mendelssohn has advanced in his career, the more scrupulously and systematically has he separated himself from the finger-musicians. But where their artifices may come legitimately into use he wields them with a hand strong as it is careless."

We shall conclude our extracts from the above periodical, by some notices of a few of the most distinguished pianists of the fifth or marvellous school.

"There remain still to be mentioned the most recent pianists who form what may be called the marvellous school. For, whereas those just dismissed thought it good to regard the capabilities and physical structure of the hand, and thus have written music within the power of any one gifted with the common complement of fingers,—these innovators have begun by defying the inequalities and feebleness of nature, and have thus produced works which are but little likely to penetrate from the *studio* or concert saloon of the professional artist into the chamber of the amateur. There is an amusing anecdote told of a Parisian woman of fashion, who, in a conference with her *modiste*, being hindered in the execution of some subtle invention by a most unwelcome increase of corpulence, exclaimed, with all the despotism of waning beauty, 'I won't have all this here! You must put it somewhere else!' With a like resolution to be stronger than nature, do M^M. HENSELT and CHOPIN appear to have trained themselves, and (though to a less extent) the most astonishing pianist who has hitherto visited England,—we mean, of course, THALBERG. The average span of the hand comprehends little more than an octave;—but their music constantly demands tenths, elevenths, twelfths, from the player. The third and fourth fingers are naturally the weakest and the most intimately connected together;—but, totally callous to this feebleness and brotherly union, Chopin (*vide* his Ninth

Study, book second) calls upon them constantly to execute the interval of a *fifth*, under circumstances peculiarly harassing; while Henselt, in his 'Midnight Meeting of Ghosts,' (see his '*Etudes de Salon*'), insists upon the octave being struck by the *first* and *fourth* fingers, that the thumb may be free for a flight some notes further! So also has the position and the office of the said thumb been remorselessly revolutionized. From being the pivot of the hand it has been made to do the work of an independent hand itself, while the fingers it once supported now play round it as accompanying satellites and subsidiaries. Flesh and blood will not bear this 'movement' should be carried much further: but it must be noted, that these modern reformers have much greater excuse for their proceedings than the mechanists of the brilliant school. For their extreme measures are intended to encourage a style of composition in which,—however complicated, or strange, or rapid, be the ornamental passage,—the predominance of a broad flowing melody is still to be asserted, and the progression of harmonic changes to receive its last attainable enrichment.

"As a pianist, M. HENSELT is perhaps the most marvellous. He has stretched and tormented his fingers—till the *desideratum* of the Parisian belle seems to have been attained—and they have been rendered capable of working his pleasure in defiance of nature and probability. Herr Rellstab, in one of a series of critical and personal notices, published not long since, in the '*Berliner Conversations-Blatt*,' speaks of him as the admitted equal of Thalberg, Liszt and Chopin.—The first said to Moscheles, 'I can play all that Henselt can,'—but, adds Rellstab, 'if Henselt made the same remark with respect to Thalberg, he might add, and *more besides*.'—For Henselt has power over music of every style and school; and in weighing the two, into *his* balance must be put all such merit and experience as belong to a composer—Thalberg's music being good for little, save when Thalberg plays it; whereas Henselt's is full of idea and melody as well of *tours de force*. Henselt is further described by Herr Rellstab as a very genius: in his manners untutored—wholly devoted to his art—and therefore not likely perhaps, to gain that universal popularity as a chamber musician, for the acquisition whereof, tact, suavity of address, and knowledge of the world are required. He is so nervous, moreover, as to lose a part of his wonderful powers when he enters the orchestra.

"By this allusion to the newest of the new school of pianists, we have been led away from him to whom precedence, according to chronological order, should have been given. But the peculiarities of THALBERG's manner as a performer—his soundness and richness of touch, whereby, and by a most judicious employment of the pedal, tone is diffused of a consistence, and to an extent, never attained by any previous player—the deliberate and expressive delivery of his melodies, in which his performance, though less dramatic and passionate than Pasta's singing, possesses the same incomparable features of breadth and dignity—the amazing brilliancy of his execution, never broken by an angular or an incomplete note—have been too recently heard in English ears to require a deliberate recapitulation. And Thalberg's characteristics, be it remembered, are as yet principally those of an executive artist. We agree with Herr Rellstab's judgment. With the exception of a few graceful *Notturmi*, three *Caprices*, and a few studies peculiar rather than interesting, Thalberg has given to the world nothing but grand Fantasias upon operatic themes, and these possessing too few original features to warrant much augury being ventured for their composer's career. Moreover, in his choice for performance of the works of other artists, Thalberg appears to avoid grappling with the highest efforts of thought and fancy. He will be always heard with wonder and delight; there is something, too, most engaging in his youthful and gracious presence—in the total absence of every thing like stage effect and quackery in his intercourse with the public—in his leaving all airs and graces to meaner and older men. But it must be confessed that there exists a wonder yet rarer,

and a delight yet more exalted—those, namely, which owe themselves to the master-mind—than any that have been hitherto awakened even by his fascinating performances.

"As a composer, one of the most remarkable artists of the marvellous school is FREDERIC CHOPIN. With him we enter the circle of instrumental art as it exists at present in Paris; for though born near Warsaw in the year 1810, he has for the last seven years wholly resided in the French metropolis, and there gained his reputation as a chamber-player—his touch being too delicate, and his physical power too far behind the warmth of his conceptions, to make him eminent in an orchestra.

"This delicacy and exquisite finish have led to the rumor of his being one of Field's pupils. It was not so, however. Chopin, whose talents fit him for any profession, was not brought up to his art. He was educated at the college of Warsaw, and the course of his studies only changed in consequence of bad health. 'Chopin never improvises,' writes a friend, and one well able to appreciate him, 'as a matter of course, or unless he feels himself thoroughly inspired; but if you have the good fortune of meeting him on one of these happy days—if you follow the play of his animated countenance and the wonderful agility of his fingers, which appear as if they were dislocated—if you hear the anguish (*pleurissement*) of the strings, which still vibrate in your ear after he has ceased,—you waken as if from a dream, and ask if the pale and fragile man you see before you can be the same as he who has so completely subdued you.' It must be borne in mind that this character is a translated one. But there is much in Chopin's works to bear out his enthusiastic admirer. Those who approach them will be at first repelled by their desperate difficulty. His very alphabet, as has been already hinted, appears to contain a double number of letters. His chords require a hand strained according to the new fashion—his passages appear to be written with a perverse disposition not to flow as the ears and fingers expect. Moreover, there is an indescribable *ton de musette* running throughout the whole—difficult in the first instance to relish. When, however, the peculiar humor of Chopin is understood, much that is excellent and original develops itself—a spontaneous wildness of melody—an elegance which, to quote a phrase of Landor's, never 'droops into languors'—a passion which carries along the performer to attempt passages impossible to him in less poetical works.

"There is still to be added to the above catalogue the name of LISZT: a name hitherto only familiar to the few in England. And yet, some fifteen years ago, when a young English prodigy, George Aspull, was going the round of our musical circles, the young Hungarian (for Liszt is a native of Hungary and of peasant origin) was also performing his impossibilities on the piano in London in the presence of George the fourth. He was then for a time forgotten: till some half-dozen years since, when the tales of Paganini's long hair and slight figure were at their height, a companion marvel was naturally wanted for the piano—yet more eccentric—yet more a genius—with locks yet more profuse, and a countenance yet more desolate,—and the world began to hear again of Liszt! To speak seriously, the power, caprices, the inequalities, the wonderful genius, and the wonderful impertinences of his pianoforte playing, reached England in report—and with them Dantan's caricature of the enthusiast sprawling against his instrument—before it became also understood that these were but the excrescences of husk, as it were, and that a sound kernel, and one full of life, was thereby concealed. As, therefore, a strong personal interest and curiosity has been excited among the musical public in England with respect to Liszt, a few fragments may not be inopportune given from the MS. journal of a fervent lover of Art, who passed the winters of 1835 and 36 in Paris, and fell into the midst of the musical *virtuosi*, at the house of Ferdinand Hiller, who 'if he had not deserved a foremost place among his gifted friends as a musician, must always be remembered as a most amiable host.'

"Here," says he, "would come Cherubini, and

Onslow, and Baillot, the violinist. The two former never performed themselves, and I remember that one evening that Liszt and Hiller had played a duet on the pianoforte with excessive brilliancy, Onslow, half applauding the splendor of the execution, half displeased with the *floriture* they had scattered over the composition, very innocently asked who had composed the piece. He was informed—and he had not suspected it—that it was *his own*!

"I once heard the greatest living French poet observe that there were then but two people of GENIUS in the world—Malibran and Liszt. Certainly, out of a thousand first-rate men, anybody would in ten minutes select Liszt as one of the foremost of them all. One night in particular he gave a public concert in Paris at the Salle St. Jean. When the last duet began I chanced to be sitting at the end of Liszt's instrument. As it proceeded I felt such a storm of energy in his performance, that the boards on which we were placed seemed to spring with life. It was a crash of notes—a passion so intense, so vehement, so violent, that it rose to a strong hysteric, and the artist, after one tremendous sweeping chord, fell back in the arms of his friends."

"With the name of Liszt the labor in hand closes; for being bound to omit all such professors of the art as have brought few additions to its resources, many admirable mechanists must necessarily be passed over."

"From what has been said, it will be readily deduced that our views of the prospects of pianoforte music are full of hope. It has been shown how that which is great and true in the elder masters of the art has not only stood its ground, but is increasingly made a rallying-point, while, even in that which is difficult and mechanical, whether in London, or Paris, or Vienna, there appears such a recognition of thought and purpose on the part of rising composers, as encourages us to expect that new styles may yet be invented, new works yet produced, based on sound foundations—and, therefore, of a permanent beauty and elevation. The chamber-musician, for whose pleasure and guidance the foregoing pages have been written, cannot for an instant mistake the line of study which we would recommend to him—nor be unaware that, in such recommendation, we have had a regard for the intellectual and moral developments of his sense of the Beautiful: as distinguished from the aimless and wasteful adoption of a pursuit as merely adding one to the pleasures of sense."

H. F. C."

The Cologne Saenger-Fest.

(From Letters on Music in Germany, by the Musical Critic of the London Morning Post.)

Amongst the most interesting of recent musical events in Germany was the grand "Cologne Snger-fest," given in aid of the fund for completing the cathedral. There was such a coming and going through the narrow streets of this far more ancient than commodious city—such hurrying to and fro in hot haste—such excitement amongst the rubicund, tight-laced, military officials—bewilderment of foreigners (especially Englishmen, who were present, of course, *en masse*) as one never sees in England, even at our greatest music meetings. It was really a sight to be remembered. The curious old gothic saints who stand, as you know, in equally curious little niches at quaint corners of still quainter streets, or lean in cleverly-balanced holiness and ingeniously-poised benevolence over shop or house doors, all seemed to have been dusted and furnished up for the occasion, and certainly looked, with their queer little eyes and sharp mediæval features, as if they took a keen interest in the festival and its receipts.

On the first morning, when I sallied forth in search of music and sights, everybody appeared to be running everywhere and arriving nowhere. Vainly did drums beat and trumpets sound—vainly did large bills in excessively bad type, placed upon inaccessible heights, with a glaring sun full upon them, offer their official information; for we could neither understand these (doubtless perfectly eloquent) military signals, nor the very high German of the placards. No programme

could I procure for the moment, and so rushed about, like many others, consoling myself with the reflection—"Cologne, after all, is not *very* large, and by going everywhere I must eventually get to the right spot, and that probably before nightfall."

At length, however, fortune threw in my way a gentleman, who, judging from his extraordinary corpulence, numerous decorations, and the almost incredible tightness of his stock and coat, I at once set down for an official of great importance, and to him I thought of addressing myself. The huge cheeks, heavily bubbling over the military neck fetter, the twinkling good-natured grey eyes, beside other favorable physical inclinations, inspired me with the belief that he would prove a kind and useful guide, *quand même*, and so having made up my mind to address him, I lost not an instant in doing so; for, to speak candidly, I had serious apprehensions of his earthly career being abruptly terminated before I could get the necessary information. He positively looked as if he might burst at any moment. Well, now I found out that the burgomaster and corporation, the patrons of the festival, Count Fürstenberg, Baron von Möller, General von Gansauge (*Anglicè* Goose-eye), and the members of the building committee were parading about to receive the various deputations of singers at the railway and steamboat stations. This was about 8 a. m. After wondrous cheering, "*willkommens*" and "*lebe-hochs*," military band performances, vigorous pushing, squabbling, flag-waving, &c., the singers, four hundred in number, were marched in triumph, under flying banners, through gaily decorated streets to the "Hof von Brabant," where they were again, and more formally, welcomed by the patrons, &c. Here a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and the ceremony of drinking the "Ehren-wein" performed. The "Ehren-wein" is the "wine of honor" offered to a distinguished guest; and rarely has there been heard such a chinking and tinkling of glasses as the "anstossen" of these many-hundred drinkers produced. After some complimentary and appropriate remarks from General von Goose-eye, and other patrons and members of the committee, came the distribution of cards of admission and programmes, which was effected in a becomingly methodical and pompous manner. Then, about 11 a. m. (they had been "at it" three hours already), we had the solemn procession of all concerned in the festival, amounting to nearly six hundred, which was really a very brilliant and grand thing of its kind. The white-faced houses, with their pretty green balconies, their door-posts wreathed with flowers, their windows crowded with spectators, and decorated from top to bottom with flaunting flags and gay devices, seemed to smile on the passing pageant as it moved over the Alten-markt, the Heu-markt, the Malthias-Follen, and Rheinaustrasse, amid the crash of military music and the shouts of the populace. At 3 o'clock p. m. was the *café-visite* in the Königs' Halle, and at 4 a grand concert by the 400 singers, including "prize singing" between the representatives of the various choral societies, no less than 20 of which had sent deputations to do honor to the occasion. At eight p. m. there was a grand ball in the Vaudeville Theatre, in the course of which the names of the victors in the prize singing were officially proclaimed amid acclamations. The first day's festival, that lasted from eight a. m. till about midnight—16 hours of promenading, shouting, staring, speechifying, singing, playing, eating, drinking, smoking, and dancing! Talk of the Englishman's capacity for enduring long entertainments after this!

I told you yesterday how the good people of Cologne celebrated the first day of their grand "Snger-fest" with unflagging zeal during sixteen hours, and have now to record the exhibition of similar powers of endurance on their part throughout the second day. On this occasion, however, there was less parading and fuss, but more music. The grand concert in the Königs-halle was indeed the chief attraction. The programme included, among other things, Weber's Jubilee overture; selections from Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, with the overture to the latter; the *Carnival of Venice*, with variations for a full orchestra, by one Hamm;

Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the "Wedding March," from the same, with the chorus of priests from Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. Some of the "prize singing" at the first concert, of which I have already spoken, was perfect in every respect. In England we have doubtless excellent choristers. Our sopranos are generally better than those of Germany, whilst the Teutonic basses, for the most part, surpass ours. In physical means, then, the two nations are (musically speaking) about on an equality; but it is by careful training, patient preparation, and more intelligent direction, that the Germans frequently realize a result which we rarely attain. The same thing may be said with respect to their orchestral performances. Even where the individual talent is smaller, the *ensemble*, owing to the above causes, is generally more satisfactory. English executants will not take sufficient trouble; they appear to have a national antipathy to rehearsals, and their directors, especially the chorus-master, are not always quite as enlightened and pains-taking as they might be. The eternal "Oh, it's all right!" and "It will 'go' at night," of the English orchestral players, are but too familiar to those unhappy composers who have even staked their reputation upon some new and important work, composed for our dear public, which criticizes, after all, more severely than any other. It is also no unusual thing to see choristers walk in at a last rehearsal, and even on that marvellous "night" of performance, when everything is sure to "*go*," with music in their hands which they never saw before. There is no question that the English orchestral players are wonderful readers and extraordinarily quick at catching the spirit of a new composition—Spohr, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and other unquestionable authorities, have borne honorable testimony to this fact; but they abuse their powers, and the consequence is, that they rarely play with that perfect *ensemble* and delicate observance of the *nuances* of expression which we find in many continental bands, even in those of smaller pretensions.

The local choral societies engaged in this amicable strife were those of the Concordia, Harmonie, and Handwerker-gesang-verein, whilst those of no less than twenty neighboring towns, some of which are scarcely more than villages, each sent in their contingent. Of course no invidious distinctions should be made, no condemnatory criticisms published, with respect to the performances of amateurs and artists, all of whom came forward to do their best in a good cause; but it may be stated, nevertheless, that although the separate executancy of some of the choirs was not always irreproachable, the general effect was highly honorable to all concerned. Certain pieces, indeed, in which the combined forces of the 400 were employed, were rendered with a precision, justness of intonation, and *chiaro-oscuro* which left nothing to wish for.

The ball in the evening, at the Vaudeville Theatre, was one of those frank, jolly, *gemüthlich* affairs, which one meets with only in Germany.

The concert of the following day served to display the powers of the band, numbering sixty performers, to considerable advantage. It certainly was not the best of the best; such as we may hear, for instance, in London or the great cities of the continent; but there was no lack, nevertheless, of that spirit of *ensemble*, observance of the accents, points of expression, and lights and shade, without which the efforts of the most dexterous players remain imperfect. We had more than enough of the "artiste of the future," Richard Wagner, whose confused, noisy, frantic, and almost impossible (!) overture to *Tannhäuser* taxed the powers of the band to the utmost, and must have absorbed for its rehearsal a very large portion of time and attention, which might have been much more profitably employed. The present ascendancy of this clever sophist over the musical mind of Germany, formerly so remarkable for the purity, soundness, and *echtheit* of its taste, is really extraordinary. It is quite delightful, after all this impotent raving—this "sound and fury signifying nothing"—to turn to the simply grand and beautiful chorus of Mozart,

the exquisitely poetical *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, and the clear, magnificently bright, and nobly joyous "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn, to all of which great justice was done by the band. The choristers again on this occasion distinguished themselves most honorably. The judges of the "prize-singing" were the cathedral kapellmeister, Leibl, Professor Breitenstein, the royal music-director, Töpler, Rheintaler, (favorably known to the London public through an oratorio of his composition performed last season at St. Martin's Hall), Schallmeyer, W. Herr, and ten others selected from the various choral societies. The prizes consisted solely of gold and silver medals and goblets, bearing appropriate inscriptions.

I am unable at present to tell you to what extent the building fund has been benefited by this admirable festival; but, judging from the very large attendance on each day, I am inclined to believe that a considerable sum must have been realized. It were unfair to close this notice without stating that the principal artists of the Cologne Opera, and the excellent band of the 33rd regiment of the line, also gave their assistance on the occasion, and contributed largely to the general attractions of the meeting. On the day following the festival, the first general assemblage of the "Christian Art Union of Germany" took place in Cologne. The meeting was inaugurated by the performance of High Mass in the cathedral, when Palestrina's celebrated "Missa Solennis" was given with perfectly sublime effect. Of this, however, and other things, I shall have more to tell you in my next despatch.

P. S. I re-open the parcel to inform you that His Majesty the King of Prussia has just sent the Red Order of the Eagle, fourth class, to M. Panzeron of Paris, whom Berlioz has immortalized as the physician for *Les Méloches Secrètes*. This news will greatly astonish the musical world of London and Paris, I assure you.

(From the New York Musical World.)

The New York Philharmonic Society.

From the annual report of this flourishing institution we make the following extracts, which will interest our readers:

"A season of unprecedented prosperity has proved to us that the interest enlisted in our performances is commensurate with our increased efforts to deserve it. In saying this, we would, however, not be understood as arrogating to ourselves absolute perfection. If we may be permitted to compare our concerts with those of our sister societies, for instance, the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, the Old and New Philharmonic Societies of London, and those of the Conservatoire of Paris, it will be found that, whatever superiority is reasonably claimed for them does not consist so much in the greater capabilities of the orchestra, individually considered, as in the perfection of its *ensemble*, attainable only after many years practising together. Ours, being comparatively a young society, is constantly gathering new strength by adding now only members of undoubted talent; many older members, who formed the nucleus of our society, having, in consideration of not constantly practising their respective instruments, with commendable self-denial relinquished their places in the orchestra, and by their outside influence and maturer council at our meetings, show that conscious pride of having been instrumental in forming (may we be allowed to say it?) the noblest institution of the kind in America.

"In referring once more to our trans-Atlantic brethren, we would state one more reason why the concerts of the Conservatoire are superior to ours, nay, as it is maintained, to all others, in the execution of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies; the fact is, they seldom play any other. Granting the unsurpassed beauties and grandeur of those immortal masters, it must doubtless appear strange to any one being used to such varied programmes as we present to our audiences, to learn that the no less admirable creations of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schubert, Gade, Robert Schu-

mann and others of more recent date, are scarcely known there. That the constant repetition of the same pieces, and the consequent familiarity of every musician with every note of them, there being so little change in the performance and the performers, must greatly contribute to a very perfect rendering of the same, cannot be wondered at, but to us it seems a doubtful policy, to say the least of it, nor would we have touched upon the subject if it were not for the purpose of answering those who, notwithstanding the variety of compositions brought before our audiences, complain of occasional repetitions of favorite pieces.

"Others more conservative, but doubtlessly as well meaning, would prefer to hear the compositions of the older masters oftener, find fault with us for introducing newer works. Under these circumstances, it will readily be admitted that it is not an easy task, if possible at all, to please every one. We have endeavored to do our best in this regard by pursuing a middle course, so as to satisfy the different predilections of our hearers. The programmes of our concerts will show that we generally have had one, if not two, new orchestral pieces in every concert. It is hoped that this explanation will prove satisfactory to our patrons, and we would be glad if we could dispose as easily of another complaint more serious, because more just.

"It is the insufficient accommodations of our associate members and subscribers at our concerts and rehearsals. The only apology we have to offer is, that unprepared as we were for so great an increase of our associate members, and being obliged to engage the rooms for concerts and rehearsals in advance and for the whole season, we could not go to a larger place, and therefore could do no more than stop the sale of extra tickets at rehearsals. This we did reluctantly, not on account of the pecuniary loss to us, but because we were violating the very condition on which the rehearsal tickets were bought, namely, that the same conferred the privilege of buying extra tickets at 50 cents each. At concerts the money has been returned in many instances, where complaint was made that no proper accommodation could be found. It is, however, confidently hoped that the new Board of Directors will exert themselves to the utmost to obliterate the remembrance of these grievances by more circumspect arrangements. In conclusion, we would urge upon actual members a continuance of that strict attention to their duties, and thank them for their co-operation in carrying out the principal object of our association, 'The improvement of instrumental music.'

The following condensed statement of the treasurer's report will show how the money comes and how it goes:

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Balance on hand from last season,..... | \$ 140 38 |
| Received by Scharfenberg & Luis,..... | 4,570 00 |
| " " L. Spier,..... | 4,520 50 |
| Total receipts,..... | \$9,230 88 |
| PAID OUT. | |
| Amount of Dividends,..... | \$5,077 25 |
| Rent—Niblo's Concert Room and Garden, and Mercer House,..... | 1,483 90 |
| Professional Aid,..... | 374 00 |
| Salaries—Secretary, Librarian and Messenger,..... | 342 75 |
| Doorkeeper and collecting,..... | 110 40 |
| Music, purchased, copied and arranged,..... | 101 91 |
| Advertising,..... | 128 10 |
| Printing,..... | 252 00 |
| Sinking Fund, amount drawn therefrom and refunded with interest,..... | 155 00 |
| " " amount of Fines,..... | 183 75 |
| Donation to Mrs. Sauer,..... | 68 50 |
| Sundries (fully explained in Secretary's Report),..... | 320 12 |
| Total expenditures,..... | \$8,596 78 |
| RECAPITULATION. | |
| Amounts received,..... | \$9,230 88 |
| " paid out,..... | 8,596 78 |
| Balance on hand, \$634 10 | |

From the more minute financial report, we learn that members have been fined, during the

year, to the extent of \$183 75; that lawyer-fees have been paid in \$30 00; that Mr. Bergmann received for his services \$150 00, and the Brothers Mollenhauer \$50 00.

That the system of the society is a rigorous one we learn from the fact that ten members (whose names are mentioned) have lost their membership in consequence of non-payment of taxes according to the constitution. The names of three associate members are also printed in full who have not paid their dues.

The orchestra comprises 28 violins, 10 violas, (led last year by Theo. Eisfeld) 8 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, 1 drum. Total 73.

Among 21 non-performing members of the orchestra, we find one of the editors of the *N. Y. Musical World*, Dr. Edward Hodges, organ, Wm. Scharfenberg, violin and piano-forte, H. C. Timm, trombone and piano-forte; we believe Mr. Timm also executes upon the big drum and cymbals when necessity require.

The honorary members of the society are as follows:

HONORARY MEMBERS.

| | |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| M. Henri Vieuxtemps,..... | 1843 |
| Herr Ole Bull,..... | 1843 |
| M. Leopold de Meyer,..... | 1845 |
| Mr. Joseph Burke,..... | 1846 |
| Dr. Louis Spohr,..... | 1846 |
| *Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy,..... | 1846 |
| M. Henri Herz,..... | 1846 |
| Sig. Camillo Sivori,..... | 1846 |
| Sig. Giovanni Bottesini,..... | 1850 |
| Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt,..... | 1850 |
| Mr. Jules Benedict,..... | 1850 |
| Mad. Henrietta Sontag,..... | 1852 |
| Mad. Marietta Alboni,..... | 1852 |
| Herr Carl Eckert,..... | 1852 |
| Master Paul Julien,..... | 1853 |
| Mr. Wm. Vincent Wallace,..... | 1853 |
| *Dr. Fridrich Schneider,..... | 1853 |
| Mr. Richard Hoffmann,..... | 1855 |
| Mr. Louis M. Gottschalk,..... | 1855 |
| Sig. Casare Badiali,..... | 1856 |
| Total 20. | |

Among the associate members we find the names of many distinguished persons in the community, such as Dr. Adams, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Berrian, George Bancroft, George W. Curtis, and many others beyond the mere B's in the alphabet, whose names we have not time to cull out. Whole families, we observe, subscribe yearly to the Philharmonic—families of four, five and six persons; and we doubt if any catalogue of names could be shown comprising so much of the solid respectability, the wealth, and even the fashion of this metropolis, as that of the Philharmonic.

The professional members of the society number 166. The subscribing members, 59.

The whole number of members, associate, professional and subscribing, is 1316.

On the whole, the New York Philharmonic Society is decidedly an institution, an honor to the community, and a musically-educating power in this city of inestimable value. Now that they have expanded beyond Niblo's, and are obliged to occupy the Academy of Music for the rehearsals as well as the performances, their star seems more than ever in the ascendant.

In the early history of the Philharmonic, it was patronized by mere fashionables, and as a matter of mere fashion. This of course could not last long, there being no real taste for orchestral music of an elevated quality. But the society, though languishing, still kept on, until it had fairly educated a musical public for itself. This public is largely increasing every year. It has reached the very best classes; the gayer part of the community, even, are beginning to fall in again, and the future success of the society seems beyond peradventure; and all this from an honest and persevering effort persistently to give good music and to educate people up to it.

REWARDING DRAMATIC GENIUS.—The management of one of the Paris theatres offered a prize for the best operetta, suitable for that establishment, and the result was that seventy-eight composers sent in pieces

to compete therefor. Auber, the composer of "Masaniello," and some other operas tolerably well known in the musical world, was at the head of the jury of examination who were appointed to award the prize. After five days' examination, the committee divided the candidates into three categories: the first comprising compositions of 'remarkable merit; the second, inferior works; and the third, those which were below an average. In the first were twenty-two works, in the second sixteen, and in the third forty. A further examination subsequently took place by the jury of examination, for the purpose of selecting the six candidates to whom is to be entrusted the manuscript on which the music of the operetta is to be written, and the following are the names, alphabetically arranged, of the persons definitively selected: MM. Bizet, second grand prize of Rome; Demersmann, Erlanger, Lecoq, Limagne, and Manquet.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 25, 1856.

Musical Instruments at the Fair.

The *Transcript* publishes a revised list of the awards at the late Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Méchanic Association. In the items which we gleaned from its first list, relating to Piano-fortes and Reed Organs, there are one or two corrections to be made. The Gold Medal, it appears, was awarded to CHICKERING & SONS, not only for their *Grand Piano*, but for the best *Grand*, *Semi-grand*, and *Parlor Grand* Pianos; and this was the only gold medal awarded for pianos. Silver medals were awarded to TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co. for *Grand Piano-forte*; to HALLETT, DAVIS & Co. for *Semi-Grand do.*; to CHICKERING & SONS for the best, and to JAMES W. VOSE for the second best *Square do.* Bronze Medals were awarded for *Square Pianos* to A. W. LADD & Co., TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., and HALLETT, DAVIS & Co.; and Diplomas for *Square Pianos* to BROWN & ALLEN, GEORGE HEWES, JACOB CHICKERING, and WM. P. EMERSON; also to A. G. CORLISS for his "Swell Mute Attachment" to the piano, exhibited by Chickering & Sons.

So much for Piano-fortes proper, considered as musical instruments. But we may as well complete the chapter by gleaning from the list of awards all that relate in any direct way to music. Premiums were freely lavished upon piano-forte cases, the mere cabinet maker's side of the matter. Certainly the hall was full of splendid instruments as pieces of furniture. Taste in externals, elegance of form, are surely to be commended. But we must dissent, as most musicians we believe do, from one of the new fashions in this particular. We mean the showy pearl keys, and the whim of rounding or scolloping the ends of the keys, to which nearly every maker except the Chickering appears to have yielded. Plain ivory, with straight ends, has proved the most truly elegant, as well as the most convenient to the touch, which is the great point. The awards for cases were: Silver Medals to CHICKERING & SONS, HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., and WM. P. EMERSON; Bronze medals to JACOB CHICKERING, JAMES W. VOSE, TIMOTHY GILBERT & Co., A. T. HOLIAN (for imitation rosewood,) and A. W. LADD & Co. (for *Grand Piano case*); Diploma to A. NEWHALL & Co.

The show of Pianos, as we have before said, was a remarkably fine one, and illustrated the progress of the art in a manner highly flattering

to this country. Perhaps we should say, to this city; for the one source of disappointment to us in this exhibition was the absence of all contributions from the manufacturers of other cities.

There were no specimens of Church Organs, for which our makers have a just fame, in the exhibition; but there were "any quantity" of those humbler substitutes for the Church Organ, the various sizes and modifications of reed organs, of the Melodeon family. The gold medal was carried off by the Organ Harmonium of Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN, noticed in our last; the silver medal, by the Melodeons of the same; the bronze medal, by the Melodeons of S. D. & H. W. SMITH; and Diplomas by the Melodeons of NICHOLS & GERRISH, and the "Tremolo Attachment" to the Melodeon, invented by L. LOUIS.

Various awards were made to other branches of the musical instrument family; to instruments sustaining a sort of second cousin relationship to the family; to methods of using instruments, and to materials employed in their manufacture. Under these various heads we find silver medals assigned to HENRY N. HOOPER & Co. for a chime of Twelve Bells, to THEODORE BERTELING for Flutes, and to NATHAN RICHARDSON for his "Modern School for the Piano-forte"; bronze medals, to E. G. WRIGHT for a Silver Bugle, to WHITE BROTHERS for Guitars and Violins, and to CHICKERING & SONS for Piano-forte Hardware; Diplomas to NATHAN RICHARDSON for Electrotpe Music Printing, to P. F. DODGE for Piano-forte Hardware, to ISAAH H. AREY (Boscawen, N. H.) for Violins, and to GEO. CLISBEE (Marlboro', Mass.) for a "Musical Chair" (!), in which a person has only to sit down to make music. Verily a "Yankee notion"!

When the report of the judges in this department shall be printed (as we understand the reports of all the judges will be in a book form), we shall doubtless have an intelligent critical view of the present state of the arts of musical instrument making, as illustrated in this exhibition.

Henry Squires, the American Tenor.

This gentleman, who has been pursuing his studies for the last four years in Naples, and who has appeared with great success in several of the operas of the "divine Verdi," as the Italians call him, is engaged in London, and may be expected in New York this winter. A friend sends us some slips from Neapolitan newspapers, describing his appearance at a concert given in the summer by the flutist CARLO CARAVOGGLIA, some extracts from which may be interesting to our readers. We translate first from *Il Giornale dei Giornali*:

We feel compelled to spend some words upon the American tenor, Signor Enrico Squires, a young artist already known to us by other public proofs which he has given, but who never has presented himself in an *accademia* (concert) of so much importance as that of Caravoglia, in which Squires, so far from remaining much behind the artists of San Carlo, with whom he appeared in competition, was a worthy companion of them. The voice of Squires is of good compass, good intonation, flexible to the finest vanishing, and will not lack that energy of accent which is ever required in the songs of the divine Verdi, when he shall have acquired more confidence with the Italian public. Whatever slightest incorrectness of method may be remarked in the voice of Squires, we think is owing to his English pronunciation and not to his taste, which in many points showed itself exquisite and perfectly Italian.

This sympathetic artist sang excellently well the Romanza from *Luisa Miller*; and not only were many plaudits lavished upon him at the end, but he was several times in the midst of the execution interrupted by *bene e bravo*. But where Squires showed himself a true artist was in the duet from the "Sicilian Vespers," in which he accompanied the admirable VIOLA, with whom he finely interpreted all the graces of this most beautiful piece.

Our next extract is from the *Giornale del Commercio*, which says:

. . . . Next came the duet from *I Vespri Siciliani*. It cannot be told with how much art and how much soul Signora Viola and Signor Squires executed those magic notes of the great Italian maestro. . . . Afterwards Squires sang the Romanza from *Luisa Miller*, and he put into it so much sentiment as to search the most hidden fibres of the heart and bring tears into the eyes. . . .

Another paper, *Il Palazzo di Cristallo*, says:

Sign. Enrico Squires is the tenor whom Caravoglia united with the prima donna and the baritone of San Carlo, by whose side Squires has a right to be placed; for if as a novice he wants that freedom in singing which comes from long practice of the art, and that readiness of Italian pronunciation which only one born in Italy can possess, he is furnished nevertheless with a most beautiful voice, for which we have reason to augur for him a splendid career.

The *N.Y. Times* translates from *La Rondinella*, Aug. 28, a notice of another concert given at Sorrento by this same Caravoglia, in which Mr. Squires assisted:

"The clear liquid voice of Sig. SQUIRES, with his pure accent, touched all. The B flat, in the cadenza of his first song was so well given that it enchanted everybody. In the duet from 'Rigoletto,' sung by SQUIRES and GINEVRA TAVINI, the sympathetic tenor displayed all the beauties of his lovely voice. But the crowning effort of all was in the divine 'Romanza' from 'La Favorita,' which was interrupted by the applause from the other artists, who could not restrain themselves owing to the pathos of feeling which the singer threw into it. All present were completely astonished, and confessed to have never before heard the 'Romanza' sung so well as by SQUIRES. In the 'Terzetto' from 'I Lombardi,' he showed a great deal of intelligence and dramatic passion."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20. I have been long absent, and returned to town only a few days ago. This may account for my remissness in correspondence. There has been, however, very little of importance going on in the musical world. The German opera has struggled on bravely, in spite of indifferent success at first, and seems to be gaining a firm footing. The orchestra and choruses, under Mr. BERGMANN's direction, are unanimously praised; the solo singers as unanimously condemned. Some additions to their corps arrived in the last German steamer, and others are expected in the next. It is to be hoped that they are an improvement upon the present members. Lortzing's *Undine*, concerning the merits of which opinions differ, has met with great success, and been given several times. But greater things are in store for us, if report says true, in the shape of *Fidelio*, the *Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, *La Dame Blanche*, and several smaller operas.

Apropos of *Fidelio*, I must tell you of an amusing discovery I made this summer. In an old paper of 1839 or thereabouts, which happened to fall into my hands, I found the following:

PARK THEATRE.—MADAME TAGLIONI'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

This Evening, Sept. 24, will be performed the farce of OUR MARY ANNE.

After which the 2d act of the Grand Ballet of LA SYLPHIDE.
La Sylphide, Madame Taglicni
James Reuben, Mous. Taglicni

After which, the 3d Act of FIDELIO.
Don Pizarro, Mr. Giubilei
Don Florestano, Mr. Mauvers
Rocco, Mr. Martyn
Jacquino, Mr. Edwin
Leonora, Mrs. Martyn
Marcelline, Miss Poole

After which, the Ballet of *NATHALIE*; or, *La Laitière Suisse*.
Nathalie. Madame Taglioni
Le Comète. Mons. Taglioni
 To conclude with the Farce of the *MISER'S DAUGHTER*.
Isaac Ivy. Mr. Chippindale
Anna Ivy. Mrs. Richardson

What say you to the company poor Beethoven has got into? I was not aware that *Fidelio* had ever been performed in this country, particularly in fragments, and hemmed in by farces and ballets.

For the many enjoyments which the summer has brought me, it has debarred me almost entirely from all musical advantages, and it was therefore with peculiar delight that, last Saturday, I listened once more to the wondrous harmonies of the great master, as set forth in the Fifth Symphony. The almost unanimous wish, too, of the subscribers was fulfilled by the rehearsals and concerts being advertised to take place in the Academy of Music—the only appropriate building for the object which the city contains. There was an unusually large attendance for the first rehearsal, and I think there were very many present who were very glad to see Mr. EISEL in the conductor's place once more. It is but due to him that it should be so. Nothing is said as yet about any Quartet Soirées from either of last winter's two sources. The *entrepreneurs* probably, with Mr. Thalberg, think it more prudent to postpone operations until after the election.

STRAKOSCH and PARODI and their party advertise a concert for Wednesday evening.

I conclude with an anecdote, which I give on good authority. A well known professor of music in our city was one day called upon by an individual from a small Western town, who introduced himself as a fellow musician and teacher. He stated that, having six weeks vacation, he had come on to New York to perfect himself in the different branches of his profession, and wished to take lessons on the piano, violin, harp and flute, and in singing, harmony, and composition. He devoted his whole time to the pursuit of knowledge under these forms; but at the end of the six weeks the professor, who had superintended his efforts upon the piano and violin, had found it utterly impossible to instill into him any acquaintance with the latter, and on the former had written for him a piece suited to his capacities, which were below any but the very easiest compositions. This piece, a Swiss air, with variations, the pupil, whom we will call John Smith, had mastered, at least to his own satisfaction. He took his departure, and nothing more was heard of him for some time. At last, one fine day, the professor received a paper from his pupil's place of residence, which contained the announcement of a "Grand Concert by Professor John Smith, assisted by his pupils." The programme consisted of a long array of polkas, waltzes, quicksteps, songs, etc., but the chief attraction was the "Grand Finale," which was this: "Swiss Air with Variations, composed expressly for and dedicated to Professor J. S. by the celebrated Signor —, conductor of the — concerts in New York, etc., arranged by Prof. J. S. for thirty-two hands on sixteen pianos." (!!!) It is hardly necessary to suggest the probability of the "arrangements" being in *unison*, and there being more "variations" in the execution of the different performers than in the composition.

Musical Chat.

Thus far sixteen performances have been given by the German company at Niblo's, in New York, including five operas, *Robert*, *Stradella*, *Masaniello*, *Freischütz* and *Undine*. New singers are arriving. Mlle. JOHANNSEN, from the Frankfort Theatre, has come, and was to appear in the *Freischütz* as Agatha on Thursday evening. She will also take the principal part in *Fidelio*. As soon as the expected baritone,

Herr BECKER, comes, the *Nachtlager von Granada* (Encampment at Granada), by Kreutzer, will be produced. . . . Sig. BERNARDI, the baritone who gave so much pleasure here in the PARODI and STRAKOSCH concerts, will not continue with them, we understand. His appearance in public is only occasional, he being well established for some two years past as a teacher in Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gave a concert on the 1st of this month at Albany, assisted by Mr. WILLIAM MASON and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, the tenor singer. It gave unbounded satisfaction. Miss Phillipps also made a very fine impression this week in the part of Azucena in the Italian Opera here in Boston.

THALBERG, it appears, has composed two operas, *Florinda*, and *Christine of Sweden*. Thalberg married the daughter of Lablache. He visited Rio Janeiro last year, and he waits until after the 4th of November, to see "the Union saved," before he begins his concerts in North America, reversing the Napoleonic saying, thus: After the deluge, me, Thalberg! Just before his departure from Europe, Thalberg played in a concert (the first time for many years) given by the Philharmonic Society at Boulogne. The room was crammed, and the great pianist performed three of his grand piano solos, viz: his Barcarole and Fantasias on *Masaniello* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*; also a piece from the *Puritani* on the Orgue d'Alexandre, or Organ Harmonium, which excited unbounded enthusiasm. It was his first public performance on this instrument, and Messrs. Berlioz and Fiorentino went from Paris to be present.

Miss MARIA MUELLER, a cousin of JENNY LIND, has been engaged as contralto for the French opera at New Orleans. . . . LORINI, the tenor, and Madame WHITING LORINI have been singing at Dublin. The *Post* says:—"Mme. LORINI is an American lady, of Irish origin, according to the statements in the newspaper; she is young, attractive, and talented, and sings with energy and effect. She was much applauded, and was especially effective in the concerted pieces. . . . CARL CZERNY, the indefatigable composer, has now reached *opus* eight hundred and fifty-three of original works, which embraces no less than two thousand two hundred and eighty-three separate numbers. Besides this, however, he has, of unpublished larger works, numerous masses, symphonies, etc.

Of Mme. ANGRI, who comes with her sister (soprano), and her husband (a conductor of repute), the *New Yorker* says: "She has a superb voice, and is a finished artiste; she was one of the mainstays of the Royal Italian Opera, London, during its early struggle with Her Majesty's Theatre, and completely electrified the dilettanti by her singing. She has a 'noble presence,' completely eclipsing the 'magnificent' Vestrali in person; combining all the latter's dash and brilliancy—whilst as a vocal artiste, she is infinitely her superior."

Advertisements.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE

Has the honor to announce that she will open three new classes for the instruction of Young Ladies on the PIANO-FORTE, on

Monday Forenoon, Nov. 3d,
for very far advanced young ladies.

Tuesday Afternoon, Nov. 4th,
for young misses who have already begun.

Wednesday, November 5th,
for young misses, beginners.
Applications to be made at No. 55 Hancock Street.

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL

Proposes to give his FOURTH SERIES of FOUR SOIRÉES, At the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, during the months of December, January, February and March, on Saturday evenings to be hereafter specified.

Subscription for the Series, in packages of four tickets, \$3. Subscription lists may be found at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, and at the music stores.

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN beg leave to inform their friends and the public that the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association have awarded them a GOLD MEDAL for their new musical instrument, the Organ-Harmonium, and a SILVER MEDAL for their Melodeons, exhibited at the Fair of 1856. The highest premium (a SILVER MEDAL) has also been awarded us for the best Melodeon by the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pittsburgh, September, 1856. First Premiums have also been awarded our Organ-Harmoniums by the following State Fairs:—Vermont State Fair, held at Burlington; New Jersey State Fair, held at Newark; Ohio State Fair, held at Cleveland; all held during the month of September, 1856:—making Six First Premiums in one month!!

N. B.—Our Melodeons and Organ-Harmoniums have taken the FIRST PRIZE over all competitors in every Fair at which they have been exhibited. The Organ-Harmonium is a new musical instrument of our own invention (holding two patents for it) for church and parlor use. We make two styles of it, one with, and the other without, pedal bass. The one with pedal bass contains eight stops, two rows of keys, two octaves of pedals, an independent set of pedal reeds, and a swell pedal. Price \$400. The other style is precisely the same with the exception of the pedals. Price \$350. Prices of Melodeons from \$60 to \$175. Price of Organ Melodeons \$200.

For descriptive circulars and further information address

MASON & HAMLIN,
Cambridge St. (cor. of Charles,) Boston, Ms.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co., Music Publishers and Dealers in Musical Merchandise, at No. 13 Tremont Street, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

GEO. P. REED.
GEO. D. RUSSELL.

Boston, October 15th, 1856.

COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that GEO. D. RUSSELL, of the late firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co., Music Dealers, 13 Tremont Street, and NATHAN RICHARDSON, Music Dealer, 282 Washington Street, have this day formed a Copartnership under the name and firm of RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, successors to Geo. P. Reed & Co. and Nathan Richardson. They will continue the Music Business in all its branches, and trust, by a strict attention to all orders with which they may be intrusted, to merit a continuance of the favors which have been so liberally bestowed upon them heretofore.

RUSSELL & RICHARDSON,
(Successors to Geo. P. Reed & Co. and Nathan Richardson.)

A CARD.

THE subscriber, having disposed of his entire interest in the late firm of Geo. P. Reed & Co. to Messrs. Russell & Richardson, takes this opportunity to thank his friends and patrons for their past liberal patronage, and to solicit a continuance of the same to his worthy successors, whose knowledge of the business in its various departments, and extensive facilities, are a sufficient guaranty that all orders will receive the most prompt attention.

GEO. P. REED.

TO PIANO-FORTE PLAYERS.

THE undersigned would call the attention of all who desire to possess the works for piano-forte solo by the greatest masters, to a new, correct, and elegant stereotype edition now issuing from the press in Germany. Depending upon a very extensive sale of this edition, the publisher has put his prices so low that no one who really desires to carry the practice of the instrument beyond the performance of a few songs, polkas, quicksteps, and the like, need be deprived of complete sets of the grandest and most beautiful works yet composed for the Piano-Forte.

The edition already extends to the following works, which are ready for delivery:—

THE PIANO-FORTE SONATAS OF BEETHOVEN, 32 in number, in two volumes, comprising over 450 pages of music.

THE COMPLETE PIANO-FORTE WORKS OF MOZART, for two and four hands, in two volumes: Vol. I. containing 19 Sonatas for two hands; Vol. II. containing 22 pieces, consisting of Rondos, Fantasias, Adagios, Minuets, Variations and the like, for two hands, together with four Sonatas and several other pieces for four hands.

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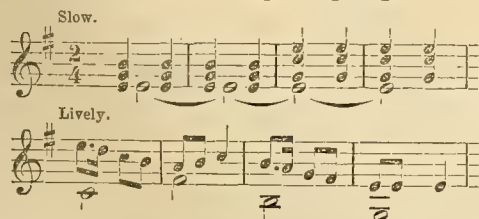
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The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

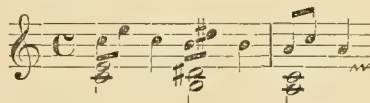
(Continued from page 26.)

We have already said that the Hungarian music inclines peculiarly to the Minor. It loves best to pour out its sorrow into the lap of the minor mood; nay, even where it throws itself into the fresh Major, it gladly returns, as if homesick, to its forsaken love. I cannot refrain from offering my readers here a short and altogether attractive example. After the *Magyar nota* has proceeded some measures in a gloomy, brooding, caravan-like slow movement, it falls into the arms of the major mood. This dualism of feeling appears in the following brief passage:



And how much nobler and more glorified is a complaint which bears its grief manfully in the major! What a sadness is expressed in the Irish and Swabian popular songs, in spite of the fact that they all move in the major! But of this we will say more hereafter, when we have occasion to speak more fully of the spirit of the Hungarian popular music in its relation to the people's melodies of other nations; and now a few words about the harmonic accompaniment which the Hungarian tunes require. In the first place, all the arts of counterpoint, by which consecutive octaves are forbidden, are to be excluded, if not only the melody, but also its harmonic ground-

work, are to be genuine Magyar. Whoever would apply to a genuine Hungarian melody the square and compass of his school-learning, or the system of our modern German music, would destroy it entirely. There may indeed be cases where the contrary movement, for instance, cannot well be avoided; but in very many cases it is the *motus rectus* or direct movement, which, with the exception of pure, consecutive fifths, gives in the economy of parts of a *Magyar nota* the only genuine accompaniment, in perfect correspondence with the spirit of the given tune, no matter how many consecutive octaves it may lead to. Unfortunately one part of Hungary itself, which has been educated in the system of our artificial music, has lost its balance by the means, sees the melodies of its nation through the spectacles of the acquired system, and ruins where it tries to make good. Thus I have found the above cited passage of the *Rákoczy* march, in nearly all the printed Hungarian arrangements, except that by Franz Liszt, spoiled and perverted not only in its harmony, but partly also in its melody; in the melody, instead of D sharp, a D; in the harmony, instead of the *motus rectus* in octaves and sixths, the artificial *motus contrarius*, which is here entirely out of place. Thus, instead of:



we come to read:



and whatever more such heresies there may be against the genius of the Hungarian muse. This thing has been carried to the most absurd length by Erkel, the present kapellmeister of the Hungarian National Theatre in Pesth, who in his arrangement of the *Rákoczy indulo*, dares to offer to the musical world an actual monster of bad taste and perversion of the genuine. Accordingly I warn all amateurs against the same, and beg them not to be deceived by the pompous dedication to Liszt, whose half portrait is made to serve as a shield for Erkel's perversions. It surely is no honor to the kapellmeister of the Hungarian National Theatre in Pesth, that a foreigner, who has not passed in all more than three months in Hungary, should have to tell him what Hungarian music is!

It has always been a wonder that, in the great mixture of nationalities, the Hungarian music has still preserved itself in whole families and countries in its original purity. Of the Magyars I may name here the prominent appearance of

an Emile von Kabinyi, by birth and spirit one of the first women of her nation. Magyar in body and soul, she is so also in that part of the national life which suns itself in the beams of musical art. I had in Pesth the great good fortune to make the acquaintance of this lady, and to her masterly performance of Hungarian airs on the piano, to which I often was allowed to listen, I am indebted for the most instructive conclusions on the nature of the Hungarian music. And here I have reached the point where I must say a word about the national music of Hungary in the concrete. We cannot speak of Hungarian song without glancing for a moment at the language and literature which go hand in hand with it.

The Hungarian language has the closest connection with the tones, which make up with it an articulate song. Only through the pliancy and softness of the Hungarian language is so abrupt and singular a rhythm possible, as reigns in the Hungarian vocal music. This language which, with the exception of certain natural words, like father, mother, &c., stands in no connection with any other European language, dead or living; and this music, which meets us as a no less strange phenomenon, form, when united in song, a picture so original that it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to set a German (or English) text to a Hungarian melody. Try, for example, to sing German (or English) words, no matter what, to that first cited *Magyar nota* in G major, with its three and seven-bar rhythm, and you will be convinced of the almost impossibility of transplanting this song upon German soil; it were to rob it of its rhythmical bloom, so that it would stand there like a tree stripped of its leaves.

If the outward form of the Hungarian songs, apart from the music, bears in and for itself, through the originality of the language, an exceedingly peculiar stamp, still more is this the case as it regards the intrinsic matter of these songs. It is a true *flower-language*, which is conveyed in the Hungarian people's poetry. One cannot address his beloved more tenderly than this poetry does in the words: *galambam*, my little dove; *rózám*, my rose; *bimbom*, my rosebud; indeed, there are places in the Hungarian popular airs, where the Hungarian showers all these epithets at once upon his sweetheart, as for example, at the close of a strain already quoted:



Music and text in these two measures convey the inmost, tenderest language of love. Here belongs a word, which, on account of its untranslatable-ness as well as of its truly musical sound, I

cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting. It is the word *gyöngörű*, which expresses every excellence that can be conceived of. . . . Among the songs which have seemed to me best fitted to translate, is one whose text is distinguished by a truly deep poetic thought, and which I here add as a type of the Hungarian popular song. Both melody and text are contained in the first volume of my forthcoming collection of Hungarian popular songs with German text. (Here follows the German text, which we translate as closely as we can, preserving the accent.)

I.

Tree and root are rent asunder !
I and darling (rose) torn apart !
As the leaf in
Autumn falleth,
Part I forever-
More from thy arms !
Forever !

II.

Down in the rushes
Houseth the wild duck ;
On the cornfield
Grows the fruit ;
But where groweth
Maiden's troth now ?
Ah ! such a spot I
Never may witness,
Never !

III.

If thou knew'st that
Thou didst not love me,
Why hast enticed me so ?
Hadst thou in peace but left me,
Then another
Might have loved me,
Yes, have loved !

IV.

Open thy window,
O my rosebud !
From the village
Now I go !
Ah, one only
Look from thee now !
No more, ah ! no more
Meet we hereafter !
No more !

. . . The rhythm of the melody to these words is that of twice five measures. These songs consist mostly of complaints of the inconstancy of maidens; and it is this everlasting complaint which gives them something monotonous in spite of their originality.

If the Hungarian language and music are well suited to each other, still better is this music in its unbroken and wild rhythm suited to be played on instruments; and we may in fact maintain that the Hungarian popular music has eminently chosen the instrumental for the organ of its revelations; accordingly that it is more instrumental than it is vocal music. This is a further point of peculiarity in this music; for generally it is the human voice through which a nation loves to give expression to its musical ideas. The "Marseillaise," "God save the King," the Austrian *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, the Russian hymn, &c., these heroes of national song, are all born for song and came out at one cast with their text. The hero of the Hungarian national music, on the contrary, is an instrumental march, fit for anything but singing. I mean the famous, truly national *Rákoczy indulo*, which is so closely interwoven with the popular life of Hungary. And yet perhaps there is no nation with which the music stands in so intimate a relation with the whole character and occupation of the people, as

the Hungarian. This march operates like an electric shock upon the spirit of the *Magyar ember*; he finds in it everything that can move him—his pain, his joy, his hope, his sorrow. Under the influence of its sounds hundreds of *Honveds* have rushed to battle and to death; and no music speaks so intelligibly to the Hungarian heart as this pattern of a national music. Later times, to be sure, have more Hungarian marches to point to. The most famous are the "Kossuth March," the *Werbungs-marsch*, the "Klapka March," &c. But none of them has the genuine national stamp of the *Rákoczy indulo*; and beautiful and actually inspiring as they all are, they are too little characteristic representations of the Hungarian national music to receive a more minute appreciation here, where we would have to do only with the genuine. Least of all does the *Hunyadi March* betray the Hungarian spirit; nearly all traces of genuine Hungarian music are wholly lost in it.

We now come to ask: What are the principal organs of the Hungarian instrumental music? Who practices it the most? And how is it performed in contra-distinction from the People's Song? What kinds of instrumental music has the Hungarian nation?

I have already mentioned a race of people known to us all by their scattered and nomadic life, by their mysterious origin, by good and bad peculiarities; I mean the Gipsies. Scattered over the whole of Europe, they exist in the greatest numbers in Hungary, where for centuries they have become so domesticated that they have almost come to have settled dwelling-places, and many of them, by marriage and so forth, have become quite Magyarized. They like to be called "New Hungary," and love Hungary as their native land. Could there in fact be a land which could better please such a wandering family for its abode, than a land with this climate, with these immeasurable fruitful plains, carrying the eye off into the infinite, about the Theiss and Marosch—a land whose vegetation, by its extraordinary luxuriance, by its rich growth of plants and so forth, reminds one of far more Southern, non-European countries, out of which these dark brown birds of passage emanate? Here was the only part of Europe where they could in some sort find a compensation for their lost home; here, therefore, a great part of them made halt in their wanderings, and thought: "It is good to be here, let us build huts." The propensity to uncleanness also, so deep rooted in the Gipsies, could find plentiful nourishment in the vast morasses on the Theiss.

If every people are a growth of the soil upon which they are born, the same is true of all the branches of their spiritual life. The Hungarian music is in part so very much the expression of the physical characteristics of the land, that one feels tempted to say, that no one can have but a partial understanding of it unless he is acquainted with Hungary itself. Hence it is so extremely difficult for a foreigner to enter into the spirit of this music, so that the Magyar shall say to his delivery of it: "That is Hungarian." Thus, for example, amongst all the piano virtuosos who have visited Hungary from abroad, not a single one has played in genuine Hungarian style. What has commonly been done by a Thalberg, a Dreychock, a Wilmers, has been to take a favorite Hungarian popular air, trick it

out with brilliant, but exceedingly *fade* and soulless variations, and in this garb bring it before the ears of the Pesth public, who, because they have detected their familiar theme concealed under these monstrous runs and leaps, and because their taste has got perverted and corrupted by the hearing of all sorts of music, have shouted out their *eljen* (hurra) to these gentlemen, and, without knowing it, have mocked themselves. The music of a nation is like other nobler growths, which spring out of the domestic soil; hence every foreigner, of whatever nation he may be, so soon as he has been established in a country for some time, acquires the habit of the people among whom he lives, not merely through the social intercourse, but also because he breathes the same air, drinks the same wines, and so forth. I remark this merely to explain a phenomenon which I have now to communicate. The Magyars themselves confess it, not without shame, that the Gipsy musicians, who have grown up in their country, are the best players of the Hungarian national music; observe, I say merely *players*; the invention remains with the Hungarians. These remarkable popular musicians have an extraordinary talent for instrumental playing; they have less talent for invention, and least of all for song. The Hungarian Gipsy merely *plays* Hungarian; he sings little or not at all; and what is his principal instrument, and at the same time the principal instrument of the Hungarian popular music? It is the *Dulcimer* or *Cimbalo*. This instrument, consisting of a triangular wooden frame, with a bottom and sounding board, over which wires by twos or threes are stretched upon bridges, which are struck with two wooden hammers, covered on the upper part with cloth or leather, is peculiarly fitted to infuse into the little Gipsy orchestra that palpitating, feverish, tremulous essence, by which the performance of a *Magyar nota* gains so much. With this are associated the String Quartet, together with the Contrabasso and also quite willingly the Clarinet. On the contrary all other instruments, as Oböes, Flutes, Fagotti, Horns, Trumpets, &c., are entirely excluded from a Hungarian Gipsy orchestra.

What does the Gipsy produce with these instruments? Is his music, is the popular instrumental music any mere dance music? Essentially perhaps; but ere the dancing mood begins, ere joy and appetite for pleasure hurry the *Magyar ember* into dance and play, and make him forget himself, he must first, in the slow, sustained tones of a *Lassú* (Adagio), in the Minor, pour out his complainings, roll away the sighs which hold his soul imprisoned in a melancholy gloom. Not suddenly can his soul plunge into the fresh major tones of his national dances; nay, he often clings to the dear minor mood after his sadness is supposed to have given place to idle joy and pleasure. The kind of music which we would here indicate is called in general *Csárdás*. This signifies both the dance itself and the dance music; and as every Hungarian dance is preceded by an introductory *Lassú*, this also is included in the term. The *Lassú*, soaring beyond the possibility of being represented as a dance, is usually followed by a *Frisdés*, or Allegretto, of a quicker movement, but usually kept also in the minor, yet shaped already to the dance, but only for the *solo* dance of men. If the *Magyar ember* allows himself to be drawn away from his sombre

mood into a dance, it is at first only a *solo* dance; self-satisfied, he spins round in a circle and as yet covets not an object for his love; only when the third part in this psychological economy of the dance, with its quick, strong strokes, has hurried him completely out of himself, does he begin to know no moderation and no goal. His eye sparkles, his feet stamp, like those of an untamed horse. To think: It is good that a man do not remain alone, and to grasp at a maiden, are one act, and he begins with her that wild, unbridled dance, which is called *Csárdás* in the narrower sense of the word, or by way of distinction, *Friss* (i. e., Allegro, Presto). Already in the *Lassú* the dull brooding, in which the soul of the *Magyar ember* swims, is crossed by some occasional gleams of enthusiasm; but in the *Frised* the dark clouds of sadness begin first to break away, and the *Friss* tears away entirely the thin veil which yet lay on his soul and left him in a self-contented solitude; now no repose is longer to be thought of; from melancholy it becomes impetuous passion; from pain unbounded pleasure; in short, his *Me*, delivered from itself, riots and storms away until his feet refuse their service.

I have had here before my eyes, out of several *Csárdás*, the *Deberczini Csárdás* especially, whose *Lassú* furnishes the music to the above-mentioned people's song. Now it is the *Lassú* in which the Hungarian Gipsy shows his instrumental talent in the most brilliant manner. So far from playing the *Magyar* melody as it is sung, he suddenly conceives it instrumentally; at the moment that he transfers it to his instrument, the violin or dulcimer, these instruments in their whole compass stand before his eyes, and so he transforms the vocal melody into an instrumental piece, in which the given tune serves as a *canto fermo*, about which he lets his instrumental figures, runs, *mordenti*, and all the possible embellishments of symphonic figuration, play and flicker.

[To be continued.]

The Musical Festival at Darmstadt,

ON THE 31ST AUGUST AND THE 1ST SEPTEMBER.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

Although my limited leisure, while travelling, does not permit me to write a very full account, especially when, on account of the fabulous influx of persons in Darmstadt and Frankfurt, I lost in the former place more than three hours, before it came to my turn to get a seat, and, in the latter, was obliged, after a hundred fruitless inquiries at all sorts of lodgings, not excepting the principal guard-house, to pass the night in the street—all of which is literally true—I will yet at least partly fulfil my promise, if only by a few rhapsodical remarks.

When I begin by informing you that, on the two festival days, Darmstadt was thronged by from forty to fifty thousand persons, mostly visitors, I do not at all exaggerate, but rather somewhat understate the actual number, which was thus extraordinarily favorable for the baptism of this youngest child of the Rhenish Festivals, and the *Mittelrheinischer Musik-Verband* of the *Gesang-Vereine* of Darmstadt, Mainz, Mannheim, and Wiesbaden, may congratulate itself on the event, and accept it as a good omen for the future.

If you now ask me whether it was worth while to throw all the directors of our various means of transport into such a state of alarm, that many of them no longer knew which way to turn, and would have been in danger of harnessing the horses behind the coaches, had not the place of those animals long been supplied by machines,

* The translation is from the *Lond. Musical World*.

which can shove as well as drag, I must answer, "Most certainly." Taken as a whole, this first *Mittelrheinisches Musikfest* was a very splendid one, and justified its name, since it was marked by quite as much (and, perhaps, more) *fest* (festival) as music. There was no want of judicious arrangements for everything and everybody; of friendly and hearty welcome of all persons concerned without distinction, whether they gave their services as amateurs, or for a stipulated sum; of obliging care for their accommodation, or of measures for their protection against any fleeing propensities on the parts of hosts and their colleagues. All these things, we must confess with a due regard for truth, were better managed than they have been in the *Niederrheinische Musical Festivals* for years. To this we must add the vivacity and sympathetic liveliness of the inhabitants of the district of the Middle Rhine. They have something about them of the South German character, and are, perhaps, not so solid; but, on that very account, not so formal, tight-laced, stiff-collared and glacé-gloved as we North Germans, and, therefore, they pay a more natural homage to jollity and pleasure, and do not, on every occasion, first beg the gracious permission of etiquette to amuse themselves.

Thus the festive processions and social meetings—which, in the case of the festivals of the Lower Rhine, very often exist only in the programme, and are so rarely to be found in reality—that, as is well known, we frequently come to the solemnly announced place of rendezvous without finding a solitary individual, to say nothing of a member of the committee—were, here in Darmstadt, the most brilliant points of the festival. The *Wood-festival*, which took place on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd September, on the Ludwigshöhe, was not only amusing and elevating, from the charms of this beautiful spot, and the magnificent view over the valley of the Rhine, but was distinguished by the highly liberal hospitality of all the persons acting in the name of the Festival committee. Really brilliant and imposing, also, were the grand processions, which, on the afternoon of the same day, moved through the principal streets of the town to the grand circus, on the Drilling-ground, where the grand Duke and his court awaited them. The rehearsal and concert tickets admitted the persons connected with the festival in the circus.

These processions were eleven in number, and represented:—1. The three provinces of Hesse, and all their national costumes.

2. The old *Katten* and *Cherusker*, after the *Hermannsschlacht*, with the Roman spoils.

3. The old German heroes, from the sagas of the *Nibelungen*.

4. The Middle Ages, the Confederated Rhenish Cities, the Hessian Knightly Confederation, and the Tournament held at Darmstadt in the year 1403.

5. The old guilds (among the printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schaffler).

6. The Frankenstein *Exelschen*, at Bossungen and Darmstadt. Immediately after this came—

7. The foundation of the Giessen University (1607) and of the Darmstadt Gymnasium.

8. A stag-hunt, on foot and horseback, in the reign of Louis VIII.

9. The Pirmasenser guard.

10. Arts and sciences, industry, trade and agriculture.

11. The eleven guilds, arranged in the order of the workmen.

Everything connected with these processions—the idea and execution—the men and horses—the costumes and equipments—the order and bearing—was admirable. There is no doubt that the munificent assistance afforded by the artistic Grand-Duke, who, according to the report, placed the entire rich wardrobe of the Grand Ducal theatre, consisting of some four hundred dresses, at the disposal of the committee, had a very large share in this.

His Royal Highness had also given the use of the Arsenal for the musical performances, and this brings one to the music, which I will by no means place in the back ground. I must preface my remarks, however, by saying that we must

not be so strict in our requirements from its representatives, who take part in such a *Verein* for the first time, or from their leaders, as we are justified in being when we have to do with performers who have enjoyed the practice and experience of a long series of years.

The crowd of singers and instrumentalists was very great. As it may interest you to know the vocal strength of the district, exclusive of that of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, I forward you the following summary of the *vocal part* from the printed book:

| | Sopr. | Alt. | Ten. | Bass. | Tot. |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------|------|------|-------|------|
| 1. Darmstadt a. Musik-verein | 66 | 52 | 39 | 53 | 210 |
| b. Mozartverein | — | — | 23 | 32 | 55 |
| c. Harmon. Sängerkranz | — | — | 23 | 15 | 38 |
| d. Counter-tenors from the Grand Ducal Gymnasium, | — | 37 | — | — | 37 |
| 2. Mainz Liedertafel and Damen-gesang-verein, | 28 | 18 | 42 | 64 | 152 |
| 3. Mannheim Musik-Verein, | 19 | 12 | 7 | 14 | 52 |
| 4. Weisbaden Cäcilien-Verein and Männer-gesang Verein, | 30 | 15 | 26 | 29 | 100 |
| 5. Giessen Akademischer Gesang-Verein, | 25 | 11 | 16 | 30 | 82 |
| 6. Offenbach Gesang-Verein, | 17 | 11 | 15 | 13 | 56 |
| Alzei, | 2 | — | 1 | — | 3 |
| | 187 | 156 | 192 | 250 | 785 |

To these add 64 violins, 21 violas, 20 violoncellos, 15 bass-violons, making with the rest altogether 155 in the orchestra, and you have a musical body of 950 members, or, with all drawbacks, at least more than 800, worthy of all respect. But the quality, also, was good in every instance, the voices were round and fresh, and the skill of the instrumentalists excellent. Most of the choruses in the *Messiah*, produced under the direction of Herr C. A. Mangold, Grand Ducal Musical Director, on the first day of the festival, went very well, while some (the "Hallelujah" for instance) admirably. Others were deficient in spirit, and were not distinguished by that classical and always calm power over the subject with regard to certainty of form and treatment. This was, also, evident in Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. On the second day, the chorus, which was, on the whole, magnificent, had, unfortunately, far too little to do, and, indeed, the second part of the programme on the second day was not quite calculated for the importance and dignity of a Musical Festival. It is a matter for consideration whether the arrangement by which the principal performances were not fixed for the evening, but for half-past three in the afternoon, is one to be imitated. A great deal is to be said in its favor, still, during the warm season, the temperature is against it.

The solos were entrusted to Madame Leisinger, of Stuttgart (soprano, a beautiful woman with a beautiful and agreeable voice; her style of singing was especially suited to the part of *Lorelei*, in which she greatly distinguished herself); to Mlle. Diehl, of Frankfurt (who possesses a soft, pleasing voice); to Herr Grill, of the Darmstadt Grand Ducal Theatre (an especially fine tenor, with a nobleness of style which is, now-a-days, really a rarity), and to Herr Stephen (Bass) of the Mannheim Theatre, whose services are the more deserving of recognition, as he took the part without the slightest preparation, in consequence of Herr Stockhausen, for whom it was intended, being attacked with hoarseness at rehearsal, and obliged to give up the part. However admirable Stockhausen may be as a *Lieder* singer, experience has proved that it was a mistake on the part of the committee to engage him for the airs in the *Messiah*, for which he has not power. He will as a rule, be found deficient in this point whenever he has to sing in the areas required by the colossal performances of musical festivals. Every time that he forces his small voice, in order to satisfy the exigencies of the case, the same thing that happens here will be sure to recur. But on the second day, also, when he was set down in the programme for a French air, and one or two German songs, he did not appear—a fact which was certainly to be regretted, and produced a very unfavorable effect upon a large portion of the audience.

The second concert was directed by Herr L. Schindelmeyer, *Hof Capellmeister*. The programme of the first part was good: Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. The execution of the symphony did not, it is true, attain that degree of precision and expression, nor that inspiring force and energy which it requires, and the festival orchestras of the Lower Rhine are superior in all these particulars. As I could not attend the rehearsals, I cannot positively say whether many a defect in the performance, which, however, was on the whole an imposing one, was the fault of the orchestra or the conductor. I must, however, protest against the quickened time of the fugue movement in the funeral march, as if the horsemen were then advancing in a trot; it is precisely here that breadth and weight, in time, tone, and expression are appropriate and absolutely necessary. It is true that the time of the entire movement must not drag too much.

In the second part, which contained something of everything (with regard to which we must, in justice, remember that this second part was meant to fill the place, as it were, of the so-called Artists' Concerts, on the third day at the festivals of the Lower Rhine), Vieuxtemps' performance was, naturally, the most brilliant and most worthy of mention. The performance of an otherwise very excellent pianist and thorough musician, Herr Pauer, must, in comparison, be placed in the background. Herr Pauer played a rondo, by Weber, and a "Cascade," of his own composition—certainly not an appropriate selection for a musical festival. Solos for the pianoforte, without orchestral accompaniments, are in no way adapted for such an occasion, any more than were songs (sung by M^{rs}. Leisinger and M^{rs}. Diehl), although Schubert's "Erlkönig" is a magnificent composition. In this the first-named lady, who, in other respects, is an excellent artist, did not satisfy us as in *Lorelei*, in which she was really admirable.

There was no scarcity among the audience of artists and conductors from other parts of Germany, although there was not so large a gathering of them as at Düsseldorf, in the spring. From Berlin there was Emil Naumann; from Weimar, J. Joachim Raff, whose opera either was, or is to be, given at Wiesbaden; from Strasburg, Liebe, etc. Your part of the country sent Herr Turanyi, from Aix-la-Chapelle; Tansch, from Düsseldorf; Weinbrenner, from Elberfeld, etc. Hilfer was present only on the second day, and then but for a short time.

A LYRIC.

BY W. R. CASSELS.

Love took me softly by the hand,
Love led me all the country o'er,
And show'd me beauty in the land,
That I had never dreamt before—
Never before, O Love, sweet Love!

There was a glory in the morn,
There was a calmness in the night,
A mildness by the south wind borne,
That I had never felt aright—
Never aright, O Love, sweet Love!

But now it cannot pass away,
I see it whereso'er I go,
And in my heart by night and day
Its gladness waveth to and fro—
By night and day, O Love, sweet Love!

(From Fitzgerald's City Item, Philadelphia.)

Psalm Books.

One day we observed in a friend's bookcase a shelf filled by a row of variously bound volumes, so tempting in their appearance that we could not avoid taking two or three down to examine. To our surprise, we found them all alike inside; they were copies of the same book in different bindings. The book itself was a flimsy, trashy affair at best, scarcely worth reading, and certainly not meriting a place in a library. We could not forbear asking an explanation, which was kindly accorded us in these words: "Ah, my dear fellow, that is a whim of mine to take in my

friends. I had a vacant shelf, that looked bare and ugly amidst its well-filled companions. I went to a sale and bought up two or three dozen copies of this book. I had them nicely bound as you see, and my library looks well. When I want room for a really good work, one of those affairs has to go overboard, as they are not of the least value."

This little incident always occurs to us when we are called upon to inspect one of those entertaining musical works—a "Yankee" Psalm-book. No matter how different the outside of these remarkable productions—no matter how various the promises held out by title or preface—no matter how dissimilar the general appearance of the volumes; we have always discovered the contents of the pages to be very much of the same nature as our friend's books—the same thing in a different form. Indeed, the parallel can be further drawn, for the contents of both are equally flimsy and unworthy of criticism.

It seems to be the belief of those who compile modern books of psalmody, that if they avoid the gross errors of harmony, occasionally found in tunes of inferior description, their works are safe from the critics; that if they have corrected all glaring mistakes, and removed the evidence of perfect ignorance of all rules, they may defy those fault-finders, who are always searching for consecutive fifths and hidden octaves. In our humble opinion such persons are woefully mistaken. The harmony of a tune may be perfectly correct, and yet the tune itself may be so utterly bad as to be of no use to any choir in the world. To write a strain of sixteen bars without a mistake is not to compose a good tune; but to all appearance this seems to be the impression of the gentlemen who spend their leisure time in getting up books of Church Music. It requires a musical idea of some sort to set the words of a psalm or hymn usefully. It is not essential that the idea should be perfectly new or original; it may be pardoned for bearing a strong resemblance to some other melody; but it must have character, and suit the verse selected. It is no illustration or setting of a stanza to see-saw from tonic to dominant, with a half cadence at the end of the second line, and a full one at the close of the fourth; this is not composing a tune or writing music; it is a foolish, profitless waste of ink and paper, productive of no use to a book when done, and of no credit to the person who wasted his time over it. We have often heard pseudo musicians say, that "it is nothing to write a psalm tune," but we beg to differ from them; it requires skill, ability, and a great deal of natural talent to compose a good tune. It is easy enough to manufacture them in the style of the Yankees, and we have really a collection of fifty tunes, of which the words were all written out, the bars ruled, and the various keys selected, before a single note was thought of, for a single melody out of the whole number. If any one calls this methodical piece of business "composing music," we have no more to say.

Theodore Doepler.

(From the Florence "Armonia.")

THEODORE DÖHLER first saw the light at Naples, on the 20th April, 1814. His parents were Germans, his father being a native of Berlin, and his mother of Stuttgart. Pecuniary losses had compelled his father to quit Prussia. He went to Naples, where his acquirements and talent quickly obtained for him remunerative employment and influential patrons. But he was destined to find the greatest consolation in his son Theodore, who even in his very earliest childhood, manifested a marvellous natural disposition for music. In his seventh year, the power of genius burst through all bounds, although the boy was bodily so weak and delicate that his father was obliged to forbid his too assiduous application. He was soon, however, obliged to acknowledge the undeniable vocation of his son, and, moved by his entreaties, provided him with a master. Under the latter, Theodore made such astonishingly rapid progress, that it became necessary to transfer him to a better teacher. Such a one was found in

Julius Benedict, a pupil of Carl Maria Von Weber, and then conductor in Naples.

The boy profited so well by the lessons of his excellent instructor, that the latter allowed him to appear when only ten years old at the Teatro del Fondo. The result exceeded all expectation, and Döhler's future career was decided. Not only his playing, but his composition as well, created a sensation, on account of the little composer's age. At this period, between the age of ten and twelve, he published variations for the piano on Righini's song, "Ich lebe froh und sorgenlos;" variations on a theme of Mozart's, a fantasia on a theme of Pacini's, and a duettino for two sopranos to words by Metastasio.

All the theatres and drawing-rooms vied with each other for the possession of the wonderful child. Nor was the court behind hand. King Ferdinand encouraged him, in the most friendly manner, to proceed in his artistic career. Beside studying music, he devoted himself especially to modern languages, for the acquisition of which he displayed a great facility, nor was he deficient in talent for declamatory and theatrical performances, in Italian and French, in which, as in everything else that he attempted, he gave proofs of no ordinary endowments.

In the year 1827, Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Lucca, visited Naples. He became acquainted with young Döhler and his father, for both of whom he evinced such a partiality that he took them to Lucca, where he appointed the father master to the crown prince, and furnished the son with everything necessary for developing his talent. But for this Lucca was not long the fitting place, and the duke's intention could be fully carried out in Vienna alone, where the best pianoforte players were then to be found. The whole family set out, therefore, in December, 1829, with the approbation of the Duke, for Vienna.

Theodore now took lessons of Czerny on the piano, and of Sechter in thorough bass. In a short time he was equal to the other artists in the city. The Vienna public, who were then difficult to please, received him with enthusiasm. The reports of his successes were a source of real pleasure to his munificent patron, who rewarded Döhler's progress by appointing him his chamber-virtuoso. This distinction in no way caused Döhler to repose upon his laurels. On the contrary, he worked day and night with such perseverance that, in order to divert him, Czerny often purposely took him in his walks and excursions in the neighborhood of Vienna. It was then that the friendly relations between Döhler and Thalberg were first contracted. The two rivals became friends, and their feelings did not even subsequently, when they stood opposite each other in the lists of fame, suffer any change. It is even said that one evening, when they had played in the Salle Ventadour, at Paris, and Döhler had been greeted with enthusiastic applause, Thalberg hastened up to his friend and congratulated him heartily.

In the year 1834, Döhler quitted Vienna, and visited his native town, Naples, where he gave a series of brilliant concerts. In the year 1837 he visited, with like success, Berlin, Dresden, &c., returning in 1838 to Vienna. Thence he proceeded to Paris and London, where he remained two years. In Paris he played at a concert of the Conservatory with immense success. It was especially his fantasia on a theme from *Anna Bolena*, the introduction to which was written for the left hand alone, that excited astonishment and admiration. According to the notices published at the period in the Parisian newspapers, it seems doubtful whether it was he or Thalberg who first introduced the plan afterwards carried to excess, of playing the melody with the thumb and the fingers of the right and left hand alternately, while the others are employed in brilliant passages.

After this, he travelled through Holland, Denmark, and the north of Germany—where, especially in Berlin, in the year 1844, his talent was again fully appreciated—and then went to Hungary and Poland, proceeding in 1845 to Russia.

He found in St. Petersburg and Moscow the

reception to which he was accustomed. In St. Petersburg he wrote his celebrated *notturno*, and the variations on the *Sonnambula*. The success which these productions obtained, and, also, external influences, made him determine to compose an opera, *Tancredi*, on a subject taken from Silvio Pellico. His stay in Moscow exercised, however, a far more decisive influence on his life; there he found the faithful wife whom heaven had destined to be the companion who was to console him in the heavy sufferings fate had in store for him. The Emperor Nicolas was at first opposed to the marriage, and forbade the union of a scion of the house of Scheremetiew with an artist of plebeian extraction. Döhler quitted Moscow in despair, and proceeded to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of embarking at Cronstadt for Germany. The imperial court was stopping at Peterhof. The empress heard that Döhler was on the point of leaving Russia. She wished to hear him once more, and a courier carried him an invitation to St. Petersburg. Döhler excused himself by saying that his place was taken, and that the steamer left the port at midnight. Meanwhile the emperor, who had become acquainted with the wish of the empress, sent an order to the captain of the steamer to postpone his departure, and Döhler was conveyed in an imperial carriage to St. Petersburg. The whole court was delighted with the artist, who was, perhaps, inspired by the thought of his love, and the persons before whom he played. The emperor then had him rowed in his own boat, by twelve sailors, to the steamer, and Döhler's heart was buoyed up with fresh hope.

He went to Italy, and after remaining some time at Bologna with the *maestro* Rossini, returned to Lucca, to his royal patron, the only person, perhaps, who could now help him. The duke listened with sympathy to his interesting romance, and—ennobled his favorite. The Baron von Döhler hastened back to Russia, the emperor was moved by his entreaties, and, on the 11th May, 1846, the marriage was solemnized at St. Petersburg.

The happy pair set off for Moscow, where Döhler put the finishing touch to his opera *Tancredi*. He would not, however, bring it out in Russia, but only in Italy. Towards the end of the year 1846, he arrived in Paris, where the first symptoms of the malady which was to carry him off after nine years of severe suffering, first manifested themselves.

Although he had, properly speaking, given up playing in public, his friends and the whole artistic world of Paris would not allow him to rest until he determined on appearing a few more times on extraordinary occasions. He played seven or eight times more for the benefit of necessitous musicians, or of the poor of the city, and thus exhausted the little strength he had left. Directly he touched the keys with his fingers, his whole soul was wrapped up in his task, and the more he gave way to the excitement and inspiration which seized on him, the more did he shorten his life.

In the following year, he went to Genoa. He there played his opera over to the celebrated singer Frezzolini, who was so taken with it that she determined on using all her influence to get it produced in Venice. Döhler was delighted, and, in the course of a few days, wrote out the whole score himself (for a copyist would have been able to decipher it but slowly, and in some places would have found the task altogether impossible), but he had to pay for the exertion by excessive weakness and languor. Unfortunately, too, he had taken this trouble for nothing. In Florence, to which city he had subsequently removed in preference to Genoa, he received from Mad. Frezzolini a letter in which she informed him she was on the eve of setting out for Russia. With this intelligence vanished the hope of seeing his opera performed, and, until the present day, it has never been produced.

From the year 1852, he took up his permanent residence in Florence. He composed a few more *notturni* and *Lieder ohne worte*, the dying song of the swan, the last fruit of a magnificent tree, that dies before its time of an abundance of sap and productivity. Like so many other precocious ge-

niuses, he was doomed to wither in the bloom of his life. The long sufferings of an incurable disease were supported by him with an exemplary submission to the will of Heaven; his noble wife tended him, up to his last moment, with truly sublime self-abnegation and devotion. He died on the 21st February, of the present year, at six o'clock in the morning; his last glance rested upon her who had sweetened for him, poor martyr, the bitter cup of suffering.

The last of his compositions bears the number 75.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 1, 1856.

Hints to Choral Societies.

We often wonder that our various choral or even smaller singing societies, in their search for something at once classical, practicable and attractive for matter for practice, have not turned their attention more to the fine Masses of Mozart and Haydn. Portions of the best of these, and often the finest portions, are not too difficult for many of our societies in town or country; they have substantial worth as music, and tend to elevate the taste, and they are sure to interest and fascinate those who learn to sing them, after a little near acquaintance. We are again reminded of this thought by seeing it stated that a class of singers in Exeter, N. H. and vicinity are preparing Mozart's "Short Requiem Mass," under the direction of Mr. W. F. Lawrence, of Epping. This is not the famous Requiem, but one of the shortest and easiest of all the Masses, and yet singularly impressive. It seems to us, therefore, a remarkably good choice for a beginning; and we hope other choirs will follow the example. It is to be given with an accompaniment of two pianos and eight or ten other instruments, which, we believe, is about all that the original instrumentation requires. But choirs may get much good out of it with a mere piano-forte or organ accompaniment.

This is one hint. Another is a renewal of a suggestion which we made some weeks since, and which is renewed in our own mind by receiving the first number of the then promised series of Twelve of the old GERMAN CHORALS, as harmonized in four parts by SEBASTIAN BACH, published by Oliver Ditson. Each number is to contain two or more chorals, according to their length, most of them not exceeding twice the length of an ordinary psalm tune. The twelve now selected are engraved. We trust they will be so well received by the singing public, that Mr. Ditson may be induced to issue a book-full of them in cheaper form—say at least a hundred out of the three hundred and odd which have appeared in Germany. It should be a great fundamental text-book with all societies of singers of truly sacred music. They may be sung by choirs of any number of voices, from a simple quartet to an oratorio chorus of hundreds. With the former method, with only a voice or two to a part, one cannot but be struck and charmed by the wonderful skill and beauty, as well as the purity and spirituality, the profound tenderness and seriousness of the harmony, with which no one but old Bach could have so well clothed and illustrated those simple, inspired tunes which came out of the hearts of the Reformers. Short and unpre-

tending as they seem, they are an infinite study in respect to their perfection as true Art, while they warm and edify the soul, and grow sweeter and deeper and richer with every repetition, in a way that proves them true religious music. Even as we merely play over the harmony on the piano, we experience the deepest kind of musical satisfaction; but when sung by a great chorus, when this choice harmony, so sweet and clarified from all sensual clap-trap, is rolled forth in great vocal masses, then is the effect sublime. We have also felt something of it in listening to Mendelssohn's similar treatment of a couple of these same old chorals in his oratorio "St. Paul."

We repeat, therefore: What can our Handel and Haydn Society, our Mendelssohn Choral Society, our Musical Education Society—what can similar societies in New York and Philadelphia, their "Harmonias," &c., do that would be better than to practice some of these Bach chorals, until they can sing them with the nicest precision and clearness, and with a perfect balance of the four masses of voices, and intersperse, or perhaps begin and end, each of their public performances with two or three of them. The effect would be refreshing and inspiring on an audience, like that of all simple and sublime things, like that of mountains, the seaside, the starry heavens at night. And not the least advantage flowing from it would be the standard of true taste which it would set in this vexed and abused matter of religious music. It would rebuke psalm tune quackery, as the mountains rebuke silly man's presumption, or as the sun rebukes artificial fireworks. In the course of time it might infuse some better influence into our churches, and make Cecilia a live saint once more. It might prompt to better notions and desires in the matter of church music, and drive away much vanity and nonsense, much foolish mistaking of mere dulness for solemnity, mere chloroform composure for the live peace of real worship. We do not say that these old German chorals are suited to our hymn books; by far the most of them we know are not. But if our singers get familiar with them, they will surely learn to know what is genuine from what is false and empty in the so-called Sacred Music; and they will as surely learn to love it and demand it.

Here, then, we have suggested two very opposite kinds of music to our singing societies: the one highly colored, in the spirit of the Roman cultus, which appeals so much to the senses, and tending more or less to the dramatic; the other severe with an almost elemental grandeur, and simplicity born of the times of Luther. Either or both were how much better than so much upon which choirs and singing societies spend their time, to the questionable improvement of their taste!

Letter from the Diarist.

NATICK, Oct. 28, 1856.

DEAR DWIGHT—I think that somewhere in the Journal is a notice of a new biography of HANDEL, in preparation by a gentleman of Mecklenburg Schwerin, Dr. CHRYSANDER. I had the pleasure last winter of working at the same table with him day after day in the Royal Library at Berlin; he upon the old music of Keiser, Bach and other predecessors and contemporaries of Handel, and I upon the MS. relics of Beethoven. I can therefore testify to the extraordinary care and diligence of Dr.

C. and the accuracy of his results. Among my recently received letters is one from him, in which I find some interesting musical news.

One item explains to me the great labor bestowed by him last year upon the BACH MSS. in the Library, which I could not account for as connected in any way with his Handelian studies, and the particular pains taken by the librarian, DEHN, one of the first *Bachists* living, to assist him in getting the true readings of many hitherto misprinted passages in the published editions of Bach's works. It seems he has been at work preparing the copy for some volumes of Bach's piano-forte music, to be published uniformly with the stereotype edition of Beethoven's Sonatas. From a little circular I draw the following information as to the objects and contents of this new edition.

To musicians and such persons as wish for a complete collection of all the piano-forte music by Bach or attributed to him, the 50 thalers, which is the price of the beautiful edition published by Peters at Leipzig, would be no object; the design, therefore, of this edition is to give, in some four or five volumes, such a selection of this music, carefully collated with the original manuscripts, as shall contain all the best works, and come at a price within the means of every one. The first volume, now ready, contains a number of works written by Bach as a sort of introduction or *gradus* to his more difficult and famous compositions—a Capriccio upon the departure of a friend—12 easy Preludes—the 15 Inventions and Symphonies. The second volume contains the piano-forte studies, which Bach numbered as his Opus I. These studies are in four parts, but as all of Part 3 is for the organ, save four Duets, the organ pieces are to be printed separately.

Vol. III., "Well-tempered Klavier."

Vol. IV. The English "Suites," and a collection of his best fugues.

What the price of the volumes is to be is not definitely fixed, but they will apparently be even less than the Beethoven Sonatas.

Another item. JULIUS KNORR is editing for the same publisher a corrected edition, with fingering, of MUZIO CLEMENTI's piano-forte Sonatas, for two and four hands.

Dr. Chrysander writes farther:

"Now comes something which will delight you, about a 'Handel Society,' which has been organized this summer. Probably a prospectus will soon be issued, from which you can learn the particulars. Gervinus, Dehn, Hauptmann, Breitkopf & Härtel, and myself form the Board of Directors. We are intending to publish a correct edition of the entire works of Handel. My biography is to appear next year."

No one among us has any idea of the manner in which Handel is murdered in Germany, both at public performances and by publishers. For instance, I saw a notice last season of a new edition of "Samson," published by Simrock of Bonn, for some fifty cents of our money. It is sufficient to say of this edition that the Menuetto of the overture is omitted, as well as the entire part of Harapha, with nearly all that belongs to it! As to "Judas Maccabæus," and even the "Messiah," the German editions are beneath criticism. Dr. Chrysander is not only able, but enthusiastically desirous of correcting this, and his studies of Handel's life and works for years past fit him most eminently for his mission.

Is it not a little droll that after some fifteen years trial of the Wagnerish school of music, the public taste should exhibit such a demand for Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi, as to warrant the republication of their works in elegant and correct editions at the price of a cent and a half a page? And now a new society is formed to publish Handel entire! I am suited, however.

A. W. T.

Musical Intelligence.

New York.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—On Thursday evening one of the long-promised additions to the corps in the shape of a new and much required prima donna, solicited the suffrages of the audience. The new comer is Mlle. JOHANNSEN, who is designated as coming from the Frankfort opera house. She has a pretty, intelligent face, a good figure, and is thoroughly *au fait* to the business of the stage. Her voice is a soprano of excellent quality, considerable flexibility, fair compass, and sympathetic in tone, and she manages it with great artistic skill; in fact, she is an accomplished singer, wearing the appearance of an old singer, accustomed to operatic business and applause, and free from that *gaucherie* which the rest of the company have manifested.

Her interpretation of the famous test scena of the opera, was truly admirable. She gave it with refined taste and feeling, and elicited an enthusiastic burst of applause—in a word, her success was full and complete. Agathe, in her hands, becomes a character of the greatest interest; for she not only sings the music delightfully, but acts the parts to perfection; and, with such a prima donna at command, there is now some hope of better success for the German opera speculation.

Madame BERKEL filled the rôle of Annchen (vice the inefficient Mlle. PICKER), and in this line of business she becomes acceptable. She never had any pretensions to the position of a leading artiste, and finds her proper level in that of seconda donna. Mr. WEINLICH improved considerably on his last interpretation of Caspar, and sang the drinking song with far more fire and effect; but as to the tenor, we have nothing to add to our former notice—his singing was as mediocre and unsatisfactory as usual. The choruses were weak and inefficient—the charming bridal chorus especially so, while we have heard the famous Huntsman's chorus far better sung in a "lager bier halle." Mr. BERGMANN deserves great credit for his skill in directing a diminished orchestra. The accompaniments to Mlle. Johannsen's grand scena were given with truly admirable delicacy and tact.

A new scale of prices were adopted for the first time. The upper tier was crowded at twenty-five cents, the next tier equally so at fifty cents, whilst the parquette and circle (all reserved) were respectfully attended at a dollar. Our German citizens like to have everything, amusements included, on cheap terms, and although the high-class merchants may patronize the aristocratic portion of the house, the paying masses of Faderland will inevitably decline paying the advanced price. We consider the alteration an unwise move of manager Berkel's.

We understand that in consequence of Mlle. Johannsen's success, several new subscribers have come forward to support the speculation, and that there is now a prospect of German opera being given some twenty nights longer.—*New Yorker*.

(From the *Tribune*, 30th.)—Flotow's graceful little opera of "Stradella" was given on Tuesday evening, when three candidates for public favor appeared for the first time. Mlle. Kronfeld possesses a smooth, agreeable voice, but somewhat thin in quality, particularly in the upper register. The lady, however, is very young, we should say not more than 18, and her voice has not yet attained full development. She at once prepossessed the audience in her favor by her quiet, unpretending style. Mr. Giudi has a pleasant tenor voice, without being remarkable for much power; he was very well received, and will be an acquisition to the company. The part of Barbarino was undertaken by Mr. Neufeld, by no means an improvement on that of Mr. Beutler.

This (Thursday) evening, Flotow's ever-popular opera of "Martha" will be performed—Mlle. Johannsen in the principal rôle. Owing to the continued indisposition of Mme. v. Berkel, the part of Nancy will be filled by Miss D'ormy.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Harmonia Sacred Music Society gave its first concert for the season last Monday evening in Concert Hall. Mr. L. MEIGNEN conducted; Mr. MICHAEL H. CROSS presided at the organ. The following solo artists assisted: Mr. BERNER, tenor, from Europe (his first appearance in this country); Miss EMMA BROOKE, soprano; Mr. T. BISHOP, tenor; Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN, baritone.

PART I.

1. Organ.—Introduction and Fugue, played by Michael H. Cross.
2. Grand Chorus—"Great is the Lord," Hummel
3. Tenor Solo.—Grand Recitative and Aria; Der Freischütz, sung by Mr. Berner. Von Weber
4. Grand Chorus—"The Lord is Great." Righini
5. Trio—"Praise ye," from Artita. Miss Brooke, Mr. Bishop, and Mr. Rudolphsen. Verdi
6. Tenor Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," (by desire,) sung by Mr. Bishop. Knight

PART II.

1. Solo Baritone. Scena—"Eleanora," sung by Mr. Rudolphsen. Alary
2. Tenor Solo. Polonaise, from the Opera of Jessonda, sung by Mr. Berner. Spohr
3. Concerted piece. Finale to the second act of La Somnambula—Miss Brooke, Mr. Bishop and Chorus, Bellini

PART III.

1. Organ Operatic Selections, played by Michael H. Cross.
2. Chorus. Lützow's Wild Huntsman. German Air
3. Soprano Swiss Air with variations, sung by Miss Emma Brooke. Eckhart
4. Tenor Solo. Adelaide, sung by Mr. Berner. Beethoven
5. Chorus—"Come unto these Yellow Sands," Stevenson

ALBANY, N. Y. A friend writes us: "GOTTSCHALK gave a concert here last Thursday with Mrs. BOSTWICK. He never played so finely at an Albany concert. The next morning he delighted us with Bach's fugues, Beethoven, Chopin, &c.; and as Thalberg was much talked of, he gave us his *Don Juan* fantasia (and is it not his best?); also some of his original studies. I do believe you could hear Gottschalk play for a year, every day in the year, and then not know the extent of his wonderful repertoire."

WORCESTER, Ms.—(From the *Palladium*).—A private musical soirée was given on Friday evening at Allen's music rooms, by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, to whom our musical public have been for some time indebted for many such occasions of interest and enjoyment. First upon the programme came Mozart's Variations in G, which were played by Mr. Allen and Miss Bacon with marked expression and excellent taste. A cavatina from *La Gazza Ladra* was substituted for a romance from 'William Tell,' in consequence of the absence of Miss Fiske. It was well sung by the soprano singer of one of our best quartet choirs; a lady who is possessed of a voice of singular richness and beauty, joined to a style which many vocalists of greater pretensions might adopt to advantage. She also sang three of the Franz songs. "The blue-eyed lassie," "Mutter, O sing mich zur Ruh," and "Unsonst,"—choice gems which are just flashing their light upon us of the western world—and sweetly and feelingly she gave them. In addition to these, she sang a canzone of Mr. Allen's composition—"When day has smil'd"—a winning melody with beautiful, bell-like accompaniment. Mr. Stocking's singing of the Jenny Lind ballad, "Love smiles no more," was warmly received. This was also a substitution—for a terzetto from *Don Giovanni*. Of the instrumental pieces performed we have not the space, if we had the ability, to give the notice they deserve. Miss Bacon played the Beethoven sonata, op. 26, with her accustomed taste and skill. The theme and *marcia fanebre* are very familiar reminiscences of the great master, every lover of music ever realizing the tender beauty of the former and the solemn grandeur of the latter. The entire work was finely played. Mr. Allen's performance of the Schaeffer fantasia and variations was masterly in every respect; and the Polonaise by Chopin, op. 26, No. 1, received from him a most exquisite rendering. Truly, the fascination of this latter composer grows even upon those who at first acknowledge his genius! Schubert's March in B minor, a characteristic work of much grandeur, satisfactorily ended the evening's real, unqualified "entertainment."

Foreign.

SALZBURG.—THE MOZART FESTIVAL.—(Cor. Lond. Post, Sept. 9.)—On Sept. 6, as I have already informed you, took place the formal entry of the various choral societies from nearly all parts of Germany, through triumphal arches, over which waved the national flags of Austria, Bavaria, Salzburg, the Tyrol, &c. The gates of the town were also gaily decorated, as was the Salzach-bridge. Great part of the morning was employed in rehearsing, and in the evening the procession of Liedertafeln moved from the Mirabellaplatz, over the Salzach-bridge to the Mozartplatz, where, around the colossal statue of the great composer, the Festival Cantata, for male voices and wind instruments, composed expressly for the occasion by Herr Franz Lachner, conductor of the Royal Operahouse, Munich, and supreme director of the present Mozart Festival, was to be executed. The procession was accompanied by more than 200 torch-bearers, and during the performance of Herr Lachner's cantata, the Mozartplatz was illuminated by Bengal fire. Outside the Mozart-gate, too, the Gaisbergalpe and Bengelstein was similarly honored.

On the following day, September 7, took place the first grand concert in the Aula Academica, which was simply and tastefully fitted up for the occasion. A large golden M, with sun-rays, on gorgeous purple drapery, formed the background of the orchestra, whilst between the windows on either side of the *salle* were tablets bearing the titles and thematic index of Mozart's compositions. The vast *salle* was quite full, and the Imperial box was occupied by the Empress-Mother of Austria, King Max of Bavaria, and King Otto of Greece. Herr Franz Lachner directed the orchestra, and the programme included the so-called "Jupiter" symphony, the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, a "Concertante Symphony," the air in B flat, with clarinet obbligato, from *La Clemenza di Tito*, by Madame Behrend Brandt and Herr Bärmann, a trio from *Idomeneo* (one of Mozart's greatest operas), never yet heard in England, nor perhaps likely to be, the air "Diess Bildniss" ("Cara immagine"), sung by Dr. Härtinger, and the concerto in D, played by the Viennese pianist, Herr Willmers, upon a Viennese

piano by Seibert, one of the most celebrated Austrian manufacturers. The solo vocalists, besides Madame Behrend Brandt and Dr. Härtinger, already mentioned, were Mesdames Dietz, Mangstl, and Herr Kindermann.

Before the concert, an appropriate prologue, by Herr Prechler, was delivered by Mlle. Blondine Jéna, of Vienna, setting forth the value of the "ideal" to the world, and exhorting us to compensate to Mozart's spirit for the sufferings he underwent "in the flesh," by adopting his creed of love and beauty, and disseminating it amongst mankind. The concert, a critical description of which I cannot attempt to give at this moment, lasted about four hours. No artiste was "received," as it is termed, by the public; but there was no lack of applause during the performance, and nearly all the artistes were recalled on more than one occasion. At the conclusion (long before which many of the "Mozart-loving" audience had departed in search of "*bif-teck mit Kartoffeln*"), Herr Franz Lachner was loudly called for and cheered from all parts of the room.

The following morning, September 9, we had high mass in the cathedral, when the mass in C, André's Catalogue, 19, 1776, was performed, under the direction of Herr Taux. The soprano and alto were inefficient amateurs—the band and chorus thin, and wanting in ensemble. In fact, the secular concerts appear to absorb all the attention of the managing committee. The Liedertafeln-fest, which should have taken place to-day on the Mönchsberg, was spoiled by the rain, and the singers were consequently obliged to give their entertainment under shelter in the Aula. The procession of all the societies took place, nevertheless. The ceremonies were commenced by a herald dressed in red and white, and followed by halberdiers, banner-bearers, &c., belonging to the archbishop, all in the costume of the middle ages. Then came the singers in masses, accompanied by various military bands. The Empress-Mother, King Max, and King Otto were also present on this occasion. Amongst other artistic notabilities now in Salzburg are Ferdinand Hiller, from Cologne; Otto Prechler, author of the prologue; Dr. Hauslick, music-director from Vienna; Herren Mosewits (Breslau), and Netser (Grätz). But the greatest living object of interest here is an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He has come all the way from Milan to enjoy the fête, and, although things are not cheap, there is not the slightest danger of his lacking a dinner of champagne, although his father might have wanted both. The only fear is that the poor old fellow will be killed with kindness.

PARIS.—Sig. Verdi, who was to have left for Italy before this, remains here. It is reported that his *Traviata*, translated into French, under the title of *Le Trouvère*, has just been put into rehearsal at the Imperial Opera House, and will be produced the second week in December. The principal characters will be supported by Mesdames Medori and Borghini-Mamo, Messrs. Guéymard, Bonnehée, and Derivis.

Jean de Paris will shortly be revived at the Opera Comique. Mlle. Lheritier, of the Conservatory, will make her first appearance in the character of the Page, "created" by Mad. Gavaudin, and M. Stockhausen, the baritone, in that of the Seneschal, "created" by Martin. A musical trifle, entitled, *Les Trois Dragons*, has been favorably received at the theatre of Les Folies Nouvelles.—On hearing of Rossini's return to Paris on Thursday week, Musard, with his entire orchestra, gave a serenade, at eleven o'clock in the evening, under the *maestro's* windows. The pieces performed, from memory, by Musard's seventy musicians, were "*La Pastorella delle Alpi*," and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, it will be seen, give a grand Sacred Concert to-morrow evening, in the Music Hall, assisted by Mesdames LAGRANGE and BERTUCCA MARETZKE, our own ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Signors CERESA, AMODIO, and the other stars of MARETZKE's Italian Opera, and a grand orchestra; the whole under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the new conductor of the Society, who will make his first public appearance in this capacity. The programme begins well with the overture to "*St. Paul*," and the first part gives us an opportunity to hear Miss Phillipps again in one of her best contralto songs, "*He was despised*." It contains also a goodly selection of choruses, and the more serious airs from operas. The second part is of course, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; for every Italian opera company has to be brought out in this, apparently the only sacred music with which they are familiar; and the *Stabat Mater* seems to have been providentially created as a means of drawing off a

little of the golden tide of opera into the dry channels of our unremunerated oratorio societies. But there is good music in it, it is popular, and affords fine scope for the artistic powers of Lagrange and the rest... Verily we are growing hard-hearted; we expose ourselves to piteous complaints; this, for instance, from the *City Item* of Philadelphia:

"Not a word regarding the Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre is to be found in Dwight's Journal of Music. We expected to meet with some sound criticisms upon the merits of the performers, intending to transfer them for the benefit of our readers, but we were disappointed. His silence is a real loss to the lovers of music. What is the matter?"

How does our friend Fitzgerald know that there is Italian opera in Boston? Does he go beyond the musical papers, and search the advertising columns of the political dailies? But patience; if our opinion is good for anything, it will keep, and perhaps a review of the whole when past will be fairer, better proportioned and less partial, than hasty bulletins in the midst of the smoke of the battle.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says THALBERG, the great pianist, is none of your thin, intellectual, sentimental looking geniuses, but a burly-faced, wholesome, farmer-looking fellow, more like one of your Western Pennsylvania corn growers than a prodigy of art. He speaks English as good as an Englishman, and has a much better acquaintance with American affairs than the most intelligent foreigners usually have.

A Russian prince, who is a fanatical admirer of an instrument which has fallen into general disfavor of late years—the guitar—has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill next month at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second. This, if he does not die of a surfeit of sweet sounds, may work his cure. Verily it will be a sort of World's Fair of all the sweetest sugar confectionary of music!... Lovers of BEETHOVEN, who can play the piano or command a player, should be interested in the announcement by Messrs. Ewer & Co., London, of "*Beethoven's Overtures, complete, newly arranged for the Piano-forte, by ERNST PAUER*." The list contains the overtures to *Prometheus*, *Coriolan*, the three to *Leonora* and the one to *Fidelio*, the *Egmont*, *Ruins of Athens*, *Namensfeier*, *King Stephen*, and *Die Weihe des Hauses* (Op. 124), complete in one volume, price 18 shillings. The editor states that he has availed himself of the modern improvements of the piano, to give a fuller and truer representation of the orchestral combinations, than are to be found in any of the old arrangements.

The Chicago *Congregational Herald* relates the following:

A few Sabbaths since we attended divine service in our city, to hear a person who was announced to preach, from New York. We will not name the denomination, but can say, with reference to the discourse, we were amply repaid for our attendance. Unexpectedly, however, after the sermon, the minister announced that he would sing a soul-inspiring—original—Christian war-song! We felt like trembling, and looked around with amazement. Says he, Brethren, all unite in the chorus, namely: "I'm bound for the kingdom, I'm bound for the kingdom, I'm bound for the kingdom, We'll soon be at home!" He proceeded with his solo; and, thought we, what a ridiculous melody to accompany one heavenward! The air struck us as something we had often heard played on the street-organs, until, by careful reflection, as the song continued to ring upon our ears, we distinctly recognized the Ethiopian melody, "*Wait for de Wagon*." The result was, that all previous benefit of both sermon and devotional exercises, was thus made null and void; and we left the place of worship with a feeling akin to contempt, nay disgust.

One of our exchanges relates the following facts regarding the mysteries of the manufacturers of fame by profession: "Madame RISTORI, the celebrated Italian tragedienne, relates quite openly that she received in Paris a bill of six hundred francs

(one hundred and twenty dollars) from the chief of the *claque*. She refused to pay; but considering that she had to come again before the public she yielded and paid. When, in 1844, a certain AUGUSTE, chief of this establishment, died, his book of receipts proved that he received from NOURRIT, annually, two thousand francs; from Mlle. TAGLIONI, monthly, three hundred francs; from FANNY ELSSLER, for the first performance, five hundred francs; for the second, three hundred francs; and for each of the following performances, one hundred francs."

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PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1—Overture: St. Paul, Mendelssohn
2—Chorus: "Lord, thou alone art God,"
3—Aria: "Ah mio figlio," Meyerbeer
4—Aria: "He was despised," (Messiah), Handel
5—Aria: Prayer from I Lombardi, Verdi
6—Chorus: "The God of Israel," Rossini
7—Prayer from Mosé in Egitto, Rossini

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Translated for this Journal.

The Music of Hungary.

From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, 1852.

[Concluded from p. 35.]

Such always is the relation of the Gipsy to the music of the nation where he happens to dwell; it is a reproductive, not a productive relation; but what he is not materially, he becomes in form. The way in which he conceives the given *nota* instrumentally is so true to the indwelling spirit of these melodies, that he is to be considered as the peculiar creator of a Hungarian instrumental music. Now what do we understand by instrumental music? A music essentially distinct from musical song. The human voice is, to be sure, the most beautiful organ of musical inventions, the centre of all tone movements; but when we consider that this voice in its normal state commands not more than twelve or fourteen manageable tones, we find what bounds and limits are assigned it in the immeasurable realm of tones. In the second place it lacks the flexibility of instrumental music, such as we find especially in stringed instruments. Whatever more the long years of practice and the consequent virtuosity of a Catalani and such throat-machines may extract from the human voice, is all forced and unnatural, and cannot enter into the account in speaking of the character of the human voice in its natural condition. The violin, on the contrary, affords a great compass of tones, which the instrument as such may require every player to traverse; and here is just the point where we may regard the Gipsy at once as a natural musician and an artist. When he has heard a Hungarian melody sung, and when he tries to play it over on his instrument, whether it be violin or dulcimer, a true artistic feeling, a musical instinct

as it were, leads him to reproduce the *nota* he has heard in the instrumental manner. The *cimbalo* has for its task, in the *Lassús* (Adagios), in which long *holds* are introduced, to fill them out by a tremulous and rapid iteration of the same tones, while the violins hold out the note, or the player makes a harmonic embellishment, as for example:



The dulcimer embraces over three octaves, and admits of the execution of harmonic figures and *tremolos* with the greatest rapidity. The clarinet mingles a *Csiko* element in the Gipsy orchestra; it moves wildly to and fro, and hops with piping cry about the string quartet. In the violin, on the contrary, the gnawing pain and melancholy of the Hungarian engraves itself. An inexpressible sadness, a moaning complaint, quivers from the hot strokes, with which the gipsy presses down the strings of his violin. The impassioned character of his playing, the paroxysm into which he works himself, is strongly expressed. A hot glow flushes the cheeks of the players; they make convulsive movements with the head and hands, and they have scarcely played through when they sink back exhausted on their seat.

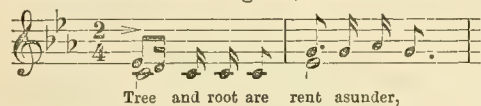
The gift of transforming every melody at once into an instrumental piece is possessed in a high degree on the piano by the lady already mentioned, Emilie von Kabinyi. She plays, too, like the gipsies, everything by heart, and shows therein an extraordinary memory, having at her command more than a hundred Hungarian tunes, as *Czárdás*, *Csikos*, *Inház* melodies, &c. When I asked her once whether she did not also *sing* Hungarian, she replied that she had never sung in her life—a new proof of my assertion that the Hungarian is more playing than singing music. At the same time, what the gipsies do not understand, this lady knows the notes well and plays also classical music admirably by note. Among the composers for the piano she is partial to Chopin. With this rare musical talent a high intellectual culture, a noble enthusiasm for her country's cause, for freedom and for right, a Hungarian hospitality and largeness of heart, beauty and amiability, unite to make this lady one of the most remarkable phenomena of her sex in our day.

Of individual gipsy musicians in former times, Bihari and Cisari were especially distinguished. Bihari, who used to play with his band at a *café* in Pesth, and who in gathering up the money would leave out all the bank notes which were

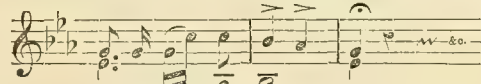
not hundreds, and throw them to the waiters, died at last in a Pesth hospital. The first gipsy band in Pesth at present is that of Sárkösi, among whose members is a son of the famous Bihari. The *cafés* in which the gipsy bands of Pesth are most heard are the King of Hungary, (here the most frequently) the Jägerhorn, the Tiger and the Hopfengarten; in the last and in the Hôtel d'Europe, they play mostly in the evening, and here too in the most national manner.

Since the unhappy issue of the revolutionary war, a strong pressure has weighed upon the Hungarian music on the part of the Austrian government. Not only are the *Rákoczy*, *Kosuth*, *Werbungs*, *Klapka* and other revolutionary marches entirely excluded by a strict prohibition, but not much Hungarian playing is allowed; and if the Gipsies play more than three pieces in *Hungarian style*, and do not give at least an equal quantity of foreign music, it is regarded as "*a demonstration*," and (*horrible dictu*) can be re-sented. This is partly the reason why several of the Gipsy bands have become entirely modernized; they have to play a great many *Françaises*, waltzes, polkas, &c., so that the nationality of their music is lost. Since not only the Gipsy manner of playing, but also many of the older Hungarian pieces are preserved merely traditionally by these popular musicians, being handed down from father to son, from one band to another; and since they are unable to read notes and to fix down musical ideas in writing, there is great danger from this political prohibition that not only the genuine style of playing, but also that the older, truly national pieces will gradually (as we already begin to see) die out entirely in the consciousness of the nation. Among these is one of the oldest monuments of Hungarian national music, whose origin is to be assigned to the end of the 17th century, and which is now extremely seldom heard in Hungary, and is only preserved by tradition: this is the *Rákoczy nota*, not to be confounded with the *Rákoczy indulo* or march, which grew out of the former afterwards. Of the whole Gipsy band of Sárkösi, only the above mentioned son of the famous Bihari knew it; on the other hand it lived still fresh in the piano playing of the baroness Emilie von Kabinyi; and to the ready zeal with which she helped me fix this music down in writing I owe it that I now possess this treasure not merely in my fingers, but in written notes. The delivery of this instrumental piece of four divisions, and remarkable for its national originality as much as for its age, requires an intimate acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Hungarian music. For this music, like many such Hungarian Gipsy pieces, cannot possibly, on account of the fantastic

and free delivery which it requires, be written down precisely as it ought to sound; and as I was never able to hear it played by Gipsies, I have been indebted solely to the frequent playing and the verbal instructions of the aforementioned lady, for the means of rendering the same in all its genuineness upon the piano. Of course the piano, with its quickly vanishing tone-material, can but poorly reproduce this and other instrumental pieces of the sort; yet I have more than once had experience that it can be played so as to give a lively idea of its delivery with full instrumentation. It is wonderful that such embellishments, *mordenti*, runs, &c., which as applied to our Western melodies so often show the worst taste, are with the Hungarian airs an almost necessary accompaniment; without them they would lose much of their national type. In a word, the embellishments with which the Gipsy musicians, and, as we shall soon see, also the Magyar natives of the *Csikós*, *Inhaz*, &c., invest their melodies, are the national costume of this music. As the national dress of the Hungarians is motley and variegated, so too is the instrumental clothing of their popular melodies. A few bars of instrumental embellishments of one of the most beautiful Hungarian airs may serve here as an example. The first five measures of the simple melody, of which the whole is sung to the nine-line stanzas before given, are as follows:



Tree and root are rent asunder,



I and darling torn a - part!

This the Gipsy plays, apart from its peculiar harmony, in something like this fashion:



Remark in this delivery the short cutting off of the concluding note. In their modulations the Gipsies are very fond of frequent transitions by chords of the seventh; for instance, they harmonize the concluding measures of the *Makoi Csárdás* in F minor thus:



A multitude of *Csárdás*, which have been pub-

lished in Pesth by Wagner and Treichlinger, are harmonized in an entirely ungentle and false manner; those who would study the Hungarian music in such printed sumptuous editions, are hereby warned against them. Not once is the chord of the superfluous sixth, of which we spoke above, and of which the Hungarian ear is so fond, regarded by the editors in their mechanical zeal; to say nothing of other fine points of melody and harmony which the Gipsy observes. The recently deceased Cyressi Beni was the best of the makers of such written arrangements. Of all the forms of ornament, none is so foreign to the Hungarian Gipsy as the trill, which he utterly despises. At least, I have never heard trills from a Gipsy band; only the clarinet makes here and there a trill-like connection between the tones; but as a means of modulation melodiously strengthening the harmony, I have never heard trills.

From the Gipsies we come to the native tribes of pure Magyar origin—the *Csikós* or horse-drovers, and the *Inhaz* or shepherds. Which of my readers has not heard during the last years of the revolution of the *Csikós* and their terrible weapon? This is not the place to speak of their extraordinary skill in riding, of their dexterity in handling their whip, which spreads terror among men and beasts; but I need only remind my readers of what they already know, to excite their curiosity, when I tell them that these men have also a peculiar music. From their willow pipes one hears screaming over the broad plain their wild tunes, in which not an elegiac complaint, as in the *Lassús* of the Hungarian Gipsies, but a rude natural cry finds utterance. * * Various Hungarian melodies have appeared in Pesth under the title *Csikós*, but, with a single exception, they are none of them genuine. In the *Csiko* tunes the mode of living of these native tribes is mirrored on its musical side; their melodies may be compared to their unbridled horses, feeding on those vast steppes.

Quite different is the music of another Magyar tribe. I mean the *Inház* or shepherds. From their bone pipes stream the melancholy tones of a tender elegy, holding notes, long sustained and dying away in *pianissimo*, indefinite runs up and down the Hungarian scale (described above), which wander as embellishments about a distinct tune. All this makes their playing seem a dreamy, fantastical, mysterious, fascinating web of tones, and one involuntarily thinks, as he listens, of the words of the poet:

Vorüber ihr Schaaf, vorüber,
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh!

Like spirit voices these tones, steeped in sadness, ring by night over the immeasurable plain, and an inexpressible presentiment of our eternal existence gets possession of the soul while listening to these sounds. Thus the milder habit of the *Inház* shows itself also in their music; the sight and care of gentle sheep awakens in the *Inház* very different feelings from those excited in the *Csiko* by his familiarity with the impetuous horse: one dreams, the other storms; one loves, the other burns; one laments, the other cries aloud; one is patient as a lamb, the other rears up like a wild horse. The two poles of the life of feeling meet in the music of these two Magyar tribes.

If we return to the general divisions of the Hungarian music, we have so far two, the song

and the *Csárdás*, which belongs to the instrumental world. As regards the *Friss* (or quick movement) of the *Csárdás*, its proper delivery requires a very peculiar gradation of the *tempo*. You must not suddenly observe the *tempo* marks in the execution of the *Friss*; only gradually must the player throw himself into a quick time, continually accelerating until the conclusion of a strain. For example, the following pretty *czárdás* passage is played thus:



And only on the repetition is it taken from the beginning fast, and uniformly fast until the end. There is something exceedingly impassioned, unrestrained, fantastical in this style of delivery, and the spirit of the tune itself so perfectly accords with such delivery, that one who deeply enters into this music can never play a tune like the above in any other manner than the one here indicated.

Beside the *Csárdás*, there is a higher kind of dance music, called the *Kös*. Both the music and the dance, as compared with the *Csárdás*, are distinguished by a fineness, an ornate elegance, a grace and grandeur, which are not peculiar to the *Csárdás*. Moreover the *Kös* moves only in the higher circles of the Hungarian nation; it is not by far so old as the *Csárdás*, and the music, in spite of the recent excellent achievements of Travnyik and Rózsavölgyi, has not the real national stamp by which the *Csárdás* stands off in such striking contrast from the dance music of all other nations. A piece of *Kös* music bears about the same relation to a genuine old *Csárdás*, that the modern revolutionary marches do to the old *Rakoczy indulo*.

Among those who deserve mention for original efforts at the composition of Hungarian national melodies, the name of Thern, a piano-forte maestro at Pesth, must not be passed over in silence. He is the author of a now very popular air, called *Fóti dal*. (*Dal* means song.) In the conversations which I had with him about the Hungarian music, he showed great interest in it, and also was not without theoretic insight, which for a Hungarian musician is saying much. Of those who have done active service for the music of their nation as good singers of the Hungarian popular melodies, the names of Fűredy, Mikály, and Vorrá are most prominent.

I might proceed to speak of the Hungarian Opera, or of the national music of Hungary, as elevated to dramatic Art. But here my pen stops. The Hungarians to this date have no national opera. If, for example, the new opera by ERKEL, *Hunyadi di Laszlo*, is to be called a Hungarian opera, we may just as well call any one of Verdi's operas Hungarian. The opera *Hunyadi*, if we except perhaps some passages in the well-known beautiful Hunyadi march, betrays no trace of the spirit of Hungarian music. It is an arbitrary patchwork of reminiscences from the Italian operatic school; and what has given this extremely weak and insignificant opera in every

respect, whether of counterpoint or melody, so much value for some time with the Pesth public, is in the first place the historical national subject of its libretto; in the next place, the fact that its performance was forbidden for some time after the revolution on account of its subject; furthermore the limited musical taste of the miscellaneous Pesth public; and finally the *bravura* execution of the singer, Madame LAGRANGE. I cannot, with the best will, with the exception of the pretty motives which are brought together in the Hunyadi March, find in this whole opera a single new idea, or even a half ordinary carrying out of an idea. I have a right to judge of it, since I have not only seen and heard it performed in the national theatre at Pesth, but I have also had opportunity to examine the original score attentively.

A far more genial creation is an opera by a certain DOPPLER, first flutist at the national theatre in Pesth; but this too, although far superior to *Hunyadi* in design and execution, is a half-way affair. The opera to which I refer is called *Ilka*, or the "Hussar's Bride," and contains a truly masterly overture, which alone says enough for the uncommon talent of its young composer. In the opera itself too, as well as in the overture, you hear splendid, genuine Hungarian national sounds, which, however, often give way very soon to jingling common-place.

Of the general state of music, as exhibited at Pesth and Ofen in the theatre, the church, in private circles and in families, and of its leading personal representatives, I shall write in a special article, and for the present close. Were I to describe the Hungarian music in general in a few words, I should say: *In the Hungarian music there is more passion than good nature, more fire than heartiness, more softness than tenderness, more sadness than earnestness, more complaining than enduring sorrow, more wildness than efficient energy, more bravura than depth, more piquancy than beauty, more of the grotesque than of the romantic, and so on.* Grief over the loss of a great past, the political condition of the country, these, O unhappy, noble nation of the Magyars, are depicted in thy music! Thanks for the hospitality which thou hast let the stranger find at thy hearth, for so many a cordial pressure of the hand from thy brave sons, for thy precious wines, for thy glorious music, which my soul drank with rapture, for all the beauty which I could enjoy at thy breast! Much that is good and noble, which still sleeps unrecognized in thee, in after times shall ripen, and the yet closed buds of culture in a better future open to the light of day. Thy hour also shall strike, thou deeply bowed daughter of Magyar, and what thou hast a forefeeling of in tones, shall yet on some great morning prove reality; thy grief shall be transformed to joy, thy complaint to jubilation, thy tears into sweet wine!

DR. GUSTAV PRESSEL.

Stuttgart, May, 1852.

Sufferings of a Grand Piano.

What hard lives are led, now-a-days, by piano-fortes! what miserable times they have! and how much they have to undergo! and how shamefully they are abused! Every one must be aware of these facts, for pianos cannot, by any strain of veracity, be classed among the silent sufferers; they cry out, and with a very loud noise, poor things; now shrieking chromatically in their upper octaves, now groaning dismally in the bass,

and sobbing in the tenor. Buffeted, pounded, thrashed, galloped over, hit as hard as possible, by muscular fingers, in all parts, in an instant of time,—really a piano is as badly off as an omnibus horse. We propose the formation of a Humane Society for the protection and Relief of Suffering Piano-fortes; no concert performers allowed in the Board of Directors, they being the most inhuman oppressors of the unhappy instruments. We know of nothing that would tempt us to exchange our editorial condition with that of the finest grand piano in the world: we are not weak, but we could not stand under such treatment as it receives, not even if we had three stout legs and an iron frame. Imagine it; for the moment, we are a grand piano.

We are engaged by the distinguished pianist, Herr Klapperklau, Knight Commander of the Polar Star, Grand Cross of the *Golden Fleece*, &c., &c., for his grand concert; he tries us, he approves of us, he patronizes our maker upon consideration and orders us round to the hall. We are hauled there in a cart swathed in rag carpet, and held up by savoury porters, upon whose lusty shoulders we are conveyed up the stair at a funeral pace. Our legs are screwed on, and we are at length placed on the platform. A tuner appears, we are opened, and all our nerves, (i. e. strings,) are drawn up to their utmost tension. This done, we are shut up, and have a little peace and quiet, just to prepare ourselves for the order of the approaching evening. The gas is lit, the audience gathers, our time draws near. Already we are wheeled into an admirable position, so that when the man opens our mouth we grin, with our row of ivories, in the faces of two thirds of of the assembled auditory. Our lid is removed, we look very new, very shiny, very nice, but we are conscious of a certain string,—an unhappy F,—that has yielded, just a trifle, and will be a little out of tune; it worries us on our maker's account, for we have a high regard for him; but, in all probability, there are not ten persons among the two thousand present, who will be able to detect the flatness of that solitary note, or an harmonic G, in the bass, that has a most delectable burr, and of whose existence we are also perfectly aware, though unable to rectify the defect.

Herr Klapperklau comes out of the retiring room, attired in scrupulous black, relieved by a few rags of ribbon to make the audience believe he is as great a man as can be. He returns the applause of the audience with a polite bow and a seraphic smile; what condescension! He seats himself before us, and while employed in the operation of removing his gloves, he annihilates several young ladies,—otherwise boarding school girls,—by his ribbons, diamond rings, ambrosial locks, and a few more of the before mentioned seraphic smiles. At length the gloves are off, and we expect him to commence upon us. But no! he is off his seat, and is displaying his entire absence of the nonsensical affectations of pianists, by pushing us so as to show our teeth to more of the audience. We are heavy, but he moves us after an effort, and is rewarded for playing porter badly, by a round of applause. Once more he is seated. Now for it. No, there is another young lady to be annihilated; he does it by a little more of the seraphic business, and by cracking all his finger joints in the most rapt and fascinating manner. Now he is certainly ready. Not yet, he has to brush our teeth with his linen cambric handkerchief, and to wipe his hands afterwards.

Our turn has come at last; Herr Klapperklau is all arranged; to use a vulgarism, he is prepared to "pitch into us," the which he does. A grand thumping in our lower regions. Bless the man! he has found that horrid harmonic G already! with both hands he dashes at our teeth like a savage dentist, committing all kinds of aggravated assaults and batteries upon poor, inoffensive us. We tremble beneath his prodigious blows, roar out at the force of his fists. Suddenly he detects our flattened F. Let that alone, most noble commander of the *Golden Fleece*, you are playing in public, and cannot stop. But it seems he has not been playing upon us yet; he has only been pre-luding extempore. He stops. He singles out our unhappy F, and favors it with several private

hits, as if he expected to force it up to the pitch, by exposing it to the public, and bringing it to a sense of its improper situation. His endeavors have not the desired effect; our poor F gets flatter, the more it is pounded, but the ignorant people in the audience are in raptures at the acute ears the Herr possesses under that hyperion mop of black hair.

Having put the F out of countenance and tune the Polar Star again cracks his joints and commences his slow piece, composed, of course, by that prince of pianists Herr Klapperklau. Then we suffer. We are ill used without mercy; he beats us frightfully; he scratches the music out of us; he runs over us prodigiously fast and with prodigiously heavy fingers. We feel as if beaten to a jelly. We begin to form some conception of that ingenious contrivance, a threshing machine. He goes on for ten minutes in this way, and winds up at last with half a dozen terrific thumps; rising and leaving us quivering, vibrating, stunned, speechless. He retires amidst the plaudits of the enraptured auditors, who measure his abilities by the noise he has brought out of us. We fear the fools will have him out again; we dread his appearance. They clap on, they clap him out, they clap him up to us, he plays another composition by the same distinguished individual. He does not beat us long, this time, for he is almost as exhausted as we are.

We have a rest now, while the other performers are singing or tooting on the miserable flute, and then we are Klapperklau-ed again. Again he moves us, although we are just as he left us; again he gives the F a few dabs, to assure himself of its being wrong, and then he is at us again. Four times he is on the programme; four times he is encored; consequently eight times we are obliged passively to sustain our part in a boxing match with the redoubtable pianist.

Oh! who would be a grand piano forte and suffer eight such assaults in one evening, with no police to interfere in one's behalf, and no redress to be hoped for in any shape!

Fitzgerald's City Item.

(From the Massachusetts Teacher.)

The use of the Beautiful in Education.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUPILS OF A GYMNASIUM.

[From the German of HERDER.]

[We give here a translation of a discourse by one of the noblest, purest, and most religious-minded of Germany's great thinkers. It will serve to show the elevated tone in which the subject is treated in the only country where as yet Teaching has really taken its rank as one of the liberal arts. We think that no teacher, however humble his sphere of duty, can read it without profit and improvement.—A.]

Youth is the age of beauty in human life, the period when we love and practise nothing so willingly as what seems beautiful. The element of beauty in literature, science, and art, is the sweet allurements which attracts us, the Hesperides fruit which enchants us. The most useful and valuable teaching needs only to seem hard, or to wear an earnest and melancholy countenance, and youth flies from it as the talk of dry old age; what is most useless needs only to put on a light and pleasing mien, and it is sought for, loved, and revered.

How then? Is this impulse of our nature, this attraction and inclination for all that is pleasing and beautiful, to be condemned? Did Nature commit a sin when she implanted this tendency in our hearts, and adorned with it the years of our first awakening into life? Did she commit a sin when she clothed so many forms about us with loveliness, and made the first years of life the spring-time also of human feeling? Is it forbidden to prefer the beautiful to the ugly? forbidden, too, in learning and the arts? In these, the ornaments of human nature, why should we not seek the ornament of the ornament, the essence of the attraction?

Nature never errs, and she would least of all be a deceiver where she shows herself friendly, and in what of loveliness she lays in the path of our lives. She acted as a wise and benevolent mother when she surrounded the true and the

good in her works with beauty, and made the first years of our life a garden of pleasant delight. The very novelty of the first objects of our knowledge and activity delights us; the lightness with which our blood flows and our heart beats and our thoughts and desires arise within us, softly allures us up the hard heights of human life, and charms us into its bonds. We learn with pleasure, unconsciously, and as it were in sport, what we hereafter must practise in sadder and more earnest years, and harder and more troublesome relations; an inviting spring leads us on to the summer, the autumn, and the winter of our days. The Apostle not only says, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure," but also, "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The sciences of the beautiful then belong to the age of beauty in human life, and the Creator has ordained that they should be united in bonds of mutual love.

But what are sciences of the beautiful, and how must we love and practise them, that our practise may be beautiful also? These questions seem to me, on account of their importance and even necessity in our times, to be the best possible introduction to a public examination such as this, that we may secure a noble rivalry between the arts themselves and those who are pursuing them.

The word "beautiful" is commonly made synonymous with "easy," for light and thoughtless youth shun nothing so much as trouble and labor; what recommends itself at first sight, what is comprehended at the first glance, is preferred; what requires thought, zeal, and exercise, though it be of the utmost value, is neglected. Nothing is read but the dear mother-tongue, especially when what is read was lightly written, and is only sugar-plums in the mouth. Perhaps we add the French, partly because it is so easy to learn, and partly because it contains so many sugar-plums. There is the gingerbread of pretty romances, pretty poems, pretty stories, comedies, and plays; the cut of the language is of the latest fashion, its style is easy and to catch the eye; by all means, therefore, be it learned, say they. But the true fountains, the everlasting monuments of the science of the beautiful, the Greeks, and Romans, are passed by, because the knowledge of them costs labor, because the entrance to these shrines is through the fore-court of a learned tongue. Ask many a youth whether ideas of beauty and of intellectual pleasure are associated in his mind with his Virgil, his Horace, Cicero, Homer, Theocritus, and perhaps he will tell you Yes, with an easy-reading translation of them; but in the Greek and Latin, they are Classics, and with most youths the Classics and intellectual pleasure are widely separated notions. Just the very form which contributes so much of their beauty is that which makes them hateful and troublesome to the lazy pupil. The monkey would gladly have the sweet kernel, but he will not crack the hard nut; it breaks his pretty teeth.

Is not the Greek a beautiful language? do not its writers deserve to be learned, if only for the rules and examples of the beautiful they afford?—The present examination will be your answer. Perhaps we shall find as many lovers of the most beautiful of all beautiful languages as once there were reckoned Muses, nine! Perhaps we shall find not nearly so many.

O, it is an idle and a wanton age when that only is called beautiful which is easy, and nothing pleases us but what flies into our very mouths! "I went by the field of the slothful," says Solomon, "and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Thine easy knowledge will bring thee neither honor nor bread; not rightly has thou learned; thou hast put to sleep thy spirit, wasted thy best time, the first young power of thy soul. By for-

ever trifling thou hast lost the habit of earnestness; by giving thyself up to sport, labor, without which no work can be accomplished, no glory, no aim of life attained, becomes unsupportable and impossible. Thou hast eaten sweets till they have ruined thy digestion. Soon the beautiful will be no longer beautiful, but wearisome and disgusting, because thou hast enjoyed it to excess, and thou wilt languish like a sick man, at the very fountains of health. O hear, who has ears to hear; for what I say is terrible truth. Pleasure and Beauty when thus pursued become hateful in the end,—Sirens which allure and mislead you, Circes which transform you. You will be a cuckoo to prate miserably verse, a crow to write reviews, or a peacock or a goose in guise of a bombastic or a pleasant-cackling preacher.

Every art and science whether called "fine" or ugly, requires labor, industry, practice; poets and orators, whose works are commonly the only part of literature which is reckoned among the Fine Arts, never become great without industry and labor. The reviver of German poetic art, Opitz, wrote Latin elegantly, was well acquainted with ancient literature, and made as good Latin as he did German verses; the modern reviver of it, Haller, was certainly as great* as a scholar, philosopher, physician, naturalist, and botanist, as he was as a poet. The elder Schlegel translated Sophocles at school, and studied his art in ancient models. In what branch of learning has not Lessing distinguished himself? His poetry and his style are perhaps the least of his excellences. Among the English, Milton was as great a scholar and statesman as he was poet; and who does not reverence the great names of Grotius and Erasmus? Grotius was Theologian, Jurist, Statesman, Historian, Scholar, and Philosopher, to as great an extent as he was Poet, and even national poet. Every one knows the epigram of Lessing.

That you a poet are, good sir, that gives me special joy;
That you no more than poet are, that doth me much annoy.†

Every art and science has in it an element of Beauty, but this beauty is only to be enjoyed by the exercise of unconquerable industry. All individuals who have by nature a strongly developed gift for the pursuit of any one of them, illustrate this. What study seems to the common understanding dryer than Mathematics, and yet what great mathematician does not find in them the greatest delight? Galileo in his prison consoled himself with his discoveries as the noblest doctrines of the beautiful, and Kepler declared he would not exchange one of his for a Dukedom. We see with what love a jurist, a statesman, a physician, a naturalist, a historian, a student of mechanics, yes, even a diplomatist, or a student of heraldry, live in their science, provided they are formed for it by nature, have studied it thoroughly, and are in a position to practise it successfully. Every labor accomplished is sweet, every difficulty and obscurity stimulates their zeal; every fortunate discovery—never made without previous labor—is their dearest reward; verily, all these do something besides plucking fading flowers and sucking indigestible sugar-plums. The bees do not get their honey without labor; it is the drones who steal what was gathered by others and does not belong to them.

It is not therefore lazy and superficial facility that creates beauty in the sciences and the arts; what does create it? The ancients called such sciences *artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, ad humanitatem informant*, sciences which form us into men, and perhaps we might best name them formative sciences. What forms the powers of our souls is beautiful; what does not, does not deserve the name, though it be covered all over with tinsel. I know we have in these modern times lost this idea. We oppose the sciences of the Beautiful to the higher, more earnest, more fundamental ones, as though the latter could deserve the name, and yet could be trifling, or low, or flat, or dry, or superficial, or unmanly. Allow me, then, a little space to show the falsity of this

* A good deal greater, we fancy. Herder himself is a better example of the union of scholar and poet than any of those he adduces.—Tr.

† Es freuet mich, mein Herr, dass Ihr ein Dichter seyd;
Doch seyd Ihr sonst nicht mehr, mein Herr, das ist mir leid.

distinction, and to recommend to you the true conception of the beautiful, that is, the formative element in all sciences.

I say, then, that the sciences of the Beautiful cannot be separated from, and set in opposition to the fundamental sciences, for that to which beauty belongs must be fundamental or else it is a false and deceitful beauty. The sciences of the beautiful and the sciences of the true cannot be opposed to one another, for the former are no court jesters: they too have earnest aims, and can only be furthered by strict rules and the earnest use of means. And finally, the sciences of the beautiful and the higher sciences do not stand opposed to one another as though the former were trifling and of lower rank; both have ideals, each after its kind; both require high and richly endowed souls. All these distinctions rest on misunderstanding and misuse of the classification of those barbarous scholastic times whose relics linger in so many places. The first was heard of the so-called seven free arts.

Gram. loquitur, *Dia.* verba docet, *Rhe.* verba ministrat, *Mus.* canit, *Ar.* numerat, *Ge.* ponderat, *Ast.* colit astra.*

Even here we see those most prosaic of studies, grammar, logic, even mathematics and astronomy enumerated among them. Afterwards separate spheres were assigned to grammar, philosophy, and mathematics; what remained became a distinct province of the Fine Arts, and to them was left nothing but the noble art of verse-making, and a bit of rhetoric or the fine art of spinning sentences. The truly fine arts, those namely which inform the soul, which create thought, which give taste and judgment,—in short, all the strength and substance of the spirit were taken away, and now one might indeed distinguish them from the useful, the fundamental, the earnest, the noble—sciences which are, as I view them, the sciences of Beauty themselves—for as the others were left, they were ugly enough. Will any one tell me how we can have a beautiful form where there is no substance—how one can speak beautifully who has no thoughts, or where true, earnest, and serious aim, where true passion and the inspiration of a real purpose ever failed to make one speak well? Even the spider does not spin her web without a purpose; she means to catch flies; but we with most of our fine word-webs of empty rhetoric do not even do that.

What then are the sciences of the Beautiful? and why do we call them so? Either the word must mean that we learn in them what is beautiful, and why it is so; but this we never learn by rules alone, never without materials and examples;—or they are the sciences which supply a beautiful form to these materials, and here the idea of the beautiful is identical with that of the formative. No science can be called a science of the Beautiful when it merely racks our memories, gives us words without thoughts, dogmas and assertions without light or proof or exercise of practical judgment; in short, when it does not form the powers of our soul. As soon as it does this it becomes agreeable; and the more it does this, the more it occupies our fancy and inventive faculty, our wit and taste, our judgment, and particularly our practical masculine judgment; the more powers of the soul it occupies at once, the more elements of culture it has, and every one says the more beautiful it is. Take, for instance, philosophy, which is usually excluded from what are called Belles-lettres. But truth lies at the foundation of all beauty, and all that is beautiful can only lead to the true and the good. I lay it down as a principle, then, that truth, so far as it relates to man, is beautiful; for beauty is only the outward form of truth. Dry ontology, cosmology, psychology, theology, logic, ethics, politics, please no one: but make the truths of all these sciences living; place in clear light their origin, their connection, their use, and application; bring them so near to the soul of the reader that it discovers

* Barbarous mnemonic verses, enumerating the chief studies pursued in the schools of the middle ages—The famous *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*, or course of three, and course of four studies, which together formed the mediæval notion of a liberal education. *Dia.* stands for *Dialectica* or Logic; the rest are obvious.—Tr.

with the discoverer, observes with the observer, judges with the philosopher, and applies and exercises the truth with the good man,—and what more beautiful sciences can there be than these? It is a great attraction to see the connection of truths, a high satisfaction to survey the chart of human knowledge in any province, with its lights and shadows, and to sharpen one's wit, one's inventive faculty and judgment at every step by the truth which one discovered and the error which another encountered. Is there a greater picture in the world than the world itself, as cosmology, natural history, and physical astronomy reveal it? a finer or a more interesting drama than the human soul itself reveals, whether in a wide or a narrow sphere of activity, with its faculties and powers, its duties and relations, passions and impulses? If one cannot speak here, by a true and complete representation of these things, with a living power to the understanding, and effectually to the heart, where can he? This whole newly-discovered and barbarous science *æsthetics*, is nothing but a part of logic; what we call taste is nothing but a lively, quick judgment, which does not exclude truth and profoundness, but rather pre-supposes and requires them. All didactic poems are nothing but philosophy in sensible form, fable nothing but the representations of a general truth present and in action. From whence did Cicero take the most beautiful, the most striking materials for his eloquence, but from philosophy, from the analysis of things themselves, of the human heart, and the human understanding? Philosophy therefore is not only one of the sciences that pertain to beauty, but is the mother of the beautiful. Rhetoric and poetry owe to it all that they have that is truly informing, useful, or agreeable. Next to it is history, so far as it includes the knowledge of countries, men, their governments and states, their manners and religions, their virtues and vices. If these subjects are pursued as we often with astonishment and aversion see them pursued, they are surely nothing but the rubbish of science; pursued as they might be and ought to be, so as to impart interesting, clear, and valuable knowledge, such as informs the student's mind with wisdom, can there be sciences more beautiful than those of geography and history? Who does not willingly read and hear history? What cultivated man does not receive the greater part of his culture through history of others, and experience, which is the history of himself? And are the epic poem and the drama anything more than history, true or fabulous, adorned with the attractions of language, outward representation, and imagination?—and is not many a history truly related and described with beauty more attractive than an exaggerated epic or the false representations of romance? It only depends then on choice, method, and diction, that the teacher make interesting all that he brings forward, offer it in a form to attract the understanding, move the heart, and excite all the powers of his hearer's soul, to turn history into the truest rhetoric and the truest poetry. In the histories of the ancients, history and oratory are united; the finest speeches are incorporated into their histories, and cannot be understood or appreciated without them. The good narrator must follow the same rules as the poet; and if the orator or the poet would not merely give pleasure, but improve, inform, and excite to sympathetic action the minds of those he addresses, he has the same aim as the historian or the philosopher. In short, truth, beauty, and virtue are the three graces of human knowledge, three inseparable sisters. He who would have beauty without truth, grasps at the wind; he who studies for truth and beauty without virtue, which is their use and practical application, pursues a shadow. Beautiful form can only be made visible and living in beautiful substance; the truest, richest, most useful, most informing sciences are ever the most beautiful.

Time would fail me to show how all the rules of beauty are nothing except so far as they serve truth and goodness; how all the flowers of eloquence are nothing, except so far as they favor truth and goodness; how the best part is wanting to all sciences if one robs them of beauty; how every science, each in its own way, can have it

and should have it; how no science need be rude or repulsive, and even the abstractest knowledge has its attraction and its beauty, if only it is pursued in a way to inform and be instructive. Enough for to-day: to-morrow, I trust, will prove that every science here pursued is a science of beauty, because it is made agreeable and interesting, because it is learned with pleasure and love, because it is taught in a natural and attractive manner.

And you, pupils, now passing out of youth and becoming men, cast aside the puppets of childhood, the empty grass and flower garlands which fade so soon and then are so disgusting; love what is worthy of love in every form, but ever in relation to truth, goodness, and usefulness. Love and study the ancient languages; they are the sources and patterns of all that is noble, good, and beautiful. Love philosophy, theology, and history; they nourish the heart, and fill the mind with thought, and thus furnish the material of all that is capable of receiving or worthy of a beautiful form. Shun not labor and toil; as soon as you enter into the spirit of your work, toil will disappear, changed into beauty and enjoyment.

And thou, First Cause and Author of all truth, goodness, and beauty, accept the consecration of this school and the exercises of these days to the pursuit of true loveliness and beauty, which is the true culture of human souls.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 8, 1856.

Italian Opera.

Thanks to the indomitable conductor and impresario MARETZKE, and to his difference with the proprietors of the New York Academy of Music, three weeks of Italian Opera have been vouchsafed to us at the very beginning of the season, instead of coming, as in past years, at the latter end of Spring, after a whole winter's round of concerts and more dissipating and fatiguing pleasures. The series opened, under the disadvantage of a most exciting political struggle to absorb men's minds, (and in this case the minds of women quite as much), yet with a goodly and gay show of numbers, in the Boston Theatre, on Monday evening, Oct. 20th. The piece of course was Verdi's *Trovatore*; for the fashionable world of music, those who are only or chiefly smitten with the love of music on that side that turns to the hot sun of Italian Opera, will know of no work of genius greater than the *Trovatore*. The pieces which have followed on alternate evenings and two Saturday afternoons, have been: *I Puritani*, *Ernani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Ernani* again, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Etoile du Nord* again, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, *Il Trovatore* again (for Miss Phillips's benefit), and parts of the "North Star" and *Masaniello* for the benefit of Marezke—in all seven operas, of which only one was new, and all the others of the most worn and familiar order, unless we except the *Puritani*, which had scarcely been heard here before the advent of GRISI and MARIO.

Of the *Trovatore* we can say at least that we never had heard it nearly so well performed, as a whole, as on that opening night. To the music, plot, and whole spirit of the piece our readers know we are not partial, and we doubt not we never shall be. It enjoyed two rare advantages that evening; the inimitable singing and acting of Madame LAGRANGE, and the accompaniment of the fullest, most euphonious and best drilled operatic orchestra which we remem-

ber in any of our previous opera seasons. There was far less braying of the brass than we are used to in the works of Verdi, and a good deal of richness of instrumentation was brought out agreeably in the sweet, well-blended sounds of the reeds and horns, and the good body and precision of the string quartet. But LAGRANGE in Leonora made even a whole evening of the *Trovatore* enjoyable. So consummate an artist is she in whatever rôle she undertakes, so graceful and ladylike in movement and in bearing, so faithful and felicitous in her impersonations, so attentive to every least or greatest demand of every moment of the drama, and withal so exquisite a vocalist, that any part grows interesting in her treatment. If it have a best side, she will surely find and show it; put her whole soul and talent into it. Mme. Lagrange looks better than when she was here before; she has gained flesh, as well as beauty and freshness of countenance; and with her nice taste in dress and graceful ease of movement, she feasts the eye as pleasantly as any prima donna we have had upon our stage; we will not say as magnificently as GRISI in her peculiar characters. After RACHEL, and GRISI in some parts, her dramatic powers impress us more than those of any other. We find her far more satisfying than SONTAG—a more fresh and genuine nature, we should say. Yet we suspect a higher kind of genius dwelt in BOSIO, which it would seem is now apparent, in a more developed form, to all the musical world of Europe.

Mme. Lagrange's voice, although not naturally a large one, or possessing a great deal of substance, has a singularly musical quality, which is proved by the fact that the charm wears so well. All of power it has is essentially musical; and it is trained to rare effectiveness, in passages of strength as well as passages of elegance or sweetness. Her middle tones are expressive, and have a rich flavor of humanity; her contralto tones are artificial and somewhat dry, yet of a telling strength in her impassioned and denunciatory bursts; but it is in the pure sunshine of the upper octave, in exquisitely finished birdlike ornaments, in soft *staccato* passages, where each note shines with the soft pure lustre of a pearl, that she delights to revel with a wondrous freedom and perfection of grace. Her great *forte* certainly is as a *bravura* singer, but in the least exceptionable sense of the term, since she makes her rare facility of ornament always, or almost always, subserve the dramatic end and character of what she is singing. Strange that nearly all the European reports we read of her before she came here, made her a mere *bravura* singer, a mere throat-machine of marvellous execution, when here we find her so much more and higher! One fault she has, however, in her singing, in common with too many singers of the day, and in so remarkable a degree, that only all her excellencies and various fascinations make it tolerable; and that is the trick of an incessant *tremolo*,—what our "Diarist" has quaintly called the "wobble" of the voice. We cannot believe that it is altogether or mainly the effect of weakness, although it were wonderful if such continued and over-tasking exercise as this unrelenting singer has kept up, (never, that we have heard, while in this country missing an engagement,) should not leave her in some degree the worse for wear.

Signor AMADIO and Signor BRIGNOLI shared the honors of the same opera. The big, round

baritone voice of the former, corresponding with his person, is very sure to fill the ear in all parts of a theatre, and to be heard in spite of orchestra and chorus, and for that reason alone it has guaranteed to it the applause of a large number of all opera-goers. We cannot find its quality so musical and sympathetic, as it is solid, smooth and telling. His style of singing is quite cultivated and superior, and he does all earnestly and well, without apparently a spark of genius. His chief fault (as with so many singers) is that which comes of singing in the modern *effect* school of music, particularly that of Verdi, and consists in the habit of relying upon the quite too strong a blow always in the last notes of a strain, accompanied with rhetorical gesture and throwing up of hands, as if to prepare the crowd to be amazed and to applaud tremendously; and the reaction of such applause on the exciting cause, as always witnessed in the trebled intensity of the same trick on the repetition in answer to an *encore*. We do not say that Amodio is worse in this respect, or so bad as most of the male singers of the Italian stage; but it is the more striking with his ponderous voice and seeming lack of really internal enthusiasm or fire of sentiment. BADIALI, even, indulged in it, sometimes to great excess, but he had more to balance it. Yet on the whole, if we leave out BADIALI and MORELLI, we do not know when we have had a better baritone than Sig. AMODIO. It is perhaps our misfortune that we saw and heard him first and have ever since associated him with that ugly character in *Trovatore*. The beauty of BRIGNOLI's tenor voice has grown upon us greatly; it has the through and through golden ore and substance of a tenor in each tone; and in recitative something of the crisp, distinct, ringing utterance of BENEDETTI, than whom he is a much more finished singer, though with less native manly force and genius, less magnetism over an audience by the direct, truthful earnestness of his impersonations. He is awkward, listless, vain and handsome; but so far as singing goes, he has done good justice to this and all his parts. We like him best in recitative and when he sings most simply. He can ring out a few defiant or denunciatory tones with great effect, or sing a *cantabile* melody with much feeling beauty, until he comes to the climactic point, where singers usually make effect, and there he forces out a note with penetrating force and then prolongs and lets it die away with an excessive sentimental sweetness until all manliness and truth of eloquence are lost, and you are half ashamed of listening, since in such cases to listen at all should be to sympathize.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS was the Azucena—her first appearance in full operatic character in this her native city; and we must pronounce it on the whole a great success. She did not assume the swarthy gipsy complexion, and scarcely disguised her own genial, bright face under the expressions of revenge or terror which the part demanded; yet was her action good, intelligent and free, if not intense. We preferred in fact to hear Adelaide Phillipps sing and see her like herself, than to be too closely haunted by the disagreeable conception of that Verdi gipsy, who is a sort of walking, singing *auto da fe*. Her voice was rich and beautiful throughout, quietly filling and pervading the place with an intrinsic music, but never storming the ear with that ex-

plosive force so common with the Italians. At the outset there was a very slight swerving from true pitch, which might have been caused by a sense of strangeness and not at first fully trusting the atmosphere around her. But this disappeared, and in the simple, honest, but yet highly finished delivery of that warm, fresh voice, true always to the music, we found almost unalloyed satisfaction. Certainly her Azucena, vocally at least, was a much more pleasing, true, artistic effort, than VESTVALI'S. The *Trovatore* (not her own choice, she preferred *Semiramide*) was repeated for the benefit of Miss Phillipps upon Thursday of this week, when we understand her part was marked by more intensity of action. She has appeared in but one other opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*; and it is enough to say that her Maffeo Orsini was one of the best that we have witnessed. She was rapturously recalled in the drinking song, which she tossed off with a fine free *gusto*, executing a long trill with rare artistic evenness and purity.

I Puritani and *La Sonnambula* we have always liked the best among the operas of Bellini, and in both Mme. Lagrange's powers found fine sphere for their best display. *I Puritani* was to Bostonians the freshest, and made truly a delightful entertainment for one evening. It is in Bellini's truest vein, sweet, mellifluous melody of love and tenderness for the most part, with a touch of the martial heroic, as the liberty duet, *Suoni la tromba*, which was roared out as usual to the delight of the many from the stentorian lungs of Signors AMODIO and COLETTI. This is the one hacknied piece of mere *effect*, which disturbs the otherwise simple, quiet charm and unity of the whole piece. Mme. Lagrange held all in breathless admiration by her consummate vocalization, always touched by feeling, in the florid polacca: *Son virgine vezzosa*, and alike in the tender melody and rapturous sequel of *Qui la voce*. The choruses and concerted pieces sounded finely. The quartet: *A te, O cara*, especially, where BRIGNOLI's voice and style, although by no means that of another MARIO, told to good advantage. In the romanza also in the last scene, the chivalrous passage with the Queen Henrietta, &c., he did finely. AMODIO, COLETTI and GASPARDONI filled the three bass parts satisfactorily.

Ernani was brilliantly performed, renewing not a little of its first effect as introduced here for the first time by the old Havana troupe. No prima donna has sung the difficult music of Elvira so well, or thrown so much genuine pathos into the part here as LAGRANGE. For the rest the interest of the hour was concentrated upon the tenor, Sig. CERESA, who confirmed the fine impression which he made here in the same character last summer. He has a high, pure tenor, of great compass, force, and penetrating quality, and he throws himself into the straining passages of Verdi with such fire and abandon as to make him cheered through a continual series of triumphs. The wonder was, that exerting his voice to the utmost, its power flagged not to the end; yet this cannot continue always; he who always spends must lose at last,—to say nothing of the artistic beauty of a certain masterly reserve of force; and we learn that on the second night Sig. Ceresa was not able to go through. As to action, what he wants in quiet, solid strength he strives most faithfully to make up for by real Verdi-ish intensity.

Lucia and *Sonnambula* we did not witness; LAGRANGE of course entered into the parts with the same truthful individuality, true at once to whatsoever character and to the high bred lady, and sang till appetite increased by what it fed upon. *Lucrezia Borgia* was a capital performance. We have already mentioned the Orsini. LAGRANGE was wonderfully true to all the terror and the tenderness of her part. It was a masterpiece of lyrical impersonation. BRIGNOLI warmed into more life than usual as Gennaro, and sang delightfully. AMODIO rendered the music of the Duke grandly. The Trio scene was scarcely ever more effective, and there was so much good singing in the secondary parts, and choruses, that the fine opening scene, the quaint "border-ruffian" choruses, &c., told to a charm.

Norma we did not hear. We are a-weary of the opera. All know that it is one of LAGRANGE's greatest parts, and that if she has not all the imposing grandeur of person and impassioned fire of GRISI, her rendering of the part must be quite as consistent and intelligent, while she can sing *Casta Diva* and the other difficult music far more artistically. GASPARDONI was of course a good Oroveso, as he is good in all parts.

All these operas are too familiar to require much detailed notice. The only new piece has been the famous "North Star," by Meyerbeer, and this, having already used up our space, we must defer until next week.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Sacred Concert given last Sunday evening by this society, in combination with the orchestra and leading singers of the Opera, drew a large audience to the Music Hall and gave much satisfaction. Orchestra and singers, however, did not always draw well together, owing partly no doubt to the want of more rehearsal under a conductor new to most of them. The Opera people are commonly ill at home under any but their own conductor, yet this concert went far better than has been usual with such combinations, and on the whole did much credit to the musicianship and talent of the young conductor Mr. SOUTHARD. The choruses, by members of the Society, who had enjoyed the advantage of his drill, were remarkable for their precision, spirit, clear, telling quality and balance of voices. The overture to "St. Paul" was tolerably well played by the orchestra; it would surely improve on acquaintance. The opening chorus from the same told with a refreshing vigor. Mme. LAGRANGE's first air, *Ah mio figlio*, was well nigh spoiled by the discordant prelude of the orchestra (owing we are told to blunders in copying, which of course implies lack of rehearsal); but she sang it with great beauty, force and pathos. We need not assure our readers that Miss PHILLIPPS sang Handel's "He was despised," in a voice and style that charmed the ear, and spoke to every heart; it was a beautiful performance. The Prayer from *I Lombardi* was in the main well executed by Mme. BERTUCCA MARETEK, whose voice at times is rather worn and shrill and sometimes out of tune. Two choruses by Rossini: "The God of Israel," from *Semiramide*, and the Prayer from "Moses," ended the first part.

In the *Stabat Mater* the opening Quartet and Chorus were quite imposing. BRIGNOLI's voice was beautiful in *Cujus animam*, when not completely covered up by the orchestral *fortissimo*;

of this one always has to complain; it is true, the fault lies in the composer's directions, but we should think a conductor ought to take the liberty to suit the case to circumstances. The duet: *Quis est homo*, would have sounded better if Lagrange had sung it with Miss Philipps. Bertucca's voice stood out in too sharp contrast with the mellow contralto. AMODIO made the great hit with the multitude by his sonorous, clear delivery of *Pro peccatis*, and verily he sang it well. The Solo and Chorus: *Eia mater*, is a most effective piece, and had good justice from COLETTI and the Choral members. The best thing of all, the Quartet, *Quando corpus*, was omitted; but the *Fuc ut portem* by Miss Philipps, and above all the *Inflammatus*, by Lagrange, were rich treats indeed.

When will the Mendelssohnians give us "St. Paul," as a whole?

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" writes in the *Palladium*:

A pleasant concert was given at Brinley Hall on Tuesday evening of last week by Madame Isidora Clark, assisted by Signor Clementi, Henri Appy, and Wm. Dressler. Madame Clark sang "Ernani! Invola mi!" "La Serenade," and several English ballads, &c, with very good taste, and in a manner that did great credit to her musical acquirements. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of pleasing quality, cultivated apparently in the Italian school. Signor Clementi showed a baritone voice of much richness, in his singing of a romance from *Maria di Rudenz*, a song of Wallace's, and a duet, (with Madame Clark,) from *La Favorita*. His rendering of *La Marseillaise* was quite spirited and warmly encored. Henri Appy proved himself a violinist of almost unrivalled power of execution, and produced such a sensation as very few violinists have ever done here before. Mr. Dressler, proved himself throughout, a good accompanist, and played the popular "Zampa" overture, as well as Gottschalk's Banjo Sketch, with much skill.

The Mozart Society will probably give the first of a series of four concerts on the eighteenth of this month. Romberg's ode, "The Transient and the Eternal," a number of choruses from the "Messiah," the *Inflammatus* chorus; with solos, &c., will make up the programme.

NEW YORK.—The Academy of Music will be opened with Italian Opera, under the management of Baron de STANKOVITCH (the husband of Madame LAGRANGE) on Monday evening next. MARETZKE will resume his post as Conductor; and there is every prospect of a brilliant and prosperous season. From the 10th of November until the Holidays, the Opera should be liberally supported. The *Herald* gives the following sketch of the heroic impresario:—M. the Baron de Stankovitch has done the State some service, and has fought under the Russian flag in several severely contested battles, on the shores of the Caspian, in the mountain passes of Circassia, the Steppes of Tartary and on the confines of the Black Sea. He is fit to lead armies; and no doubt competent to assume the baton of Field Marshal of the Italian Opera in America. The *Times* says that the stock-holders of the Academy have generously come to the aid of the Baron by doubling the rent, and clinging to their own right in the best seats for nothing; so that he has to pay about \$2,000 rent per week, and must average that sum each night to meet expenses!

The German Opera does not draw so well with the altered prices. Flotow's "Stradella" was revived one evening to present a new prima donna, Mlle. KRONFELD. She did not succeed. Manager Von Berkel seems to have made an unfortunate selection of vocalists; nearly all have failed to please. Signor GUIDI appeared as *Stradella*, in place of Herr Pickaneser, and was warmly received. "Martha" was sung on Thursday with Mlle. D'ORMY as *Nancy*, instead of Madame Von Berkel. Last evening (Tuesday) Mr. SCHEERER made his first appearance in Lortzing's comic Opera of "The Czar and the Carpenter." THALBERG's first concert is announced to take place at Niblo's Saloon next Monday evening; his vocal assistants are to be Madame CORA DE WILHORST and Signor MORINI.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The following piece of jolly good-natured criticism of a Parodi concert appears in the *Albany Times*:

We issue an extra to say that this Concert drew a really bona fide

FULL HOUSE!

It being a wonderful thing, we cannot let the occasion pass without saying (and we say it boldly) what a wonderful thing we think it. Yes, and it gives us fresh hope, and may we say a fond hope, for the future, and maybe "Othello's occupation" is not quite gone yet! Strange as it may read, it was with difficulty that we got a seat, and some very excellent persons had to stand up; and to think all this should have happened the week before election! Indeed (as we before remarked) it is quite wonderful. Now for the programme. Well, after the audience had sufficiently admired Boardman & Gray's magnificent new *Grande*, and had got over their surprise at the full house, it was eight o'clock, and then the gas was turned on, and then on came Strakosch (looking as smiling and amiable as ever) and with him Signor Morani, who sang *Largo al factotum* very excellently, which was owing to his having a very good voice, some humor, and then you know the composition is just the thing to please the audience, in case a good voice sings it well. After Signor Baritone had acknowledged (with a very nice bow) the demanded *encore*, Paul Jullien (who is most decidedly an Albany favorite) came dashing on the stage, and so very much grown that he was not recognized by all his friends until he had got half way into his *fantasia*. He plays with all his own charming expression, but we fancy he does not practice as assiduously as he used to when we first knew him in his velvet coat and ruffles. But a few years more and he will be a thinking man, and then he can and will be the violinist of the age. Paul's playing made a great and deserved sensation, and nothing but *encores* for him.

Then the PARODI herself came forward and gracefully acknowledged the warm reception of her friends in the most splendid concert *toilette* of the season. A superb dress it was, (with a train,) point lace trimmings, (now we're in for it,) feathers and diamonds for head dress, and everything *comme il faut*. Parodi's appearance is fine and commanding, and her voice is in character, large, sonorous, firm, ringing and powerful, better suited to the tragic, yet she has much archness, which she used with excellent advantage in Meyerbeer's "Gipsy Song" and Malibran's "Rataplan." *La Marseillaise* brought down the house, and they would not let the *cantatrice* off with the usual obeisance this time, so we had the "Star Spangled Banner," which even pleased better than the other, and oh! didn't the people make a racket, for it is near election, and the country must be saved, and patriotic songs help. But don't let us forget the Signor Tiberini, the Roman *tenore*, whose reputation led very much to be expected of him, and his *roman-tic* history, etc., made him quite an object of interest, (especially to the ladies.) So when the prelude of divine "Spirito gentil" began, we got ourselves up into a seventh "you know what," and we mused of Salvi! Mario! and even Harry Squires, but when the voice also commenced we came right down and were disappointed, even if it was Tiberini; and the way he took upper *do* did not suit us a bit, and we thought he was sick or had something on his mind; and yet we suppose we ought to call it "extreme expression." In the pretty *aria* from "Rigoletto" he sung finely, displaying a beautiful voice and excellent taste and its *encore* "Come e gentil" was also well rendered; but we are particularizing too much and must hurry up. Strakosch gave us his "Tempest in a teapot," with plenty of "sugar and milk," which was quite agreeable, and for an *encore* his *Grande Sonata* in *A flat*, otherwise called "variations on Lilly Dale." Paul Jullien also played (for the sake of variety, we presume,) the "Carnival of Venice," and we are happy to say that Strakosch got through the difficult accompaniment with his usual ease. The two concerted pieces were effectively done, and the last was very funny with its hearty ho! ho! and ha! ha! in which the voice of Parodi was particularly jovial, and it was a jolly "good night," as a cheerful *finale* to a concert, which pleased all, and it must have been as profitable to the enterprising manager as it was surprising to

SEVEN OCTAVE.

PHILADELPHIA.—There is but little musical intelligence stirring this week. The first of Mr. BAYLEY's Orchestral Concerts took place last Saturday, but, although, we understand, good in programme and performance, failed to attract.—Our talented young townsman GEO. FELIX BENKERT, having returned from a five years residence in Europe, contemplates giving a concert of his compositions, (as we learn from an advertisement in one of the papers) with the aid of Mademoiselle D'Ormy, the Contralto and the orchestra of the Musical Fund Society. We fear Mr. Benkert has committed an error in placing his tickets at a dollar a-piece. Mr. B. is an admirable pianist, and his ability as a composer cannot be well questioned after the success with which his works are reported to have met in Vienna. We have but few American composers, and shall be glad to add his name to the short list.—The Musical Union will give its first con-

cert on December 1st, at Concert Hall; "Moses in Egypt" is an attraction that will crowd the room.—The Handel & Haydn Society is preparing a miscellaneous programme for the inauguration of its new hall and organ. This young association has already a large number of subscribers among the inhabitants of Spring Garden, to whom it particularly addresses itself, being located in the midst of it, and composed mainly of vocalists residing in that section of our city.—The Musical Fund Society does not seem to be in any great haste to commence its series of concerts: it is old, stately, and reserved, and moves slowly. We believe there are subscription lists out.—The Second Concert of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society will be given very shortly, upon which occasion the great oratorio of "Creation" will be produced in a manner far superior to last season's performance, in every respect; with new soloists, a large chorus, a full orchestra and the organ.—*City Item*.

Foreign.

GRAN.—The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* gives the following, we fear rather extravagant, notice of the new Mass by LISZT:

Liszt's *Festral Mass* was performed on the 21st August, on which day the Basilica was consecrated. Although, from the celebrity of Liszt's name, and the respect which, as a man, he universally enjoys, an undeniable amount of interest naturally predominated here beforehand for the musical Corypheus, who appeared among us as the composer of high church music, we will proceed with the utmost impartiality to the consideration of his greatest work, at the rehearsals of which, as well as at the performance, on the 31st August and 4th September, we were present, perfectly free from any preconceived opinion, favorable or unfavorable. The whole paper, for several numbers, would be completely taken up, if, instituting a comparison with other eminent works of the same description, we resolved to prove that, for fertility, originality, and profundity, Liszt stands completely alone—aye, as a priest who has received the inspiration of true devotion, which he breathes forth again in his creations. The "Credo" bears the stamp of the highest mental power, but if we wanted to point out the most brilliant portion in any part of the work, we should, after long consideration, be able to come to no decision. In the "Gloria," the commencement of which mirrors, in tune, the flight of the spirits joyfully rising upwards to the wonderfully imagined and inimitably instrumented "Agnus Dei," we found it a difficult matter to designate say one portion as absolutely the most successful, but it may be especially regarded as a confirmation of Liszt's genius, that both the clergy and those musicians who understand such things, and are competent to deliver an opinion, cannot sufficiently admire the musical characteristic truthfulness manifested in every passage of his peculiar conception of the text. The passage "he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead," produces a most powerful and striking effect, from the power of the thought, the profoundness of which in the spirited instrumentation, also, must exert a spell upon every mind, just as the melancholy in the words "Et homo factus est" appears as a touching point, full of deep feeling in the magnificent work. But if we were to go into details, we should be led beyond the limits of the small space accorded to us, and if the expression used for characterizing persons of genius: He is a light of the church (*Kirchenlicht*), is not completely erased from the lexicon of German sayings, Liszt, by the present estimable mass, so original in truthfulness of character, and depth of thought, has a full right to the title, since his *Festral Mass* is distinguished by clear conception, and fiery devotion combined with warm and deep religious feeling—a magnificent trio. To day, the work was executed, in an exemplary manner, before an immense concourse of people, in the Stadtpfarrkirche, and Liszt saluted with loud *elsens* (hurrahs), by the crowd around him. His presence infuses new life in our musical and social circles. The enthusiasm for him is displayed whenever he makes his appearance in the box at the Nationaltheater and other public places. Every evening there is a fresh Liszt solemnity, in one drawing room or the other.

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Translated for this Journal.

Heinrich Heine upon Meyerbeer.

Upon the waves of the ROSSINI music float most comfortably man's individual joys and sorrows; love and hatred, tenderness and longing, jealousy and sullenness, all is here the isolated feeling of an individual. Hence we find characteristic in the music of Rossini the predominance of melody, which is always the immediate expression of an isolated feeling. With MEYERBEER on the contrary, we find harmony paramount; in the stream of his harmonic masses the melodies are drowned, just as the special feelings of the individual man are lost in the collective feeling of a whole people; and into this harmonious current our soul loves to plunge, when it is seized by the joys and sorrows of the whole human race and takes sides on the great questions of society. Meyerbeer's music is more social than individual; the grateful present, which recognizes in his music its own inward and outward conflicts, its division of opinions and of will, its trials and its hope, is celebrating its own passion and own inspiration, while it applauds the great maestro. Rossini's music was more suited to the time of the Restoration, when men had grown blasés after great conflicts and disillusion, and their sense of their great collective interests had to retreat into the background, and the feeling of their individual self-hood could enter once more upon its legitimate rights. Rossini never would have acquired his great popularity during the revolution and the empire. Robespierre would have accused him perhaps of anti-patriotic, Moderatist melodies, and Napoleon certainly would not have appointed him chapel-master to the grand army, where he wanted a collective inspiration. . . Poor Swan of Pesaro! The Gallic cock and the

imperial eagle would perhaps have torn thee in pieces; better for thee than the battle fields of civic virtue and of glory was a tranquil lake, upon whose bank the gentle lilies nodded to thee peacefully, and where thou couldst row up and down in quiet, beauty and loveliness in every motion! The Restoration was Rossini's time of triumph, and indeed the heavenly planets, which just then held holiday and troubled themselves no more about the fate of nations, listened to his strains with rapture. Meanwhile the revolution of July has produced a great commotion in the heavens and on the earth; planets and men, angels and kings, nay, the dear God himself, are torn from their state of peace, have plenty of business again, have got to set in order a new era, have neither leisure nor repose of mind for entertainment with the melodies of private feeling, and only when the grand choruses of *Robert le Diable* or the *Huguenots* rage in harmony, shout in harmony, sob in harmony, do their hearts listen and sob and shout and rage in inspired unison.

This perhaps lies at the bottom of that unparalleled, colossal applause, which the two great operas of Meyerbeer enjoy throughout the world. He is the man of his age; and the age, which always knows how to choose its men, has borne him up tumultuously upon its shield, and proclaims his dominion, and makes its joyous triumphal *entrée* with him. It is indeed no comfortable position to be thus borne in triumph; by the awkward misstep of a single shield-bearer one may be considerably jolted, if not seriously hurt; the flower wreaths, which fly at one's head, may sometimes wound more than they refresh, if they do not even soil one, when they come from dirty hands; and the heavy burden of laurels may press much sweat of anguish from one's brow. Rossini, when he meets such an ovation, smiles all round ironically with his fine Italian lips, and then complains of his bad stomach, which grows daily worse, so that he can no longer eat.

That is hard, for Rossini always was one of the greatest gourmands. Meyerbeer is just the opposite; as in his outward appearance, so too in his enjoyments he is frugality itself. Only when he has invited friends, does one find a good table with him. One day when I went to take "pot-luck" with him, I found him over a miserable dish of stock-fish, which made out his whole dinner; of course I pretended that I had already dined.

Many have asserted that he was avaricious. This is not the fact. He is only parsimonious in expenses which concern his person. For others he is munificence itself, and his unfortunate countrymen have enjoyed it to abuse it. Benevolence is a family virtue with the Meyerbeers, especially the mother, to whom I send all that are in need

of help, and never in vain. But this lady is the happiest mother in this world. Wherever she goes the splendor of her son is ringing; everywhere some snatches of his music float about her ears; everywhere his bright glory meets her; and in the opera, where a whole public expresses its enthusiasm for Giacomo with the most thundering applause, her maternal heart beats quick with raptures of which we scarcely can conceive. I know in the whole history of the world but one mother who may be compared to her, and that is the mother of St. Boromäus, who in her life time saw her son canonized, and in the church, amid thousands of the faithful, could kneel before him and pray to him.

Meyerbeer is now writing a new opera, to which I look forward with great curiosity. The unfolding of this genius is for me a most remarkable spectacle. With interest I follow the phases of his musical as well as of his personal life, and observe the mutual influences between him and his European public. It is now ten years since I first met him in Berlin, between the university building and the watch-house, between science and the drum, and he seemed to me in this position to feel very much confined. I recollect I met him in the company of Dr. MARX, who at that time belonged to a certain musical regency, who, during the minority of a certain young genius whom they considered the legitimate successor to the throne of Mozart, continually worshipped JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. The enthusiasm for Sebastian Bach, however, was not merely to fill up that interregnum, but was also to annihilate the reputation of Rossini, whom the regency most feared and hated. Meyerbeer at that time passed for an imitator of Rossini, and the said Dr. Marx treated him with a certain condescension, with a courteous air of superiority, which I now laugh heartily to think of. Rossini-ism was then the great sin of Meyerbeer; he was as yet far from the honor of being attacked on his own account. He prudently refrained from making any claims, and when I told him with what enthusiasm I had recently seen his *Crociato* performed in Italy, he smiled with moody melancholy and said: "You compromise yourself, if you praise me, a poor Italian, here in Berlin, in the capital city of Sebastian Bach."

Meyerbeer had at that time in fact become altogether an imitator of the Italians. Aversion to the cold, intellectual, colorless Berlinism had at an early time produced a natural reaction in him; he sprang away to Italy, enjoyed life merrily, gave himself up entirely to his private feelings, and composed there those precious operas, in which Rossini-ism is carried to the sweetest excess; here gold is gilded over, and the flower is

perfumed with still stronger fragrance. Those were the happiest days of Meyerbeer; he wrote in the self-satisfied intoxication of the Italian love of pleasure, and in life as in Art he plucked the gayest flowers.

But such a life could not long satisfy a German nature. A certain homesickness for the earnestness of his fatherland was awakened in him; whilst he reclined among Italian myrtles, there crept over him a remembrance of the mysterious shudder of the German oak forests; while caressed by Southern zephyrs, he thought of the sombre chorales of the North wind; it was with him perhaps as with Madame de Sevigné, who, when she lived near an orangery, amid the continual fragrance of mere orange blossoms, began at last to long for the bad smell of a wholesome dung cart. . . . In short, a new reaction took place; Signor Giacomo suddenly became a German again and attached himself to Germany; not to the old, mouldy, obsolete Germany of narrow-minded old fogysm, but to the young, magnanimous, world-free Germany of a new generation, which had made all the problems of humanity its own, and which bears the great questions of humanity inscribed, if not upon its banner, yet all the more indelibly upon its heart.

Soon after the July revolution, Meyerbeer came before the public with a work which sprang from his mind during the commotion of that revolution; namely, with *Robert le Diable*, the hero, who does not know precisely his own will, who is continually in conflict with himself, a true type of the moral wavering of that time, a time which vacillated betwixt vice and virtue with such torment and unrest, which galled itself in strivings and in hindrances, and never possessed strength enough to withstand the assaults of Satan! By no means do I love this opera, this masterpiece of timidity; I say of timidity, not merely in respect of matter, but also of execution, since the composer does not as yet trust his genius; does not dare to give himself up to its entire will, and tremblingly serves the multitude, instead of commanding it unterrified. At that time Meyerbeer was justly called an anxious genius; he lacked victorious faith in himself; he showed a fear of the public opinion; the slightest expression of blame terrified him; he flattered all the humors of the public, and shook hands right and left most zealously, as if in music too he recognized the popular sovereignty and based his rule on the majority, in opposition to Rossini, who reigned absolute king, by the grace of God, in the realm of musical Art. This anxious disposition has never yet left him; he is always concerned about the opinion of the public; but the success of *Robert le Diable* had the fortunate effect, that that concern no longer weighs upon him when he works, that he composes with more confidence, that he lets the great will of his soul come out in its creations. And with this enlarged mental freedom he wrote the *Huguenots*, in which all doubts have vanished, the internal strife has ceased and the external conflict has begun whose colossal shape astounds us. By this work Meyerbeer first won his immortal right of citizenship in the eternal city of the soul, the heavenly Jerusalem of Art. In the *Huguenots* at length Meyerbeer reveals himself without shrinking; with unterrified lines he drew here his whole thought, and all that stirred his breast he dared to utter in unbridled tones.

What most especially distinguishes this work, is the balance that we find in it between enthusiasm and artistic completeness, or to express myself better, the equal height which Art and passion have attained in it; the man and the artist have here emulated one another, and if the former pulls the alarm bell of the wildest passions, the latter knows how to transfigure these rude tones of nature into the sweetest awe-inspiring euphony. While the great multitude is seized by the intrinsic energy, the passion of the *Huguenots*, the Art-connoisseur admires the mastery displayed in forms. This work is a Gothic cathedral, whose heavenward reaching rows of pillars and colossal cupola seem to have been planted by the bold hand of a giant, while the countless, elegantly fine festoons, rosettes and arabesques, spread over all like a stone veil of lace, give evidence of a dwarf's exhaustless patience. A giant in the conception and shaping of the whole, a dwarf in the elaborate execution of the details, the architect of the *Huguenots* is as incomprehensible to us as the composers of the old cathedrals. Standing one day with a friend before the cathedral at Amiens, my friend surveyed this monument of rock-towering giant strength and indefatigably carving dwarf-like patience with sympathy and awe, and asked me finally, how it happened that we to-day bring no such architectural works to pass? I answered him: "Dear Alphonso, men in those old times had convictions; we moderns have only opinions, and it requires something more than a mere opinion to rear a Gothic cathedral such as this."

That is it. Meyerbeer is a man of conviction. I do not refer particularly to the social questions of the day, although in this respect the views of Meyerbeer are more firmly grounded, than we find with other artists. Meyerbeer, whom the princes of this earth load with all possible marks of honor, and who is also so susceptible to these distinctions, carries in his breast a heart, which glows for the holiest interests of humanity, and he unequivocally confesses his worship for the heroes of the revolution. It is fortunate for him, that many northern hordes have no understanding of music, else they would see in the *Huguenots* something more than a mere party strife between Protestants and Catholics. Yet his convictions are not peculiarly of a political, and still less of a religious order. The peculiar religion of Meyerbeer is the religion of Mozart, Gluck and Beethoven; it is Music; in this alone does he believe; only in this faith he finds his happiness and lives with a conviction, which is like the convictions of the earlier centuries in depth, in passion, and endurance. Nay, I might say, he is the apostle of this religion. As with an apostolic zeal and earnestness he treats all that concerns his music. While other artists are content if they have produced something beautiful, nay, not infrequently lose all interest in their work, as soon as it is finished, with Meyerbeer upon the contrary the severest travail begins after the delivery; then he is not satisfied until the creation of his mind is shiningly revealed to other people also, until the whole public is edified by his music, until his opera has poured into all hearts the feelings he would preach to the whole world, until he has communed with all mankind. As the Apostle thinks neither of toils nor sufferings to save a single lost soul, so Meyerbeer, when he learns that any one denies his music, will expound it to him

indefatigably, until he has converted him; and then the single saved lamb, were it only the most insignificant soul of a feuilletonist, is to him more dear than the whole flock of believers, who have always worshipped him with orthodox fidelity.

Music is the conviction of Meyerbeer, and that is perhaps the reason of all those anxieties and troubles which the great master shows so often, and which not seldom make us smile. One should see him when he is rehearsing a new opera; at such times he is the tormenting spirit of all singers and musicians, whom he tortures with incessant trials. He never can be entirely satisfied; a single false note in the orchestra is a dagger thrust to him, of which he fancies he will die. This unrest persecutes him a long time after the opera has been actually brought out and received with tumults of applause. Still he continues to worry himself, and I believe he never is contented until some thousand hearers and admirers of his opera are dead and buried; with these at least he need fear no backsliding; these souls are secure to him. On the days when his opera is given, the good God can never please him; if it is cold and rainy, he is afraid that Mlle. Falcon will get a sore throat; if on the contrary the evening is clear and warm, he fears lest the fine weather should entice the people into the open air and let the theatre go empty. Nothing is comparable to the painful care with which Meyerbeer oversees the proof-reading; this inexhaustible passion for correction has become a by-word among Parisian artists. But one must consider that to him music is dear above anything, dearer surely than his life. When the cholera began to rage in Paris, I conjured Meyerbeer to go away as quickly as possible; but he had still business for some days, which he could not leave; he had to arrange with an Italian the Italian libretto for *Robert le Diable*.

Far more than *Robert le Diable* is the *Huguenots* a work of conviction, both as regards the substance and the form. As I have already remarked, while the great multitude are carried away by the substance, the idea, the quieter observer wonders at the immense progress of Art, the new forms, which here come into prominence. According to the most competent judges, all musicians who would now write for the opera, must first study the *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer has carried it to the greatest length in instrumentation. Never before heard of is his treatment of the choruses, which here speak out like individuals and have divested themselves of all operative tradition. Since *Don Juan*, surely, there has been no greater apparition in the realm of musical art, than that fourth act of the *Huguenots*, where upon the top of the dread, thrilling scene of the consecration of swords, and the invocation of a blessing on the thirst for blood, there is still a Duo added, which even surpasses the first effect; a colossal venture, which one could hardly credit in so anxious a genius, but whose success so much the more excites our rapture, as our wonder. For my part, I believe that Meyerbeer has not solved this problem by artistic, but by natural means, inasmuch as that famous Duo expresses a succession of feelings, which never perhaps, or never with such truth, appeared in an opera, and for which nevertheless there burn the wildest sympathies in the minds of the present. For my part, I confess that never at any music did my heart beat so stormily, as at the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and yet I gladly turn from this act and its commotions and dwell

with far greater satisfaction on the second act. This is an idyl, which in loveliness and grace resembles the romantic comedies of Shakspeare, or perhaps still more the *Aminta* of Tasso. In fact, under the roses of joy there lurks here a gentle melancholy, which reminds one of the unhappy court poet of Ferrara. It is more the longing after cheerfulness, than it is cheerfulness itself; it is no hearty laughter, but a smile of the heart, a heart which pines in secret and can only dream of health. How comes it that an artist, from whom all the blood-sucker cares of life were shuffled off from the very cradle, who, born in the lap of wealth, cosseted by the whole family, which willingly, enthusiastically humored all his inclinations, had far more right to happiness than any mortal artist,—how comes it, that this man has nevertheless experienced those enormous sufferings, which sigh and sob to us out of his music? For the musician cannot express so thrillingly that which he does not feel himself. It is strange that the artist, whose material wants are satisfied, should be so much the more intolerably visited by moral trials! But that is a good fortune for the public, which must thank the sorrows of the artist for its most ideal joys. The artist is that child, told of in the popular legend, whose tears are pure pearls. Ah! the cross stepmother, the world, beats the poor child all the more unmercifully, that it may weep right many pearls!

The *Huguenots* has been accused, even more than *Robert le Diable*, of a lack of melodies. This objection rests upon an error. "One cannot see the trees for sheer forest." The melody is here subordinated to the harmony, and already, on comparison with the music of Rossini, in which the contrary is the case, I have pointed out that it is this predominance of harmony which characterizes the music of Meyerbeer as a humanitarian, modern society music. It is not really wanting in melodies; only these melodies must not stand out with a disturbing forwardness, I might say egotism; they must simply serve the whole; they are disciplined, whereas with the Italians the isolated melodies assert themselves, I might almost say, in a spirit of outlawry, somewhat like their famous bandits. It is not much observed; but many a common soldier fights in a great battle quite as well as the Calabrian, the isolated robber hero, whose personal prowess would surprise us less if he fought among regular troops, in rank and file. I will not deny the merit of a preponderance of melody, but I must remark, that as a consequence thereof we see in Italy that indifference to the *ensemble* of an opera, to the opera as a complete and rounded work of Art, which expresses itself so naively, that people in the boxes, during the intervals while no bravura parts are sung, receive visitors and gossip freely, if they do not even play cards.

The predominance of harmony in Meyerbeer's creations is perhaps a necessary consequence of his broad culture, which comprehends the realm of thought and of appearances. Treasures were lavished on his education, and his mind was susceptible; he was early initiated into all the sciences, and herein distinguished himself from most musicians, whose glaring ignorance is somewhat excusable, since they have commonly lacked time and means to acquire great knowledge outside of their own profession. What he learned became a second nature with him, and the school of the world gave him the highest development;

he belongs to that small number of Germans whom even France must recognize as models of urbanity. Such height of culture was perhaps necessary for one who would collect and shape with sure design the material which belonged to the creation of the *Huguenots*. But whether what was gained in breadth of conception and clearness of oversight, were not lost in other peculiarities, remains a question. Culture annihilates in the artist that sharp accentuation, that bold coloring, that originality of thought, that directness of feeling, which we so admire in rude, uncultivated natures.

Culture is always dearly bought, and little Blanka is right about it. This little eight years old daughter of Meyerbeer envies the leisure of the little boys and girls, whom she sees playing in the street, and expressed herself lately after the following manner: "What a misfortune that I have refined parents! I have from morning to evening to learn all sorts of things by heart, and to sit still and be proper, while the uncultivated children down there can run about so happy and amuse themselves the whole day long!"

Songs of the Blacks.

The only musical population of this country are the negroes of the South. Here at the North we have teachers in great numbers, who try to graft the love of music upon the tastes of our colder race. But their success is only limited. A few good singers are produced, and some fine instrumental performers, but the thing never becomes general. Music may perchance be the fashion for a winter. But it does not grow to a popular enthusiasm. It never becomes a passion or habit of the people. We are still dependent on foreigners for our music. Italian singers fill our concert rooms, and German bands parade our streets.

Throughout the country the same holds true. Singing masters itinerate from village to village, to give instruction in the tuneful art, but the most they can muster is a score or two of men and maidens to sing in church on Sunday. Brother Jonathan is awkward at the business, and sings only on set occasions. Let him be enrolled in the ranks of the choir, and placed in the front of the gallery, and he will stand up like a grenadier, and roll out lustily the strains of a psalm. But all his singing is done in public. He makes little music at home, or at most only on the Sabbath day. During the week his melodies are unheard. He does not go to his labor singing to himself along the road. No song of home or country, of love or war, escapes his lips as he works in his shop or follows the plough. Our people work in silence, like convicts in a Penitentiary. They go to their tasks, not with a free and joyous spirit that bursts into song, but with a stern, resolute, determined air, as if they had a battle to fight, or great difficulties to overcome.

Even the gentler sex, who ought to have most of poetry and music, seem strangely indifferent to it. Young ladies who have spent years in learning to play on the piano, and sing Italian airs, drop both as soon as they are married. Enter their houses a few months later, and they tell you that they are out of practice; they have forgotten their music, their pianos are unopened, and their harps are unstrung.

Compared with our taciturn race, the African nature is full of poetry and song. The Negro is a natural musician. He will learn to play on an instrument more quickly than a white man. They have magnificent voices and sing without instruction. They may not know one note from another, yet their ears catch the strains of any floating air, and they repeat it by imitation. The native melody of their voices falls without art into the channel of song. They go singing to their daily labors. The maid sings about the house, and the laborer sings in the field.

Besides their splendid organs of voice, the African nature is full of poetry. Inferior to the white race in reason and intellect, they have more imagination, more lively feelings and a more expressive manner. In this they resemble the southern nations of Europe. Their joy and grief are not pent up in the heart, but find instant expression in their eyes and voice. With their imagination they clothe in rude poetry the incidents of their lowly life, and set them to simple melodies. Thus they sing their humble loves in strains full of tenderness. We at the North hear these songs only as burlesqued by our Negro Minstrels, with faces blackened with charcoal. Yet even thus all feel that they have rare sweetness and melody.

Mingled with these love songs are plaintive airs which seem to have caught a tone of sadness and pathos from the hardships and frequent separation of their slave life. They are the Songs of their Captivity, and are sung with a touching effect. No song of a concert room ever thrilled us like one of these simple African airs, heard afar off in the stillness of a summer night. Sailing down the Mississippi, the voyager on the deck of the steamer may often hear these strains, wild, sad and tender, floating from the shore.

But it is in religion that the African pours out his whole voice and soul. A child in intellect, he is a child in faith. All the revelations of the Bible have to him a startling vividness, and he will sing of the judgment and the resurrection with a terror or a triumph which cannot be concealed. In religion he finds also an element of freedom which he does not find in his hard life, and in these wild bursts of melody he seems to be giving utterance to that exultant liberty of soul which no chains can bind, and no oppression subdue. As hundreds assemble at a camp meeting in the woods, and join in the chorus of such a hymn as

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"

the unimpassioned hearer is almost lifted from his feet by the volume and majesty of the sound.

No voices of well trained choir in church or cathedral, no pealing organ, nor mighty anthem, ever moved us like these voices of a multitude going up to God under the open canopy of heaven. Blessed power of music! that can raise the poor and despised above their care and poverty. It is a beautiful gift of God to this oppressed race to lighten their sorrows in the house of their bondage.

Might not our countrymen all learn a lesson from these simple children of Africa? We are a silent and reserved people. Foreigners think us taciturn and gloomy. So we are, compared with the European nations. The Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine. The Swiss shepherd sings on the highest passes of the Alps, and the peasant of Tyrol fills his valleys with strains wild as the peaks and the torrents around him. But Americans, though surrounded with everything to make a people happy, do not show outward signs of uncommon cheerfulness and content. We are an anxious, careworn race. Our brows are sad and gloomy. Songless and joyless, the laborer goes to his task. This dumb silence is ungrateful in those who have such cause for thankfulness. Americans are the most favored people on earth, and yet they are the least expressive of their joy. So that we almost deserve the severe comment of a foreigner, who on seeing the great outward prosperity, and yet the anxious look of the people, said that "in America there was less misery, and less happiness, than in any other country on earth."

Let us not be ashamed to learn the art of happiness from the poor bondman at the South. If slaves can pour out their hearts in melody, how ought freemen to sing! If that love of music which is inborn in them, could be inbred in us, it would do much to lighten the anxiety and care which brood on every face and weigh on every heart. The spirit of music would beguile the toilsome hours, and make us cheerful and happy in our labor.

Nor would this light and joyous heart make us too gay, and so lead to folly and frivolity. On the contrary, it would prove a friend to virtue

and purity. The sour and morose spirit, when it recoils from its oppressive gloom, is apt to plunge into the worst excesses. The absence of a cheerful buoyancy is one of the causes which drive men into vice and sin. If every family sung together at early morn, that lingering melody would render their spirits more elastic. With his children's voices in his ear, the hard-working man would go more cheerfully to his labor, and those melodies would make his spirit sunny and joyous through the day.

If common domestic joys, home, health and fireside love, can thus fill the heart with happiness, and cause it to break forth into singing; surely, when that heart is bounding with immortal hope, it may rise to the highest strains of exultation and of ecstasy.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad."

Evangelist.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE PREACHING OF THE TREES.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

At midnight hour, when silence reigns
Through all the woodland spaces,
Begin the bushes and the trees
To wave and whisper in the breeze,
All talking in their places.

The Rosebush flames with look of joy,
And perfume breathes in glowing;
"A Rose's life is quickly past!
Then let me, while my time shall last,
Be richly, gaily blowing!"

The Aspen whispers: "Sunken day!
Not me thy glare deceiveth!
Thy sunbeam is a deadly dart,
That quivers in the Rose's heart—
My shuddering soul it grieveth!"

The slender Poplar speaks, and seems
To stretch its green arms higher:
"Up yonder life's pure river flows,
So sweetly murmurs, brightly glows,
To that I still aspire!"

The Willow looks to earth and speaks:
"My arm to enfold thee yearneth;
I let my hair float down to thee;
Entwine therein thy flowers for me,
As mother her child adorneth!"

And next the wealthy Plum-tree sighs:
"Alas! my treasures crush me!
This load with which my shoulders groan,
Take off—it is not mine alone;
By robbing, you refresh me!"

The Fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood:
"A blossom bore I never;
But steadfastness is all my store;
In summer's heat, in winter's roar,
I keep my green forever!"

The proud and lofty Oak-tree speaks:
"God's thunderbolts confound me!
And yet no storm can bow me down,
Strength is my stem and strength my crown;
Ye weak ones, gather round me!"

The Ivy-vine kept close to him,
Her tendrils round him flinging:
"He who no strength has of his own,
Or loves not well to stand alone,
May to a friend be clinging."

Much else, now half forgot, they said;
And still came creeping
Low whispered words upon the air,
While by the grave alone stood there
The Cypress mutely weeping.

O might they reach one human heart,
These tender accents creeping!
What wonder if they do not reach?
The trees by starlight only preach,
When we must needs be sleeping.

C. T. B.

Thalberg.

The notice of the great pianist's first New York concert in the *Tribune* of Tuesday, is chiefly a general appreciation of what he has done for the piano, and of what he is as an artist. It is in *Fry's* best vein, and we must give our readers the substantial parts of it, as follows:

* * * Rightly to appreciate him, we must look at his antecedents, and the antecedents of piano-forte writing when he first came before the European world some twenty years ago.

The piano-forte is no longer considered a luxury to the great run of dwellings, large and small, but a necessity. The improvements on it have been so great, and especially the rapid and brilliant advances made in the manufacture of square pianos in this country, or of that kind whose moderate cost puts it within the means of families in ordinary, that the development of the resources of this instrument constitutes matter of more interest, greatly more, than that of any other musical instrument. The manufacture of pianos in this country is a prodigious branch of artistico-mechanical industry; and, according to an estimate we made two years ago, it amounted to nearly about one fourth of the value of the entire cotton crop—that crop which is considered the pivot of international resources and courtesies, and which goes so far toward making Presidents. The piano being so improved and diffused, it is of the last importance that the genius should be found to develop to the fullest extent its resources, and the want was supplied when the youthful Thalberg, twenty years ago, rose like a star of harmony, and delighted all Europe.

To understand, likewise, adequately Mr. Thalberg's position, it is necessary to look into the nature of musical ideas, as distinct from the peculiarities, or the ism, so to speak, of the piano-forte. The origin of musical ideas, may safely be attributed to the singing voice, in its alliance with poetical metre. The regular measure of the poetry shapes the musical phrases, gives them symmetry and renders them memorable. Take away the real or quasi division of musical phrases according to poetical metres, and the music becomes illogical, or at best incapable of impressing the memory. Metrically speaking, there is generally no difference between the music of the dance and that for the voice—the dance requiring divisions of eight measures, and the voice eight, or regular fractions of eight; that is, four or two. This metrical arrangement permeates, likewise, the longest compositions—the opposite to it forming the exception to the rule. In regard to what may be called a musical statement—in the same way we would apply the word statement to oratory—the humanities and the limits of the voice seem to underlie all instrumental music. The largest musical statement can be made within the limits of the musical voice, which is two octaves, and generally within ten or twelve notes. A statement with the speaking voice generally ranges within four or five notes, sometimes rising to an octave. Intensities of declamation, the draughts made on a speaker in addressing monster meetings, may cause him to exceed the octave, but it is still an excess and not a rule. Now as regards this power of musical statement pure and simple, the piano had illustrious champions, Mozart, Clementi, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Weber, Beethoven, Ries, Steibelt, Hummel, Himmel and others, varying in degrees of mind and originality. Their works abound in passages which are clearly vocal, and can be sung within the range of an ordinary voice. We find it recorded, too, that Beethoven declared, after he had heard Dragonetti play on the double bass, that he knew for the first time the vocal resources of the bass, and his basses accordingly, whether in his stringed quartets, his symphonies, or his piano-forte works, have much of this new quality of vocality—this individualism of statement, viewed apart from the inherent old-fashioned mode of treating the bass, as a foundation upon which rests the melody of a part above. Beside this vocality in the higher parts, and afterward in the bass itself, we find very markedly in the piano works of C. M. von

Weber, the large arpeggio-reachings. Ideas, too, passionate, transcendent, mysterious, dramatic, there were for the piano. But still something was wanting. The resources of the instrument were not fully brought out. Orchestrally viewed, its relations between treble and bass were frequently so wide apart that the effect was beggarly. As regards combination, there was a want of association between primary ideas, or statements as we have ventured to call them, and the musical intercalations, the addenda, the outpourings, the spray of which the strong fibre of a clearly-defined vocal melody is capable. If we look at the works of the masters up to the time of Thalberg, whatever leanings we may discover toward the new school, we find no realization of the problem, that with certain ingenuities of fingering two hands may be made to do almost the work of four on the piano-forte, and that the sonorosity of the instrument may be doubled over the older masters, and its *délire*, its passion, its impetuosity, its eloquence, its grandeur, increased in even a greater ratio. There is certainly something mightily akin to the whole vast looming of the age—to the new telescopic drag-net used for the skyey depths bringing out the "gems of purest ray serene" which have slept there for billions of years—to the locomotive engine, burning to ashes all old journey measurements and crushing miles in moments—to the electric telegraph, which turns into dazzling, immortal fact the wildest poetry or prophecy of the Arabian Nights—there is something mightily akin to all these in this wide world of new octaves, these fresh continents of sounds, and the master grasp which can hurl them together in genial contrast. This has been achieved by Thalberg. Twenty years ago he made a Columbus voyage of discovery into new regions of piano-forte possibilities. He bridged over the separated lands of the piano. He created a school.

Taking the ideas given in Rossini's opera of "Moses," he arranged them as musical statements had never been arranged before. He left out the lumber of scales which play so large a part in the sonatas of the great old masters, and keeping the personalism of the vocalist—the declaimed melody—ever uppermost, he wove around it the boldest heroics of arpeggios, or rapid addenda of notes dealing in intervals of thirds, etc.; the most manly of thick-heaving reduplications of chords at various octaves; the most intrepid of adventurous leaps and iterations. We consider the ism engendered by M. Thalberg the last resource of the piano. Since he composed his *Moïse* piece we have not discovered anything of value added to the resources of the instrument; and in making this assertion we do not include a discussion of the genius contained in the ideas of Chopin and Doebler, and some of the best works of Herz, but merely treat of the matters of increased executive grasp and increased largeness and sonority of tone and effect contained therein.

The means by which M. Thalberg arrived at his new school came chiefly of the use of the thumb as an expressive member of the finger-singing school. This being inveigled into feats hitherto unattempted, the remaining fingers of the hand are left free and easy to do "things unattempted" in musical verse.

Happily for M. Thalberg, nature consigned to him the hand to execute what his head designed. He is equal to his works. His playing is impeccable. He never misses a note. He performs with ease worthy the creator of a new school. He delineates a melody like a dramatic artist, and darts his arpeggio-spray like Apollo.

Musical Correspondence.

ALBANY, N. Y. Nov. 10.—According to my promise, made some time since, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the musical condition of this city—not that it will be at all interesting to your readers, for Albany is rather an unmusical place. Yet those of our citizens who do love Art, love it hugely, and so I accept your invitation without further hem-ing.

In the way of materials for music, we are doing exceedingly well, for we have a large number of Piano Forte Manufactories (for the size of the place); and to have a Piano and then a "Bertini" is the groundwork of all American musical education, in most people's minds. Some very excellent Pianos are made in Albany, and Boardman & Gray, the leading builders, are even making *Grands*, which is a good sign for the future. Barhydt & Morange, Reed & Co., and Marshall, James & Traver, also produce some really fine instruments; and the old firm of Meacham & Co., (so well known in old times) still make good pianos and in the same quiet way and on the same premises that they did thirty years ago. As an evidence of our good taste, very many Chickering Pianos have been and are sold by the agent, Mr. J. Collier, who is a hard working man, and a very successful salesman. He is also a musician and knows what a piano should be, and therefore customers have confidence in his selections, and in no instance have they been disappointed. In addition to the regular sale of *Squares*, Mr. Collier has already sold ten of those charming *Parlor Grands* (we call them *Cecilians*) and three full *grands*, all of which have found their way to appreciative parlors, and a square piano is not now considered the instrument *par excellence* it used to be, and that's a good thing.

We have some very good Organs in our city, and some of them are very well played. The largest Organ was built by Erben for the Cathedral, which is one of the finest churches in the country. This organ is a first class instrument in size, power and quality, and Mr. Carmody, the musical director, illustrates its variety and many beauties in a most capital manner. His choir (a large chorus, mostly Germans) sing quite effectively some of the best Masses in use, and they are now busily preparing for a grand Sacred Concert, to take place the end of the month.

The next organ in size is in Dr. Sprague's Church, and is one of Hook's best. It is large in variety, and possesses great sweetness of tone, but not much true power. There are three or four more Hook organs and some of Appleton's, but not remarkable enough to be noticed at this time. Wm. A. Johnson, of Westfield, who is fast winning his place in the first rank of builders, is making a very large instrument for the only Congregational Church in the city, and judged by his other organs, a superb affair may be expected. Mr. Johnson's abilities are not at all known in Boston; but I can assure you, from my own hearing, that he is bound to be known, and his organs will now compare favorably with those of any American builder.

The Episcopal churches have the smallest and oldest organs in the city, and it is a shame, when their beautiful service is so much enhanced by proper musical effect. Yet the singing in some of these churches has been much better than the ordinary style of choir performances. At St. Paul's for many years the music has been a leading feature, and for the last year service has been sung antiphonally by an excellent quartet at one side of the organist, and a choir of twelve boys at the other. Quite a number of singers, of a great deal more than ordinary ability, have been engaged at St. Paul's. Mrs. Lucy Eastcott (who is now an acknowledged European *prima donna*) was their *soprano* for two years, and Mr. Henry Squires, now a leading *tenore* in London, was in the same choir at the same time. Their *soprano* of last season, Miss Isabella Hinkley, has a voice of remarkable beauty, and her talent is to be further cultivated and perfected by a thorough musical education in Italy, for she goes to Florence next May. But choir matters have been through a constant series of changes this season. George William Warren, for eight years director at St. Paul's, resigned and accepted at Dr. Sprague's; Albert Wood resigned at St. Peter's and accepted at St.

Paul's. The choirs of these and some other churches also changed and exchanged, and it would hardly be fair to report the degree of excellence in either at present; but be assured, a deep interest is felt to have good church music, and excellent salaries are paid to our best organists and singers, and it will not be the fault of our people if the good is not attained. I would also state (as the missionaries say) that the price of piano and voice teaching is much improved.

As we are but a few hours ride from New York, our musically minded citizens all attend the opera there, and the ever popular *Trovatore* is almost as well known and whistled here as if we had the regular article on the spot. We *did* have a very shocking attack of German Opera here about three years ago, and the Pyne and Harrison Troupe occasionally call on us; but as one aside, let us say that the whole of that troupe (vocally) consists of Miss Pyne, who is a charming singer; but excuse us from the troupe!

Albany is ashamed of its concert rooms, the best of which is very small and inconvenient; and I do believe if we had a smaller edition of the "Boston Music Hall," good concerts would receive better attention here.

Twelve years (or more) ago Joseph Burke, the talented violinist (then a resident of Albany) was the conductor of a fine Amateur Orchestral Society, named the "Concordia," which unfortunately only lived while Burke was with us. In old times we had fine vocal societies; and I can remember hearing the "Messiah" and "Creation" as well done as could be desired, with good soloists, powerful chorus, and a fine orchestra under Burke, who was a great favorite with us. Since that time many and many other vocal associations have sprung into existence, but six months (or less) always finished them, which I attribute to the extra quantity of legislation which had to take place at every rehearsal. Every meeting must be called to order by the president, *a la* Congress even, and it was all talk, until too late in the evening to do anything for divine St. Cecilia. At present, then, there is no regular "Philharmonic," or anything of like style in Albany; but sundry choir leaders have sundry gatherings, which are no doubt named up strong enough, but I do not know any particulars of them.

The Albany music store is Hidley's. A Mr. Scovel has just opened what he calls a "Temple of Music," which name is ahead of any establishment devoted to "sweet sounds" yet heard from. Mr. Hidley is building up a large business, and has already published quite a quantity of sheet music, such as it is, good, bad and indifferent.

Concerts generally go a begging in Albany, and those who have lately suffered while honoring us were Miss Pyne, Adelaide Philipps (with Wm. Mason and Mr. Adams), and Gottschalk. Madame Isadore Clark is threatening a concert, but we hope she will not be so reckless as to make the attempt. Yet Parodi and Strakosch make money here, and Ole Bull used to. Charity concerts are exceptions, and several hundred people were unable to attend George Warren's last "concert for the poor," which was a "perfect jam."

So much for general musical matters in a city which is certainly large enough to do much good for the "divine art"; and there is a hope that that good will yet be done, for we are decidedly improving (as an instance, they are beginning to subscribe for the "Journal of Music"). If your readers are willing, I will write again and speak of the "Pride of Albany," our great sculptor, E. D. Palmer, who has just accepted a most flattering invitation to exhibit some of his beautiful "marble poems" for the first time in New York. Also the superb pianism of Gottschalk and the singing of Miss Philipps, and many other things will, with your permission, be excellent food for a more able pen than that of your

DUTCH FRIEND.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 15, 1856.

Italian Opera—"The North Star."

In our review of the brief spell of opera at the Boston Theatre, which closed last Saturday, we deferred what we had to say of the only novelty, the comic opera by MEYERBEER, *L'Etoile du Nord*. This drew a full house for a single evening, and a house more than half full on a Saturday afternoon. It should have been played oftener to be appreciated, for it was a work of Meyerbeer, and of course crowded full of matter as an egg of meat, whether of the inspired kind or not. Our general impression was, that it was over-ingenious music, a great labor to the writer, and a labor to the listener who sits it through. And yet full of curious, pretty, sometimes beautiful conceits; of cunningly elaborated brilliancies and Meyerbeerish quaintnesses, not to say grotesquenesses; of interesting and inspiring combinations, well studied dramatic or melo-dramatic effects and contrasts; striking individuality in its little scraps of melody which run into the concerted harmony, but tame lack of individuality in the more prominent, developed melodies; all manner of original and curious arts of instrumentation, &c., &c. On the whole a very talented and scientific French work of *effect*, almost inseparable from the Grand Opera, and depending equally on scenic spectacle, the pretty platoons of girl soldiers, uncouth Cossacks, &c., as on the music for success. But *here* it depended chiefly and most successfully on Mme. DE LAGRANGE, whose exquisite acting and singing of the principal part quite filled the mind and made one uncritical to all the rest.

We propose to look into this opera a little—not very profoundly or minutely, but just enough to do our duty to a new work. Plot and spectacle and music are inseparable, so we will trace them along together. First we have an overture, opening with a military movement, which is worked up into a good deal of activity and noise, and then passes or melts by means of a prolonged trill on the dominant of the coming key into a minor dance melody, which is exceedingly piquant and pretty, with its broad rhythm, and is lusciously instrumented. The march returns, and then, through a gauzy veil of harp accompaniments, appears a leading cantabile melody, which we shall meet more than once in the course of the opera, it forming one of the three or four *motives* which mechanize and give unity to the whole. A common-place, Balle-like sort of melody we must consider it, for one made so important. Fragments of the march again, and then for a close some trumpet touches of a livelier cavalry air, resembling one sung in the second act. On the whole a brilliant and effective overture, of whose rich instrumentation we could form a tolerable idea from MARETZKE's fine orchestra, although it required half a dozen harps instead of one, and all things in proportion.

The curtain rises on a gay scene, a village on the Gulf of Finland, water in the background, a chapel on the right, the rustic house of Catarina and her brother George on the left. Workmen (carpenters, for it is a new version of the story of

Peter in the ship-yards of Zandaan), are resting from their labors, while their wives and daughters bring refreshments; Peter alone (AMODIO) is busy at his bench pushing the jack-plane. We shall see what keeps him. A tenor coryphæus (our veteran friend, in all the operas, who sings always flat) leads off with a couple of bars, to which the chorus answers in a minor strain of innocent gayety, quaint and fresh, and justifying what HEINE says of the individuality of Meyerbeer's choruses. Next comes the tenor air of Danilowitz, the pastry cook (BRIGNOLI), who makes much ado about his hot pies, and appeals most wooingly to the young maidens, singing that his cakes are as warm as his own heart, whereat the damsels jeer and laugh in comical mocking strains. There is nice fitting of tone-figures to sentiment and situation in all this. In scraps of recitative, expressively instrumented, inquiries are made for Catarina, who has not appeared; hints are thrown out that Peter is in love with her and waiting for her; and then master Peter develops himself, surly, passionate fellow that he is, in a muttered, growling strain of bass, which occurs afterwards often enough to pass for a type of himself, expressing the surly fellow and no more, while musically his part has little interest. A drinking chorus follows, charmingly wild and Northern, and also in the minor, the orchestra after each strain dashing down a precipice of chromatic triplets, with a recklessness that contrasts with the touch of sentiment there is in the tune. It changes to the major, as they drink to Charles XII. of Sweden, and then, as they all kneel, it passes into a prayer. This strain, like the whole first scene indeed, suggests analogies with the first scene of "William Tell," like situations and materials being employed for a great ensemble. With Rossini there is more of the freshness of nature, and more spontaneous *naïveté*, with all his art; while Meyerbeer achieves a less complete success by ingenious calculation of effects. We find this whole first act, however, full of interest, and of invention at least, if not of inspiration.

They challenge Danilowitz to drink the toast. He drinks only to the Czar, the enemy of Sweden! They resent it as an insult; carpenter Peter (who is the Czar) defends him, and a promising fight is only interrupted by the bell calling them off to work (an awfully harsh bell, by the way), and lets its steam off musically instead of fistically.

Now comes a bit of melodrama. Peter lingers behind, watching for Catharine. A flute strain from the house! 'Tis George, his "professor of the flute," and he takes up a flute and answers. This flute business is another of the little *motives* which pin the whole opera together—a hint here of what is completed in the last act. They drink together. Catharine has gone, it seems, to ask the hand of the inn-keeper's daughter for George in marriage; and now trips in LAGRANGE in jaunty *cantiniere* costume, and sings about the most comic piece of music in the opera, her account of her interview with the old inn-keeper, the music being somewhat descriptive of that important, burly, gruff-voiced, smoking individual. Madame does it to a charm, extorts praises for her ambassadorship, and goes off with a flight of high soaring triplets, in which her voice revels as exquisitely as few but Lagrange can. Catharine is wise; she lectures her lover, whom she has

caught drinking, and surly Peter mutters out that angry strain again. She recalls her dying mother's prophecy about her star, the North Star; and here come in the harp figures and a part of the *cantabile* (noticed in the overture) which is the typical air of Catharine, another recurring *motif* of the piece.

As Peter is about to go, smarting with wounded pride under the moral lecture of his lady love, in rushes Prascovia (Mme. MARERZEK), the betrothed of George, in great alarm, announcing the approach of the Calmucks and Cossacks. Peter is very brave, but Catharine, true to her star, is wise and ready for emergencies. Leave it to her. They retire, and in creep a grotesque band of shaggy warriors, headed by Gritzenko (COLETTI), a dandy ruffian, who makes the buffoon of the play, and figures afterwards as corporal and what not under Peter. They shout out their song of blood and pillage, and proceed to charge upon the house, when they are met upon the steps by Catharine, clad as a gipsy, with a starry robe and a tambourine, who with imperious gesture bids them back, appealing to the superstition of their race, of whom her mother was one. She tells their fortunes, and then sings the spirited gipsy rondo of JENNY LIND memory, the Cossacks lifting their feet the while in uncouth accompaniment. Without the vigor of Jenny's voice, Mme. Lagrange executed it with almost the same perfection, as she does all such bravura pieces. The savages are gone, good riddance! and Catharine has risen to the third heavens in her Peter's admiration. One of the most charming, ingenious, naïve, expressive passages in the whole opera is the dialogue which follows between the lovers, in which Catharine asks the seeming carpenter's history, divines his destiny, and kindles anew the prouder aspirations in his breast. The music is in the happiest vein of Meyerbeer; in Catharine's part it has here and elsewhere a wise, wholesome, encouraging sound, revealing a fresh, generous, affectionate nature, witty withal and self-possessed. There is really an individuality in the music of Catharine throughout—least of it in the bravura pieces which most captivate the crowd; whereas Peter's music is but tamely characteristic, or only characteristic of an ordinary, self-willed and irritable person. There is a touch of tenderness, however, in a strain here which he sings aside, as he thinks of "her noble voice, noble and proud." The duet ends of course with a strain of martial and heroic resolution and self-dedication.

Now comes a very odd duet between Prascovia and Catharine. Poor Prascovia! worse trouble than before! Her George, her lover, just as they were to be married, is enrolled a conscript by the Cossacks. Catharine comforts her; another moral inspiration; she shall be married; a substitute shall be provided, one who looks just like George—(the heroic girl will don the uniform herself). So there are alternate showers and sunshine, smiles and tears for the simple-hearted maiden. All this is expressed in an imitative duet, full of sobbings and cooings on the one part, and high, cackling laughter on the other, which reminds one of a concert of hens and chickens in a barnyard. Yet it is exquisitely ingenious and funny, and the glad strain in which the voices join at the end is extremely pretty, flute-like and florid, taxing the flexibility and

compass of both voices quite severely. Mme. Maretzek ably seconded Lagrange in this, her voice telling clearest in the highest notes, but betraying some pinched and nasal tones in the middle region. This droll conceit was vociferously encored. This duet might pass for a burlesque on the one in *Freyschütz*, also between a sad and a merry maiden. But that has *soul* in it.

And now for the finale of this first Act, a wedding scene in the foreground, with soldiers in the background marching off the conscripts. A band of rustic musicians appear, and the orchestra is made to imitate the tuning of their instruments, striking hard fifths, winding off with a rude trumpet flourish;—farcical enough. The pretty chorus of young girls and workmen; the rapturous couplets of Prascovia the bride, accompanied by the *la, la*, in octave intervals of the girls swinging hands girl-like; the smart quickstep chorus of the soldiers; the bacchanalian *glou, glou*, and *zon, zon* of the men, mingled with the heart-beating *tic tac* of the lovers, &c., make an ensemble full of variety and zest, in which of course the orchestra plays an important part. A few bars of religious music as they all kneel before the chapel, while Catarina appears at the top of the steps, disguised as a recruit, and sings her farewell prayer of blessing on the marriage. This prayer, with harp accompaniment, is nothing but the full development of that sentimental Balfe-like melody, which we have met twice before. Interpolate it into the "Bohemian Girl," and we fancy few would suspect the difference of authorship, so far as essential melody is concerned. Musically, Catharine's strong parts are her weakest. The real music of her part is in those incidental, dialogue scraps of melody, of which we have spoken. She ends with a florid barcarole, as she is rowed off in the boat, whose echoes die away among the rocks with the most silvery purity and sweetness of Lagrange. Her singing of the prayer too was full of pathos, and better than the melody deserved.

So much for the first, which is the longest, and it seems to us by far the best act of the three. The conclusion of our sketch must give way for this week to other matters.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The article on the first page by HEINE, on MEYERBEER, we translate, not because we think its opinions true, but as a matter of curiosity, now that attention is called to the subject by the "North Star," as indicating the strange enthusiasm which this acute satirist shared with all Germany for Meyerbeer, about the time of the first success of *Les Huguenots*, (1836—40). Heine had sharp things enough to say of Meyerbeer in some of his later writings.

At length we are to have a beginning of classical music. Our mouths water, and we have waited long. Our young townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who has the true tone and culture of an artist, is to lead off this evening in a nice little Soirée at Chickering's saloon. He has made a careful study of some of Beethoven's earlier piano works, wisely and modestly reasoning that he must do a good service, while things more formidable and brilliant are so common, by keeping us familiar with these. He will play to-night the second of the three Sonatas dedicated to Haydn, and (with aid from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club) the Trio No. 1, in E flat; also smaller pieces by Bach, Chopin and Mendelssohn.

The Club will play with him the famous Schumann Quintet; Mr. Ryan's clarinet will discourse that sweet *Andante Pastorale* by Crusell; and Mrs. Long will sing an air from Mozart and Mr. Parker's music to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud." Who will resist so choice a feast? . . . And then, to follow up the supply of chamber music, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will commence their *eighth annual series* next Tuesday evening. Mr. AUGUST FRIES has happily recovered, and they will begin strong, with two new pieces for the first part, viz: Mozart's Fifth Quartet, in A, and Beethoven's Piano Trio, Op. 70, No. 2, in E flat. Part second will include an Adagio from a Clarinet Concerto by Spohr, a Polonaise by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's third Quartet, in D. The pianist will be Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, a talented young artist, recently from Leipzig. . . . There is comfort in the fact that, if the great public is not ready to sustain Orchestral Concerts, there will be plenty of choice chamber music for the few! But we do not despair of symphonies under the statue of Beethoven yet. If it cannot be done in one way, it may be in another. Of the 1500 season tickets necessary to guaranty eight concerts, barely 700 were subscribed for. Now we throw out a hint: Who is there of the 700, who would not gladly be held for the same amount for say five concerts, with the privilege of attending one rehearsal to each (making it equivalent in fact to ten concerts for \$3.00!), and with the understanding that the series shall be extended to eight, should they prove popular enough to warrant it?

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—The musical event of the week has been the concerts of THALBERG, of which he has already given three. In the absence of our expected correspondence, we extract from the *Courier & Enquirer's* notice of Tuesday evening:

Niblo's Saloon was filled to its utmost capacity last evening on the occasion of Mr. THALBERG's first Concert in America, by one of the most elegant audiences ever assembled in New York. The concert was quite a model in its arrangements: There was just enough of it:—a rare merit,—the 'not too much' appearing to be the most difficult lesson for public amusement to learn. * * * In every respect, then, Mr. Thalberg's first appearance was unexceptionable. He came before the American public without humbug of any kind, relying solely upon his established position as an artist of the highest rank, and merely saying: 'I have come to you; hear me if you will.' His success—we mean, of course, his American success, and a success commensurate with his great fame—was established beyond a doubt at the end of the first part of the concerts. He rose from his instrument confessed by every hearer the master of all the masters who had preceded him.

When he began to play, the first impression was that we had heard all this before, and heard it very much to our satisfaction; but after a while, even the dullest ear began to perceive that in addition to something that it had heard, there was something that it had not heard before; and this went on increasing until finally the new revelation eclipsed the old and familiar knowledge, and Mr. Thalberg was listened to as if he were beginning the revolution in piano-forte playing which he triumphantly completed in Europe several years ago. For Mr. Thalberg, young as he is, is the father of the present school of piano-forte playing. * * * * * Mr. Thalberg's compositions generally consist of what might be called variations upon an air; variations of an air they certainly are not; for his literal faithfulness to the simplest theme that he may take as his subject is no less remarkable than the crowd of brilliant, fantastic, musical thoughts with which he adorns and illustrates it. You hear this theme constantly; it goes steadily and inexorably on; its bold steady march distinctly audible amid the musical tumult of arpeggios, scale passages, octaves, and fanciful outbursts and freaks of sound, which his magic raises around it. This was particularly remarkable last evening in the Fantasias upon themes from *La Sonnambula* and in the grand variations on the air from *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

As to Mr. Thalberg's playing we omit as entirely superfluous, if not impertinent, all praises of its mechanical merits, and go not into particulars, or into raptures, about his wrist at once strong and flexible,—his touch at once firm and delicate, crisp and easy,—his thumbs all fingers instead of his fingers all thumbs, and his fingers all first and second—his having two right hands instead of one right and one left;—he is beyond all this sort of commendation. It became necessary for others to attain those things because he had them, and discovered how to use them: they were not much needed before; some of them, not at all. His execution seems absolutely perfect; and his style,

remarkable for every excellence, is chiefly so for its brilliance, its elegance, and its precision. His accuracy is marvellous to the verge of the miraculous; and we do not wonder at the story told, that one of those used-up Englishmen who travel about in search of a sensation, having followed him in vain for three years in the hope of hearing a false note, blew out his brains in despair. Of this characteristic he gave a splendid example last evening in the Etude with repeated notes. He played this like a machine with a soul. There is nothing to be said after such a performance as that, especially by musicians; mute admiration and wonder are the tribute which it exacts, if we except outbursts of applause; but there is really very little to be said about absolute perfection. We have no space for further remark, however, at this time, and can only add that Mr. Thalberg's success with his audience—one of the most cultivated ever assembled in this city—was complete, triumphant. He was called vociferously after each performance; but complied with the demand for an encore but once.

Not the least attraction of the evening was the singing of Madame CORA DE WILHORST, who with Signor MORELLI assisted Mr. THALBERG. Madame DE WILHORST in voice and method ranks high among the best vocalists whom we have heard of late. Her voice is at once sympathetic, powerful and flexible; and her style and method are of the best Italian school, in which she has studied with a success which indicates unusual artistic capabilities. Her singing last evening of *Dunque io son* and of the Air from *Il Trovatore* was very charming; and after the latter, she was deservedly recalled with an enthusiasm hardly inferior to that elicited by the hero of the evening.

Signor MORELLI's noble and purely delivered voice we always listen to with great pleasure, and never with more than last evening. He is, with the exception perhaps of GRAZIANI, first among the baritones who have visited us.

The Academy of Music was opened under the management of Baron Stankovitch on Monday night with *Il Trovatore*, which has been followed by *L'Etoile du Nord*. A strange scene occurred the first night, of which we find the following account:

Quite a scene of confusion took place on Monday night, when Kreutzer, the new conductor, vice Maretzky, (communicated by the stockholders,) took his seat. A storm of hisses, shouts of "Maretzky! Maretzky!" &c. arose from all parts of the audience, and it was in vain that the orchestra endeavored to make it itself heard. Kreutzer turned to the audience, bowed and smiled, and received some applause, but the confusion did not cease until the unpopular conductor quitted his official seat, and handed Maretzky into it, amidst the acclamations of the revolutionists. Kreutzer took his usual place as first violin, and the performance went on. It was of course a preconcerted arrangement, in order to mortify the stockholders, who had stipulated in the arrangements with Mad. de Lagrange, that Maretzky should have nothing whatever to do in the Opera House. At the end of the third act the audience insisted upon Max making a speech, which he did in a very few words of very broken English. The revolution, speech and opera, went off in grand style, although Amodio had a cold; so that the opening was a complete success.

The Academy is rented for six weeks only, and at less than half the rent stated by the *Times*. A new tenor 'is expected from Europe, when Verdi's (*toujours Verdi!*) *Traviata* and *Sicilian Vespers* will be brought out. . . . The German Opera, we regret to learn, has failed. . . . The new contralto, Mme. ANGRI, arrived last Saturday.

Foreign.

MANCHESTER, ENG.—The Free-Trade Hall Choral Concerts were inaugurated Oct. 30th by a performance of the "Creation." The vocalists were Miss LOUISA VINNING, ("remembered as the Infant Sappho,") "Mr. HARRI MILLARD," and "Mr. HENRI DRAYTON," under which Frenchified style familiar American names may possibly be recognized. The Manchester *Examiner* says:

Mr. Millard, a young American tenor, made his first bow to a Manchester audience on this occasion. He has been singing with great success in London, during the past season; and in the highly descriptive air, "Now vanish," at once gave evidence that he possessed a voice of remarkable and beautiful quality. The lower notes of his register are, indeed, at present comparatively weak and wanting in resonance, but his style is masterly, and we have seldom had to chronicle a more favorable debut. Indeed, we never remember to have heard the beautiful air, "In native worth," sung with such a rare appreciation of its innumerable beauties, and with such chaste and judicious feeling. We regretted to notice, however, that he would not allow Haydn to speak always for himself; the more so, as an innovation was attempted in a recitative held sacred in the remembrances of all the lovers of oratorio singing.

Mr. Henri Drayton is not unknown to the amateurs of Manchester, though this, we believe, was his first appearance here in sacred music. His ponderous voice and dramatic style, more suited to the stage than the orchestra, nevertheless told well in the fine bass airs which form so prominent a portion of the oratorio. We were hardly prepared for the chaste style and deep feeling manifested in the duetto of the third

part. "By thee with bliss," we have indeed seldom heard surpassed.

HANOVER.—The following extracts are from a letter to the *London Musical World*, Oct. 25:

The traveller in North Germany will do well to pass some time both at Hanover and Brunswick, on his way to the capital of Prussia. At Hanover he will find a spacious and beautiful theatre, devoted on alternate nights to drama and opera. Marschner, the composer, is music-director, and his latest opera, *Hans Heiling*, has maintained, if not raised, his fame as a dramatic composer. The performance of this work, which I heard recently, was remarkable in many respects, more so on the whole, however, for the ensemble than for any special excellence in the principal singers, who all sang in the ultra-German manner, and practiced exaggerations both of voice and gesture. The story of *Hans Heiling* is a little in the *Der Freischütz-Vampyr* style; and the music (although exhibiting the highest measure of cleverness) is little more than an ingenious compound of Spohr and Weber—or rather of Weber and Spohr, since Herr Marschner (who has no originality) finds it easier to counterfeit the wild peculiarities of the first than the gorgeous harmony and elaborately-finished orchestration of the last. The best parts of the opera are those in which the situations require the music to be comic. The *diablerie*, where the supernatural personages are directly concerned, is labored and feeble; but where their influence is merely suggested, a certain vein of the Hoffmannesque becomes apparent, which is uncommonly genial and attractive. *Hans Heiling* appears to be popular; and, although Herr Marschner is neither a genius nor a great master of instrumentation, his music is sensible, fluent, nearly always effective, and not seldom interesting. The band at Hanover is capital, and performs duty on the dramatic as well as on the operatic nights. Between the acts of *Klytämnestra*—a new tragedy parodied from the *Agamemnon* of Euripides, and recently imported from Berlin—I was much pleased with the admirable execution of several fine overtures, among others, Mozart's to *La Clemenza di Tito* and Spohr's rarely heard *Macbeth*. The theatre may be described as imbedded in gardens. It is built in the handsomest part of the city; and the exterior is more than worthy of the interior, presenting the appearance of a really magnificent public edifice. The charge of admission to what are esteemed the very best pieces is only one *thaler* eight *groshen*—less than four shillings; but I should recommend English visitors to repair to what is entitled the "*parquet perron*," where, for twenty *groshen* (about two shillings) they can be as genteelly and comfortably accommodated as in the stalls at either of our London Italian operas. And then, too, how refreshing, how sensible, a performance which begins at seven and is over before ten! You get for your money only one piece, it is true—opera, play, or ballet—but upon that one piece the greatest care is bestowed, and neither the performers nor the audience are tired at the end. The *Königliches Hof-Theatre* was commenced by the late king, in 1845, and finished in 1852 by the reigning monarch of Hanover. It is large enough to hold nearly 2,000 people, and both as an edifice and as an institution it is worthy of a much larger empire than the petty region which, once a dependence of the English crown, is now governed (almost despotically) by the afflicted cousin of our gracious Queen.

The theatre, however, is not all that Hanover presents of interesting to the amateur or professor of music. Joseph Joachim resides here, for six months out of the year, in his capacity of *concert-meister* to His Majesty the King.

Joachim is playing more grandly than ever—of which I had recently an opportunity of judging, at his own apartments, where, in association with three members of the theatre-orchestra—Herren Eyert (brothers, second violin and viola, and Lindner, violoncello—he performed the 11th quartet (in F minor), the C sharp minor (posthumous), and the extraordinary fugue, Op. 135, originally composed as *finale* to the B flat posthumous, but afterwards published alone. I believe that to read these works more deeply, or to execute them with more brilliant effect, would be impossible. The fugue, for the first time (to me at least) revealed an intelligible design and a logical form of development. Certainly the most daring, extravagant and original specimens of fugue the art can boast are the two which Beethoven composed in the key of B flat—the one immediately under notice, and the *finale* to his pianoforte sonata Op. 108. While paying the first tribute to Joseph Joachim, I must not omit to acknowledge the eminent talent displayed by Herren Eyert and Lindner, who showed themselves worthy companions of their distinguished *concert-meister*.

Joachim has been composing a good deal—but still not enough. He has written, among other things less important, four orchestral overtures, only one of which (that to *Hamlet*) he has had the courage to produce at the concerts he directs. This is mistaken modesty. If Joachim does not take advantage of the position he has mainly won by the exercise of his own ability how is the musical world to know what he is doing? Besides it is of very little use composing for the orchestra unless he can gain experience by judging of the effects at which he aims, *otherwise than upon paper*. He has the opportunity, and should use it. There is in Joachim the element of *originality*—a great matter.

BERLIN.—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts celebrated the birthday of their patron, the King, on the 15th inst., in the large room of the Sing-Academie. The Festival-Cantata for the occasion was composed by Herr A. W. Bach, *Musik-director*, and member of the Senate of the Academy.—There is nothing new at the Royal Opera House, where Mlle. Johanna Wagner is still the great attraction. She has been playing Romeo, in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*.

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The Works of Chopin.

[The following is the substance of a little pamphlet published in London some years since, without date or name of author, entitled "An Essay on the Works of Frederic Chopin." It is written in rather a high-flown and extravagant style of eulogy, although it is in the main appreciative. It is in fact an uncommonly clever music-seller's puff, issued by the London publishers of Chopin's music. Retrenching some of its most transcendental superfluities, we think it will not be uninteresting to those who are curious to know the extent and character of this poet-pianist's compositions.]

The prevailing tone of the most popular piano-forte music of the present day is unhealthy and vicious in the extreme. Morbid sentimentality has usurped the prerogatives of tenderness and of passion, while passages of mere finger dexterity preside over what was once the dwelling-place of pure melody and ingenious contrivance. The love of beautiful and unaffected harmony seems wholly dead in the bosoms of modern composers, who, influenced by the clever trickery developed in the music of M. M. and a host of others, think of nothing but new modes of showing how an idea, in itself absolutely phantasmal, shall be presented in new forms of clap-trap—shall be arpeggiated into fresh showers of triviality. With the exceptions of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Henri Reber, Stephen Heller, Adolph Henselt, Charles Mayer, William Sterndale Bennett, and the subject of the present essay, there is scarcely an existing piano-forte composer who does not repeatedly mistake and substitute inflation for energy—maudlin mock sentiment for true feeling—vapid roulades, for natural brilliancy. * * *

To begin then with Frederic Chopin, an illustrious instance of pure and unworldly genius, of true and artistic intelligence—unbending to the polyhedric wand of moiety fashion—depising the hollow popularity awarded by an ill-judging and unreflecting mob—laughing at the sneers of shallow critics, who, unable to comprehend "the subtle-souled psychologies" of real genius, lay bare to the public their plenary ignorance, and, ill fitted to appreciate the unvitiated motives of

exalted merit, expose the dullness of their feeble capacity to the contempt of the ill-natured, and the pity of the wise. On surveying the entire works of Frederic Chopin, we find their grand characteristic to be—a profoundly poetic feeling, which involves a large degree of the transcendental and mystic—is essentially and invariably of passionate tendency, of melancholy impression, and metaphysical coloring. Chopin does not carry off your feeling by storm, and leave you in a mingled maze of wonder and dismay; he lulls your senses in the most delicious repose, intoxicates them with bewitching and unceasing melody, clad in the richest and most exquisite harmony—a harmony which abounds in striking and original features, in new and unexpected combinations. The first works which Chopin presented to the world, though, of course, not endowed with the decisive and individual character of his now perfected style, clearly pronounced themselves the offspring of a vigorous intellect—of energetic origination, untrammelled by conventionalities, unfettered by pedantry. As he has progressed, his style has grown up and expanded like some goodly tree, which casts the shadow of exuberant foliage over a labyrinth of untrodden paths; a refuge for all beautiful and fantastic shapes—children of his etherial fancy, of his plastic and glowing imagination. The extent and variety of his works, which are almost wholly devoted to the piano-forte, plainly indicate the unequalled fertility—the overflowing luxuriance of his invention—the endless diversity—the unprecedented abundance of his resources.

His CONCERTOS—only surpassed, if indeed they be surpassed, by those of the great Beethoven—are vast in their conception, bold in their outline, rich in their motives, minutely and dexterously finished in their details. The first, in E minor, Op. 11, (dedicated by Chopin to his friend and fellow-artist, Kalkbrenner, whose enthusiastic admiration of him and his works is as well known, as it is frequently and ardently expressed) combines all the passion and intense excitement of the great modern schools, with the distinct plan, and clear development, of the old masters; the learning of a Sebastian Bach is joined to the ideality of a Mendelssohn, the untiring melody of a Rossini, the mystic grandeur of a Weber, and the dreamy restlessness of a Sterndale Bennett—the whole colored with the delicious peculiarities of Chopin's own piquant and charming manner, seasoned with the infinite and captivating graces which distinguish and place him apart from, and beyond the reach of all other modern composers. * * *

The second Concerto, in F minor, has, in addition to the above named enviable characteristics, an originality so marked, as to place it beyond the pale of all ordinary compositions of the kind. Its difficulties, though enormous, are amply compensated by the fascination of its melody, the richness of its harmonies, and the ingenious management of its orchestral accompaniments. * * * Next in importance to the Concertos, must be ranked those inimitable STUDIES, which have effected more for the rapid advancement of pianoforte playing to the utmost limits of perfection, than any elementary works that are extant. The universal reception of these, at all the great musical schools throughout Europe, is an irrefutable argument in favor of their intrinsic excellence. They comprehend

every modification of style necessary for the attainment of a thorough mastery over the piano-forte; from the grand to the playful—from the grave to the gay—from the elaborate to the simple—from the sublime to the beautiful—every shadow of sentiment is depicted—every mood of passion—every diversity of phrase—is not merely touched upon, but thoroughly and effectively accomplished. To obtain an entire command over these splendid studies, (which command involves an undoubted mastership over every difficulty that modern or ancient piano-forte music presents,) it is advisable to commence with a careful practice of the twenty-four PRELUDES, through all the keys, (Op. 28,) which are evidently intended by the composer as a preface to his more elaborate work. These charming sketches might be easily mistaken for some of the lighter effusions of Sebastian Bach, from the remarkable adherence to the severe diatonic school of progressions, (smacking so strongly of the manner of the old masters,) for which they are distinguished—suggesting one proof among a hundred, of the large range of Chopin's musical reading, which evidently has been directed to the works of every composer whose labors are worth knowing. One thing is certain, viz.—to play with the proper feeling and correct execution, the preludes and studies of Chopin, is to be, neither more nor less than a *finished pianist*—and, moreover—to comprehend them thoroughly, to give a life and a tongue to their infinite and most eloquent subtleties of expression—involves the necessity of being in no less degree a poet than a pianist—a philosophical thinker than a musician. Common-place is instinctively avoided in all the works of Chopin—a stale cadence, or a trite progression—a hum-drum subject, or a worn-out passage—a vulgar twist of the melody, or a hackneyed sequence—a meagre harmony, or an unskilful counterpoint—may in vain be looked for throughout the entire range of his compositions, the prevailing characteristics of which are, a feeling as uncommon as beautiful—a treatment as original as felicitous—a melody and a harmony as new, fresh, vigorous and striking as they are utterly unexpected and out of the ordinary track. In taking up one of the works of Chopin, you are entering, as it were, a fairy-land, untrodden by human footsteps—a path hitherto unfrequented but by the great composer himself; and a faith and a devotion, a *desire to appreciate and a determination to understand*, are absolutely necessary to do it anything like adequate justice. As Coleridge remarks, in reference to the inspired truths of Holy Writ, "There are more beautiful things that *find us*, rather than are *found by us*, more great ideas that *come to us*, rather than *we go to them*," in the compositions of Chopin, than in those of almost any other author existing or dead, if we except, perhaps, Bach, Beethoven and Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Among the lesser compositions of Chopin, the "MAZURKAS," those "cabinet pictures," as Liszt has happily designated them—those green spots in the desert—those quaint snatches of melancholy song—those outpourings of an unworldly and trustful soul—those musical floods of tears and gushes of pure joyfulness—those exquisite embodiments of fugitive thoughts—those sweet complaints of unacknowledged genius—stand alone and unrivalled. These are wholly and individually creations of Chopin, which none have

dared to imitate, (for who, indeed, could aspire to imitate that which is inimitable?) portraying in vivid colors the patriotism and home-feeling of the great Polish composer, (we need hardly remind our readers that Poland boasts the honor of having given birth to Chopin,) affording vent in passionate eloquence to the beautiful and secret thoughts of his guileless heart. Of these there are eight sets, all of the rarest loveliness, sparkling with genius, redolent with fragrant thought—very nosebags of sweet and balmy melody. If we have a preference, where *all* is beauty unsurpassed, it is for the first and sixth sets, which for quaint and happy melody, rich and delicious harmony, ingenious and novel treatment, are unrivalled since music was an art. How often have we turned our laughter into tears, our tears into laughter, by the aid of these delicate idealisms, these sweet glimpses of a world far from our own, "Where music, and moonlight, and beauty are one!"

these dear confessions of a bashful mind, retiring within the mantle of its own loveliness, from very modesty of its rare deserts! * * *

Another interesting feature among the miscellaneous works of Chopin, is comprised in the NOCTURNES, a species of composition which he has carried out to a greater degree of perfection than any other author. On these elegant sketches, all the *finesse*, all the coquetry, all the infinitesimal delicacies, all the minute and barely perceptible graces, which, conglomerated into a whole, form what is termed *style*, must be lavished, in order to interpret fairly their infinite meaning—to develop completely their manifold beauties. They are triumphant answers to the aspersers of Chopin, who, from inability to seize his intentions, by reason of their intense subtlety—who, from incapability of bringing out his phrases, owing to a lack of the *legato* quality in their playing, are bold enough to accuse him of a deficiency in melody, a requisite which, strange to say, he possesses in a more remarkable degree than any other living composer for the piano. To hear one of these eloquent streams of pure loveliness delivered by such pianists as J. Rosenhain, F. Liszt, E. Perkhert, Wm. Holmes, or H. Field, a pleasure we have frequently enjoyed, is the very transcendancy of musical delight. Every one of these is a perfect gem; we would not disparage the rest by giving a preference to any one of them; they are, without an exception, veritable *chef d'œuvres* of their kind, and would have placed Chopin in the first rank of modern composers had he indited nothing else. There are fourteen of them, all of which are as dear to us as close relationship can make them. * * *

In his POLONAISES too, of which he has written seven, of various lengths and forms, Chopin has marched many strides beyond the vulgar track of the generality of such things. These are remarkable for a boldness of phraseology, a decision of character, a masterly continuousness of purpose, and a sparkling brilliancy of passage, which are entirely out of the reach of second-rate thinkers, as is amply manifested by the failure of one and all the attempts to ape their peculiarities, which are daily issuing from the hands of the engravers, and die as soon as they are born, causing the shelves of the publishers to groan under excess of corruption and decay. Chopin, in his Polonaises, and in his Mazurkas, has aimed at those characteristics which distinguish the national music of his country so markedly from that of all others—that quaint idiosyncrasy—that identical wildness and fantasticality—that delicious mingling of the sad and the cheerful, which invariably and forcibly individualize the music of those northern countries, whose languages delight in combinations of consonants, *noedf, hlzwrbs*—wise, such as the Russian and Polish. As mere pieces of display, they are equal, if not superior, to those noted compositions of the same class which have proceeded from the inspired pen of Weber, and from the marked effect they always produce on a mixed auditory, are admirably calculated for drawing-room display. * * *

The WALTZES of Chopin are distinct from those of any other composer, by reason of their more fluent melody, their greater length, their

superior elaboration, their ampler resources of harmony, and other characteristics of an elegant and cultivated mind. Of these there are five, all of extreme beauty and singular originality, and far superior to anything else of the class extant. If we may be allowed to entertain a preference, we should select that exquisitely plaintive morceau in A minor, (No. 2 of "*Trois Grandes Valses*," Op. 34) which from the first bar to the last is of most unspotted loveliness, or that animated torrent of exultation, "*L' Invitation pour la danse*," which, for continued and energetic brilliancy, for fresh and invigorating melody, has scarcely a parallel.

Besides these, there are the BALLADES (three of them), a species of songs without words, equal in their way to those of the celebrated Mendelssohn, though in no way whatever, be it understood, an imitation of them. They require an infinitude of varied expression in their performance, a delicacy of touch, a sureness in the execution of passages, and a *singing* tone, of which only *intellectual* pianists can boast, but which are stringently imperative in order to their entire appreciation. They will not endure a slovenly, scrambling, uncertain mode of playing; the performer must think as a poet, and possess the power of giving a reality to his impulses through the medium of remarkable manual dexterity. We have frequently met with instances of very remarkable musicians, who have been excluded from the comprehension of Chopin's music simply from inability to render it exactly according to the intentions of the composer, by reason of a want of those finger-requisites, which are at least half the battle in the formation of a perfect pianist; laboring under this deficiency, they have rashly denied Chopin that rare distinction with which the first authorities in Europe have endowed him, until, chance favoring them to the hearing of one of his compositions, correctly and thoroughly mastered by some *pianist de la première force*, they have immediately, and with the ready frankness and liberality only appertaining to *real talent*, owned the error of the impression under which they had been laboring, and ranked themselves thence-forward among the crowd of his most enthusiastic admirers. We mention this especially, because the BALLADES, more so almost than any others of the works of Chopin, absolutely insist upon a finish of performance, only attainable by severe study, and a strong desire to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."—He who enters upon the study of Chopin's poetical music with the heartlessness of an infidel, or the indifference of a sceptic, will be at a discount for his trouble; let him cease his endeavors to attain, what, to him, FROM LACK OF FAITH, is unattainable; let him descend from the loftiest clouds of ideal sublimity, and grovel amid the mire of the mindless mummery of the popular composers, and the unmythical in Art—Chopin is beyond him. He, on the other hand, who approaches him with a veneration, and a faith, and a love, pre-created by the coupling of anticipation and desire, will find, to his delight, his most extravagant preconceptions realized, and will at once declare, that Chopin is by far the most poetical, by many degrees the most purely intellectual of modern piano-forte writers.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary of all the works of Chopin, both on account of its exceeding originality, and its strangely fantastic structure, is the grand SONATA, in the sullen and moody key in B flat minor. This wild and gloomy rhapsody is precisely fitted for a certain class of enthusiasts, who would absolutely revel in its phantasmagorical kaleidoscope. * * *

In his TRIO, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Chopin has had to contend against the popularity of the lighter effusions of Reissiger, which are almost the life and soul of the great body of amateurs—and—a harder task still—against the gorgeous imagination of a Beethoven, the oriental elaboration of a Spohr, the mystic playfulness of a Kalliwoda, the graceful melody of a Dussek, the wild unearthliness of a Weber, the pure classicism of a Reber, the earnest intensity of a Mendelssohn, and the flowing facility of a Hummel;—yet, we feel bound to say, he has succeeded in producing

a work which steers clear of the peculiarities of each of the schools—the flimsy, the poetical, the strictly classical, &c.,—as above eminently represented—a work of a mixed kind, that, were it more generally known, would be hailed with delight by the lovers of this most interesting and thoroughly domestic species of chamber music. Its superior attraction to the *trios* of Reissiger depends mainly on the higher beauty of the materials of which it is composed—since, as a matter of mere execution, it is perfectly within reach of the great mass of *trio* players. Its profound thoughtfulness will conduce to the elevation of the common feeling for music of the general amateur, and raise him in his own estimation, by the mere consciousness of his being able to feel and appreciate music of so grave and lofty a character—while, on the other hand, it will facilitate his powers of execution from the novelty of its forms of passage, and the freshness of its combinations, which place it wholly apart from any work of the kind hitherto produced. It is by no means so abstruse as the *trios* of Beethoven, (the great ones,) still less does it emulate the deeper intricacy of those of Mendelssohn, and further off than ever is it from the enormous complexities of the *trio* in E minor, of Spohr—the only work of the kind which has proceeded from the fertile pen of that great master. A tolerable pianist—a good second-rate violinist—and a moderately-skilful violoncellist—may easily master this *trio*, with satisfaction to themselves, and pleasure to the hearers; and its excessive beauty cannot fail of conducing to its extended popularity, when once it shall become known. * * *

We must next speak of the SCHERZOS, of which there are three, each deserving individual notice, both on account of rare merit and distinct character. The first, in B minor, known in England as "*Le Banquet Infernal*," has a wildness and a *grotesquerie* about it, which, in addition to its immense difficulties, will prevent its *immediate* appreciation by any but thorough musicians. A careful investigation, however, of the materials of which it is composed, cannot fail of inducing a comprehension of what, at first, might have appeared almost incomprehensible, and *that* once obtained, the path is open to the hearty admiration which must inevitably follow. With Chopin's music, the intellect must be satisfied ere the heart can be touched;—but once obtain the sanction of the intelligence—once render clear the artful labyrinth which the philosophical composer has imagined—one catch a sight of his design and encompass his meaning—and enthusiasm immediately usurps the place of frigid analysis—the heart sits on the throne but now occupied by the judgment. We know no better instance of what we have often asserted to our musical friends—viz.—that in Chopin's music, what frequently appears dryest and most uninviting on a first and superficial acquaintance, becomes, on a closer intimacy, matter of such evident and undeniable beauty, that you are astonished how you could ever have presumed to question its supremacy, or doubt of its transcendent excellence. And so, this *Scherzo* in B minor, which at first appears crude and obscure, in process of time comes out as clear as the noon, without a speck or flaw, without, in fact a single blemish of any kind; and we venture to predict, that those, who at first will hardly be persuaded to look into it, terrified by its seeming vagueness and complexity, will, in the end, make it a stock-piece for performance, either at home or abroad. The second *Scherzo* in D flat, though not a whit less mystical and abstruse, is infinitely less sombre than its predecessor, and is likely to encounter a larger number of admirers, both on a first acquaintance and after a longer intimacy. It is in the brilliant style, and for pure effect is equal to any of the most popular pieces of Thalberg, besides being immeasurably superior, in a musical point of view. The third *Scherzo*, in C sharp minor, is the most *recherché* of the three, and altogether one of the most extraordinary of the works of Chopin. For wild and unearthly grandeur, it may vie with the best movements of the same kind that have proceeded from the pen of Beethoven, and though extravagantly rhapsodical in its outline, and almost catachrestical in

the strangeness and rude texture of its motives, it lacks none of the essentials of classical and fine music, being symmetrical in its wandering, appropriate in its oddity, (for it will be admitted that a grotesque subject must require grotesque handling—and here both subject and handling are grotesque,) continuous in its mysticism.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SHELL AND KERNEL.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

A tavern, small and slight of build,
A withered wreath for sign!
Within, a matchless cellar, filled
With cool and golden wine!

A window full of broken pots—
With blooming roses crowned!
Within, grave pates, with happy thoughts,
The table sitting round!

A little church, half gone to dust,
The gate-way choked and low;
Within, devotion, hope and trust,
And music's heavenly flow!

A coachman blind, with horses lame,
And, dragging through the sand,
A rickety coach, and in the same
The fairest maid in the land!

A naked, hoary, rocky vale,—
Within, fresh fountains leaping!
Old ruins, desolate and pale,—
Within, green ivy creeping!

Ay, look at me, the traveller, here,
With wind and sunshine tanned,
My cap and coat this many a year
All gray with dust and sand!

Yet in my breast spring-breezes blow,
And wake life's morning-hours,
With blue of heaven, fresh green, and glow
Of music and of flowers!

Kernel and shell are two things, then—
This truth has travel taught!
Crack nuts or travel, gentlemen,
If you believe it not!

C. T. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Nov. 15, 1856.

It snows. The weather is growing breezy and freezy, and making poor mortals wheezy and sneezy. Mr. Frost has been hard at work o' nights, and with the aid of *Eurus*, *Notusque*, and him whom one of my neighbors calls "Old Borax," has ruined the Great Painter's picture, of which I wrote you in my last. I did not think then that I should keep the world so long waiting for farther news from this metropolis. The delay may be attributed to pressure of business, or to preoccupation with the affairs of the nation, or to an alarming state of health, or to a failure on the part of the post-office; in short, to any cause but indolence and forgetfulness of duty.

Doubtless it will be gratifying to the public to learn that on the 15th ultimo, the morning after I sent you my letter, the labor upon our common began, and now all is reduced to its primitive flatness; the hillocks and mounds have been laid low, and all the rough places are smooth. Our bosoms are filled with hope that this event is but a precursor of all those improvements mentioned in my catalogue, and if so we shall never rest until the school-house has a bell, and the church has its stone and chain fence finished.

We have had exciting times. Politics have raged rampantly. Speeches have been made, and truths uttered, and arguments enforced; but alack! truth is now, as eighteen hundred years ago to the Jews, a stumbling block, and to our "Greeks" foolishness. But still we have had glorious moments. One eve-

ning a Demosthenes from Lowell addressed the "Greeks" in the school house—a realization of Raphael's cartoon, "The school at Athens"; and as by that time the new band had achieved a tune, sonorous metal blew us martial sounds. It was a great occasion!

This tune was one of the most neutral tunes I have heard. It was at all times ready—*semper paratus*—and spake in encouraging strains to every party in succession. It must not be inferred that our men of brass have not added to their list of pieces—that their repertory consists of but one tune all told; by no means; they practice like heroes, and what with their public performances and private rehearsals, I have grown anxious lest the sad fate overtake them of the man immortalized by Hood, who blew his face to a point! Upon consideration, however, I think Hood's man must have been a performer upon some reed instrument, and that the blowers of brass are rather bound to blow themselves away body and breeches, until nothing is left of our brass band but a row of heads with spherical cheeks, like so many cherubim from old tombstones, barring the wings. If this event occurs, I will send you word. Will not brass bands take this subject into serious consideration?

One of my neighbors informed me the other day that Natick is getting to be one of the most "popular" towns about. I thought of this election day, when more than eight hundred votes were cast, where I can remember thirty-five or forty at the most as the usual number. This is indicated too by the constant use of our school-house hall o' nights; one night a fair to assist a feeble religious society; another night a fair for the Methodist organ purchase; then a political meeting; then a lecture for some benevolent object; next a series of lectures on "Biology," with special reference to the ology of the pocket; and so might the list be quite indefinitely extended. Then again there are our weekly police reports, in which the names of my old schoolmates figure as justices and counsel. I went in to hear a trial the other day, and it seemed for all the world but another of the moot courts our old debating club used to hold, as I looked upon Justice Morse and the lawyers, until the anxious faces of the culprits showed me that it was not boys' play. Then I felt, "I am growing old, John," alas and alack-a-day! and that the children already sit in the seats of their fathers. Speaking of children, the little ones, whose name is legion, are a constant marvel to me. I know that in the order of nature, children, like offences, must needs come, and that there is no woe denounced against those by whom they come. But when they go trooping by in squads, and I inquire: "The fathers, where are they?" and learn that they for their pa and ma-ternity go back only to the boys and girls of my school days, here comes in the wonder. You remember the pious epitaph upon the infant:

"She sprang up as a hoppergrass,
And was cut down as a sparrowgrass!"

The multitude of little folks seems to me to have sprung up like the "hoppergrasses." Heaven defend that they be cut down like the sparrowgrasses!

You know what exquisite weather we had on Wednesday. I used up the afternoon in a walk. We have beautiful walks here, if they are not yet known extensively. Our ponds and hills, if destitute of grandeur and sublimity, have as much quiet and rural beauty as you will often find. My walk was to the hill country. In the eastern part of the town we have four beautiful, smooth, rounded hills, in a perfect line from North to South—Pegan, Carver, Broad's, and a fourth, whose name is yet unknown to the historic muse. It was to the summit of Broad's that I made my way, and a delightful hour I had there. To the passenger on the railroad, which follows the depression dividing Broad's from

the hill Nameless, the elevation is not at all mark-worthy; and yet when you are there, there is a wide extent of country in view, and a high degree of beauty to reward the ascent. To the northwest the eye overlooks the two or three hundred houses of our village, catching a glimpse of Cochituate Pond beyond, and wanders away over Framingham, until it rests upon the blue mass of Wachusett; and to the North a line of dim and misty points in the horizon, we recognize as the Monadnock and other hills of New Hampshire. Extensive tracts of woodland add a peculiar charm to the entire view to me, and it is a serious cause of regret that I had not strength to visit this spot when, not brown, but brilliant-hued Autumn was here in all her glory.

South-easterly I have the valley of the Charles spreading out, immediately after passing between Pegan and Carver, into a broad and beautiful vale, and giving me an uninterrupted view, away to the high hills of Milton. That part of the South village of our town which is spread out upon Eliot plain is in sight just far enough below and at just the right distance to be picturesque. The river, which is excessively winding, peeps out here and there from the woods along its shores, and from the brown remains of the foliage of deciduous trees rise glorious masses of the dark green pines. Perhaps the view down this vale is a little better when taken from Carver. When I was a child Carver was covered with a noble forest of chesnut, hickory and pine; and I can recall as distinctly as the events of yesterday, the strange and then inexplicable feelings with which, after filling my basket with nuts, I used to stand and gaze upon the villages, the winding river, the beautiful swell of Pegan, the dark woods, the farm houses away in the distance, silent as the abodes of death, and the heights of Milton clad in robes of deep blue, while the autumn winds whispered solemnly to the pines or chatted cheerfully with the other trees, and the sound of the rushing of the water at the milldam came up the hill, swelling or dying away with each change in the intensity of the breeze. Several times, after long periods, even years intervening, I have ascended the dear old hill, and making all due allowance for the influence of early association, I still find the view so beautiful, that I can understand now what I then but felt.

But we will go back to Broad's.

The spirit of speculation is now rife in our town. A has bought this farm, B that; C is laying out house lots here and D there; E stands ready to invest, and F is equally willing to sell, and so it goes. While on the hill I too began to speculate. Not in the same manner though; all the money speculations in which I engage take place when I am on the committee of ways and means, speculating how to settle my board bills. I began to speculate upon a point, which just now is creating great division in our "Natick Society of Antiquaries," which association, counting all the active, honorary and corresponding members, consists of two persons—Austin B. and a certain correspondent of Dwight's Journal of Music, who may as well not be named. Now this question upon which such opposite opinions have been advanced, to the great benefit of archaeological science and the manufacturers of ink, is, as to the route which the apostle Eliot, of blessed memory, that devout servant of God, was wont to take upon his Thursday visits to the Indian plantation, which then occupied the beautiful hills and valley of which I have been writing. You must know that "Ye Indian plantation" at Natick was originally a part of the town of Dedham, and I had always taken it for granted that Mr. Eliot's road hither was by way of that town and through a part of the present town of Dover, by which route he would first reach "ye street on ye southe side of ye river Charles, so called by ye famous Captaine John Smithe, in honor of ye most high and mightie Prince Charles." My oppo-

nent, however, at a meeting of our society, suggested that this was wrong, he being of opinion that the way from Roxbury led through what is now Newton, and crossed the river "at ye great fording place," now the Lower Falls, in the town aforesaid. Considering the great importance of the question at issue, I may affirm that its discussion has thus far been carried on with all due decorum, and that no very severe personalities have been uttered—at all events not in comparison with what we have become habituated to in discussing politics. Now, from the summit of Broad's the whole country concerned is before one, and I find, on the most careful examination, that it could make but very little difference in distance which course the reverend preacher adopted, and the other party has as much to favor his position *a priori* as I. But who ever heard of a member of an antiquarian society admitting such a thing to his opponent? No, sir! though convinced, I shall argue still. My long argument is well under weigh and will occupy half the next volume of the society's proceedings. [I mention this as literary intelligence from Natick.] I will not go into the matter now, as your Journal is not particularly devoted to such discussions, but leave you to read the entire controversy, when printed, or the review of it, which of course will appear in the North American, as you may choose. I assure you it is very clear to my mind that Mr. Eliot came the Dover route, or that he might have done so had he wished, which is sufficient ground for the argument. There may be a spice of vanity in the confession, but fancy sees in some future edition of "The Quarrels of Authors," a large space devoted to a history of the great controversy on Rev. John Eliot's road to Natick plantation!

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sacred Music at Nazareth, Pa.

Nazareth Hall has just completed its hundredth year, and as the celebration of this centenary epoch is signalized by sacred music, some particulars respecting it may not be devoid of interest to you.

The Hall, which now is, and has been for the greater part of the past century, a boarding school, was originally built for the purpose of accommodating Count Zinzendorf, who was expected to remain and occupy it on his second visit to America, an event which never took place. The Hall was subsequently used as a place of worship, and the upper apartments for school purposes. The whole building is now appropriated to the use of the school, and the religious services are performed in a new church of modern construction.

On the present occasion the interior of this edifice was tastefully decorated, and much labor had been bestowed in decking the altar with hemlock wreaths and various floral devices. On the sides of the altar were transparent inscriptions in German, being select and appropriate passages from Scripture. The whole appearance of these decorations, intimating to the observer, as he entered the chapel, that one hundred years had just elapsed, and that a second century was about being entered upon, was interesting and suggestive. This mode of adding the designs of art to the observances of the festival is one of the marked peculiarities of the Moravian *cultus*, and on every special occasion the boughs of the perennial hemlock, the evergreen laurel, and the trailing mosses are called into requisition to lend their aid to the sacred joys of the festival.

All that is poetical in religion is resorted to, to

make the occasion truly festive in its character and an event of spiritual pleasure.

The early matutinal service was opened by the usual choral on trombones, which was then followed by a full orchestral anthem of old classic composition, a species of music of which the Moravians possess a large fund.

The well-known quartet of trombones upon nearly all occasions ushers in the solemnities of the festival, and as the old German choral, with its perfect harmony and divested of all superficial attire, falls upon the ear through those long-drawn wind notes, a feeling of pleasant and solemn composure invests the soul.

The services of the first day's celebration of this centenary, including the evening performances, were all blended with orchestral and choral song. In this last description of music the old German choral is that which is still chiefly in vogue amongst us. The tunes in use at various periods among the Moravians number more than five hundred, although those most generally sung do not exceed one hundred. These chorals having their origin during and before Luther's time, have been handed down, with various improvements in the arrangement of voices, to the present generation. Many of the chorals are of Moravian origin, having been composed by eminent organists of an earlier day, among whom were Jaeschke, Cröger, and others.

The choral in the opening of Mendelssohn's *Paulus* is also found in the depository of Moravian hymns, and is frequently sung in church services.

Respecting the pure tendency of this species of sacred music, there never appears to have been any difference of opinion. The Moravian choral, as sung by a whole congregation, with a good intermixture of bass and tenor voices, is altogether inimitable; and although it would seem necessary that the mind should be educated and led upwards into this kind of harmony, it is certain that when once there it will never depart from it. The merit of this sacred music is found in its undying nature; those who have been educated in it never forsake it, and the melody heard in youth grows sweeter in old age.

The organ is nearly always used in accompaniment, but there is a solemn beauty in the four-voice choral, without the organ, that almost gives it the preference. In all the open air performance, this effect in pure vocal harmony is sensibly observed.

In the memory of all the older Moravians, the trombone is an endeared instrument. Its harmonious tones, sent forth in the quiet evening from the belfry, tells you invariably of the departure of some earthly spirit, and the well-known chorals that are chosen for this occasion, become the recorded poetry of the heart.

The jubilee was extended to a second day, and closed in the usual manner of the higher Moravian festivals, with the Love Feast and Sacrament.

As regards the former ceremonial, I have to observe that it received its origin from the *Agapæ* of the early Christian church, and has been held in strict observance since the days of Count Zinzendorf. As to its import and the feeling this simple rite inspires, little can be said in the way of description. As an old institution of a people and a church, it stands far above criticism. The love feast is always rendered a joyous occasion

by the usual good old classic music, performed in full chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, and by the singing of the time-honored choral. Without this adjunct, indeed, it (as well as all other festive solemnities) would seem uninspiring and cold, and though poetry and music are not religion, yet they prove in many instances the avenues to spirituality and the guide to heavenly hope.

The century just past has been the first of the existence of Nazareth Hall, although the Moravian history itself has already progressed far into the second century. The primitive institutions of its people are still in some measure retained, although, being of exclusively German origin, they are beginning to give way to and blend with American feeling and modes of thought.

The poetical ground work of such a *cultus* as that of the Moravians originates altogether among a different people from our own; and although it has been for more than a century transplanted and nurtured among us, the age we live in, with its false pretences, is making inroads upon its genuineness and threatens to destroy it.

To preserve intact the religious rituals of a regularly organized Christian life, such as the Moravian communities have exhibited, the smaller rural villages and towns are the most appropriate places. Here, where a moderate share of musical talent can easily be found, cultivated and preserved, and where the rites of a refined culture can be enjoyed without running into conflict with conventionality and the false glitter of society, a picture of the Zinzendorffian mode of life and worship is only really found.

Here every sacred occasion, every memorial day, is sanctified and enlivened by the choral and the anthem; the former being the music of the Bach and the old Moravian composition; the latter, in addition to many original pieces, consisting of selections from Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," and sometimes Mozart and Beethoven.

When Christmas comes round with its evergreen decorations amid the snows, the sacred eve with its emblems, its rejoicings, its love feast and its dramatic and poetical portrayings of an event which renders the close of the year precious to the Christian world, you may hear from me again on the subject of a Nazareth and Bethlehem Christmas.

Yours, J. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 22, 1856.

Italian Opera—"The North Star."

We conclude our hasty sketch of this comic opera of Meyerbeer, having already despatched the best part of the music with the first act.

The second act is purely military—the parade and pleasures of the camp, the Russian camp. There is rebellion ripening here against the Czar, our old friend Peter, the irritable, drinking, and yet it would seem not good-for-nothing lover, here present in disguise, ready to declare himself in the right moment, shame the rebels back to loyalty, and lead on to victory. His Catharine, unknown to him, as he to her, is here also in the disguise of a simple soldier, the recruit in her brother George's place. But the history is a

mere contrivance whereby to string together a series of military tableaux, full of pretty puppet-show effects on a large scale, with music corresponding. The curtain rises on a scene of tents and soldiers, some in line, some carelessly grouped, some dancing, while the orchestra plays a succession of quaint dance measures. Corporal Gritzenko, more of a dandy than ever, figures with grotesque importance in the foreground, drilling the young recruits, a pretty squad of young girl soldiers. Indeed half the army are women in warlike habiliments, which lends a French piquancy to the scene. A song in honor of the cavalry, a lusty bugle strain, is sung with painful fidelity by that knight of the rueful countenance, the tenor ARNOLDI, in the character of commander of the Cossacks. The corporal's pride is touched, and he must sing a glorification of the infantry, drilling the young recruits while the orchestra preludes. The song is accompanied by all the chorus bands with regularly recurring *1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10* in imitation of the drum roll, two jauntily dressed vivandieres leading off at the head of either regiment (Mme. SIEDENBURG and Miss PYNE.) It is a very ingenious piece of musical and puppet-show effect, sparkling and droll enough, and just the thing to take with an audience who want only to be amused. The next music is full of muttered thunder, as of coming storm, a chorus of conspirators; death to the tyrant Czar! &c.

The troops defer before their general and leave the stage, when a tent is set up, which enter Peter as simple captain, with Danilowitz, his faithful follower, as his lieutenant and boon companion. They are in for a jolly carouse. Catharine the while has been stationed sentinel outside the tent. Our two heroes drink and chant a bacchanalian stave, which has a certain charm of wildness, what with the instrumentation. The duo becomes a trio as the young sentinel's curiosity expresses itself about what is passing within. She peeps through the folds of the tent, and judge of her surprise when she sees her Peter, her old carpenter friend and lover, in epanettes, and with him the pastry cook! Of course some fine bursts of roulades and cadenzas here for Mme. LAGRANGE. The two challenge each other still to drink; alas! the old sin of her Peter—she marks it too well. The two pretty vivandieres, who have caught Peter's eye, are marched in to grace their carouse. This introduces an elaborate Quintet and Sextuor, which includes first a *Chant Bacchique* by Peter, then some very piquant couplets by the vivandieres, about soldier life, in which voices and instruments keep up a prolonged imitation of the rattling of dice and other soldier-like accomplishments, the two men joining in the laugh. Both parts of this duet run high and are full of florid execution, to which the ladies were equal, save that the Siedenburger lacked power of voice. Poor Catharine must peep again. She has been revelling in melodious raptures over the presence and glory of her lover; but now what does she see? the faithless knight caressing those vivandieres! A change comes o'er the spirit of her dream and o'er—the orchestra, and her outraged feelings make out a quintet with the others; Peter and Danilowitz wooing, the vivandieres coquetishly struggling, Catharine alone in earnest, Mme. Lagrange gives great force here to a low declamatory monotone passage, in which every

note trembles with rage: *Dans ma haine profonde Qu'ici je les confonde!* and then to the freer outburst of lightning-like soprano in *Que le ciel seconde*, while the *charmant badinage* of the others goes on. Corporal Gritzenko comes round to relieve guard, and detects our sentinel peeping; a quarrel follows and a smart slap on the corporal's face; the culprit is dragged before Captain Peter; but his brain is clouded with the fumes of wine; he recognizes nothing, will not be importuned, and commands that the offender be shot. In vain the pretty recruit calls upon her Peter; in vain the music of that sentimental air of her's (referred to several times before); she is hurried off and supposed shot. We should mention before this the sextuor occasioned by the entrance into the tent of Ismaeloff, the Cossack chief, with a letter of grave import, apparently, to which Peter is insensible. This sextuor is chiefly remarkable for the difficult unison passages of the three sopranos, in broken chords, continually modulated, and ranging to the upper C.

Peter recovers his senses and recalls the fatal order just too late. The rest of the music is all military. To the sound of the "Sacred March," (a common-place, noisy affair enough) the conspirator generals and armies take the oath to kill the Czar. He overhears all, warned by a letter found upon Catharine, who is supposed to have escaped the *fusilade* and plunged into the river and been drowned. (There is no lack of devices to make the story hang together.) Peter reveals himself, brings them all to their knees, and turns their arms against the foes, whose distant march is heard approaching to help them against him. Here we have a large, bewildering combination of all sorts of bands, from all sorts of regiments, playing all sorts of marches, *fanfaras*, *pas redoublés*, &c., the effect of all which is a showy, but decidedly heavy finale, more "stunning" than it is edifying.

Act III. is eked out with a transparent poverty of musical material. For the most part the old ideas rehashed. After a symphony of some length, not very interesting, the curtain rises on a rich apartment in the palace of the Czar. Peter, in all his power and splendor, still pines for Catherine. The sentimental monarch has even sought relief in practising in an amateur way his old labors of the saw and plane. He commences with an andante strain of melancholy reminiscence, which gives AMODIO an opportunity, almost his only one in this opera, to do himself some justice. There is a buffo trio, where Gritzenko enters, trembling before majesty, claiming promotion for the—*slap* he got on duty in the tent scene; *le soufflet, honorable, remarquable, favorable, inpayable!* This is somewhat funny, but not so funny as it is long. Now enter the bridal couple, Prascovia and George, who sing *naïvely* enough of their long foot journey from Finland, made so light by love and happy union. The corporal recognizing the real recruit, frightens them with announcing that he must be shot, which makes another grotesque duo between Mme. MARETZK and Herr QUINT (called QUINTO).

We pass on to the entrance of Catharine, who has lost her senses. Of course one of those interesting mad scenes, *a la Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *Elvira*, &c., &c., in which the music is full of reminiscences out of the first act. The Czar has contrived an outward machinery to meet her mind's spontaneous workings. He has even built a min-

iature Finland village, as in the first act, with the house and the chapel, and the carpenters at work; and so on, and has had her old associates imported into Russia for the purpose, all which is disclosed at the withdrawing of a curtain at the back of the stage. You hear the tenor coryphæus again lead off the opening chorus, and you hear the pastry cook's song, and the wedding chorus, her consciousness the while returning and expressing itself in florid and varied bits of fragmentary song, much of it with harp accompaniment. Allusions to the camp scene come back too in the music. And finally a florid prelude on a flute sounds from within; the old air which George and Peter played; she echoes it, two flutes come in, to which she sings the brilliant and arduous bravura piece, made so familiar by JENNY LIND, as a piece from the "Camp of Silesia." How exquisitely this was done by Mme. Lagrange, how her voice revelled in those flute-like passages, and what rich tenderness its middle tones had where contrasted with the flute, we will not undertake to describe. It ends with recognition and Peter making her his Empress,—the orchestra for finale repeating the opening military passage of the overture. We should mention also a cantabile tenor aria by Danilowitz, with pleasingly novel accompaniment of harp and flutes running through octaves in thirds,—a piece of which we find nothing in the piano score, and which, but for the quaint accompaniment, we should say was certainly an Italian interpolation,—but in which BRIGNOLI showed the sweetness of his voice and cultivated style to much advantage.

Such is the substance of *L'Etoile du Nord*. As a work of curious invention and contrivance in the art of imitative phrasing, in the first place, and still more in the art of brilliant and unique orchestral framing, it offers much to the critic who is mainly curious in such things. But as a lyrical drama, as a product of creative imagination, it does not appeal very strongly. The plot is absurd; its comedy, what there is of it, painfully labored. We can scarcely call it a comic opera, for there is no genuine spontaneous humor in the music. In point of humor and of spontaneity of any kind compare it for a moment with the operas of Mozart or the immortal "Barber" of Rossini! There is the natural play of genius, here the hard effort by will and skilful calculation to contrive things that shall seem funny. Plainly it is the comedy of a very sober man; it did not come out of a humorous nature. If it is not intended to be taken seriously, it is a very serious attempt to be playful. It is neither comedy nor tragedy, but rather melodrama, to which Robert Schumann might, were he here, apply the term "puppet-show music" with at least as much reason as he did to Donizetti's *Favorita*. What a relief is the naive, gushing melody of a Rossini after all these curious and in detail often captivating contrivances! The absurdity of the plot (by SCRIBE), however, is accounted for by the fact that it was necessary to work up fragments of earlier half-finished operas, "Vielka," the "Camp of Silesia," and what not—savings up of earlier ideas, meteor fragments of demolished planets—into the new "Star."

One proof that it falls below the standard of a true Art creation is the fact that the freshness of the music and the interest of the whole degenerate from act to act. In this respect, too, how it

contrasts with the immortal masterpieces! In *Don Juan*, even supposing for the moment that its plot is equally absurd, how the inner meaning grows and grows, and comes out in the music, newer and richer and grander to the end! With all its wealth of matter, its curious variety of contents, its pretty, quaint conceits, its striking combinations and orchestral settings, the "North Star" betrays a painful lack of the imaginative fusing quality of genius. Nothing develops itself as it were spontaneously, by an inward necessity of nature, out of the rest, but all is there by will and make-shift calculation. It is, as we have said before, the music of *effect* and not of genius. It is over-ingenious and not inspired. How HEINE could ever characterize the author of such *effect* music as a man of "conviction," beyond all composers, is more than we can understand. There may be earnest, indefatigable will, without much deep conviction, which implies faith, of any kind. One who is so very earnest about the shows of things, rather betrays his lack of deep conviction of the unseen realities. And such being the case, it is not to be wondered that *L'Etoile du Nord*, by its very succession of interminable brilliancies, became fatiguing before it was half done, and left one with uninspired and jaded senses at the end. We could not but be reminded at last of an interminable torchlight procession.

The opera closed on Saturday afternoon with a mangled and indifferent performance of *Masaniello* and some of the "gems" of *L'Etoile* for the benefit of conductor MARETZEK. The parts of Mme. MARETZEK and of BRIGNOLI were well sustained in the former, and Mlle. LAVIGNE was graceful and expressive in her pantomime as Fenella. But the music of Auber's work seemed very tame and common. By far the best parts are those which have been so long whistled in the streets. Mme. LAGRANGE made amends in her scenes from *L'Etoile*.

Chamber Music.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S SOIREE, at Chickering's, last Saturday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and we wished there were more people to enjoy it. Here is the programme, quite a choice one:

PART I.

- 1—Trio No. 1, in E flat,.....Beethoven.
2—Aria from *Le Nozze di Figaro*,.....Mozart.
Mrs. J. H. LONG.

- 3—Piano Solos: by.....
Bach.
Chopin.
Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- 1—Andante Pastorale, for Clarinet,.....Crusell.
THOMAS RYAN.
2—Sonata No. 2, in A,.....Beethoven.
3—Serenade, from Tennyson's "Maud,"
J. C. D. Parker.

Mrs. J. H. LONG.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.
There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

- 4—Quintette in E flat, for Piano and Stringed Instruments,.....Schumann.

The Trio was interesting as being the first of the numbered and published works of Beet-

hoven. It is less original in matter and in treatment, more in the vein of Mozart and of Haydn, and the composer's individuality is less pronounced in it, than in the works by which he is now most known. But knowing that great genius chiefly as we find him in the thick of life's hard battle, in his profounder, sadder, and yet gloriously triumphant works, it is pleasant for once to trace back his stream of life to where it sparkled in the sunshine of young, wholesome impulses and faculties, joyously eager for exercise; pleasant to have him where he knew joy, without going through Titanic spiritual trials to find it. A cheerful grace and elegance and melodious flow of strong, full harmony, characterizes the quicker movements, while the Adagio breathes a deep and tender sentiment. It is wonderful for an *Opus* 1, to say the least, and indicates those rare peculiarities which were developed later. Mr. PARKER played the piano part with great neatness, precision and delicacy. So he did the Sonata (one of the three dedicated to Haydn), save where a little nervous embarrassment caused him to miss a note or two in the first part. His chief want for a player of Beethoven, is the want of fire and energetic accent, and also of steady *a tempo* movement; there was sometimes a little dallying; and the second movement (*Largo appassionato*) was taken a little too quick, and had not quite that grand and solemn tread, nor quite that nervous staccato in the short notes of the bass, which the character of the piece has seemed to us to require. A little too much tendency also to break the chords, which weakens the impression, and impairs the Beethoven-like decision. There were such great excellencies in Mr. Parker's playing, and the pieces had been so faithfully and intelligently studied, that it is but due to the young artist to confess these deductions.

Of the three smaller piano pieces, that by Bach, one of his innumerable happy little fancies, called, we believe, an *Echo*, which we never heard before, was to our mind the most satisfactory in the rendering. It was indeed exquisitely neat and clear and finished. Mr. Parker has all the delicacy and fineness for Chopin, but needs to make it more alive, to put more fire into it. The Song without words by Mendelssohn, a rapid movement from the posthumous set, was finely played. The great feature of the concert was that glorious piano Quintet of Schumann, in which he was accompanied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The inspiring energy of the Allegro, and the wild, dirge-like character of the slow movement, made their mark as deep as ever. It is a composition which we shall count it loss not to hear once at least in every winter.

The Andante by Crusell was highly relished. We like the rich, vivacious tones of the clarinet, and enjoy Mr. RYAN's playing of it. But in the quintet accompaniment to that song of Mozart: *Voi chi sapete*, the whole seemed drowned in excess of clarinet sound; the whole accompaniment was heavy, compared with Mozart's light and delicate instrumentation; a mere piano-forte would have been better. Mrs. LONG sang it very pleasingly, but wanted more life. In Mr. Parker's song from "Maud," she was warmly encored, as well as the song itself, which is graceful, and in the setting of the last verse, especially the last two lines, happy; but the principal melody seems to us too light, and not to have seized the spirit of the words.

The Concert as a whole gave generally great pleasure, and we trust that Mr. Parker will not be discouraged by the smallness of his audience from giving more such evenings. He is an artist of a true and earnest spirit, and is constantly improving and deepening in artistic character and power.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The first concert of the eighth season came off in Chickering's rooms on Tuesday evening, before quite a numerous and appreciative audience. The members of the Club were warmly greeted. They consist, as last year, of Messrs. AUGUST FRIES, first violin, CARL MEISEL, second do., GUSTAV KREB and THOMAS RYAN tenors, and WULF FRIES, violoncello. The programme was a very fine one and just long enough, as follows:

PART I.

1. Fifth Quartet in A, (first time).....Mozart
Allegro—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro.
2. Piano Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in E flat,.....Beethoven
Andante and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. LEONARD, MEISEL, and W. FRIES.

PART II.

3. Adagio from the Second Concerto for Clarinette,....Spohr
THOMAS RYAN.
4. Piano Solo: Polonaise, op. 63, in A,.....Chopin
HUGO LEONARD
5. Third Quartet in D, No. 1, op. 44,.....Mendelssohn
Molto allegro vivace—Minuetto, Allegretto—Andante con moto—Finale, Presto con brio.

The new Mozart Quartet made a delightful impression, played so smoothly as it was, and with such spirit, just blending and individualizing of parts, and nice regard to light and shade. There is a most genial, spontaneous ease in the whole movement of the composition, which makes it seem simple, while it is a masterpiece of science, and comes over us as a breath from a pure, intellectual height of experience, remote from all that can be common-place or vulgar. The variations of the Andante are wonderfully imaginative and singular, especially one in which the whole strain is accompanied throughout by a mystical sort of drum-beat, first on the violoncello and then on the viola, till the second and finally the first violin get possessed by its rhythm.—The Mendelssohn Quintet in D took one back to the early days of the Quintette Club, and was always a prodigious favorite with the *habitués* of their concerts and rehearsals. It is one of the most characteristic works of Mendelssohn, full of fire, and rich in ideas marvellously well developed. The clarinet Adagio was one of the richest and most enjoyable productions of Spohr that we remember to have listened to. The fresh reed tones relieve in a measure the peculiar monotony of Spohr.

Mr. HUGO LEONARD, the young pianist from the Leipzig Conservatoire, a pale youth, with intellectual countenance, the long hair of "Young Germany," and a look of nervous energy, made his debut to great advantage as a player of Beethoven. He plays with rare distinctness, fire and firmness, tenderly sparing and exhibiting at the same time all the delicate little flowers of feeling and of fancy that lie scattered along the bold, exulting course of the inspired Titan. He has it in his head first, and brings it out with a will and with a sympathy. He seems to carve each musical idea out of his instrument with the sharp and positive, yet delicate outline of a sculptor. There is remarkable breadth and fulness in his touch and execution. Yet we should say his playing is more from the head than from the feeling. There is nerve in his playing, but he seems happily free from nervousness. In that

bold, heroic, thoroughly Polish *Polonaise*, too, the pianist seemed to have chosen the side of Chopin most congenial to him. How he would be in the dreamy, poetic reveries and love yearnings of that master we cannot tell; but we have rarely heard one of the strong and fiery pieces executed more effectively. The execution was admirable, and it tasks execution to the utmost. We trust Mr. Leonhard will give us more of his artistic quality, and that the coming concerts of the Club will prove as satisfactory and enlivening as this good beginning.

New Music.

We have before us a large pile of the recent issues from our various publishing houses, among which are not a few of real permanent value. We have only time to mention some of the more important now, reserving them for fuller notice.

MESSRS. G. ANDRÉ & Co., of Philadelphia, send us three posthumous works of MOZART, now for the first time published. (Mr. G. André is one of the Andrés of Offenbach, Germany, who own the larger portion of the Mozart manuscripts.) The three pieces are:—1. A Litany (*Litania di venerabile altaris*), for four voices, with organ or piano accompaniment. Orchestral parts may be had. This was composed in 1776. 2. One of his earlier operas, called *L'Oca del Cairo* (The Goose of Cairo)—of course an opera buffa—in two acts; vocal and piano score. 3. Another early opera, called *Lo Sposo Deluso, ossia: La rivalita di tre Donne per un solo Amante* (The Deluded Husband, or the rivalry of three ladies for one lover); opera buffa in two acts, vocal score, and also a piano-forte arrangement for four hands. If not among the greatest of the author's works, these cannot but be interesting to every lover of Mozart. We shall give soon a more minute account of them, as well as of other useful publications from André & Co.

From Mr. F. MEYER, Buffalo, N. Y., who is connected with the house of Meyer in Brunswick, Germany, we have a very neat and serviceable piano and vocal score of *Don Giovanni*, with Italian and German words. The book is in 180 pp. of oblong form, clearly and handsomely engraved, and costs the very moderate sum of \$2 50. By his card in another column it will be seen that the same gentleman is agent in America for the sale of the same Brunswick editions of the seven principal operas of Mozart, which we can commend after considerable use of them.

OLIVER DITSON, of our city, issues weekly and daily an incredible variety of music of all forms, styles and qualities, from the most popular clap-trap to the immortal classics and true living works of genius. Among the most important of his recent issues are *The Well-tempered Clavichord* (*Clavecin bien temperé*) of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, being the celebrated forty-eight Preludes and Fugues in all the major and minor keys;—a work which all true pianists and indeed all musicians, who lay claim to true musicianship, for many years have made the foundation of their studies. One who has mastered the "Well-tempered Clavichord" is equal to almost any difficulties within the legitimate sphere of piano music. Nay even a Liszt and a Thalberg have this culture quietly underlying their own modern, freer seeming and more dazzling peculiarities. They will not all be found merely dry and scientific things for the curious scholar; many of them are exquisite tone-poems, full of the light of fancy, and such as dwell sweetly in the mind through all one's life. No. 1, containing Preludes and Fugues in C and in C minor, are already out. The whole 48 will make two volumes, each \$3; complete, \$5.—Mr. Ditson has also ready several more numbers of those

wonderful Chorales harmonized by BACH, of which we have before spoken.—Also selections from the new oratorio of "Eli," by COSTA, now in rehearsal by the Handel and Haydn Society. Two numbers we already have, viz: a Solo, *The Morning Hymn*, and Duet, *Wherefore is thy soul cast down*,—both beautiful and chaste compositions, considerably Mendelssohnian in style.—Mr. Ditson's catalogue is really a curiosity. It fills 204 closely printed pages, and contains thousands upon thousands of pieces of sheet music, besides eight pages full of titles of books, including operas, masses, oratorios, sonatas, symphonies, Songs without Words, treatises on harmony, and instruction books for voice and every kind of instrument in use,—all of his own publishing.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The first of the series of Orchestral Concerts came off last evening, and was a complete success, in every particular. The house was filled, half an hour before the performance was announced to commence, and all seemed eager to hear the first chord, which was struck at eight o'clock. Miss DOANE did her part of the programme to the entire satisfaction of all present, and was loudly encored. She seems to be a particular favorite, and why shouldn't she be? She is certainly a very finished singer.

Mr. KREISSMANN proved himself (if it need be proved,) a thorough bred musician, and sang his songs with much expression; the duets with Miss Doane went off finely.

What can we say of the Orchestra? We surely have never heard such a complete and well drilled band in this city before. The Overture to "Don Juan" opened the Concert, and was well played, as far as we are a judge, and it being one Mozart's best, it would be almost folly for us to say it is anything but a great piece. The Polkas and the March were good, and pleased the little ones much.

The Concert overture, No. 1, of Mr. STRATTON's, brought down a storm of applause, and had to be repeated; this was served the same way the first time it was played, (last year,) and seems to lose nothing by repetition; all considered it the best piece of the evening, [what! better than *Don Juan*?] and no doubt would like to hear it played at every concert. We understand Mr. Stratton's Overtures already number three, and we hope to hear the others during the series. Great credit is due Mr. Stratton for giving us such an interesting concert.—*Manchester Mirror*, 19th.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *City Item* has the following notice of the concert given last week by Mr. BENKERT, a young Philadelphian, who has just returned from musical studies in Germany:

Mr. Benkert was assisted by Mlle. D'Ormy, the contralto; Mr. Berner, the new tenor; Mr. Preiser, the violoncellist, and a large deputation of the Musical Fund Society's orchestra, which, under the baton of Leopold Meignen, performed with unusual excellence the work assigned them, doing full justice to Mr. Benkert's overture to *Richilde* and to its part in the Concerto Irlandaise. In Mlle. D'Ormy's voice there are some notes very good and some very indifferent; her style is not of the purest, but in opera her acting is said to atone for all her vocal deficiencies. Mr. Berner sang two German ballads, composed by Mr. Benkert, with much feeling and taste. Mr. Preiser performed a violoncello fantasia from *Robert le Diable*, arranged by Kummer, the piano-forte accompaniment being played by Mr. Benkert. Mr. P. overcame some startling difficulties and was warmly applauded; we think, however, we have heard him to greater advantage in other solos; the limited size of the audience may have chilled his usual ardor. Mr. Benkert played several times; his manner is very easy, and devoid of all the nauseating affectations of modern pianists. He does not belong to the brilliant school of performers; his attributes are neatness, clearness and delicacy, and had the instrument, upon which he performed, possessed any tone or excellence, these characteristics of his playing would have been heard to much greater advantage; unfortunately the piano was of that muffled description with which nothing can be done, under any circumstances; it must have left its tone on the other side of the Atlantic. He seems to us a performer likely to show to more advantage in private than in public.

It is of Mr. Benkert's compositions that we would rather speak. His concerto, for piano and orchestra, appeared to us to be the best; it is extremely well written for the solo instrument and the accompaniment is full of beautiful harmony and combinations. It may be justly called a classical work, and shows that the young composer has not only studied in a good school, but has profited by his studies. The overture to "Richilde" is solidly and carefully scored, modelled upon Lindpainter, as no one could fail to notice after the "Vampire" overture by that master, which opened

the concert. He was the director of Mr. Benkert's studies during the greater part of our young townsman's European residence, and it is but natural that the pupil's style should resemble that of his instructor. The first movement is full of rich harmony, the second abounds in good violin passages and skilful scoring, but there is a want of a strongly marked subject. This want we felt in some other of his compositions. Mr. Benkert's style is exclusively German, and gave great satisfaction to the audience, which was composed mainly of representatives of that nation. He has evidently been a close student of the theory of musical science, in all its branches, and possesses in himself fully as much, if not more, knowledge than is divided among the majority of American "composers."

Foreign.

PARIS.—A letter in the *Courier & Enquirer*, dated Oct 30, describes the hearing at the Italian Opera, of the American cantatrice, Miss JULIANA MAY.

Some weeks since I referred to this young lady as having brought with her from Italy a high reputation, not only as possessing one of the very finest voices (a *soprano sfogato*) in Europe, but as having profited by her two or three years stay in Italy, to perfect herself in her art. Her *début* (as it may be termed) at "the Italians" was, therefore, looked to as an event in the musical world, and you will see by the brief report of that remarkable audition, to which I am unfortunately obliged to confine myself, that neither expectation nor the desire to hear the finest music conveyed by the sweetest organ were disappointed.

Among the auditors of this delightful musical treat, were two persons deeply interested in the result, which, if favorable, would raise up a rival Prima Donna, with (from the youth of the fair aspirant) a probability that if she did not positively supersede them, she might divide with them the favors of the dilettanti of Europe. They had, however, this consolatory circumstance to mitigate any such feeling of apprehension, namely:—a rumor that an arbitrary call from her own country, imperious and irresistible as the ukase of a Czar, had arrived to compel her to appear on her native scene. Whatever that fact and whatever their feelings, Miss May presented herself at the Italian Opera last Friday, accompanied by her mother and some Parisian friends, and was received by the popular proprietor of that establishment, Signor Calzado, and his son, with kindness and respect.

Resolved, it would appear, to place her pretensions in the fullest evidence, Miss May selected for her opening morceau the prayer in Verdi's Opera, the *Duo Foscari*—a piece which from its difficulty and variety, and its consequent demand upon all the powers of the singer, whether of voice or of execution, is—where the débutante is meant to be treated with severity,—chosen as the test of capability. I think I need offer no further proof of Miss May's unequalled success in this most trying effort, than that, in the course of her performance, it elicited from the gentleman who presided at the pianoforte, and who was, in fact, no less a personage than the *chef d'orchestre*, of the Theatre des Italiens, repeated cries of "Brava!" In these M. Calzado concurred, but Alboni "made no sign," which may fairly be interpreted as a favorable sign for her young rival in perspective.

The next piece, a totally different one in construction and object, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*," from Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, was given, by Miss May, most beautifully and effectively, thus proving the versatility of the cantatrice. The first, impassioned and almost violent, required all the resources of the performer for its development, and seemed, in truth, the identical proof she sought for, to display the immense compass, flexibility, and power of her voice, and her brilliancy of execution. The second, so well known to all lovers of music, demanding for its presentation, in the spirit of its immortal composer, voice, grace, sweetness, and finished education. I know not how far it would be Miss May's interest to accept an engagement at the Italian Opera of Paris this season,—crowded as is the list of its Prime Donne—for she would have no fewer than six competitors for public favor, including Grisi, Alboni, Frezzolini, and Piccolomini, and Cattinari, who from their precedence in point of engagement, would assert the prescriptive right to the principal roles of the repertoire of the Italians.

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Translated for this Journal.

Alexander Winterberger and the Modern Organ-playing.

[From the 'Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,' Leipzig, July 1, 1856.]

The time when virtuoso-dom could be content to stand upon its own clay feet, lies happily behind us. The satiety and consequent indifference and estrangement of the public will have the good effect of considerably reducing the number of "*prestidigitateurs*" speculating on applause. Certainly it can do no harm to the more genuine and artistic virtuosity, which finds its real merit in subserving higher aims, to have the ground too long usurped by weeds entirely reclaimed. If America can still feast for some time on these leavings of the European table, it will be a poor justification of the name "New World," in an artistic point of view. The wanderings of our left-behind European virtuosos into the most uncivilized countries, whence there is scarcely an exotic "order" to be brought away—an actual selling out—go to contradict this reproach. Within a short time virtuosity in the new world, also, will have to take that transition step, which we already witness here in the appearance of a more or less respectable, more or less conservative *humbug of classicality*, which in its awkward dullness is very far from reaching the future ideal of virtuosity. This humbug costs far less exertion in technical matters, and even in *mind*, since but a moderate musical instinct is required for the interpretation of universally well-known matter; one simply pays due homage to the improved taste of the age, lays claim to serious and sterling achievements, and lends all possible brilliancy of instrumentation to that which formerly would have won a *succès d'estime*. Classicism has become the fashion: let us not overestimate what is

a virtue of necessity and therefore not without stain.

Far be it from us to fail to recognize a relative progress in all this. The public has learned to discriminate between false and genuine virtuosity; nor will it rest satisfied with this first gleam of recognition. "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue;" the public will soon also learn to feel the distinction between *rightly professing* and *intrinsically true* virtuosity. Then these desperate grimaces, these affected spasms in the rendering of the most popular and hack-nied of the Beethoven Sonatas, which give a man the air of a snobbish (*verphilisterten*) Western dervish, will produce nothing but a ludicrous effect. To us it is impossible to have faith in the conversion of the false virtuoso. The true, artistic virtuosity has no need, on the one hand, to abandon the technical problem. That would be unartistically convenient. On the other hand it presupposes a thoroughly reformed artistic culture and development. The difficulties, the exertions it requires are more many-sided, and in view of the new demands none of the old (mechanical) ones are intermitted. But in this terror to uncalled practitioners he that is chosen will hardly find discouragement:

What FRANZ LISZT has effected practically for this reform of virtuosity in the domain of the piano, will scarcely be questioned by competent and impartial judges. No other could have done it; the initiative required genius. The piano has not only assumed, but conquered for itself the sovereign position in the present world of music; it has become the concert instrument, the wrestling ground *par excellence* of virtuosos; and it was just here that the *reform* (we choose this expression instead of one more ambiguous) was the most necessary, as being most decisive and establishing the law for other instruments. JOSEPH JOACHIM, who in a certain sense may call himself a pupil of Liszt, might perhaps have achieved alone a similar reform in violin-playing. Liszt himself has not limited himself to the principal achievement—an *ordinary* human life would not have sufficed for *this*—he has extended this reform of virtuosity to the instrument most nearly related to the piano, to the Organ, whose importance in these latter times was threatening to fall into undue neglect on account of its supposed stiffness and one-sided dignity. Liszt's recent organ compositions, and the young organ virtuoso, his pupil, thus far the only one who has been raised up for this mission, HERR ALEXANDER WINTERBERGER, are the living evidences of this new act of Liszt. The Erard of the organ seems to have been found at the same time. Our readers have already been informed about that

masterpiece in the cathedral at Merseburg, the new organ by HERR LADEGAST. The perfectibility of this instrument in the modern spirit is now clearly proved; the "stiffness" of the organ is broken, and this experience may also react upon the instruments of older construction to modify our views of what may be expected of the organ as such. Every person who was present at either of the concerts got up by HERR Music-Director ENGEL in the Merseburg cathedral, must still remember the astonishing impression. The most experienced connoisseurs could not trust their ears; HERR Winterberger's performances filled the stationary gentry with that strange awe, which a German Concert-master may have felt on first hearing Paganini. In fact the boundary, within which professional jealousy or the envy of colleagues could have stirred, was completely overstepped.

Let us first cast a hasty glance upon the organ virtuosity of the most recent times. We cannot indeed give a complete review of meritorious organists. * * * From the very nature of the instrument we count among the virtuosos on the organ, who have gained notoriety by travels, far fewer tares, as well as far less wheat, compared with other instrumental virtuosos. The late HERR Orgel-Kloss (organ-blockhead?), as well as a pair of Italian vagabonds, to whom we may add perhaps an unconfirmed discovery of M. Fétis in Belgium, represent the chaff of organ-virtuosity. The prominent true virtuosos of the instrument, in our experience, have been at the same time greater or lesser masters of piano-playing. Above all we remember here with real enthusiasm MENDELSSOHN, whose gentle constitution only seldom allowed him to afford this pleasure to his admirers, the less so, since he, once before the instrument, in his artistic self-forgetfulness lost utterly all due regard for his own nerves. His playing had a decidedly modern character, quite as interesting and poetical as that of organists who cannot play the piano, whose style is hard without energy, in short dry and leathern. Next to Mendelssohn, we may name ADOLPH HESSE, in Breslau, one of the most distinguished pianists of the Hummel school, but who succeeds excellently well too in the performance of Chopin's compositions. With him, too, one forgets the "stiffness" of the instrument, and his own works for it have an unquestionably higher value than any juiceless productions of a THIELE, who is so extravagantly glorified by some organists. As important virtuosos on the organ we may further mention from our own personal hearing: Professor HARTMANN in Copenhagen, and TH. KIRCHNER in Winterthur, both composers of talent, and good routine piano-players.

If we had not facts enough in the examples of living artists to establish the assertion, that only a remarkable pianist can achieve anything remarkable upon the organ, and that the modern organist must first mount up on the shoulders of the piano-player to the "Pope of instruments" (as Liszt calls it), we should not shrink from proving it *a priori* by pointing to the relationship as well as the distinction between the two instruments, enumerating the required technical studies and preliminary exercises. In fact, this relationship is so evident, that we need not enter into details. Parallel epochs in piano and in organ playing present themselves. If Hesse represents the school of Hummel, so has Alexander Winterberger made the first successful advance in introducing the Liszt school into organ playing. What a rich gain this is for the future, cannot be set forth in a word. The *historical* clique may murmur to the contrary, as they have always done: but it is certainly not the least characteristic feature of the Liszt school, that it has taken up into itself all that did not deserve to go to the bottom, all that does not belong to the past and to oblivion, all that is justified by any organic vitality, and upholds it with the superiority of its own individual stamp. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH's works, a music of the future as much as any other, will first meet with a worthy execution through the impulse and progress gained by means of the Liszt-ian epoch, both on the piano and the organ.

Herr Alexander Winterberger had originally educated himself for a piano-player, and completed his studies to that end under Liszt's direction. The results which he attained were brilliant; his virtuosity qualified him for the solution of the most difficult problems both in the classic and romantic masters. As a *salon* or as a concert-player, he could be sure of an honorable rank. Already at that time he felt a distinct impulse towards the study of the organ; the character of this instrument seemed to harmonize with a certain chord of his musical thought and feeling, which was destined soon to be the ruling chord, when he went to pursue his theoretical studies at Berlin, where he could enjoy Prof. MARX's instruction in the art of composition. After his return from there, he devoted himself with all his energies and with almost exclusive zeal to organ playing, in which he soon did such astonishing things, that his master, Liszt, decidedly advised him to make this his speciality, since, harmonizing with his inward calling, it promised him externally also an important future, by the certainty of distinguishing himself as one of the first in point of rank and time in a sphere which is in a certain manner new. Already, during his pupilage at piano-playing, he made continued pedal studies on a chamber organ constructed by a Prussian officer in Erfurt. The facility which he acquired in pedal playing surpasses the feats of the organists of the old school in quietness and certainty, in energy and fluency, to the same degree that his finger execution is superior to theirs. He represents the Liszt school both with hand and foot. The rapidity and clearness of his trills, his scales, his precision and dexterity in the execution of the most various rhythmical figures on the pedal, are quite as unheard of as the invincible firmness and endurance of his touch upon the manuals. His performance of the wonderful fantasia on the choral from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*

by Franz Liszt, is unquestionably the most extraordinary thing ever done upon the organ. Few pianists would be able to reproduce to us a fragment of this mighty work upon a piano of easy action. With equal perfection Herr Winterberger plays Liszt's transcription of Nicolai's festival overture upon the Choral: *Ein feste Burg*, as well as two more recent organ compositions of Liszt (still in MS.): a Prelude and Fugue on the name BACH, and an organ piece full of a mystical and searching spirit, based upon the Choral: *Aus tiefer Noth*. It was this Merseburg organ, which Herr Winterberger after Herr Music-Director Engel has inaugurated by his surprising talent, that first moved Liszt to the composition of a number of church works, of which the series, we trust, is far from closed. Meanwhile Herr Winterberger has acquired a numerous repertoire of older and newer pieces for the organ, which will bring his extraordinary achievements into deserved notoriety. The incomparable genius of his master in the discovery of new combinations of sound, in the choice and mixture of the appropriate colors for the representation of an idea, has paved for the young organ virtuoso the right way to a thorough practical knowledge and command of registration.

Herr Winterberger is intending soon to commence his first artistic tour as organist, and has selected Holland as the first field. Holland is confessedly rich in master-works of the older style of organ-building, and has a good musical reputation, which it is to be expected will not suffer by a hospitable reception of the young artist. He unites in himself everything which stamps the virtuoso a true artist, and makes him qualified to work for his own and his master's honor.

HANS V. BUELOW.

The Works of Chopin.

[Concluded.]

We now come to the TARANTELLA, Op. 43, which, for sparkling animation and deliciously characteristic gaiety, has no competitor among the smaller works of Chopin. * * * This piece is in the key of A flat major,—of itself a new feature—for, till now, we never heard of a *Tarantella* in other than a *minor* key. However, Chopin shows us that he can render the major mode as supple and bendable as the *minor*—as *Tarantellish* and twist-about-able—as mournfully gay and sparkingly melancholy—the true characteristics of that singular national dance. The time is *presto*, and the theme, in melody as simple as the first axiom in mathematics, is rendered piquant and *Apician* by the assistance of the most tasteful, savory, and palate-tickling harmonies conceivable. The course of this simple *motivo* lies through a world of evolving progressions—among the intricacies of which it is conducted on the supple shoulders of a rolling accompaniment of light-footed triplets, which bear away their delicious burden, with all the delight of a lover carrying his mistress to the world's end—anon caressing it, and kissing it tenderly—anon coquetting with it, and leaving it to its own guidance. * * *

THE IMPROMPTUS of Chopin, of which there are two, are remarkable for the *laissez aller*, which should invariably characterize compositions partaking in a great measure of the *essentiel* of improvisation. They also present, in an eminent degree, another feature, no less necessary in the structure of such pieces viz.—a continuity of feeling, distinguished from monotony by the skilful manner in which the artist develops his resources. Thus a certain subject is given out, and is diversified, transmogrified, modified, beautified, abstrusified, simplified, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*—not through the medium of fugal treatment, but simply by the artful management of its progressions, and the

varied contrivance of its harmonies. Nothing can be more delicately playful than the first *impromptu*, in A flat, with its graceful episode in F minor, wherein Chopin, by the happy usage of the *ornamental*, shows himself a perfect master of this, as of all other modifications of style—and nothing more glowing and impressive than the second—in F sharp major, an unusual key, but rendered wonderfully effective in the hands of Chopin.

Of the RONDOS and lighter effusions of Chopin, in the purely brilliant style, we shall merely state, that they possess all the requisites for effective display, which are the prepossessing charm of the great majority of the writings of Herz and his school, in addition to those more solid qualities that appeal to the understanding, and afford that improvement to the mind, which in such music is ordinarily confined to the fingers. The *Rondo*, in C minor, Op. 1, (known to us in England as the "*Adieu à Varsovie*,") is an admirable specimen of the brilliant and solid styles, most felicitously combined, and, in the hands of a tolerably skilful pianist, can hardly fail of producing a powerful effect; since, in addition to the brilliant flow of its passages, it possesses a most exquisite and ceaseless vein of melody, which pervades the entire composition—directly in the *motivo*—indirectly (but not the less apparently) in the passages. The *Rondo à la Mazurka*, in F major, Op. 5 (known in England as "*La Posiana*") is remarkable for the most picturesque and striking character—and the "*Krakowiak*," or *Grand Rondeau de Concert*, in the same key, Op. 14, is one of those surprising feats of digital agility, which, in the hands of Chopin, are rendered so piquant and enticing, as to induce the most scrutinizing critic to lay aside his cynicism, and listen with unfeigned delight. The *Bolero*, in A minor, which has been somewhat aptly christened "*Souvenir de l'Andalousie*," is a delicious specimen of that *melée* of the sad and cheerful, in which none have so frequently and so happily indulged as the subject of this notice. The *motivo* is rife with the peculiar feeling of that quaint national dance, and in its treatment the thoughtful composer never once loses sight of the character which is indicated by the first eight bars of his work, continuing it to the close with masterly ingenuity and untiring fancy. How few there are happy enough to possess this enviable power of *continuity*, those who do possess it best know; and those who do but know, provided they also know the works of Chopin, must admit, without hesitation, his supremacy in this, the highest attribute of the musician.

Among the miscellaneous pieces of Chopin which we have not individualized in detail, not one has afforded us more gratification than the "GRAND FANTASIA," in A flat major, Op. 49, dedicated to the Princess de Sonzoo, one of the last of the published works of Chopin. This is a complete concert piece, and its effect under the hands of a finished pianist, must be transcendent. All the modern difficulties are here in rife abundance—are here exemplified, and consummated to perfection—are here increased and multiplied, as the locusts under the rod of Moses. Thalberg, himself, the licensed concoctor of passages unplayable, may hide his diminished head;—Liszt, his giant rival, may cry *peccavi*! for one and the other are fairly beaten at their own weapons.

If the *intellectual* be the highest order of music—if the *poetical* be an essential in Art—then it must be allowed, by all who know enough of the works of Chopin, that, among modern writers of piano-forte music, he reigns pre-eminently without a rival. The present vitiated hankering after mere mechanical difficulties cannot by any possibility last—it must of necessity wear itself out, for it has nothing substantial enough in its *matériel*, to preserve it from decay—nothing tough enough in its texture, to be enduring. The popularity, once so widely extended, of Herz—is now only a name—a thing which was, but is not—a mere memory of the past. Thalberg is at present where Herz was of yore—at the head of the "manual dexterity school." * * * But really fine music cannot be imitated—much less equalled by those who attempt to mimic its character. For example, who ever heard of an attempt to imitate the *Pastorale*, or any one of the symphonies of

Beethoven; and who ever dreamed of an imitation of one of them equalling its model in merit? And so it is with the music of Chopin—to endeavor to equal which, by aping its most manifest characteristics, were an utterly profitless experiment. Chopin is a vigorous and original thinker, and to write like Chopin involves the necessity of being endowed with the invention and impulses of Chopin, without which, a mere effigy—a mere plaster-of-Paris imitation of life is the result. In fine, Chopin is a composer of decided and individual genius, and cannot be mimicked by the children of mediocrity. * *

Chopin has the peculiar gift (so rarely granted to musicians) of attracting the attention and exciting the admiration of philosophers and poets, as well as of the votaries of his own art; it would be difficult to name a writer of any note in Paris, who is not an intense worshipper of his genius; indeed, one can hardly turn to a romance of the present day, without finding some allusion to him, or his works. In the fine *roman de Province*, "*Ursule Mirouet*," one of the latest works of the celebrated De Balzac, the creator of the Rastignacs, the Gobsecks, the De Marsays, the De Trailles, those types of distinct races, all true, though all ideal; the master of French fiction, whose "*Peau de Chagrin*," "*Père Goriot*," "*Eugenie Grandet*," "*Maitre Cornelius*," "*César Birotteau*," and other *chefs d'œuvres*, have gained for him so lofty a place in modern literature—in "*Ursule Mirouet*," one of those exquisite pictures of provincial life, which only De Balzac can draw, we find the following highly complimentary allusion to Frederic Chopin:—"Il existe en toute musique, outre la pensée du compositeur, l'âme de l'exécutant, qui par un privilège acquis seulement à cet art, peut donner du sens et de la poésie à des phrases sans grande valeur. Chopin prove aujourd'hui, pour l'ingrat piano, la vérité de ce fait déjà démontré par Paganini pour le violon. CE BEAU GENIE EST MOINS UN MUSICIEN QU'UNE ÂME QUI SE REND SENSIBLE ET QUI SE COMMUNIQUERAIT PAR TOUTE ESPÈCE DE MUSIQUE, MEME PAR DES SIMPLES ACCORDS." * * *

Chopin himself is, to our knowledge, the most modest and retiring of beings; though fully conscious of his superiority over the great majority of his contemporaries, by his excessive reserve and marked retiredness of demeanor, he has won the suffrage of all his brother artists, who look up to him as a star for wise men to follow, as an idol for universal worship.

The philosophical and poetical tendency of the writings of Chopin is so manifest, and its consideration, in passing judgment on them critically, so enticing, that we are apt to forget, what, to the multitude, is of infinitely more importance—viz.—their usefulness in the development of the hand, and in the production of that finished execution necessary for the formation of a perfect pianist. First, then, it is an admitted fact, even by such as dispute his supremacy as an intellectual composer, that the works of Chopin effect more for the enhancement of pure finger dexterity—do more towards producing equality of touch—lend more assistance towards the attainment of flexibility of the wrist, if studied with undiminished assiduity—than those of any other master whatsoever. Thus they are eminently serviceable, even to inexperienced performers; while to the finished and well-read pianist, from the startling novelty of their progressions, and the original *tournaire* of their passages, they present a totally new field for practice—an altogether unexpected channel for the development of powers hitherto latent and unexercised. It is quite certain that any one who possesses sufficient command over the instrument, to enable him to execute the works of Chopin properly, and with the feeling intended by their composer, has it in his power to play whatever else, of whatsoever difficulty, of any other author, that may chance to be placed before him. The compositions of Chopin leave no species of difficulty unprovided for—no peculiar figure of passage unexplored—no cunning twisting of an antique cadence untried—so that in matter of execution their utility is universal, and a careful practice of them is of consummate importance. To show how various is their tendency, and how

general their applicability to the purpose of attaining universality of style and infinite diversity of executive power, we will, merely for the convenience of our readers, endeavor to throw them into classes and sections, so that those wedded to peculiar species of music may all know where to find something to their taste, and that something, of the highest order of merit.

CLASS I.—FOR PIANISTS OF THE FIRST FORCE.

| | |
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| § 1. <i>The Brilliant and Bravura Style.</i> Op. | |
| 'Hommage à Mozart' (variations on 'La ci darem') 2 | |
| First Concerto, E minor, dedicated to Kalkbrenner 11 | |
| Fantasia Brillante, sur des airs Nationaux Polonais 13 | |
| 'Krakowiak,' Grand Rondo de Concert, in F major 14 | |
| Second Concerto, in F minor 21 | |
| 'Grande Polonaise Brillante,' in E flat 22 | |
| These have all Orchestral Accompaniments; the remainder of this Section are Solos. | |
| Second Grand Polonaise, in F sharp minor 44 | |
| Allegro de Concert, in A major 46 | |

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| § 2. <i>The Metaphysical and Poetical Style.</i> | |
| First Scherzo, in B minor 20 | |
| (Known in England as 'Le Banquet Infernal.') 31 | |
| Second Scherzo, in D flat 31 | |
| Third Scherzo, in C sharp minor 39 | |
| Grand Sonata, in B flat minor 35 | |
| Grand Fantasia, in A flat 49 | |
| These are not a whit less difficult than the preceding Section, but are of a more grave and thoughtful character, addressing themselves principally to the imagination and the intellect. | |

CLASS II.—FOR PIANISTS OF THE SECOND FORCE. (Still difficult, though much less so than the first class.)

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| § 1. <i>In the Bravura Style.</i> Op. | |
| 'Adieu à Varsovie,' Rondeau, in C minor 1 | |
| 'La Posiana,' Rondeau à la Mazurka, in F major 5 | |
| Rondeau Elegant, in E flat, dedicated to Mlle. Hartmann 16 | |
| First Ballade, in G minor 23 | |
| (Known in England as 'La Favorite.') 26 | |
| Deux Polonaises 26 | |
| Deux Nocturnes (Fourth Set of Nocturnes) 27 | |
| (Known in England as 'Les Plaintives.') 29 | |
| First Impromptu, in A flat 29 | |
| First Grand Waltz, in A flat 34 | |
| Second Impromptu, in F sharp major 36 | |
| Second Ballade, in F major 38 | |
| (Known in England as 'La Gracieuse.') 40 | |
| Deux Polonaises, dedicated to Jules Fontana 40 | |
| Third Ballade, in A flat 47 | |
| Nocturne, in C minor 48 | |

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| § 2. <i>In the Expressive and Legato Style.</i> | |
| Trois Nocturnes (First and Second Set of Nocturnes) 9 | |
| (Known in England as 'Les Murmures de la Seine.') 15 | |
| Trois Nocturnes (Third Set of Nocturnes) 15 | |
| (Known in England as 'Les Zephyrs.') 32 | |
| Deux Nocturnes (Fifth Set of Nocturnes) 32 | |
| (Known in England as 'Il Lamento,' and 'La Consolazione.') 37 | |
| Deux Nocturnes (Sixth Set of Nocturnes) 37 | |
| (Known in England as 'Les Soupirs.') 45 | |
| These last two Sets of Nocturnes are more difficult than any other items in this section, requiring intense expression, united to great command over the instrument. Their difficulty is not however sufficiently remarkable to admit of our placing them in the 1st Class. | |
| Prelude, in E major 45 | |
| Nocturne, in F minor 48 | |

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| § 3. <i>In the Characteristic Dramatic Style.</i> | |
| Tarentelle, in A flat 43 | |
| First Set of Mazurkas 6 | |
| Second ditto 7 | |
| Third ditto 17 | |
| Fourth ditto 24 | |
| Fifth ditto 30 | |
| Sixth ditto 33 | |
| Seventh ditto 41 | |
| Eighth ditto 50 | |

These are all known in England under the denomination of 'Souvenirs de la Pologne;' the Seventh Set is more abstruse and difficult than the rest, and the Eighth is comparatively easy,

CLASS III.—FOR PIANISTS OF ORDINARY FORCE.

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| § 1. <i>In the Brilliant Style.</i> | |
| Introduction and Polonaise, in C major 3 | |
| (Known in England as 'La Gaieté.') 19 | |
| Bolero, in A minor 19 | |
| (Known in England as 'Souvenir d'Andalousie.') 42 | |
| Grande Valse, in A flat 42 | |
| § 2. <i>In the Light and Amusing Style.</i> | |
| 'L'Invitation pour la Danse,' (Grande Valse Brillante, in E flat) 18 | |
| Grande Valse, in A minor (No. 2 of 3) 34 | |
| Grande Valse, in F major (No. 3 of 3) 34 | |

The TWENTY-FOUR GRAND PRELUDES, Op. 28, through all the keys, and the TWENTY-FOUR GRAND STUDIES, Ops. 10, 24, 25, form a complete class of themselves, of great utility, nay of absolute importance to pianists of every calibre, as being the most perfect school of execution and expression in existence. They illustrate every

conceivable difficulty, and besides embracing all that had been previously (but much less comprehensively) enforced, in the studies of Cramer, Steibelt, Woelfl, Clementi, Moscheles, Hummel, Czerny, Herz, Bertini,—and later—in those of Thalberg, Döhler, Liszt, Hiller, Henselt, Mayer, Kessler, Wolff, Dreyschock, Moscheles, and Sterndale Bennett—they touch upon peculiarities, which have since become embodied in modern piano-forte playing, but were unthought of until the appearance of the studies of Chopin. In short, we think few will be inclined to deny the unequivocal supremacy of the studies of Chopin over all others that have preceded or succeeded them.

Original Manuscript of the "Magic Flute."

HOW IT LOOKS.

[The New York *Musical World* translates the following description of Mozart's original manuscript of the "Magic Flute" from a very interesting article recently communicated to a Leipzig Music-Journal, by the celebrated Schnyder von Wartensee.]

Before me lies the entire opera of the Magic Flute in Mozart's own handwriting. The paper is square, untrimmed and of so bad a quality that an elegant composer of our day would deem it unworthy of being touched by his pen. The staff-lines are regularly and handsomely ruled by Mozart, comprising, however, but twelve on a page, on which account he was compelled, when many instruments were employed, to put the flutes, clarinets, trombones and drums upon separate bits of paper; as in one instance, where he wrote "detached wind-instruments of the second finale."

Mozart first sketched the opera from beginning to end with evidently astonishing rapidity. All that this comprised, however, was written with very black ink, just sufficient to prevent his forgetting the idea. This sketching is confined to the voice-parts and the text, almost without exception, until toward the close: very rarely is it the case with the orchestration, and then sometimes with one instrument, sometimes with another. The subsequent completion of the score was with pale ink; so pale, that many instrumental parts in the overture are now nearly illegible.

The introduction: "To help, etc." is generally richly spiced with trumpets and drums. But these are entirely crossed out by Mozart, and allowed first to come in where the ladies sing "Die, monster, by our might. Triumph! triumph!"—seven measures only. It is certainly not wise that immediately on the rising of the curtain the ears of listeners should be paralyzed with a devils' din: they are then no longer susceptible to tender passages; and how were a subsequent climax possible, without the help of cannon—at least of gongs? In the entire first act of *Don Juan*, even during the tremendous excitement at the close of the finale, no trumpets are introduced, Mozart saving these to augment the horror in the grave-yard scene. To be sure, the more accomplished music-directors improve in this respect on wise old Mozart, and very generally—as has happened here in Frankfurt—apply trumpets not only to the finale, but to other passages of the first act.

When the hero Tamino flies before the monster, and, fainting, and almost beside himself cries for help, Mozart has written beneath the notes, the words "to the furious lion a sacrifice chosen." The lion is afterward crossed out, and Mozart writes with pale ink over the same notes, "to the treacherous serpent." Now, one must suppose that Mozart and Schikaneder (author of the libretto), had diplomatic conferences, haply, as to the peculiar *genre* of murderous monster (whether hair-beast or reptile) and that a snake was chosen, because in the "Magic Flute" only tame and well-behaved lions (ditto monkeys) might make their appearance. No—Mozart had evidently made a zoological blunder in writing; for his music at this point paints, with wonderful truth and beauty, the sinuous windings of a serpent—not the cat-leaps of a lion. Another possible supposition I will not overlook, that Schikaneder, with his immense Shakspearean talent, wishing

to paint the terror of the flute-y Tamino, which had reached the swooning point, causes him to see a snake for a lion.

In the last movement of the introduction, (C major, allegro,) there is still another important alteration. When, finally, each of the three ladies has determined to hasten to the Princess and announce to her the arrival of the beautiful youth, each takes leave of him: "Youth, handsome and captivating, fond youth, farewell, until we meet again," and here, Mozart, probably as *donatio ad pias causas*, in order to give the ladies opportunity to exhibit their art of trill, introduces a cadenza. This reminiscence of an earlier opera-habit, in which the yielding composer gave way to the *tel est notre plaisir* of almost every singer, was cancelled by his better genius before the production of the opera. Thirteen measures are entirely rejected. The passage includes, in addition to the stringed instruments and vocal parts, two hautbois, two bassoons, two horns in C, two clarinets in C, and drums. The instruments which I do not find in the score, the tenor violins for instance, Mozart did not fill out, and everything that I have named is written with black ink; it belongs evidently, therefore, to the first sketch. In the eighth measure there is an evident omission of the syllable *le* in the word *lebe*, the slur of the G having no antecedent. After the cadence come the twelve measures which close the piece.

In the duet, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, the whole composition, according to the first sketch, is thrown into an entirely different measure. It began with the down beat, therefore with the first quaver instead of the fourth, as we now know it. In completing the score with pale ink, Mozart crossed out all the former bars to the measures from beginning to end, and drew new ones for the aforesaid fourth quaver, sometimes a few in each part, and sometimes continuing them through the entire score, and carefully adding, as well, whatever the new division required. This change is proof to us of Mozart's fine instinct for accent; for the reason of the change is purely a dynamic one; and we can easily appreciate it by performing the composition first in the old and then in the new way, with marked accentuation.

It is remarkable, that Mozart, who otherwise never forgot anything, omitted, after the first four notes of the ritornel by the stringed instruments, to write the response in the wind instruments. This was caused probably by his zeal in correcting the bars above alluded to.

In the first finale, at the words of Sarastro, "Yet will I not give thee thy freedom," between the double bass and the vocal part, there is a very evil sounding place, which is always disagreeable, and which those who would not willingly ascribe anything of this kind to Mozart, have regarded as a sin of the copyist; but yet have not known exactly how to correct it. This dissonance really stands precisely thus in Mozart's score, and, still more—very plainly. The passage, nevertheless, is very un-Mozart-like, and he may possibly, in the great haste with which the "Magic Flute" had to be produced, have over-hurried himself; for his fine taste and his delicate musical instinct preserved him from such harsh harmonies as we sometimes find in Beethoven, as for instance in his Opus 132. This Titanic tone-ocrat, who often made light even of the physiological possibilities of human voices, thought nothing of such things.

In the great bravour aria of the Queen of the Night, where the D minor vengeance is throbbing in her heart, is a spot, which has often been pointed at as a proof of the unconscionable manner in which our language was sometimes abused by Mozart: it is the following:—



This is often seen in piano scores of the opera. Sometimes persons have wished goodnaturedly to better Mozart's blemish, and say, *So bist du, du meine Tochter nimmer mehr*. He wrote, however, *So bist du nein! meine Tochter nimmer mehr*. This correct reading appears in the piano score now in press at André's in Offenbach. Mozart's

"*nein!*" is of course a patch-word: just as many composers (in order to make the rhythm very piquant) throw in an exclamatory *ja!*—and, in this case, the sublime metre of Schikaneder does not suffer thereby. Of this great Shakspearean genius, I will here give but another specimen:—In the finale of the second act, two boys put the enquiry, *Wo ist sie denn?* (Where is she then?) meaning Pamina: whereupon the first boy replies, *Sie ist von Sinnen*. (She is from her senses.)

Such a reply could never have occurred to any ordinary intellect.

While in Prague in 1832, I made the acquaintance of Capellmeister Trübensee, who has been dead now some years, and who told me that he served in Schikaneder's Theatre in Vienna as second hautbois, and played in the orchestra on the first performance of the *Magic Flute*, under Mozart's direction. The opera at first did not please. The overture, the introduction, etc. were a palpable failure, and the gentle Mozart, who had depended greatly on the success of the *Magic Flute* to better his pecuniary condition, grew deadly pale. The duet, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, first met with marked favor, and from that moment the brilliant success of the opera was certain. Trübensee further told me, that one of the two compositions of the duet, which, as is well-known Schikaneder rejected, was written in very grand style and was still in existence; that in the many subsequent performances of the opera it was the custom to alternate with the two compositions; and there stood generally upon the opera poster,—With the old duet, or the new duet. I begged a friend of mine in Vienna to hunt up this grand duet for me, but it was not possible to find it; for Schikaneder's Theatre, with its entire inventory, since that time had passed through many hands. Perhaps Herr Capell-M. Spöhr might know something of this; for he told me that he had conducted the *Magic Flute* at Vienna from the same score as Mozart.

In conclusion, let me record a proof that Mozart possessed no dramatic talent, which during the earlier history of the *Magic Flute*, appeared in a very prominent literary journal:—

"Mozart, in the duet, *Bei Männern*, etc. has expressed the loves of Pamina and Papageno by the same Cantilena: this is nonsense; for an accomplished Princess feels very differently from a rude peasant and sings differently. Wherefore—Mozart has no power of delineating character."

One sees that Art-Agriculture began to flourish even in that period.

The Manuscripts of Mozart, which were purchased by Hofrath André, were a short time since distributed among his seven heirs, and Dr. Julius André is now the happy possessor of the *Magic Flute*. For his kindness in entrusting this treasure to my hands for several weeks, I herewith tender him my heartiest thanks.

Berlioz on Instrumentation.

[From the London Athenæum, Nov. 1.]

A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration, &c. New Edition, Revised, Corrected, Augmented, &c., by Hector Berlioz (Op. 10). Translated from the French, by Mary Cowden Clarke. (Novello).—This treatise on instrumentation by M. Berlioz has been again and again pointed to as the great work which was to justify and assure his supremacy among modern composers, which has long been, is still, and, we fancy, will be forever contested. It is here given, in an inexpensive English form and clear type, as the seventh volume of the "Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge,"—in most points neatly translated, with one exception. To print the English meaning to the French text of the examples quoted by M. Berlioz, is superfluous at the time present,—but if rendered, the examples should show less indifference to euphony, elegance, and musical accent than in the case here.

We confess to have turned to this book with more than ordinary expectation, but we have left it with disappointment. A careful perusal satisfies

us that, showy as it seems, and not without its share of acute definitions and picturesque suggestions, it is ill-proportioned and remarkable for the difference, not to say inaccuracy, with which certain subjects are treated—more novel and amusing, in short, than profitable. M. Berlioz, it is easy to see, has certain instruments of predilection,—of these, the Harp is one. This will be clear to every one who reads his specification for a great concert orchestra,—in which, among other essentials, four harps are numbered. Now, with the exception of the compositions of M. Berlioz himself, the overture and music to "Athalie" of Mendelssohn, the overture to "Struensee" by M. Meyerbeer, and two of the chorusses of Signor Costa's "Eli," we cannot call to mind a single concert composition in which the harp is, save as a *solo* instrument, wanted. It has no place, we think, in any work by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart or Weber. If this chapter on the Harp be compared with the chapter on the Organ, the character which we have given will be fully illustrated. In his dashing way, M. Berlioz describes a great organ as including five manuals, besides the keyboard for the feet, or pedal board. Now, it is impossible to avoid perceiving that M. Berlioz can know very little of the instrument for which he thus prescribes beyond the music-lofts of *Sainte-Sulpice* and *Saint-Roch*. If there be yet a few of the ferocious, shrieking old French organs in existence, with five ranks of keys, such are only so many curiosities, and they must have been always so many French exceptions to the general rule of the great organs in Holland by Müller and Batti—in Germany by Silbermann and Gabler—in England by Smith and Harris—in Switzerland by Aloys Mooser. We have "travelled" the foreign organs of repute fairly well, and have never yet fallen on a single five-manual monster, such as M. Berlioz in a treatise coolly takes for his type. In another matter connected with the instrument, he is somewhat French and trenchant, we apprehend from insufficient knowledge. This is his wholesale abuse of the organ as forming part of an orchestra of accompaniment. Now this amounts, virtually, to an abuse of Handel's great effects,—since in his grand performances the organ played a grand part; not, it is fair to presume, indiscriminately stuffed into any and every part of every chorus (as has been the fashion of coarse and clumsy modern players), but in some places binding the mass of voices and orchestra together, enriching the harmony, and not seldom, we fancy, entrusted with those independent yet pertinent designs which an organist, with a score before him, was in old times expected to produce from a figured bass. But from the first to the last page of the volume, even when M. Berlioz treats of choral writing, not a single example from Handel, not even his name, will be found. In truth, we suspect the author's acquaintance with that sublime writer to be on the French scale, which amounts to no acquaintance whatsoever. At the *Conservatoire*, they get through 'Chantons victoire' ('See the conquering hero'), and they have heard of 'Le Messie' (which, indeed, in company with 'La Laitière Suisse,' figures within a wreath on the ceiling of the *Opéra Comique*),—but 'Samson,' 'Saul,' 'Acis,' (above all 'Israel') are seldom heard of, and we have reason to think are virtually unknown. It is not from such a measure of experience that the great treatise of instrumentation of the nineteenth century is to be written.

As a further illustration of the partiality in selection and partiality of knowledge shown by M. Berlioz in this treatise, we may refer to his depreciating and insufficient description of the Serpent. This instrument, though accused by him (as here translated) of "frigid and abominable blaring"—probably from his experiences of it as coarsely abused in French churches,—when it is at the mouth of a refined and accomplished player, has a rich, grave, and unctuous tone, giving it a peculiar value when it is employed to bind and to blend together a mass of voices. Compare this superficial and unjust character with the space admirably devoted to the Drum,—illustrated by the publication of many pages of the score of the 'Tuba Mirum' from the writer's 'Requiem,' in

order to show how a group of eight drums and ten drummers may be portentously used. For one student who will emulate such a specimen of combination pushed to its utmost limit, a hundred would be glad to hear the average instruments, or attainable groups of instruments, intelligently discoursed on.

Throughout the book, indeed, the individual fancies and feats of M. Berlioz are too largely allowed to supersede facts. His chapter on Vocal Writing is meagre, deficient in depth and knowledge. Indeed, were it otherwise, no temptation could have made him include among his examples the excerpt No. 17 from his 'Cinq Mai' *Cantata*, with that wondrous and repulsive leap of a ninth on the words "*O gloire !*" Nor is this the only case in which an eccentricity is pushed into the place of a precedent or a model. In the directions to an orchestral conductor, it is curious to see the minute pains taken by M. Berlioz to show how certain very difficult passages in his own Symphonies are to be handled—difficulties the frequent recurrence of which is utterly improbable, since when conquered there is no effect.—His citations are mainly confined to the works of five authors,—Gluck, Spontini, Weber, Beethoven, and Berlioz. There are three examples by M. Meyerbeer, one by M. Halévy, two from 'Guillaume Tell,' but no reference to Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Dr. Spohr and M. Auber, through each one of these four composers had a manner of instrumentation so marked and distinct as to merit mention, at least, in a book devoted to the subject.

On the whole, no one who writes concerning music is more brilliant in rhapsody than M. Berlioz. No one describes or analyzes what he knows and delights in with better grace; but his brilliancy seems unaccompanied by patience in examination; and he writes concerning the things he knows little, with as much freedom and resolution as he exercises on his own ground. He is good for a monograph; he is bad for an encyclopædia. We desire nothing better than a history of harpers and harps from his hands, or a panegyric of the 'Orgue Alexandre,' or a careful "study" on the operas of Gluck; but we do not consider him complete, calm and self-postponing enough to be of high value as a teacher.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE SOLITARIES.

[From the German of ANASTASIUS GRUEN.]

Stood a gray rock, solitary,
In mid-ocean's billowy moan;
Almost I that rock could envy,
Standing there so firm, alone.

On the gray rock, solitary,
Proud and bold, a tree was seen;
Almost I the tree commended,
Standing there alone, so green.

And a lark went, solitary,
Wheeling round the rock and tree;
Almost I could call her happy,
Singing there alone so free.

Rock and tree and lark! no longer
Envy do ye wake in me!
For a blast, that tree uprooting,
Hurled it to the hungry sea.

Weary sank the lark in ocean,
Ere she reached the sisterhood;
And the waters sapped and swallowed
E'en the rock that proudly stood.

Ah! of you I then bethought me,
Poets of my native land,
Who alone, apart, unloving,
Clutch your wreaths with selfish hand.

To the Northward, Southward, Eastward,
Bent with yearning gaze ye stand,
All, alas! your backs are turning
On your patient mother-land!

Solitary rocks in ocean,
Solitary trees are ye,
Solitary larks that warble
To lone space lone r-clody.

Haughty rocks, draw near together;
Wandering larks, assemble ye!
Stately trees, your roots and branches
Twine in sweet society!

Be a wall of rocks, my brothers,
Be a dike that proudly braves,
In its massive, close-knit union,
Vulgar passion's restless waves!

Let us be of trees a forest,
Doubly green in unity;
O'er whose interlacing branches
Impotent the storm sweeps by!

Let us be of larks a choir,
Then our music doubly fair
From a hundred throats shall warble,
Soaring up the sunny air!

C. T. B.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 24.—The great event of the week has been the first concert of our PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, which took place at the Academy of Music, Saturday evening. The concerts had been previously given at Niblo's, but that building being found too small, the Academy has been engaged for the present season. Long before the hour of commencing, every seat in the house was occupied, and chairs were brought in and hired to those who were fortunate enough to get them, at the rate of a quarter of a dollar apiece. Never has the Academy of Music presented a more splendid sight; the immense audience filled it to the very farthest nook, and the "lamps shone bright on fair women and brave men." THALBERG was there—GOTTSCALK was there—MASON was there—MARETZKE was there—Mlle. ANGRI was there—Mrs. EMMA BOSTWICK was there—the Opera Company was there—while the Orchestra included every resident instrumental musician of note in the city. HENRY C. TIMM, the President of the Philharmonic Society, was distinguished by his red rosette, even while modestly engaged in the background with making crashing noises, at proper intervals, on the eymbals. THEODORE EISELDE is the leader this season in place of CARL BERGMANN, who is now almost lost to sight under the shadow of a mammoth violoncello.

The programme of the Concert embraced:

PART I.

- 1—Grand Symphony in C minor..... Beethoven.
- 2—Aria: "Non mi dir," (sung by Mme. Lagrange,).... Mozart.
- 3—Solo for Violin: from Schubert's "Praise of Tears,"
(Performed by Wm. Doehler,)..... F. David.
- 4—Piano-forte Solo: a. Arpeggio Study,..... Chopin.
b. Morceau from..... Mozart.
c. "La Cavalcade,"..... Goldbeck.
(Performed by Mr. Robert Goldbeck.)

PART II.

- 5—Overture: Medea,..... Cherubini.
- 6—Rode's Variations, (sung by Mme. Lagrange,)..... Rode.
- 7—Overture: "In the Highlands,"..... Gade.

The Symphony of Beethoven was the *piece de resistance* of the evening, and its performance elicited merited applause. The immense orchestra exhibited a perfection and care in light and shade, that reflects the greatest credit on the able conductor.

MADAME LAGRANGE volunteered her services in place of Mlle. JOHANNSEN, of the late German opera troupe, who had been engaged, but was indisposed. Lagrange was received with great favor, and her marvellous execution in Rode's Variations excited the liveliest approbation, drawing forth a hearty encore.

MR. WILLIAM DOEHLER is known in musical circles as an effective member of our operatic orchestras, but as a soloist he cannot take a first rank. He plays with neatness and precision, but does not throw into his performance that sympathetic expression that infuses itself into the performances of a true genius. MR. GOLDBECK, the pianist, is a very young man, recently arrived from London, and originally from Berlin. He exhibits rare talent, and his deli-

cate, crisp touch reminds the hearer frequently of Gottschalk; he also plays with refined taste, and will in time take a prominent rank among pianists. He was enthusiastically encored.

The Cherubini overture was finely performed, and the concluding piece was wholly ruined by the noise made by those who left, to avoid the final rush, regardless of the inconvenience to which they subjected others.

At the Opera, they are repeating old operas, while Verdi's *Traviata* is in active rehearsal. The greatest interest is manifested in regard to this opera, which has been tabooed by the London *Times*, and other English journals. ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS appeared as Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Friday night, and was encored in the drinking song. The critics agree in the opinion, that she has greatly improved of late.

THALBERG recommences his concerts on Thursday, assisted by the new contralto, Mlle. ANGRI.

TROVATOR.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 25.—Now for a few "jottings" of what is moving in the musical atmosphere of the "Monumental City." Baltimore is not eminently a musical place; we are indeed much behind the other large cities; still I hazard nothing in saying that I never found more of modest worth and individual merit in any place than in this same Baltimore. What we most lack in the mass is public spirit, and an acknowledgment of the claims of the "divine Art." We need some brave general to marshal our forces, march into the affections of the people, and win their hearts at the point of the baton; then, it may be, a change will come over our fair city, and what the police cannot do, Music will—i. e. preserve order.

The item of the week is the Opera, by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe, at Holliday Street Theatre. They are here with the smallest possible orchestra and chorus. Miss Pyne is as pleasing as ever, and "long may she wave"; some think her *passée*, but I cannot concur. With the exception of GUILMETTE, the basso, who is really enjoyable, the rest are beneath criticism; for we are "nothing if not critical."

Our Mozart Society, which is more of a success than anything of the sort since the "Philharmonic," for it is now entering upon its second year, has in active rehearsal the 42d Psalm, "As the hart pants," of Mendelssohn, which they will shortly bring out. It is whispered that "Moses in Egypt" will be next attempted. This society is under the able conductorship of Mr. HARMAN. We have many hopes built on the "Mozart."

Our Episcopal choirs are thrown into a state of excitement by the letter from the house of Bishops, wherein they deprecate the prevalence of operatic music in the church, and call upon the clergy to assist in putting down the evil. They are on the *qui vive* to see how the clergy are going to make the congregations join in singing simple tunes, as advised by the bishops. I hope you and I may live to see congregational singing successfully practised in this country, but we are a long way from that—farther than we are from Germany.

Peese's Hall was last night crowded by an admiring and appreciative audience to listen to Mr. ALLEN's second soirée. Here is the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Overture: Jean de Paris.
- 2—Trio: Don Juan.
- 3—Quintet,..... Onslow.
- 4—Chorus: St. Paul.

PART II.

- 1—Duo: Der Freischütz.
- 2—Duo: Piano and Violin.... Vieuxtemps and Wolff.
- 3—Aria: Don Juan.
- 4—Chorus: Semiramide.

It is hard to particularize where all was so good; but the Quintet by Onslow, and the Aria from *Don Juan*, deserve more than a passing notice: in the former, Mr. HENRY A. ALLEN played the first violin

with great effect. Mr. A. is one of our first musicians, and I am inclined to think no stranger to you. He is deserving of much credit for getting up such delightful soirées. The aria was sung by Mrs. BUCKLER, who has a voice of singular sweetness and much cultivation; her style is unexceptionable, and she may feel flattered that the rule, "No applause," was broken only for her. But I am getting lengthy, which may be excused in my first essay.

More anon. Fraternally, TRUMPET.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 29, 1856.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE.—There is food for reflection in the concluding passage of the New York *Courier and Enquirer's* notice of the first Philharmonic concert, from which we quote under our head of Musical Intelligence.

The assembly, though so very large and fashionable, was very cold and unintelligent. We never saw BEETHOVEN'S masterpiece fall so flat before a Philharmonic audience before. The performing members of this Society are now erring as much on one side as in former years they did on the other. They now seem to be attempting to turn the association into a money-making concern. This will end in its ruin as a Philharmonic Society. Its tone will inevitably become low—musically first, and socially afterward—and then it will become no better than a promenade concert, which, however good in its way, is not a Philharmonic concert. There was not one person in twenty of that vast concourse on Saturday evening who understood or enjoyed the music, or who went to the concert for the music's sake.

We fear there is too much truth in this, and that we shall have to take the same truth home to ourselves here in Boston also, inasmuch as the falling off of our once immense and eager audiences for Symphony concerts exposes us to like temptation. Must then a Philharmonic Society be Barnum-ized before it can succeed pecuniarily? If so, we had far better have it understood that classical concerts are for the few, and keep them up to the true standard, lest all real taste for music, in the highest sense of Art, die out for lack of any opportunities for any one to hear it. It is better that only a few hundreds, or ever so small a circle of persons in each large community should learn to appreciate and love the masterworks of genius, than that none at all should. Is not Shakspeare the proud possession of the race? And yet, at any given moment, it is only the few, in any city, who so appreciate and love Shakspeare, that they are drawn to read or witness his creations in preference to inferior works. It is one thing to go to music as a careless, thoughtless evening's amusement (*a Musâ*), and another thing to love music as music (*con Musâ*), and embrace it with one's whole soul. It is one thing to play with it, in pretty much the same sense that one would dance to it, not bound to listen, and still less to think about it, and another thing to be in earnest with it. Now the great orchestral music, the Symphonies and other compositions in which the master spirits like Mozart and Beethoven have embodied the best results of their lives, demand an earnest audience. Not necessarily a *very knowing*, but an *earnest* audience. They must be listened to at least with respect and with desire to learn and enter into more and more deep acquaintance; and this

desire, with decent opportunities, is almost sure to ripen into enthusiasm, till the listening to great music becomes a truly edifying soul's communion,—the answer of what is deepest in us to music which appeals thereto out of the deepest life of genius greater than our own, yet representative for all of us.

The theme is forced upon us by the discouraging result of the effort to procure enough subscribers to warrant the usual series of Orchestral Concerts here in Boston. That only seven hundred tickets for the series, at the fabulously low price of three dollars for eight concerts, should be taken up, among a people who for twenty years have had so many opportunities of hearing the great symphonies, is something which no one three years ago would have supposed possible. Such a suggestion would have seemed an insult to the fair fame of our music-loving city. Alas! we fear we shall have to come to it, and to acknowledge that after all Boston is *not* so very musical a city. That it contains many truly musical persons, there can be no doubt; but a musical *public*, in any really high sense of the term musical, is quite another thing, and possibly a thing which does not exist to the extent that has been imagined in any city on this discordant little planet. Musical *entertainments* are like other entertainments, things of fashion and the moment, things of impulse and caprice, now all the rage, and now put aside in favor of some other idle fancy. Musical *progress* is not perhaps to be expected of the public; it is found with the few, like good society (by which we do not mean fashionable, but—*good*). Of such progress there are plenty of evidences in Boston. There is more good music in private houses; more circles drawn together by the love of what is best in music; more purchases of the best compositions, vocal or instrumental; more private quartet parties, and so forth, among our people than there ever were before, or than can be found in many cities.

The advent in the history of music of the modern Grand Orchestra, with its many-voiced eloquence, would seem to indicate the period when Art in its highest utterances should be brought home to men in masses; nor do we yet despair of the arrival of that happy time. But meanwhile it is best that all we do be genuine; that we do not mistake the excitement of fashion for the enthusiasm of sincere response to Art; that we do not make brilliant and crowded audiences and all sorts of external *éclat* the *sine quâ non* of concerts, and so lend the name of Art to what is only clap-trap, in order to secure such questionable triumphs. We did, to be sure, a few years since, have reason to suppose that "classical" music (by which we mean nothing formal and traditional, but music of *genius*, and thereby bound to live) could be made "popular" among us. Recent experience must make us all less sanguine. Let us not lose faith that the best there is in Art, as in all other revelations of the highest, is meant for all mankind, and will eventually reach and inspire all; but let us not be too anxious to make music "popular." There will always be a plenty of popular things—we need not trouble ourselves about that. But *good* things demand our efforts and our sacrifices. Let us see to it that we do something really good, and popularity will follow—when it will. It is time to be suspicious,

when a Philharmonic Society seeks first of all to make its concerts "popular" and fashionable. Then its truest friends speak out in language like that of the *Courier & Enquirer*.

Some compromises we know must be made, to put ideas into practice. "Mixed programmes" and appeals to secondary motives may be useful in enticing listeners or *quasi* listeners to music which is above them; and some who go to be amused, may come away with a new and deeper chord in their own natures touched. But it is always important that we preserve somewhere a pure "well of (Music) undefiled"; that we establish *en permanence* at least one set of concerts which shall always faithfully and truly point the audience upward in the direction of true Art. Such concerts have usually borne the name of "Philharmonic." Here we may call them "Orchestral Concerts," "Beethoven Society Concerts," or what not; their end has always been essentially and should be the same. Shall we not manage to support, even if it be on a more modest scale than we have been used to, one genuine society of this kind? We shall return to the subject again, but we wait first to see the result of the new experiment of offering but four concerts instead of eight, with opportunity to subscribers to attend one rehearsal of each concert. We hope and trust this will succeed. The disinterested labors and risk of those who offer us this opportunity, deserve to be cordially met and crowned with full success. If there are a thousand people who love great orchestral music, as much as they love balls and suppers, they will not resist the "economical fever" to the end of all the rest, and only give in when the music comes.

Four-Part Songs by Robert Franz.

Good additions to the stock of short four-part pieces, suitable for choirs and singing clubs, are among the most desirable of musical publications. We have already had a rich mine opened to us in the four-part songs of Mendelssohn. Those who have had opportunity to know and love the songs for single voice by ROBERT FRANZ, will be glad to find him entering the same field. That his talent for part-writing, (trained in the strictest science and in the spirit of Sebastian Bach,) is almost as remarkable as his rare gift for wedding poetry to song, has been already proved by his *Kyrie*, his *Psalm*, and other sacred compositions. He has now issued his op. 24, entitled: "*Sechs Lieder für gemischten Chor* (Six Songs for mixed Chorus, i. e. composed of male and female voices); *Leipzig: F. Whistling.*" The *Neue Zeitschrift* has this to say of them:

"These new compositions contain in a high degree the many peculiar excellencies of their author, although the free unfolding of his individuality was hindered by the limitation of means and especially by the nature of this kind of composition. The instrumental accompaniment, in which a great deal of Franz's mastery lies, is wanting here entirely; nor are those finer *nuances* of individual moods, by which the composer has so often compelled our admiration, so happily practicable in chorus songs. Yet all these wants we do not feel in the songs before us, since they are sufficiently covered by the most brilliant peculiarities. The intelligent choice of poems, not one of which even in small details resisted a polyphonic treatment; the declamation, excellent as

ever, and the capital manner in which he hits the mood and character of the whole; the strict independence of the single voices, (the result of a thorough, fondly pursued and richly rewarded study of Bach and Handel, the lyrical style of both of whom is not so far off as it might seem from our's of to-day); the rich harmonic beauties everywhere abounding, without giving cause for frequent complaint of useless dissonances: all these are excellencies seldom found united in compositions of this sort. Especially seldom, when associated, as they are here, with simplicity and nobility of invention, with marked and constant euphony, and easiness of execution.

"The first of the songs (in A minor, 2-4 measure, Andantino,) has for its poetic substratum the people's song: *Es ist ein Schnee gefallen*, is kept in a simple and heartfelt tone; especially in the third stanza (A major): *Nun Lieb' lass dich's erbarmen, dass ich so elend bin*, and interests by characteristic peculiarities. We give the highest place to the second: "At parting," by Osterwald, (Con moto, B flat major, common time.) It has a *Volkslied* character, which is fully justified by the poem, is especially distinguished by the above mentioned independence of the voices, and enchains us by its strong simplicity of conception and single beauties of harmony of a surprising freshness. In the following fine song of Martin Luther's: *Die beste Zeit*, (B major, 6-8 time, Allegretto,) we could have wished a little less of reflection and modern conception, although the music in itself excites great interest. At the same time we cannot get rid of the thought, that much in it is far-fetched and that the peculiar *naïveté* of the poem has not found its corresponding musical expression.

"On the other hand, Umland's famous *Frühlingsglaube*, (Spring faith,) (Allegretto con moto, A flat major, 6-8 measure,) is admirably composed, in regard to feeling, ideas and technical working up. Particularly beautiful in this piece is the passage: *O frischer Duft, O neuer Klang*, (O fresh fragrance, O new sound,) expressed by the chord *f, b^b, f, c*, and *d[#], a, f, f*, which diffuse over it a poetic breath, and have a wonderful effect. Osterwald's "May Song," (Allegretto con grazia, A major, 2-4 time,) breathes the loveliest grace, and is masterly in the carriage of the voices. Geibel's "Morning Stroll," (Con moto, E flat major, 4-4 time,) has an earnest, inspired mood, and is equally distinguished by technical excellencies, especially by the climax so full of poetry in the fourth verse, to the words: *Und der Morgenröthe Schein stimmt in lichter Glut mit ein*.

"If Franz's compositions needed any recommendation, we would not fail to urge these six songs upon the attention of *Sing-akademien* and *Liedertafeln*, and make it a duty with them to procure and study them."

There is a prospect that they will soon be republished here with English words.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—Of the first Philharmonic concert on Saturday evening, the *Courier & Enquirer* says:

The performances were all creditable, and some of them very much so. The most important of them was the famous Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, which was played in fine style, under the direction of Mr. EISEL, who had given it the benefit of very thorough rehearsal, and had so far resisted the

temptation to make concerts of the Saturday afternoon rehearsals as to cause certain passages of it to be repeated again and again, almost bar by bar, instrument by instrument. The consequence was a very accurate performance in in all respect. We noticed no point missed nor effect lost. But the performance, though correct, was somewhat deficient in spirit. The forte passages of the superb *Andante* lacked grandeur and diffusive power; the notes of the brass and wood bands were not given with sustained force, and the unity of effect was consequently broken by a too great prominence of the triplets and groups of four notes, with which the violins here run through the harmony—the accompaniment overpowered the melody. The *Scherzo* was better, the trio being more cleanly given by the basses than we remember to have heard it before, and the *Allegro* best. Its grand effects were produced with great breadth and vigor.

MADAME DE LA GRANGE appeared to less advantage than usual in the execution of MOZART's exquisite *Nom mi dir*, which is of a little too severe a style for her; and the remaining solo performances were not particularly noteworthy.

Thalberg's new series takes the form of "Grand" Concerts, although they are held in the same place, Niblo's Saloon. The programme for Thursday evening contained Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, overtures by full orchestra to "Oberon" and "Tell;" a couple of Thalberg's fantasias, and vocal selections (chiefly from Rossini) by the newly arrived contralto Mlle. D'ANGRI and by Sig. MORELLI.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Mozart Society gave their first concert of the season on Tuesday evening of last week, before a large audience, in the City Hall. The first part consisted of selections from the "Messiah;" the choruses, "And the Glory," "O, thou that tellest," "Lift up your heads," "Behold the Lamb of God," "All we like sheep," and "Their sound is gone out," which were sung, for the most part, in good time and with good expression. The air, "O thou that tellest," was sung by an alto voice of remarkable depth, possessing much of the pure contralto quality of tone. Miss Fiske's singing of "Come unto him," was a most satisfactory performance, creditable alike to her taste and skill. The airs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "How beautiful are the feet," were wisely allotted to a lady whose musical talent needs only to be appreciated to enable her to stand at the head of our resident singers. On this, her first appearance in public, some natural want of confidence was visible; but every candid listener must have noticed the silvery sweetness of her upper tones, and the mellow, reed-like quality of the lower ones. We hope to hear her again. Mr. Hamilton's bass recitative and air were among the best things of the evening. Romberg's ode, "The Transient and Eternal," with the solo and chorus, "When thou comest," formed the second part of the programme. The different solos, &c., were without exception, very well sustained by Misses Whiting, Wilder and Fiske, and Messrs. Hamilton, Hapgood and Holmes; while Mr. B. D. Allen's masterly piano-playing added much to the performance. Between the parts, songs were sung by Miss Whiting, who is a decided acquisition to the society, and by Miss Fiske. "The Dearest Spot," and a song of Abt's, as sung by the former, were loudly encored, as was also the latter's rendering of Schubert's "Erl-King," which was impassioned and true to its wild, weird beauty. As a whole, the concert was remarkably successful, reflecting much credit upon the society and its esteemed conductor.—*Worcester Palladium*.

Foreign.

BERLIN.—On Thursday, the 16th ult., Herr Liebig, the indefatigable *musikdirector*, commenced his *soirées* for classical orchestral music, at the Singacademie. The first piece was Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Athalie*, which was followed by a symphony in C major by Haydn. The second part began with Bennett's *Naiads*' overture, and concluded with Beethoven's symphony in B major.—A comparatively little-known quartet in A major, by Robert Schumann, was executed at the last Quartet-Soirée of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach.—The Count von Redern, who accompanied Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to the coronation at Moscow, has brought back with him a large number of Russian sacred songs, which are said to date from the earliest period of the Christian era. Krigar's Gesangverein are getting up a performance in memory of Robert Schumann. Among other works of this composer, which are not generally known here, will be the Requiem from *Manfred*, the introduction from the opera of *Genoveva*, and the "Adventides."

DRESDEN.—Professor Rietschel is at present employed on a large statue of Carl Maria von Weber, which will be erected near the Theatre.

AIX-LE-CHAPPELLE.—A new opera, *Das Osterfest*, by Dr. Alois Schmitt, has been successfully produced.

HEIDELBERG.—Mme. Clara Schumann is living here with her children in the greatest privacy.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are making a very thorough study, under the directorship of CARL ZERRAHN, of Costa's oratorio "Eli." The rehearsals go on in good earnest; the conductor is indefatigable as he is able, and commands the unanimous attention of his great choir. We have never heard so good a balance of the four parts, and all so effective, in the society, as they exhibit in these rehearsals. Of the music, judging from such portions as we have heard, we must confess that it far exceeds our expectations. Some of the choruses are very beautiful, even without the orchestral accompaniments, which we are told are very rich. We feel that the oratorio is destined to make an impression here, as it has done in England. It is really remarkable that so German a work should proceed from an Italian composer. But Mr. Costa has been for years conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, and of Mendelssohn's and Handel's oratorios, as well as of the Opera, in London, and has always had the reputation of a master in all the technical secrets of composition.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, finding it a losing business to give Oratorios as they have done, have adopted a new plan. They propose to enlist the aid of all the lovers of great sacred music as "Associate Members." We copy from their circular:

The privileges of an Associate Member are, two admissions to all the Rehearsals and Concerts of the Society, upon payment of five dollars annually.

It is proposed to give six musical entertainments during the season, viz: upon the last Tuesday evenings of December, January, February and March, for associate members only, at Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & Co.'s Rooms, 409 Washington St.; also a grand concert, with orchestra, upon the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, consisting entirely of selections from his works; and another of Haydn's works, comprising the 'Mass in D,' 'Passion,' &c., with piano-forte or organ accompaniment.

Here will be an excellent opportunity, at moderate cost, of becoming acquainted with a good deal of good music, and we trust that applications for Associate Membership will flow in freely to the Secretary of the Society, Mr. WM. STUTSON JR., 350 Washington St.

Don't forget the second concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which takes place next Tuesday evening. Mr. LEONHARD will play again that Trio by Beethoven.

Our friend the "Diarrist," Mr. A. W. THAYER, has prepared a very interesting and instructive lecture on the lives and music of the five great composers: Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, which he will be glad to read before Lyceums, Musical Societies, &c. The lecture contains much information that is new, and presents the whole subject in an original and vivid light. Wherever music and these great names are held in respect, there ought to be an audience for such a lecture. Places like Worcester, New Bedford, Salem, Providence, &c., where are so many music-lovers, would do well to secure a chance to hear it.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

Some forty years since Simrock of Bonn published a Mass by MOZART, both in score and for piano-forte, arranged by Zulehner, and numbered VII. In October, 1821, a criticism of the work appeared in the *Leipzig Mus. Zeitung*, by which it seems that the people had doubted its authenticity, and had said hard things of it, as being a work in which "a church style similar to that of the *Requiem* had been sought, but not, even in the slightest degree, found." As to the authenticity of the Mass, the writer of the notice says that "he had owned it already some thirty years, and had obtained it at the most truthful source, Salzburg, where Mozart wrote it and had it performed several times." Most of the article, however, is devoted to an explanation of the fact that the piece is not written in church style, by a historical notice of the state of music in the cathedral of his tyrannical, brutish eminence, the then Archbishop of Salzburg, and the influence which the taste of that man (whose treatment of the great musician has "damned him to everlasting fame,") or rather which his want of taste had upon the compositions of that musician. The writer therefore decides that the work is really what it pretends to be—a posthumous Mass by Mozart.

After a due lapse of time the newly found work reached Vienna and came into the hands of SEYFRIED, the great Mozart man of the thirty years succeeding the master's death. He scrupled to accept it as authentic, and wrote a letter, humorous in form, but not in substance, in which he made known his objections as: "First scruple, second scruple," &c., which I give in as small space as possible.

First Scruple, on page third: "*Adagio quasi andante.*" *Quasi*, he says, is a word never used by Mozart.

Second Scruple, is the heterogeneous manner in which the keys of the different movements follow: G major, C major, F major, C minor, C major. In Mozart's time, says he, it was not the custom to mingle the keys in such manner; most of the movements were in the key selected as the principal one; the first and last were always the same; and nobody had any conception of such a succession as G and F. He concludes, then, that if the various hymns of this Mass be really of Mozart's composition, still they were never put together by him in such a manner.

Third Scruple—that the *Et incarnatus est* is a solo, with *Crucifixus*, spoken by the choir *sotto voce*, "just as in *opera buffa* one hears *zitto, zitto, zitto—taci, taci, taci.*"

Item, the triplets and thirds, which on certain pages accompany the long-continued four-part chord, "with which now-a-days," says he, "Rossini and consorts overfeed us with most liberal generosity."

On page 47 he finds a "splendid consecutive fifth," and in the *Dona* "a most charming consecutive octave." He copies the two passages, and wonders what Christian soul can attribute them to Mozart.

He finds other scruples, in the tedious length of the *Kyrie*, in the "vulgar, silly" *Quoniam, Et incarnatus, Benedictus* and *Dona*; also in the false scanning of the words, as *Kyrie, quoniam, secun-di, veni-tu-rum*; also in quite a large number of instances of want of taste and the like in the music.

This letter was printed in the first volume of the *Cæcilia*, and two or three numbers later Simrock inserts in the same periodical his reply. He states that he had received the work from CARL ZULEHNER (as great an arranger of vocal music as CZERNY of instrumental), and had considered him sufficient authority. Moreover he remembered that in the days of the Elector of Cologne, the fugue: *Cum sancto spiritu*, had occurred in a Mass by Mozart, sung in the electoral chapel. The hand in which the MS. was written was much like Mozart's, though, says Simrock, it could hardly be his. How it came in possession of Zulehner he did not know, but doubted not Z. would explain it. Simrock supposes the work in question to be one patched up out of things old and new for some abbey or convent in which the composer, while still quite young, happened to be staying. This hypothesis, he thinks, explains many queer things in this Mass, and it must be looked upon as a mere occasional piece, which Mozart never thought of publishing. It is clear that Simrock considers

the work as a very weak one, though, publishing it himself, he does not say so directly. "It is well known," says he, "that in those days there were often very good instrumentalists and singers in the abbeys and cloisters, who wished for a solo to sing or play at the Mass, which demand the master according to circumstances might well be disposed to meet; and this may have been the origin of the *Benedictus*, which Herr von Seyfried declares to have been a minuet theme, without taking into consideration, that in those times round-lades were much in vogue, and a bass solo like that in the *Benedictus* would have passed for very beautiful."

Here the matter seems to have rested. I do not find that Zulehner took any notice of the public request for information, nor do I find the work mentioned directly either by NISSEN or HOLMES.

But now in the winter of 1855-6 appears the first volume of JAHN'S "Life of Mozart," in the Appendix to which he discusses the master's early church compositions, and decides that "the arguments of Seyfried against the authenticity of the work have been overthrown by neither the critic in the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, nor by Simrock."

But why have I spent so much time upon this matter?

Because this "Mass for four voices, No. VII.," of which I have a copy of Simrock's edition, is, note for note, that which in our country is so popular under the title of *Mozart's Twelfth Mass!*

A. W. T.

Operas in Paris.

[The following article, from the London *Athenæum* of Oct. 4, probably presents a fair view of the general condition of opera in the various Parisian theatres.]

That the principal musical theatres in Paris are not in their most satisfactory state just now we fancy few French musicians would dispute. For this many reasons could be given: the dearth of composers, the want of executive artists (tenors especially) able to satisfy the highly-wrought expectations of the day, and the abuse of those indirect influences which, after a time, so vitiate opinion that the public loses faith, the weak artist due incentive to strive honorably, and the strong one to hope for justice. Without personally visiting the scene of action, accurate information on any musical subject in Paris seems unattainable. To begin with the Grand Opera—what person at a distance has any chance of knowing "the rights and wrongs" of any matter concerning the new prima donna, Madame Borghi-Mamo? The critic who is understood to write under a *nom de guerre* in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French government, of which the Grand Opera is now a strict dependency, distinctly stated the other day, in another journal, in which he writes with his own signature, that Mme. Borghi-Mamo would not come out while he was absent from Paris. Her debut was actually or accidentally postponed till M——'s return;

and of course when she did come, she was stupendously praised as a Phoenix among débutantes at the Opera. The fact would matter little were the Grand Opera not a state machine, or were the Parisian press free; under the circumstances, the interference works towards the maintenance and encouragement of corruption, unblushing in its cynicism, and towards ruin to Art, as a certain consequence. Persons of high nature will not "eat dirt"; persons of a less high nature, who consent to eat dirt, provided it be disguised with a sugared or piquant sauce, by partaking of such dainty dish, are thereby weakened, impregnated with fever, and made incapable of wholesome action. These are harsh constructions and considerations, it may be said, to figure in a mere theatrical report; but they belong to the time, to the present state of Art, and to the significance of "the fourth estate" in Paris. Should any Grimm *redivivus* be now writing the memoirs of the world of French Fashion, Art, and Diplomacy, for the edification of some far-off friend, they will figure largely in his letters, to come to light among other strange illustrations when this generation shall have raved and fretted itself into its long sleep. To return:—Madame Borghi-Mamo's success in 'Le Prophète' is agreed to be a great success—by the journals. But we question the measure of its greatness from having been present at the lady's fourth performance in 'Le Prophète.' Madame Borghi-Mamo is doubtless in some respects a valuable acquisition. As a voice and as a singer she stands midway betwixt Madame Tedesco and Madame Alboni. Her organ is rich, powerful, and smooth; but she has not the natural power and splendor of the first lady, nor does she as yet command the vocal delicacy and grace of the second, though she sings correctly and has improved, we think, since her first appearance at the Italian Opera in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo is as little of an actress as either predecessor:—a performance more essentially lifeless than hers is rarely to be seen. Her face says nothing: her limbs merely execute some of the motions established as traditional by Madame Viardot. This seems to be already felt or found out by her audience:—at all events, the effect made by her on the evening when we heard and saw 'Le Prophète' was confined to that well-known spot in the *parterre* with which every one versed in Parisian theatricals is familiar. M. Roger was singing with refreshed voice, and acting with all his known intelligence, but with more grandeur and simplicity than formerly. Mlle. Poinot, too, the Bertha, was in her best tune; and by her dramatic energy carried off the honors in the duet in the fourth act. Madame Medori is shortly to appear as heroine in 'Les Vêpres' of Signor Verdi. Of a new opera the only whisper heard is an announcement that Signor Biletta's 'Rose de Florence,' having been shortened, is again about to enter into rehearsal;—and indeed there are now only two French sources from which anything may be expected,—these being MM. Halévy, and Gounod. M. Meyerbeer has left Paris, so that, according to his usual rate of proceeding, if 'L'Africaine' is to be given by him, the opera may hardly be expected before the Carnival of 1858. But it is said that the long-talked-of, reconsidered edition of M. Auber's 'Cheval de Bronze' is preparing for performance; and, further, a version of 'Il Trovatore,' to which Signor Verdi has undertaken to add an overture, a duet, a new finale, and some ballet music.

At the Opéra Comique few, if any, of the novelties which have been lavished there during the past twelvemonth seem new enough to keep the stage; and M. Perrin has had recourse to a solemn revival of 'Zampa,' with Madame Ugalde and M. Barbot as heroine and hero. The music suits neither precisely, nor is the work, in spite of the fire and fancy which it contains, a great work, so much as an opera meant to be grand, but (with small exception) virtually written in the style which is comic—a style of brisk measures, sharply cut rhythms, tunes that suggest dance rather than song, and an instrumentation fatiguing by its uniform glitter. Our remark, it might be urged, applies to M. Auber's 'La Muette,' but then that opera has melody in a quantity and of a quality

which Hérold had not reached when he died. The next revival talked of at the Opéra Comique is that of 'Jean de Paris,' for the débuts of Mlle. L'Héritier and M. Stockhausen. This, if well carried through, should prove very interesting. Boieldieu was as much fresher in style and subject than M. Auber, as M. Auber is than Hérold. The first finale to his 'Jean,' beginning with the entry of La Princesse, is a masterpiece of elegant and lively writing,—the 'Troubadour' ballad in the second act is delicious among romances.—Meanwhile, the new opera alternating with 'Zampa' at the Opéra Comique is M. Auber's 'Manon Lescaut,' with Madame Capel as its heroine. That this is a veteran's work every one must feel who hears it; but a thoroughly bred and thoroughly trained old courtier of the *ancien régime* will seem—nay, will be—y younger than many a "fast" young man of the present day who has neither youth of manner nor youth of mind:—and so it is with this music. If it contain less to enjoy than 'Le Domino' or 'Fra Diavolo' does, there is throughout something to remark, something to learn,—a lucid grace, variety, and ingenuity in the orchestra,—everywhere sly touches of flute, oboe, harp, or viola talking to the purpose,—which does more for the scene than the most profound or preternatural combination ever piled up by the Wagnerites. In the first finale, too, where Manon sings at the tavern to pay for her dinner, M. Auber has broken out, as he might have done thirty years ago, into a laughing, irresistible inspiration. Madame Cabel plays the first two acts of this opera with great archness (up-hill work it must be to play to such an unsentimental looking Desgrieux as she has been here paired with), and she sings the aforesaid laughing song to perfection,—throughout the rest of her part, which has been loaded with vocal audacities for her display, she is more dashing than scrupulous in her execution, and less excellent than some of her predecessors in the florid style. M. Faure, who is the Marquis, the courtly persecutor of the thoughtless *griselte*, has made progress, and is now one of those excellent bassi at home alike in figurative or in expressive music, able to act and to talk, as well as to sing,—who seem only to be met with at the Opéra Comique of Paris. But the theatre seems deplorably in want of a tenor,—a want which is not new. Or it may be that the classification of voices and the art of singing were less understood in France formerly than they are now,—for we shall find the best elder writers perpetually employing mixed baritone voices with a few notes of high *falsetto* (of which Herr Pischek is, perhaps, the only modern specimen): hence, since these are not common now-a-days, an inevitable difficulty and loss of effect in reviving many of the old French operas. Whether the Ellevious and Martins themselves sang in a manner which even a Frenchman, as devotedly national as M. Berlioz himself, would in these days accept as singing—may be doubted, without cruel scepticism.

The Théâtre Lyrique is said to be prospering,—thanks to the reign there of the wife of its manager, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, one of the most accomplished vocalists of her class that has ever appeared. People still crowd to 'Fanchonnette' for her sake, and not for the story of the opera, which is absurd, still less for M. Clapisson's music, which is "dry as a remainder biscuit," without any extraordinary cleverness to carry off the dryness. No matter—as the young heiress who has chosen the life and calling of a street-singer, in order that, after the fashion of one of Lady Morgan's heroines, she may watch over the disinherited relation whom she unrequitedly loves, Madame Miolan-Carvalho works marvels with M. Clapisson's poor score. She plays with the difficulties of her long and fatiguing part, by displaying an amount of spirit, brilliancy, accent, and expression for which even those who, like ourselves have always rated her highly, were not prepared. Her voice has gained in power and body, without losing in delicacy or expression,—her acting in intelligence and readiness. She has profited, for a wonder, by removing from the second to the third opera-house in Paris, and now ranks among the most fascinating, as well as the

most finished, singers before the public.—It seems generally agreed that M. Maillart's 'Les Dragons de Villars'—which has been at least produced at the Théâtre Lyrique—has little style or invention to recommend it. "The successor of Auber (to quote a contemporary) seems as far as ever from presenting himself." There is a chance, say some who should know, of Mr. Balfe bringing out a new opera here; and, if so, a chance that its libretto may be one of semi-English origin. Should the tale prove true, it will not be the first time that our allies have had assistance from our island in the manufacture of their comic opera. D'Hèle (as the name is spelt in Grétry's Memoirs), who furnished several books to that delicious and intelligent melodist, was a countryman of ours.

Last and not least, we must speak of M. Offenbach's little theatre,—which has just removed from the Elysian Fields to its winter quarters in the Passage Choiseul. Certainly, never had singers such a cage of gold and garlands and velvet curtains to sing before as has been here arranged for the delectation of their audience. A theatre belonging to a Petit Trianon might be fancied, in better taste, but it could hardly be more sumptuous than this. Light, slight, and bright are the wares set by M. Offenbach before the public,—allowance being made for the proportions of his stage, which make his actors look somewhat of the largest. Here every sort of farce—every sort of folly within the limits of decorum—is permissible; *bergeries* after Watteau—buffooneries, whence or where got Momus knows!—La Fontaine's fables moralized into dramas of speaking, singing life, such, for instance, as 'La Financier et le Savetier,' the most recent of the souffles served up at the Bouffés Parisiens. The dialogue to this, with all its pertinence and impertinence (meant, apparently, to hit as hard in high places as Polichinelle or Pasquin have leave to hit), is by M. Hector Cremieux,—the music by M. Offenbach himself. The relations betwixt the vulgar financier and the light-hearted cobbler, who must sing or he will choke—the "ups and downs" by which the one suddenly becomes poor and the other rich—also, how the cobbler loves and is loved by Aubépine, the financier's daughter—are neatly and merrily set by M. Offenbach, and whimsically said and sung by his three actors. His tiny orchestra claims more serious praise—the manner in which this is used in the overture to set off a pretty phrase, and the perfect pianissimo obtained in execution, could hardly be exceeded as a clever example of legitimate miniature music. Of M. Offenbach's endeavors, by offering prizes, to encourage composers to be simple, gay, and ingenious, the *Athenæum* has spoken. It may now be added, that the jury impanelled from the first musicians in Paris has expressed itself surprised by the amount of original talent revealed on the occasion,—no less than six candidates having presented themselves,—all of high merit,—and who are now to compete in setting a libretto, with the certainty that the most successful work will be crowned with honor and pay. Let us hope that good will come of this. In Paris, as everywhere else, the cry is for composers, not for opportunities. Whether our age is one in which composers are nourished is doubtful. The combinations of Music are not yet exhausted; but the comparative ease of life and luxury of manners operate as a heavy disadvantage upon those born with a certain fluency of creative power. The energetic fling themselves into an antagonistic ruggedness; the industrious addict themselves to antiquarian puerilities; the sybaritic produce such commonplaces as most readily find a market. But this is too grave talk for the threshold of M. Offenbach's temple of innocent follies.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—Here is a good specimen of the astuteness of that rather numerous class of critics who are most positive and dictatorial when they are the most ignorant of what they are writing or speaking about:

Several years ago in York, England, the performance of the "Messiah" was advertised to take place with Mozart's instrumentation, at a grand musical festival. When the managers, who

came from London, were about to lay out at the first rehearsal the music for the various instruments, they discovered, to their great dismay, that they had left the parts behind, and they were not to be procured in York. As there were no railroads at that time, the good managers were in no little trouble, until at length a clever fellow suggested that they should take Handel's original parts in place of Mozart's, adding that no one in the place would detect the change. The name of Mozart, however, stood in large characters upon the bill. After the concert the Duchess of York approached the conductor in a most cheerful and satisfied manner, and said, "she felt most happy that she had at length heard the 'Messiah' with Mozart's accompaniment, after having heard it so many times with Handel's. The latter was in her opinion stiff and thin, while the work under Mozart's hand had been much improved." The conductor of course felt much pleased, and could scarcely conceal his smiles; but the lady had scarcely left him, when Mr. Tempelwest, a very well known amateur in England, and a man who intensely disliked anything new, advanced impatiently towards him, and greeted him as follows: "Sir, are you not ashamed to mar on this classical ground a masterpiece of Handel in such a manner? Mozart's treatment is a piece of bungling, and everything he may have written cannot atone for it. O, I have listened intently; there is not one bar which the miserable Mozart has left untouched."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"And for our tong, that still is so empayred
By travelling linguists,—I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that swete music to the ear
Strook out of Rhyne so naturally as this."—CHAPMAN.

Give me of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment—

Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of a man.

Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is
shapen,

Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge,
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of
music,

Out of a myriad of flowers, sweetest honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten to-
gether

Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the
mountains

Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun from
the plains.

Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright
blow of the Saxon,

Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp of
the Latin,

Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the
Greek;

Thine is the elegant suavity caught from the sonorous
Italian,

Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of
the Norman—

Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by open-
ing vowels,

Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air.
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of
fancy,

Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers
in at thy lattice,

While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from
our words;

Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks
chiselled by Egypt,

Just as when Shakspeare and Milton laid them in
glorious verse.

Fitted for every use, like a great majestic river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest
along,

Bearing the white-winged ship of poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering
pennons,

Logie's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges of
trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he trans-
lates;

Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright
hues of his fancy—

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horse-
man his steed.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to
hailstones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a
shower—

Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Tro-
chee,

Unbroke, firm set, advance, retreat, trampling along—
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in trip-
licate syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactylics in musical cadences on,
Now their voluminous coil, intertangling like huge
anacondas,

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait, and simple in all thy con-
struction,

Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along;
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving our
commonest uses,

Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to the sky.
Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave
to a grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and
the chain.

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst
been tamer and weaker:

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand free-
dom of gait?

Let then grammarians rail, and let foreigners sigh for
thy sign-posts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent
growth,

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason de-
fiant:

I, in thy wildness, a grand freedom of character find.
So, with irregular outline, tower up the sky-piercing
mountains,

Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and
slopes of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks
in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can cease
from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my an-
cestors' tongue.

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modu-
lation—

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and
stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and
harsh.

Not while our organ can speak with its many and won-
derful voices—

Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet
of war,

Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full
diapason,

Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals
and stops.

Poems by W. W. Story.

Three Weeks in Berlin.

(From the Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

If Berlin is not the most musical city in the
world, it is probably, London excepted, the city
at which you may hear the most and the best
music. The orchestras are not, it is true, better

than our own—nor is the best of them—that of
the Symphony Concerts over which M. Taubert
presides—so good as the band of the Société des
Concerts in Paris, or as the Festival orchestras at
Birmingham, Bradford, and Norwich. But, on
the other hand, there are several distinct bodies
of instrumental performers in Berlin, which have
no connection with each other, and all of which
are more or less efficient.

The Opernhaus of the Königliche Schauspiele
—the largest theatre in Berlin, and perhaps the
most beautiful in Europe—has been to me the
greatest of attractions. Not because the perform-
ances are superior in many respects to what I
have heard elsewhere. On the contrary. With
one exception (Mme. Köster) the singers might
be easily overmatched; while the chorus and or-
chestra, numerous and efficient as they are, can
by no means justly be denominated perfect. But
the charm is in the *ensemble*. . . . Everything
is cared for, from the first lady and gentleman,
to the last "super;" and the result generally
leaves a satisfactory impression of completeness.

There are two conductors at the Opernhaus—
MM. Taubert and Dorn. M. Taubert is a sound
musician, and a composer of "distinction," al-
though without genius or originality. Mendels-
sohn—who has influenced one great department
in the art quite as much as Rossini another—is
the type which haunts M. Taubert both in his
symphonies and his piano-forte music; but it is
Mendelssohn's form (diffused)—or perhaps rather
Mendelssohn's shadow, without Mendelssohn's
substance. M. Taubert conducts more effectively
at the Opera than at the Symphony Concerts
(about which more anon); but he is always more
or less spasmodic, and, if I may so express my-
self, rhythmically capricious. M. Dorn, the other
chef-d'orchestre, is more precise, and easier to
follow, though he lacks the fire which his fellow-
conductor (given as M. Taubert is, nevertheless,
to take the music of Mendelssohn too slow) to
some extent possesses. M. Taubert (to revert to
the eternal topic) is *anti-Zukunft* to the death.
So was M. Dorn, until one fine day M. Liszt
brought out the opera of *Niebelungen* (Dorn's,
not Wagner's) at Weimar. From that time
Tannhäuser was considered worthy to be pro-
duced at Berlin. . . .

There is another important feature connected
with the Opernhaus at Berlin—viz., the great
variety of works to be heard there which can
rarely be heard elsewhere. A condition insepar-
able from its constitution ordains that the great
composers dead are to be treated with the same
consideration as if living, and their memory hon-
ored by frequent revivals of their masterpieces.
Thus the operas of Gluck, owing to this just and
wholesome rule, are familiar to the Berlin public,
while the *Titus* and *Idomeneus* of Mozart, though
not played so often, are no more laid upon the
shelf than *Figaro's Hochzeit* and *Don Juan*. The
operas of Spontini, too, appear at intervals; and
for all who entertain any curiosity about the lyric
drama, the music of that composer must possess a
special interest. Weber's *Euryanthe*, a period-
ical visitation, is welcome to all admirers of the
gifted composer of *Der Freyschütz*. Not to enter
further into particulars, however, or to cite other
instances of great old operas, which, by authority,
constitute part and parcel of the repertoire, I may
add simply that the works of living composers are
not by any means neglected. Meyerbeer, Auber,
even Richard Wagner, (as I have elsewhere
suggested) and indeed the modern school in the
persons of nearly all its most brilliant representa-
tives, are called upon in due succession. Of
course, under these circumstances, the system of
giving the same operas often in succession, or at
intervals, is out of the question. And this confers
upon Berlin a vast superiority over Paris, where
the revival of any of the classical chefs d'œuvre is
an occurrence of the greatest rarity. At Berlin
the same opera is very seldom performed two
nights consecutively. To give you some notion
of how much can be heard owing to the enforce-
ment of this regulation, I may just mention that
but lately, within a period of less than three
weeks, I was present at the performance of six
operas and three ballets. The operas were Boiel-

There were two more solo numbers—one for the violin, by Mr. WM. DOEHLER, a member of the orchestra, whose extreme youth and very unassuming demeanor excused any want of force and character in his playing. His stroke was almost too soft and tender, though indeed the piece which he played, a *Fantasia* by David on Schubert's "Praise of Tears," seemed to require that. The pianist was Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, "from Berlin, and just arrived from London," as the programme said. He played the *Arpeggio Etude* of Chopin, from Op. 10, a *Rondo* in E flat by Weber, and an *Etude* of his own. His performance gave more evidence of a sound, sterling school than of great force or brilliancy of execution. He was encored, and played a pleasing trifle, suited to the occasion—probably also his own work.

Nov. 26. One could almost believe in "bad luck," considering the bad weather which poor Mr. EISELDFELD invariably has for his concerts. Yesterday, too, a very fine morning changed into a drizzly day, and a most unpleasant evening, so that there was but a very small audience present. Those who were there, however, enjoyed the treat held out to them none the less. It consisted of a Quartet in C, No. 6, by Mozart, one in F, Op. 18, by Beethoven, Schubert's first Trio in B flat, and a couple of songs from Miss BRAINERD. The quartets were very well played, though we noticed in the first violin the old tendency to flat, in a considerable degree. The Quartet of Mozart was not one of his finest, but has still enough food for enjoyment in it; that of Beethoven, one of his earlier works, savored strongly of Mozart and Haydn, yet the strong individuality peeped out every now and then. The *Adagio appassionato* was particularly beautiful. Schubert's Trio made on me the same impression as when I heard it played, two years ago, by Mr. SATTER, although Mr. HOFFMANN (the pianist on this occasion), while he played with all his usual excellence in every respect, still lacked the peculiar fire and spirit which characterized Mr. Satter's playing. The Trio is exquisite throughout, in the rollicking, sparkling *Allegro*, the deep, mournful *Andante*, the *Scherzo* such as only Schubert can write, and the *Finale*, with its quaint melodies, and the wondrous working up of the whole. Mr. Hoffmann did it full justice, and remained true to his character of an earnest, vigorous, healthy artist in his rendering and whole conception of it. Miss Brainerd was not in as good voice as usual. She should hardly have attempted Mendelssohn's *Zuleika*; her voice has not enough of the mournful element in it for that song, which is so expressive of the deepest, tenderest longing. The other song, "The Streamlet," by Kalliwoda, an old-fashioned and very tedious composition, was better suited to the singer's organ, but was too indifferent in a musical view to please much.

Why does not Mr. Eisfeld introduce some of Franz's songs at his concerts? I think they would find appreciative hearers among the music-loving audiences who are gathered together on these occasions.

(From another correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Mr. THALBERG's new series of concerts commenced last Thursday evening at Niblo's Saloon, before the largest audience that has yet greeted the eminent pianist. He performed Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with full orchestral accompaniments, and his own *Lucrezia* and *L'Elisir* fantasias. The Concerto was very well received, though the greater portion of the piano playing was completely drowned by the orchestra. In the other pieces Mr. Thalberg sustained his well-earned reputation.

One great feature of the concert was the debut of the new contralto, Mme. D'ANGRI. Her name has been for some time before the British public, and her

fame preceded her to this country. In person the new comer is highly favored—magnificent form, splendid black eyes, dark hair, and with a certain air of *abandon* that evidently will make her a much better opera than concert singer. Her voice is a pure contralto, rich, full and deep, and capable of considerable expression. Her execution is but tolerable; she attempted a set of variations by Vaccaj, a specimen of those vocal gymnastics in which LAGRANGE so peculiarly excels, and in which she surpasses every other living singer. The unavoidable contrast between D'Angri and Lagrange in this style of music is by no means favorable to the former.

But it is in the passionate, declamatory style that Angri cannot fail to meet with eminent success; in her aria from *Semiramis*, she gave us a taste of her true powers, and also in an inferior English air from one of Macfarren's operas. Her pronunciation of our language was very good, but the absurdity of the words, repeated in the Italian manner, was amusingly apparent. For instance, she sings:

My Hassan, he—is gone, is gone,
And I—and I—am left—and
I am—left—left—alone, and I
Am left a-a-a- (long trill) lone!

These, with such interjections as "What see I?" "An empty ch-a-a-a-ri!" &c., made the piece sound more like a burlesque than anything else. However, this had little to do with the merits of the singer, who received the greatest applause, and was honored in the *Non piu mesta* of Cenerentola with a hearty encore.

Mr. Thalberg's concert on Saturday night attracted another fine audience, although the weather was extremely unpleasant. He played *fantasias* from *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia* with his usual success. Mr. Thalberg's performance is the perfection of Art; there is no affectation, no snobbery, no clap-trap about him; he has arrived at the topmost rung of the ladder of musical fame, and needs no extraneous stimulants to success. But notwithstanding all this perfection, this elegant, gentlemanly manner, this marvellous command over the instrument, he does not appear to be himself touched by the divine spirit of musical inspiration. He is never carried away by his own music, but on rising from the piano, with the plaudits of delighted listeners bursting upon his ear, he is the same quiet, respectable, self-possessed, middle-aged gentleman that he is at the dinner table of his hotel. His playing reminds one of a poem of ROGERS—elegant and polished almost to excess, as if a little more fire and even brusqueness, would add to its charm. But then it should be remembered that Mr. Thalberg is no longer young; he has passed that glorious age of youth when Genius cries out the loudest and impels her gifted sons to "deeds of high emprise." I can only compare his career to that of the day: in the morning tinged with the golden and ruby clouds, that in a few short hours lose their variegated brilliancy in the fuller effulgence of the increasing sunlight. So youth is touched with the fires of Genius, and thus they fade before the fuller light of knowledge, and we know not whether to rejoice or mourn that they are departed.

The industry of Mr. Thalberg is equal to his musical talents. His engagements for this week include for yesterday (Monday) a concert at Brooklyn, this morning a gratuitous concert before the public school children at Niblo's, a regular concert this evening, a concert at Philadelphia to-morrow, and at New York again on Thursday. He will visit Boston in about three weeks, and there is little doubt that the Bostonians will give a hearty welcome to the king of pianists.

THEODORE EISELDFELD commenced his Classical Soirées last Tuesday evening, with his old quartet party, and the further assistance of RICHARD HOFFMANN, pianist, and Miss BRAINERD, vocalist. The

soirée was but poorly attended, but gave satisfaction to those present. The chief novelty was a beautiful trio by Franz Schubert, performed by Mr. NOLL (violin), Mr. BERGNER (violinello), and Mr. HOFFMANN (piano-forte.)

Signor BAILINI, a young Italian tenor, formerly of the Astor Place troupe, and for several years a teacher in this city, took a benefit the other evening, LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI and others assisting.

APTOMMAS, the harpist, commences to-night a series of monthly Soirées, at which he will perform classical music on the harp, with miscellaneous selections. He will be assisted by several artists from the opera, and by a host of resident talent.

All the musical world is waiting with anxiety for the production of Verdi's *Traviata*, which will positively take place this week. Rossini's *Semiramide* is in rehearsal, with Miss PHILLIPS as Arsace. I should be happy to say more of this estimable young artiste, who is rapidly becoming a favorite here; but as this communication is already rather voluminous, I must wait, and withhold the vast stores of musical gossip, which during the past week have come to the ears of

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 6, 1856.

To Correspondents.

We go to press on Friday morning. Communications of any length should reach us by Thursday morning, and even by Wednesday, to be sure of insertion.

Will "TROVATOR" oblige us with his real name?

Mr. A. W. THAYER may be addressed at Natick, Ms., or at this office.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The audience at the second concert, on Tuesday evening, was moderate in numbers, but composed, as usual, of the most musically cultivated persons. The programme contained the following pieces:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet in G, No. 66, (first time,) Haydn.
Allegro con brio—Minuetto—Adagio sostenuto—Finale, Presto.
- 2—"Songs without Words," for Piano-forte, Mendelssohn.
Hugo Leonhard.
- 3—Quintet in C minor, No. 1, Mozart.
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Allegro.

PART II.

- 4—Morceau de Concert, for Violoncello and Piano, (first time,) composed and dedicated to Mr. W. Fries, by T. Ryan.
Wulf Fries and Leonhard.
- 5—Adagio and Canzonet, from the Quartet in E flat, op. 12, Mendelssohn.
- 6—Piano Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in E flat, Beethoven.
Andante and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Leonhard, A. and W. Fries.

In the rendering of the Haydn Quartet the players did not do their best. There was neither the usual smoothness nor precision; and the first bars of the *Allegro* failed to convey a clear, intelligible statement to our ear; the figure there and afterwards at times was a little blurred. We suppose there is a luck about these things, even with accomplished artists. But we fear that the very familiarity of Father Haydn's music betrayed into undue confidence and neglect of nice rehearsal. Yet it grew better as it went on. The tender *Adagio* and the dancing *Presto* made a very pleasant impression. The whole Quartet, though in a lighter and more common vein than Beethoven or Mozart or Mendelssohn, had the peculiar Haydn elegance and ever-youthful freshness and naiveté, and was worthy of careful treatment.

The Quintet by Mozart went much better, as

the composition itself is far more rich and full of meaning, the product of a deeper inspiration and a deeper nature. This awakened the right feeling, and really transported us into the free heaven of music. The selections from Mendelssohn's quartet music were of the very best. There is profound feeling and beauty in that *Adagio*, and the "Canzonet" movement is as characteristic of the author as anything could be, beginning in a wild *Volkslied* vein, like some of his songs without words and some of Schumann's little Album pieces, and ending with that little elfin hum and flutter of pervading sounds, which occurs so often in his works, and in which you always hear the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn's fancy oscillates continually between these two poetic elements.

Mr. LEONHARD's rendering of the two "Songs without Words," was unfortunate. In the first, that musing, hymn-like strain which forms the first number of the first set, he showed to be sure a good conception of its meaning; but whether from embarrassment or some other cause, he struck wrong notes and blurred over passages. The other piece, (No. 3 of the same set) a brilliant, fiery movement in A, whose quick, buoyant rhythm reminds one of the *Allegro* in Beethoven's Symphony in the same key, was taken quite too fast, or faster than he could well scramble through. Perfect execution, to be sure, might have justified so swift a tempo. We thought, too, that for once the Chickering piano was less sympathetic in its tone than usual and less encouraging to the performer. But the pianist more than made amends by his clear, spirited, intelligent and effective rendering of the Beethoven Trio. He played it even better than in the first concert, and confirmed the impression that we have in him one who, though wanting much to be gained only by experience, has many of the essential qualifications for a player of Beethoven's concerted music. And what more useful sphere can a pianist fill?

Mr. RYAN's concert piece for 'cello and piano proved a pleasing piece, but rather too long. It leads off with a flowing *cantabile* melody, tender and gracefully rounded, not very original, and then its unity crumbles away into rather an indefinite, protracted medley of dramatic *scena*-like passages. The melody was beautifully sung on Mr. WULF FRIES's violoncello, to which it is always a great pleasure to listen.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—A new prospect opens for Orchestral Concerts, and to our mind the most hopeful that has dawned upon us yet. Plan number two having been abandoned, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, relying on his own tried energy and knowledge of the thing we want as well as of the ways and means, has determined to try the experiment of a series of concerts in a hall of medium capacity, namely, the old Melodeon, which was always a good room for sound, and which will be thoroughly renewed internally, and made sweet and clean and handsome. It will seat about 1200 persons. To be sure it is somewhat mortifying to go away from our noble Music Hall and the Beethoven statue, but it may only be to return there after a little while in triumph. It is certainly best, after our recent experience, to begin on a modest scale. If only six or seven hundred persons can be relied on for a series of concerts, who will risk the expense of a hall that

holds four times that number?—to say nothing of the chilling influence of a hall not one half full. Let us fill the quart measure first, and then we may overflow into the gallon.

Full particulars of place, prices, number of concerts, &c., will probably be announced next week. It is Mr. Zerrahn's intention to make the programmes altogether of the highest order of orchestral music and avoid all clap-trap. If solo talent be at all introduced, it will be only that of the most artistic character. For since he will rely for audience almost entirely on subscribers to the whole series,—that is to say, upon the sincere lovers of great classical music,—there will not be the usual necessity of throwing out cheap glittering baits to miscellaneous outsiders, at the expense of that true artistic tone and unity which one has everywhere a right to demand of "Philharmonic" concerts. We believe Mr. Zerrahn means to adopt this name, in the sense that has become established in New York, London, and many European cities.

We would earnestly advise all of the six or seven hundred subscribers to the concerts which have been abandoned, to transfer their subscription to Mr. Zerrahn, feeling assured that they will more than get their money's worth, and will be aiding a wholesome experiment which promises to lead (if anything can do it) naturally and safely back to the glorious heights from which we have fallen. Beginning in this sound and modest way, we may yet, before the winter is past, go back in triumph to the Music Hall, and celebrate that triumph with the Choral Symphony—chorus and all—with the statue of the Master who composed it rising in the midst of its interpreters!

P. S.—The first concert will be on the 10th of January. Subscription lists will be circulated in a few days.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Dec. 2, 1856.

In the olden time, what is now our South village was a right famous place—indeed, quite the blarney stone of the Massachusetts colony. Without delaying to discuss the great question first propounded to an inquiring generation in my last letter—whether Mr. Eliot's route hither was by the back way or not—the discussion of which topic, I am credibly informed, has rendered divers persons irate—persons who evidently have no due appreciation of the great value of the labors of our antiquarian societies—be it sufficient to state that he did come, and that, on sundry occasions and oft, the wise, the learned, the curious, the high, mighty, and lifted up of the colony joined him in his visits. Was there not a grand visitation of the Indian plantation here in 1651, in which the Rev. Mr. Wilson of Boston, and the worshipful Mr. Rawson, some time Secretary of the Colony, and sundry others took part? And some hours after they had arrived and had already viewed the two fair streets upon 'ye north side of ye river, and the long street upon the other bank, and the foot-bridge built archwise, and the circular stockade in which was the house built after the English manner, did not His Excellency the Governor, the worthy Mr. John Endicott, come up from Dedham, where he had spent the night, with his sergeants and others to the number of about twenty persons, and make a like view, after which there was a lecture or sermon in the fort?

And more than a score of years afterward did not the facetious Mr. John Dunton, bookseller, of London, ride on horseback twenty miles through the woods from Boston, with Madam Brick, the flower

of that city, behind him, who in this case proved but a beautiful sort of luggage, as he says, to witness the wonder-workings of Providence among the natives? And were not such visits described in glowing terms and printed in books, so that the name of Natick came even into the ears of the Lord Protector, and of that famous poet, Mr. John Milton, Latin Secretary to his highness?

And did not the great controversy carried on by Mr. Allen, of Dedham, on the one part for the inhabitants of that town, and by Mr. Eliot on the other, in behalf of the "poor Indians of the plantation of Natick," respecting the disputed territory on the south side of the river, divide the counsels of the Great and General Court for a series of years?

I say no more; only let him who disputes the importance of our town in the history of the universe study the documents and be silent forever!

Standing upon one of the hills which overlook the valley of the Charles, the other day, I carried myself back in imagination to one of the Thursday lectures of Eliot. The whole view, even to the hills of Milton, was that of a dense forest—a view which, as I have seen them from the mountains near Lake Superior, fills me with a sense of solitude and sublimity, not surpassed by the ocean. Here and there below me, along the sides of the elevations, wreaths of smoke arose from the few small openings made in the forest for the wigwams and maize fields of the Indian converts; but these were not numerous nor extensive enough to form any contrast to the grand expanse of the wide spreading woods. It is a beautiful October morning, and all these woods save the dark pines and firs are brilliant in Autumn's gayest colors. Deer bound by me; the wild, solitary cries of the loons reach me from Bullard's Pond; squirrels chatter; partridges whirr-r-r by me, as I move along the hill-top to find some better point of observation. It is the middle of the forenoon, and now a new sound comes up from a distant point of the plain below, growing each moment more distinct, as you may to-day hear it in the Adirondack or Ontonagon woods, far away, the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the soft, leaf-covered earth. Mr. Eliot and two or three companions, preachers perhaps or members of the General Court—at all events, men of importance. They started early, and have had a ride of some three or four hours, following the Indian path from Roxbury, at a slow pace, for the roots, stumps and decaying timber of the original forest are not favorable to rapid equestrianism. Of course the all-engrossing topic has been the great work of God among the Indians; but there has been time enough for other conversation, and in those days subjects were surely not wanting. The last vessel that came from "home" had brought out not only an abundance of news in relation to Cromwell and the progress of the saints, but the latest publications from the theological and political presses. Mr. Milton's new book in defence of the Revolution, the last treatise of Mr. Richard Baxter, anything which may have just appeared from the pens of Sir Henry Vane and Hugh Peters, would possess special interest. It is no difficult matter to weave conversations out of such materials, and I find myself debating many curious questions of church and state in the persons of my visitors to the settlement below.

But the preacher and his friends have reached the old oak, under which in my childhood I played so often. Their horses are tied, and are munching hay which the Indians have gathered along the banks of the river and meadows. And now the roll of the drum "pierces the fearful hollow of mine ear"; but in this case it is the sound of peace. Its sharp tone reaches the recesses of the forest, and in a few minutes I hear the sound of voices from the woods below, but the speech is in an unknown tongue. I comprehend nothing of it. The Shenese, the Wahans, the Trags, the Pegans, Monequassun the

schoolmaster, Nataous, Totherswamp, Ponantum, perhaps Cutshamakin the sachem, and many others are coming from hill and pond, from corn-patch and hunting-ground, to the place of worship, built with their own hands, save the two days assistance of the English carpenter. The voices die away in the distance, and soon another roll of the drum, and all draw into the circle of the palisades. One part of the service rises on the still air, and falls sweetly upon my ears. It is the psalm which Mr. Eliot has translated into metre in the Indian speech, and which, abounding in vowel sounds, swells sweetly and smoothly as the stanzas of Metastasio, and withal is worthy of Mr. Wilson's testimony: "all the men and women sang it together, in one of our ordinary English tunes, melodiously." Mr. Endicott, the Governor, records that "they sang cheerfully and pretty tunable."

Now this matter of their singing has been a subject of infinite speculation to me.

Daniel Gookin, Gentleman, Captain General of the Colony, and guardian of the Indians, speaks of the singing of the uncivilized Indians, but gives us no means of judging of its excellence. Being thus thrown upon my own resources, I think of the Chinese music (?) which I have heard, of the Indian music of the wandering tribes I have seen at the Saut St. Marie, of the descriptions of travelers among savage nations, and conclude that the singing of the Powows in the woods of Massachusetts must have been of like character. How could they have learned to sing otherwise? The historians of music quote Juvenal's opinion that man learned to sing from the birds. But birds do not sing,—they whistle. I have taken lessons in whistling from our bluebirds and thrushes; never one in singing. Suppose, however, Juvenal be right; were there any singing birds here before the destruction of the forest, and introduction of civilization? Are not singing birds almost unknown, in our latitude, until the woods are cleared away? The little experience I have had in wild wood life leads me to this idea, and I think I have seen remarks to the same effect in the course of my reading. The loon, the wild goose and duck, the partridge, the king-fisher, the wild turkey, pigeons, and sundry such like birds of passage were certainly here, but did the Indian know the thrushes, the bluebird, the mocking-bird, and the like? Who will inform us? I take it that anything like melody, like harmony, like musical expression, was utterly unknown among the natives until in the meeting-houses of Plymouth, Salem, the New Town, Watertown, Boston, &c., they listened to "the common English tunes" of that day; such as you may find in Ainsworth, and Ravenscroft, and Sternhold, and Hopkins, in the College Library at Cambridge.

What are our pleasures as we hear for the first time a chorus of Handel, or a symphony of Beethoven, compared with the feeling of the red man, as with wonder and delight he stood fascinated at the door of that church with a bell upon it, which in 1651 was erected in "the New Town," hard by where the Dane Law School now stands. York and Old Hundred, and Canterbury, and other good old solid chorals, formed the staple of the musical feast, and they stand the test of experience to this day! And when under Mr. Eliot's zealous instruction and care, the new converts in their own meeting-house, and in their own language, first joined, men and women, in marrying sacred verse to immortal strains, though on a mean and feeble scale, were not their souls touched with feelings which Handel or Mozart might envy?

When I fall into reveries upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Natick, no scene is more prominent than this in which Monequassum "deacons off" the psalm from Mr. Eliot's manuscript, the eager eyes black as night, of sachem, sanop and squaw, fixed upon his face, and then the voices of all bursting into old "York," melodiously and pretty tunable; and Mr. Eliot sits in his place, now joining lustily in the tune, and now brushing a tear from his eye, with the mental thanksgiving: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast revealed these things unto babes!"

A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THALBERG will not visit Boston before January. . . . The habitués of the New York Academy of Music stood aghast this week at the sudden announcement that the Italian Opera would positively come to a close on the 10th of this month, LAGRANGE, MARETZKE and all having accepted an engagement at the Tacon theatre in Havana. ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, too, goes with them, having given the Salem people a flying concert first. So there is small hope of opera for any of us this winter. . . . The HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah" at Christmas. After that will come the long and thoroughly rehearsed "Eli." We learn there is some hope of securing Fraulein JOHANSEN, the successful prima donna of the late unsuccessful German Opera in New York, to sing the principal soprano part.

Is it not a pleasant and a rare thing to unite the votes of both contending parties? A musical warfare has been raging between the *Musical Journal* and *Fitzgerald's City Item*, both of Philadelphia, from which we have the vanity to cite a passage on each side—indeed we owe it to such friends. The *Item* winds up a spirited rejoinder thus:

"A word more and we are done, as this article is already much longer than it should be. We take this paragraph from the *Philadelphia Musical Journal*:

"From the first we have never disguised our relationship to the *N. Y. Musical Review* (if it pleases the *Item* better, say "likeness," to that paper); for we candidly esteem it as the most strictly musical paper of any standing in this country; not excepting others, which may contain weekly tedious literary articles and translations, that interest none save the sensitive novel reader or the chaffed critic."

We would merely say to this, that the writer does not strengthen his praise of the *Review* by adding the concluding uncalled-for, ungenerous, and untrue fling at the *Boston Journal of Music*. It shows him to be unable to appreciate its selections, translations and editorials, which abound in information of the most useful and interesting description, and to be too prejudiced and self-sufficient to avail himself of the labor of one of Boston's most capable, theoretical, and practical professors, who acts in the capacity of musical editor to the musical paper so unkindly and unnecessarily alluded to by the author of the paragraph above quoted."

To this the *Musical Journal* pleads off in the following:

"MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.—The *City Item* of the 15th inst. does us injustice in its closing paragraph. We have been in the receipt of more than one weekly musical paper, and in our writing had no allusion to the *Boston Journal of Music*, which, we trust, (notwithstanding the *Item's* severe insinuation) we are able, in some measure, to appreciate as a most excellent exponent of the art."

While here in this famed citadel of classical music, where stands the statue of Beethoven, there are no symphonies to be heard this winter, and while here, after some twenty years of symphony concerts, we have not yet a permanent society for classical orchestral music, it is curious to turn to the young city of Milwaukee, where the sixty-eighth concert of its "Musical Society" was given on the 26th ult. with the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, consisting of: 1. Allegro con brio. 2. Andante con moto. 3. Allegro assai. 4. Allegro.

PART II.
1. Song of the Pilgrims at their Return—chorus for male voices from Opera "Tannhäuser," by Wagner.
2. Song for Soprano with Piano accompaniment.
3. "Good night,"—serenade for male voices.
4. Song for Tenor, with Piano accompaniment.
5. Overture to "Der Freyschütz."

The New York Philharmonic Society have in rehearsal for their next concert two overtures never before given in this country: one to the drama, "Uriel Acosta," by L. SCHNIDELMEISSER, and an *Overture characteristic*, "Faust," by RICHARD WAGNER. The Symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter." The orchestra of the Philharmonic numbers

eighty-one performers: 31 violins, 11 violas, 9 violoncelli, 10 double basses, &c. . . . A friend, in whose judgment we have great confidence, writes us: "Mme. D'ANGRI is a great singer—style at once very grand and highly finished—voice a little manish, however. Stands next to Lind and Alboni; lacking, however, the genius of the former entirely." Our old friend ARDITI, the conductor of so many Italian operas in this country now occupies, it seems, the same post in the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Constantinople. *L'Eco di Italia* says: "He was eagerly sought for by the impresarii on his arrival in Italy, and might, if he had chosen, been director of the grand orchestra of Parma or of the royal theatre of Turin. But the Ottoman capital snatched him away from Italy. It is thought that Arditi will occupy the post of the deceased Donizetti, director in chief of the military bands in Turkey. It would be fine to see our friend created a Pasha of three tails!"

Among the passengers lost in the ill-fated steamer *La Lyonnaise* was Mr. T. FRANKLIN BASSFORD, a young American pianist and composer, who had won the approval of good judges by his concerts in New York. . . . Mr. APTOMMAS, in the programme of the first of his Harp Soirées, in New York, announces that he will play, with harp, violin and cello, Beethoven's piano-forte Trio in C minor; also the celebrated Fantasia on the Prayer in *Moise*. Query: Does he mean Thalberg's, or that which some say is the prototype of Thalberg's, composed originally for the harp by Parish Alvars? . . . Miss MAY, the American cantatrice, has postponed her return home, having been engaged by Mr. Lumley to appear in London at Her Majesty's Theatre during the coming season. . . . JULIEN's concerts at the London Opera House are triumphs in their way. His prima donna this time is CATHERINE HAYES, who has been the most enterprising of concert-givers in extreme foreign parts, and has carried home much gold from Australia. . . . Signora STEFANONE has appeared in Paris, as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, with unqualified success. She "turned up" to the relief of the despairing manager, on the occasion of the sudden indisposition of Mme. FREZZOLINI, and the result was her engagement for two months, instead of departing for Vienna.

In the article translated in our last number about a new Liszt-ian style of organ-playing, which has broken out at certain spots in Germany, there was rather an obscure allusion to somebody called "Orgel-Kloss." Kloss is the German for clod, block-head, or more commonly *dumpling*. It seems there was an organ virtuoso by the name of Kloss, who cut a rather sorry figure six or eight years since, and to whom the writers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* in Leipzig gave the nickname of "Herr Orgel-Kloss," or Organ-dumpling. . . . The Worcester *Palladium* follows up our hint to lecture committees. We copy, to keep the ball in motion:

One word in the ears of our music-loving citizens. Would not a lecture on the lives and works of the five great musical composers, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, given by an accomplished scholar, and one of the best critics in the country, be something enjoyable and worth striving to attain? Mr. A. W. Thayer, the able "Diarist" of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, has prepared such a lecture, which he would deliver before any lyceum or musical association. He was recently well known in New York as the musical critic of one of the leading daily papers of that city, and has since been spending a year or two in Germany, collecting the materials for such a life of Beethoven as has not yet been written. Probably no one in this country is better qualified to deliver such a lecture, and no one certainly could make it more interesting. Who will move in this matter? STELLA.

But "Stella" is under one erroneous impression. Our friend's position in the New York daily was not that of "musical critic." His modesty forbade him to stand forth in that formidable character, and he preferred to whisper his shrewd observations in some quiet corner in the shape of Diaristics.

COLOGNE.—The first Gesellschafts concert for the season took place on the 21st ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The great feature of the evening was Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. It was admirably performed.

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871. George Hews. Three Squares.
1510. James W. Vose. Three Squares.
1522. A Newhall & Co. One Square.
1527. Timothy Gilbert. One Grand. Four Squares.
1630. A. W. Ladd & Co. One Grand. Five Squares.
1605. Lemuel Gilbert. One Square.
1680. Brown & Allen. Three Squares.
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A. W. Ladd & Co., for their Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *1,630, the first *Bronze Medal*.

T. Gilbert, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *6,349, the second *Bronze Medal*.

Hallet, Davis & Co., for their Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *6,895, the third *Bronze Medal*.

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William P. Emerson, for his Seven-Octave Square Piano-forte, *1,174, the fourth *Diploma*.

Of the "Composing Desk" Piano-fortes, the Committee speak in terms of commendation, as articles of convenience to the composer, who, after he has written a musical phrase or passage, may desire to realize its effect upon the ear. They do not, however, intend to say that they are of indispensable use, for the accomplished and talented musician ought to hear all the effects he intends to produce "in his mind's" ear, without the aid of any such convenience, and it, moreover, can hardly be possible, in the torrent and rush of his musical ideas, and when "in a fine frenzy rolling," that he should be willing to run the risk of checking them by stopping to test effects. There would be great danger that, by such delay, his thoughts would be "thrown off the track," and he find it very hard to get them back again. It is said of an ancient Greek warrior, of great bravery, and who had achieved all his deeds of prowess in hand-to-hand encounters, man against man, and foot to foot, that when he first saw the Ballista, a contrivance for killing, by throwing large stones from a distance against the enemy, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Farewell to all courage." Might not the "mighty masters of song," with equal feeling, say, in view of these "aids to musicians," "Farewell to genius"? The great Haydn once wrote what he called "a Philharmonic Game," (printed in Boston in 1834, by Comer & Ostinelli,) a most ingenious and extraordinary production, so arranged and subdivided that, by means of a figured table of directions, anybody, whether musician or not, with ears or without, deaf or dumb, or both, can invent, (no, not invent—can string together,) a countless number of melodies, without the mental parturition of a single original idea! With the aid of the "Desk" and the "Game," what might not toddling geniuses hope to achieve in the yet unexplored regions of Apollo's great domains?

Among the Piano-fortes from the manufactory of Chickering & Sons, was one, No. *17,675, having connected with its bridge an apparatus which its inventor, Mr. A. G. Corliss, calls the "Swell-mute Attachment," by which the swell effects of Crescendo and Diminuendo are produced, and in Arpeggio passages a really harp-like effect is secured in a pleasing and truthful manner. These results are brought about by a peculiar application, which, placed on both sides of the bridge, from the bar to the outer end of the bass strings, compresses and releases the bridge at the will of the player, by means of a system of leverage, resting upon the inside of the bottom of the case, and by a let-back movement of a spiral spring; the whole being under the control of one of the pedals. Of this new feature of a

piano-forte the Committee speak favorably, because the effects produced seem to them to be legitimate to the instrument, and apparently calculated to enlarge its capabilities, and widely differ from those appliances which, within a few years, have attempted to reduce the piano-forte to the illegitimate condition of an unhappy hybrid between a stringed and a wind instrument. The Committee awarded for it a *Diploma*.

The Committee, in coming to a decision upon the merits of the several instruments of which they have just determined their award, were of entire unanimity. They did not hesitate for a moment in deciding that the Grand Piano-fortes from the justly celebrated house of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, were not only altogether manifestly superior to all competitors at the present Exhibition, but were an equally manifest and greatly advanced improvement over the well-commended productions of the same establishment offered at anterior Exhibitions. And the Committee not only feel it to be a pleasure, but an obvious duty, to congratulate the present heads of this long-established house, that they have so well sustained its high repute. The memory of the good name, and of the good deeds, and of the great skill of its founder, shall long be cherished; and it is a matter of equal satisfaction and pride that the garment of praise he so fairly won and wore, has fallen upon shoulders worthy to receive and able to honor it.

To determine which of the two (*17,524 and *17,673) is the superior instrument is somewhat difficult. One is more clear and brilliant; the other has more depth and body of tone. One is more distinguished in its power of action, and the other in its elasticity and delicacy of touch. They are both of unsurpassed excellence, and the owner of either may rejoice in his purchase.

The Grand Piano-forte of Messrs. T. Gilbert & Co., No. *6,731, is a very good instrument indeed, and highly creditable to the manufacturers. There was some slight defect in the certainty of response to the finger, in rapid repetition upon the same key, resulting, probably, from inaccuracy in the adjustment of the leverage. The tone was very clear and satisfactory. There were no other Grand Piano-fortes from other factories worthy of special mention.

The Semi-grands of Chickering & Sons, and a Parlor Grand by the same firm, were superb instruments; and this last, had the several varieties of Grands, Semi-grands, and Parlor Grands been kept distinct in class, would have been justly entitled to a highest award, both for its own intrinsic merit and as a new and meritorious invention. But all these were united into one class, and the award was made accordingly. The Parlor Grand first emanated from the house of Chickering & Sons, and made its appearance at the Exhibition of 1853, and the Committee of that year awarded to it a *Gold Medal*; but inasmuch as the late lamented head of the firm was a member of the then Government of the Society, the award could not be confirmed consistently with the laws of the Association. It would afford the Committee great satisfaction could this award be now confirmed.

The Semi-grand of Messrs. Hallet & Davis, No. *6,895, is an instrument of merit, and far better than their Grand, which last is inferior to that presented by the same firm in 1853.

That the judgment of the Committee may be distinctly understood, they now repeat their awards on the class of instruments under discussion. They put the several varieties into one class, and they award to Chickering & Sons the first premium, to cover the three varieties offered by them—*Gold Medal*.

To T. Gilbert & Co., the second premium—*Silver Medal*.

To Hallet & Davis, the third premium—*Silver Medal*.

Before leaving the subject of Grand Piano-fortes,

the Committee desire to say, that in their judgment, while very much, nay, wonderfully much, has been achieved by the American manufacturers in the production of so desirable a class of instruments, there is yet a great task to be accomplished by them, and that is, to make these instruments of such price as will bring them within the reach of purchasers whose means are limited, and who are therefore compelled to content themselves with the ordinary square instrument, which is, after all, not the genuine reality of the Piano-forte, but only a convenient (or as some decide, a poor) substitute for the original and true article, the Grand. The prices charged operate as a prohibitory tariff to many a family and many a student at his first start. The fact that Grands have been imported from Germany into the United States at prices from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. lower than our ruling rates for the same class, seems to indicate that something in the way of reduced prices might be accomplished with us. One direction which might most happily be attempted by us, and which is peculiarly the direction that good taste suggests, is to avoid all meretricious ornaments in the case. The gewgaws of pearl keys, (a positive nuisance), elaborately carved legs and trimmings, tawdry and unsold bedeckings about the front boards and other parts of the instruments, should be at once and forever done with. A sensible and prudent man will never pick out a partner for life for the tawdry rigging of her personal dress; nor will a sensible and true musician select an instrument for its gay ornaments and dazzling appendages of pearl and paint. Pearls and paint may, in either case, be but adroit adornment of charlatanry, to dazzle the eye and cheat the heart. Pearl keys may please an ill-disciplined taste; but compared with ivory, the whiteness of which contrasts so well against the ebony, they disappoint a refined taste, and they are positively and extremely unpleasant to sensitive fingers.

In the class of Square Piano-fortes, the awards of the Committee were made with equal unanimity. The instruments of Chickering & Sons are at the head, and next to them comes that of J. W. Vose, No. *162, of seven octaves. Its tone is musical and noble; the high treble notes are particularly fine, and the action is satisfactory. It has one fault, in a certain, though slight deficiency of resonance from the blow of the hammer, produced by a looseness of the upper coat of hammer felt. This may have been caused by the temperature of the room, which, being always crowded, was always hot, and the air close and vitiated, though too many manufacturers fail in drawing the felt sufficiently close over the hammer-head.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the other Square Piano-fortes in detail. Those to which awards have been assigned are placed in the order of their merit, as adjudged by the Committee, and those of which special mention is not made, are passed by as not coming up to a just standard of excellence.

Before leaving this class of instruments, the Committee would refer to a model of piano-forte action, exhibited to them by Mr. D. H. Shirley, of which the Committee can only say, that, while in the model it operated well, and appeared effective and to possess obvious advantages in securing rapidity of reply to all rapidity of finger-action, it did not produce in the Piano-forte which contained the action, the expected result. The inventor explained this want of success to be caused by some want of accuracy in the position of the fulcrum. It would be more just to the inventors of similar improvements to refer them to a Committee of practical Piano-forte makers, than to a Committee of musicians; and to a similar Committee should be referred specimens of Piano-forte legs, music stools, canterburys, *et id omne genus*—"all that sort of thing." One may reasonably be a good judge of tonal effects, and an indifferent judge of furniture. *Bronze Medal.*

Your Committee next proceeded to examine the Reed Organs, represented by a variety of instruments, called by the manufacturers: Melodeons, Organ Melodeons, Model Melodeons, Organ Harmoniums, &c., amounting to twenty-three in number, and exhibited by the firms of

Mason & Hamlin, Boston.
S. T. & H. W. Smith, Boston.
Nichols & Gerrish, Boston.
S. A. Ladd, Boston.

And one Tremolo attachment, exhibited by the inventor, is attached to one of Mason & Hamlin's Melodeons, by

L. Louis, Boston.

As the Committee of the Association are well aware, the amount of capital invested in the manufacture, and the extent of trade in these instruments

has within a few past years reached such a magnitude, that, whatever may be the individual judgment of musicians as to their proper rank among other musical instruments, the propriety of encouraging, by every proper means, the efforts of the different makers to improve them, and, above all, whatever tends to do away with the harshness of tone which, from the mode of obtaining it, has hitherto seemed to be inseparable from reed instruments, should be met with the utmost encouragement and favor.

In this respect your Committee are happy in being able to report a great and manifest advance upon the results of former exhibitions. Not only does there seem to be a spirit of invention, and a determination to extend the capacity of these instruments, among the various exhibitors, but the superior workmanship of some of them, and the smoothness of tone obtained by the great pains evidently taken in "voicing" the reeds, give proof of great skill in their department, and argue well for the future excellence of this much-decried kind of instruments. One instrument in particular, from the establishment of Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, stands out so preëminently amongst all on exhibition, that a more detailed description is here given, as well to inform the public what has been attained, as from its intrinsic value it was thought worthy of being thus noticed. The Committee refer to the Organ Harmonium, of which two were contributed by the same firm.

One of these has a pedal bass, the other has none; and both have two banks of keys.

The latter has eight stops, viz.: Dulciana, Flute, Hautboy, Bourdon, Diapason, Principal, Expression, Coupler.

Of these the first four are speaking stops, and each of them extends through the entire compass of the keyboards, which are five octaves in extent. The Dulciana and Flute act upon the upper bank of keys, and the Hautboy and Bourdon upon the lower. From this it will be perceived that there are four complete sets of reeds in the instrument, each extending through its entire compass. These four sets of reeds are voiced in such a manner as to give to each a quality of tone peculiar to itself, and imitate so closely the organ stops, whose names they bear, that the ear can with difficulty distinguish between them—a result which obviates the great objection which has heretofore been urged against reed instruments.

The Dulciana and Flute are voiced quite soft, the Hautboy louder, so that when combined, a full organ-like tone is produced, of great power and effect. The Diapason and Principal are swell stops, acting respectively upon the Dulciana and Flute. The "Expression" stop is peculiar to this instrument, and is the invention of the makers, by whom also it has been patented. Its effect, when drawn, is to shut the main or receiving bellows, so that the slightest motion of the feet upon the pedals operates the two exhausting bellows and affects the power of the tone produced, enabling the performer to get every gradation of tone, from PP through crescendo and diminuendo to FF, and back again. By means of this also, all the effects of *sforzando*, tremolo and *affettuoso* can be produced at will. This is an entirely new and valuable improvement, and under the control of a skilful performer must be a desirable addition.

The Coupler, as its name implies, connects the two banks of keys together, so that they act as one, precisely as in the Organ. By this arrangement of stops, coupler, &c., every grade of power can be produced, and when all are in operation, a volume of tone is obtained which makes the instrument worthy of being classed with Organs of moderate size, while the cost of an instrument constructed upon this plan being very much less, will render them, as they become more and more known, formidable competitors of that kind of instruments.

In the "Harmonium" with pedal bass, the general mechanism, as regards stops, coupler, &c., is the same as that already described, but the "Expression" stop is left out, and a "Pedal Coupler" substituted. The compass of the pedals is two full octaves, from CC to c, for which there is an independent set of reeds, so voiced as to resemble, as nearly as possible, the sub-bass of the Organ. It has, in addition, a swell pedal, and the bellows is worked by a lever at the back of the instrument, and a tell-tale is put in a conspicuous place, so that the blower is kept informed of the quantity of wind in them. By means of the couplers the pedals can be connected with any one or more of the stops of either or both key-boards. From this description it will be seen that this instrument is altogether different and far in advance of any that have been heretofore manufactured of its kind. It comes very near in tone to the Church Organs of moderate size and power, while in

volume of sound and extent of combination, it more than equals them. Whether the enterprise of those engaged in their manufacture will carry them as far ahead of their present degree of excellence as the results of the three past years have brought them remains to be proved. With all the foregoing in view, and without discussing the question whether reed instruments can ever be made to equal the Organ in its best qualities, the Committee recommend that to Mason & Hamlin, for their great and valuable improvements in the Organ Harmonium exhibited by them, be awarded a

Gold Medal.

To Mason & Hamlin, for their Melodeons of superior quality of tone, a

Silver Medal.

To S. T. & H. W. Smith, Boston, for their Melodeons, a

Bronze Medal.

To Nichols & Gerrish, Boston, for their Melodeons, a

Diploma.

To L. Louis, Boston, for his "Tremolo Attachment," by which many and very beautiful effects are produced, and the use of which, while they would not be considered as deciding upon its ultimate value, the Committee think, in the hands of a competent and judicious performer, is capable of being made a very expressive and pleasing feature of any performance, a

Diploma.

To Nichols & Gerrish, for a Melodeon, *Diploma.*

The attention of the Committee was next directed to a Chime of Twelve Bells, ranging from D below the staff to G above, including two F's sharp, and one C sharp, and so representing the two keys of D and G, as in the table following:—

| Pitch of Bell. | Diameter. | Weight. |
|----------------|--------------------|------------|
| D | 55 inches. | 3,148 lbs. |
| E | 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ " | 2,096 " |
| F sharp | 42 $\frac{5}{8}$ " | 1,432 " |
| G | 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ " | 1,348 " |
| A | 35 $\frac{3}{8}$ " | 841 " |
| B | 32 $\frac{7}{8}$ " | 727 " |
| C | 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ " | 613 " |
| C sharp | 29 " | 494 " |
| D | 27 $\frac{5}{8}$ " | 436 " |
| E | 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ " | 375 " |
| F sharp | 22 " | 231 " |
| G | 20 " | 198 " |

Total weight, 11,939 lbs.

This Chime was contributed by the widely known firm of Henry N. Hooper & Co., the sound of whose "tongues," spread far and wide over the land, makes vocal many a hill and valley, on the blessed day consecrated to rest and to worship—calls many a laborer to his daily toil, and gives him note to rest, when the day's toil is done. How could man live without bells? And how full of interest must be the history of bells, whenever it shall be well written, beginning with the little golden bells that adorned the hem of the Jewish High Priest's robe, taking up that of the *codones* of the sentries round the Greek camps, and those of the Greek fish markets; that of the petasus and tintinnabulum of the Roman baths, and coming down to the larger bells of merry England, the "Guthlac" of the Abbey of Croyland, with its associates, "Bettelin," "Turketul," "Tatwine," "Pega," and "Bega," a ring of bells, of which the venerable Bede says, about the close of the seventh century, "that no such chime of bells could be found in all England;" and down further to those monster bells of Moscow,—that of St. Ivan's towers, weighing 128,000 lbs.; that of the Cathedral, weighing 288,000 lbs.; and that of the Empress Anne, weighing 432,000 lbs., and standing 19 feet high, and being 21 feet in diameter! Into such a history must come the musical history of bells, and this, not its least interesting department, must be complete in the "Chapter on Chimes," and give us complete illustrations of what mean the single bob, the plain bob, the grandsire bob, the bob major, the bob royal, and the bob maximus, and all the varied bobs of a complete and perfect chime! But the Committee are wandering, and must return to the "chime in hand," and do so by saying that, after a long and very careful examination, testing each bell separately and in the progressions of the chime, both melodically and in harmony, they recommend that there be awarded for their goodness of tone and adaptation to each other as a chime, a

Silver Medal.

There are two other Bells, not of the chime, from the same excellent establishment, both possessing good tone and clear resonance.

The Committee next examined the remaining musical instruments submitted to them, consisting of—

A Musical Rocking Chair.

Four Flutes, by Berteling, being

One in B flat,

Three in D.

Two Octave D Flutes, by same maker.

Two Clarinets, by same maker,
One in B flat,
One in E flat.

These were all well made instruments, and some of them uncommonly good. One of the D flutes was very excellent. An award is recommended for the whole, of a *Silver Medal*.

The "Musical Rocking Chair" was, certainly, a unique novelty. Within the seat was arranged a sort of compact set of reeds, so adjusted that when one sat down and rocked to and fro, he "discoursed most excellent music," and might easily rock himself "to sleep, perchance to dream," to the music of his own fundamental harmonies. Or, viewing it in the light of "a blessing to mothers" who cannot sing "their fondlings to repose," it commends itself as a means of rock-away lullabies, never till now made vocal in nursery realms. Its ingenuity justifies a *Diploma*.

One of the Violins contributed by J. H. Arey, was a newly-made instrument, of very fair quality of tone, for which the Committee recommend a *Diploma*.

The attention of the Committee was lastly directed to specimens of Sheet Music, entered by Nathan Richardson, of the "Musical Exchange," Boston. The designs were of superior style and finish, and the whole appearance of the printing, from engraved plates, executed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Richardson, was eminently clear and excellent.

Examination was also made of Mr. Richardson's "Modern School for the Piano Forte," entered by him as a specimen of music printing from electrotypes plates, it being the first musical work ever printed by the common letter-press method, from such plates. There was a uniformity and clearness of impression in an uncommon degree, and, throughout the work, an evenness of appearance and execution rendering every note on every page, perfectly plain to the eye of the player. This is a great merit in music printing, and one not always nor easily attained. The work, itself, as a system, is most highly recommended, by the leading composers and teachers of music, at home and abroad, and by musical journals in Boston and New York; and, although the Committee entertained doubts whether it were strictly within their province to adjudicate upon any "system of instruction" for any instrument, yet, as this had been received by the government of the society, and admitted for competition as such, and had been thus brought legitimately before them, and as it had received the high sanction and recommendations of most eminent Pianists, three of whom were members of this Committee, they decided to award to it a *Silver Medal*.

82. E. G. Wright, Boston. Silver Bugle. This Bugle seemed upon trial to be a very satisfactory instrument, and quite correct in intonation; and the workmanship was good. *Bronze Medal*.

1592. White Brothers, Boston. Violins and Guitars. The Guitars were good instruments, of more than common power and richness of tone. The Violins were highly creditable to the manufacturers as specimens of work, but were unattended with the usual accompaniment—a bow, so necessary to produce the proper vibrations and prove their quality. For these instruments, the Committee award a *Bronze Medal*.

Gluck and Lavater.

At the time of Gluck's first efforts in the lyric drama, he had occasion to make a journey to Zurich, where Lavater, who was then laying the foundations of a school since so celebrated, was residing. The German musician had heard vaguely of Lavater's physiological labors, and, without precisely believing in the infallibility of his doctrines, or without putting implicit faith in his observations and prognostications, Gluck's ardent spirit and mind, so enamored of the marvellous, had become warmly interested in all that was elevated, new, daring, and brilliant in the hypotheses of the learned innovator. He profited, therefore, by his sojourn at Zurich to pay Lavater a visit.

The founder of the School of Physiognomy was in his study, a perfect museum, containing casts, moulded with the most fastidious exactness, of all the illustrious personages of the time. He was engaged in terminating the voluminous correspondence to which he was accustomed to devote the greater portion of his mornings. He did not so much as appear to perceive the arrival of the musician, and, carried away by his ideas, continued writing his letters, without even turning his head towards the new-comer. This had lasted for upwards of half an hour, and the *maestro* was

beginning to grow tired of waiting so long, when Lavater, suddenly casting upon him his blue eyes, full of intelligence and tenderness, said:—

"Whom have I the honor of addressing, sir?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the musician, smiling. "Excuse me if I do not answer the question you have asked, and if I leave to you the task of doing so. There is no doubt with your penetration and sagacity the task will be an easy one. Allow me, therefore, to ask you who I am, and what I am?"

Gluck's intention was evidently to embarrass the illustrious savant, but the latter was accustomed to challenges of this description, and, on more than one occasion, had come forth triumphantly from these difficult ordeals. Without appearing, therefore, at all shocked at the *maestro's* answer, he began to study attentively Gluck's features and physiognomy, terminating his examination by exclaiming, at the expiration of a few minutes—

"No—I am not mistaken. You are a musician."

"That is true," replied Gluck; "but it is a very vague qualification. Could you name the musical speciality which I particularly cultivate?"

At this fresh question Lavater was silent, and appeared to be plunged in profound reflection. Suddenly he interrupted his meditations.

"Yes, that is it," he said. "You are a composer—yes, a dramatic composer. The qualities distinguishing you are—vigor, energy, daring, elevated sentiments, grandeur of ideas, and—there," he continued, taking down from one of the shelves of his bookcase a volume, magnificently bound, "I would lay a wager you are the author of that score."

Gluck cast his eyes upon the work and recognized one of his operas, entitled *The Fall of the Giants*, which had just achieved a colossal success all through Germany. The astonishing and prodigious sagacity of his interlocutor both amazed and terrified him.

"This is not all," continued Lavater, while his face gleamed with inspiration, and his voice assumed, from minute to minute, a more solemn accent: "this is not all. You are destined for great, for magnificent things—you will leave behind you a luminous track in the career you pursue. You will be the founder of a great school, for there is within you an immense power of creation, and, moreover, that eagerness for the struggle and the combat which render chiefs illustrious, and victory certain."

Three years subsequent to the interview we have described, Gluck was in France, where he brought out his *Iphigénie en Tauride*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of inspiration and genius, and which imparted fresh youth to the forms of the lyric drama. On this occasion, the musical world divided itself into two camps, and the name of Gluck, rendered greater by the contest, has come down to us, glorious and respected. Thus Lavater's prediction regarding the celebrated German composer was realized in every particular.

GEORGE F. BENKERT.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* has the following account of a young American composer, who is exciting attention in that city.

George Felix Benkert was born in Germantown, (Philadelphia) April 11th, 1831; his father, a bootmaker, a man of energy and honorable ambition, with no small streak of the ideal running through every action of his life. The mother, quiet and industrious, looked upon her first-born as only mothers can look, in hope—days and months passed on, and as years succeeded years, the child grew up,—thoughtful, modest, and quiet in the extreme. The fun and folly that produced uproarious laughter in his schoolmates, painted on his face only a quiet smile, mingled with melancholy. George was blessed with parents such as other children usually have, and many discussions were held as to what trade George should be put to, and as the business of the father is considered good enough for the son, it was proposed that at some future day, he should be a shoemaker, and although quite young, he was taught to hammer a piece of leather, and at other times to stitch a little, but it was all of no use. He who loved to

gaze at the beauties of a new born day, and could see something in a leaf as it trembled in the evening breeze, was but poorly fitted to make shoes for the bad formed feet to travel in the mud. However good and useful boots and shoes may be, George had no turn for this kind of work, so he began to scribble music and would sometimes forget the harmony of surrounding things to listen to the sounds of a piano, whose keys were touched by the fingers of innocence in a house hard by. He listened and his fingers moved. The spirit said write—and an overture came forth. He wrote again, and an oratorio was there. Yet George was but nine years old. At this time, our young composer was placed under the care of a teacher in the city, Mr. Joseph F. Duggan, who was instrumental in developing still further this talent for composition. He soon began to be known in Philadelphia as the writer of some pleasing songs, whose grammatical correctness, (we speak in a musical sense) was surprising in one of such youth and limited experience. He also made for himself a name as a pianist while while presiding over the orchestra at Barnum's Museum, and was known among musical people by his remarkable facility in reading music, no matter how complicated or difficult to perform at sight. Not long after this, he was sent to Germany to study, and became the favorite and only pupil of that most distinguished German composer, Lindpaintner, who had the pleasure, before long, of presiding at the performance of a Grand Mass, composed by his pupil, and brought out in a church in Stuttgart, which won for our native artist the approbation of the select audience of the occasion, and the favorable notice of the press, and the musical critics of the place.

The same Mass was brought out in Vienna, under the skilful direction of Helmesberger, assisted by an orchestra and chorus of one hundred performers. The triumph of George F. Benkert in Germany was now complete; the multitude as they poured from church expressing their hearty approval of the Mass, as being calculated to awaken feelings of the sublimest kind, while every critic of Vienna was warm in his applause, and such newspapers as the "Wanderer," the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and "Monatschrift für Theater und Musik," noticed with flattering comments, the productions of "the young American musical composer."

After five years of absence and study he returned to his native city, gathered together a good orchestra, and presented a selection of his instrumental and piano-forte compositions at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of November 6th. The favor with which they were received, and spoken of by the press and critics, has induced him to prepare another, which will shortly be given. It is Mr. Benkert's intention to reside in Philadelphia, and pursue his profession as composer and instructor; that he will succeed in establishing himself among our best musicians, no one can for an instant question: for his works entitle him to be at once enrolled among them, and likewise prove that his name has just claims to stand on the list, in a high place over those of some, who with more pretensions and far less real merit than he, have managed to be ranked with the truly deserving.

Street Organs.

(From the Boston Atlas.)

We are not of those who palpitate with pain at the revolutions of the inharmonic crank. We have never pretended to be auricular epicureans, desperate and despairing at the sharp squeals from the windy barrels. We have never showed down from our attic window, upon the poor, peripatetic chapman of cheap quavers, the same obnoxious donations which we bestow upon sentimental cats and upon faithful dogs, who have failed to accompany their masters to heaven or home. The music may be immelodious and strident; but from the vexed interior of the machine is emitted a reminiscence. It is something to have coming through your windows, when the evening gas is lighted, whiffs of old-time song, puffs of pathos which melted you at the opera,

and little snatches of the waltz which put mercury into your heels at the last assembly. Breaking clearly, if not sweetly, upon the thin, delicious air of these winter nights, we hear the death-song of Edgardo, the lunar prayer of Norma, the great duo from *Favorita*, the hop-and-go devilifications of Strauss and Labitzky, and the touching tribute to Dog Tray. We close our eyes, and remember once more the metallic, rattling Laborde, the quiet Truffi, the robust Benedetti; we see again Grisi the queenly, and Alboni, the corpulent, and Mario, handsome, but slim; we recall Jullien, in unexceptionable pantaloons and immaculate cravat, his locks redolent with Macassar, his gloved hand guiding the armies of harmony. So much conjuring is there in the organ! It were easy to shrug one's shoulders and play the connoisseur. We had rather be thought honest than tasteful. Pardon the confession—we do like hand-organs! We know that the conservators of society, ancient people, with whom, of course, wisdom will expire, pronounce our humpy friend in the velvet jacket to be a vagrant. Pray let us be a little charitable. The grinder, after all, is not a bold-faced beggar. He gives us music for our coppers, and if we do not want music, he will, for a consideration, leave us, and tune his pipes in more appreciating quarters. Surely, his work is not easy; surely, his burden is far from light. Baron, as he may have been in his own sunny Italy; and cradled as he may have been in song; born under infinite blue skies, in climes where the very commonest people sing the choruses from Auber's *Masaniello*, and matured upon macaroni and music, hard misfortune has driven him from his ancestral villa, to wander about with one hundred pounds of bad harmony strapped upon his back. Virtuous in misfortune, in niveous or in pluvial weather, he sticks to his business. He resists the blandishments of his vocation. Music may be the food of love, but no one ever saw an organ-grinder in love. Music is a notorious provocative of inebriety, but no one ever saw an organ-grinder full of Bacchus. Yes, we remember one. He had succumbed to the hot weather and beer, and did slumber upon a door-stone. Wicked boys turned the abandoned organ until it was taken, with its owner, into the charge of a policeman. But this unfortunate only strengthened the rule; his brethren go about sober and sad. And what a life! To play Norma until the oak-crowned priestess grows into a diabolic, dogging, ugly-visaged familiar; to play waltzes until waltzing becomes a torture. Let the ancient conservator of society think of such a daily fate! How would he like organ-grinding?

Music in New Orleans.

[The *Picayune* puts forth the following claims for the Crescent City,—not without reason. But to the charge that Northern musical journals have ignored them, we at least must plead not guilty. Our columns for these five years have contained frequent, if they have been necessarily brief, notices of French opera, &c., in New Orleans. The musical taste of that city has seemed to us, at this distance, to be quite a remarkable reflex of the taste of Paris.]

Beyond all question, there is no city in the United States in which there exists a decidedly musical taste—we mean a taste that eminently and practically characterizes the people as a community—with the single exception of New Orleans. What it costs an expensive and vexatious struggle in other places to keep up, is with us a fixed and time-honored institution. New York has an Academy of Music, and Boston a Music Hall, while Philadelphia is in the throes of gestation with an Academy of Music, the birth of which is among the most problematical of future events. The opera is a thing of fits and starts in all these cities, and may be truly said never to have settled down, at all, in either of them; but only occasionally alighted, with its wings nervously quivering, like a bird on a sprig, not knowing how speedily a puff of idle wind may dislodge it from its resting-place, and send it off capering to other regions. With us the opera is a fixture, and as stable as

anything can be that has its foundations in the hearts and tastes of a homogeneous population.

It is amusing to one who has been in the habit of seeing operas produced at the French theatre in this city, to look over the musical periodicals of the North, and mark how utterly their sapient and well informed conductors ignore the very existence of such an establishment here. When, in the course of the last season, the academicians of New York produced the "Etoile du Nord," (and translated it on their posters, "The North Star!") of Meyerbeer, they told the Gothamites, in the biggest kind of type, that it was the first production of the opera in America. And yet it had then been a stock piece at the Theatre d'Orleans for two seasons. So with "Le Prophète;" the good people of the North were felicitated upon the assurance that they were hearing that for the first time in this country, when, in point of fact, it had been a regular stock piece at the French opera here, ever since the 1st of April, 1850, which was less than a year from its original production in Paris.

Good concerts, and all deserving musical entertainments, as well as the opera, are always liberally patronized in New Orleans, as Parodi, Strakosch, Vestali, and other adventurers in this way, will readily attest. And, besides those for which we are indebted to strangers, (whom, by the way, we are proverbially always glad to welcome to our city,) we have occasionally others, made up of indigenous materials, and appealing to our social sympathies for support.

We are convinced that in no other city of the Union is there, in proportion to its population, so much attention shown to the cultivation of music, as an accomplishment, as in our own. We can point to young ladies, not yet graduated from our schools, whose singing would shame many a concert prima donna the North has sent us; while in private society, it is not an uncommon thing to hear performers on the piano, who would maintain an equal rank with many of the highly celebrated and much bepudded public executants upon that instrument we have had amongst us.

These reflections have just occurred to us with peculiar force, in connection with the receipt of a polite invitation to attend a concert, to be given to-morrow evening, at Odd Fellow's Hall, by the amateur musical association, called, "L'Athenée de la Nouvelle Orleans." This is an entirely private society, and is composed exclusively of amateurs, resident in this city. To it belong some eighty ladies, all accomplished musicians, and a proportional number of gentlemen. They give concerts occasionally, during the season, whereto those only are admitted who are subscribing members, and such others as they may invite. In what other city of the land could such concerts as these be given?

New York may say, behold our Philharmonic! Boston may point to her Handel and Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Philadelphia to her Musical Fund. But these do not square with the case we have put: an association, of ladies and gentlemen, from the circles of private society, giving first class concerts, and in first class style.

And while this is doing in the vocal way, we are pleased to hear that our new "Cecilia Music Society" are determined, this season, to give four grand instrumental concerts, and that they have already commenced their regular rehearsals, with such a view. In the same way which has proved so successful in the management of the New York Philharmonic, seeking no pecuniary benefit for themselves, they have resolved to ask the coöperation of a music-loving community, and to invite honorary memberships on these very liberal terms: One gentleman and lady, per annum, \$5. Family tickets, (five tickets to each concert,) \$10, the subscribers, on these terms, having the privilege of attending all the rehearsals.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9. The manager of our Italian Opera is a shrewd observer of human nature. He knows that people now, as in the days of Father

Adam, hanker after forbidden fruit, and so he offered them the *Traviata*—not on account of its musical merit, but simply because it had attained a certain doubtful reputation, which would arouse curiosity, and for the satisfaction of which curiosity people would pay. The anathemas hurled upon this opera by the English press have been re-echoed and commented upon by the American Press, and it is amusing to notice the difference of opinion expressed by our musical critics. Mr. Seymour, the critic of the *Times*, treats the contested point of the immorality of the opera in his usual light, facetious style, considering it as of no special moment. Mr. Fry of the *Tribune* ignores the suggestions of the story altogether. The critics of the *Courier* and *Evening Mirror* apologize for the opera, attribute any disapprobation to excessive and false prudery, while the *Post*, *Express*, and *Day Book* condemn the work as unfit for public presentation.

And I must agree with these latter critics, for certainly the career of a prostitute is not a fit subject to be brought into public notoriety, and especially in a manner that arouses for the guilty creature not merely pity, but a lively sympathy. The opening scene of the opera is one which it is improper even to name, and indeed no extended critique on the plot can be written, without introducing language unfit to appear in your columns. The *Express* gives the following synopsis of the plot, which is taken from Dumas's "*Dame aux Camelias*," translated into English, under the title of *Camille*:

Violetta, the heroine, is a youthful beauty, who, in the elegant language of the libretto, has been "thrown by circumstances, and the loss of her parents in childhood, into a course of voluptuous living." In a gay company she meets with Alfred, a young gentleman, who falls in love with her, and whose affection she returns; they retire to the country to live in seclusion; but shortly their rural felicity is invaded by Germont, who, in Alfred's absence, announces himself to Violetta as his father, represents to her the ruinous consequences of his son's present course, and with amiable generosity urges her to leave him (Alfred) forever. In her anxiety for his welfare, she immediately departs for Paris, and, plunging again into the vortex of dissipation, in the course of time again encounters Alfred. He, unaware of the cause of her desertion, flings her miniature at her feet and upbraids her as the cause of his misery. Violetta, broken-hearted, seeks her home to die, but on her death-bed a gleam of joy shines on her troubled career; she receives a letter from her lover's father, telling her that, moved by her noble self-sacrifice, of the extent of which he was not at first aware, he cannot resist her sufferings, and is about to bring his son again to her feet. While reading this letter, Germont and Alfred arrive; but it is too late; the guilty woman, overcome by sudden rapture, dies in her lover's arms.

The music is really very pretty, though not equal to Verdi's more celebrated works. It appears to be hurriedly written, and the instrumentation is poorly worked up; but there are a number of airs easily caught by the ear. Most of the opera is written in waltz time, and has a light, pleasing effect, though seldom rising to dignity, except in the closing scenes and the finale of the third act, which is one of those effective concerted pieces that will rank with the finale of the third act in *Ernani*, the Quatuor in *Rigoletto*, and some other of Verdi's finest inspirations. The opera is plentifully sprinkled with drinking songs and Bacchanalian music, and there is a very curious gipsies' chorus, sung with an accompaniment of tambourines, strangely suggestive of the Tambourine song in the "Star of the North." And indeed there are very many passages in the opera that sound familiar to the ear—faint echoes of *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, and even of operas of other composers.

One peculiarity of Verdi, and one which other composers would do well to imitate, is, that he always works his operas up with a view to climactic effect. The last act is always the finest; and whatever the former portions may have been, there is no disappointment in the *finale*. So it is with *La Traviata*, the last act being one of the most effective

in some respects that I now remember. The scene is in the private apartment of Violetta, where the poor "lost one," deserted by her lover, and loaded with his reproaches, is lying broken-hearted on a bed of sickness. With the assistance of her maid she rises, and in a delicate scena bewails her hapless fate, while a strong contrast to her swan-like song is heard in a Bacchanalian chorus outside her window. Alfred then rushes in, assuring Violetta of his forgiveness, and in a sweet duet they fondly sing of future joys. But a death-like pallor overspreads the countenance of the fair and frail *lorette*; her last hour is at hand, and even the joy of forgiveness cannot wholly heal the broken heart or restore the wasted frame. With a last request to her lover to revere her memory and forgive her crimes, the death-rattle overcomes her voice, the flushed cheek loses its color, the bright eye becomes glazed and dim, and with one last gasp, she dies in her lover's arms.

Each representation of this opera has attracted crowded houses, and it nightly becomes more popular; the immorality of the story is wholly overlooked in the beauty of the music.

As I have occupied so much of your space with *La Traviata*, I cannot dwell upon the other musical attractions offered to us. THALBERG continues his successful career, and leaves us this week for Boston (?). The PYNE and HARRISON Opera Troupe commence an engagement at Niblo's next week, and our Italian Opera troupe leave us for Havana.

TROVATOR.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Mr. STRATTON's Second Orchestral Concert took place last week. He had the vocal aid of Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of this city, and of the "German Trio," (Messrs. Gärtner, Hause and Jungnickel.) Mr. Stratton's Overture No. 2 was well received. So was of course the "Wedding March." The *Mirror* says:

The concert, as a whole, gave perfect satisfaction to the large audience, and won new laurels for Mr. Stratton as a musician and conductor. He has his orchestra under complete control, and everything goes like clock-work. One of the Boston performers remarked that "there could not be found (out of Boston) in this part of the country, an orchestra so well drilled and complete as this," which, no doubt, is true.

(The following Items were crowded out last week.)

PHILADELPHIA.—Fitzgerald "cannot find words" (yet does find them, glowing and good ones, too,) "to express the perfect satisfaction and fullness of delight" which he experienced in hearing THALBERG. Of course the *materiel* and *personnel* of his Philadelphia concerts are the same as in New York. He was to give three, oscillating back and forth between the two cities.

There have been plenty of concerts in the Quaker city this past fortnight. On Monday the Musical Union performed Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" before a large audience. Mr. Henry Thunder presided at the organ; the principal singers were the Misses Heron, Mr. Rudolphsen and Sig. Cortesi.... Mr. John Bayley has given several morning orchestral concerts, (at the hour of 12 M.); the programmes light and miscellaneous, the orchestra "well drilled, very large, and in its character of tone reminding one of the old Germania Society.".... The Handel and Haydn Society last week inaugurated a new Music Hall with choruses, organ performances, and the particular attraction of Gottschalk's brilliant pianism. The special object was to try the organ, one of Appleton's, purchased from a society in Boston. Of the new Hall Fitzgerald says:

It is not very large, about thirty-six feet wide, and a hundred in length; a gallery at the south end adds a hundred seats to the capacity of the room, and we should think that the entire saloon could be made to accommodate, by crowding, nearly a thousand persons. It could not have been fuller than it was last night. The ceiling is twenty-five feet high, and handsomely decorated; the walls are tastefully frescoed, and the appearance of the room would be beautiful were it not for the windows, which are much too tall for their

width. The organ of the Handel & Haydn Society occupies the northern end of the Hall, standing on the floor, reaching to the ceiling, and wedged in between the private boxes, so that the sound is completely boxed up.

The *City Item* says: The first public rehearsal of the Germania Orchestra took place on Saturday afternoon at the Musical Fund Hall, and we are happy to say, for the credit of Philadelphia, that it was largely attended by the best people of our city, and that the music was listened to with care, the rehearsal being regarded as a concert, rather than as a *conversazione*. The selection of music was of a popular character, and the excellence of the orchestra was well displayed by the varied character of the pieces chosen. The members are nearly all solo performers, and, inspired by a true love and appreciation of the art, they give correct, feeling interpretations of the music they play. The overtures to *Zampa* and *Martha* were given with great spirit and effect. A waltz, by Lanner, was warmly applauded, and quite a sensation was created by the splendid manner in which a transcription of the Anvil Chorus, from *Il Trovatore*, was performed. The celebrated Terzetto from *Attila*, was played with much expression, by the first Horn, Bassoon, and Clarinet. At the second Rehearsal the choice of pieces was admirable. We were too late to hear the "William Tell" Overture, but were too much gratified with the selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was played with great spirit. An allegretto from one of Beethoven's symphonies afforded some idea of the manner in which the Germanians can play classical music; and we hope to hear the C Minor or some parts of it, at some of these rehearsals. The "Anvil Chorus" was repeated, by particular request, and was encored of course.

The First Concert of the Musical Fund Society was given at the Hall, last evening, (Tuesday) and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a very large audience assembled to enjoy the programme prepared. The concert was perfectly successful, and passed off with spirit. Madame De Lagrange was received with much applause, and sang with her usual brilliancy, although it seemed to us, as though her voice had been somewhat over-exerted of late. Brignoli was encored in the beautiful romanza from *L'Etoile du Nord*, which he rendered with much good taste. The orchestra, which was strong and effective, performed the overture to *Robert le Diable*, and one of the three composed by Beethoven, for his opera of *Leonora* (*Fidelio*). It also sustained its part in Weber's concerto for orchestra and piano, Gottschalk presiding at the latter, and adding to his well-earned laurels by his excellent reading of this classical work. Indeed, it appeared to us that we had never heard this pianist to such advantage as at this concert; he performed Henselt's "Si l'oiseau j'étais," a Nocturne by Chopin, this Concerto, and several of his own compositions, so that by the various styles, his facility of execution and his expression were unusually well exhibited.

NEW ORLEANS.—Our opera has commenced in good earnest and with the promise of good success. Mr. Boudousquié has now shown us his resources, and they have been proved to be equal to our most exacting demands. We have a good prima donna, in grand opera, in Mlle. Muller; another, in comic opera, in Mme. Colson; two fine tenors, in Messrs. Delagrave and Moulin; a fine baritone, in Mr. Mague; and excellent basses in Messrs. Junca and Guillot; while the bulk of the operatic company, including the orchestra and chorus, are equal to any emergency.

English opera has a good beginning, too, at the Gaiety, where Mr. Crisp has produced Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," and Brougham's burlesque of "Po-ca-hon-tas," in very acceptable style. Rosalie Durand, Georgiana Hodson, Messrs. Frazer, Stretton, Lyster and Trevor have proved themselves adequate to the performance of operas in admirable style, and we are to have "Midas," "Freischütz," "Daughter of the Regiment," and other lyric pieces, in convenient succession.—*Picayune*, Nov. 16.

Foreign.

LONDON.—Don Giovanni was brought out on the 16th ult. at Drury Lane. GRISI, as Donna Anna, "looked, acted and sang with all the power and beauty she has ever displayed at any period of her career." M. GASSIER is pronounced a really good Giovanni, handsome, gentlemanlike, and a truly admirable singer. Mme. GASSIER's Zerlina and Mme. RUDERSDORFF's Elvira, too, are highly praised. HERR FORMES was the Commendatore, and Signors LORINI and ROVERE (well known on this side) took the parts of Don Ottavio and Leporello. The latter seems to have given great satisfaction..... JULIEN continues his mammoth miscellanies at Her Majesty's Theatre. The second half of the last concert we find noticed, was composed of selections (instrumental of course) from Verdi's *Traviata*. Among his recent assistants have been Miss CATHERINE HAYES, Miss DOLBY, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD the pianist, and "Signor MILLARDI.".... The Sacred Harmonic Society, Nov.

28, performed Handel's "Solomon."..... Handel's "Israel in Egypt" opened Mr. Hullah's winter season at St. Martin's Hall.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—(*Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*)—The Opéra-Comique is quite in vogue just now. *Jean de Paris*, one of Boieldieu's most popular works, has been brought out for the début of M. Stockhausen (well known in the concert-rooms of London) in the part of the Sénéchal. He has a baritone voice of considerable range, and he sings with taste. As an actor M. Stockhausen is awkward and stiff—faults that may be attributed to inexperience. Mlle. Boulart, in the part of the Queen of Navarre, showed herself an agreeable vocalist. In the air, "Beau troubadour," she was warmly and deservedly applauded. M. Delaunay Riequier was not quite "the thing" in the part of Jean; the music is much too high for him. M. Lemaire was very amusing as the Aubergiste. The opera altogether was successful.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has nearly accomplished its two hundredth representation. A new "sensation" is experienced by the *blâsé* Parisians in witnessing the charming performance of Mme. Cabel in Catarina, and the Opéra Comique is crowded every night the *Etoile du Nord* is played. The parts in which the acting of Mme. Cabel is seen to the best advantage, are in the finale to the second act, when, condemned to death by the inebriated Peter, she endeavors to recall herself to his remembrance and fails. The intense grief expressed in her countenance, as she is led away by the soldiers to be shot, is natural in the extreme. In the last act, when Catarina, almost bereft of her senses, is recalled to reason by the encounter with her brother, &c., Mme. Cabel is equally effective and charming. In the first act, her physical capabilities are less manifestly equal to her "good intentions." The singing of Mme. Cabel throughout the opera is perfect. Her vocalization, and the ease with which she overcomes all sorts of difficulties, place her in the first rank of those who have made the Opéra-Comique one of the greatest attractions of the "metropolis of amusements."

The "star" at the *Italiens* lately has been Albani, who, as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, has made a positive *furor*. It is unnecessary to describe her performance of a part in which she has been heard and admired so much in London. Suffice it that the incomparable *cantatrice* was enthusiastically applauded throughout the opera, and recalled at the end with acclamations. There is no "claque" at this theatre. Mario has arrived, and it is expected will make his *rentrée* in the *Puritani*. The next novelty will be Mlle. Piccolomini in the *Traviata*. The greatest excitement prevails among the *dilettanti*, and every place has been bespoken, although the precise night of her *début* has not yet been fixed. Quite the talk of the town is the visit paid by the little vocalist to the Vaudeville to witness the *Dame aux Camelias*, the original of the *Traviata*. Piccolomini was so affected by the performance of Mlle. Doche, that she "wept like a child."

At the Académie-impériale the long expected opera, *La Rose de Florence*, by M. Biletta, composer of *White Magic*, was produced on Monday night in presence of the Emperor and Empress. The piece is not worthy a place in the *répertoire* of the grand opera. It would suit the Vaudeville and theatres of that calibre; or it would make a very good ballet. Indeed it bears some resemblance to a ballet produced some time since under the title of *La Jolie fille de Gand*. M. Biletta's music does not make us forget the poverty of the *libretto*. It is a succession of dance-tunes. The length of time this opera has been in preparation, and the frequent delays in its production, caused a great deal of curiosity to hear it, but "the mountain brought forth a mouse." The theatre was crowded, and the "claque" in great force.

Nov. 22.—One of the most brilliant audiences of the season was attracted to the Theatre-Italien on Saturday last, to witness the performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with ALBONI as Rosina, and MARIO as Count Almaviva, (who made his *rentrée* on this occasion.) Albani was in splendid voice, and sang magnificently. In "Una voce" she was rapturously encored, and in the "lesson scene," her wonderful execution of Hummel's variations excited the audience to a degree of enthusiasm seldom given way to by the aristocratic *abonnés* of the Theatre-Italien. Mario has seldom been in better voice than he was on Saturday. His reception was very cordial, and after he had been encored in "Ecco ridente," which he sang to perfection, he was recalled, to receive again the applause of the audience. Sig. Corsi made a very intelligent Figaro. Signors Zucchini and Angelini, as Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio, assisted materially in strengthening the ensemble, and the opera has rarely been better played in the ancient Salle Ventadour than on the present occasion. Sig. Bottesini presided in the orchestra.

BERLIN.—Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach, have announced a new quartet, by Herr Voigt, at their next Quartet Soirée. Herr Voigt was a pupil of the Academy of Music here, and carried off several prizes. Herr B. Klein's oratorio of *Jephtha* was lately produced, under the direction of Herr Franz, in the Nicolai-kirche. It was pretty well received, and tolerably executed, although the performers were selected from different Gesangvereins, and co-operated for the first time, probably, with Herr

Franz's orchestra. The first Quartet Soirée of Herren Laub, Radecke, Würrst, and Brauns, took place on the 29th ultimo, in Arnim's small room. The principal features in the programme were Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, and Beethoven's in E major. On the 30th ultimo, the members of the Singacademie, with the assistance of Liebig's orchestra, performed Sebastian Bach's grand mass, in B minor. The execution, however, of this fine work was far from being all that could be desired.

Nov. 22.—The principal event, this week, at the Royal Opera-house, has been the *debut* of Mlle. Jenny Bauer from London. The part she selected for her first appearance before a Berlin public was that of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Her performance gave great satisfaction to a very numerous audience, and she was called on during the fourth act.—*Iphigenia in Aulis* was performed on the 19th inst., in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday.—Concerts have been most numerous lately. The little Arthur Napoleon gave one, his last, in the Englisches Haus, on the 4th inst., when he played, with Herren Espenhahn, Bial, and Wendt, a quartet in G minor, by Mozart. He also performed Schulhoff's "Airs Bohémiens," Chopin's *Notturmo* in F minor, and A. Schmidt's *Allegro Scherzo*.—On Thursday, 6th inst., Herr Liebig gave his third *soirée* for classical orchestral music, in the Singacademie. The programme included Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, Haydn's Symphony in F major, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture, and Mozart's symphony in C major with fugue.—On Friday, the 7th, Herren A. Grünwald and R. Radecke gave their first *soirée* of Chamber Music in the Englisches Haus. They were not particularly successful in Mozart's sonata in A major, for piano and violin, but Herr Radecke made up for this by his artistic execution of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111. The same composer's serenade, for violin, viola, and violoncello, was splendidly played by Herren Grünwald, Wendt, and Espenhahn, and greatly applauded. On Saturday, the 8th inst., Herren Zimmermann, Ronneberger, Richter and Espenhahn commenced their Quartet *Versammlung* in the Singacademie with a quartet of Haydn in B major, cah. 11, No. 3. This was followed by Mozart's quartet in A major, and Beethoven's seventh in F major. The last was certainly the great attraction of the evening. A concert in memory of Mendelssohn has been given by Stern's Gesangverein in Arnim's Rooms. Herr Stern himself accompanied on the piano. The ninety-fifth Psalm was first sung. This was followed by the "Walpurgisnacht," and Herr Laub performed the celebrated violin concerto in a masterly style. Billert's Gesangverein will perform two grand oratorios this winter: on Friday, the 5th December, Ferdinand Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, and on Friday, the 20th February, 1857, Dr. Louis Spohr's *Letzte Dinge*. Liebig's orchestra will furnish the accompaniment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 13, 1856.

"WHY PUBLISH THAT?" is a question often asked us with regard to certain articles, which we translate or copy, and which do not always accord with the opinions of the querist, and possibly seem even to conflict with well-known tastes and convictions of our own, which give what may be called the tone to our Journal. Pray, gentle reader, do not delude yourself with the idea that we *endorse* whatever we put into our miscellaneous reading matter. Many things we copy for no better reason than that they are curious or amusing;—many things which are not even amusing to ourselves, nay, positively dull and almost insignificant, but because they form a part of that great musical world whereof we are expected to report;—many things from which we utterly dissent in principle, and which to our mind indicate a false direction and false taste, but which it is well for all of us to note now and then, as signs of what is going on.

In a recent number two long articles provoked the query. One was an article, which we took perhaps too much pains to translate, giving an account of an effort lately made by Liszt and one of his remarkable pupils to introduce in Germany a Liszt-ian style of organ-playing. This questionable phenomenon, or "notion," as we say in Yankee land, was exciting not a little attention

in Young Germany. It could do no harm to let our readers see the monster and judge for themselves. We do not always in such cases feel that we need add our comments, when the whole tone and direction of our paper in the long run yields the comment. We might have condensed the story to an item of ten lines. But the article was a glowing one, spirited and well written, and contained some excellent ideas about *virtuoso*-players, and about the humbug of "classicality" affected by such virtuosos. At any rate it told in quite an amusing way of queer things going on in high quarters of the world of Art; and as we are bound to furnish a certain amount of pleasant reading to offset our own dulness, we are sometimes tempted to present such a thing in full.

Another offense was the copying of the *Athenæum's* review of Berlioz's treatise upon Instrumentation. When such an important work appears, do we not do well to let our readers see how it strikes eminent critics of various leanings, and from various points of view? And have we not all seen enough of the peculiar crotchety humors of Mr. CHORLEY, (when he denounces Schumann, for instance, in his wholesale way,) to make allowance therefor, while we enjoy the real vigor of the man, and profit by his learning and acumen? We had long waited in the hope of seeing and judging of the work for ourselves. Meanwhile what better than to show our readers what is thought of it in higher quarters, we all of us reserving our own criticism? Chorley came first, and we took him. He shows us possibly the worst side, all the faults which a fault-finding mind could pick out. Now we are prepared for the best criticism on the other side, and we shall be happy to present such to our readers when we find it. Still happier to report at first hand of our own impressions, since, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Novello's agent in New York, the book, in English and in elegant form, now lies before us;—although we should not for a moment dream of measuring our capacity to fathom such a work with Mr. Chorley's. Yet we may judge of the opinions of our betters.

The objects of a musical Art journal—a weekly journal, which partakes imperfectly on both sides of the miscellaneous hurried daily newspaper and the deliberate Review—are more than one, and not confined to the advocacy in every page and paragraph of certain all important doctrines and opinions about Art. One object is simply news; and this we give not only in the condensed form of news, but sometimes also by letting other writers, who stand in a different relation to a matter from that we chance to occupy, speak for themselves: just as a political newspaper may publish without comment an opponent's speech. One important function of a journal is simply to mirror all that it can of the great multifarious world, and of the ways in which masses, parties, or single representative minds, view it. And it is a comfort sometimes to enjoy or hate the picture, without having the exhibitor interpose his comments.

Another object, as we have said, is simply to amuse; by pleasant and piquant varieties, not in themselves uninteresting, to attract and reconcile to other earnest matter. A certain quantity of gossip is not to be despised. Even rumors must be noticed, though they *should* turn out unfounded as the idle wind.

Again, what we pride ourselves upon is a certain hospitality to others' thoughts and tastes.

In our own person, in an editorial article, of course, we speak our own tastes and convictions; we can speak no other; we cannot by any force of will affect a preference or a liking which we do not feel. But there are large classes, whose tastes are to be respected, who attach much higher consequence to certain schools or certain artists than we find it in us to do. To these we would be just and even hospitable. Again and again have we invited such—for instance, those who think Italian Opera the crowning flower of music—to set forth their own views (within certain obviously necessary restrictions) in our columns. We invite upon our platform those who differ from us, so they be courteous, reasonable, and not dull. Our friends to whom we are indebted now and then for correspondence, often write from quite another standpoint, both of taste and culture, from that with which we most sympathize; yet not the less have they our thanks, for helping us to make our paper useful and acceptable to many readers.

We have said more than we intended, and yet not enough. We shall have to return to this matter and make a fuller exposition of our theory and (we would we might say more confidently) our practice of musical journalism.

New Music.

From OLIVER DITSON, Boston, we have:

1. Several more numbers of the German Chorales, as harmonized by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, with English words, nearly completing the promised twelve. Choral societies will do well, for themselves, and for the cause of a high, pure taste in music, to avail themselves of such excellent material for practice. Their beauty does not wear out with their novelty, which is more than we can say of many of the new pieces sent us every week.

2. *Thirty-six Vocalisès for Soprano or Tenor voices*, in modern style, by MARCO BORDOGNI; Book second; pp. 49. The name of the author, the late master of singing in the Conservatoire of Paris, is warrant enough of the excellence of these exercises. Simply as music, they are more interesting than half of the newest Italian melodies which just now enjoy an ephemeral favor.

3. *Favorite Songs, Duets, &c. of MOZART*, arranged by WESLEY. Two more of the forty odd promised; namely, the Serenade: *Deh vieni*, from *Don Juan*, for baritone, and the pretty duet for soprani from the "Marriage of Figaro": *Sull aria*.

4. Selections from Verdi's later operas, including two of a series from *La Traviata*, one of which, a minor Aria: *Ah! forse è lui*, is quaintly Verdi-ish; a Barcarolle for four voices from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which is light and Epicurean, hardly redeemed from commonplace by some modulations in the latter part. Also a Quatuor from "Macbeth": *Sangue a me*, translated and adapted by T. T. BARKER—this last forming one of Ditson's long series of concerted pieces, under the title of "The Harp of Italy."

5. *Twelve Two-Part Songs* by KÜCKEN, ABT, MENDELSSOHN, &c. No. 2. "O how sweet the Hunter's Song," by Kücken.—*Eight Four-part Songs for men's voices*, by Abt. No. 3. "The Huntsman's Song." Both simple and spirited, but not in any way original or striking.

6. Easy Piano-forte pieces for four hands. a) *Morceaux Elegantes* on favorite operatic themes, by THEO. OESTEN: No. 3, from *La Sonnambula*, 11 pages. b) *Revue Melodique*, by F. BEYER, another collection of little operatic fantasias; No. 3, from *Norma*, 11 pages.

7. More difficult, for two hands. a) *Raymond, ou le Secret de la Reine*, brilliant Fantasia by H. ROSELEN, op. 130, on themes from the French opera by AMBROSE THOMAS, pp. 15. b) *Music on the Waters*, a salon piece, being one of three grouped under the title of "Chimes and Rhymes," by ALBERT LINDAHL,

a sort of song without words, *Allegro agitato*, in continuous semi-quavers, which require a practised hand to render evenly and neatly.

8. a) *Never Give Up*, by GEO. J. WEBB, words by TUPPER. The melody is simple, and seizes the spirit of the words—well calculated to be popular. b) *Wayside Flowers of France and Italy*, translated and adapted by T. T. BARKER: No. 5. *La Stella d'Amore* (Star of Love), a pretty Barcarole by COSTA.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We are happy to learn that Mr. ZERRAHN finds, so far, great encouragement in his efforts to secure subscribers to his proposed Orchestral, or as he calls them, "PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS," of which we spoke last week. To save time and decide the question quickly, he now invites music-lovers (at the same time that a canvasser is going round) to call at the music stores, where they may read the terms and subscribe for the series. See advertisement..... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB at their third concert, next Tuesday evening, will have for pianist that modest, sterling artist, Mr. TRENKLE, who will play in a Duo with cello by Mendelssohn, and a couple of solo pieces by Chopin. A new string Quartet by the young Rubenstein and Beethoven's Septet will be leading features in the programme. We trust that Chickering's beautiful saloon will be very full.GUSTAV SATTER, the pianist, will give another series of his "Philharmonic Soirées" this winter, at Hallet, Davis & Co.'s rooms, as formerly, and *probably* commencing on the 27th of this month. See his first Programme in another column; it is quite novel. The Quartet by Willmers is said to be his best composition. We should be glad to find it giving us a higher idea of the composer than the showy, pretty, sentimental concert pieces for the piano, to which we have been treated now and then by Jaell and others. Mr. S. is to be assisted from time to time by such artists as WILLIAM MASON, B. J. LANG, and a lady pupil, pianists; Messrs. SCHULTZE and ECKHARDT, violins; JUNGNIKKEL, violoncello, &c.....The GERMAN TRIO will commence their third season of six concerts at Chickering's rooms on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, with the assistance of the "Mozart" Quartet of singers (Mr. and Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL and Mr. ADAMS). Messrs. HAUSE, GARTNER and JUNGNIKKEL will play two Piano Trios, one by Beethoven (Op. 97), and one by Rubinstein, besides each a solo.....Thus there will be no lack of Chamber Concerts; yet we shall sadly miss our OTTO DRESEL, who has so far yielded to his sensitive, Chopin-like dread of concert-giving as to resolve to play no more in public, but find a purer pleasure, and, as he thinks, exert a more genuine artistic influence, by discoursing music in congenial private circles. In this he plainly sacrifices interest to a conscientious ideal. We cannot but hope, for the sake of all true lovers of music, that he will one day see the matter in a different light.....Christmas comes and we have not yet heard an Oratorio or a Symphony in Boston! But the signs indicate a better time at hand. We only fear too furious a reaction in the latter part of winter. Why must it always be either a dearth or a glut of music? This does not indicate a healthy, genuine appetite.

Our German Männerchor, the "ORPHEUS," will give a series of subscription concerts in the Mercantile Library Hall, commencing early in January. Good German choruses and part-songs, solo songs by their conductor Mr. KREISSMANN, and others, piano and violin pieces by Messrs. LEONHARD and SCHULTZE, &c., will combine to furnish forth a pleasant feast.

There is no lack of musical activity in the towns and cities within easy hail of Boston. Indeed we hear of concerts—series of concerts—vocal and instrumental, classical and miscellaneous, Chamber Quartets and great Oratorios, all around us. In Lowell, Providence, Salem and Worcester there are concerts on foot. In Manchester, N. H. there is Mr. Stratton's orchestra. In Cambridge, Jamaica Plain, and we know not how many places, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and the German Trio are giving Classical

Soirées in private houses. This musical appetite in the "rural districts" keeps the best singers and instrumentalists of our city busy. That excellent singer, Mrs. J. H. LONG, seems to be in demand everywhere. On Monday she sings at the annual concert of Gillmore's Band in Salem; on Tuesday at Stratton's third Orchestral Concert in Manchester; at Christmas in the first of a subscription series at Lowell, and so on....See NOVELLO's advertisement for a rich assortment of Christmas music—anthems, carols, &c., by the most esteemed authors, published in a style at once economical and elegant. Mr. G. W. WARREN's "Christmas Carol" for children, too, published by Hildy in Albany, is a lively, pretty thing, to be sung in four parts, and beautifully got up, with vignette title.

The following extract of a letter, dated at Paris, is from the pen of the eldest son of the late EDWARD SEGUN, a promising young American artist, who has received musical instruction at the best schools abroad: "My departure to Florence has been delayed in consequence of Mr. Panseron advising me, by all means, to sing as his pupil at the Conservatoire examination. There were ninety aspirants, ten of whom were to be chosen out of that number. We had to be judged by Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Caraffa, etc., etc.; and you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I sang a song from *L'Etoile du Nord*, a trio from 'G. Tell,' etc., with great success; was highly complimented by the professors, and was elected an 'Elève du Conservatoire Imp. de Musique, Paris.' I was afraid, on account of being an American, that I should not get it; but Auber, Halévy, etc., expressed themselves greatly pleased with me, and the next thing I hope to inform you of, will be my first appearance in opera. I have had the pleasure of singing with Miss May, who leaves here on the nineteenth."

The Opera in New York closed on Wednesday evening, of course, as it begun, with *Il Trovatore*. There was a benefit night appended, however, for Mme. LAGRANGE, on Thursday, when she appeared both in *La Traviata* and the "Barber of Seville." The troupe are off immediately for Havana, and now, if never before, the semi-French city of New Orleans may boast itself the only city in the Union which supports Opera as a permanent institution. Of Verdi's *Traviata*, the *Courier & Enquirer* says: "The music is as poor as Verdi can write; that of *Rigoletto*, even, shines by contrast. At the end of the third act there is a careful piece of concerted writing, but as to the rest—*niente, niente, niente*." As to its alleged immortality, the same journal justly says:

It is true that *La Traviata* is a young lady whose relations to some members of the other sex are not very clearly defined; but those relations are not obtruded by the action, and would not be known to one in a hundred of the audience, were it not for the translation of the libretto which Mr. Darcy has published. Still, the story having got out, the lady must be considered improper and frowned out of good opera society, although many of those who maintain their position are no better than—she is; for instance Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, Leonora in *La Favorita*, Mrs. Norma, Mrs. Borgia, and Thisbe in *Il Giuramento*.

Still we are inclined to think that in the matter of moral censorship, *La Traviata*, taken as a whole, both musically and dramatically, is fair game, as palpably appealing to a corrupt appetite in both regards.

A marriage took place last week in one of the principal Bristol churches, (says the *Musical World*), which attracted great numbers to see it, owing to a report having got abroad that the bridegroom was twice before on the eve of happiness, and had gone half way to the altar, but owing to a singular nervousness, had, upon each occasion, turned heel, and made a speedy retreat from the church, not having sufficient resolution to go through the celebration. Aware of his weakness, he, it is said, candidly declared that, unless some means were adopted to give him courage, he would be sure, in spite of himself, to levitate the third time, as in the two previous instances, and suggested music as the most likely agent to sustain his self-possession. The lady's friends acted on the hint, and engaged the organist, who played vehemently during the whole ceremony. It had the desired effect; he did not run away, much, apparently, to the annoyance of the crowds assembled in and outside the church, who confidently looked out for a scene.—Everything, however, passed off as it should.

In the New York correspondence of a religious paper, the *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, of this city, we find a definition of Italian Opera, which is charming for its simplicity, to say the least. For instance:

What is the Italian Opera? We cannot speak from our own personal knowledge and observation. We never witnessed it. But we have witnessed incidental fragments, thrown into concerts, and we should describe it somewhat in the following manner. One dozen men and women on a stage, each with a sheet of music in their hand, and each striving to scream louder than the other, flourishing the music, and accompanying the strange sounds with violent gestures and contortions of the body, hands and head, while behind them a company of musicians make a desperate assault upon their instruments, pounding pianos, beating bass drums, tearing violins, and blowing up French horns, as if they intended their utter destruction. With a few lulls and returns, the storm finally subsides, and the performers, apparently exhausted with the laborious effort, take their seats to rest five minutes and then repeat this singular performance. Now many admirers of *fine* music will call all this a caricature, and charge it to our want of taste. We certainly plead guilty to the want of taste. But it is dreadful to call such performances *music*, and somewhat amusing to see people try hard to appreciate and pretend to admire them.

Advertisements.

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- 3—*a)* Constancy: Song, }.....G. SATTER.
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- 4—Sonata (Kreutzer) for Piano and Violin,.....BEETHOVEN.
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Theodore de Witt.

(Translated for this Journal, from the Supplement to the
Conversations-lexicon.)

THEODORE DE WITT, a descendent of the famous family in the Netherlands, to which belonged the two patriots murdered by the people in the time of Louis XIV., was the son of John de Witt, a music teacher and organist yet living in Niederwesel. Under his father's instruction he made such remarkable progress that he ventured in his seventh year to let himself be heard in public. Gifted in his childhood with really striking beauty and with a wonderfully fine soprano voice, he exercised a rare attraction upon everybody. Without having studied counterpoint, he composed pieces in which not an error could be found. A musician, who would not believe that the boy was able to do such things without help from others, gave him one day a theme and shut him up with it. In this solitude Witt set a piece of music, of which the most thoroughly-trained musician would not have been ashamed. His first proper instruction in the theory of music he received through Bischof, the (to musicians) well-known director of the gymnasium of Wesel. His attention had been attracted to the boy in a concert, which he gave in his own name at the age of eleven years.

At the age of seventeen Witt conceived the resolution of going to Berlin, there to educate himself as a musician. Without means and without friends, he relied with the naive confidence of youth on good men, who should make his hard way easy. He was commended to Felix Mendelssohn; but all the aid he got from him consisted in an earnest dissuasion from the musical career; and he even refused his request for a free ticket to one of his oratorios. Piano-forte

teaching, too, by which he sought the means of living, would not go at first, the extreme youth of the teacher being the greatest obstacle in his way. Such bitter experiences only added spurs to his zeal, and it was not long before Witt earned the couple of thalers, which he had to give Professor Dehn for each hour of instruction. Moreover, he needed for his studies costly works, and so he had to let his body suffer all the more, as he was tormented by those social requirements which no young musician can escape; not seldom did he make music late into the night, and then walk a long way home through snow and ice, and by seven o'clock the next morning be ready again to give lessons.

Witt sought to distinguish himself not merely as a composer, but also as a piano-player. In this latter character he made LISZT his model. In this he did not strive to conquer technical difficulties for the sake of performing wonderful artistic feats, but because he said to himself that in this way the power of musical interpretation would be enlarged and the most soulful delivery of the older works be rendered possible. He practised away as his own teacher, and invented a system of finger exercises, which was calculated to put aside all special mannerism and lead to the mastery of the most difficult tone-figures. A man who has often heard him, says in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that as a piano-player he has rivalled MENDELSSOHN. "Especially charming was his delivery of the latter's 'Songs without Words,' which he rendered as impartially and lovingly as if the chords gushed from his own artistic soul. He had not much real sympathy with this sort of music, and he despised the public which was carried away by the sensuous charms herein presented. Yet he only indulged in this severity of judgment towards those who had the capacity of comprehending something higher. Above all was he happy in the rendering of BEETHOVEN'S masterworks. These, under his mode of treatment, became really popular. The impenetrable difficulties which we used to hear complained of, vanished before this practical unfolding of the musical idea. To hear him present these divine tone-pictures was not merely a single enjoyment, but also the source of the richest instruction. One might say that his illustrations bore about the same relation to the thoughts of the great master, as set down in notes, that an engraving of MARCO ANTONIO does to one of RAPHAEL'S sketches, which have served and satisfied him for a model. Free from ornament, as there, but clear, full and noble, came out every single idea from the foaming waves of tone, and the rhythm, of which a deep understanding seemed inborn in him, reigned with an unswerving omnipotence in

his harmonic play, just as in painting a firm comprehension of form reigns in the midst of a brilliant rendering of color, the one-sided predominance of which after a while excites in a true artist the same loathing that Witt felt in listening to pieces of the New Romantic music which were piped to him upon his sick bed frequently for days and weeks together."

His undeveloped *physique* was ill calculated in the long run for such manifold exertions. One evening in bed Witt had an attack of bleeding, which robbed him of his speech. Only on the next morning did the maid find him in his blood. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he went home to seek a fuller cure at a retired country house. After a year's respite he was again in Berlin, and now directed all his study to the Fugue. Here again he overtaxed his strength, until one day he sank powerless from his seat, and was taken with a nervous fever, which, with an intermittent character, never left him till his death. At the baths of Heringsdorf, where his physician sent him, he made the acquaintance of EMANUEL GEIBEL and Chancellor von DACHROEDEN. Geibel wrote songs, Witt set them to music and Dachroeden sang them. Afterwards Meyerbeer rescued him from his embarrassments, by procuring for him from the king of Prussia a stipend for a year's journey to Italy. When he made his appearance at Rome, some of his works were published, but more were refused by the publishers. Some compositions which he prepared for another musician, and which that other gave out as his own, had procured for the latter a lucrative place from the then minister, Eichhorn; but he himself got only a beggarly quit-tance.

In the autumn of 1850 he went to Rome. In the winter he had seldom a well moment, but in the spring he most happily revived and could resume his studies. He now composed a Christmas Cantata, which grew under his hand to a small oratorio, an *Agnus Dei*, *Tantum ergo*, and several psalms; of these works only a few have reached publication. He was recommended by distinguished connoisseurs, and yet it generally happened that the music-publishers courteously declined the works he sent them. With the Italians he found comparatively more recognition. Among those who received him with distinction, we may name especially the celebrated RAIMONDI, composer of a gigantic work upon Fugue composition, who died as *maestro di-cappella* at St. Peter's. Also many Italian virtuosos placed themselves gratuitously at his service and formed an orchestra, which under his direction studied the Beethoven symphonies. In these productions he showed the demoniacal power which

he exercised over his performing musicians, and through which he carried along with him even those who were not talented. To the kindness of Chancellor von Dachröden he owed it, that the king of Prussia converted his stipend, at the moment when it ran out, into a permanent subsidy. His future was now secure.

The continual rejection of his works by publishers had indisposed him to compose more himself. He now busied himself with a critical edition of the Motets of PALESTRINA.—While he worked assiduously at these, he gradually collected around him the material for a complete edition of the works of the great master. A good edition of that sort does not exist, and there was danger that the authentic copies of Palestrina's works would go utterly to ruin. In the existing copies there is a fearful want of exactness, which perplexes even connoisseurs. To be sure, BAINI, the last chapel-master of the singing choir in the Sistine Chapel, has set the whole of Palestrina in score, and has bequeathed this work, since he was unable to bring it out himself, to the Minerva library in Rome, on the condition that it shall be published. The jealousy of the Sistine choir has not respected this bequest of Baini. The score lies buried in the archives of the Sistine, and the editions, which Baini could still use in the libraries, have now disappeared from thence. The Sistine Chapel will never publish Baini's work, for it calls it its own property, while on the other hand it is an established fact that Baini has plundered the archives of cloisters to make his edition complete.

Witt had the good fortune to hunt up the original impressions of Palestrina, and even such as were unknown to Baini. He constructed his edition in such a manner as to be equally just to the wants of the public and to the nature of the case. With him we find the modern, more easily read clefs employed; and yet the original ones which cannot well be dispensed with in the regulation of the pitch of the parts, are added. He visited the Sistine Chapel as often as possible, in order closely to examine the peculiarity of the traditional manner of delivery in the papal choir. He had completed the three first volumes, and yet no publisher appeared. Finally, in the autumn of last year Häckel, in Mannheim, made him honorable proposals. It was the last joy that poor Witt had. A few weeks later, on the 1st of December, 1855, a gentle death delivered him from his hard trials.

His Palestrina will make his name celebrated. His compositions we should be pleased to see soon published; for a competent writer, from whom we have already quoted, gives them extraordinary praise: "The greater part of the melodies in his songs are remarkably simple, but full of touching grace and noble pathos, with an earnest depth of feeling. His rare originality reveals itself especially in unexpected and brilliantly effective modulations. The accompaniment is full and rich, and shows a thorough knowledge of harmony and of its resources. But what enchains one more than all these excellencies is the fidelity and purity with which his whole being, his strongly marked character, is mirrored in his artistic products; that lofty enthusiasm, with scientific completeness and severity; that noble, high-hearted feeling, with an all-penetrating acumen; that love for truth, which you may trace into the most delicate details; and that logi-

cal continuity and strictness, with the most glowing warmth of heart and imagination."

Musical Extremes.

[The following pithy little Introduction by M. BERLIOZ to his Treatise on Instrumentation, contains much in little.]

At no period in the History of Music has there been greater mention made of *Instrumentation*, than at the present time. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the completely modern development which has taken place in this branch of the Art; and perhaps, also, in the multitude of criticisms, opinions, different doctrines, judgments, rational and irrational arguments spoken or written, for which the slightest productions of the most inferior composers form a pretext.

There appears at present to be great importance attached to this art of instrumenting, which was unknown at the commencement of the last century; and of which, sixty years ago, many persons who passed for sincere friends of Music, endeavored to prevent the advance. There is an effort, now-a-days, to place an obstacle in the way of musical progress, upon other points. It has always been thus; therefore it can scarcely create surprise. At first, music was only acknowledged to exist in a series of *consonant* harmonies, intermingled with a few discords of suspension; and when Monteverde attempted to subjoin the chord of the seventh on the dominant without preparation, blame and invective of all kinds failed not to be levelled at him. But this seventh once admitted, in spite of all, with the discords of suspension, there were not wanting those among so-called learned authorities who held in contempt all compositions of which the harmony was simple, sweet, clear, sonorous, natural; it was absolutely requisite, to please these gentry, that it should be crammed with chords of the second major and minor, with sevenths, ninths, fourths, and fifths, employed without reason or intention, unless that of being as frequently as possible harsh to the ear. These musicians took a fancy for dissonant chords, as certain animals have a predilection for salt, prickly plants, and thorny shrubs. It was the exaggeration of reaction.

Melody was not to be found among these fine combinations; when it appeared it was cried down, as the ruin of Art, the neglect of time-honored rules, &c., &c.; all was apparently lost. Nevertheless, melody maintained its ground; a reaction of melody, in its turn, was not long in appearing. There were fanatical melodists, to whom every piece of music in more than three parts was insupportable. Some of them asserted that, in the majority of cases, the subject should be accompanied by a bass only, *leaving to the hearer the delight of imagining the complementary notes of the chords*. Others went still farther, desiring to have no accompaniment at all, affirming that harmony was but a barbarous invention.

Then came the turn of modulations. At the period when the habit was to modulate only in relative keys, the first who ventured to pass into a foreign key, was treated with contumely,—as might have been expected. Whatever the effect of this new modulation, masters severely objected to it. The innovator vainly pleaded:—"Listen to it; observe how agreeably it is brought in, how well worked, how adroitly linked with that which precedes and succeeds, and how deliciously it sounds!" "*That's not the question!*" was the reply. "This modulation is prohibited; therefore it must not be made!" But as, on the contrary, that is the precise question throughout, irrelative modulations did not fail soon to appear in grand music, aiding in producing effects no less felicitous than unexpected. Almost immediately arose a new order of pedantry; when people thought themselves degraded by modulating into the dominant; and who frolicked sweetly, in the smallest rondo, from the key of C natural into F sharp major.

Time, little by little, has re-arranged each thing in its place. A too rigid adherence to custom has been distinguished from the reactions of vanity, folly, and obstinacy; and it is pretty generally

agreed to allow, at present, in all that regards harmony, melody, and modulation, that whatever produces a good effect *is good*, as that whatever produces a bad one *is bad*; and that the authority of a hundred old men, even if they were each a hundred and twenty years of age, cannot make ugly that which is beautiful, nor beautiful that which is ugly.

As for instrumentation, expression, and rhythm, that is quite another affair. Their turn for being discerned, denounced, admitted, fettered, freed, and exaggerated, not having come until much later, they cannot have attained the point previously reached by other branches of the Art. It may be said, that instrumentation, as first in order, is at the stage of exaggeration.

It requires much time to discover Musical Mediterraneans; and still more, to master their navigation.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Violins at the Fair.

Mr. Editor:—Being somewhat partial to the Violin, I have read the several reports of the Judges on that instrument, appointed at the late Mechanics' Fair, and have been considerably—amused. First it was reported that "to JOHN WHITE a Diploma was awarded for a Violin,"—then we were told that mistakes had been made, and that a new report might be expected. In your last paper we have: "WHITE BROTHERS, Boston, Violins and Guitars. The Guitars were good instruments of more than common power and richness of tone. The Violins were highly creditable to the manufacturers as specimens of work, but were unattended with the usual accompaniment—a bow, so necessary to produce the proper vibrations and prove their quality."—There sir, that is from gentlemen supposed to be violin players, and consequently owners of bows, else, a bow would not have helped them. One would have supposed that the statement attached to one of the Violins, would have caused desire enough to hear its tones, even at some little trouble. The Statement read thus: "In 1761 the Mayor of London made to the town of Cambridge a present of an Organ built by the famous Snetzler;—During the Revolution a great part of the metal pipes were taken to make bullets of, and about ten years since the remains of the Organ were taken down. The top of this Violin was a part of that Organ.—The back and hoops were made from the old communion table of the Church in Lexington." That there are persons to whom a Violin made of a part of a Snetzler Organ, or of Noah's Ark, would be no more valuable than if made of a barn door, I am aware. There are also others of a different temperament; witness the canes made of Constitution wood, enough to build a navy. Violinists believe that the excellence of old Violins is in part owing to the age of the wood;—and here is a Violin the wood of which is a hundred years old. Of the excellence of the workmanship any one could judge with half an eye, and without troubling a Committee. But sir, Mr. White assures me that *there was a bow in the case with the Violins*, and that he was careful to have it nicely rosined.

When the lamented ARTOT visited this country, years ago, he brought with him two Violins that cost him \$3,000, one of them an undoubted Straduari in its original state. Being very much pleased with Mr. White's work, he allowed him to measure and copy those instruments, and those measurements have been the basis of Mr. White's work since that time, modified by the various

Guarneri, Amati, &c. which have since passed through his hands. I presume there is hardly a Violinist in Boston who is not well acquainted with the excellence of Mr. White's work, and it is to be regretted that in consequence of his reputation as a repairer, he gets but little time for new work. He has made in all about Eighty instruments, and I will here state that he never steams or soaks his wood to make it appear old, as is the practice of some modern Violin makers;—he prefers to have his instruments grow better instead of worse;—in fact he is working for a posthumous reputation.

The Judges did no more than justice in their report of the Guitars. One of them was played behind the scenes in one of our Theatres, and the gentlemen of the orchestra supposed it to be a Harp.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

GONDOLA-SAIL.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

Hark! past the midnight hour!

The streets from men are free!

The moon pours down her splendor

On palace, church and sea!

Would'st thou behold fair Venice?

Delay not now the sight!

This is the very hour—

This is the very light!

The marble forms are living!

The palace walls grow white;

Gigantic silver tablets

Recording deeds of night.

Love, would'st thou taste her pleasures?

List to her summons soon;

The Gondola her cradle,

Her dawning red the moon.

'Mid the old world's gray shadows,

With loving arm to twine

Around the blooming Present,

What fair attendance thine!

And though thy tears fell freely

On graves of days gone by,

The Lily-handed Present

Should quickly wipe them dry. C. T. B.

Friends and Music in Berlin.

[We are indebted to some unknown friend for a marked copy of the *St. Louis Intelligence* of Nov. 29, containing the following pleasant letter about one who needs no introduction to our readers. The appended information about music in the Prussian capital will not be new to many, but is interesting enough to hear again from the mouth of a new reporter.]

BERLIN, February, 1856.

Dear Sir—Very few Americans visit Berlin with the purpose of spending any time, without becoming acquainted with a fellow-countryman there, so long resident in the Prussian capital as to be in many respects a German, though at heart and in hand a Yankee through and through still.

Americans visit his little room—No. 5. Marien Strasse—to ask those thousand questions which strangers in a strange land are always anxious to put; and Germans, young men wishing to emigrate, or old men inquisitive about our institutions, all resort to him, and find him always a man of the widest information and of the most genial heart.

The first time I met ALEX. W. THAYER was at a Thanksgiving dinner in his own rooms, where some fifteen of us young Americans sat down to the nearest approach to an old-fashioned home dinner that Thayer's Yankee ingenuity could improvise.

The dinner was got up in spite of disheartening circumstances.

There wasn't a grandmother, nor mother, nor aunt, nor cousin, nor sister, nor even sweetheart, within five thousand miles, to grace and adorn the table, to say nothing of seeing to the cooking. But Thayer was not discouraged; and with the help of what reminiscences of New England housewifery he brought with him, and the assistance of his Frau Wirthin, he astonished the rest of us completely. For roast turkey, we had roast goose, and for everything else a famous dish of baked beans; not to say we had no side dishes, of which a plenty, but baked beans was the dish of the evening.

It may appear a very tame affair, recurring to it now, and to those who were never so far away from home and native land under similar circumstances; but if you had seen the burst of applause that greeted the appearance of those beans, and the affection—more than the ordinary emotion or display at sight of something "nice"—with which each loaded plate was tenderly passed around, then you might have appreciated our feelings on that illustrious occasion.

This was in 1854. In 1855, one year thereafter, we sat down together to another Thanksgiving dinner; but this time there were twenty-four of us, and in proportion to our larger numbers, we had a larger room and a more extensive bill of fare. But again Thayer was the presiding genius, and to him alone is New England indebted for planting and thus fostering the growth of one of her most peculiar festivals upon a foreign soil.

But so many pleasant reminiscences, so many remembrances of him and the "times" we used to enjoy together, rush up when I mention Thayer's name, that I must force myself to the thing in hand, or I shall not reach it.

In more than one respect Alex. W. Thayer is an honor and an example to his country.

Passionately fond of music, a first-rate musical critic—although a performer on no instrument—driven to it by his own strong impulses and a felt need of the want of such a work, he has devoted himself to the writing of a life of Beethoven.

It is nothing extraordinary now-a-days for a young music teacher to spend six, twelve, eighteen months or two years in Germany, "completing his musical education," as the phrase goes, and on his return to get out a work on church psalmody, a glee book, lessons on the piano-forte, or something of the sort, which shall have quite a run. This is nothing difficult. Their "works" are, with scarcely an exception, mere compilations, abridgements, hotch-potch translations of standard works across the water. They get their reward, however—pay.

Thayer has been already some six years in collecting material for his biography. He has crossed the ocean several times, has traveled over the most of Germany, ransacked Bonn and its libraries, where Beethoven was born, and for years buried himself alive, as it were, among the rusty shelves of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the major part of Beethoven's correspondence, his pencil marks on book margins, scraps of thoughts, and the like, have been preserved.

It is something refreshing in this book-making time, where a dashing fellow publishes his book a year, as coolly as he draws off his boots at night, to know there is at least one countryman of ours doing better.

Thayer's health has been poor for the last year, and writing for the New York papers as a means of support has taken too much of his time, yet the work is drawing near its close.

Beethoven, that great Titan in the realms of tone, will then no longer remain unhonored by a work every way worthy of him, in its inexhaustive research and its profound critical acumen.

While speaking of Thayer, I cannot help mentioning one of the peculiar pleasures to be enjoyed during a winter spent in Berlin, and to which he first introduced me. I mean the concerts at Hennig's Winter Garden, outside the *Oranienburger Thor*.

Here Herr Liebig, a Royal kapellmeister, and leader to the band of the Alexander regiment, has, in the course of four or five years, cultivated a taste for the classic productions of Mozart,

Beethoven, Haydn and Mendelssohn. It was an attempt to furnish music for the masses, and that of the very choicest kind, at a price that would bring it within their reach. All of Beethoven's symphonies, including the instrumental part of the Ninth, were produced there this winter, the most of them several times. So also of Mendelssohn's, and many of Mozart's and Haydn's.

His orchestra consists of forty. The concert begins at 4 P. M., which is just dusk in Berlin, and is divided into three parts, of an hour each. The first hour generally consists of short pieces; the second and third hours are usually occupied by a symphony each. Beside those symphonies, I heard there Mozart's *Dorfmusikanten*, Haydn's *Children's Symphony*, Spohr's *Weihe der Töne*, together with the overtures to nearly all the grand operas, *William Tell*, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, *Don Giovanni*, and especially that of *Tannhäuser*, with extracts from the body of the opera.

It was thus that, with no acquaintance whatever with the great masters of song when I went to Germany, I became familiar with nearly all their finest productions, and began to feel myself almost a friend and disciple of Beethoven.

The admission price to these concerts is twelve and half cents, but if you buy six tickets at a time you get them at half price. You wonder why they don't make admission free at once. But even at this price it is profitable to Herr Liebig, the conductor, and to Madame Hennig, proprietress of the Gardens. The German custom is, to drink a cup of good coffee, or a tankard of good beer, or smoke a poor cigar, while enjoying such good music. Consequently, there is a small table to every four or six persons all through the saloon. You and your party of gentlemen and ladies gather around one or two, call the Kellner, order your beer or coffee, and, sipping either, but never whispering while the music proceeds, listen.

It is a pleasant audience that assembles here. I have learnt to know all the pretty faces and nearly all the whiskered ones. The ladies bring their knitting or embroidery, and the gentlemen their cigars, and their respect and decorum is something almost inexplicable to an American.

A low *P-s-t!* now and then is necessary to keep the waiters from jostling the cups and saucers as they pass them around; all else is oppressively still during the execution of the symphony.

Several times there were fifteen of us young Americans gathered in a clump together, a little island of English in a sea of German. The saloons hold from five to seven hundred, and if anything like a choice programme is advertised in the morning papers, we have to go very early, often by three o'clock, to secure seats.

Yours, W—x.

HEARING "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING."
—The London *Musical World*, in an article greatly glorifying the sonorous Verdi, having said that his great pleasure consists in living upon his lands, in the midst of his peasants, who all know by heart the finest pieces in his operas, and that at Brussetto the reapers perform their work singing the chorus of "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "La Traviata," and the "Trovatore"—that incorrigible joker, Mr. Punch, expresses the opinion that "this sort of homage would be rather inconvenient if addressed to all composers. For instance, Balfe would soon grow tired of hearing every printer's boy, who was waiting in the passage for corrected proofs, while away the time by singing 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls;' and we imagine, that Dr. Mackay would very quickly lose all patience if, whilst he finished looking at the newspaper, the newsman's boy, who was shuffling his feet outside, amused himself every day by shouting out, as loudly as he could, 'There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.' Auber would not be too well pleased with his servants if they assembled round his bed-room door, regularly at 6 o'clock, to tell him to 'Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,' any more than Rossini, we fancy, would be delighted by his tradesmen rushing into his room every night, before he went to bed, to sing to him in a chorus, 'Buona Sera.'"

Thalberg and the Children.

THALBERG before the children must have been something worth seeing as well as hearing. From the *Musical Review Extra* we learn that: The first gratuitous concert for children of the public schools of New York was given on Tuesday, Dec. 2, at one o'clock. The arrangements made by the City Superintendent, S. S. RANDALL, Esq., were most excellent. Some three thousand of the happiest young ladies, selected from the fifty ward schools of the city, filled Niblo's Theatre to its utmost capacity, while the stage was occupied by the officers of the city and of the Board of Education, and the clergy. A temporary platform was erected in front of the stage, upon which stood the Erard grand piano-forte. Dr. LOWELL MASON introduced the artist to the assembled pupils in a few appropriate words. Then THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI delighted the audience with some of their best pieces. Mr. Randall thanked the artists in a brief address, and at the suggestion of Dr. Mason the pupils all rose and sang "Sweet Home," and Mr. Thalberg spoke a few graceful words to them. Willis says:

Of how these artists acquitted themselves, it is needless to speak. Neither could or would have taken more pains to please, had they been performing before the assembled cities of the Universe, instead of an audience of young girls. It was interesting to note what effect the music had upon them. While Thalberg confined himself to the exhibition of mere musical dexterities, cutting great swaths of harmony up and down the piano, and by some mystery of manipulation sustaining a melody in the centre of the instrument while he trolled out a ceaseless flood of music at both ends of it, the listeners looked on with eyes and mouth wide open and watched the twinkling movements of those cunning hands with an expression rather of wonder than of enjoyment. But when the gifted pianist took up the familiar theme of "Home Sweet Home," and wreathed it all about with delicious variations in which complexity was subordinated by beauty, then all the ruddy faces lighted up with a deeper glow, and a smile of pleasure rippled over them, and the whole house was vocal with whispered ejaculations of delight. At first the children hardly knew how to applaud. Some pattered their little feet and others clapped their hands, but neither process found much favor with the older pupils, who finally hit on the expedient of waving their handkerchiefs—and the way that the air was lashed up with linen and cambric was funny to behold. Madame D'Angri, who is a merry body, made the children laugh by singing "Yankee Doodle," and seemed to enter quite as heartily into the enjoyment of the occasion as the blithest of them.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 20, 1856.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Chickering saloon showed a great increase of audience on Tuesday evening; indeed, it overflowed. And, judging from the unflagging attention to the music and the lively rounds of applause after almost every piece, the crowd felt themselves very well repaid. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Quartet in F, No. 3, Op. 17, (first time),
Rubinstein
Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Andante non troppo—Finale, Allegro assai.
2. Duo Sonate, for Piano and Violoncello, in B flat, Op. 45,.....Mendelssohn
Allegro vivace—Andante—Allegro assai.
Messrs. TRENKLE and WULF FRIES.

PART II.

3. Adagio, with Variations, and Minuetto, from Quartet in B flat, No. 77,.....Haydn
4. Piano Solos: Nocturne and Scherzo,.....Chopin
J. TRENKLE.
5. Septet in E flat, Op. 29,.....Beethoven
(Arranged by the Author for Quintet.)
Introduction, Adagio and Allegro con brio—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Introduction and Presto.

It is not easy to decide with confidence upon the merits of a Quartet on the first hearing; nor shall we venture to do so of this No. 3 by Rubinstein, the successor to the one we had last winter. Much of it was pleasing and skilfully wrought, but we must hear it more than once before we can recall much of it, or be convinced that it is particularly striking or original. The fault may be our own, but the impression it has left upon us is quite vague, as if the composition as a whole were uninspired and lacked definiteness of purpose. The Mendelssohn Sonata was to our mind the most important feature of the evening. The composition is pure, rich and spontaneously flowing; nothing at all in it appears forced or vague, or written only for the sake of writing something; it came out of the tone-poet's soul just as he felt and meant it. The two quick movements pour along with a delicious buoyancy and fulness of fresh life. But the Andante haunts the mind with its pensive, ballad-like beauty, as one of his most exquisite and soul-ful creations. Mr. TRENKLE played it with admirable clearness, evenness and grace, and the violoncello cooperated to a charm. It is not often that one hears better piano-playing in the most satisfying kind of music, than this effort of Mr. Trenkle's, which met with the warmest recognition of the audience. He is a modest and a growing artist, in whom one feels that there is always much good in reserve, while there is no outward pretension, save to conscientious faithfulness, whatever be the task in hand. The piano solos varied somewhat from the programme. He commenced with the Scherzo, one of those fiery, swift, insatiable outsweps of Chopin's most passionate fancy, equally remarkable as an utterance of passion and as dazzling bravura, and taxing the executive faculty to the utmost. In this Mr. T. was eminently successful; the flash and pathos of the piece lost nothing in his handling, and of course the audience were electrified. Instead of the Nocturne, he played the Funeral March, with grandeur and with feeling, but perhaps dallying with the rhythm a little too much now and then. When eagerly recalled, he played that charming little "Polka" (not a polka to dance by) of Otto Dresel.

The remainder of the second part belonged to the list of certain classical pieces, which, however excellent in themselves, have grown somewhat hacknied. But we must remember that there are young and fresh recruits in each year's audiences, and good things long since old to some of us would get to be unknown entirely, unless they were repeated for their sakes. Can we not also always find our pleasure in them? Such were Haydn's "God save the Emperor" Adagio, with its cunning variations, and the Septet (as Quintet) of Beethoven, both of which were remarkably well played. The Septet is one of the clearest, most elegant and artistically finished of Beethoven's earlier productions, but not one of his most characteristic and deep searching. Especially when reduced to the homogeneous coloring of the quintet of strings, instead of the

original form with wind instruments, does it lose something of its interest. But it has delightful associations with the spring-time of one's Beethoven enthusiasm.

Music in Leipzig.

We have been looking through a series of programmes, which make one's mouth water, in the present dearth of orchestral music here in Boston. We allude to the far-famed "Gewandhaus Subscription Concerts," which are esteemed the best of all the instrumental concerts in Germany, and which yield supplies as copious and frequent and unfailing as they are choice. It is well known that they are given in a hall of moderate capacity, containing not more than nine hundred seats, all of which are always bespoken long beforehand for the season. And that season consists of twenty concerts. By next New Year, before we shall have had the first mouthful of our scanty series of four in Boston, the dainty Leipzigers will have heard the first ten of their weekly concerts. The first two took place on Sunday evenings, the rest on Thursdays. Six of the programmes lie before us:

First Concert, Oct. 5.—Overture to *Der Wasenräger*, Cherubini; Scene and aria from Spohr's *Zemire und Azor*, sung by Fräulein AGNES BURY; Violin Concerto in D minor (MS.) composed and played by Concert-master DAVID; Recitative and Air from *Zauberflöte: Non paventar*, sung by Fräulein Bury. Part II. Symphony No. 4 (B flat), Beethoven.

Second Concert, Oct. 12.—Symphony No. 8 (B flat), Haydn; Air from *Don Juan*: "Il mio tesoro," sung by Herr A. REICHARDT; Concerto for Piano (No. 3, F minor), W. Sterndale Bennett, played by Prof. W. G. CUSINS, of London; *Lieder*, with piano accompaniment, by Herr A. Reichardt: (1) *Liebesbotschaft*, by F. Schubert; (2) *Es weiss und rath es doch Keiner*, Mendelssohn. Part II. Overture to Calderon's comedy, "Dame Kobold," by CARL REINECKE (new); Scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Fräulein BURY; Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, Beethoven.

Third Concert, Oct. 23.—Devoted wholly to compositions of the lamented ROBERT SCHUMANN (Born in Zwickau July 7, 1810—died in Endenich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856). Overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Rückert's Advent Hymn, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, the solos by Fräulein BURY, Frau DREYSCHOCK, and Herren GOTZE and CLAU; Fantasia for Violin with Orchestra, played by concert-master DREYSCHOCK; the second part of "Paradise and the Peri," (solos, quartet, choruses, &c.) Part II. Symphony in five movements (No. 3, E flat major).

Fourth Concert. Symphony No. 3, (E flat major) by Julius Rietz; Scena and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, Beethoven, sung by Fräulein JENNY MEYER, of Berlin; Concerto for Piano (C minor, No. 7), Mozart, played by Fräulein EMMA VON STAUDACH, of Vienna. Part II. Overture to "The fair Melusina," Mendelssohn; Scena and Aria from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, sung by Fräulein Meyer; Sonata (A major) by Scarlatti, and Tarantella by Stephen Heller, played by Fräulein von Staudach; Jubilee Overture, Weber.

Fifth Concert. Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Concerto in form of a vocal scena, for

violin, Spohr, played by Herr E. SINGER, concert-master from Weimar; Scene and Air from Weber's "Oberon": *Ocean! du Ungeheuer*, sung by Fräulein AUGUSTE BRENNEN; Tarantella, for violin, composed and played by Singer.—Part II. Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn, words recited by Herr WENZEL, solos by Fräulein Brennen and Koch, choruses by the ladies of the Singakademie.

Sixth Concert, Nov. 13. Overture to *Faust* by Lindpaintner (Born Dec. 9, 1791 in Coblenz—died Aug. 21, 1856); Scene and Aria from Marschner's opera, *Hans Heiling*, sung by Fräul. BRENNEN; Concerto for violoncello, by Molique, played by Herr FRIEDRICH GREUTZMACHER; Intermezzo to Lindpaintner's *Faust*; Concert Aria by Mendelssohn: *Unglückselige!* sung by Fräul. Brennen. Part II. Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven.

New Music.

(From Russell & Richardson.)

Compositions Célèbres de S. THALBERG. No. 1. *Grand Caprice sur les motifs de la Sonnambula*, Op. 46. pp. 17.

This is the first number of a series of twelve, which is to include the principal operatic fantasias and other concert pieces of M. Thalberg, as played by him in his concerts in this country. The title-page bears the certificate of Thalberg, to the effect that *Messrs. R. & R. are the only authorized publishers of his compositions in America, and theirs the only correct editions, as he has personally revised and corrected the proofs.* The present number is beautifully engraved; a more clear and elegant page of music, open where we will, we seldom see, even in European publications. The vignette too is tasteful. Of the music itself we need say nothing; when Thalberg comes, will it not speak for itself through the most perfect of interpreters?

Regard: a Cluster of Precious Gems. No. 1. *Ruby.* No. 2. *Emerald, &c., &c.* For the Piano, by A. BAUMBACH.

Such is the fanciful title of six pretty little pieces of very simple music for young beginners on the piano-forte. Each is published separately.

Beauties of MOZART and BEETHOVEN, in form of Petites Fantaisies for Young Pianists, by TH. OESTEN, Op. 75. No. 6. "Song of Elis and Elide," Mozart; No. 7. Parting Song, Beethoven. 7 pp. each.

The themes are interesting in themselves, and pleasantly varied and expanded into pieces good for young pianists of quite moderate ability. The whole series, of which we have before mentioned one from the Septet and one from a Trio of Beethoven, one from Mozart's *Figaro*, &c., is calculated to attract the pupil in the direction of the best masters.

Many of our readers will be glad to know that Russell & Richardson will soon issue, with English words, the six four-part songs by ROBERT FRANZ, of which we spoke a few weeks since; as well as several more of his beautiful and more practicable songs for single voice.

(From Oliver Ditson.)

Il Trovatore, by VERDI, edited for the piano-forte by R. NOEDMANN. pp. 90.

Another number of Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas, elegantly printed like its predecessors.—Those who chime in with the fashionable admiration of *Il Trovatore* will here have the means of recalling the whole opera to their memories through a piano and a simple pair of hands. Those whose minds are not already prepossessed with the cruel story as presented on the stage, may here judge of the intrinsic value of the music, divested of words and accessories. Yet the first words of each strain are indicated, so that the player may know whereabouts in the opera he is.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 16.—During the past week we have been treated to a musical novelty in the shape of COSTA's oratorio of "Eli," which was performed on Saturday evening, for the first time in this country, by the MENDELSSOHN UNION. This young society, of but two or three years standing, is in a very flourishing condition, numbering, I should judge, about a hundred members, and doing great credit to their conductor, Mr. G. W. MORGAN. Your New York readers will remember that this body of singers performed Mendelssohn's *Loreley* music at a Philharmonic concert two years ago; the present occasion showed their very great improvement since that time, and the fact of their being the first to bring out Costa's Oratorio so soon after its appearance in England, certainly gives proof of an energy and "go-aheadativeness" worthy of a purely American Society.

Costa's composition made, on the whole, a very agreeable impression upon me, and is likely, I think, to become very popular. It is a very happy mixture of the Italian and German styles, which, without being ever very deep, is still full of merit in the working up, the distribution and interweaving of the parts, and the dramatic coloring of the whole. It has, however, its faults. One of these is its length, which is superfluous, particularly as the greatest point of interest occurs before the middle of the second part. Then, too, the chief part of the oratorio, that of Eli, is the least interesting, indeed, sometimes rather tedious, from being almost entirely recitative. And just in this line Sig. Costa's powers are weakest, while the choruses are nearly all full of vigor, and the smaller concerted pieces and arias highly melodious. Of the former I would mention particularly an *Amen* and *Hosanna*, fugues, which, though not very elaborate or complicated, were clear and well worked up; a chorus of praise, with harp accompaniment, that of the Israelites marching against the Philistines, and that of the angels, also with harp accompaniment, which is marvelously translucent. The chorus of the revelers at the gate of the temple was below my expectation, though its effect is probably very different with orchestral accompaniment, which is true, indeed, of the whole composition. As it was, this chorus lacked that wildness and sensuousness which one would expect from it.

The celebrated war scene, with the solo of the Man of Gath, intermingled with the choruses of the Philistines and the priests of Dagon, is justly praised, being exceedingly effective. Of the other solos, Hannah's two arias, before and after the birth of Samuel, are very beautiful; the first one so touching in its mournful meaning and supplication; the second: "I will extol thee," so triumphant and overflowing with joy and gratitude. This last was very finely sung by Miss DINGLEY, who had already made herself favorably known in the Society's performance at the Philharmonic. Her singing now, as then, was characterized by the same beauty of voice, excellent school, and earnest entering into the spirit of the music. Two other ladies divided the part of Hannah with Miss Dingley, who also deserved much praise.

The gem of the whole, however, was Samuel's morning prayer, of which words cannot express the touching simplicity and fervency. This was most exquisitely sung by Miss HAWLEY, a lady who has evidently more experience in her profession than any of the other female singers, and whose delicious voice, a rich, luscious contralto, was made the most perfect use of, and was thoroughly adapted to the music it interpreted. The evening prayer, also very pleasing, but not to be compared to Samuel's other Aria, was very indifferently rendered by Miss LEACH,

who apparently suffered from timidity. A duet between Hannah and Elkanah, an unaccompanied quartet between these two, Eli and Samuel, and a prayer by Eli, still deserve to be mentioned as very beautiful. Of the male singers, Sig. GUIDI, tenor, who took the parts of Elkanah and the Man of Gath, merits particular praise for his conscientious rendering and fine vocalization. The Bassi were not so good. The execution of the choruses was almost invariably excellent and spirited. The piano accompaniment, which is apparently very difficult, was taken, in the unexpected absence of Mr. TIMM, by a young artist, Mr. BERGER, who acquitted himself admirably.

NEW YORK, DEC. 16. There has recently been organized in this city a new Musical Association, which, though as yet small in numbers and of limited influence, promises in time to become a mighty lever in raising the standard of musical appreciation in this country. It is called the "AMERICAN MUSIC ASSOCIATION," and its fundamental principle is the fostering of native talent and the production of native musical works. This object is more explicitly expressed in the first article of its constitution, which says: "The object of this Society shall be to further the interest of musical composers residing among us, by having their works effectively presented to the public, in order that they may be fairly criticized and impartially judged." By this it will be seen that, though intended as an American society, and as such presenting special claims to public regard, it is by no means proscriptive in its regulations. Any resident composer has a right to present his works for public presentation by the Society, on the payment of a fee of \$5.00, and the society already enjoys unusual facilities for a proper presentation of such works. There are a body of chorus singers and a vocal quartet, for the production of vocal compositions, and a string quartet for the production of symphonic works, GEORGE BRISTOW, the composer, being one of the members.

At a recent meeting of the society, CHARLES J. HOPKINS, a talented young musician and organist of this city, through whose indomitable perseverance and energy the society has been organized, was elected President, and Mr. T. J. COOK, a Broadway music-publisher, Vice President. The consulting committee includes the well-known names of RICHARD WILLIS, of the *Musical World*, GEO. F. BRISTOW, and GEORGE H. CURTIS.

As yet this society is in its infancy, and the experiment may fail, and will unless a lively interest is taken in it by musical men. Strange to say, though many worthy musicians give it their hearty co-operation, a still greater number treat the project with contempt, while others, ladies especially, think it quite beneath their dignity to look favorably upon the day of small things. Among those who have, however, agreed to give it their hearty co-operation, are GOTTSCHALK, Dr. HODGES, and other eminent American musicians.

The PYNE and HARRISON Opera Troupe made their debut at Niblo's last evening in a dismal comic opera called "The Valley of Andorre." Louisa Pyne is a favorite, and was well received, as was Mr. GUILMETTE; but the opera on the whole went off very heavily. It is a most lugubrious affair.

You certainly remember the rotund baritone of the Lagrange Opera Troupe, Signor Amodio. This excellent young gentleman, like many other artists, has a pleasant custom of forgetting to pay his tailor's bills; and though this is neither your business nor your readers, nor mine, yet such is the lamentable depravity of human nature, that I am certain we all of us delight to hear such personal scandal about our neighbors. And there are some few waifs of floating gossip concerning Amodio in circulation, that I feel it my duty to retail to you, so that we

may all have a chance of knowing and declaring how foolish such information is.

Alessandro Amodio is a young man, much younger than his personal appearance would denote; he imagines himself to be a great favorite with the fair sex, as, indeed, a young man of twenty-four, with a lively, agreeable disposition, an amiable temper, the master of several continental languages, the possessor of probably the richest male voice in existence, (?) and of good conversational powers, has a right to think. But Amodio is not of that light, slender form that a romantic hero should be, and consequently no young American damsel has as yet fallen desperately in love with him. However, he, good-natured soul, thinks himself quite a Don Giovanni in his list of conquests. He became an opera-singer from pure love of Art, being of a good family, and circumstances not rendering it necessary for him to embrace such a profession; but his devotion to music led him to his choice, and possessing considerable histrionic ability, he was successful. Before he became very extensively known, even in Italy, he was induced to visit this country, where he is a great favorite with all frequenters of the opera.

So much for his history. Now for this silly gossip, which we all profess to be disgusted with, and yet read with such infinite gusto.

The life of an opera singer is one of varied pecuniary repletion and depletion. During the opera season he receives an enormous salary, and during the rest of the season spends it. This is the custom of Amodio, and many times he is "hard up" during the intermission between his operatic engagements. On one occasion last summer he ordered of a fashionable Broadway tailor, a gorgeous new coat. It was made and taken to Amodio, but did not fit, and the worthy baritone was requested to step around to the tailor's the next day and it would be made right. Now the tailor (shrewd fellow) was already his customer's creditor to a considerable amount, and had laid a trap to catch the unlucky singer, into which he fell with ease. Arriving at the tailor's store at the appointed time, Signor A. doffed the ill-fitting garment, and seated himself to wait until it was fixed. Time passed on, and growing impatient, he intimated to the tailor that he was in a hurry. Judge of his horror when that individual responded by presenting an immense bill for clothing. Signor A. had no money, was out of an operatic engagement, and was in despair. The tailor was adamant; he would either have his money or keep the coat; and the sequel was, that poor young Signor Amodio, the elegant dandy, was obliged to run the gauntlet of Broadway arrayed in broadcloth pants, a gorgeous vest, unimpeachable kids, but as coatless as Mickey Free, the famous pedestrian, while running a race. The peculiar physical formation of the worthy Signor, who "inclines to *embonpoint*," as the *Home Journal* would say, was shown to great advantage in his coatless position, and his flight through Broadway excited no little attention.

But instead of improving this lesson, and repenting in sack-cloth and ashes, the excellent Signor again plunged into a course of sumptuous fare, and clothed himself as before, in purple and fine linen. He ran up bills at his tailor's and shoemaker's and his wine dealer's, and during his late engagement in the opera here, he like Micawber, labored under a pressure of pecuniary liabilities. At this juncture Maretzek determined to try his fortunes in Havana, and the company were ordered to be ready to start in the Cuban steamer of Saturday.

At the appointed hour for sailing, the *Cahawba*, at her wharf, foot of Robinson, became violently agitated, and gave vent to her feelings in volcanic eruptions of hissing steam, and indulged in ungainly splashings of her paddle-wheels. The passengers were all on board—the queenly Lagrange, the manly Gasparoni, the elegant Brignoli (feeling supersti-

tiously alarmed about sailing on Friday), the ladies of the chorus, and the indomitable Signor Quinto, alias Herr Quint, alias Mr. Quinn—were all on board. But Amodio—where was he?

He was locked up very tight in the steward's pantry! A rather singular place for a fat and fashionable baritone, it is true, but it was the only place where he could escape the *lex talionis* in the shape of a couple of sheriff's officers, who had boarded the ship in search of him. Maretzek had seen them coming in the distance, and his colossal mind immediately became troubled. Should Amodio be arrested for debt, what would his opera troupe do for a baritone? What would the fastidious Habanese say to *Trovatore* without a *Count Luna*, or *Traviata* without a *Germet*? For a moment the colossal Maretzek mind wavered, but in an instant he was calm. He beckoned to Amodio, told him to enter the steward's pantry. Amodio hesitated,—perhaps he thought of the Scripture parable, of a camel going through the eye of a needle.

Maretzek whispered into his ear; it was enough, and in he crowded; the key was turned upon him, removed from the lock, and deposited in Maretzek's pocket. The sheriffs came and searched through the vessel, but no Amodio could be found. They left the ship, the *Cahawba* swung slowly from the wharf, and steamed down the bay, carrying Maretzek and all his fortunes, not excepting Alessandro Amodio.

Now if all this cackle about Amodio and his misadventures had been a sepulchral secret, I would not have ventured to disclose it; but it is public property, and talked about all over the city, and so I repeat it for the benefit of your readers, who will read it with great delight, and then say to each other that such stuff in a "Musical" correspondent's letter could only emanate from that impertinent wretch of a

TROVATOR.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Orchestral Concerts may almost be regarded as a fixed fact. The subscription list, if not full, is so near the mark, that a little effort can soon bring it up. Mr. ZERRAHN has already gone to New York to engage distinguished solo artists. He has hopes of securing that admired German prima-donna, Fraülein JOHANNSEN, and does not despair of even THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI for one concert. His orchestra will be the most choice in its composition that can be obtained, numbering from forty to forty-five performers, which will be larger for the Melodeon than the largest we have ever had was for the Music Hall, and will enable him to bring out some of the modern works which require extra horns, &c. Schubert's great Symphony, Wagner's overture to "Faust," Schumann's to "Manfred," &c., are among the pieces contemplated of this class. The Melodeon is to be thoroughly renovated, within and without; but we have not a doubt that, if the concerts once commence, it will result in a triumphant return to the Music Hall. At all events, should Thalberg play, this will be a matter of necessity.... The GERMAN TRIO concert is this evening.... An important addition, it will be seen, has been made to Mr. SATTER's programme for next Saturday evening: to wit, a posthumous Trio by Hummel, which is a charming composition. We were mistaken last week in supposing that he was to be assisted by a lady pupil as pianist. Mrs. LITTLE, the lady referred to, is a singer and will sing accordingly.... The very thorough drill which CARL ZERRAHN has given to the chorus members of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY in "Eli," told with surprising effect in the first rehearsal of the "Messiah," which, according to the good old custom, is to be performed on the Sunday evening after Christmas. After that the orchestra will be added to the last rehearsals of

"Eli." The Society have engaged Mrs J. H. LONG as principal soprano. The other soloists for the "Messiah" are Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HARWOOD, (contralto), Mr. ADAMS (tenor), Mr. DRAPER, and Mr. THOMAS BALL, the sculptor, whose rich bass voice will be welcomed back after two years' sunning in Italy. The Handel and Haydn have the whole field of public Oratorio to themselves this winter; both of the other two choral Societies, discouraged by the pecuniary losses of the past years, have resolved to confine their operations to meetings for practice, with occasional concerts of a semi-private character.

Mr. B. F. BAKER and others have issued the prospectus of a "Boston Music School," the object of which is "to furnish solid musical education in all its branches, practical and theoretical, to those who intend fitting themselves for the profession, either as artists or teachers." The subjects of instruction will be: *System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form, and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments.* Instruction given in classes, the whole course to consist of six terms of twelve weeks each, occupying three years, and entitling to a diploma. Opportunities of hearing good music, too, will be made easy. The Board of Instruction thus far announced are: MESSRS. B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, LEVI P. HOMER and J. C. D. PARKER. The two former gentlemen have had long experience in training singers, and in the management of choirs, Conventions, Institutes, &c. Messrs. Homer and Parker are competent teachers in the departments Harmony and of Counterpoint, Organ or Piano-playing, &c. We think it were wiser for any such experiment to bear the name of the responsible getters up and managers, rather than the name of "Boston." But this is no criticism on the plan itself, which is essentially a good one, and which promises to supply a want long felt. We wish it all success and growth. If it can only grow to be a concentration of all the best talent which we now possess, or which can be procured, to be employed in training up musicians; if it can grow to be a true Musical University or Conservatorium, (and why may it not by slow degrees, if rightly managed, and not kept too subject to personal or party interest or prejudice?) it will indeed be a great blessing to our country.

We hesitated about admitting the article on Violins, &c., on another page, not because its strictures were unreasonable, but because really the game seemed to us scarcely worth the candle; since the Fair, apart from Pianos and Melodeons, presented such a beggarly show of empty boxes in the way of musical instruments. Really we suppose the judges found their work chiefly in these two first named departments, and looked upon the rest as scattering appendix. But credit to whom credit is due; the brothers WHITE, according to all witnesses, deserve all our correspondent says of them as skilful makers and repairers of stringed instruments.—We printed a large number of extra copies of our last week's paper, containing the Report of the Committee on Musical Instruments, and the edition is not yet exhausted.

MADAME DUDEVANT (GEORGE SAND), when asked if she had been to hear Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," replied: "I do not care to be present where Catholics and Protestants shoot each other down, while a Jew makes the music." The story is told in the preface to the last edition of Thibaut's *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, and is good enough to be true.... The recent opera season in New York is said not to have been pecuniarily profitable; there is a MARETZKE party, and there is a stockholders' party, who charge the failure upon each other. The flight to

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Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.*)

THE VIOLIN.

Instruments played with a bow, of which the combination forms what is somewhat improperly termed a *quatuor*, are the base and constituent element of the whole orchestra. From them is evolved the greatest power of expression, and an incontestable variety of different qualities of tone. Violins particularly are capable of a host of apparently inconsistent shades of expression. They possess (as a whole) force, lightness, grace, accents both gloomy and gay, thought, and passion. The only point is, to know how to make them speak. Moreover, it is not needful to calculate for them—as for wind instruments—the duration of a *holding-note*, and to contrive for them occasional rests; they are sure never to be out of breath. Violins are faithful, intelligent, active, and indefatigable servants.

Slow and tender melodies, confided too often now-a-days to the wind instruments, are nevertheless never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft, which can weep, sigh and lament, chant, pray and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a

single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.

The *tremolo*, simple or double, by many violins, produces several excellent effects; it expresses trouble, agitation, terror, shades of *piano*, of *mezzoforte*, and of *fortissimo*, when it is placed on one or two of the three strings, G, D, and A; and when it is not carried much above the middle B flat. It has something of a stormy, violent character, in the *fortissimo* on the middle of the first or second string. It becomes, on the contrary, aerial, angelic, when employed in several parts, and *pianissimo*, on the high notes of the first string. The *tremolo* below and in the middle of the third and of the fourth string, is much more characteristic in *fortissimo*, if the bow strike the strings near the bridge. In large orchestras, and where the performers take pains to give it its full effect, it produces a sound like that of a rapid and powerful cascade. This mode of execution should be indicated by the words—*near the bridge*. A fine application of this kind of tremolo occurs in the scene of the oracle, in the first act of Gluck's *Alceste*. The effect of the tremulousness of the second violins and violas is there redoubled by the grand and emphatic progression of the double basses, by the blow struck from time to time in the first violins, by the successive introduction of the wind instruments, and lastly by the sublime *recitative* which this surging of the orchestra accompanies. I know nothing of this kind more dramatic or more terrible.

Harmonics are those sounds which are generated by touching the strings with the fingers of the left hand, so as to divide them in their length, yet not with sufficient pressure to place them in contact with the finger-board, as is the case for ordinary sounds.

These *Harmonics* possess a singular character of mysterious softness; and the extreme acuteness of some of them affords the violin, in the upper part, an immense compass. They are *natural*, or *artificial*.

Some performers sound double strings in harmonics; but this effect is so difficult to obtain, and consequently so hazardous that composers can never be advised to write it.

The harmonics of the fourth string have something of the quality of a flute; they are preferable for delivering a slow air. Paganini employed them with wonderful success in the prayer of Moses. The harmonics of the other strings acquire delicacy and tenuity in proportion as they are higher; it is precisely this character, and their crystalline quality, which renders them appropriate to chords that may be called fairy-like; that is to say, to those effects of harmony which inspire brilliant musings, and carry the imagination towards the most graceful fictions of the poetical and supernatural world. However they may have become familiar, now-a-days, to our young violinists, they should never be employed in a lively movement; or at least care should be taken not to give them rapid successions of notes, if their perfect execution is to be ensured.

Sordines (or *mutes*) are little wooden implements which are placed on the bridge of stringed

instruments in order to deaden their sonorousness; and which give them at the same time a mournful, mysterious and softened tone, which is frequently to be felicitously applied in all styles of music. *Sordines* are most generally used in slow pieces; but they serve scarcely less well, when the subject of the piece admits it, for rapid and light designs, or for accompaniments of hurried rhythm. Gluck has effectually proved this in his sublime Italian monologue of *Alceste*, "*Chi mi parla*."

The custom is, when employing *sordines*, to cause them to be used by all the band of stringed instruments; nevertheless, there are certain circumstances, more frequent than may be imagined, under which *sordines* placed in a single part (in the first violins, for instance,) will color the instrumentation with a very particular impression, by the mixture of clear sounds and veiled sounds. There are others also, where the character of the melody is sufficiently dissimilar from that of the accompaniments, which render the use of the *sordine* advisable.

The *Pizzicato* is still in general use for instruments played with the bow. The sounds obtained by vibrating the strings with the finger, produce accompaniments approved by singers, since they do not cover the voice; they do well also for symphonic effects, even in vigorous orchestral sallies, either in the whole band of stringed instruments, or in one or two parts alone.

Accompaniments *pizzicato piano*, have always a graceful effect; they afford a sense of repose to the hearer, and impart, when not abused, variety to the aspect of the orchestra. In future, doubtless, more original and striking effects will be obtained from *pizzicato*, than have hitherto been essayed. Violinists, not considering *pizzicato* as an integral portion of violin-playing, have studied it but little.

Some of our young violinists have learned from Paganini to execute rapid *pizzicato* descending scales, by plucking the strings with the fingers of the left hand resting on the neck of the instrument, and the *pizzicato* passages (still with the left hand) with a mixture of strokes from the bow, or even as serving for accompaniment to an air played by the bow. These various feats will doubtless become, in course of time, familiar to every violin-performer, and then will be available in composition.

Violins are able, now-a-days, to execute whatever they will. They play up to the extreme height as easily as in the middle; passages the most rapid, designs the most eccentric, do not dismay them. In an orchestra, where they are sufficiently numerous, that which one fails to perform is done by others; and the result is that, without any apparent mistake, the phrase is delivered as the author wrote it.

In cases, however, where the rapidity, complication and height of a passage would render it too hazardous, or merely that more sureness and neatness of execution should be obtained, it should be dispersed; that is to say, the mass of violins should be divided, and one portion given to some and the rest to others. In this way, the passage of each part is sprinkled with little rests unperceived by the hearer; thus allowing, as it were, breathing-space to the violinists, and af-

* A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration; containing an exact table of the compass, a detail of the mechanism, and a study of the quality of tone and expressive character of various instruments; accompanied by numerous examples in score, from the works of the greatest masters, and from some unpublished works of the author. New edition, revised, corrected, augmented by several additional chapters on newly-invented instruments, and on the whole art of the orchestral conductor. By HECTOR BERLIOZ. Op. 10. Translated from the French by Mary Cowden Clark. London and New York: J. Alfred Novello.

fording them time to take the difficulties carefully, so as to give the necessary firmness for a vigorous mastery of the strings.

THE VIOLA.

Of all the instruments in the orchestra, the one whose excellent qualities have been longest misappreciated, is the viola. It is no less agile than the violin; the sound of its strings is peculiarly telling; its upper notes are distinguished by their mournfully passionate accent; and its quality of tone altogether, of a profound melancholy, differs from that of other instruments played with a bow. It has, nevertheless, been long neglected, or put to a use as unimportant as ineffectual—that of merely doubling, in octave, the upper part of the bass. There are many causes that have operated to induce the unjust servitude of this noble instrument. In the first place the majority of the composers of the last century, rarely writing four real parts, scarcely knew what to do with it; and when they did not readily find some filling-up notes in the chords for it to do, they hastily wrote the fatal *col Basso*, sometimes with so much inattention, that it produced a doubling in the octave of the basses, irreconcilable either with the harmony or the melody, or with both one and the other. Moreover, it was unfortunately impossible, at that time, to write anything for the violas of a prominent character, requiring even ordinary skill in execution. Viola players were always taken from among the refuse of violinists. When a musician found himself incapable of creditably filling the place of violinists, he took refuge among the violas. Hence it arose that the viola performers knew neither how to play the violin nor the viola. It must even be admitted that at the present time this prejudice against the viola part is not altogether destroyed; and that there are still, in the best orchestras, many viola-players who are not more proficient on that instrument than on the violin. But the mischief resulting from this forbearance towards them, is daily becoming more felt; and, little by little, the viola will, like other instruments, be confided only to clever hands. Its quality of tone so strongly attracts and captivates the attention, that it is not necessary to have in the orchestra quite so many violas as second violins; and the expressive powers of this quality of tone are so marked, that, in the rare occasions when the old masters afforded its display, it never failed to fulfil their intention. The profound impression is well known, which is produced by that movement in the *Iphigenia in Tauride*, where Orestes, overcome with fatigue, panting, oppressed with remorse, grows more tranquil as he repeats: "Composure lulls again my heart!" while the orchestra, deeply agitated, utters sobs and convulsive sighs, attended throughout by the fearful and persevering matter of the violas. Although, in this unspeakably fine piece of inspiration there is not a note of voice or instruments without its sublime intention, yet it should be noticed that the fascination exercised over the hearers, and the sensation of horror which causes their eyes to dilate and fill with tears, are principally attributable to the viola part, to the quality of its third string, to its syncopated rhythm, and to the strange effect of unison resulting from the syncopation of the A abruptly broken off in the middle by another A in the basses marking a different rhythm.

In the overture of *Iphigenia in Aulide*, Gluck has ingeniously made them sustain alone the lower part of the harmony; not so much, in this case, for the sake of producing an effect arising from the peculiarity of their quality of tone, but in order to accompany as softly as possible the air of the first violins, and to heighten the tremendous impression of the basses coming in upon the *forte* after a considerable number of rests. Sacchini has also given the lower part to the violas alone, in the air of *Oedipus*: "Your court became my refuge," without intending, however, to prepare an outburst. On the contrary, the instrumentation here gives to the phrase of melody it accompanies a most delicious calm and

freshness. Melodies on the high strings of the viola have a marvellous beauty in scenes of a religious and antique character. Spontini was the first to conceive the idea of assigning the melody to them in several passages of his admirable prayers in the *Vestale*. Méhul, allured by the sympathy existing between the tone of the viola and the imaginative character of Ossianic poetry, constantly availed himself of them, even to the exclusion of the violins, in his opera of *Uthal*. Hence arose what the critics of the time called an intolerable monotony detrimental to the work's success. It was in reference to this that Grétry exclaimed: "I'd give a guinea to hear a *first string*!" This quality of the viola, so choice when it is judiciously employed and skilfully contrasted with the qualities of tone of violins and other instruments, necessarily soon palls; it is too unvaried, and too much imbued with mournfulness, for this to be otherwise. It is not unfrequent, at the present day, to divide the violas into first and second violas; and in orchestras like that of the opera, there is no difficulty in writing for them thus; but in others, where there are scarcely four or five violas, this division can only serve to diminish the effect of a body already weak in itself, and which the other instruments are ever tending to overwhelm. It should also be remarked that the majority of violas at present used in our French orchestras are far from possessing the requisite degree of power; they have neither the size, nor consequently the strength of tone of veritable violas—being almost violins strung with viola strings. Musical directors should absolutely prohibit the use of these mongrel instruments; the slender sonorosity of which impairs one of the most interesting parts in the orchestra, by depriving it of energy, and of its fine depth of tone.

When the violoncellos play the air, it is sometimes excellent to double them in unison by the violas. The tone of the violoncellos then acquires additional roundness and purity, without becoming less predominant. An example of this is the theme of the Adagio in Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

[To be continued]

Opera in France—The Month of Debuts.

(Correspondence of the N. Orleans Picayune.)

PARIS, Nov. 18, 1856.

This is the month of débuts (except in this city) from the Channel to the Mediterranean. Every year all the dramatic and operatic companies of the French towns and cities, save Paris, are renewed, and the old actors, who are re-engaged, as well as the new candidates for public favor, must come before the public in three several pieces, at three several times, and receive the applause or the hisses, or the tumult between the hisses and applauders. Judge of the agony of the poor player on these eventful nights. His bread, the year's bread of his wife and children, depend upon the humor of the fickle mob! If he is rejected, he wanders from town to town in hope of a more favorable pit—these changes make dreadful inroads upon his meagre income—debts accumulate—the wardrobe diminishes—and charcoal or the river ends the sad story! * * *

The pay of the lyrical artists is far superior to that of the histrionic actors, because the public now-a-days is more favorable to operas than to plays; lyrical educations are more expensive than the education given to players, their expenses for costumes are greater, and above all, their career is a very short one—especially in towns fond of Verdi. Thus, while the usual pay of a grand opera first tenor is \$200 a month, an opera comique first tenor is \$120 a month, a first barytone is \$100, a first bass is \$100, a second bass is \$50; a prima donna of opera comique is \$200, a prima donna of grand opera is \$160, a first dugazon is \$80. The usual pay of comedians is, for the leading juveniles, \$60, second juvenile \$20, low comedians \$30, leading lady \$60, second lady \$40, duenna \$20. Most of the company receive some \$20 or \$18 a month, and on this miserable pittance they are obliged to dress, pay their return fare to Paris, and live during the four summer months when the

theatres are closed! What agony, what privations, are not concealed beneath the painted cheek and the glittering costume of the lower ranks of the French players! The expenses of a manager of one of these provincial theatres, where grand opera, opera comique, comedy, drama, and vaudeville are given, in a second class city, (of from sixty to eighty thousand inhabitants,) are about \$25,000 for the eight months the theatre is open.

As you may readily guess, the month of débuts is the most interesting month of the year in the provincial towns; and all persons who fly to the country or the capital during the summer months make it a point of duty to return to their residences in time to vote at the season of débuts. I heard the other day a good story told about these débuts. In a town some leagues south of Paris, where the old dramatic traditions are preserved, so far at least as they prescribe the right of the whole public to vote, the débuts are taking place. A new cantatrice appeared as the curtain rose, and certainly her appearance was far from being in her favor. She sang, and wounded the public ear with a hoarse, sharp, untuned, uncultivated voice. The public happened to be in its patient mood that evening, and the cantatrice's first song was greeted with an icy silence. The opera went on in its usual course, and the débutante presently was required to sing a second solo. She sang worse than at first. The audience hissed, grimly but without violence, until they perceived one man applauding, and applauding with enthusiasm. This sight excited their passions, and they hissed and screamed with great uproar: "Down with Mademoiselle! Refused! Refused!" The solitary applauder, fired with zeal, became more lusty in his applause, and cried with stentorian lungs, "Bravo! Vive Mademoiselle! Accepted! Accepted!" For a quarter of an hour this unequal contest lasted, and at last (since the cantatrice was both ugly and without talent) their curiosity became roused by so much obstinacy as he exhibited, and they asked him how it was possible for him to applaud such a singer. "Messieurs," he replied, "I applaud Mademoiselle for this simple reason, which I am sure all of you will appreciate: I have not the honor of living in this town—I am by birth a Parisian, by profession a bagman—I am consequently obliged to visit a great many departments, and sojourn in a great many towns; I have spent a fortnight here, and I leave to-morrow never to return. If you refuse Mademoiselle she will try to get an engagement elsewhere, and I shall run the risk of meeting her in one of the towns where I am going; if, on the contrary you accept her I have nothing to fear, and I can travel in peace, with the pleasing certainty of never again hearing that cantatrice whom I find in every respect horrible." Long and loud shouts of laughter greeted this reply, which sealed the poor prima donna's fate.

I now quit the country for Paris, where we are beginning to assume something of the winter's animation. At the Grand Opera, we have poor Mme. Medori struggling with might and main against the icy silence of the parquette, and the low but deep curses of the manager of the opera, who wishes she was at the—frontier. The critics are all favorable to her. M. Fiorentino says: "Here is an illustrious cantatrice, of an incontestable merit, endowed with a soprano voice, which for force, sonorosity and brilliancy, is unequalled; an actress full of spirit and fire, who has been applauded and admired on the principal stages of Europe—here she is suddenly paralyzed by the equivocal and reserved reception she received the first evening she appeared, from a small and almost imperceptible number in the vast theatre of the opera. Here is a woman, struck with stupor and inaction, unable to recognize her public and herself. What, so much will, so much intelligence, so much study, so much labor, so many successes, so many triumphs, cannot arm her, cannot defend her against a groundless, boundless apprehension! This ice must be broken, this misunderstanding must be cleared." All this, however, is in vain. Mme. Medori has an attack of "stage fright" every time she appears on the boards of the Grand Opera. We have had here

a two-act opera, by an Italian named Biletta, a protégé of Prince Poniatowski, a "so-soish" imitation of Rossini. We have had Mario—*lazy*, spoilt Mario—in *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, and a most favorable début of a Mlle. Steffanone, who, unknown and unheralded, engaged one night after the Italian Opera's doors were open, as a make shift, to replace Mme. Frezzolini, who had fallen suddenly sick, received by the audience not only coldly, but with hisses; and who in half an hour carried away the house, and is now engaged at a good round sum!

Music and Education.

Richards Storrs Willis, Esq., Editor of the *Musical World*, having been invited to speak before the Board of Education of this city, on the Relations between Music and Education, delivered the first of a series of lectures on that subject, in the Hall of the Board, on Saturday evening. There was a very large audience, and the lecture was preceded and followed by musical performances, executed in excellent style by the young ladies of the Normal School, led by G. H. Curtis. Mr. Aptommas gave one of his exquisite harp solos, by special invitation.

Mr. Willis spoke for an hour, and was heard with great attention.

After alluding to the universality and significance of the language of Music, he proceeded to treat of the relations that exist between it and Education, saying that it seemed a befitting thing that a Board of Education should interest itself in music. The word education, however, involves a great deal: its significance reaches beyond the intellect, includes the heart, comprehends the affections. Hence Music, the language of the heart, is the most befitting medium through which the cultivation of the intellect and heart should flow. The lecturer pointed out the defects of modern music; it has come to be too much cultivated for its collateral advantages; it has become rather a demonstrative society accomplishment than an interior, refining art. Music, in the modern sense, means astonishment,—it used to mean pleasure. Not that the speaker undervalued technical progress in any art, but the difficulty is that compositual art does not keep pace with mechanical. The pioneers of the modern school of pianism have been men of unquestionable ability; Thalberg is every inch an artist—Liszt is a prodigious genius. But these men, like a few of their disciples as well, are accidentals in musical life. They know Art, as well as the piano, yet it is by too many of their ungifted imitators that such antics are played with music. If, side by side with every great performer of music, a great composer were born, who could wed great performance with immortal music; if with every Liszt was a Beethoven; if, with all his capacity in composition, with every Thalberg were a Mozart; if with every Mendelssohn and every Chopin there were two more just like them, (for they combined both gifts in one,)—then when we go to a concert might we be sure of hearing music as well as seeing prodigies. Mr. Willis put in a plea for home music—for society music would always take care of itself—and held it to be absurd to educate children on an art scale as grand as though their capacity really justified it, and they were actually to become distinguished singers or public concert players. This was but waste of time and money. To accept the fact that mediocrity is the rule, and genius the exception, is, in fact, to regulate the musical education of children. It will regulate, first, the time given to the study: and second, the style and degree of art to be attempted. For excellence is essential, whatever be attempted; empiricism is detestable whether in high or low art. This point was enlarged upon with marked earnestness—the speaker claiming that we need to return to simples in music, as in many other things,—musical simples, which are practicable for home purposes; which are suited to quiet fireside evenings, and to please the children withal; which requires not the time and money of years to gain, and when gained, nearly as much time and as much money to retain, but which may easily be gained by a persistent, gradual culture, and not

at the expense of other important things. The best general basis for home music, he held, is not to be found at home—but is to be found at school. In regard to instrumental music, he argued that the pianoforte is far too exclusively cultivated, to the exclusion of the guitar and harp, both graceful and attractive. Exercise in sight-reading of music was recommended, for this is an accomplishment, now too much neglected, which involves the soul of musical pleasure and interest. In conclusion, there were a few pleasant words to the Board of Education, and the lecture ended. The second will be delivered at the same place, on Saturday evening next.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

Ancient Church Music.

(From the London Athenæum.)

Prof. Sir F. Ouseley's lecture on Ancient Church Music, delivered at Oxford on the 12th, "the first of this term's course," may be accepted, we trust, as an emphatic sign that all men of sense, whether Churchmen, laymen, artists or members of congregations, are beginning to weary of the fopperies which a set of persons—active in proportion to their want of taste and understanding—have endeavored to fasten upon the ritual of the Church of England. While we have always owned that the interest of "the tones" and "chants," "Ambrosian and Gregorian," must be recognized by every one who thinks on the subject;—while, under certain scenic conditions, and in conjunction with particular associations, their effect has a solemn gravity (not wholly clear of grinnings) which nothing more modern can produce,—from a very early period of the "movement" we have lost no opportunity of pointing out, that to attach any traditional sanctity to these rude old melodies was, virtually, to place barbarism on the altar; or else to claim for Art an origin which the boldest human definers of divine inspiration would shrink, we imagine, from ascribing to it. Further, we have as often called the attention of the wranglers and formalists to the certainty of all musical traditions being more or less impure. Supposing even the antique notation mastered, supposing it reduced into modern clefs and scales—then comes the question of extent to which expression is modified by manner of execution. To appreciate the range of such variety, it is sufficient to point to the Sistine "*Miserere*" at Rome—so magical there, so powerless in every other place. In short, whensoever real inquiry is barred by formalism, faith must be laid aside for fanaticism, and Art must perish; and with it, at no distant period, all true reverence. The above is mere recapitulation, so far as the *Athenæum* is concerned; but we are glad to see that others who have a voice potential are stirring in the question—preaching healthy action as better than palsy—justifying the right to inquire, on the one hand, and decrying, on the other, the substitution of hearsay sympathies for true knowledge. The concluding words of the Rev. Sir F. Ouseley's lecture, time and place considered, carry no small weight with them. "Would," said he, in taking leave of his audience, "that those men in our own day, who love to praise Gregorian music to the exclusion of all other, would in this particular take example by St. Gregory himself, and strive rather to devote the best they can find to the service of the Church—the best, and not the oldest—and let them remember, too, that those only are qualified to judge what is best, who have themselves mastered the art in all its phases, and studied it in all its developments."

G. F. Benkert and his Works.

Some one sends us a copy of the Philadelphia *Saturday Mail*, of Dec. 13, containing an article about this young composer (to whom we have already alluded), marked: "*This is worth copying.*" As an amusing specimen of extravagant eulogy, we think it is; indeed we know not whether the sender is in earnest or in joke. Of course we do not know that the young prodigy referred to is not another Mendelssohn or Mozart, since we have not heard or seen his com-

positions; but it is safe to assume that such "tall" comparisons as some of these, applied to any new man, are extravagant, and will be more apt to injure than to help his cause. We are glad however to copy the information given about Mr. Benkert's labors; and as for the comments, the reader will attach what weight he pleases to them.

"What!" methinks you say—"what? an American musician like Mendelssohn and Weber?" And yet it is true. George Felix Benkert, the subject of this sketch, was born in Germantown, a small village near Philadelphia, and having displayed a great talent for music, his father sent him to Europe, that he might complete himself under such a master as Lindpaintner, the author of the "*Standard Bearer*." Under such a master, he soon ripened into a musician; mastering the science of harmony, and dissecting the classical compositions of the great masters. America is unquestionably a precocious nation; she has lived more, and to better advantage, during the last fifty years, than all the nations of Europe in twice that period of time. Look at her from any point of view, and one must acknowledge that no nation ever produced men so great in every department of science, art and discovery. This is not mere talk; let facts be confirmation strong as holy writ. In history, what nation can show a superior to Bancroft or Prescott? Let England compare her Walter Scott and Bulwer with our Cooper and Irving, and she will find that they emerge from it, not only unscathed, but the better off for the comparison. And, so too, we have a Washington in war, a Webster in oratory, a Longfellow in poetry, and in music, that divine art which, though created first, was the last to be perfected; as Germany hath given the world a Thalberg and a Mendelssohn, so America, the Young Giant of the West, hath produced a Gottschalk and a Benkert, the former born on the banks of the noble and rushing Mississippi, and the latter on those of the vast and flowing Delaware. How do the associations and scenes of youth mould the mind of the man! Whilst the young artist of the South involuntarily bears you away, like unto his native Mississippi, by the nervous and restless torrent of notes, making the piano start as a thing of life, under his creative fingers, breaking all barriers which resist the tempestuous flood, till like the great Father of Waters it is at last conquered by its own element, the musician of the North portrays upon his instrument as a shower of pearls, a melody, clothed in a garb at once as flowing and classical as the waters of his own native Delaware. Disdaining the clever trickery of modern piano players, the clouds of arpeggios continually obscuring a sun which never rises, he relies upon the pure classical creations imbued at the fountain of harmony, of which Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and Chopin are the springs, containing, as they do, all the life and soul of musical composition.

It is notorious that Beethoven was incorrect and uncertain as a player; and yet, what name can be coupled with that noble artist, whose fame, like his music, is eternal? And so it is with Benkert; it is not by his playing one must judge of him so much as by his music. Our readers must forgive us if we appear extravagant in praise, but we are writing under the excitement produced by his music; it is still ringing in our ears, and engrosses all our thoughts; our brain is still wild with the impression produced on us by hearing his "*Cordelia*," being the music to Shakspeare's *King Lear*, in five acts. *King Lear*! what a field for genius! Lear, of whom the great Forrest is the mighty personation, is now embellished by another American. Who will deny to Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* the greatest meed of praise? And yet we, who have studied and admired Chopin, were surprised at the funeral march in the V act; we were fairly enchanted; the melody seemed to float upon the air like spirits of the dead; each falling cadence seemed to waft the soul into another sphere, converting for the time being the melody into an airy ladder, by which the dead might slowly ascend unto the highest heaven. But great as this was, we were hardly prepared for the wild sublimity of his fifth act, portraying the death of *King Lear*; the angels of heaven seemed quietly preparing to take possession of his soul, but the legions of hell buckle on their armor to contend. Then the air is swelling with the terrific combat. Lear seems thoughtful, but occasionally speaks, being moved alternately by the contending warriors of heaven and hell. This cannot forever last, and the mighty Michael, always the Napoleon of heaven, decides the fray, and the spirit of Lear is wafted upon a thousand spears into the presence of his Creator.

His powers of composition do not end here—they are as various as are the feelings of man. His operas are not known in America, but it remains for

the American people to say whether they shall hear them or not. We will mention all that we have as yet heard of: *Viola*, an opera in three acts, from Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night"; and he is now engaged on a national American opera called *Logan*, illustrating an incident in the life of that celebrated Indian chief. These are his grander operas, and we question whether their instrumentality and melody be surpassed by many of Meyerbeer's and Verdi's. His *opera buffa* are *Une visite a Pierre le grand* and *The Dragon of Wantley*, in three acts. He has written, as yet, but one *grand concerto*; but if he never writes another, this one in A flat major, would establish his reputation among musicians. We can only say that we never listened to as classical a concerto at any concert in America (but one, and that was Weber's) as that played by Benkert. It is rich in melody, lofty in outline, and splendid in harmony. He has also composed a grand mass; this is the test whereby the musician may be judged. We have not heard it yet, but if we can rely on the critics of Vienna, it is vast in conception and bold in execution, embodying the melody of Mozart and the harmony of Beethoven. Of it the following letter speaks better than any terms of praise that we are master of:

VIENNA, 10th Feb., 1855.

GEO. F. BENKERT, Esq., Phila.

Honored Sir—The kind and courteous readiness with which you allowed the choir of our church the first production of your truly successful and sublime mass, gives the undersigned the gratifying occasion of expressing their warmest thanks to you. Honored sir, with the assurance that the recollection of this exquisite composition, disposing all hearts to devotion, has created a lasting impression upon all lovers of sacred music, and that the day upon which it was granted them to listen to its melodious strains will continue imperishable in the annals of the Society, permit us, honored sir, to express these sentiments of true esteem, united with the sincere wish that your glorious talent may long continue to the glory of God and his holy Church.

FRANC. THILL, Pres.

No more flattering testimonial could be given a man; even the difference of faith was overcome, and forced praise to well-merited talent.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music Teachers.

BY DAISY.

What would the world say if the author of "Mother Goose's Melodies" should be placed on the list of poets? and how would the critics be offended if a mere dabbler in water-color drawings should aspire to the rank of a first-rate artist!

Yet one of the noblest arts ever given to man is daily and openly debased by mere pretenders to the title of "Musician."

Music is indeed worthy of being called a noble art, for it everywhere entwines itself with the highest and purest feelings of which human nature is capable.

But my object in writing this article is to call the attention of the public generally to a certain class of music-teachers, now in the United States. The country is flooded with them, of both sexes, and of all ages; and I venture to say, that there is not one in ten, on an average, who is fitted to be an instructor in the art.

First of all, a musical teacher should have a love almost amounting to enthusiasm, for his profession. If he has not the true inspiration in himself, he cannot awaken it in others. No one should ever attempt to teach merely as an easy way of earning his daily bread, unless he can find such pleasure in his instructions as will more than repay him for his sacrifice of time and the innumerable trials to which he is subject. Otherwise, however well he may endeavor to perform his duty, he will in the end be a mere mechanical player; and unless his pupils have naturally great musical talent, all their lessons are in vain.

Secondly, he should have a genuine talent for music, which no culture can supply, and without which, no one can be a good musician. We want no amateur teachers—those good-natured people, who think because they can rattle off a great many tunes on the piano-forte, they are perfectly competent to instruct others (like the old woman who thought she would make a good doctor because she was always taking medicine.) A person may be able to perform very difficult pieces of music, and yet not at all able to teach others in the art.

Thirdly, he should himself be always a student in his profession; there is no one living, nor has there ever been one, whose intellect could fathom the depths of musical science. Mozart, when he was an old man (?) once said: "If he could again be a boy and begin life anew, with all the experience he had already acquired, and live to be as old as he was at that time, he might begin to know a little about music."

Now turn to the egotistical performers of our day, and mark the difference!

Before closing this communication, I would say a few words to *parents*. Are your children fond of music? and have they sufficient natural ability to enable them to understand its principles? If not, do not permit them to study it. Do not for the sake of *fashion* make them objects of ridicule to all true musicians. If, on the contrary, they show a decided taste for music, and have in common phrase "a good ear," cultivate that taste by all means. In a moral point of view, it is a great aid to religion. You seldom find a bad man* who knows much of music, or who can appreciate it in hearing others play; and many an erring one has been brought back to righteousness by a remembrance of the hymn learned at his mother's knee.

* Unfortunately we *do*, too often. Because music is a good thing, it does not follow that man must of necessity receive good from good. The fact of moral freedom has to be considered.—ED.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

BALTIMORE, DEC. 22. THALBERG, the incomparable, the unapproachable, is among us; his advent dates a week back. He, with Mesdames D'ANGRI, DE WILHORST, and the two Erards, have enraptured us with the perfection of piano-playing, gentlemanly manners, fine physical development, and mechanical skill. Four very successful concerts have already been given, and the fifth and sixth are advertised for this and to-morrow evening at the Assembly Rooms, at both of which THALBERG and GOTTSCHALK are to perform a Duet on *Norma*. That *will* be an epoch in the musical history of Baltimore!

I hear that Thalberg has been enjoying the hospitalities of the White House for a few days past. I must not forget to mention that the school children of this city were treated to a morning concert by the great performer.

Persons writing criticisms of concerts *in advance* are frequently subject to ridiculous blunders. For instance, at the Friday evening concert, Madame De Wilhorst, though appointed to sing, did not appear on account of sudden illness; but the next morning's papers informed the public that "she was rapturously applauded in her parts!"

The coming weeks will be prolific of musical items, and you may anticipate a blast from

TRUMPET.

NEW YORK, DEC. 23. With the return of Christmas tide come sweet thoughts of that greatest of anthems the world has ever heard, sung nearly two thousand years ago, by the angels to the shepherds on the plains of Judea. In every Christian church the words of that angelic strain will be this Christmas repeated; and whether it be among the cold, icy fields of Russia, or under the balmy sky of Italy, upon Britain's isle, and in all parts of the vast American continent, that song of "Peace on earth" will burst forth from thousands of lips. For a time at least, all sectional differences are laid aside; and all over the earth, every one who bears the name of Christian joins with unity of spirit in the vocal praise of Him whose star rose in the East nineteen centuries ago.

It appears at this blessed season almost irreverent to talk of any other than sacred music. To go to an opera on Christmas night is but a poor way of celebrating the Nativity; but when the strains of Handel's greatest composition, when the "MESSIAH" is to be sung, then, above all nights in the year, would one enjoy its matchless glories. The "Messiah" is gradually becoming identified with Christmas, and for years past its annual performance has been one of the greatest treats to the lover of music. This year it is to be performed as usual by the HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Church choirs are generally in a state of vivid excitement about Christmas time, and are much oppressed in mind by the weight of divers anthems appropriate to the occasion, with which they propose celebrating the auspicious day. And yet how seldom (as any one connected with choirs can bear witness) do the singers think of the true import and sentiment of those anthems! The rehearsals are mere trials of vocal skill; and the soprano will try the effect of a shake on the most holy words, while the organist embellishes his composer with extemporaneous demonstrations on the fancy stops. On Christmas Eve choirs generally have a final rehearsal of their Christmas music, and the experience of years has proved to me that the celebration of the Birth of Christ degenerates with them into a mere opportunity for musical display. This is especially the case with quartet choirs and in Episcopal churches; and though there may be exceptions to the rule, they have never come under my observation.

New York does very little for the promotion of sacred music. There is nothing here to compare with your old Handel and Haydn Society, though perhaps our Mendelssohn Union may in time do something in the right direction, as its recent production of "Eli" would prove. Our Harmonic Society has dropped its prefix of "Sacred," and intersperses Handel with Verdi, and Haydn with Donizetti. The opera and the oratorio both find a partial shelter in the embrace of the "Harmonic."

THALBERG appears here for the last time on Friday evening, playing at Mr. GOTTSCHALK's concert. The latter artist leaves us soon for Havana and Europe, and Mr. Thalberg, in performing on the occasion, reciprocates a similar compliment from Gottschalk. Thalberg will then positively visit Boston, where he cannot be otherwise than enthusiastically received. There is a rumor afloat that he intends taking charge of an opera troupe, to consist of PARODI, D'ANGRI, MORELLI, TIBERINI, and others, and conduct the performances himself. On the other hand it is rumored that MARETZKE will return here in about six weeks, and give another operatic season. The last one, under Mr. STANKOVICH, was pecuniarily unsuccessful.

Mme. JOHANNSEN, the German prima donna, is engaged to appear at the Broadway Theatre, the scene of Alboni's operatic triumphs in this country. The opening opera will probably be Beethoven's "Fidelio." If Mr. Zerrahn succeeds in obtaining the services of Mme. Johannsen, for his Philhar-

monic Concerts, the Bostonians may congratulate themselves, for the lady is a singer of the first class.

Your able New York correspondent, who signs his letters with the curious compound of two dashes, the letter *t* and an apostrophe, has relieved me from saying anything about Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Eli." By the way, this unique and mysterious signature of your correspondent exhibits an originality of mind that is positively startling. The signature is a perfect typographical Sphinx to many beside

TROVATOR.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Mr. ANDREAS THORUP, for several years so well esteemed as a musician and a gentleman in Boston, has commenced a good work in this earlier home, to which he has returned. On Friday evening last week he gave a concert at the Unitarian Church, with the following programme:

PART I.

- 1—Fantasie for the Organ, for two performers,..... A. Hesse
Messrs. J. H. Willcox and A. T. Thorup.
- 2—Selections from the 95th Psalm,..... Mendelssohn
A. Tenor Solo and Chorus—"O come let us worship."
B. Canon—"For the Lord is a Mighty God."
C. Chorus and Tenor Solo—"Henceforth when ye hear his voice entreating."
- 3—Organ Solos by Mr. Willcox.
A. Pastorale,..... Kullak
B. Wedding March,..... Mendelssohn

PART II.

- "THE SONG OF THE BELL," the words a translation by Hon. S. A. Eliot of Schiller's "Das Lied von der Glocke." Music composed by,..... Andreas Romberg

The *Mercury* says: "Both the organ solos and the concerted pieces were excellently rendered, the audience large and highly appreciative. The Wedding March by Mendelssohn, was given with the best effect, by Mr. Willcox, on the organ. As for the "Song of the Bell" itself, which was the main feature of the performance, both the solos and choruses, were admirably performed. We think that Mr. Thorup deserves much credit for his exertions, and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir most ably represent the spirit and letter of the noble composition of Romberg."

PHILADELPHIA.—From Fitzgerald's *City Item* of Dec. 20th, we glean the following:

The present season has been remarkable for the great number of concerts that have been given, and, still more so, for the success which has crowned them. All the societies have given their first entertainment of the season, except the Handel & Haydn, which will shortly take place, and even this association has appeared once, at the opening of Harrison Hall. This week, our young and gifted townsman, Mr. Benkert, gives his second concert, aided by Mme. Johannsen, Mr. Berner, Ahrends and a large orchestra; on Friday the Harmonia presents "The Creation," with Miss E. Brook, Messrs. Bishop, Rudolphsen, several excellent amateurs and a large chorus; while, on Saturday, the fifth Public Rehearsal of the Germania will be held at the Musical Fund Hall.—Mr. Benkert's concert merits particular attention, from its fine programme, and from the fact of its affording the public an opportunity of hearing Mme. Bertha Johannsen, who, while prima donna of the German Opera Company at Niblo's, New York, created for herself a high reputation among the musical circles of our sister city. She is said to be a beauty of the German style; a blonde, of course, with a profusion of light, golden hair; in figure, graceful, and in manner, fascinating. The chief interest of the concert, however, centres in the compositions of Mr. Benkert, several of which will be performed by himself, and by a large orchestra, led by Leopold Meignen.

THALBERG closed his second series of concerts on Saturday evening last, and his audience then was even larger than on the previous occasions. His visit to Philadelphia has proved a complete success, and must have been immensely profitable; the fact of seven such expensive concerts having been given in so short a time and with such great patronage, speaks well for the musical taste of our city, and we believe is unprecedented here, except perhaps in the case of Jenny Lind, Madame D'Angri made her debut at the concert of Friday evening, and created a deep impression by her skilful execution and remarkable contralto voice.

On Christmas night a musical entertainment is to be given at Handel and Haydn Hall, by J. B. Beckel, Esq., the well known teacher of music, upon which occasion will be presented for the first time, the original sacred cantatas of his composition, called "The Nativity" and "Ruth the Moabitess." The first will be performed exclusively by the children of Mr. Beckel's classes, numbering nearly three hundred pupils, and is a Christmas Carol, of which the words were written by Rev. E. C. Jones. The stage will be dressed with evergreens, a handsome Christmas tree, and a jolly Kriss Kinkle. "Ruth" is a composition for adult voices, in which Mr. Cunningham and A. R. Taylor will sustain the male parts, the soprano being performed by amateurs whose names are not given.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The people of the Lake City are enjoying a series of Afternoon Concerts, modelled upon those of the late Germania Society in Boston. Mr. AHNER, an ex-Germanian, and who until recently has been doing much for music in Providence, has settled there and is the getter-up and manager. The concerts are given every Saturday afternoon. The pieces are mostly orchestral, performed by the "Great Western Band," Mr. VAAS leader. They have also instrumental solos, in which Mr. H. PERABEAU, the pianist, formerly of Boston, bears a prominent part. The following was the programme for the second Saturday, Dec. 6:

PART I.

- 1—Alexander's March,..... J. Gungl
- 2—Grand Overture,..... Hummel
- 3—Variations for Violin (performed by Mr. A. Vaas),..... Beriot
- 4—Atlantic House Polka,..... Bergmann
- 5—First movement from Symphony in D major,..... Mozart

PART II.

- 1—Galop; "The Brightest Eyes,"..... Doppler
- 2—Solo for Piano (performed by Mr. H. Perabeau),.....
- 3—Song without Words (for Orchestra),..... Mendelssohn
- 4—Eckert's celebrated Swiss Song, (Solo for Cornet, with Echo,) arranged by,..... H. Ahner
- 5—Finale, from "Martha,"..... Flotow

Several of the Chicago papers preach glowing exhortations on the subject of these concerts. We are tempted to quote from one of them, modestly blushing for our poor Boston, whose praise the writer quite exaggerates:

We really enjoyed the concert, and that is much more than we could say of some of those "grand concerts" that are usually heralded by great posters and by all the clap trap that is resorted to by those itinerant artists, who have the great mission of elevating the musical taste of us unhappy barbarians here in the North-west. The great artists that appear in these concerts, how familiar they have become to us, and how in consequence thereof, we have learned to appreciate them, so that we readily pay a dollar each night for three, four, and five nights in succession, to listen to Maurice Strakosch's delicious and excruciating strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," of the pathetic "Old Folks at Home," and the "Dog Tray," so full of originality and variety; and then the voice of the "queenly Parodi," so full of style and culture. Does she not ever vary her arias and cavatinas? Is not her stock of songs inexhaustible? But thanks to her appreciation of our predilections, she knows that her "Duet from Norma," sung with Patti Strakosch, is irresistible, and we hear it at every one of those unique performances. Then those ballads of Patti's, are they not sweet pretty, as our lady friends would say. But what are we doing; we were to speak of Saturday evening's concert, and we have wandered off from a small and insignificant affair to those "great artistes." Let our readers pardon us; we were carried away by the subject. It is so seldom that these artistes bestow upon us the light of their countenances. But to come back to that afternoon concert. We say we enjoyed it, yes truly enjoyed it, and yet it was only music performed by some twenty resident musicians, combined into an orchestra of stringed, reed, and brass instruments. The programme was a good one, and the performances were a success. An orchestra, consisting of so many different members, and playing for the first time together, always labors under difficulties and disadvantages. But we were agreeably surprised at their precision and accuracy. The ensemble was all that could be expected, and we have thus a promise of obtaining an excellent and effective orchestra in our Chicago. We have long envied Milwaukee her's. Now, it stands with us to secure one that will soon excel that of Milwaukee, for we have more and better artistes. * * * In Boston these afternoon concerts have become a regular institution, and are better patronized than any others given there. And so admirable have been their results that Boston, at the present time, is, musically, perhaps the best educated city in the world. Nowhere, not even in Germany, are all classes of a city so familiar with good music and love it as well, as in Boston. Yet this is not a particular merit of Boston. Thanks to the "Germania Society," &c.

Mr. AHNER has also been elected leader of the "Freie Snger-Bund," which was to give a grand concert on Christmas day.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 27, 1856.

TAXING MUSIC.—We have read once or twice of late in the newspapers a statement that our City government had refused a petition of the proprietors of the Music Hall for leave to give

concerts, on the ground that concert-givers should be taxed well for a license! We have read and wondered. For we never dreamed that any such barbarous practice existed, except it might be some old puritanical rule grown obsolete. On inquiry, we were shown the following City Document:—

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, November 19, 1856.

The Committee on Licenses, to whom was referred the Petition of the Proprietors of the Music Hall, for leave to give Concerts during the present year, would respectfully present the following

REPORT:

By the City Ordinances, it is provided that the Mayor and Aldermen may license all theatrical exhibitions, shows, public amusements, and exhibitions of every description, to which admission is obtained by the payment of money, upon such terms and conditions as they may think reasonable.

It has been usual for this Board, on the recommendation of the Standing Committee on Licenses, to grant licenses to parties on the payment of a mere nominal sum; and as the present Committee have thought proper to adopt a different course in this respect from their predecessors, they take the present opportunity to ask the consideration of the Board to some suggestions upon the subject, that, if proper, they may receive their sanction.

It appears to your Committee proper to make a distinction between the public amusements, &c., given by or under the direction and control of our own citizens, and those given by or under the direction or control of foreigners or non-residents. Among the former we would class the regular performances at our theatres, under the direction of the managers; and the lectures, concerts, &c., given by the various societies located in our city, the parties engaged in which being principally residents among us. A large portion of the money they receive from the public is spent in various ways to the benefit and increase of the trade and labor of our citizens.

Another class is composed of those persons or parties, who travel about from place to place, hire a theatre or hall for a short time, and after giving a few operas, concerts, or other exhibitions, and collecting what they can from our citizens, leave for some other place, carrying with them a large portion of the money they may have received for their performances.

It is evident from these circumstances that to allow to transient parties the same privileges as are granted to our own citizens, is neither just nor proper; because the latter aid us in the support of trade and expenses of government, while the former do neither, but draw from us large amounts to be spent in other places, and frequently carry away with them to foreign countries.

The Committee deem it unnecessary to do more than allude to these facts, to convince the Board that it is expedient for the Committee to confine their general licenses of theatres and public halls to such performances and exhibitions as may be under the direction of their own managers or proprietors, and of the societies located in the city. And whenever these places are engaged for transient use, by foreign parties, a special license shall in all cases be required, for which a proper and reasonable sum shall be paid, in the manner provided by the Ordinance of the city.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the Committee do not understand the Proprietors of the Music Hall to desire a license for concerts, &c., under their own management, but for the use of other parties who may rent it temporarily, they deem it their duty, for the reasons they have presented, to give the Petitioners leave to withdraw. For the Committee,

T. C. KENDALL, Chairman.

There now is a precious document! Such is the respect our "Modern Athens" pays to Art! Music is treated simply as a trade, towards which we must exercise a selfish "protective" policy, and try to monopolize the trade ourselves, and treat the travelling artist as a "furrin" enemy! Such a narrow and mean notion of the matter is unworthy of an enlightened, generous city. Without questioning the patriotic motive of the sapient committee, we do think they undertake to serve their country in a strange way. Are not public amusements, pure and well-conducted, public blessings? Does not the health of the body politic require them? And if to amusement you add

Art, a beautiful revelation of high meaning, speaking to the soul, refining and elevating the tastes, and contributing to the best culture as well as to the momentary enjoyment of thousands, does not the blessing grow incalculable? Whoever brings us these gifts, be he citizen or stranger, is a benefactor, just in proportion as he brings the *best*, and wins most persons to receive and to enjoy it. Our best examples of Art, for a long time yet, must come to us from abroad. They who bring them must live by their labors. They run pecuniary risk in every invitation they hold out to us; they are as likely to lose as they are to win among us. Whatever they may carry away, they must spend *something* here. But did it never occur to the city fathers that true artists give at least an equivalent for all they take in the refining influence they leave behind, in the improvement of the public taste for Art, which surely is an end always esteemed worth the seeking in all civilized communities?

Taking the lowest view of the matter, if concert-givers merely furnish the *amusement* for which the people pay and go, they do, strictly speaking, furnish an equivalent. They give us what we think worth the money enough to be willing to pay for it. If I choose that Jenny Lind, or even the mere circus clown, shall have my dollar, to do what they please with it, whose business is it? who shall hinder?

It is true there is a great deal that is questionable, perhaps corrupt, mixed up with each annual harvest of amusement, wholesome in the main. There is a great deal of bad music played, a great deal of clap-trap, that ministers to a false and sickly taste. But the check and the correction we have elsewhere; taxing imported exhibitions does not reach the evil; *that* is a discrimination not on moral, not on truly patriotic, but on selfish, surly and exclusive grounds.

The effect of this restrictive measure in the present instance is to materially shorten the winter's supply of music. Our noble Music Hall, a just theme of pride to our city, was a costly investment of individuals for a public good—to wit, the popularizing of the love of music among us. To sustain itself now that it is built, it must have the frequent patronage of artists. The artists, on the other hand, to whom the public looks for concerts, are deterred from giving them, when to other heavy expenses is added such an arbitrary tax as the condition of a license from the city. It is just so much deadening of all the activities which centre upon the demand for and supply of music in our city; and the fathers, as mere utilitarian political economists, have perhaps not reflected how large a part those activities play in the collective business and prosperity.

Instead of taxing artists, the true policy of a republican city would be even to hold out a premium to them. Why does Art flourish in aristocratic cities? Because the "powers that be" there act the part of Mæcenas. Here the people are the powers; the people in their public, as well as private capacity, should also be the patrons. At all events, if we cannot give gifts to the heavenly visitor, let us at least oppose no barrier to her entrance. As soon should we think of taxing truth, religion, virtue, light from heaven! As soon say to all sweet and humanizing influences, that come from abroad, ye shall not come without a license! "But it is not the license to benefit us, it is only the license to *make*

money by benefitting us, which we reserve the privilege of withholding." What art, what literature, what schooling, or what preaching can live on air while it appeals to us? If it come at all, it comes at its own risk, and must earn the means to stay and bless us by demanding its price, like every other useful occupation.

Beethoven's "First Work."

We have had a rare enjoyment! No less than the perusal of two piano-forte Sonatas composed by the boy Beethoven. They are the second and third (would we could see the first) of a set of three, published in Vienna, by Tobias Haslinger, as "*Sonaten für das Piano-Forte von L. VAN BEETHOVEN, erstes Werk, geschrieben im 10ten Lebensjahre.*"

Sonatas by Beethoven, written at the age of ten! We had heard of these works, but were not until now aware they had been published. Doubtless to many of our German musical professors they are quite familiar; and for more reasons than one they might to good advantage be made known more generally. For while they have the simplicity and clearness desirable in lessons for pupils not very far advanced, they possess also much intrinsic excellence, both as fair models of that well-connected Sonata form which all teachers employ more or less to lead their scholars in a classical direction, and as being full of charm and indications of real genius.

Of course they are juvenile productions, and cannot show the mature mind, the developed individuality and practised hand of the great master. But for a boy's work they are indeed remarkable. They are *bonâ fide* compositions. There is no vagueness about them. They show definiteness of purpose, and that he knew perfectly well what he was about. He has ideas positive and well pronounced, and he proceeds to develop them (not to be sure at great length) in a manner at once spontaneous and logical. And all from first to last is interesting, is earnest, is inspired with a true love, and the genuine joy of exercising a creative faculty. The vigor and conciseness of the man Beethoven are here too in the boy; the fire, and also the unfailing sense and zest of beauty. The harmony is thin, of course, compared with after works, but every note in it tells; and, what is the best pledge of the true gift, there is an individual vitality and movement in the parts; it is real counterpoint, and not mere melody with chords accompanying.

Already, too, there are strong symptoms of the symphonic or orchestral destiny. Thus No. 2, which is in F minor, opens with a strong full chord on that note, like the orchestral *tutti*, (*Larghetto maestoso*), answered in wailing thirds, suggestive of wind instruments, and so alternating with more and more power, as you could imagine the future composer of the *Egmont* music might do. This stately introduction leads off into a fiery Allegro, which seems natural enough again for the author of the *Sonata Pathétique* (only the suggestions are very brief), and then a winding up passage palpably after the manner of Mozart's endings. After the repeat the themes are regularly and clearly worked up, concisely, too, and without indefinite wandering. The Andante movement is full of grace and dignity and feeling—for a boy; the Presto as fiery and impetuous as the finales in some of his more developed works. And the three movements are held

together by an internal, kindred tie of feeling and design, while they are sufficiently contrasted. Verily the boy possessed the vital secret of the Sonata form; he had seized its organic principle. For the rest his early training had been musician-like and thorough.

Still more striking perhaps is the truly Sonata-like development and structure of the cheerful Allegro in D, of No. 3. It is really a charming composition, as fresh and clear, and on the whole as interesting as many of the Sonatas of Haydn; the impatient Beethoven nature breaks out too, occasionally in little fiery, abrupt phrases. It has no Andante or Adagio, but a Mozart-like little Minuet, marked *Sostenuto*, followed by half a dozen pleasing variations, one of which, in syncopated rhythm, shows decided character. The finale (*Scherzando*) is quite original and genial, and truly related to the first movement and to the whole.

Seriously, it would be better to give pupils these earnest efforts of young genius among their things for practice, than much of the milk and water conventional trash in classic forms, or the polka and variation stuff so commonly used. At all events the admiring student of the man Beethoven will not play through these boy Sonatas without emotion and much food for reflection.

We have submitted the matter to our friend, A. W. T., the biographer and "Diarist," who is so full of Beethoven lore, and he has kindly sent us the following extract on the subject from his long-promised work.

Beethoven's first compositions, says Dr. Wegeler, were the Sonatas copied into the *Speyersche Blumenlese*, and the song, "When a man on travel goes." [*Wenn jemand eine Reise thut.*] Neefe, Court Organist at Bonn, wrote a letter containing a list of musicians in Bonn, fortunately preserved, from which I quote the following:

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN, son of the above-named tenor singer, a boy of eleven years of age, of very promising talents. He plays the harpsichord with great expertness and power, reads well at sight, and, to say all in a word, plays nearly all of Sebastian Bach's "*Wohltemperirtes Clavier*," placed in his hands by Herr Neefe. He that knows this collection of Preludes and Fugues in every key (which may almost be called the *ne plus ultra* of music) will know what this implies. Herr Neefe has also, so far as his other duties allow, given him some instruction in thorough bass. At present he is exercising him in composition, and for his encouragement has caused Nine Variations on a march* composed by him for the harpsichord, to be engraved at Mannheim."

At the Royal Library in Berlin may be seen Beethoven's earliest sonatas. They are engraved in old-fashioned style, with the title and dedication given below. In the *Musikalische Almanac*, Leipzig, 1789, is the following in the list of "living German composers." I translate from the German:

"Beethoven (Ludwig van). Three Sonatas for the Clavier. Spire, 1783. Fol. Also Songs in the *Speyersche Blumenlese*. He is yet hardly 12 years of age."

The title and dedication of these Sonatas I thus translate, taking some pains to preserve somewhat of the peculiar style. I could wish to know who wrote them for the boy.

* By Dressler.

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A. W. T.

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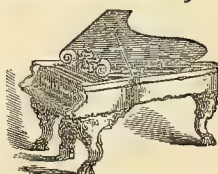
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(Continued from page 98.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE VIOLE D'AMOUR.

This instrument is rather larger than the viola. It has almost universally fallen into disuse; and were it not for Mr. Urban—the only player of the instrument in Paris—it would be known to us only by name.

It has seven *cutgut strings*, the three lowest of which—like the C and G of the viola,—are covered with silver wire. Below the neck of the instrument, and passing beneath the bridge, are seven more strings, of metal, tuned in unison with the others, so as to vibrate *sympathetically* with them; thereby giving to the instrument a second resonance, full of sweetness and mystery. It was formerly tuned in several different whimsical ways.

The quality of the *viole d'amour* is faint and sweet; there is something *seraphic* in it,—partaking at once of the viola, and of the harmonics of the violin. It is peculiarly suitable to the *legato* style, to dreamy melodies, and to the expression of ecstatic or religious feelings. Mons. Meyerbeer has felicitously introduced it in Raoul's Romance, in the first act of the *Huquenots*.

But this is merely a solo effect. What would not be that, in an *andante*, of a mass of *violes d'Amour* playing a fine prayer in several parts, or accompanying with their sustained harmonies, a melody of violas, or of violoncellos, or of corni inglesi, or of a horn, or of a flute in its middle part, mingled with harp arpeggios! It would really be a great pity to allow this choice instrument to become lost; upon which any violinist might learn to play, by a few week's practice.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

The violoncello, on account of the depth of its quality and the thickness of its strings, is not susceptible of the extreme agility belonging to the violin and viola. As to the natural and artificial harmonics—of which frequent use is made on the violoncello in solo passages,—they are

obtained by the same means as those of the violin and viola. The length of its strings even contributes to render the extreme upper notes in harmonics, which are produced near the bridge, much more easy and more beautiful than those of the violin.

To violoncellos in the orchestra is ordinarily given the part of the double-bass; which they double, an octave above or in unison: but there are many instances when it is advisable to separate them, either to let them play, on the high strings, a melody or melodious phrase; or to take advantage of their peculiar sonorousness on an open string, for producing a specific harmonial effect, by writing their part *below* the double-basses or, lastly, to assign them a part nearly like that of the double-basses, but giving them more rapid notes, which the latter could not well execute.

The composer should never—without an excellent reason, that is to say, without being sure of producing thereby a very marked effect—entirely separate the violoncellos and double-basses; nor even write them, as many authors have done, a double octave above. Such procedure has the result of considerably weakening the sonorousness of the fundamental notes of the harmony. The bass part, thus forsaken by the violoncellos, becomes dull, bald, extremely heavy, and ill-connected with the upper parts, which are held at too great distance by the extreme depth of tone of the double-basses. When it is required to produce a very soft harmony of stringed instruments, it is, on the contrary, often well to give the bass to the violoncellos, omitting the double-basses, as Weber has done, in the accompaniment to the *Andante* of Agatha's sublime air, in the second act of the *Freischütz*. It is worthy of remark in this example, that the violas alone give the bass, beneath a harmony of violins in four parts; the violoncellos only coming in, a little later, to double the violas.

Violoncellos together, to the amount of eight or ten, are essentially melodious; their quality, on the upper strings, is one of the most expressive in the orchestra. Nothing is more voluptuously melancholy, or more suited to the utterance of tender, languishing themes, than a mass of violoncellos playing in unison upon their *first string*. They are also excellent for airs of a religious character; when the composer ought to select the strings upon which the phrase should be executed. The two lower strings, C and G, especially in keys which permit the use of them as *open strings*, are of a smooth and deep sonorousness, perfectly appropriate in such a case; but their depth itself scarcely ever permits of giving them any other than basses more or less melodious,—the actual airs being reserved for the upper strings. Weber, in the Overture to *Oberon*, has, with rare felicity, caused the violoncellos to *sing* above; while the two clarinets in A, in unison, give beneath them their lower notes. It is both new and striking.

Although our violoncello-players of the present day, are very skilful, and well able to execute all sorts of difficulties, yet it is seldom that rapid passages of violoncellos do not produce some confusion in the lower part. As for those which require the use of the thumb, and lie among the higher notes, there is less to be expected; they are not very sonorous, and are always of dubious precision. In modern richly-filled orchestras,

where the violoncellos are numerous, they are frequently divided into firsts and seconds; the firsts executing a special part of melody or harmony, and the seconds doubling the double-basses, either in octave or in unison. Sometimes even, for accompaniments of a melancholy, veiled, and mysterious character, the bass is left to the double-basses alone, while above them are designed two different parts for the violoncellos, which, joining the viola part, give a four-part deep harmony. This method is rarely well-contrived; and care should be taken not to misuse it.

The tremolo in *double string*, and arpeggios in *forte*, suit violoncellos perfectly; they add greatly to the richness of the harmony, and augment the general sonorousness of the orchestra. Rossini, in the introduction of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, has written a quintet for five *solo* violoncellos, accompanied in pizzicato by the other violoncellos, divided into firsts and seconds. These deep-toned qualities of the same kind are there of excellent effect; and serve to make still more impressive the brilliant orchestration of the succeeding *Allegro*.

DOUBLE-BASSES.

There are two kinds; those with three, and those with four strings. Those with three strings are tuned in fifths. Those with four, are tuned in fourths.

The sound of both is an octave lower than the note written. Their compass in the orchestra is two octaves and a quarter; allowing for three-stringed double-basses, two notes less below.

To double-basses belong, in the orchestra, the lowest sounds of the harmony. In a preceding chapter, it has been stated, upon what occasion they may be separated from the violoncellos; and then may be palliated, to a certain degree, the defect which arises for the basses out of this disposal, by doubling them in octave, or in unison with the bassoons, the corni di bassetto, the bass clarinets, or the ordinary clarinets, in the extreme lower notes. But for my part, I detest the mode which certain musicians have, on such occasions, of using trombones and ophicleides—the quality of tone of which, having neither sympathy nor analogy with that of double-basses, of course mixes execrably with it. There are cases where the harmonics of the double-basses may be successfully introduced. The extreme tension of the string, their length, and their distance from the finger-board, do not permit however, of having resource to artificial harmonics; as for natural harmonics, they come out very well, particularly commencing from the first octave, occupying the middle of the string; they are the same, in the octave below, as those of violoncellos. Strictly speaking, chords and arpeggios may be used on the double-bass; but it must be by giving them two or three notes at the utmost, of which one only need not be open.

The *intermittent tremolo* may easily be obtained, thanks to the elasticity of the bow, which causes it to rebound several times on the strings, when a single blow is somewhat sharply struck.

The *continuous tremolo* of double-basses is of excellent dramatic effect; and nothing gives a more menacing aspect to the orchestra; but it should not last too long, otherwise the fatigue it occasions the performers, who are willing to take the trouble of doing it well, would soon render it

impossible. When a long passage renders it needful thus to disturb the depths of an orchestra, the best way is, by dividing the double-basses, not to give them a real *tremolo*, but merely quick re-percussions, mutually disagreeing as rhythmical values, while the violoncellos execute the true *tremolo*.

They are so injudicious, now-a-days, as to write for the heaviest of all instruments, passages of such rapidity, that violoncellos themselves would find difficulty in executing them. Whence results a serious inconvenience: lazy or incapable double-bass players, dismayed by such difficulties, give them up at the first glance, and set themselves to *simplifying* the passage; but this simplifying of some, not being that of others,—since they have not all the same ideas upon the harmonial importance of the various notes contained in the passage,—there ensues a horrible disorder and confusion. This buzzing chaos, full of strange noises and hideous grumbings, is completed and still heightened by the other double-bass players, either more zealous, or more confident of ability, who toil away in ineffectual efforts at executing the passage just as it is written. Composers should therefore be careful to ask of double-basses no more than possible things; of which the good execution shall not remain doubtful. It is enough to say, that the old system of double-bass players, who *simplify*,—a system generally adopted in the ancient instrumental school, and of which the danger has just been demonstrated,—is at present utterly renounced. If the author have written no other than passages suitable to the instrument, the performer must play them, nothing more, nor nothing less. When the blame lies with the composer, it is he, and the audience, who take the consequences; and the performer is no longer responsible.

Flights of little notes, before large ones, are executed by sliding rapidly on the string, without paying attention to the precision of any of the intermediate sounds; and have an extremely good effect. The furious shock given to the whole orchestra by the double-basses coming upon the high F, by four little preceding notes, B, C, D, E, in the infernal scene in *Orfeo*, on the words, "At the dire howling of Cerberus," is well known. This hoarse barking,—one of the finest inspirations of Gluck,—is rendered the more terrible, by the author having placed it on the third inversion of the chord of the diminished seventh (F, G sharp, B, D); and, for the sake of giving his idea all the effect and vehemence possible, he has doubled the double-basses in the octave, not only with the violoncellos, but with the violas, and the entire mass of violins.

Beethoven, also, has availed himself of these scarcely articulate notes; but (contrary to the previous example), by accenting the first note of the group more than the last. He has done thus in a passage of the Storm in the Pastoral Symphony; which so well depicts the raging of a violent wind and rain, with the muffled rumblings of the gust. It is to be observed, that Beethoven, in this example, and in many other passages, has given to the double-basses deep notes, beyond their power of executing, which leads to the supposition, that the orchestra he wrote for, possessed double-basses descending as low as the C, an octave below the violoncello C,—no longer to be found now-a-days.

Sometimes it has a fine and dramatic effect, to give the violoncellos the real bass, or, at least, the notes which determine the chords, and strike the accented parts of the bar; while beneath them, the double-bass has an isolated part, the design of which, interrupted by rests, allows the harmony to rest upon the violoncellos. Beethoven, in his admirable scene of *Fidelio*, where Leonora and the jailor are digging Florestan's grave, has displayed all the pathetic and gloomy sadness of this mode of instrumentation. He has, however, given, in this case, the real bass to the double-basses.

[To be continued]

Thou must neither play bad compositions, nor listen to them, if not compelled to do so.—SCHUMANN.

The Salzburg "Kapelle."

[Here follows the translation of the interesting old document, to which "A. W. T." has introduced us in his article in our last number.—ED.]

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MUSIC OF HIS GRACE, THE PRINCE ARCH-BISHOP OF SALZBURG IN THE YEAR 1757.

KAPELLMEISTER.

1. Herr ERNST EBERLIN, of Jettenbach in Swabia. He is also the Prince's *Truchses*. He was formerly Court Organist; and if anybody deserves the name of a well-grounded and finished master in the art of composition, it is certainly this man. He has tones completely in his power, and sets music with such facility, that many would look upon it but as a fable if told the time actually employed by this skilful composer in the production of this or that extensive work. In the number of his completed musical works he may well be placed with those two most industrious as well as celebrated composers, Herren Scarlatti and Telemann. The only works by him yet printed are the Toccatas for the Organ.

VICE KAPELLMEISTER.

2. Herr JOSEPH LOLLI, of Bologna, in Italy. He was formerly tenor singer. With the exception of some oratorios he has composed hardly anything for the concert room, though for the church he has set several masses and vespers psalms.

COMPOSERS TO THE COURT.

3. Herr CASPER CRISTELLI, from Vienna in Austria, is Violoncellist, and a great master of accompaniment. He distinguishes himself from many violoncellists in the art of drawing out a good tone, strong and full, yet also pure and touching, from his violoncello, while his execution is manly and free from the viola style. He composes nothing but concert music. His compositions are mostly the pieces called *Suites*, Symphonies, and a few Trios; also duets and solos for the violoncello.

5. Herr LEOPOLD MOZART, from the imperial city, Augsburg. He is violinist and leader of the orchestra. He composes for church and concert room. He was born on the 14th of the Winter-month (December), 1719, and soon after finishing his studies in philosophy and jurisprudence, in 1743, he entered the service of the Prince Archbishop. He has distinguished himself in every style of composition, though he has sent nothing to press except six sonatas *à tré* in the year 1740, which he himself engraved on copper, and this principally for the sake of practice in the art of engraving. In the Hay-month (July) of 1756 he published his Violin-school.

Of the compositions still in manuscript which are known, the most worthy of note are many contrapuntal and church pieces; then a large number of symphonies, partly *à quatre* and partly for all the usual instruments; also thirty grand *Serenatas*, in which solos for various instruments are introduced. Besides these, many concertos, especially for the flute, oboe, bassoon, horn, trumpet, &c.; innumerable trios and divertimenti for different instruments; moreover twelve oratorios, a mass of theatrical pieces, and even pantomimes; also music for special occasions, such as a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle-drums and fifes, in addition to the usual instruments; a piece of Turkish music; a piece for a keyed instrument with steel springs; and finally a sleigh-

ride composition introducing five strings of sleigh-bells; not to mention marches, night pieces (so called) and many hundred minuets, opera dances, and such minor pieces.

5. Herr FERDINAND SEIDL, from Falkenberg in Silesia, Violinist. He composes only for the concert room. He has made very many symphonies; also concertos and solos for the violin, in which his principal object has been to introduce uncommon and very peculiar changes and difficult passages.

The three Court Composers play their instruments both in the church and concert room, and take turns with the Kapellmeister in the direction of the music of the Court, each officiating a week, during which he has entire control over the music, and produces at pleasure his own compositions or those of others.

VIOLINISTS.

6. Herr Paul Schorn, of Salzburg.

7. Herr Carl Vogt, from Kremau in Moravia, is an earnest player, who knows how to draw a manly, powerful tone from the violin.

8. Herr Wenzel Hebelt, from Heiligenberg in Moravia. He brings out clearly the most difficult passages; hence he cares for nothing but the most difficult music, in which it is not easy to find anything too hard or quick for him. But his tone is very weak and feeble.

9. Herr Joseph Hülber, of Krumbach in Swabia. He plays also the German flute.

10. Herr Nicholas Meisner, of Brauna in Bohemia. He plays also the horn.

11. Herr Franz Schwarzmann, of Salzburg. He plays concertos upon the bassoon, and executes finely on the oböe, flute and horn. Just now he is at Padua, in the school of the celebrated Herr Tartini.

12. Herr Joseph Hölzel, from the city of Steyer in Austria. Also plays the horn.

13. Herr Andreas Mayr, of Salzburg. Plays well also upon the violoncello.

VIOLAS.

14. Herr Johann Sebastian Vogt, of Steinach, near Bamberg and Culmbach. Plays also the oböe.

15. Herr Johann Caspar Thumann, of Salzburg.

ORGANISTS AND HARPSICHORDISTS.

16. Herr Anton Cajetan Adelgasser, from Der Insel in Bavaria. Plays understandingly, with elegance, and for the most part cantabile. He is not only a good organist—he is also a good accompanist upon the Grand Harpsichord; for both of which accomplishments he is indebted to Herr Kapellmeister Eberlin, of whom he has also learned the rules of composition, so that he now composes very pleasantly. Only he depends too much upon imitating others, especially his teacher.

17. Herr Franz Ignatius Lipp, of Eggelfelden in Bavaria. He plays also the violin, sings a good tenor, and composes not badly.

These two gentlemen (the organists) have in turn to take charge of the grand organ, (which stands in the rear part of the church) and the side organs (where the concert singers are placed). Not the less though are they called upon for accompaniments in the concert room.

18. Herr Georg Paris, of Salzburg, has entire charge of the small organ below in the choir, where the choral singers are placed, and must play at the

daily choral service. He has composed a few pieces for the church.

VIOLONCELLISTS.

19. Herr Joseph Schorn, of Salzburg. Plays also violin.

20. Herr Jacob Anton Marschall, of Pfaffenhofen in Bavaria, devotes himself particularly to accompaniment, in which, under the instructions of Herr Cristelli, he is continually becoming more perfect. The two take each in turn the duty of accompanist. He also plays a good violin.

CONTRA-BASSISTS.

21. H. Matthias Wirth, of Westendorf in Suabia.

22. H. Paul Hutterer, from the Böhmerwald.

BASSOONS.

23. H. Johann Jacob Rott, of Straubingen in Bavaria.

24. H. Rochus Samhuber, of Salzburg.

25. H. Johann Adam Schultz, } of Sagau

26. H. Johann Heinrich Schultz, } in Silesia.

Both play the oböe.

TROMBONE.

27. H. Thomas Oeschlatt, of Stockerau, in Lower Austria. He is a great master upon his instrument, and there are few who can equal him. He plays also a good violin and violoncello, and plays none the less a fine horn.

OBOES AND FLUTES.

28. H. Christoph Burg, of Mannheim in the Palatinate. He plays concertos beautifully upon the flute and oböe, and also plays the violin.

29. H. Franz de Paula Deihl, of Munich in Bavaria. Plays also the violin.

30. H. Johann Michael Obkircher, of Donauwert.

HORNS.

31. H. Wenzel Sadlo. Plays also the violin very finely.

32. H. Franz Drasil. Plays also the violoncello. Both are from Brodets in Bohemia.

These two excellent hornists a few years since might have entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria, at a salary each of a thousand florins; but they did not wish to leave the Salzburg service.

THE SINGERS.

SOLO SINGERS.

33. The very reverend Herr Andreas Unterkofler, of Salzburg, is Praefect of the princely chapel-house and titular court chaplain.

SOPRANISTS.

The places of the three other castrati—viz., H. Grossi, H. Augustini, and the recently deceased contraltist, H. Lonzi, are not yet filled.

34. The Right Reverend H. Johann Sebastian Brunner, of Neuötting in Bavaria.

BASSISTS.

35. H. Joseph Meisner, of Salzburg, a splendid singer. His voice is pleasing to an extraordinary degree, and enables him, without straining, to reach the high notes of a good tenor on the one hand, and the depths of a concert bass singer on the other, and with a beautiful equality of tone. His forte is the pathetic, and no one can surpass him in the passages which a simple style allows; for they come naturally to him. In Italy he sang first at Pisa, afterwards at Florence, and finally on the stage of San Carlo at Naples, and

was heard both in Rome and the other large cities of Italy. In Vienna he sang at the Academy, to which he was invited. Upon a journey to Holland, he had opportunity to sing at the courts at Munich, Würzburg, Mannheim, Stuttgart, Liege and Cologne; also in the presence of the Bishops of Augsburg, Spire, and others, who all testified their satisfaction by splendid presents. He has just made a short journey to Padua and Venice.

36. H. Joseph Michelansky, of Prague in Bohemia. Tenor.

37. H. Joseph Zugeisen, of Salzburg. Tenor.

38. H. Felix Winter, of Salzburg, has a voice, which to some extent may be compared with that of H. Meisner. It reaches the height of a fair tenor and the depth of a concert bass. He sings with soul. He has just returned from Italy, where he has spent two years, and has sung in Rome and other places with much applause. At Naples he sang in the Carnival operas on the stage of San Carlo.

Two or three Sopranists and as many Altoists are selected from the chapel-house of the Prince for solos, who are placed under the instructions of Herr Meisner.

THE SINGERS OF THE CHOIR.

First the Gentlemen of the Choir—viz., the following right reverend gentlemen:

39. H. Franz Anton Oettel, of Bavaria. Tenor.

40. H. Johann Baptist Freymüller, of Suabia. Bass.

Leaders
of the
Choir.

These two leaders of the choir have in turn the direction of the daily church service, that is, in the choral and contrapuntal vocal music, since the chamber music (orchestra, &c.) is not present.

41. H. Christian Maller, from Suabia. Tenor.

42. H. Anton Saller, of Bavaria. Tenor.

43. H. Christoph Straller, of Salzburg. Alto.

44. H. Benedict Schmutzer, of Bavaria. Tenor.

45. H. Anton Ainkäss, from Carinthia. Tenor.

46. H. Sebastian Seyser, of Bavaria. Bass.

47. H. Paul Pinzger, of Bavaria. Tenor.

48. H. Franz Schneiderbauer, of Bavaria. Alto-falsetto.

49. H. Christoph Bachmeyer, of Salzburg. Bass.

50. H. Johann Anton Eismann, of Berchtols-gaden. Tenor.

51. H. Anton Schipfl, of the Tyrol. Bass.

52. H. Ignatius Seelenthner, of Salzburg. Tenor.

53. H. Franz Joseph Menda, of the Tyrol. Bass.

54. H. Johann Veit Braun, of the Tyrol. Alto-falsetto.

55. H. Franz Cajetan Moschee, of Carinthia. Bass.

56. H. Lorenz Winneberger, of Suabia. Bass.

57. H. Donat Stettinger, of Bavaria. Bass.

58. H. David Veit Westermeyer, Salzburg. Tenor.

59. H. Johann Baptist Setti, from Italy. Bass.

To the choir singers belong secondly the following choralists:

60. H. Benedict Heiss, Salzburg. Bass.

61. H. Leopold Lill, Salzburg. Bass.

62. H. Joseph Schmid, Salzburg. Bass.

63. H. Johann Drauner, of Hungary. Alto-falsetto.

64. H. Judas Tadeus Wesenauer, Salzburg. Tenor.

65. Joseph Egger, Salzburg. Tenor.

66. H. Jacob Seeloes, of Suabia. Tenor.

67. Joseph Scheffler, of Bavaria. Bass.

Among these eight choralists are four who can play the contra-basso, as one of them is always called upon to play that instrument by the small organ in the choir, that which is under the charge of Herr Paris.

Thirdly, to the choir also belong the chapel boys, always fifteen in number, who have to carry the high parts. They all live in a building which is called the Chapel-house (*Capellhaus*), where also dwells the Chapel Praefect, who sits at their table in company of the Preceptor, who has charge of their instruction.

These boys receive from the court not only all their clothes, food and drink, having their own cook and house servants, but instruction at the cost of the court from the best masters in figured and choral song, upon the organ and violin, and in the Italian language. When they leave the chapel-house, each is well clothed from head to foot. The departure of a boy, however, does not immediately follow upon the loss of his voice, but, according to his previous conduct, he is supported two or even three years, through which he has time to perfect himself more fully in all his studies, and in time prepare himself to enter the service of the court, which is the result in most cases, because if they are suitable they are preferred to others.

Finally, connected with the choir are three Trombonists.

They play Alto, Tenor, and Bass trombone, and this duty must be performed or provided for by the Master of the City Towers and two of his assistants, for an annual salary.

The great organ is by the grand entrance of the Cathedral; four others are suspended to the sides of the choir [chancel] and one below in the choir, where the singers stand. The grand organ is only used in preludes, when some grand musical service is performed. During the music, one of the side organs is played constantly—viz., that one which is nearest the altar on the right hand, where the solo singers and the basses stand. Opposite, on the left of the side organ, are the violinists, &c., and in the lofts of the other two side organs are two corps of trumpets and drums. The organ below and the contra-bass are also played when the whole force is required. The oböe and German flute are seldom, the horn never, heard in the Cathedral. Therefore all the players upon these instruments in the church play the violin.

The two corps of trumpets and drums consist of the following persons:

1. H. Johann Baptist Gesenberger, head trumpeter from Bavaria. He is a splendid performer, who has gained great fame for the extraordinary purity of his high notes, his rapidity of execution, and the excellence of his trill.

2. H. Casper Köstler, from the Palatinate, Court and field trumpeter. He is a pupil of the late celebrated Herr Heinisch, of Vienna. He gives to his trumpet a very fine, pleasing vocal tone; his style is good, and his concertos and solos are heard with great pleasure. He also plays the violin.

3. H. Andreas Schachtner, from Bavaria, court trumpeter. He is a pupil of H. Köstler; blows a right fine trumpet, and in good taste; plays also a particularly good violin and the violoncello.

4. H. Johann Schwartz, from the Palatinate, court and field trumpeter. He plays first trumpet and also the violin.

5. Ignatius Finck, an Austrian, court and field trumpeter. Plays second to H. Gesenberger; also plays violin and violoncello.

6. H. Adam Huebner, from the Palatinate, court trumpeter. Plays second trumpet; also the violin.

7. H. Johann Leonhard Seywald, of Salzburg, court and field trumpeter; plays second—also violin. This gentleman and H. Huebner by turns play second trumpet to the three first trumpets, Köestler, Schachtner and Schwarz.

8. H. Johann Siegmund Lechner of the imperial city, Augsburg, court trumpeter; plays also violin.

9. H. Franz Heffstreit, from Moravia, court and field trumpeter; plays violin, and is useful with the viola.

10. H. Matthias Brand, from Bohemia, court and field trumpeter.

Two other places are vacant, which must soon be filled.

DRUMS.

11. H. Anton Winkler, of Salzburg, court and field drummer; plays also the violin.

12. H. Florian Vogt, from Kranau in Moravia, court and field drummer; plays the violin very well.

No trumpeter or drummer is taken into the service of the Prince who cannot play also a good violin; and on extra occasions all must appear at court and play second violin or viola, as they may be directed by him who has the direction for that week.

To the Music belong also—

H. Johann Rochus Egedacher, of Salzburg, organ-builder to the court.

H. Andreas Ferdinand Mayer, from Vienna, court flute and violin maker.

These two gentlemen must at all times be present, to keep the instruments in good condition.

Finally, there are three servants to the orchestra or so-called *Calcanten*.

This, then, is the list of all those who are connected with the music, or in any way have salaries for musical services from the court, and consists of *ninety-nine* persons.

Hector Berlioz.

(From Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune, Nov. 20.)

* * * * Painting, and especially music, present an almost uninterrupted line of men during the last sixty years, whose earlier years have been one long period of the most terrible sufferings of soul and body, than which shipwrecked mariners never encountered more dreadful on desolate sandy island or wave-swept rock, and this in the midst of the most brilliant cities of the world, surrounded by civilization, carried to its highest degree of refinement, in the midst of every variety of luxury. Of a truth, besides Rossini, Auber, and that three times millionaire, Meyerbeer, I cannot now recall any musician whose life was one of ease.

Certainly Hector Berlioz's has not been a career of happiness. What a life of perseverance his has been! What obstacles he has encountered and overcome! What struggles, what cares, what disappointments are congested within his life! He was born 11th November, 1804, at La Côte Saint André, a small village in the department of L'Isère, and the first years of his life were passed away in a home governed by a pious mother. His father was a physician, and he

anxiously desired to see Hector pursue medical studies and inherit in time the paternal practice. His father directed his education; but he is said to have exhibited little taste for Latin; his leisure hours were given to Florian and Millevoye. While Dr. Berlioz taught his son Latin, history, and a little algebra, he allowed him by way of amusement to study solfège, the flageolet, the flute and the guitar. Young Hector was soon able to understand even the most difficult music at sight. His father forbade him to learn the piano (which to this day M. Berlioz is ignorant of), for the moment he began to understand music his other books were neglected, and he remained day and night poring over a treatise on harmony which fell into his hands. He took the communion in the chapel of a convent, where his sister was at school; he says that as he approached the table with the other communicants, young girls sang, with their fresh and silvery voices, one of the Romish hymns to the eucharist, and he seemed to see the heavens open and angels descend to the altar. He was always marked by the greatest sensibility.

One day his father heard with amazement that young Hector had presented the Philharmonic Society of the town with a Quintet for flute, two violins, alto and bass, which was executed with great applause. The worthy doctor and his wife were horrified; Hector received a severe lecture; his musical books were taken from him, and he was ordered to apply himself exclusively to medical studies. Hector tried to beat anatomy into his head, but he could not. The doctor then attempted to allure him to them by promising that if he studied hard he should receive a silver-keyed flute; and at the same time one of his cousins came to join him in his studies. This cousin, however, was an excellent flute player, and while Dr. Berlioz was visiting his patients, the two medical students were playing duos and solos instead of attending to their books. In his twentieth year, Hector with his cousin was sent up to Paris to follow the courses at the medical school. Hector went to the dissecting rooms; the spectacle of those hideous corpses, putrified, dismembered, disfigured by the careless medical students, disgusted and horrified him. He quitted them, vowing never to set his foot there again. His cousin, however, conquered this aversion, and Amussat, then a celebrated professor of anatomy, succeeded in rousing him to some interest in anatomical demonstrations.

Unluckily Berlioz went one ill-starred evening to the Grand Opera. He returned again and again. He deserted the Medical School and the dissecting room. His mornings were passed away in the library of the Conservatoire, copying the scores of Gluck and Haydn. He wrote to his parents that he was determined to be a musician, and that no obstacle on earth should prevent him. A young professor at the Conservatoire applauded his first essays in the art of counter-point, and procured him admittance in the private class of Lesueur, who reckoned Berlioz a pupil of rare talents. Young Berlioz determined to write an opera. He wrote a letter to M. Andrieux of the French Academy, begging him to write a "book;" the latter replied that he was too old to write love verses, whereupon young Berlioz selected the tale of Estelle and Nemorin, and gave it to one of his friends to dramatize. The "book" proved ridiculous, and the music shocking. Our hero, however, did not feel disheartened. He wrote a mass, and one of his friends, a chapel master, made his choristers copy it. The rehearsal took place. The choristers had made all sorts of mistakes—a noise was produced which nearly killed the musicians with laughter, for it has been said that if M. Berlioz had collected all the cats of his quarter and pinched their tails collectively, he could not equal the awful noise he made at this rehearsal. He recopied with his own hand the whole mass. One of his acquaintances lent him 1,200 francs, to have it executed at Saint Roch. All the critics spoke of it favorably, and Lesueur, delighted with the success of his pupil, had him admitted to the annual *concours* of musical composition.

Whether it was that he worked too rapidly, or

that Cherubini, then director of the Conservatoire, exerted his influence against him, Berlioz failed completely, and was excluded from the *concours* at the first test. Cherubini detested him from the day he laid his eyes on him, and Berlioz, from his insubordinate spirit and the jokes he played off on the irascible Italian, inflamed this aversion to the highest point. At the news of this defeat, his father summoned him home and cut short his allowance. Hector wrote Dr. Berlioz that he would never abandon music, but that he would pay them a visit. He went home to plead his cause. After a long controversy, Hector won his father to his side; but his mother and a maiden aunt stood out obstinately against argument and appeal, for they, in their bigotry, could not conceive how a Christian could compose operas! Nothing could convince them. The eve of Hector's departure from home, his mother entered his chamber. She knelt to him sobbing, and begged and entreated him not to dishonor her. He sobbed, too; but remained firm to music. He took her in his arms and sought to argue with her against her prejudices; she threw him off and left the room, saying, "You are no longer my child! curses be upon you!" And even when he quitted home, she refused to see him, bade him adieu, and give him her blessing.

[To be continued.]

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. I regret all the more that I was unable to send you a report of EISELDE's second concert last week, as want of time and a slight indisposition oblige me to give you but a hasty sketch on the present occasion. The concert was exceedingly satisfactory. The Quartets were the beautiful No. 6 of BEETHOVEN, with its exquisite Andante, and one, performed here for the first time, by a composer who is far less known than he ought to be, named VERT. So far as I can ascertain, he is a nobleman holding a government office in Prague, a dilettant in music, who has won much praise in the strictly musical world by several very fine compositions. This quartet gives one a very high idea of his powers; it is full of vigor and originality, highly melodious, and abounds in rich and striking harmonies. Altogether it made one wish to follow up the acquaintance of this new star in our Art-heaven. In a Trio by SPOHR, the opus number of which I have unfortunately forgotten, the piano part was taken by Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, of whom I have already spoken as playing at the Philharmonic concert. His performance on Tuesday night far exceeded the promise given on the former occasion. Then, partly owing to outward circumstances, he made the impression of being a very good player, but nothing above mediocrity; in the exceedingly difficult and brilliant piano part of the trio, he proved himself a thorough master of the instrument, and played with an ease and fire that completely carried away his auditors. And sparkling, healthy, and full of youthful freshness as was his playing, so the young artist himself appeared, with perhaps a little too much *nonchalance* and self-confidence, but not more than years and experience will rub off, for he is still very young. The remaining parts of the Trio, as well as the Quartets, were played well as usual, even to the first violin, which has improved in tone and exactness again. Mr. H. SCHMITZ gave us in an admirable manner a Nocturne on the French Horn, which was less valuable as a composition than as being calculated to bring out the best tones of the instrument. The other solo number consisted of a couple of songs, one by Kücken and Schubert's "Hark, hark! the lark," sung by Mr. FEDER, who has improved since last year, both in voice and execution. In connection with these two numbers, however, I cannot refrain from suggesting to Mr. Eisfeld the expediency of not playing his accompaniments *quite* so loud.

On Christmas night the "Messiah" was given by the HARMONIC SOCIETY, of which my colleague, "Trovator" (whose remarks, by the way, are becoming rather too personal) has already in advance informed you. Trusting to him for a full description thereof, I will only say, as my private opinion, that the choruses were exceedingly well sung; that Mrs. JAMIESON, who gives ample evidence that she ought to know better, sang wofully out of tune in the two alto solos, and that a gentleman whose name I am not acquainted with, though his face is familiar from the Philharmonic orchestra, came very near losing his breath entirely in the trumpet accompaniment to "The trumpet shall sound." No wonder. I was only surprised that he succeeded as well as he did, for his part must be an exceedingly difficult as well as painful one.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY are beginning to be in earnest about the talking disturbance at the rehearsals and concerts. At the second of the former, placards were hung around the galleries, with a polite request that the *tongue obligato* might be omitted; and as this step proved fruitless, at the last two rehearsals small notices were handed to all that entered, to the effect that "the Board of Directors were determined to put a stop to this infringement on the rights of the majority; that officers would be employed to prevent the disturbance; and that if this had no effect, more stringent measures would be employed." If there were only some hope of all this doing any good!

Fidelio was given last night at the Broadway Theatre, for the first time entire, I believe, in this country. I was not present, but hear that it went off very well, the choruses being particularly good, as well as Mad. JOHANSEN's acting. With regard to her being "a singer of the first class," I rather think Signor "Trovator" is mistaken, but that she has all the caprices of one is proved by her breaking her engagement with the Philharmonic Society at the very last moment, in which dilemma Mad. LAGRANGE nobly came to the rescue. — t —

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. THEODORE EISFELD has given us another of his very excellent Classical Soirées, introducing several compositions entirely new to our musical public. The chief of these was a Quartet by WILLIAM H. VEIT, an amateur composer of Prague, who, with a fair European reputation, is entirely unknown here. His Quartet is just what one might expect from an amateur of refined taste and good musical education—a collection of delicate melody and pleasing modulation, but without the impress of a master mind, like Beethoven or Spohr. A trio of Beethoven for piano, violin, and violoncello, was admirably given, the difficult piano part being taken by Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, a pianist from Berlin, who recently made a flattering début at the Philharmonic Concert. Mr. Goldbeck, though very young, plays with great expression, and with masterly execution, appearing able to grasp the full meaning of even Beethoven's composition. I understand that he has already written an entire opera, which has been accepted at one of the London Theatres, and intends returning to Europe next year to superintend its production. It may be safe to predict, that in ten or fifteen years the name of Robert Goldbeck will stand high in the musical world.

The HARMONIC SOCIETY gave a splendid performance of the "Messiah" on Christmas night, the solos being taken by Mrs. JAMIESON, Mr. GUIDI and Mr. and Mrs. LEACH. An effective orchestra, with the organ of the Tabernacle, accompanied the choruses, and the effect was really sublime; the chorus, "Unto us a child is born," was encored. The soloists sang very well, but with the exception of Mrs. Jamieson's exquisite rendering of "He was despised," call for no special remark; this air, however, was

indeed a gem, and I do not remember ever hearing more pathos and expression thrown into it before; it was an intellectual as well as a musical performance. In the air, "The trumpet shall sound," the trumpet obligato was taken by one of the DODWORTHS.

Mr. GUIDI, who is, I believe, recently from Boston, has pitched his tent in the city of Gotham, and is a very valuable addition to our resident musical talent. He is a perfect polyglot to begin with, singing English, German, Italian, French, and I don't know what else, with equal facility. He is engaged as first tenor at Grace Church, in place of Mr. FRAZER, and his performance of the Christmas music, especially of a duet with Mrs. BODSTEIN, at that fashionable church on Christmas morning, was the theme of much commendatory remark. In concerts, oratorios, and operas, he will be very valuable, for, as the advertisements of the mercantile clerks say, he "is willing to make himself generally useful." One good feature of his performance is, that he appears to fully appreciate the sentiment of the words he sings, as was exemplified in his rendering of the touching air, "Behold and see," at the Christmas oratorio.

The GERMAN OPERA COMPANY made their debut at the Broadway Theatre last evening in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with fair success. They were assisted in the choruses by several German singing societies, and the famous "Prisoner's Chorus" was the feature of the opera. I must retain any extended notice of the opera until—I hear it.

Through a private letter, some touching incidents respecting the death of Mr. WARREN, organist of the English Cathedral at Montreal, have been brought to my notice. You undoubtedly have read of the recent destruction by fire of this church edifice, one of the oldest of that quaint old city, and around which the memories of several generations have clustered. I well remember the first and only time I visited it, some four years ago. Arriving at Montreal on a Saturday night, I strolled out the next morning, and after listening to the orchestral music and witnessing the gorgeous ceremonies of High Mass at the Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, entered into a large, old-fashioned church, the Anglican Cathedral of Montreal. It was not the hour for regular morning service, and at the door I was interrupted by a beadle (the first specimen of the species I had ever seen), who, ushering me into the body of the building, deposited me in a great pen, furnished like a pew, with doors and sides so high that at prayers the occupants of other pews were quite lost to sight. After the prayers were read, the tips of heads emerged into view in various parts of the church, like figures on a stage coming up through trap-doors. The hymn was given out, and soon from the middle aisle arose the gaily dressed members of a military band, and the choral tones of a Gregorian chant, rolled up from the brazen orchestra through the arches of the old church. It was what is called a "Soldier's Service," the military only being present, and singing the church music to the accompaniment of their own band. The effect of the gaudy uniforms and the crashing sound of trumpet and trombone, in that quiet, dusty old cathedral, was singular indeed, and when the music ceased and the red and white soldiers, with their bright brazen instruments, subsided into their pews, out of the range of my vision, it seemed like some startling, incongruous dream, an effect only heightened by the subdued tone of the clergyman, as he slowly repeated the words, "The Lord be with you," while from the invisible occupants of the roomy pews faintly rose up the whispered response, "And with thy spirit." Climbing upon a seat and peering above the walls of my pew-prison, I saw in the gallery a large organ, with its gilded pipes and quaintly-carved ornaments set off to great advantage by its case of dark colored wood. After service, the beadle, whom I approached

with reverential awe, informed me that "Mr. Warren" was the organist who revelled in the harmonic luxuries that the musician could draw from that old organ.

A few weeks ago I read in the papers of the destruction of the Cathedral—how the flames burst out of the windows, and how they devoured the old organ—how they crept to the spire, and silenced the chimes forever, while the clock, paralyzed by fervent heat, helplessly dropped its hands and awaited its fate; and how the next morning blackened walls alone marked the site of the church, in which so many infant innocents had been marked with the sign of the cross—in which so many youthful couples had been united—along whose aisles had so often trailed the sable pall that tells of Death, and which had for years been one of the holiest and most beloved of places to the citizens of Montreal.

A few days after this a letter from a friend announced the death of Mr. Warren, caused chiefly by grief at the destruction of the organ, over which he had presided so many years. He could not survive the loss of this inanimate friend, who had spoken to him so often in Music's sweetest tone. I do not think that any one but an organist can fully appreciate an attachment like this. In our cities the constant change of organists from church to church prevents the formation of any attachment for a particular instrument; but where, as in England and Canada, the profession of an organist is really a profession, and where he is called to a church with the intention of being a permanent incumbent of his position, like the clergyman, it is very different. As years roll on and his hand still glides over the familiar key-board, as his touch yet evokes the same strains of choral harmony that he has heard and played long, long since, his mind recalls the many incidents in his life in which his organ-friend has so largely figured, and his affection for it increases day by day. As Prospero with a wave of his magic wand called up the light, ethereal spirits, so, at the pressure of the hand upon the keys, there float before his memory many dear forms and loved scenes which have long ago departed. This chant he has played some happy Christmas morn in years past, when the old church was gay with evergreens, and this hymn he remembers when sung by those at whose funeral his organ has since wailed a sad requiem. It is not always mere music that the organist hears when seated before his organ; for with the earthly harmony are mingled dreamy echoes of the past, and oftentimes sweet voices that whisper faintly of the future. TROVATOR.

A Moravian Christmas Eve.

NAZARETH, PA., Dec. 28. Having already promised something of the kind, I owe you a sketch of our Christmas Eve and the glad cheer of life and solemnity it brought with it.

The snow-clad earth was not here at this time to add to the geniality of the occasion, but the bright stars above added strength to the recollections of an event which young and old had assembled to commemorate.

The Eve of Christmas in all our Moravian villages is ushered in within the walls of the church, where appropriate decorations are frequently added to enliven and enhance the interest of the festivity. At Nazareth the green festoons of the Jubilee were still suspended, and were well adapted to grace the beautiful solemnities of Christmas.

During the night when this august ceremony comes off, a large portion of the surrounding rural population flock hither to witness the scene, gaze at the paraphernalia, and listen to the music. This has been a time-honored custom, and has always presented a singular contrast between the staid devotion of the Moravian himself and the boisterous merriment of the yeomanry, who are generously

allowed free access to all these festive meetings. Within the chapel, however, the greatest order and quiet are observed, and no molestation is offered to mar the designs of the festival.

The performances of the evening worship opened with the reading of the second chapter of St. Luke, one of the most poetical records of all Holy Writ, where the memorable passage is introduced: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

After this simple recital, the short discourse follows, and the musical rites open with an anthem, performed by full chorus and orchestra alternately with the chorals of the whole congregation. During the performance the love-feast is partaken of, consisting of cakes and coffee, distributed among all present, who on the evening I have reference to, numbered nearly one thousand.

During this enjoyment, where both the sense and the spiritual emotion are appealed to, a portion of BEETHOVEN'S Mass was performed and the German words sung:

Sei willkommen,
Schöner Stern in heil'ger Nacht!
Ganz von Andacht hingenommen,
Schau' ich deine stille Pracht.
Hosanna! gelobet sey Der da kommt
Im Namen des Herrn, &c.
(Be thou welcome,
Beautiful Star in the holy night!
All transported by devotion,
I behold thy quiet lustre.
Hosanna! praised be
He who cometh, &c.)

The singing on this, as on all liturgic occasions, is alternated between the male and female, the youth and the adult portion of the congregation, who from time to time are relieved by the choir. In connection with their old Christmas Eve rituals, there is still an ancient vestige of the dramatic remaining, savoring somewhat of Catholicism, yet so endearing by its simplicity and its strong affinity to those child-like interpretations of Christianity on which the heart delights to dwell, that the cold age of new things has not yet been able to obliterate it.

I allude to the introduction of wax tapers. When the choir sing: "*Mache dich auf, es werde Licht! Denn dein Licht kommt, und die Herrlichkeit des Herrn gehet auf über dir,*" ("Arise! shine! for thy Light cometh," &c.), large trays of lighted wax tapers are brought in from the eastern side of the chapel, and carried through the assembly and distributed among all the smaller children. To the aged this sudden light appears in its true typical import, and the poetical scene is not undervalued by those who can read the mysteries of religious solemnities. But among the juvenile portion every face becomes radiant with joy at the appearance of this expected light, owing more to the general excitement of the moment than to the inspiration which the symbol should produce. The rural guests are particularly attentive during this scene, and seem to observe with intense delight the brilliant display of hundreds of wax lights held before the smiling faces of the children. The tapers are blown out in gradual succession, the wings are gathered and carried away, the music wanes, and the last tones of the organ fall upon the ears of the retiring multitude as they emerge into the frigid atmosphere of a December night.

This is but the outline of the church ceremonial, the scenes at the altar at the opening of the festive week. The genial solemnity in our smaller villages is still preserved in its pristine purity and simplicity,

but in the larger towns, such as Bethlehem, there are too many mixed elements of population for the enjoyment of the simpler rites. Throughout the homes of the village other scenes of like tendency are enacted.

During the whole of the preceding week the young men may be seen upon the bleak hills, where the moss is yet verdant, and the hemlock and laurel are always cheerful and grow luxuriantly where nothing else will thrive, gathering in huge piles and loading upon wagons these well-known Christmas greens. Long evenings are spent in weaving the wreaths, preparing inscriptions and transparencies in harmony with the cheerful occasion.

Each house in which childhood yet constitutes a portion of the fireside group, contributes its share to these manifestations, and a succession of visitors is seen passing from door to door, to examine and discuss the merits of the "decoration." Inscriptions, referring to the Nativity, are generally placed in the background of the picture, which is lighted up in the evening, to which are often added figures and pictures illustrative of the Christmas subject.

The venerable Hall is during this eventful week nearly deserted of its hundred occupants, and but a score of pupils remain behind. These, however, have been very assiduously engaged in preparing their evergreen demonstrations of Merry Christmas, which are left on exhibition until New Year's morning, and Wisdom, under the garb of Mentor, re-conducts them to their books. In the "stone cottage," where the elder boys reside, the most classic decorations were shown us, and the few young men under whose auspices they were designed, and who had been left behind to make the best of Christmas and solitude, seemed delighted with the work of their hands and the encomiums of complaisant guests.

In the Hall, where a couple of groups of little boys remained, two rooms exhibited Christmas trees lighted up with innumerable wax tapers, and many heterogeneous devices, such as caverns, grottoes, birds, animals of all climes associating together. In spite of science and poetry, however, of the laws of unity, of Aristotle, of Burke on the Beautiful, or Longinus on the sublime, the boys were perfectly satisfied and happy. They burned their tapers, set fire to the trees, and exhausted the whole supply of wax to be found far and near.

The Christmas week, with its rejoicings, as they are presented to the eye, the ear, and thence sent back into the soul, forms but a single phase of the Moravian year.

Like most other festivals peculiar to this people, it is rendered affecting by the purity of thought and feeling that characterizes every passage of this living poetry.

The elements of the naive and the simple still remain in ample force to sustain the old German festival and the choral; but when these shall have been swallowed up by the refinements of wealth, and the heartlessness of that species of culture which is its off-spring, and which the world prescribes, then the days of sincere, profound and poetical feeling are over. The beautiful poem of Rückert: "*Des fremden Kindes heiliger Christ,*" would no doubt meet with a kind reception in a good English translation, such as we might look for from your valued translator of German poetry. It breathes the pure emotion of a German Christmas, the artlessness of childhood, with all of the heavenly that poet and painter can draw from the theme.

J. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 3, 1857.

The "Messiah" at Christmas.

An immense assemblage listened on Sunday evening (as is the annual custom) to Handel's sublime Oratorio, in the Boston Music Hall. The

scene and stir, before the orchestra commences, are of themselves refreshing always upon this occasion. The old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY were out in full force, and we know not that we ever heard the choruses, almost without exception, rendered with more spirit, euphony, precision and excellent balance of voices. Indeed, in this last particular the society, thanks to Mr. ZERRAHN'S indefatigable training, have at length achieved a very important victory over past years. All the singers not only seemed, but were heard, to sing; the soprani did not timidly wait one another's movements, but attacked the note *en masse*, and gave out a smooth, musical body of tone, instead of that thin, shrill outline by a few voices, which it has been so common to hear. The contralti were uncommonly rich and full; the tenors effective without bawling, and the basses superbly grand and satisfactory, as of old. We need not particularize where every chorus went so well, even to the difficult concluding "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Amen," which was only disturbed by the thoughtless cloaking and going out of the impatient ones among the audience.

If we have any criticism to make it is on the score of the omission of one or two choruses, which certainly are among the best and most important in the whole work; especially did we miss that touching one which should follow the air: "He was despised," namely: "And with his stripes," &c. One could have better spared one or two of the almost impracticable solos which were attempted; for instance: "Thou shalt dash them," for which we have no tenor at all adequate in strength and grandeur. It requires a Braham.

Of the solo-singing we cannot speak with the same satisfaction as of the choruses. Nor was it to be expected, after the familiarity of our public with the world's greatest singers, and in music which so taxes the very highest powers, that the efforts of native singers, mostly amateurs, could be entirely satisfactory. Yet there was much to praise, and everything to be thankful for. Far better hear the "Messiah" so than not at all. Mrs. LONG did herself great credit in the principal-soprano songs. She was in uncommonly good voice, which told in the strong and jubilant passages with great effect. Very beautiful were some of her high sustained notes in the annunciation music. In "Rejoice greatly" she displayed great flexibility and freedom. We are not sure that it has ever been done better by any of our resident sopranos; but it takes a sparkling, fountain-like nature, like Jenny Lind's, to render all its life. In the "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she really surprised us by one of the best performances we have ever heard save from the most famous singers. Mrs. HARWOOD has a fresh, rich mezzo soprano voice, of a peculiarly sympathetic quality, which was much relished in the contralto airs. The first: "O, thou that tellest," needed a little more life, to be sure, and runs below her effective range of tones; but "He shall feed his flock" was beautifully given (the second portion being taken by Mrs. Long.) In "He was despised" she was only second to Miss Philipps. It was a pity to leave out the second part of that song, which is so beautiful and touching. In the duet: "O Death, where is thy sting," her voice and style were very pleasing; but she was feebly seconded by Mr. DRAPER, who

seemed to have been overtaxed by previous efforts. This gentleman has a pleasing tenor, but of small power for the music Hall or for Handel's music; yet he sang the opening: "Comfort ye," &c., in good, chaste style, with less of that questionable ornament than we usually hear. For a first, or nearly a first appearance with orchestra, the effort was highly promising. Mr. C. R. ADAMS has often attracted us by the sweetness and clearness of his tenor voice. We have not before heard him in this music. He has not expression enough (very few tenors have, and those only of the most finely cultivated) for such recitative and melody as: "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see if there be any sorrow," &c. Yet the effort was creditable, and the voice sweet to listen to. For "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," we have already said he lacks iron strength, and in this was no worse off than nearly every singer who has undertaken it. Mr. THOMAS BALL sang the bass solos precisely as of old; there was want of life and elasticity about it, and a tendency of the ponderous voice to droop away from true pitch. Evidently he has been moulding beauty out of marble more than out of tones these two years past in Florence. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra filled in the rich accompaniments with fine effect, and Mr. MULLER made the organ—what there is of it—speak to good advantage in parts where it was needed.

Chamber Concerts.

CONCERT OF THE "GERMAN TRIO."—The first of the third season of Chamber Concerts by Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGnickel, drew a respectable audience to Chickering's on Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, in spite of the storm. The programme consisted of one part light and two parts solid, as follows:

- PART I.
1—Grand Trio, Op. 97, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, L. van Beethoven
- PART II.
2—Quartet: "A Voice from the Lake,".....Theo. Eisfeld.
3—Fantasia for Violoncello (Lucia di Lammermoor)....Piatti.
4—Piano Solo: (Favorite American Airs).....Hause.
5—Violin Solo: Souvenir de Haydn.
6—Quartet: "Ye Spotted Snakes,".....Bishop.
- PART III.
7—Trio, Op. 15, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Rubinstein.
Allegro con fuoco—Adagio—Presto—Allegro.

Beethoven's Trio, the *great* Trio in B flat, is always a luxury to refresh one's mind withal. It still holds place as at once the most brilliant and most profoundly significant and soul-searching of compositions in that form. Mr. Hause played the piano part with all his wonderful freedom, precision and firmness of execution; only we lacked here and there the sympathetic touch which such tone-poems require so much more than mere bravura pieces. The violin and 'cello bore their parts ably and effectively, of course. Mr. Gärtner's violin is always admirable, unsurpassed, in passages; but there will come ever and anon those unlucky exaggerations of emphasis or *pianissimo* which break the charm.

Rubinstein's Trio we found more interesting than the Quartets which we have had by him. In this there was much vigor, brilliancy and freshness, especially the first Allegro and the Presto. Yet we do not find the second Beethoven in him that has been talked about. The Trio was performed with great spirit.

Of the pieces in the Second Part, a sort of "popular" intermezzo, we were most pleased with the vocal quartets, which were sung without accompaniment with fine *ensemble* and expression

by Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. C. R. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART; especially the piece by Bishop. Mr. Eisfeld's Quartet is a pleasing composition, although the unaccompanied *unisono* had a strange sound for an opening. The violoncello fantasia was a skilful piece of show-playing, but the composition execrable. We have little faith in fantasias on opera airs generally; but to hear Edgardo twist his death-song into such fantastic flummery must either torture or provoke to laughter. Yet it bears the name of the first violoncellist in London, who figures in all the classical concerts, &c.! The "American Airs" were omitted, wisely, we doubt not. Mr. Gärtner's solo was a rhapsody with variations on Haydn's "God save the Emperor," a skilfully fantastic piece of virtuosity. It was vehemently encored, whereby was elicited one of those marvelous "impromptus" which great violinists always seem to keep in reserve for such emergencies.

GUSTAV SATTER's first "Philharmonic Soirée" drew a crowded and delighted audience to the saloon of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., last Saturday evening. In a conflict of engagements we signally failed in our attempt to be in two or three places at once, and so lost a large part of the concert. But we can't speak of the two most important novelties of the programme (given in our last). The Piano Quartet by WILLMERS interested us much more than we had expected from the concert pieces we had heard of that composer-pianist. There is much life and beauty, with now and then a wild Northern vein (somewhat like Gade) in the first and last movements. The slow movement has a beautiful theme, classically wrought, and followed by curious and pleasing variations. The Minuet is less original or striking. Mr. SATTER plays the difficult piano part with wonderful ease and finish, doing full justice to each shade of expression, and Messrs. SCHULTZE, ECKHARDT and JUNGnickel make up with him one of the most satisfactory quartets to which it has been our fortune to listen.

Forced to lose the smaller piano pieces composed and played by Mr. SATTER, the songs by Mrs. LITTLE, the *diables* (from "Robert") by Liszt, and the "Kreutzer Sonata," which we hear was admirably played by Messrs. Satter and Schultze, we were more fortunate with the exquisite Trio (piano, violin and 'cello) by HUMMEL; a posthumous work we believe, and one of the most elegant and artistic of that never strikingly original, but always charming master. It was played to a charm, too.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The fourth concert took place on Tuesday evening, with the following programme:

- PART I.
1. Quintette in D, (dedicated to the Mendelssohn Quintette Club,).....C. C. Perkins.
Introduction and Allegro—Scherzo—Andante Sostenuto—Finale, Presto.
2. Piano Quintette in E flat, op. 87.....Hummel.
Allegro e risoluto assai—Minuetto—Allegro con fuoco—Largo, and Finale, Allegro agitato.
- PART II.
3. Adagio and Scherzo, from the Quartette in E minor, op. 44.....Mendelssohn.
4. Grand Polonaise for Piano and 'Cello,.....Chopin.
Messrs. Parker and Wulf Fries.
5. Quartette in G, No. 2, op. 18.....Beethoven.
Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro molto.

We must be very brief. Mr. PERKINS shrinks from no task, however formidable, in musical composition, a Quintet being certainly one of the most so. It is praise for an amateur not to have entirely failed. His work is very elaborate, for

the most part ingenious, and often pleasing. The character on the whole is light and graceful. But there were modulations of questionable boldness, and workings-up more elaborate (it seemed to us) than the ideas justified. We could not clear away the sense of vagueness, which clings about so many amateur attempts:—we mean, regarding the progress of the whole work. This was the more perceptible by contrast, when one came to listen to that Quintet by HUMMEL, (which was played next). Its euphony and richness, to be sure, were wonderful enhanced by the piano and the double-bass with its deep ground-swell lifting all up. But there was such clearness, positiveness and rounded completeness in the composition itself, as made it most refreshing to listen to.

The MENDELSSOHN movements were welcome old friends; but we have heard the Club play the Scherzo more smoothly. It seemed to us that the instruments did not get their usual inspiring start in the first Quintet, and we asked ourselves whether the middle of the programme were not the best place for the trial of a new composition. Mr. PARKER played Chopin's brilliant Polonaise (one of his very earliest and least Chopin-like productions) very finely, and the violoncello finely co-operated. Next to the Hummel piece, the Beethoven Quartet was the most satisfactory in the rendering, and it is needless to say how delightful it was.

To-night we have *embarras de richesses* in the way of music. Mr. ZERRAHN's Orchestral Concerts, long longed for, commence this evening at the Melodeon. He is disappointed with regard to OLE BULL, who is unfortunately ill in New York, but announces in his place Herr SCHREIBER, a very distinguished virtuoso on the trumpet, not surpassed, it is said, by KOENIG. For more solid fare he offers Beethoven's lovely fourth Symphony, Mendelssohn's Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Tell" Overture, and "Pilgrim Chorus," sung by male voices. Certainly a most attractive prospect!....We are only sorry that THALBERG's advent happens on the same evening. Of course all the music-lovers are eager to listen to the great pianist, and we doubt not large audiences will attend both concerts. Besides his own wonderful pianism, Thalberg offers us Mme. D'ANGELI, one of the very first contraltos of the age, and Sig. MORELLI, the admired baritone. Thalberg's second concert will be on Thursday evening....The AFTERNOON CONCERTS, it will be seen, are postponed one week to Jan. 14....The second concert of the GERMAN TRIO took place last evening....The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY held a private musical soirée at Hallett & Davis's rooms on Tuesday evening....The German "ORPHEUS" held a musical and social festival to welcome in the New Year, when a large silver goblet, of very artistic design and workmanship was presented by the members to their esteemed leader and teacher, Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The first concert of the "Orpheus" is fixed for Saturday evening, the 17th inst.

CROWDED OUT.—Letters from Springfield, from Germany, &c.; Musical Intelligence, foreign and domestic; conclusion of "Daisy's" article, and much more, which will appear next week.

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

The FIRST OF THE FOUR PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, January 3, with the highly valuable assistance of

Herr LOUIS SCHREIBER,
Solo Trumpet-player to the King of Hanover.

Among the principal pieces will be Beethoven's Fourth Symphony; Overture to Goethe's Faust, by Richard Wagner (first time); the Pilgrim Chorus (sung by a select Choir) from Tannhäuser (first time); and the Overture to "William Tell." Tickets for subscribers are now ready at Russell & Richardson's, Wade's, and Ditson's Music Stores. Packages of four Tickets, \$3, single Ticket, \$1.

For particulars see programmes.
Doors open at 6½: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.
CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

Advertisements.

THALBERG'S FIRST CONCERT.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857.

MADAME D'ANGRI

(Cantatrice di Camera to the Emperor of Austria, and PRIMO CONTRALTO ASSOLUTO from the Italian Opera, Paris, Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden, London.) will make her first appearance in Boston jointly with M. THALBERG.

M. THALBERG

will play Fantasias on "Don Giovanni," "Massaniello," and "L'Esprit d'Amore," La Barcarole and the Serenade from "Don Pasquale."

MADAME D'ANGRI

will sing Arias from "Gaiditta," "Semiramide," "Il Barbiere," Rondo from "Cenerentola."

SIGNOR MORELLI

will sing Arias from "Gemma di Vergy," the "Largo al factotum," and "Amor funesto."

CONDUCTOR.....SIGNOR ABELLA.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION FOR RESERVED SEATS will be the same as in New York and Philadelphia, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, AND ONE DOLLAR, according to location.

THE ONLY AUTHORIZED TICKET OFFICE is at Russell & Richardson's, No. 282 Washington street.

THE SALE OF RESERVED SEATS will commence on Thursday, Jan. 1, at 9 o'clock A. M.

ORDER OF THE SALE.

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NOTICE. With both the \$1 50 and the \$1 Tickets will be given checks entitling the holder to a reserved seat.

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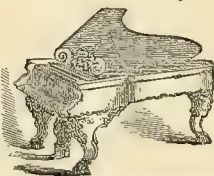
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(Continued from page 106.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE HAUTOBOY OR OBOE.

The hautboy is especially a melodial instrument: it has a pastoral character, full of tenderness—nay, I would even say of timidity. It is nevertheless always written for, in the *tutti* parts, without paying attention to the expression in its quality of tone, because there it is lost in the aggregate whole, and the peculiarity of this expression cannot be distinguished. It is the same thing—let it be at once understood—with all other wind instruments. The only exception is with those the sonorousness of which is excessive, or the quality of tone too marked in its originality. It is in fact impossible, without trampling under foot both Art and good sense, to employ such instruments as those as simple instruments of harmony. Among them may be ranked trombones, ophicleides, double bassoons, and, in many instances, trumpets and cornets. Candor, artless grace, soft joy, or the grief of a fragile being, suits the hautboy's accents; it expresses them admirably in its cantabile.

A certain degree of agitation is also within its powers of expression; but care should be taken not to urge it into utterances of passion—the rash outburst of anger, threat or heroism; for then its small, acid-sweet voice becomes ineffectual and absolutely grotesque. Some great masters—Mozart among others—have not escaped this error. In their scores passages are to be found, the impassioned meaning and martial accent of which contrast strangely with the sound of the hautboy that executes them; and thence result, not only effects missed, but startling disparities between stage and orchestra, melody and instrumentation. The theme of a march, however manly, grand or noble, loses its manliness, its grandeur, and its nobleness, if hautboys deliver it; it has a chance of preserving something of its character if given to flutes, and loses scarcely anything by being assigned to clarinets. Where—in order to give more weight and body to the harmony, and more

force to the group of wind instruments employed—hautboys are absolutely needful in a piece such as I have just described, they should be written in such a way that their quality of tone (not suited to this particular style) shall become completely covered by the other instruments, and blend with the mass so as no longer to be recognized. The lower sounds of the hautboys, ungraceful when displayed, may agree with certain wild and lamenting harmonies, united to the low notes of the clarinets, and to the low D, E, F and G of the flutes and corni inglesi.

Gluck and Beethoven understood marvellously well the use of this valuable instrument; to it they both owe the profound emotions excited by several of their finest pages. I have only to quote, from Gluck, the hautboy solo of Agamemnon's air in *Iphigenia in Aulide*: "Peuvent ils, &c." ("Can the harsh Fates.") These complaints of an innocent voice, these continued supplications ever more and more appealing—what instrument could they suit so well as a hautboy? And the celebrated burden of the air of *Iphigenia in Tauride*: "O malheureuse, Iphigénie." And again, that child-like cry of the orchestra, when Alceste, in the midst of her enthusiasm and heroic self-devotion, struck by the recollection of her young sons, abruptly interrupts the phrase of the theme: "Eh pourrai-je vivre sans toi," to respond to this touching instrumental appeal, with the heart-rending exclamation: "O mes enfans!" And then the discord of the minor second in Armida's air with the words: "Sauvez moi de l'amour," ("Save my weak heart from love"). All this is sublime, not only in dramatic thought, in the profound expression, in the grandeur and beauty of the melody; but also in the instrumentation, and the admirable choice made by the author of the hautboys from amidst the throng of other instruments, either inadequate or incapable of producing such impressions.

Beethoven has demanded more from the joyous accent of the hautboys. Witness the solo of the scherzo of the Pastoral Symphony; that of the scherzo of the Choral Symphony; that of the first movement of the Symphony in B flat, &c. But he has no less felicitously succeeded in assigning them sad or forlorn passages. This may be seen in the minor solo of the second return of the first movement of the Symphony in A, in the episodic andante of the finale to the Eroica Symphony, and, above all, in the air of *Fidelio*, where Florestan, starving with hunger, believes himself, in his delirious agony, surrounded by his weeping family, and mingles his tears of anguish with the broken sobs of the hautboy.

THE CORNO INGLESE.

This instrument is, so to speak, the alto of the hautboy, with which it possesses equal compass. It is written on the G clef, like a hautboy in F below, and, consequently a fifth above its real sound.

What has just been said upon the difficulties of fingering for the hautboy, in certain encounters of sharpened or flattened notes, applies also to the corno inglese. Rapid passages upon it have a still worse effect; its quality of tone, less piercing, more veiled, and deeper than that of the hautboy, does not so well as the latter lend itself to the gayety of rustic strains. Nor could it give utterance to anguished complainings; accents of

keen grief are almost interdicted to its powers. It is a melancholy, dreamy, and rather noble voice, of which the sonorousness has something of vague, of remote, which renders it superior to all others in exciting regret, and reviving images and sentiments of the past, when the composer desires to awaken the secret echo of tender memories. M. Halevy has with extreme felicity employed two corni inglesi in the ritornello of Eleazar's air in the fourth act of *The Jewess*.

In the Adagio of one of my own symphonies, the corno inglese, after having repeated in the bass octave the phrases of a hautboy—as the voice of a youth might reply to that of a young girl in a pastoral dialogue—reiterates fragments of them (at the close of the movement) with a dull accompaniment of four kettle-drums, during the silence of all the rest of the orchestra. The feelings of absence, of forgetfulness, of sorrowful loneliness, which arise in the bosoms of the audience on hearing this forsaken melody, would lack half their power if played by any other instrument than the corno inglese.

The mixture of the low sounds of the corno inglese with the bass notes of the clarinets and horns, during a tremolo of double-basses, gives a sonorousness as peculiar as it is novel, and well suited to imbue with its menacing impression those musical ideas where fear and solicitude predominate. This effect was unknown either to Mozart, Weber, or Beethoven. A magnificent example of it is to be found in the duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and I think M. Meyerbeer is the first who caused it to be heard on the stage.

In compositions where the prevailing impression is that of melancholy, the frequent use of the corno inglese hidden in the midst of the great mass of instruments, is perfectly suited. Then, only one hautboy part need be written; replacing the second by that of the corno inglese. Gluck has employed this instrument in his Italian opera of *Telemaco*, and *Orfeo*; but without manifest intention, and without deducing much effect. He never introduced it in his French scores. Neither Mozart, Beethoven, nor Weber, have used it; wherefore, I know not.

THE BASSOON.

The bassoon is the bass of the hautboy; it has a compass of more than three octaves.

This instrument leaves much to desire on the score of precision of intonation; and would gain perhaps more than any other wind instrument, from being constructed according to Boehm's system.

The bassoon is of the greatest use in the orchestra on numerous occasions. Its sonorousness is not very great, and its quality of tone, absolutely devoid of brilliancy or nobleness, has a tendency towards the grotesque—which should be always kept in mind, when bringing it forward into prominence. Its low notes form excellent basses to the whole group of wooden wind instruments. The bassoon is ordinarily written in two parts; but large orchestras being always provided with four bassoons, it can then be without inconvenience written in four real parts; or, still better, in three,—the lowest part being doubled an octave below, to strengthen the bass. The character of their high notes in somewhat painful, suffering—even, I would say, miserable,—which may be sometimes

introduced into either a slow melody, or passages of accompaniment, with most surprising effect. Thus the odd little cluckings heard in the Scherzo of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, towards the close of the decrescendo, are solely produced by the somewhat forced sound of the A \flat , and the high G of the bassoons in unison.

When M. Meyerbeer, in his resurrection of the Nuns, wished to find a pale, cold, cadaverous sound, he, on the contrary, obtained it from the weak middle notes of the bassoon.

Rapid passages of bound notes may be successfully employed; they come out well when they are written in the favorite keys of the instrument, such as D, G, C, F, B \flat , E \flat , A, and their relative minors.

THE DOUBLE-BASSOON.

This instrument is to the bassoon, what the double-bass is to the violoncello. That is to say, its sound is an octave lower than the written note.

It is needless to add that this very ponderous instrument is only suitable for grand effects of harmony, and to basses of a moderate degree of speed. Beethoven has used it in the finale of his Symphony in C minor; and in that of his Choral Symphony. It is very valuable for large wind instrument bands; nevertheless, few players care to learn it. Occasionally, the attempt is made to replace it by the ophicleide, the sound of which has not the same depth; since it is in unison with the usual bassoon, and not with the octave below; and the quality of tone of which has no analogy of character with that of the double-bassoon. I think therefore, in the majority of cases, it is better to do without this instrument, than to replace it thus.

[To be continued.]

Hector Berlioz.

[Concluded.]

When he reached Paris, he remembered that he owed the acquaintance I have mentioned 1,200f. for the execution of his mass. The miserable sum of money he received from his father, forbade his hoping to discharge that debt by an economical administration of his allowance. He, therefore, resorted to other means; he rented a garret at fifteen francs a month, resolved never to spend more than eight sous a meal, (sixteen sous a day,) and succeeded in paying 600 francs in four months. This probity reached his father's ear: Dr. Berlioz paid the remaining 600f. but he gave Hector no more money until the sum allowed him had extinguished this advance. His secret motive to this was to constrain his son to return home. Hector detected the snare: he expended still less money for his meals, gave more lessons, and in this way contrived to live without receiving any aid from his family. A young man of talents brought Berlioz the "book" of an opera entitled "*Les Francs Juges*;" he found the subject very poetical, and composed the score with enthusiasm. The Grand Opera rejected the "book," and all his labor was lost: the overture of "*Les Francs Juges*" is still preserved, and those who are acquainted with it declare it a master piece.

It would almost seem as if some genius of evil had heard Berlioz's mother's anathema, and determined to execute it. Failing the performance of *Les Francs Juges*, he sought to obtain the concert-room of the Conservatoire, to execute there the overture of that rejected opera. It was denied him. He lost several pupils in music. Gaunt Poverty clutched him in its iron claws. Some fore-runner of Maretzek was engaging an orchestra for New York. He sought to obtain the place of flutist; he applied too late—all the places were filled. In his despair, he entered a *concours* for choristers at the Opera Comique; his competitors were a chorister of some church, a carpenter, a blacksmith and a weaver. He was successful, and Fortune seemed to relax her frowns—new pupils came. An old friend, a student of pharmacy, gave him a portion of his chamber, and prepared for him a succulent supper on the furnace where he distilled. Once a week the two friends contrived to go to the Grand Opera. Berlioz, who knew all the great scores by heart, was always

indignant whenever the orchestra made any changes in the opera they were executing, and invariably bawled his opinion from his seat in the pit to the leader of the orchestra; but generally the only effect he produced was on himself; the police would put him out of the door! One evening, however, he was more fortunate. As usual, he cried out to the musicians, "What are ye about? You omit something! There is a solo! Read the score!" The pit took up the cry—"The solo! the solo! the solo!" The orchestra was obstinate. The pit yelled again. The orchestra still pretended not to hear. The whole pit—Berlioz at their head—then leaped over the orchestra—the musicians fled—the curtain fell—and the melo-maniacs broke all the instruments to atoms! Since I am in the way of telling stories, here is another of Hector's youth, which may prove interesting. At a representation of *Antigone* a person sitting near young Berlioz accompanied the music with ejaculations of admiration, to the great annoyance of his neighbors and despite their repeated "*Pst! Pst!*" At last our hero, overcome by this irritation, and his nervous sensibility excited by the music, buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed. The man, whose interjections had so greatly annoyed him, perceiving his emotion, caught him in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him on both cheeks, exclaiming, "Ah! you do understand music—That's a noble fellow! *Pleurons! Pleurons!*" Hector's tears ceased to flow, and the pit roared!

About this period of his life Mr. Macready and Miss Smithson brought over an English company to Paris, and introduced the French to Shakspeare. They effected a great revolution here: they inspired M. Victor Hugo, M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Casimir Delavigne with their best dramas, and M. Paul Delaroche and M. Eugene Delacroix with the subjects of some of their best paintings. They turned M. Berlioz's head and heart. He fell desperately in love with Miss Smithson, the charming Juliet and Desdemona of the company. Every night she played he was at the theatre, and his only object, his only desire was to attract her attention. He determined to give a concert composed exclusively of his compositions: the overture to the *Francs Juges*; the overture to "*Waverley*;" a Greek heroic scene: and the "*Death of Orpheus*." Everything was ready for the concert, but Cherubini refused the Conservatoire concert-room. M. Berlioz appealed to the Superintendent of Fine Arts, and obtained the concert-room. The concert was given, but the orchestra was hostile to him, and the whole proved a *fiasco*. Nothing discouraged, M. Berlioz wrote Miss Smithson letters upon letters written in the style of a lunatic. The English "star" was alarmed at such declarations, she looked on the writer as mad and refused to receive his letters. M. Berlioz determined to give another concert. He gave it in the theatre where the English actors played, on one of the "off nights;" the orchestra was faithful, and the critics applauded him lustily. Miss Smithson was not touched by this success, and in a day or two afterwards, she, with the rest of the English company, were on their way home.

M. Berlioz was almost heart-broken. He could not work. He could think of nothing. A German pianist introduced him to an actress on the Boulevard, whose likeness to Miss Smithson was wonderfully close. M. Berlioz gratified his love for Miss Smithson by proxy, and his heart ceased to throb. He worked hard again, and soon carried off the first prize at the Conservatoire for his cantata, *La Mort de Sardanapale*; but, when it came to be executed, some perfidious hand mixed the score, and the most frightful discord reigned in the orchestra. A week afterwards, the cantata was performed with success. At the same time, he brought out a *Symphonie Fantastique* (which was greatly admired and greatly abused,) and wrote scores for Gerard de Nerval's translations of *Faust*. The first prize at the Conservatoire entitled him to live in Italy for two years, at the expense of the Government. He ruptured the silken chains which bound him to Miss Smithson's image, and he went to Italy. He was scarcely installed in the palace, devoted by France to its school at Rome by M. Horace Vernet, then its

director, when he received a letter from the mother of the actress with whom he had so long been intimate, in which she announced the approaching marriage of her daughter, and reproached our hero with having *come near* (these French! these French!) dishonoring her daughter by seducing her.

Young Berlioz was furious. He bought four pistols, one for the actress, one for her husband, one for her mother, and one for himself, and filled his pockets with violent poisons, determined that if his pistol failed him, he would end his existence by more certain means. To make sure of gaining an entrance into the actress's house, he purchased a woman's costume, and abruptly quitted Rome for France. On the eve of embarking at Genoa, he determined to devote twenty-four hours to correct his *Symphonie Fantastique*, that at least he might leave behind him a composition (which he looks upon as his masterpiece) without faults. While working at this score, he thought of what fame he might acquire, and he wept; tears cooled his murderous thoughts, or rather changed them into ideas of suicide; he ran to the sea and leaped into it. Some sailors observed him and rescued him. Ashamed of his despair, he wrote the next day, the following letter to M. Horace Vernet. This letter obtained publicity at the sale of the celebrated collection of autographs belonging to the late Baron de Tremont:

Monsieur—A hideous crime, a betrayal of confidence of which I am a victim, has made me rave with madness, from Florence to this place. I flew to France to execute the justest and most terrible of vengeance. At Genoa, a moment of vertigo, a moment of the most inconceivable weakness, destroyed my determination. I abandoned myself to childish despair, but I escaped with several draughts of salt water, with being harpooned like a salmon, lying fifteen minutes for dead in the sun, and puking violently above an hour. I do not know who took me out of the sea; they believe I fell accidentally from the city's ramparts. *Mais enfin*, I'm still alive; I must live for two sisters whose death I would have caused had I died. I must live for my art.

Diana Marina, 18 April, 1831.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

I quote you only the principal passages in his letter, for it fills two quarto pages. His heart returned to Miss Smithson. When his period of travel had expired, and he once more reached Paris, he found to his great delight Miss Smithson managing an English theatre here. He organized a concert of his own compositions, foremost among which stood his *Symphonie Fantastique*. One of his friends promised to bring Miss Smithson to the concert. M. Berlioz was madly applauded, and she could easily discover in the cries of pain and love with which the score was filled, how earnestly she was loved. The next day she allowed Berlioz to be introduced to her. He addressed her, and was accepted. But their parents opposed the marriage—Berlioz's family especially, for they looked upon the marriage of their son to an actress as a blur upon the family escutcheon! During their engagement, the English theatre proved bankrupt; and all of Miss Smithson's fortune was lost. They were married, however, in 1833, and the celebrated Miss Smithson became Mme. Berlioz. Her husband's evil genius still pursued him: the week after she was married she broke her leg. The day he was married he had not three hundred francs in his pocket, and Miss Smithson had even less: he gave concert after concert, paid her creditors an instalment of their debts, paid his surgeon's bill, and managed to live.

He composed "*Harold en Italie*," which was loudly applauded, especially by Paganini, whose commendations engaged the Minister of the Interior to command a "requiem," in memory of Gen. Damremont and the soldiers who fell at the storming of Constantine, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Invalides. Here Berlioz came very near being ruined by a dishonorable trick of Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra. The *Tuba mirum* required on the part of the leader of the orchestra redoubled vigor and energy: when Habeneck reached it, he quietly laid down his bâton, and took a pinch of snuff. M. Berlioz had all along entertained suspicions of Habeneck. He seized the bâton, led the orchestra, and saved

the "Requiem," which was very successful. The Government had promised M. Berlioz 3,000f. for this piece; when he asked for his money, he was offered the ribbon of the Legion of Honor instead of it; he refused, and insisted on his money, for he owed nearly all of it to his musicians; it was not until he menaced the Minister with a lawsuit, that he obtained it.

He now obtained the place of musical critic in the *Gazette Musicale*, and afterwards in *Le Correspondant*, and much later in *Le Journal des Debats*. His style is fantastic; sometimes it sinks into buffoonery, but it is almost always interesting and original. He has raised himself a great many enemies by his pen and tongue, for they are both intemperate and frequently unjust. He spoke in these terms of Rossini's "Faith, Hope and Charity;" "His hope deceives ours; his faith cannot transport mountains; and as for his charity, it will not ruin him." In another *feuilleton* he made M. Panzeron the laughing stock of Paris. This professor at the Conservatoire published a prospectus offering his services to all amateur composers as a corrector of their compositions, his charge being only 100f. for each piece; it was written in the style of a quack's card. M. Berlioz inserted it at length in his *feuilleton* in the *Debats*, writing over it: "Cabinet de Consultations pour les Melodies Secretes."

M. Berlioz's next composition was "Benvenuto Cellini," a grand opera, which fell in Paris amid great hissing, but which is admired in Germany with frenzy, where it is frequently performed. Paganini, who had become an intimate friend of Berlioz, never forgave France the downfall of this piece; he wrote to one of his friends at Genoa that the French had been guilty of an act of vandalism, and when the opera disappeared from the bills of the opera, he wrote this letter to M. Berlioz: "My dear friend, Beethoven dead, none but Berlioz could make him live again, and I, who have frequently enjoyed your divine composition—worthy of a genius like yours—feel it my duty to beg you to be good enough to accept as an homage from me 20,000 francs, which will be paid to you by Baron de Rothschild, on the presentation of the enclosed. Believe me always yours, Nicolo Paganini." A month before Paganini died, (and when his voice had gone forever,) he was at one of Berlioz's concerts. Unable to express his admiration by words, he fell on his knees in the concert-room, before all the spectators, and kissed Berlioz's hands. With these 20,000 francs he labored for fourteen months on "Romeo and Juliet," and expended the sum which remained of Paganini's generous gift in executing it. After Berlioz lays down his *bâton*, the concert ended, he is obliged to be carried home and put to bed, so exhausted is he by emotion: his clothes are wringing wet.

In 1841 he went to Germany where he had great success; he is far more popular there than he is here. During his tour he gave concerts with Mendelssohn. They would invariably be called out; and at a grand festival given by them they embraced each other on the stage, and exchanged their *bâtons*, amid loud applause. In 1845 he visited Russia, where he made a good deal of money—three concerts fetched him \$8,000. On the eve of his departure he gave at the Grand Theatre of St. Petersburg his symphony—"Romeo et Juliette"—before the Emperor, Empress and all the Court. He was recalled four times and obliged to remain on the stage ten minutes each time until the applause ceased. At the end of this concert, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, he fell on a chair in the green-room, and sobbed like a child.

On his return to France, his pleasure was clouded by the deaths of his father, mother and sister, who died within a short time of each other. His marriage with Miss Smithson proved an unhappy match. It could not have been otherwise. That custom of domination and other masculine habits women acquire on the stage, altogether unfit them for that submissive part of wife required by matrimony. Miss Smithson became jealous; and, from what you now know of the character of M. Berlioz, you may well imagine this ardent, nervous, sensitive, restless being was ill-calculated

to make a home happy. They ceased to live together. * * * * However, all relation did not cease between the husband and the wife, and during the long sickness (paralysis) which carried Henrietta Smithson to her grave, Hector Berlioz made her as comfortable as man could do.

These domestic misfortunes, and the virulent persecutions of his enemies seemed to give M. Berlioz a sort of torpor. For years he was silent. *L'Enfance du Christ* was the first work he composed after his return from Russia, and that I gave a full account of when it appeared last year. He was elected a member of the Institute last June.

His face is handsome; he has an aquiline nose, a fine intellectual mouth, a prominent chin; his eyes are somewhat sunken, and are occasionally full of fire and brilliancy and occasionally covered with a melancholy, languid cloud. His hair is wavy, his forehead is covered with wrinkles, which attest the storm which has tossed his life. His conversation is unequal, *brusque emportée*, sometimes expansive, more frequently cold and reserved. According to the humor he happens to be in, it arouses in his hearer a lively curiosity, or a warm sympathy. GAMMA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music Teachers.

BY DAISY.

(Concluded from number before the last)

There is a great difference of opinion among amateurs as to what constitutes musical talent. I once knew a lady who could execute some of the most difficult pieces of music upon the piano-forte, following every note, and adhering to the marks of expression with the utmost precision. Yet another might play the same music after she left the instrument, and she would not know that she had ever heard it before. She said she merely learned to play for the gratification of her friends.

Now it is evident that this lady had no musical talent whatever; for it is *not* playing every note according to its real value and keeping good time alone that proves the musician; the voice of music speaks through the soul, and by that rule it is easy to discern the true artist.

In a late number of the Journal it was suggested by a correspondent that a school for music teachers should be established, and that no one be allowed a certificate without a thorough examination by musicians. Such a school, if conducted upon right principles, would undoubtedly be a great aid in the cultivation of musical science in our country. There would at least be fewer chances for deception on the part of our music teachers, and a corresponding increase of good performers among the pupils in our schools and seminaries.

It is time that a line should be drawn between the one who really applies himself to the art, and only aspires to merit the title of Teacher of Music, and the one who merely teaches for a little recreation, "just to see how it seems."

In our country towns especially, once or twice a year, half a column of the village paper is devoted to a flaming advertisement, announcing that the celebrated Prof. B——, pupil of the distinguished Mr. ———, is prepared to give a course of twelve lessons in music to the youth in the vicinity, &c. The public immediately concludes that any one who is so confident of his own abilities must be worth something; and all the young ladies are eager to say they have taken lessons of a fashionable teacher, and for twelve hours (one a week) they practice upon his "new and beautiful instrument," and then bid adieu to music till the next "Professor" comes round.

In saying all this, I have not the slightest wish to exaggerate nor to detract from the merit of all who come among us in the capacity of music teachers. I only present a few suggestions to the music-loving portion of the community. In this, as in every other art, let all things be tried and proved in the beginning, while music is yet in its infancy in this country, and we may yet reap glorious results.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—I have no musical intelligence to give you this week; but I must needs utter a complaint against your printers or proof-readers for making me say in my last, that Mrs. JAMIESON sang out of *tune*, instead of *time*, as I had written. The lady's singing was excellent in every other respect; she has a fine, true voice, knows how to use it, and sings with feeling, but in the point above mentioned she was so very inaccurate, that I wondered how the orchestra could keep pace with her. I hear, moreover, that this is a fault with her which is well-known to the public.

Will "Trovator" allow me to inquire what had happened to his eyes and ears and musical discrimination when he took the Trio of *Spohr*, played at Eisfeld's last concert, for one of *Beethoven*? They must all have played him very false, for the programme told us distinctly that the Trio was by *Spohr*, and the last Quartet (which, though the gem of the evening, he does not mention at all) by *Beethoven*; and the two composers are so exceedingly unlike, that it seems hardly possible to mistake the one for the other. I have, however, no doubt that Mr. GOLDBECK could "grasp the full meaning of even *Beethoven's* compositions," should he interpret any of them in public, for in our high opinion of his merits, "Trovator" and I agree better than in some other respects. ——— t ———

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—There were very few enjoyed the musical welcome with which the New Year was greeted in this city. For who, indeed, at midnight would be wandering among the gloomy streets of lower New York, when at that hour they are entirely deserted, save by some solitary watchman treading his lonely beat, and guarding the treasures that are enclosed in those massy walls of brick and stone, that tower dimly up on every side? Who could foretell, that in that silent region could be heard the happy tones of welcome that sang the advent of another year?

It was a sweet, mild night, that of the 31st of December, 1856, and it seemed as if the old year had spent all its rage and fury, and was about to die in peace. The white snow fell soft and silently, and everything was quiet, as the last few moments of the dying year were throbbing on to eternity. High up in the dark night loomed the tower and spire of Trinity Church, which the snow was quietly dressing in a robe of spotless white, hiding the carefully carved inequalities, and transforming the huge mass into a blanched and ghostly figure, that stood out in the midnight with fearful distinctness. At the appointed time the clock clanged out the hour of twelve, and the past year had fled away forever. For a moment all is still. But hark! what is that sweet music that fills the air, and drops down as beautifully as snow-flakes and far more musically? Louder and louder it sounds, and soon peals out in the snowy night, the sweet, familiar tones of "Home, sweet home." Up in the belfry of Trinity, the chimes are ringing out their welcome to Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven, and their first song is one of home. Let us stand there in front of the church and listen; all is still save that sweet music. Down Wall Street a few dim lamps are glimmering through

the falling snow, and these are all that mark that famous avenue, which in a few hours will be thronged by thousands. Up and down Broadway the scene is much the same; a watchman only is standing on the opposite corner, and he and ourselves are the only ones that we know are listening to the music from the belfry, as it sings of "Home,"—of homes that during the past year have been broken up forever—of home circles where, on this happy morning, will intrude sad thoughts of absent ones, that went down to the sea in ships and never more returned—of homes from which some dear form has been carried away with closed eyes, pale face and folded hands—of a home where the lost ones will be found, the closed eyes again opened, and the folded hands again clasped in dear embrace.

But soon, like a dissolving view, the melody changes, and the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn" rings out more gladly, and other thoughts, of churches where we have sung that hymn, allied to words of promise and consolation, come upon the memory. But even these fade, as with wild joy the belfry chimes ring out merrily the Brindisi from *Lucrezia*, and banish all sad thoughts, drive back the starting tear, bring a smile upon the cheek, and reminds us of the many happy, as well as sad moments, the past year has brought us, and of the many happy plans we have formed for the New Year. And as we slowly stroll up Broadway, the chimes fall fainter and fainter, but merry still. Other melodies can be distinguished, and for an hour the heavenly music drops from the unseen belfry as if showered down by angels, or as if every snow-flake as it fell was chanting a little song of joy. And that's how the chimes of Trinity Church welcomed in the New Year.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be."

* * * * *

We have the prospect of many delicious musical treats during the coming season. The German Opera company are tolerably successful, and have produced an opera by Auber, called the "Mason and the Locksmith"—an opera that contains some pretty melodies, but is inferior to Auber's more familiar productions. The principal theme is an air sung by the tenor in the first act, and it is worked up in the following portions of the opera, very much like a similar tenor air in *Traviata*. There is a pretty duet for [bass and tenor, which the locksmith and mason sing to the accompaniment of their own anvils, though what a mason has to do with an anvil is not exactly obvious. The plot is complicated and quite

impossible to be grasped without a libretto; there is a curious conglomeration of Turks, and Christians, and villagers, and scolding wives, with a Greek girl, and a noble lover, dressed in a white mantle, like a ghost. The mason and blacksmith, each possess in their respective wives a perfect Xanthippe, and each are feloniously abstracted to a brigand's cave, where the Greek girl sings a love song, while the mason, apparently under compulsion, builds a stone wall by the novel process of grasping the top of it with his hands, and gradually pulling it up as it were from the bowels of the earth. The feature of the last act is a scolding duet between the wife of the mason and a prying old maid who indulges in snuff. The opera was well received, but can have no permanent success. The next new opera will be Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann."

The Academy of Music will re-open next Monday for the presentation of Italian Opera, by PARODI, TIBERINI, ANGRI, and MORELLI. But twelve performances will be given, and it is said that no operas will be produced that do not afford Parodi and D'Angri an opportunity of appearing together. Certainly it will be a treat to hear these two splendid artistes in *Semiramide* or *Lucrezia*. Mr. STRAKOSCH is to be the director of the company, and will perhaps produce his own opera, *Giovanni di Napoli*, which was written for Parodi, and performed years ago at the old Astor Place Opera House.

TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 1.—Springfield has just had the honor of listening to a concert from THALBERG and Mme. DE WILHORST. My friend Jones and myself were there. Jones is a plain-spoken fellow, has quite an ear for music, "opera music" in particular. He generally attends all the first concerts that stop here, and has acquired a little critical knowledge of "tone," "timbre," etc., etc. I give you the benefit of a few of his criticisms below.

The concert opened with an aria sung by Mme. De Wilhorst. She is exceedingly pretty; has an independence of manner on the stage "quite charming," as a fellow at our elbow suggested. As to her voice, we think as Jones does—"excellent for an amateur's attempt at the marvellous—rather thin on some of the low notes—a little too brilliant on some of her high notes—powerful, a little more so at times than is pleasant."

The applause being over, the audience (which by the way filled the hall) were breathless in anticipation of the debut of the immortal Thalberg in Springfield. He came. Instead of *Don Giovanni* (as advertised), he gave us his transcription of *Mosé in Egitto*. The audience was wild with enthusiasm. He did not answer the encore. His second fantasia, "Masaniello," produced more cause for enthusiasm, and the audience insisted on having an encore, which he answered by his melodious rendering of "Sweet Home." Truly his command of his hands is most wonderful. His left hand wanders among the mazes of Arpeggio harmonies with an ease and grace that is perfectly seducing. One has not his senses. Jones contained himself during the first part, and uttered not a word till the last strain of "Sweet Home" had ceased, when, with an enthusiasm more worthy of an insane person, he exclaimed, with his face beaming with delight and wonder:

"By Jove! his thumbs are all fingers. Really, I thought Mason, Gottschalk, Strakosch and those tall players did the piano well, but I am just as much in the fog as to what piano perfection is, as when I first heard cousin Jane thump out 'Home' as a waltz on our forty dollar concern. This man plays a few notes of the melody in the middle of the piano with his right hand; at the same time his left, full of 'muttering wrath,' crawls up and attacks the melo-

dy, and then the right steals way up to high C, sees what's to be seen, and then softly tumbles back just in time to carry on the melody, while the left hand leaves for the lower regions on an excursion for 'diminished sevenths,' 'flat ninths,' curious tenths, and all them sort of things, and gets back in the region of middle C in time to relieve the right hand of the melody, to cut up its pranks in the upper octaves. Really, I believe the next great player who comes here will play a part at each end of the instrument, while he plays an obligato accompaniment inside on the wires!"

In the second part Mme. De Wilhorst was encored after singing an aria from "Trovatore." She sang the "Last Rose of Summer." My friend suggests a query as to the reason why great singers, when they sing airs familiar as household words, embellish them with that eternal tremolo. True it is that tastes differ, yet if singers did but know it, "home airs" sound best when sung in mellow organ tones, each word and syllable distinctly uttered, yet so joined together that an even flow of melody charms the hearer, and frees his ear from violent *sforzandos* and nervous tremblings, now too common among public singers.

The concert was a great success, and with a full house at a dollar admission, we may presume that it was a success to the managers.

I have not time to speak of our own musical matters. Will do so in my next. Thalberg gives a concert in Hartford to-night (1st). More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

BRESLAU, NOV. 30, 1856.—My Dear Dwight: I have not forgotten the rash promise I made you as I shook your hand at parting, on a certain mellow day in October.

They say of us in New England that we have no Spring; and I have heard it remarked of Germany, it has no Fall. Now I believe it. I came upon the Rhine a few weeks since, just in the vintage time, rejoicing in summer attire; and here I am on the banks of the frozen Oder, with the thermometer at zero, and not yet clear of the skirts of autumn. You should see me toggled out in a coat of Russia dog, reaching to my heels, rough seal skin boots, and head gear to match. Such a rig is indispensable. Here let me note, in a Pickwickian way, a remarkable incident that fell under my observation while crossing the bridge of the Oder this afternoon. A score of half-famished crows, blacker than cats, were torturing a huge rat, which had by some means got upon the ice in the middle of the stream. A crowd soon collected to witness the fight. The excitement became intense. A squad of soldiers seemed particularly to enjoy it. It was a novel battle, and curiously fought, now in the air, now in the water, and anon upon the smooth surface of the ice. With Rat it was for life or death, and the odds were fearfully against him. At last he escaped miraculously by taking to the crevasses, where, for aught I know, he remains to this day. *Mem*: that on the frozen confines of Germany and Poland the rats and crows are ever at deadly feud. *Haec fabula docet*, &c.

But in the way of music. I think I sent you the programme of a recent Philharmonic Concert at Hamburg, which I was fortunate in being present to hear. This was the first of the series of four for the winter, and was dedicated to the memory of the lamented SCHUMANN, whose works were mainly performed on the occasion. By referring to the programme, you will see that JOACHIM and BRAHMS were the soloists. The cordial greeting with which these young artists were received by both orchestra and audience, showed the high appreciation in which they are held. An ode was spoken during the evening in eulogy of the gifted composer.

A like commemoration is shortly to be held in Dresden, and will be followed, I doubt not, in the

other cities of Germany; for, however much Schumann was ridiculed and carped at while living, the mourning for him now is sincere and heartfelt.

Berlin promises to be particularly brilliant in opera this winter. The star ascendant is JOANNA WAGNER, as usual. Perhaps you will say I am wanting in good taste if I confess I did not like either the quality of her voice or her method of singing. But to me it seemed hard and unfeeling, lacking that sympathetic quality which is possessed in so eminent a degree by the great artists we have heard. Indeed, I am inclined to generalize this opinion, and apply it in the broadest sense to German solo-singing. Can there be any truth in a remark I find in a recent Medical Journal bearing on this point? (I had cut out and laid aside this paragraph for your special benefit, but have mislaid it.) It refers to the omni-prevalent habit of beer-drinking, to which the Germans as a nation are addicted, and attributes the degradation of their tenor voices, in particular, (so says Medicus,) to its deleterious effect. Such voices he styles the *beer-barrel* voice. It may be all a libel, but really I think I have recognized this beer-barrel voice not unfrequently of late.

While in the Dresden Gallery a few days since, my sense of hearing was suddenly aroused by the triumphant strains of a full military band in front of the guard house, on the opposite side of the street. You know I have somewhat of a fondness for good music of this nature. So I quitted the gallery and its gems of Art, for a time, for a nearer chance at the band. It numbered about sixty performers, and was composed wholly of brass, but had nevertheless a pleasing and mellow effect, not unusual in combinations of purely brazen ingredients. A nearer inspection explained the cause; for amongst the innumerable family of the Sax tribe I counted twelve French horns, half a dozen Kent bugles, and as many trombones, thus mollifying in no small degree the ordinary *ensemble* of our modern collection of crack-brass.

The treasures of the Dresden Gallery are seen to much greater advantage in the new building than was formerly the case. In particular, one is gratified that the incomparable San Sisto is now placed in a separate apartment, with due regard to the proper disposition of the picture and the comfort of the spectators. In the flood of light that can now be thrown upon the painting, it still retains, to all appearance, its original freshness and bloom. Miracle of Art indeed! The other most important works are likewise better placed than formerly.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 5.—This is the anniversary of MOZART's death, and the occasion is celebrated by the representation of *Don Giovanni*, as originally scored. Of course it was interesting and enjoyable, although the cast was indifferent; but I could not help thinking the *Requiem* would have been more appropriate. The orchestration was faultless. Could it be otherwise in Leipzig? The subscription lists to the Gewandhaus Concerts are as usual more than filled, and the casual visitor is fortunate if he obtains a foothold in the hall. The series for this season is to consist of twenty concerts, to be given weekly. This is in a town of 60,000 inhabitants—a condition of things which the "Athens" of the West would do well to imitate.

A brief interview with MOSCHELES was one of the pleasant things connected with my stay in Leipzig. Moscheles is now a man of some sixty-five or seventy years of age, cordial in his bearing and genial in disposition, as he is ripe in reputation and renown. His conversation very naturally soon turned upon BEETHOVEN. He spoke with enthusiasm of the great work of CRAWFORD in the Boston Music Hall, and of the liberality which could prompt an individual to bestow upon a public institution so priceless a gift. He showed me in his Album a well executed drawing of this statue, which he had placed

among the cherished memorials of the great master. Of the work itself he spoke in terms of highest praise. As a likeness, so far as he could judge, it was satisfactory and correct—a little idealized in height, and in the form of the head, perhaps, but grandly expressive of the character and genius of the man. A bust of Beethoven, taken a couple of years before his death, was standing on a table hard by. In this and in our own statue, the stamp of the features is clearly the same. Of the odd little pen and ink sketch, so familiar to us at home, which Moscheles has also in his album, he remarked, it was too short and stumpy, and almost a caricature, though it still bears (as he thinks) a recognizable resemblance to the manner and figure of Beethoven as he walked the streets. But I have already exceeded the allotted limits of a letter. *

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 10, 1857.

First Philharmonic Concert.

In spite of the cold and driving snow-storm, and of the rival attraction of THALBERG at the Music Hall, MR. CARL ZERRAHN's orchestra drew to the Melodeon about as many people as it could hold. The hall had indeed been "renovated" and made as clean and light as paint and gas could make it; and the familiar old place, scene of so many oratorios and concerts, had a right comfortable and cozy look. All the six hundred season subscribers were there, and we should think as many more. These persons reasoned, probably, as we did: much as they wished to hear Thalberg, they felt their first duty to be here. Not that they loved Thalberg less, but Beethoven more. We had made so many fruitless efforts to secure orchestral concerts, and only now at this late moment, thanks to Carl Zerrahn, had we the prize within our grasp: would it be fair, would it be loyal to the Art we honor, to desert him now? Besides, a Symphony concert, one of a regular winter's series, ranks among the indispensables, and should, and would in every truly musical city in the world, take precedence of any virtuoso solo concert, by whomsoever given.

But what Santa Claus miracle is this? We have breasted the wind and snow, and on presenting our tickets at the door, have them politely returned to us, as "good also for next time," while we are ushered in to await the explanation of the mystery. Pleasant rumors are afloat over the gay and crowded hall, and we sit in pleased expectation, till the well known faces of the orchestra are ranged before us, and Herr Conductor ZERRAHN advances amid hearty greetings to his desk. He waits till all is still and reads a little speech. He has been disappointed with regard to the solo attractions who had been announced with not a little rustling of newspapers; first OLE BULL, who was sick, and then the famous trumpeter, Herr SCHREIBER; (there was nothing there that wore the look of disappointment, we must say); he was at a loss to account for this defection, and rather than appear to have promised what he did not mean to fulfil, he would present this concert as complimentary to his subscribers, and let them retain their tickets for the regular series of four, commencing on the 24th. Meanwhile the place of Herr Schreiber's solos would be supplied by the overture to *Freischütz*

and a violin solo of De Beriot kindly volunteered by Mr. SCHULTZE. This was indeed doing the handsome thing. By it Mr. Zerrahn sacrifices some four hundred dollars out of his own pocket, to establish his honor as a gentleman. But he places himself in so fine a position before the public, that, if that public knows how to be grateful, he cannot be a loser in the end. And what a bargain for us! exclaimed nine-tenths of the pleased subscribers; the noble *Freischütz* overture for a mere trumpet, with Schultze and De Beriot to boot! We give the programme, as amended:

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 4 in B flat,..... Beethoven.
1. Adagio and Allegro molto.—2. Adagio.—3. Scherzo.—
4. Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Overture to "Freischütz,"..... von Weber.

PART II.

3. Grand Overture to Goethe's "Faust,"..... R. Wagner.
(First time in this country.)

Motto.

The God who dwells within my soul
Can heave its depths at any hour;
Who holds o'er all my faculties control
Has o'er the outer world no power;
Existence lies a load upon my breast,
Life is a curse, and death a long'd for rest.

Brooks's translation.

4. Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.
5. Chorus of Pilgrims from "Tannhäuser,"..... R. Wagner.
(First time in this city.)

Sung by a select choir of male voices.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee,
And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee!
Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now,
Since I to God have fulfilled my vow.
By penance sore I have atoned,
And God's pure law my heart hath owned;
My pains hath He with blessing crowned:
To God my song shall aye resound!

His mercy shines on our weary probation;
Our souls shall share in the joys of salvation;
No fear have we of hell and death,
We'll praise our God while we have breath.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! forevermore, forevermore.

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, &c.

6. Solo for Violin,..... De Beriot.
By William Schultze.
7. Overture to "William Tell,"..... Rossini.

The concert went off with great spirit, and was highly relished. The orchestra numbered about thirty-five performers. The first violins comprised the six best artists in our city (viz: Messrs. SCHULTZE, SUCK, FRIES, MEISEL, GAERTNER, and ECKHARDT). This was a fine and effective body, almost too telling for that hall, and needing (as it seemed to us) to be balanced by a greater mass of middle strings. The violas were only three; the second violins four; the 'celli and double-basses three each. But Mr. Zerrahn had taken his pick, throughout, of the best players of their several instruments in Boston. We cannot say it was the best performance we have ever had here of the fourth Symphony; but it was on the whole a very good one—one of the best. It sounded exceedingly rich and clear, but needed larger space to subdue and blend the fresh tone-coloring more sweetly. For this is the sweetest, as well as the most love-impassioned, restless of Beethoven's symphonies. The melancholy, ruminating introduction, so full of profound feeling, and the fiery decision of the plunge into the Allegro, were brought out admirably. A little more of delicate shading on the part of the wind instruments, especially the brass, was all that the rest required. The Adagio was perhaps a trifle not slow enough; but how exquisitely it made its beauty felt, in spite of little blemishes; it was a great blemish, however, when it came the turn of the tympani to take up the throbbing figure which forms all along the groundwork of the melody; they were in no tune. The Scherzo needed more rehearsal to ensure perfection in the passages begun by one set of instruments and concluded by others; yet it had life and spirit; but the

glorious wild freedom of the Finale was well preserved, with all its wealth of beauties. The old *Freyshütz* overture was finely performed, and after our long fasting of the orchestral appetite, keenly approved itself as still one of the matchless overtures.

WAGNER's "Faust" overture interested us far more deeply than we had anticipated. If we may speak from a single hearing, it is profound in sentiment, original in conception, logical in treatment, euphonious as well as bold in instrumentation, and marvellously interesting to the end, in spite of its sombre, restless monotony of feeling. It is not a dramatic overture; does not attempt to portray in contrasted themes the characters of Faust and Margaret and Mephistopheles, but confines itself to the illustration of a single passage in the poem, taken from Faust's second interview with Mephistopheles, in which, however, the key-note of the poem may be found; to-wit that feeling of the emptiness of life, that restless and unsatisfied yearning for the infinite, bordering on despair, of which Goethe makes his Faust the type, and which is expressed in the lines above cited as a motto, as well as in all the first part of the poem. The overture was originally written in Wagner's earlier days, in Paris, January 1840, and was re-wrought and published, at the suggestion of Lizst, in Zurich, his present place of exile, in 1855. In the preface to his three opera poems, Wagner refers to it as having been intended "to form only the first movement of a grand Faust symphony;" but nevertheless he has now published it as a Faust overture, complete in itself. We will not, without further hearing, attempt any minute description of the music. It seemed to fully satisfy its end; it spoke of the restless mood, the baffled aspiration, the painful, tragic feeling of the infinite amid the petty, chafing limitations of this world, which every soul has felt too keenly, just in proportion to the depth and intensity of its own life, and its breadth of culture. Never did music seem more truly working in its own sphere, except when it presents the heavenly solution and sings all of harmony and peace. The overture suggests analogy, in tone and spirit, with such works as the Allegro of the C minor Symphony, and that of the Choral Symphony, the overture to *Coriolanus*, &c., of Beethoven; there is something of the same sublime struggle of the soul with destiny. That Wagner's *Faust* can bear comparison in point of true imaginative genius, we will not venture to suggest. Such a work needs several hearings. The interpretation by the orchestra was certainly successful. We trust it will not at once be laid upon the shelf.

The Mendelssohn *Notturmo*, that delicious bit of dream music, had lost nothing of its charm. It could pass for an intermezzo, remote enough in character, between the Faust yearnings and despairs, and the *Tannhäuser* chorus of the Pilgrims who had found rest, and whose song therefore breathes the pure joy and satisfaction of the soul that has found God. We were all familiar with the strain as introduced in the beginning and conclusion of the overture. Here it is first sung (to words above) by male voices in the same rich four-part harmony, followed by hallelujahs, and then repeated in unison *fortissimo*, with the tremendous accompaniment of violin figures, as in the overture. It was finely sung by a select choir of about forty of our best male voices, which

formed a very rich and musical body of tone, and achieved a decided triumph, being most eagerly encored.—Mr. Schultze's solo, and the "Tell" overture we were obliged to lose, to catch a few strains of THALBERG.

Thalberg in Boston.

We have at length our turn of the triumphal procession of "New School" pianism, now ripened and mellowed by somewhat of age, in the person of its first creator and exponent, into a thing of quiet and delicious beauty, as contrasted with the painful prodigies with which we have been dazzled by his imitators. The Pope himself, and not his simulacrum, rides in *this* carriage. So, in spite of the great snow-storm, all the world turned out to see and hear; and we entered the Boston Music Hall at a late hour, to find it filled from floor to ceiling with a gay, delighted looking crowd, many hundreds of whom, it was plain to see, were indebted to their Santa Claus too for free safe conduct through the snow to such a palace of light and warmth and melody. We entered just in time to catch the last strains of Madame D'ANGRI's third piece, (from *Semiramide*) and be surprised by a contralto voice, the richest, strongest, and most even in its quality, that we have heard since ALBONI'S. As we listened further, in her *Centotola* piece: *Nacqui all'affanno* and *Non più mesta*, we were pleasantly aware of a singularly beautiful individuality of color in her (not the lowest) contralto tones—a quality that wooed attention irresistibly. The very low notes were more dry and juiceless than Alboni's; we never like them much in any one, and it is one little sign of an improving taste that these vocal monstrosities are not so sure to "bring the house down" as they once were. All her middle register is beautiful and rich and even, of remarkable volume; but on the confines of soprano the voice becomes hard and likes not to sustain a note. The execution was marvellously smooth and finished. Since Alboni, we have had no such passage singing by a contralto as those rapid variations of *Non più mesta*. The slow *cantabile*, too, was full of expression. The whole style was large and generous, in keeping with the abundant figure and genial, good-natured, bright face of the singer. The coarse shout in the Spanish piece (in answer to the encore) somewhat broke the charm.

Then THALBERG came. That modest, quiet, self-possessed, well-bred, middle-aged English-looking gentleman, making his way across the stage as quietly as if he were the stillest retired scholar in the audience seeking his way to a seat, was he. If he can advance so quietly to do all that has been told of him, it is pretty certain he can do it. He had already played some three of his Fantasias on operatic themes—his peculiar *specialité*—and now touched a few chords of his Erard by way of prelude to his *Barcarole*, one of his most graceful pieces, which was followed by the Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, the everlasting sugar and watery serenade, to which we always pay the penalty of listening (as we do to bores) by having it come back and haunt us afterward involuntarily. But in Thalberg's playing the stale melody was refined to crystal clearness, and one enjoyed the pure beauty of sound without much thought of meaning. His graceful arabesque became the work of art that claimed attention and rewarded it, in spite of the subject which it played around. Sig. MORELLI, the fine baritone, sang once, and THALBERG closed the evening with variations upon *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a very brilliant piece, in which octaves with one hand ran as smoothly and easily as single scales. In all these things the execution was so perfect that the mind did not begin to analyze, or hardly ask itself what it was hearing; it might break the charm to ask a question. There was a singular completeness about it. The execution was perfect

tion, the like of which we had not heard before. Each piece told its story so perfectly, that you forgot to ask how much it was all worth, as music—how many such it would take to weigh down a Beethoven Adagio, a Mendelssohn "Song without Words," a tone-reverie of Chopin, &c.; let all that go! Enough for the day is the beauty thereof, and here was a thing of exquisite beauty, which we will weigh when we have leisure, and when the spirit says *we must*. To Thalberg we could but be all ear, all sense of magical beauty of sound. It was enough to watch the sparkling combinations, without criticism, without thought of ulterior purpose, as we do rippling waters or the wheat-field running in waves before the wind. Those sometimes are profitable moments, though you can give no account of them. How long such charm may last we do not ask here. We were thankful for a new and exquisite sensation; and that it was to hear at last fully, perfectly *done*, and by the master of them all, what we have seen so many sweat and strain themselves to do but passably.

New as the sensation was, of Thalberg there can nothing new be said. What first strikes you is the ease and quiet of his playing; it is the character of the whole man to his fingers' ends. The greatest difficulties are done so easily, you only know that they are difficult because you have heard others try them. The sense of difficulty is forgotten; Art has lifted you to its sphere of Freedom.

Next, the purity of the whole rendering, not disturbed by any show of effect. The composition is before you, pure and clear, without alloy of matter or machinery, as a musician hears it in his mind in reading it from notes. The engraving and the impression are alike perfect. There is nothing that you can criticize about the picture, unless it be the design itself.

Thirdly, perfect symmetry and proportion in everything; exquisite gradation of force; such *crescendo* and *diminuendo* as only the wind in the tree, or the surf on the beach has taught us; such masterly working up of climaxes, such continuity of form and beauty, such sure, decided, startling answer to each call for strong and bold effects, such artistic subduing and toning down of the whole, with only increase of power and freshness. And so on.

Next, let us say, thorough command of his instrument, perfect *pianism*. There stood the most perfect of piano-fortes, and there sat he, for when it had waited, and to whom it had grown, to bring out all its resources. Have we ever known a touch like his? Were not the fingers predestined to the keys? Have we ever heard such tone, wooed, coaxed, or struck out?—due to the player as well as the maker. Have we heard such crisp, cleanly cut, decisive chords, and almost of orchestral breadth? such absolute distinction between chords *arpeggiated* and chords struck at once! Or such liquid, even runs? or such consummate command of the pedals, winning beauties and excluding blurs,—an art which very, very few pianists quite possess? And so on through the whole chapter.

It is hardly necessary to speak of expression. How the theme, the melody stands out pronounced and personal in the midst of whatsoever whirl and complication of accompanying ornament! It sings itself in the middle, or at the top of the instrument as veritable soprano, tenor or baritone. The setting and illustration of the theme, are equally harmonious and well-conceived; but here we touch the peculiar province of Thalberg, the operatic Fantasia, the form of modern concert music which he has created and turned all the heads of young pianists with, at the same time that he has developed ideas and resources of pianism, which must dominate more or less henceforth in all the music written for that instrument. But we must postpone what we have to say of it, until we have room to speak of the second, equally successful and almost equally crowded con-

cert, of Thursday evening, when he played his *Son-nambula*, *Don Giovanni* and *Lucrezia* fantasias, besides his exquisitely, feverishly delicate, delirious *Turanta*.

This evening Mr. Thalberg will appear also as an interpreter of classical music, and will play Beethoven's C minor Concerto, with the aid of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra, besides a rich programme otherwise. His fourth and fifth concerts in Boston will be on Tuesday and Friday evenings next. He will play twice also before the children of the public schools, and is giving concerts nearly every evening in neighboring cities. On Sunday evening, the 18th inst., he proposes, with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society, to give a Sacred Concert in the Music Hall, and produce Mozart's "Requiem"; Mmes. DEWILHORST and D'ANGRI, Sig. MORELLI, and a tenor (not yet named), to sing the solos.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

An esteemed correspondent expresses surprise that in our recent article "A. W. T." mentions but three Sonatas as composed in Beethoven's boyhood. There are six, he says, that the great composer wrote before the publication of his Trios, Op. 1, though he is unable to say that they are all embra ed in the dedication to the Prince Bishop. "A. W. T." writes us upon this point as follows:

"You will see that the title which I translated says expressly, 'Three Sonatas,' &c., and three is the number in the original publication, which I have examined. That Beethoven wrote much music before the publication of the Trios Op. 1 is well known; it is also well known that but little of this music ever saw the light. Instead of rushing into print, he, at the age of 22, began at the very beginning, and went through an entire course of musical study anew with Albrechtsberger, before publishing his Opus 1, suppressing his youthful works.

"If your correspondent can produce more three youthful sonatas it would be a great gratification to me to know what they are, and when composed. I have supposed that Wegeler's phrase, 'the sonatas copied into the *Speiersche Blumenlese*,' referred to the three with the dedication to the Elector. One early work, dedicated to Eleanore von Breuning, was left unfinished at the composer's death, and Ries wrote the conclusion.

"In the Thematic Catalogue, a valuable and very correct work, the three others, of which your correspondent speaks, are not given. If I can get a clue to something that has thus far escaped my inquiries, it will be gratefully acknowledged."

Musical Intelligence.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—One of our exchanges speaks thus highly of a soirée given at the close of the term of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," established last year by Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER:

The pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were exceedingly well executed, and the pupils displayed that thorough scholarship and classical taste which Mr. Oliver's style of teaching is so sure to produce. There was no extraordinary preparation for this occasion, nor any attempt at showing off, but just that mode of exhibition which shows what the pupil can do as an ordinary thing. We are glad to learn that the success of the institute more than fulfils the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and that it may be regarded as established on the firmest foundation. The novel plan of a school designed for the cultivation of music as the prominent study with the other elegant arts, the language and literature as accessories, seems to fill a place before vacant; and the superior manner in which the plan is executed, reflects much credit

upon Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and their accomplished relative and assistant, Miss Merrill.

Sonatas by Beethoven and Mozart, songs by Mendelssohn, and Schubert, &c., formed part of the programme.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The *Spy* speaks of a forthcoming series of concerts, by Gustav Satter and the Boston "Quartet Club." What that club may be I know not with certainty. Although good singing is always acceptable, we may be allowed to wish that the types had erred for once, and that the club was the Quintette Club, to whom we used to listen in our more musical days, before "hard times" had frozen our hearts and tightened our purse-strings.—*Palladium*.

Foreign.

LONDON.—The Amateur Musical Society has entered upon its eleventh season. The first concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms Dec. 1st. The *News* says of it:

Mr. Henry Leslie is the conductor of the orchestra. The strength of the orchestra is very great; no less than seventy-two stringed instruments, of which forty are violins alone; with a full complement of wind and brass, the whole amounting to ninety-five—a number much exceeding that of the bands of the Philharmonic Society or the Royal Italian Opera. In our opinion the violins are too numerous.

The concert of last night was made up of excellent materials, as will be seen by the following programme:

PART I.

Symphony in D, Beethoven.
Madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," A. D. 1550, Hubert Waelrent.
Part-song, "I saw lovely Phillis," R. L. Pearsall.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.

Overture (The Son and Stranger), Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Concerto in D minor, for piano-forte, Mozart.

Mr. S. W. Waley.

Song: "Within the Convent Garden," Thalberg.

Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge.

Madrigal: "In going to my lonely bed," A. D. 1550,

Richard Edwardes.

Part-song: "Departure," Mendelssohn.

By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.

Overture: (La Fille du Régiment), Donizetti.

This was a most agreeable mixture of ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental: and the performance was not less pleasant than the selection.

M. JULIENS CONCERTS.—There is nothing particular to record in the past week's doings, except the Mendelssohn Festival, which took place last night. Miss Juliana May continues to sing "Ernani involami," and the scene from *Betty*, varied with other popularities from the Italian repertory. The *Traviata* selection has been alternated with the *Trovatore*. The capital quadrille from *Pietro il Grande* has been revived, and various changes have taken place in the solo performances. The programme of the Mendelssohn Festival comprised the overture to *Ruy Blas*; "Song of Night," Miss Dolby; First Pianoforte Concerto, Miss Arabella Goddard; Symphony in A minor; Violin Concerto, M. Le Hon; and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

On Wednesday Sig. Andreoli, the Italian pianist, and pupil of the late Fumagalli, performed twice with great applause. His first piece was Thalberg's *Elisir*, which being encored, Sig. Andreoli played his eternal and by no means brilliant study for the left hand alone. In the second part he "had a shy" at Léopold de Meyer's *Marche Marocaine*; but his own polka, which was substituted on his being recalled, flows much more easily under the supple fingers of Sig. Andreoli.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 6.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, (From the Times, Dec. 3.)—Last night Beethoven's *Fidelio* was given, and, in spite of a vast many deficiencies, excited a degree of interest which, with an audience to whom fine music signifies something more than "tinkling cymbal," can be raised by no other opera except *Don Giovanni*.

On the present occasion, the execution of *Fidelio* was anything but perfect. Nevertheless, there was really so much to commend that to miss it would have been to miss a genuine treat. This praise, however, applies almost exclusively to the three principal performers:—Madame Rüdersdorff (*Fidelio*), Herr Reichardt (*Florestan*), and Herr Formes (*Rocco*). All three are versed in the pure German traditions, and consequently follow as closely as possible the recorded intentions of the composer. Besides which, all three are artists, both in a musical and histrionic sense, and artists as conscientious as they are able.

The other four personages we have seen better represented than last night. The *ensemble*, except in the concerted music of the prison scene, where Leonora, Florestan, and Rocco are prominent, was rarely satisfactory; the band—though cleverly conducted by Herr Anschuetz, and containing in a large measure the elements of efficiency—was seldom exactly what could have been wished in an opera like *Fidelio*; the chorus still more so. The impressive invocation of the prisoners was, to use a very homely word, "muddled;" and, though some passages of the magnificent *finale* went far better and produced a far greater effect, others were anything but perfect. The opera was played with dialogue (as composed), the principal singers using the German tongue, the chorus a language of their own.

HAMBURG.—A friend, who was present, sends us the programme of "the one hundred and eleventh Philharmonic Private Concert," (first of a series of four this winter,) given in the *Wörmer'schen Concertsaale*, on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 22, in memory of the lamented ROBERT SCHUMANN. There was an orchestra of fifty, and a chorus of sixty or eighty voices. The soprani were all dressed in black, and the front of the stage hung with festoons of white lace on a black ground. The selections were mostly from Schumann's compositions:

PART I.

1—Chorus from Handel's "Judas Macabæus"

2—Eulogy, by Robert Heller, spoken by Herr Jauner.

3—Overture to "Manfred," by Schumann.

4—Chaconne, for the violin, by J. S. Bach, played by Concert-master Jo-chim.

5—Piano Concerto of Schumann, in A minor, played by Herr Brahms.

PART II.

1—Requiem for Mignon, by Schumann.

2—Fantasia for Violin, with Orchestra, by Schumann, performed by Herr Joachim.

3—Overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—On the 10th of Dec. was given the second and last Soirée of the Parisian Quintet Society, formed six years since for the performance of Beethoven's posthumous Quartets. It consists of Messrs. MAURIN (1st violin) SABATIER (2d do.) MAS (alto), and CHEVILLARD (violin), all members of the imperial chapel. Herr A. BUHL assisted as pianist. The programme consisted of three works of Beethoven, viz: Quartet in C minor, op. 131; Trio for Piano, violin and 'cello, in D major; and Quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. The hall in which the soirée was given is in one of the large hotels of Frankfort (*Holländische Hof*), which holds 300 to 400 persons, and is, by accident or design, a most excellent music room. On this occasion it was filled to overflowing with a delighted audience.

Advertisements.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

CARD OF THE MANAGEMENT.—It has been the intention of the Management to give in Boston only FIVE Concerts, (two of which have already taken place,) and to play on the off nights in the neighboring cities. The fatigue, however, accruing to the artists from daily travel in such an unpropitious season, as well as the uncertainty of their arriving at the requisite time, have induced the following change. The series has been extended to FOUR MORE CONCERTS, instead of three, which will take place in rapid succession, viz: The Third on SATURDAY, January 10; the Fourth on TUESDAY, Jan. 13; the Fifth on FRIDAY, Jan. 16; the Sixth (Sacred) on SUNDAY, Jan. 18. In consequence of which the price of admission has been put at ONE DOLLAR to all parts of the Hall. Seats secured without any extra charge. In addition to the above Concerts Mr. Thalberg will give TWO FREE CONCERTS to the Pupils of the Public Schools on Monday Jan. 12, and Saturday Jan. 17.

On SATURDAY, January 10, THALBERG and D'ANGRI'S third appearance. An engagement has been entered into with Mr. Zerrahn and his Orchestra, from the Philharmonic Concerts, which will enable Mr. Thalberg to perform, with full Orchestral accompaniments, Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor on one of Chickering & Sons' Grand Piano Fortes. In addition to which he will play his Fantasias on Masaniello and the Prayer of Moses. Madame D'Angri will sing selections from Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro, Semiramis, and Cenerentola. The Orchestra will play Overtures from Der Freischütz, William Tell, and March from the Prophète, and the Andante from Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. Admission to all parts of the Hall, \$1. Seats may be secured without any extra charge, at Russell & Richardson's, 232 Washington street, on Friday and Saturday. All seats unsold may be had in the evening at the door.

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NOTICE.

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3. Ma Barque.

4. Tendresse.

5. Nocturne élégiaque.

6. Jours passés.

7. Pleurs et soupirs d'amour.

8. Melancolie, Prière, Rêve de bonheur.

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'Lilie'—Polka Mazourka.....op. 31

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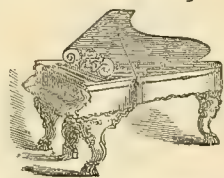
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Mozart's Requiem.

[The following account of the origin of the "Requiem" was contributed to Novello's *Musical Times*, (London,) by Mr. E. HOLMES, the author of the excellent English Life of Mozart. As we have not before published any version of the familiar story, and as we are now about to have the Requiem performed in Boston, (thanks to Mr. THALBERG,) we have no doubt that it will interest our readers. There is no better version of the story, and the accompanying remarks will help prepare the listener for a right understanding of the music. This, however, is but the introductory chapter to an extended critical analysis of the whole composition, which we may perhaps find reason to transfer to our columns hereafter.]

During the twelve years which Mozart spent at Vienna, on his removal from Salzburg, his genius had borne the fruits of these preparatory studies (his earlier Masses) principally in secular music, for the stage, the orchestra, and the chamber; and, except the Mass in C minor, composed the year after his marriage, which now forms the ground work of *Davidde Penitente*, he had rendered no tribute to the church—though this nursing mother, who had brought him up to maturity under her especial care, maintained his interest and affection. On the vicissitudes of his public life at Vienna we might still think with some degree of indignation and grief, were it not better to

Let determined things
To destiny hold unbewailed their way.

Without the antecedents of such a career, we could not have possessed the *Requiem*, which owes its chief peculiarities and impassioned style to the circumstances under which it was produced; the mind bright and unimpaired, the body wasting,—the hand of death tracing notes in which the composer fully believed he was celebrating his own obsequies, and bidding final adieu to earth and its concerns.

The history of the composition of the *Requiem* is too familiar to be repeated: we all know what tender domestic scenes and embarrassments it occasioned—how Mozart worked at it sometimes

to swooning—how often the score was taken from him by his wife, and again, at his earnest solicitation, returned, to be finally completed by the time when he took to his death-bed; his imagination being through the whole period filled with fatal presentiments and images of the other world—that he had received a supernatural commission—that his health was undermined by poison—with other 'sick men's dreams.' He appears to have been surprised by the sudden summons; he thought how young he was to die, estimating life by years rather than by sensations—forgetting that he had compressed in thought, feeling, and action, three lives into one—forgetting the nine hundred works which he had composed—the night how often turned into day by him, for business or pleasure—the masquerades, the balls, and the occasional convivial excesses in which he had shared with the actors; for all which, as it may have been too much on either side, the laws of our mechanical being demand a reckoning, and even the favored Mozart could claim no exemption. Preoccupied with the effort to understand his own genius, and with the desire to accomplish what seemed open to him in music, he seems in his personal conduct to have acted at times with an indifference to consequences, which the enthusiasm of youth and the abstract character of his pursuits may alone explain, if not quite excuse.

It was in the autumn of 1791, when his health had suffered a serious change, though it at first occasioned no ground for alarm, that he received a commission from some unknown hand to compose a Requiem, which was to be in his best manner, and entirely in the style which he himself approved. For what purpose the original possessor of the work treated for it in the manner he did, making no restrictions on him from retaining a score, or even publishing it when he thought fit, remains to this day a mystery. We have heard a Count Wallsegg named as this individual 'stranger.' Desiring to celebrate the anniversary of the decease of a lady whom he had tenderly loved, by the performance of a Requiem exclusively his own, he procured this; some say that he wished it to pass as his own composition—a dangerous fraud if he had done nothing, and still more if the contrary: but to this story we give no heed, for his first business in such an attempt should have been to destroy all traces of Mozart's handwriting; and even then his secret must have remained in jeopardy, from the free intercourse with his friends and family which the composer always maintained while writing. Instead of finding base and unworthy motives for the instigator of the *Requiem*—accusations which bear with them their own refutation—we can only express the obligation of the world to him, and wish that Mozart had earlier found so discerning a patron.

The composer himself innocently founded the tale of mystery which has circulated with his *Requiem*—the origin of which may be distinctly traced to the excited and gloomy imagination which accompanied his sickness. That a rich and tasteful nobleman who knew Mozart's power of writing in the most elevated style of sacred music, should wish to possess a Requiem by him was not wonderful; but that, in treating for it, he concealed his name, paid handsomely beforehand and transacted the whole affair through the agency of one who seemed to watch Mozart and to come upon

him at unexpected times and places, was strange, and appeared to the composer almost supernatural. He was haunted from time to time by the presence of a man whose sole care seemed to be the *Requiem*; and this mysterious figure approached him just as he was stepping into the carriage which conveyed him to Prague, to compose *La Clemenza di Tito*. With his head and heart full of the beautiful melodies which distinguish that opera, the disagreeable effect of such an apparition—the train of ideas called up by it—may be imagined. "Who can it be that is thus earnest on this ghastly funeral theme? Certainly a messenger from the other world, and he foretells my death." Thus reasoned on false grounds the sick Mozart, and he arrived at a right conclusion by the instinct which is beyond reason.

Another circumstance brought to this application for the *Requiem* a kind of supernatural interest. Mozart had all his life been secretly wishing for the opportunity of composing one, and now it occurred almost miraculously, and just as he could have desired. The subject coincided exactly with his frame of mind in failing health, and the composer, who had been educated among theologians, and in the strictest observances of his community, was eager for the opportunity of once more doing honor to that church of which he had been of late a lax and somewhat pardonable member.* He knew that the first privilege of composing for the church is independence of the public and freedom from the prejudices of taste and fashion; and to be able to write his best without fear or hesitation was, to him who had sacrificed himself continually to others, a rare and much desired opportunity. Possibly, also, he thought with humility that his good works might deserve the favor of heaven—that *voca me cum benedictis*, the humble prayer of his music, might be fulfilled on his own behalf, and that at the general consummation he might himself, though unworthy, be admitted to nestle among the wings of the angels. The composition breathes these feelings; though suppliant and religious, it is full of human passion,—it casts a longing, lingering look at the past, amidst the terrors of the future,—it is, in fact, Mozart revolving his experience of life, and lost in a dream of the final Judgment, with feelings which he was the first to express in the mysterious language of music.

All the incidents of the fatal autumn which put a period to Mozart were deeply impressed on the memory of his widow and her sister; and when, in the early part of the present century, the score was published, the story of the 'stranger,' drawn out in form and detail, and adapted to the popular taste, circulated with it. Advantage was taken of the mystery to excite the public to an interest in a work whose intrinsic merit needed no adventitious aid. The taste for music and the fame of Mozart were not, however, general enough at this period to support the expensive publication of a great score. And now came a matter tending more to embarrass opinion and involve the origin of the work in obscurity. A claim was put in by another hand to a share in the composition. A

* In the records preserved by Rochlitz of Mozart's conversations at Leipzig, amidst familiar friends, on his northern tour, about three years before his death, his attachment to the Catholic religion is strongly manifested. Had he lived to enter upon the office of Kapellmeister of St. Stephen, we should most probably have received from him a new collection of Masses with complete orchestral accompaniment.

musician in habits of intimacy with Mozart, and who assisted him in filling up the accompaniments of some of his later scores—a man named Süssmayer, who had accompanied him to Prague to perform this office for *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was dispatched in a fortnight—presented himself as the author of a part, from the *Sanctus* to the end. Unreasonable as these pretensions to some of the greatest beauties of the work appeared, from a composer known only by one obscure opera, called *The Mirror of Arcadia*, there was no one to contradict them. A work had been published complete, of which only two fragments of the score were known to exist in the composer's handwriting—one possessed by the Abbé Stadler, and the other by Eybler. Mozart's widow confirmed, according to the best of her recollection, the statement of Süssmayer, and believed that he completed the score of the *Requiem* which was delivered to the 'stranger;' and it must be pardoned in her, if, in her distracted condition respecting her husband, she was not very attentive to, or not very accurately informed respecting, his works.

The *Requiem* began to be known in England to musicians soon after the first introduction of *Don Giovanni*, when Mozart became an object of general curiosity and interest. It came over to us with its full quota of rumors. Mozart was believed to have died during the composition, and some, indulging their speculations on this head, would fain point out the chord at which the pen dropped from his hand. To confirm this idea of death having overtaken the composer at his task, we have been shown the last movement made out of the materials, and nearly a repetition of the opening—whence it was argued that a man so full of ideas would not have resorted to that expedient had he possessed his usual powers and free-will. But in this opinion a common habit of Mozart's of connecting the end with the beginning of compositions—since become of great authority in music—is overlooked. That this was done by him with deliberation and choice, we have since had proof.

No one in England gave credit to Süssmayer's claim to have composed the *Sanctus*. There were his words of assertion on the one side, and Mozart's notes to confront them on the other—an overwhelming evidence. Who could believe that the sublimity of the *Sanctus*, or the sweetness and elevation of the *Benedictus*—although this last is newly and most unusually scored—could have any origin but in the mind of Mozart? And yet there were Germans who until within these few years affected to believe the truth of Süssmayer, and to doubt the authenticity of the *Requiem* as a genuine work of Mozart, from the secular taste of the melody displayed in some of its movements—in the close of the *Tuba Mirum*, for example—for which it was affirmed that any other composer than Mozart would have received the castigation of criticism. The beginning of Handel's Funeral Anthem for *Queen Caroline*, as also the subject of a fugue from *Joshua*, were quoted to show that the subjects of the introduction and fugue were not quite original. There certainly is a slight—possibly an accidental similarity. While musicians were enjoying the beauties of the *Requiem*, the musical critics of Germany, with the late M. Gottfried Weber at their head, were engaged in a long profitless discussion concerning its genuineness, on which one little fact has since rendered all their reasonings nugatory. The discovery of a full score of the *Requiem*, in Mozart's handwriting, was notified in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, No. 5, for Jan. 1839, with the promise of a dissertation on the same from Herr Hofrath von Mosel.* This fortunate event silenced all question as to its authenticity, and reduced the contention of those who would still dispute to a mere point of taste. It was one thing to maintain that the work was not genuine, because no complete score existed—another to contend that Mozart had failed in parts confessed to have been written by him. A secular character in some of the melodies was chiefly blamed; and, by implication, Beethoven even seems to cast a slur on this

* See Journal of Music, No. 10, Vol. IX., for this dissertation.

work, when, in writing to Cherubini, he observes, that should he compose a *Requiem*, his design of composition would be the one he should adopt. That Cherubini's *Requiem*, founded on the old church music, is more gothic, passionless, and ecclesiastical, cannot be denied—but this same quality, in as far as it is imitative, rendering the work rather one of combination and study than of original power, detracts from its merit. Productions in Art take their standing through the force of invention which gave them birth; whatever has been once magnificently done cannot be repeated, and all works formed on acknowledged models and styles bear a feeble existence.

Let us, in endeavouring to appreciate the *Requiem*, try to approach it from the composer's point of view. That the models of the severe church style are here in part superseded, is at once confessed. To have kept within the limits of custom and authority, would have been to have surrendered the opportunity; and, as all the later productions of Mozart—operas, symphonies, &c., are memorable commencements in different styles of music, in which he, as pioneer of the art, opened paths of unexplored novelty and effect, he was naturally desirous to carry this on into church music. All his boyish studies in fugue and canon—all that art of counterpoint which had been growing stronger in him from year to year at Vienna, but which only broke out occasionally in his operas, being there held in subjection to melody and dramatic effect—flourished in the *Requiem* as in a fitting soil. Handel's art of double counterpoint is even outdone; we have the same depth of learning—the same elaborate contrivance, with more refinement and effect. As a fugue writer, Mozart was by nature so strong, that, had he lived in the time of Sebastian Bach, he might have been his rival. His part writing shows the natural clearness of his mind, and profound insight into the problems of harmony. He knew his strength, and rejoiced in it.

At Vienna, Van Swieten and other patrons of Mozart carried the taste for Handel and Bach's counterpoint to the court; and the writings of Mozart at this period were greatly modified and influenced by these scientific predilections. He quitted now the method he had pursued in his Salzburg Masses, and sought out subjects which could be treated in double fugue, and inverted above or below according to the received methods. His first sacred production written at Vienna, *Davidde Penitente*, exhibits this change, and the ascendancy of learned counterpoint. The opening chorus, if we remember, has subjects which invert three several times, and there is one duet wholly in canon.

The contrapuntal and profoundly scientific forms of the movements of the *Requiem* form a very striking feature of that production. Had these, however, exhibited merely new combinations of the old art of counterpoint, they would not have satisfied Mozart. He blended the severe old style with what was new and beautiful in the art of modern times, and made both in the highest degree subservient to expression. The melodies are so flowing and so natural, even when they move in canon, that the ear is unconscious of the restraint of rule. Hundreds receive delight from the symmetry, which they perceive in the construction of the movements of the *Requiem*, who cannot trace the cause of their pleasure in the scientific forms of composition employed. One of the most wonderful qualities of Mozart's mind was certainly his power of fusion. He could melt the old into the new—he could be Handel or Bach at will, and show his own lineaments blended with theirs. The peculiar instrumentation of the *Requiem*, in which solemn and sombre wind instruments alone are used, affords another interesting aspect of the science of the composer. But science and taste in combination merely contribute towards the poetical design. The *Requiem* may be considered as a kind of tragic drama, the action and scenery of which are left to the imagination. It combines the old church music, with the dramatic effect of the serious opera, and has introduced into music a perfectly new creation.

(Continued from page 114.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

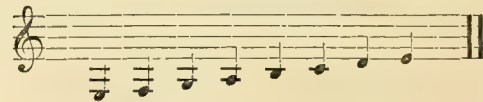
(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE CLARINET.

Simple reed instruments, such as the clarinet, and the corno di bassetto, form a family, whose connection with that of the hautboy, is not so near as might be thought. That which distinguishes it especially, is the nature of its sound. The middle notes of the clarinet are more limpid, more full, more pure than those of double reed instruments, the sound of which is never exempt from a certain tartness or harshness, more or less concealed by the player's skill. The high sounds of the last octave, commencing with the C above the staff, partake only a little of the tartness of the hautboy's loud sounds; while the character of the lower sounds approach, by the roughness of their vibrations, to that of certain notes on the bassoon.

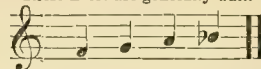
Four registers are reckoned on the clarinet: the low, the chalumeau, the medium, and the high.

The first comprises this part of the scale:



The second, this:

These notes are generally dull.



The third contains the following notes:—



And the fourth is found in the remainder of the scale up to the highest D.

The small clarinet in F (high), which was formerly employed in military music, has been almost abandoned for that in E \flat , which is found, and with reason, to be less screaming, and quite sufficient for the keys ordinarily used in wind instrument pieces. Clarinets have proportionally less purity, sweetness, and clearness, as their key is more and more removed above that of B \flat , which is one of the finest on the instrument. The clarinet in C is harder than that in B \flat , and its voice has much less charm. The small clarinet in E \flat has piercing tones, which it is very easy to render mean, beginning from the A above the staff. Accordingly it has been employed, in a modern symphony, in order to parody, degrade, and blackguardize (if I may be pardoned the expression) a melody; the dramatic intention of the work requiring this strange transformation. The small clarinet in F has a still more marked tendency of the same kind. In proportion as the instrument becomes lower, on the contrary, it produces sounds more veiled and more melancholy.

It has been said that the clarinet has four registers; each of these registers has also a distinct quality of tone. That of the high register is somewhat tearing, which should be used only in the fortissimo of the orchestra (some very high notes may nevertheless be sustained *piano*, when the effect of the sound has been properly prepared); or in the bold passages of a brilliant solo. Those of the chalumeau and medium registers are suited to melodies, to arpeggios, and to smooth passages; and the low register is appropriate—particularly in the holding notes—to those coldly threatening effects, those dark accents of motionless rage, which Weber so ingeniously invented. If it be desired to employ with salient effect those piercing cries of the extreme upper notes, and if it be dreaded for the performer a too sudden advent of the dangerous note, this introduction of the clarinet should be hidden beneath a loud chord from the whole of the orchestra; which, interrupting itself the moment the sound has had time to settle firmly and become clear,—leaves it then fully displayed without danger.

The character of the sounds of the medium

register, imbued with a kind of loftiness tempering a noble tenderness, renders them favorable for the expression of sentiments and ideas the most poetic. A frivolous gaiety, and even an artless joy, seem alone unsuited to them. The clarinet is little appropriate to the *Idyl*; it is an *epic* instrument, like horns, trumpets, and trombones. Its voice is that of heroic love: and if masses of brass instruments, in grand military symphonies, awaken the idea of a warlike troop covered with glittering armour marching to glory or death, numerous unisons of clarinets, heard at the same time, seem to represent the beloved women, the loving heroines, with their proud eyes, and deep affection, whom the sound of arms exalts; who sing while fighting, and who crown the victors, or die with the defeated. I have never been able to hear military music from afar, without being profoundly moved by that feminine quality of tone in the clarinets, and struck by images of this nature, as after the perusal of ancient epic poems. This beautiful soprano instrument, so ringing, so rich in penetrating accents, when employed in masses, —gains, as a solo, in delicacy, evanescent shadowings, and mysterious tenderness, what it loses in force and powerful brilliancy. Nothing so virginal, so pure, as the tint imparted to certain melodies by the tone of a clarinet played in the *medium* by a skilful performer.

It is the one of all the wind instruments, which can best breathe forth, swell, diminish, and die away its sound. Thence the precious faculty of producing *distance*, echo, an echo of *echo*, and a *twilight* sound. What more admirable example could I quote of the application of some of these shadowings, than the dreamy phrase of the clarinet, accompanied by a tremolo of stringed instruments, in the midst of the Allegro of the overture to *Freischütz*! Does it not depict the lonely maiden, the forester's fair betrothed, who, raising her eyes to heaven, mingles her tender lament with the noise of the dark woods agitated by the storm?—O Weber!

Beethoven, bearing in mind the melancholy and noble character of the melody in *A* major of the immortal Andante in his 7th Symphony, and in order the better to render all that this phrase contains at the same time of passionate regret, has not failed to consign it to the medium of the clarinet. Gluck, for the ritornello of Alceste's air, "Ah, malgré moi, &c.," had at first written a flute; but perceiving, doubtless, that the quality of tone of this instrument was too weak, and lacked the nobleness necessary to the delivery of a theme imbued with so much desolation and mournful grandeur, gave it to the clarinet. It is still the clarinets which play simultaneously with the voice, that other air of Alceste replete with sorrowful resignation, "Ah, divinités implacables."

An effect of another kind results from three slow notes of the clarinets in thirds in the air of *Œdipus*, "Votre cour devient mon azile." It is after the conclusion of the theme, that Polynice, before beginning his air, turns towards the daughter of Theseus, and adds, as he looks at her, "Je connus, &c." These two clarinets in thirds, descending softly previous to the commencement of the voice part, at the moment when the two lovers interchange a tender regard, have an excellent dramatic meaning, and produce an exquisite musical result. The two instrumental voices are here an emblem of love and purity. One fancies, in listening to them, that one beholds Eryphile modestly casting down her eyes. It is admirable!

Neither Sacchini, nor Gluck, nor any of the great masters of that time availed themselves of the low notes of the instrument. I cannot guess the reason. Mozart appears to be the first who brought them into use, for accompaniments of a serious character such as that of the trio of masks, in *Don Giovanni*. It was reserved for Weber to discover all that there is of terrible in the quality of tone of these low sounds, when employed in sustaining sinister harmonies. It is better, in such a case, to write them in two parts, than to place the clarinets in unison or in octave. The more, then, that the notes of the harmony are numerous, the more striking will be the effect.

THE BASS CLARINET.

Lower still than the preceding, is an octave below the clarinet in *B \flat* ; there is another in *C*, however (an octave below the clarinet in *C*); but that in *B \flat* is much more usual. As it is always the same instrument,—constructed on larger dimensions,—as the ordinary clarinet, its compass remains much the same. Its reed is a little weaker and more covered than that of the other clarinets. The bass clarinet is evidently not destined to replace in the upper notes the high clarinets; but, certainly, to extend their compass below. Nevertheless, very beautiful effects result from doubling, in the octave below, the high notes of the *B \flat* clarinet, by a bass clarinet.

According to the manner of writing it, and the talent of the performer, this instrument may borrow that wild quality of tone which distinguishes the bass notes of the ordinary clarinet, or that calm, solemn, and sacerdotal accent belonging to certain registers of the organ. It is therefore of frequent and fine application; and moreover, if four or five be employed in unison, it gives a rich, excellent sonorousness to the orchestral basses of the wind instruments.

THE CORNO DI BASSETTO.

Would no otherwise differ from the alto clarinet in *F* (low) than by the little brass bell mouth which elongates its lower extremity, were it not that it has besides the faculty of descending chromatically as far as the *C*, a third below the lowest note of the clarinet.

Like those of the bass-clarinet, the low notes of the corno di bassetto are the finest and the most marked in character.

Mozart has used this fine instrument in two parts for darkening the coloring of his harmonies in his *Requiem*; and has assigned to it some important solos in his opera of *La Clemenza di Tito*.

[To be continued.]

A Protest against Bad Manners.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR—I am a quiet, middle-aged person, with a love of music, but of late I have kept away from the Philharmonic Concerts on account of the difficulty of quietly enjoying the excellent entertainment offered there. On Saturday night, however, having heard that efforts would be made to preserve order, I went again. The crowd was great, and I was glad to see it; such concerts ought to draw together a multitude. But I am sorry to say that the behavior of the people in the vicinity of the seat where ill fortune placed me was quite indecent. A group of young men and women, dressed expensively, and, to all appearance, supposing themselves to belong to good society, persisted in chattering aloud or in noisy whispers during the performance. Every one near them was disturbed, and an indignant gentleman, who seemed to be a foreigner, angrily hissed at them once or twice, which for a moment arrested their ill behavior. What they deserved was, to be taken at once to the Police Station and punished in a way to teach them better. For one, I can't conceive of worse breeding than is manifested by a great proportion of our young New Yorkers of both sexes on such occasions. Silly, noisy, impertinent and careless of others, they are only fit to be shut up in barrels, as Carlyle recommends for such nuisances, or spanked and sent to bed. The door-keepers of places of public amusement should never allow them to enter, or there should be a sufficient police force present to make them conduct properly. The worst manners I ever suffered from I have had to endure at the Philharmonic Concerts and at the opera, from people who plume themselves on their gentility, and yet take the very time when a piece of music is being performed which everybody wants to hear, to talk and laugh in a way to disturb and provoke all within the sound of their voices. If they go to these places merely because it is fashionable, can't they at least have the decency to keep still while those who go for the music are listening to it? Your obedient servant,

AN INDIGNANT AMATEUR.

Mozart and Wagner.

From Mr. FRY's criticism in the *Tribune* on the last New York Philharmonic concert we copy the following characteristic observations:

The first piece last night was Mozart's symphony, called *Jupiter*. The dominant good sense and good taste of the composer are shown in this work. His Italian vocal studies—his melodic training in setting music to Italian metres, which every composer must do in a thousand ways to arrive at the ineffable grace of the school, and the only school of singing, whether of the voice or its mimic, the orchestra—these all are beautifully displayed in this so-called *Jupiter* symphony. To the aspirant for musical reputation as composers in this country, we would give a word of advice, as we receive in the course of the year evidences of the awakening talent in that direction. We would say, if they wish to arrive at the mode of constructing musical phrases, of making a vocal statement, whether for the singer or for a performer on an instrument, let them study the Italian school of vocalità, as exhibited in the most successful writers, whether for voices or instruments. Thalberg said to us the other day: "As a beginning for playing the piano and composing, I studied Italian singing for five years." It is the want of this vocal training, and the want of a transcendental acquaintance with the manner in which Italian poetry determines the graceful, uninterrupted flow of vocal melody by reason of its syllabification, its caesural pauses, and its metrical softness, which makes the average compositions for voices and instruments so stiff and disjointed. But Mozart, trained in writing operas to Italian words, had probed this secret of melodic continuity, and possessed it in a perfection, or with an unbroken certainty and habit not found in the most original, and to us greatest purely German dramatic composer, Von Weber, and still less in the operatic work of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, or in his Mass. This want of lovely flowing melody is felt in the latest expression of the German school, and of its precursor, the French school, of which the great instrumentalist and orchestrator, Hector Berlioz, is the acknowledged chief. As for pooh-poohing down the claims, the aspirations, or even the short-comings of such men as Wagner, Berlioz and others, it is simply ridiculous. They are delvers and divers for pearls beneath the surface, and good comes of such daring; but they are on a wrong track, so far as they neglect the spontaneity of melody. The composer should respect his once child-like aspirations—the early times when a love-melody made him reach the empyrean of ecstasy, and find therein that one of the highest, if not the highest, element of music is the sensuous, or the erotic principle. The Greeks understood it when they made Apollo—the procreant sun—the god of music. Now music is to be intellectual. Mercury, the god of mathematicians as well as thieves, is enthroned as the deity. "Intellectual music," so called, is vaunted above the diamonds of melody, the heart's first gush of lyrical joy and affection. In this under-estimate of the superior claim of melody we are reminded of the fable of the fox without a tail; no composer who can make a melody refrains from doing so. The alliance of the most beautiful melody with the most romantic, unearthly, spiritual, religious, or what-not expression, is not only perfectly compatible, but gives us a special interest. Weber has proved it.

The instrumental pieces performed on Saturday evening, Mozart's Symphony and Wagner's Overture to "Faust," were in strong contrast, as representatives of the old and new schools. The new school must connect more of the beautiful with its emotional aspirations, if it wishes to be popular. People will like, for example, the smoothly fluent and continuously wrought-out slow movement of Mozart's "Jupiter" in preference to the wild unrest and calculated melodic phrases—melodies we cannot call them—of Wagner. A melody worth the name can be utterly dissociated from chords or instrumental accompaniment, and be sung and remembered; and we find nothing of the kind in the newly-imported

pieces the Philharmonic Society gives us. Hence such pieces will not please a fresh, true ear for music, though they may one which is jaded, biased, calculating. In speaking thus, we do not wish to be understood as warring against the new school, or as considering the old inimitably fine. But if musical composition take any direction in this country, it should steer clear of fanaticism for either. At present, however, there is no danger of any polemical war on the subject such as has raged in Germany; for we will do our public the justice to say, that they are absolutely indifferent to all artistic discussion of this kind.

The New Organ in the Minster at Ulm.

(Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

The long-desired moment when the organ in the Minster should be completed, has arrived. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, the celebrated organ-builder, delivered it into the hands of the authorities of the *Kirchenstiftung* for trial, and on the 12th of October it was solemnly consecrated. This organ, one of the largest ever built, boasted of a long history before it was even completed. Walcker's first plan and estimate date as far back as the year 1838. About the end of 1845, he prepared a third plan for 80 registers, the price of which he calculated at 23,000 florins. In the beginning of 1846, he sent in his fourth scheme, with 94 registers, at an estimated cost of 28,000 florins; this was adopted, but the deliberations concerning the location of the instrument lasted so long, that it was not until the 30th November, 1848, that a definite resolution was adopted, and the agreement with Walcker finally signed, on the 11th January, 1849. The period between the 22nd January and the 17th March, 1849, was employed in removing the old organ, with its substructure, the foundation of the new superstructure being commenced on the 26th August, 1850. In the Month of May, 1854, Walcker was enabled to begin the erection of the new organ, and in September, 1856, it was finished; it took, consequently, two years and four months to erect it, while from the signing of the contract to the consecration of the organ seven years and nine months elapsed. The instrument has four manuals and two pedals, in all ninety-four sounding voices, with 6,286 pipes, eighteen pairs of bellows, &c. All the technical improvements calculated to raise the work to the highest excellence in organ building have been introduced; and, which is the principal feature, the endless and rich variety of voices and keys is united to such purity and beauty, that the builder has really raised himself, in this work, a lasting monument. On the 13th October, a concert of organ music was given to inaugurate the instrument. In obedience to the public invitation of the consistory, several hundred people streamed in from the adjacent country, and even from the most remote districts, to hear the organ. All were on the tiptoe of expectation, but few were satisfied. We will not take into consideration temporary drawbacks, but there is in the organ itself one defect, which was first noticed by the assembled crowd, and which is attended with irremediable disadvantages. Its position was, from the moment of its selection, condemned in an architectural point of view, but was defended on acoustic reasons; but it is now evident that the latter are false. The organ can only be seen jammed in between the pillars of the tower, and being covered by the profile projection of the large arch between the space under the tower and the middle aisle, is not exhibited at any one point as a whole. Its sound is also considerably obstructed and thrown back by the *ressault* of the arch, for acoustic and catophonic laws are, in this instance, nearly allied. In addition to this, the masses of finer tones, which are situated behind the foremost large pipes, cannot be developed to their full value for the ear of the persons listening below in the church, or be fully appreciated: they are weighed down by the objects around them. These disadvantages, inseparable from the position and arrangements of the organ, and which the builder, by the raising of the eighty registers as at first projected, to nine-

ty-four, himself admitted and endeavored partially to obviate, it was his duty, by the choice of some other site, to avoid. It remains a matter of doubt whether his work, in other respects so artistic, does not, in its present position, suffer so much from the currents of air and the temperature, that a considerable portion of the expenses incurred will be thrown away.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 13.—At the suggestion of certain persons, a few of our best amateurs gave a concert at the North Church for the benefit of the funds of that society. The programme comprised selections from Haydn's third Mass, "Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt," and sundry light operas. For the benefit of the audience and the singers, a stage was built in front of the pulpit.

The concert opened with an organ voluntary by Mr. FITZHUGH, director. It was rather rough in execution, having none of those delicate shadings which an organ under skilful hands can give to any extempore performance. For loud organ playing a fugue is more to be preferred than a piano-forte fantasia, executed with all the registers and couplers drawn!

The principal solos were taken by Miss HELEN PENNIMANN and Mrs. WELLS; they were charmingly sung, and showed the culture and taste of both performers. The choruses were not quite in time, those from the third Mass in particular. A few more rehearsals would have benefited them.

A duet on themes from *Belisario*, for two pianos, performed by Mr. Fitzhugh and sister, was an excellent affair, though we do not think that the selection was at all appropriate to the sanctity of the place over which they were played.

The concert was a success; some \$300 or more were raised. The church was well filled with a delighted audience, though my friend Jones remarked, as we were returning to our lodgings, that "some of the old fogies stayed away because they thought if the singers began to desecrate the pulpit with operative performances without a rebuke from them, the purity of the place would soon be gone."

It is a fact that, though advertised to be a sacred concert, all the solos were from light operas, such as *La Favorita*, etc. Not a single gem from the "Messiah," "Creation," or "Elijah."

In my last I promised to give you some account of the doings of the musical portion of our citizens. We have a very flourishing society, bearing the name of "Springfield Musical Institute." Mr. EDWARD INGERSOLL, President, T. G. SHAW musical director and leader, ALBERT ALLIN, pianist. The society contemplates giving a concert very soon. It has in active rehearsal such choruses as "The heavens are telling," "Glory to God," (Messiah) etc. and under the admirable leadership of Mr. Shaw is making rapid progress. The old "Philharmonic" orchestra disbanded some months ago, on account of reasons best known to themselves; a few of them, however, still rehearse together, and will furnish instrumental accompaniment to some of the choruses at the concert of the Institute. More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

HARTFORD, Jan. 10.—It is not unfrequently complained that the American people have very little musical taste and appreciation as compared with those of other lands; but it is a consolation that they are all the while rapidly progressing in their love for the beautiful art.

In this thrifty little city we have had of late substantial evidence of this in the erection of two fine organs, concerning which I propose to give you a short sketch. The first has just been erected, in and for the Pearl Street Church, of this city, by Henry

Erben, of New York. The instrument has 3 manuals, each extending from CC to G³, and also 27 pedal keys, and registers some 50 stops. The swell organ extends through its entire manual. This instrument has been pronounced by musicians in New York, familiar with Mr. Erben's organs to be superior to anything he has before produced. It was admirably exhibited by Wm. A. King on its erection.

A much greater curiosity than this, however, is the immense parlor organ recently erected for Mr. J. C. Cady, of this place, by Richard M. Ferris & Co., of New York. It is the largest parlor organ ever owned or built in this country, and has two manuals of five complete octaves each, from CC to C⁴ in the altissimo, 27 pedal keys, and registers thirty stops, as follows:

| | | |
|-------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>Great Organ.</i> | | 17. Violiana. |
| 1. Open Diapason. | | 18. Fifteenth. |
| 2. Viol d' Amour. | | 19. Cornet. |
| 3. Melodia. | | 20. Hautboy. |
| 4. Stop Diapason, Bass. | | <i>Swell Bass.</i> |
| 5. Stop Diapason, Ten. | | 21. Bourdon—16 ft. |
| 6. Principal. | | 22. Dulciana—metal 8 ft. |
| 7. Rohr Flute. | | <i>Pedals.</i> |
| 8. Twelfth. | | 23. Sub-bass—16 ft. |
| 9. Fifteenth. | | <i>Couplers, &c.</i> |
| 10. Clarinet. | | 24. Great and Swell. |
| 11. Bassoon. | | 25. Great and Swell 8va. |
| 12. Trumpet. | | 26. Pedals and Great. |
| <i>Swell Organ.</i> | | 27. Pedals and Swell. |
| 13. Bourdon. | | 28. Pedals at octaves. |
| 14. Open Diapason. | | 29. Pedal Check. |
| 15. Stopped Diapason. | | 30. Tremula. |
| 16. Dulciana. | | |

The swell box includes the pipes connected with the upper manual from tenor C upwards.

The stops of this instrument are charmingly voiced, many of them exceeding in delicacy anything of the kind I have ever heard; and what is noticeable, every stop is remarkably characteristic, evincing excellent taste and judgment. The various stops are also so finely balanced that the listener does not hear one part above and distinguished from the rest, but all blend together, forming one full, rich, resonant, and compact body of sound. The mechanism of the instrument is of as choice material and workmanship as the finest piano-forte; the action works easily and perfectly noiselessly. This organ cost about \$2,500, and nobody doubts but that Mr. Cady has received the full value of his money. It certainly must be a very pleasure-yielding investment. Yours, &c., DIAPASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The second PHILHARMONIC Concert, on Saturday last, was full as crowded as the first. In fact, almost immediately after the doors were opened, the house presented quite a respectable appearance. The orchestral pieces were MOZART's C major Symphony, WAGNER's Overture to "Faust," and another by SCHINDELMEISSER, to Gutzkow's drama of "Uriel Acosta." The "Jupiter" Symphony was exceedingly well performed, and seemed more beautiful than ever to me on this occasion, from the preparatory study of it which I had enjoyed at the rehearsals and the piano. I never before thoroughly understood or appreciated either the Andante or the Finale (that masterpiece of fuguing,) in all their parts.

You have yourself spared me the task of saying anything to characterize the "Faust" Overture by your analysis of it in your last number. Yet my opinion differs slightly from yours, inasmuch as I do not yet know exactly what to make of this work of "The Future," and can hardly tell whether I like it or not, in spite of having heard it more frequently than you. The three first hearings, however, can hardly be counted, for the composition is so immensely difficult, that it was most tantalizingly broken up at all but the last rehearsal. One could recognize Wagner throughout in those upward flights of the violins, the peculiar modulations and strange, startling harmonies, and now and then a snatch of melody was very beautiful; but the impression I have received is still too disconnected to be very

firm and deep. I hardly think this work will ever be as popular as the *Tannhäuser* overture. Schindeldeisser's musical preface to "Uriel Acosta" is very finely instrumented and full of pleasing melodies, but without great depth. Did space admit of it, I would send you the synopsis of it which was distributed with the programmes; yet, unless you were to hear the music, it would hardly interest you. Mme. JOHANNSEN, (or SCHEERER-JOHANNSEN, as she now calls herself, having got married since her arrival in this country) sang the "*Non piu di fiore*," from Mozart's *Titus*, an exquisite thing, and a bravura aria by Pacini, in which latter she was encored. This lady has a very fine, sympathetic voice; and though I cannot exactly admire her school, I think her the best German opera singer we have ever had here. The remaining two numbers presented the name of Mr. GOTTSCHALK. He first played a movement of HENSELT's grand Concerto in F minor for piano and orchestra—an extremely difficult, but not proportionately pleasing *cheval de bataille* for his instrument. Its effect was, however, spoiled by the orchestra playing too loudly for the piano, and Mr. Gottschalk not loudly enough for the house. His second piece was one of his inevitable own compositions, a "*Morceau de Concert*," on themes from *Il Trovatore*, for two pianos, in which he was most ably sustained by a young brother pianist, Mr. EMILE GUYON, who has just entered upon our musical world, and whose very unassuming demeanor must have won him the favorable notice of many listeners. Gottschalk played with wonderful execution, as he always does. Whenever I hear him I regret anew that such high powers should be thrown away upon the music (music indeed!) to which he almost entirely confines himself.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 12.—Prof. ALLEN's Soirée, the third in order, came off last Monday week, and the following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture, "Figaro,".....Mozart
2. Solo Alto: Horn Obligato.....
3. Piano Solo: { a. "Danse des Sylphes," Godfroid.
- { b. Etude in A minor,.....Thalberg.
4. Basso Solo: "I praise," &c., and chorus, St. Paul,.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

1. Quintet, Part 1st,.....Mendelssohn.
2. Quartet,.....Rigoletti.
3. Quintet, Part 3rd,.....Mendelssohn.
4. Alma Virgo; Solo and Chorus,.....Hummel.

I have learned that the "tinsel clink of compliment" is light coin to those most deserving of it, and therefore I avoid bestowing praise where it is so justly due, the more readily, as the affair is considered rather "private and confidential," and the performers, being mostly amateurs, have the good taste to value music more than praise. I assure you it is truly refreshing to meet such a company of devoted, conscientious musicians; and, *confidentially*, their performance would do honor to those of more pretensions.

There was much good music in the churches here on Christmas day, which I was prevented from hearing. At the Cathedral BEETHOVEN's Mass in C was sung with full orchestra.

PARODI and her company appeared at the Assembly Rooms Friday evening; quite a thin and cool audience welcomed them. One must forgo seeing to in any degree enjoy Parodi's singing; her grimaces are frightful. TIBERINI was well received; he looked the sentimental and ogled the girls disgustingly. Little PAUL (though in long coat) continues to delight all with his magical tones.

I hear rumors of an Italian Opera in Baltimore—LAGRANGE, &c. 'Tis most too good to be true, though Baltimore is good game, and a few representations at a high figure pay well. TRUMPET.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 17, 1857.

M. Thalberg's Concerts.

The second concert (Thursday evening, Jan. 8) was about as fully attended as the first. It seems at first a strange sight to see two or three thousand people gathered for a piano-forte concert. Celebrity and novelty still carry the day, reversing the intrinsic order; Thalberg fills the Music Hall, while orchestra and symphony shrink to the measure of the Melodeon. We do not complain, for it is worth one's while to witness for once the best of its kind. And Thalberg, if we mistake not, has given us all a new idea of possible perfection in executive art, besides enabling us to judge fairly and allow full weight to a certain brilliant, ornamental school of composition, which has occupied a large share of public attention since he called it into being, and set all the young pianists on a chase after its Jack-o'-lantern glory.

Mr. Thalberg's selections this time, as before, were chiefly in his own peculiar form of music—the Fantasia on operatic themes, and enabled us to appreciate more closely this his speciality as a composer. Thalberg is emphatically a pianist. His music is the joint product of the piano and of Thalberg. To his pianism, his playing, as the perfection of executive art, we confined ourselves almost exclusively in our notice of the first concert. Now a few words of the way in which his instrument and he have as it were grown up and developed naturally and together; that is to say, of his compositions, by which is to be understood first of all his operatic Fantasias. We fancy to ourselves the first germ of his art in the boy's love of the tones of the piano. We fancy in him, too, a natural sense of beauty in the sphere of sound, of euphony, as well as of symmetry and elegance of form, fine appreciation of accent, &c.; in short, all that leads one to cultivate and refine upon the purely sensuous charm of music. Add, too, an Italian's love of melody, more, however, for the grace than for the passion thereof. He lays his ear closely, fondly to his instrument, this cabinet of hidden tones; he woos its keys with gentle or fierce touch, and draws from it and builds out from it all that it can do towards illustrating with utmost euphony and utmost wealth and brilliancy of ornament, such musical themes—say melodies—as impress themselves most strongly on his own musical temperament and please the general ear. For so far as he has a theory, it is that the aim of music is to please; one scarcely fancies his young soul as big with swelling thoughts and aspirations, like a young Beethoven, which must find utterance through or in spite of the best instrument that comes to hand. To make a music which should illustrate the possibilities of the piano, in a way to strike and astonish, but above all to please the general ear of music lovers, was the end for which he wrought. To weave into a beautiful, symmetrical, extraordinary arabesque of tone all the melodic passages and figures, the Aurora Borealis flame-gauze arpeggios, the wide-spread harmonies, the almost orchestrally broad combinations, the wind-like sweeps and swells, the rushing, surging basses, and Æolian tremolos, which he had reduced in detail

to such certainty of precise manipulation; to construct all these technical feats into a pleasing and connected artistic whole, as dancers weave their *pas* into some Ballet of more or less poetic significance: this seems to have been the end and motive of the operatic Fantasias.

Now this is a very different genesis, a very different method from that whereby the master-works of musical genius have commonly been created. It is not in fact the method of inspired creative genius. It is not the method of a soul teeming with inspired musical ideas, which it proceeds with devout earnest, and yet with a young Bacchus joy to develop from within, by their intrinsic logic and the grace of sympathizing gods, until the necessity for utterance is satisfied in a complete, vital, glowing work of Art. How different this Fantasia from a Sonata or Symphony, or even from the freer tone-poems of a Chopin! How different from all the forms that had been held classic! (And yet it is not so much the form as it is the inspiration, that makes a work classic; though inspiration necessarily leaves organic beauties as the record of its visit, and hence classical forms, imitated afterwards without inspiration.) They are essentially *virtuoso* compositions—music written for the player and his instrument. The nearest stepping-stone afforded to it in the old classical forms was in the Concerto, in which the display of the performer was made an end, as well as the expression of a thought. We shall see below how Thalberg himself has marked and signalized this stepping-stone in his performance of a Beethoven Concerto.

Enough here to point out this difference. And now let us own that, after hearing Thalberg himself play them, these Fantasias do seem to us a much more genuine thing than formerly; under his hands they justify themselves. Perhaps it would be not far from the truth to say that they are "compositions" in somewhat the same sense that we speak of ornamental compositions in the arts of pictorial design. These luxuriate in a certain freedom of technical execution, yet preserve a unity and symmetry throughout; and while their end is ornament, they yet admit of almost unlimited richness, variety and beauty of invention. They may show feeling, soul withal; though sense of beauty and ingenious calculation are the main ingredients. Always a subordinate branch of Art, compared with a great painting, statue, or architectural monument, but yet legitimately Art. So the Thalberg Fantasia in music. The arabesque designer chooses a figure to work up and multiply and vary through infinity of changes. So the pianist takes a well known theme, a melody, for principal figure and subject in his complex musical pattern. He preludes to it by cunning and insensible approaches, charming the ear by what seems a delicate *impromptu* of his own, in which he hints ever and anon the coming theme, catches the shine of its coming afar off, sports with the piano (as if for the satisfaction of the fingers,) and with the latent theme at the same time, or lets the fingers run awhile their own way, knowing how to recall them gracefully and aptly as the business approaches. Then comes the theme, a vocal melody perhaps from *Norma* or *Lucia*, or sometimes a concerted movement, a whole scena. The voice (or voices) sings itself firmly, clearly and connectedly in the

middle of the instrument (the thumbs taking much of this duty on themselves), while the harmonic foundation is laid out broadly below, and the other fingers of the right hand are free to weave in and over all a web of delicate and flowery embellishments. Then come variations and transformations, and new forms of illustration and embellishment; perhaps also some more illustrations out of the same opera; and then one of these themes is made the ornament and covering to another, which takes turn as principal. The whole grows onward with a remarkable unity and symmetry; there are splendid climaxes of gathering force, great basses rolling up and breaking in bright treble showers of diamonds, &c., and broad harmonies spread out underneath to lift all up and make what is delicate seem all the airier, and so forth, and so forth:—why describe what is so familiar to our readers? What strikes you in these compositions of Thalberg, apart from the playing, is first a certain winning grace and delicacy in the preluding and connecting parts, in which he discloses a vein of his own, a something that is peculiarly Thalberg, an atmosphere breathed over all from his own mind, and which you recognize again in those smaller works of his which are more purely his own compositions, like his *Andante*, his *Etudes*, &c. Secondly the distinctness and expressive personality with which the theme stands out the whole time,* wearing the dress for fuller self-assertion, and not obscured or smothered in it, or made ludicrous. Thirdly, the grace and splendor of the ornamentation. Then the all-pervading taste and sense of fitness everywhere, making beauty paramount and miracle subordinate, though clearly present. And finally the symmetry, the architectural balance and completeness of the whole work. This is what it is, and what we are compelled to enjoy in it, without asking ourselves what it is not, and whether it can satisfy the passion for undying beauty that torments deep natures. Go to Beethoven for that. Accept this in its way—until you shall grow tired of it.

Mr. Thalberg's Fantasias, however, are not equal in point of unity. This time he played his "Sonnambula," his "Don Giovanni," and his "Lucrezia Borgia." The first was a charming abstract of the spirit of Bellini's opera. The second was wonderful for the treatment of the selected themes, the Minuet and the Serenade, the latter of which was given with the accompanying orchestral melody, and a wealth of illustrating, recalling all that passes on the stage, while each part keeps itself marvellously distinct and sets the other in a clearer light. It was the perfection of clear statement. But the long introductory portion of the Fantasia was not at all in the Don Juan vein; we should sooner have expected a theme from Weber's "Oberon" after it. The "Lucrezia Borgia" is one of his grandest, working up the well-known Trio with a superb climax.

But more than with the Fantasias, were we charmed with Thalberg's *Tarantella*, the marvellous rapidity, delicacy and delirious ecstasy of which, as he plays it, surpassed all the *Tarentellas* we have heard. Will he not some night let us hear some of his *Nocturnes* and *Etudes*; and especially his *Andante* (just published by

Russell and Richardson), or his *Andante Tremolo*—compositions to which we owe a partiality. There is a certain grace and flavor to these little things of Thalberg's own, which, though not indicating a great creative genius, yet place him amongst the minor poets of the piano.

We must say a few words of the singing at this concert. Mme. D'ANGRI confirmed the impression of her exceedingly rich and powerful contralto, and of her rare execution as a genuine Rossini singer. Her middle voice is certainly one of the most beautiful we ever heard. The very low tones gain in roundness as we hear her, but we are not partial to them. The high notes sound hard and common. Her greatest triumph was again in *Non più mesta*. In the duet from "The Barber," her first tones: *Dunque io sono*, &c., were delicious, and the whole was charmingly sung and acted. Sig. MORELLI too supplied the Figaro with fine tact and effect. D'Angri sang also an air from "Betly," and the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia*; the latter in a dashing and voluptuous style, which stirred up most listeners, but not with that truth to the melody or fine poetic fervor which we could desire, if we desired anything just now of so hacknied an affair.

THIRD CONCERT (Saturday evening, Jan. 10.) There was no question this time, as there was the previous Saturday, between THALBERG and BEETHOVEN; for we had them both united. The mountain came to Mahomet; Mr. ZERRAHN and all his orchestra to the great pianist, helping him to bring out one of Beethoven's Concertos, besides contributing of their best stores purely orchestral. And they seemed inspired to do their best. All did their best; the programme was uncommonly good, the Music Hall crowded, the audience enthusiastic (far more than at the first two concerts), and altogether there was left the impression of a most delightful concert. We must record the programme:

- PART I.
1. Overture: Der Freyschütz,.....Weber
Orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts.
 2. Aria: Semiramis,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
 3. Concerto in C minor,.....Beethoven
S. Thalberg.
 4. "Batti, Batti," Don Giovanni,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
 5. Andante of Fourth Symphony,.....Beethoven
 - PART II.
 6. Overture: William Tell,.....Rossini
 7. Voi che sapete, Marriage of Figaro,.....Mozart
Mme. D'Angri.
 8. Fantasia: Prayer of Moses,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
 9. Rondo: Cenerentola,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
 10. Fantasia: Masaniello,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
 11. March: Le Prophète,.....Meyerbeer

The orchestra sounded better in the Music Hall than in the Melodeon, the sounds being better fused and softened, without loss of resonance or freshness. And yet, as before, one felt the need of more seconds and violas to offset the powerful first violins. (Of course a much larger orchestra every way is still the desideratum with us.) The overtures were finely played; the finale to the "William Tell" with rare precision and brilliancy, which of course warmed the multitude to an encore. The Andante to the Fourth Symphony, too, fully renewed its delightful impression of beauty and of tenderest, deepest feeling. It was played better than before. But the memorable feature of the concert was the Beethoven Concerto, played right under the statue of the composer, by one of the world's two first

pianists, and with full orchestral accompaniments. And yet it was a cruel disappointment to be cut short with only the *first movement* of the Concerto in C minor, after the whole had been announced, and after that first movement had proved so witchingly beautiful, that it was hard to tear oneself from the enjoyment of so pure a work of Art, especially as such a chance of perfect interpretation on the pianist's part might never come again. But Thalberg's execution was a miracle of perfection. The orchestra seemed to feel that it must be, and that it must not be spoiled, to judge by the unity and delicacy with which they played the long introduction, and the accompaniment throughout. And what a masterpiece the composition is! To say nothing of its ideas and spirit, worthy of Beethoven, how admirably the instruments are made to lead and blend into the sounds of the piano, what exquisite contrasts and minglings of strings and reeds! Thalberg played it not only with the utmost precision, force and clearness, but with the finest light and shade, bringing out with exquisite feeling and accent all those little melodic phrases which in Beethoven's music melt out of the tone mass, like passing smiles of a celestial meaning and beauty which ever and anon light up a grand and earnest face. The ease with which it was done, too, showed to what excellent account this new power of pianism may be turned in qualifying the player for expressive interpretation of the master compositions. But what held the audience in breathless delight for some minutes was the long and elaborate cadence introduced by Thalberg at the orchestral pause near the end. It was marvellously ingenious and beautiful, an abstract, in fact, of the entire movement, as if it had caught its own image in miniature in a distant mirror. Right knowingly had the pianist seized upon this transition point between the old school and the new, between music as music, and music as illustration, and shown his best art where he had the noblest subject. (Now one could not but ask why, interesting as it is in those Fantasias above discussed, this wonderful pianism does not see for itself a higher and more glorious calling in subordinating itself more frequently and as a chief duty to the unfolding of the beauties of inspired works like those of Beethoven. For, although the Sonatas, Concertos, &c., present comparatively fewer difficulties to the fingers than the modern music, yet there is no possible perfection of skill in execution which would be thrown away in the rendering of them. Can the simplest lines of Shakespeare find too great an actor? Certainly it was clearly settled that evening that Thalberg can appreciate and can play Beethoven.

For Fantasias this time he gave us two of his very best; the "Prayer from Moses" and the "Masaniello." The former we have always thought about the first of his works in this kind. There is perfect unity of spirit and of structure throughout. It grows and builds itself up symmetrically, and does not descend to the patchwork character which may be charged on some of these pieces. The opening is in the most delicate, fresh vein of Thalberg, clear as crystal, leading you on from one happy surprise to another, through the light dance themes of the opera, till the harmony broadens and the Prayer follows as of necessity, and is amplified into majestic proportions. We had always felt its power, but found that we did not half realize it until we had heard him play it

* Read the preface to his *L'Art du Chant Appliqué au Piano*, published by O. Ditson & Co.

Mme. D'ANGRI's selections were excellent. The two from Rossini, being in her own peculiar school, exhibited both voice and execution to the best advantage. Between the two from Mozart there was great difference in the rendering. *Batti, batti* suffered; an orchestral accompaniment, to no song more essential, would perhaps have imparted more of its true spirit to the singer. And there stood the orchestra: why were they not used? But *Voi che sapete* was most beautifully sung, in pure, sustained *cantabile* style, and in her best voice. With these tones the delicious melody sounded as it ought to sound. All wished to hear it repeated, and it did a violence to the pure feeling generally excited to have the demand answered by so incongruous a thing as the *Lucrezia* Drinking Song.

FOURTH CONCERT, (Tuesday evening). Another Concerto (i. e. a first movement) of Beethoven: that in E \flat . As a composition it warmed us even more than the C minor. The quaint conciseness and boldness of the leading theme, the joyous, elated young Bacchus tread and rhythm of the whole thing, approaching once the ecstasy of the Ninth Symphony, were such as Beethoven only has expressed. Mr. Thalberg played it in the same chaste classical style as the other; only perhaps a little less carefully; and there was no marvellous cadenza to astound the general audience. The orchestra had shrunk to a thin shadow—only two first violins—the effect of sickness and other accidents. Of course this lent a chill to it. The other orchestral selections were accordingly inferior; the weak humdrum overture to *Martha*, another empty one by Kalliwoda, and an "Alexander March." Thalberg played his *Semiramide* Fantasia, chiefly founded on the ghost scene, his *Lucia* Finale and Serenade from *Don Pasquale* and his most sparkling *Elisir d'Amore*. D'ANGRI executed "Variations di Bravura," written for her by Rossini, very admirably; also an Aria from Mercadante's *Saffo*, another from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and a Cavatina from Donizetti's "Romeo and Juliet." MORELLI made a great hit with Rossini's *Tarantella*, and sang *Amor funesto* in his uniformly artistic manner. His voice seemed somewhat hard, but resonant and telling.

[The following came too late to take its place under "Correspondence"; as it is, a portion of the letter has to be deferred.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14. Last Tuesday week, Mr. APTOMMAS gave the second of his Harp Soirées at Dodworth's saloon, assisted by Madame SPACZEK, a lady pianist, and by the MOLLENHAUER brothers. Mme. Von BERKELE, from the German Opera Company, had promised to sing, but failing to be present, Mr. OTTO FEDER, volunteered his services, and gave a couple of songs. The feature of the evening was the attempt of Mr. Aptommas to play classical music upon the harp, an instrument wholly incapable of taking the place of a piano-forte. The trio selected was one by ONSLOW; and though Mr. Aptommas played with great skill and correctness, yet the Trio fell rather heavily upon the audience. But in its own peculiar province the harp is most delicious to listen to, and in such pieces as GOTTSCHALK'S *Marche de Nuit*, and in familiar melodies, with their variations, I know of no instrument that, under the hands of a master, discourses sweeter music. There is an indescribable dreaminess about it, a perfect enjoyability, that to my ear no other instrument possesses. Perhaps one reason why the harp is such an agreeable instrument is, that it is

the most graceful of any to perform on, and is connected with so many romantic associations. Old Ossian, with his streaming white hair floating upon the wind, sang the song of other days, while his trembling fingers wandered along the chords of his rude harp. King David, when his pious heart broke out into song, cried out, "Awake thou, my lute and harp," and praised the Lord "upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the harp." In our fancies of the other world we see angels with golden harps in their hands, and the idea is beautiful indeed. But how different the effect were any other instrument introduced into the celestial regions! Imagine, for instance, a cherub playing on the violin, a seraph piercing the air with the tones of a flageolet, angels puffing away at ophecleides and French horns, while St. Cæcilia is sitting on an adjacent cloud, thrumming on one of Erard's "Grands"!

GOTTSCHALK, who has for some time past been making farewell appearances, previous to departures for Europe, and who, like PAUL JULIEN, seems determined never to leave the country, gave another grand concert *d'adieu* last evening, and announces another one in Brooklyn in a few days. Herr GOLDBECK, the young pianist, whom I have previously mentioned, intends giving a series of piano-forte recitals at the residence of a gentleman in 23d street. Though given at a private house, these matinées will be accessible to the public, the price of subscription to the three concerts being two dollars. Mr. Goldbeck will be assisted by Mme. JOHANNSEN and Mr. DOEHLER, a violinist connected with the English Opera orchestra.

Mr. EMILE GUYON, a pianist and pupil of THALBERG, is rash enough to announce a concert for Saturday evening.

The German Opera Company are in trouble, the prima donna, Mme. JOHANNSEN, not having appeared for several evenings. An indifferent substitute has been found in the person of Miss CRONFELD, a young lady, with a voice of limited power and cultivation. LORTZING'S comic opera, *Czar and Zimmerman*, has been produced with this lady in the chief role.

An inexcusable blunder of mine, in my last letter, in which I failed to render unto Spohr the things that are Spohr's, has excited the just and awful indignation of my worthy colleague, Mr. — t —, the Typographical Sphinx. Perhaps he may remember, in the opera of *Troatore*, where the Count de Luna hears the serenade of the Troubadour, and overcome with inexpressible fear, cries out: "*Io tremo*": so when I see Mr. Typographical Sphinx amiably exhorting me in his New York letter, "*Io tremo*," and I wring my hands, beat my breast, tear my hair, put sackcloth and ashes on my head, and have scarcely enough strength left to sign myself, a la Micawber.]

"The Remains of a Fallen Tower,"

TROVATOR.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The first of the Wednesday Afternoon Concerts (the joint enterprise of the members of the orchestra, with CARL ZERRAHN for leader) drew a large audience to the Music Hall, and passed off successfully. The programme ministered to the refined and to the simple appetite in happy proportions. For the former, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and the overture to "Oberon" were a rich allowance. The lighter pieces were quite good in their way. The performance was worthy of the orchestra, which numbered very nearly all who play in the Philharmonic Concerts. A novelty was the first public performance of Master CARLYLE PETERSILEA, a young pianist of about twelve years. He played with orchestra Hummel's difficult *Rondo Brilliant* in a way that vouched for diligent practice. It was very well played, for a boy; but whether it was well that the boy should play, is another question.

Rare genius (and what so rare?) may justify it sometimes, but as a rule it is better for the boy, the art, the public, and for all concerned, that he be not stirred up to much haste about self exhibition.

Musical Chat-Chat.

To-morrow evening Mr. THALBERG and his artists, with Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra, and the Handel and Haydn Society, give us "Mozart's Requiem," in the Music Hall. We have never had this great work adequately done here, and only once or twice, a long time since, attempted. It will be the musical event of the season. Mme. D'ANGRI takes the contralto solos, Mrs. LONG the soprano, (Mme. DE WILHORST having joined the Strakosch opera in New York,) Mr. ARTHURSON the tenor, and Sig. MORELLI the bass. In the second part Thalberg will play his "Prayer of Moses," and other pieces, and also for this time only on the *Orygæ Alexandre*, besides vocal selections. This is Mr. Thalberg's last performance in Boston, as he proceeds at once to Hartford, New Haven, Troy and Albany... This evening the "ORPHEUS" Glee Club, composed of Germans, who have long enjoyed weekly practice under the lead of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, give the first of three subscription concerts at Mercantile Hall. The Club will sing some of the best part-songs by Mendelssohn, Lenz, Maurer, &c., and the chorus: *O Isis and Osiris*, from the "Magic Flute." Miss LUCY A. DOANE will sing: *Thou that killest the prophets*, from "St. Paul," Mozart's *Vedrai carino*, and with Mr. Kreissmann a duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and there will be sung a "Nightingale Duet" by tenor and bass. Mr. SCHULTZE contributes a violin solo, and Mr. LEONHARD, the pianist, a "Song without Words" by Mendelssohn, and a *Polonaise* by Chopin. Truly a beautiful programme.

Mr. SATTER, it will be seen, offers an inviting programme, and a novel one, for his second Soirée next Wednesday evening. WILLIAM MASON will assist him. A Piano Trio founded upon Byron's "Sardanapalus" must at least pique curiosity, and Liszt's two-piano "Preludes" are reputed among his best works... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, having been absorbed into Thalberg's orchestra last Tuesday night, postpone the concert of that evening until Tuesday after next... CARL ZERRAHN's second Philharmonic will come off next Saturday evening. The Programme will include Beethoven's Second Symphony (in D), Berlioz's overture, *Le Carnaval Romain* (first time), Andante from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," a Romanza for French Horn, overture to *Zampa*, and more, of which we are not yet informed... Do not forget the Wednesday Afternoon Concert at the Music Hall.

Advertisements.

Music Hall, Sunday, Jan. 18th.

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NOTICE.

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Wm. Mason, the eminent Pianist: Wm. Schultze,
Violinist: H. Jungnickel, Violoncellist: B. J. Lang,
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PROGRAMME.

- 1—Sonata: (A flat) op. 26,.....Beethoven.
Gustave Satter.
- 2—Grand Trio: (E flat).....Satter.
1. Allegro molto—2. Romance—3. Scherzo—4. Finale.
Messrs. Schultze, Jungnickel and Satter.
- 3—Scene and Air: "Freischütz,".....Weber.
Miss Emma Davis.
- 4—Les Preludes: Poésie Symphonique, (for two pianos), Liszt.
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Both SATTER'S Trio and LISZT'S Preludes are performed on this occasion for the first time.

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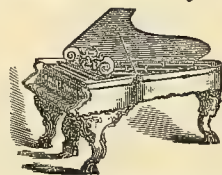
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[To be continued.]

[From the Lond. Mus. World, Dec. 20th, 1856.]

Handel's Autograph Scores—New Life of Handel.

It is not so much the Sacred Harmonic Society as the British Museum that deserves rating for having allowed the fair copies made from the autograph scores of Handel's oratorios to pass into the hands of a Frenchman. From these copies Handel himself conducted, and Smith, his amanuensis, after him. That alone should have made them desirable, as heirlooms, to a British institution. But they must further contain numberless indications in the handwriting of the composer, not only interesting of themselves, but precious as land-marks. We are always talking of Handel's "traditions;" well, here, in all probability, are many of them, stamped indelibly on paper. Here may be obtained hints as to how Handel would himself have curtailed such pieces as required curtailing. Possibly, too, marks of expression may be found; and these would be invaluable—for more reasons than one. Among other things the question might be set at rest as to how the opening of the chorus, "For unto us a child is born"—up to the fortissimo, on the words "Wonderful Counsellor, &c."—should be read. Highly as we esteem the judgment of Mr. Costa, we cannot agree with him in this matter. The long-sustained pianissimo appears to us neither more nor less than a contresens, and the fortissimo, when it arrives, an effect of no greater sublimity than the celebrated thump in Haydn's "Surprise," which everyone must be aware was intended by the fine old master as a jeu-d'esprit, nothing more—an ingenious contrivance for awaking certain of his patrons who invariably went to sleep during the slow movements of his symphonies. Handel surely meant something higher than this—to say nothing of the evident irrelevancy of disclosing the great news of the birth of Christ as though it were a secret, treasonable, and dangerous to utter, instead of the announcement of salvation to mankind. If, in the scores possessed by M. Schœlcher, any information can be obtained upon this point, it will be a subject for gratulation. The question concerns not only the peculiar opinion entertained by the eminent chef-d'orchestre of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but Handel himself—since the new reading might otherwise pass into a tradition, and be ultimately defended upon the presumed strength of Handel's own authority.

The history of the discovery of the scores from which the composer of "The Messiah" directed the performance of his oratorios, is worth narrating. Handel died in 1759, and left all his manuscript music, by will, to John Christopher Smith, his friend and amanuensis. Smith, who had conducted the oratorio performances during the period of Handel's blindness, continued them for 12 years after the great musician's death. George III. patronized them constantly, and moreover conferred an annual pension of £200 on Smith. In return for these acts of kindness and munificence, Smith presented the autograph scores of Handel to His Majesty—in all 86 volumes, which have remained in possession of the Royal Family of England, and are now, as every one knows, in the library of Buckingham Palace, where they can be inspected with much more preliminary trouble than would have been the case had they been deposited in the British Museum.

The remainder of Handel's manuscripts, including among other things the fair copies from the autograph scores prepared for his own use in the concert-room, were kept by Smith, who subsequently married the widow of Dr. Coxe (a well-known physician practising at Bath). To the daughter of Widow Coxe (Mrs. Smith) by her first husband, and consequently the step-daughter of Smith, the manuscripts were bequeathed. Miss Coxe, in her turn, married the Rev. Sir Something Rivers, by whom she had issue. The two sons of the Rev. Sir Rivers dying childless, dur-

ing his lifetime, his property and estate devolved to the Rev. Sir Henry Rivers, of Martyr Worthy, Hampshire, in the neighborhood of Winchester, who himself demised in 1851. A year or so after the death of the last named Rivers, by order of a decree in Chancery, the manuscripts which once were Handel's (altogether about 200 volumes) were knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer at a price something less than what would have been fetched by the same quantity of waste paper. The lucky purchaser was a Mr. Kuslake, who carried on the business of second-hand bookseller, at Bristol. Mr. Kuslake, after holding possession for some years, advertised the volumes for sale, in his catalogue, at the sum of 45 guineas. The fact came under notice, as we are informed, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, "who at once offered to purchase." The Society was nevertheless, too late. How so? Of course, it was not to be expected that the British Museum, which declined to lay out 200 guineas for the autograph manuscript of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*,* would afford even the price of waste paper for these interesting relics of Handel; but we are surprised at the apparent dilatoriness of the Sacred Harmonic Society. More especially have we reason to be astonished, since a French gentleman, M. Victor Schœlcher, who had probably never heard of Handel until he came to this country, was aware of the advertisement in Mr. Kuslake's catalogue, went, or sent, to Bristol, and brought away, or caused to be brought away, the manuscripts. It is true that M. Schœlcher, (a distinguished French patriot, author of the *Crimes de Décembre* and other remarkable political treatises,) has been now for some years gathering materials for a life of Handel. This work he has long contemplated, and intends to be achieved. The task he has set himself no doubt stimulates curiosity, and sharpens his sense of perception, when anything of interest relating to his hero comes within reach. Thus, before the Sacred Harmonic Society heard of these copies of Handel's scores being for sale at a second-hand bookseller's at Bristol, M. Schœlcher had divined it; and when the fact "came under the notice" of the Exeter Hall Committee, the manuscripts were already in M. Schœlcher's possession. The Sacred Harmonic Society, we hear, regrets the loss of what would have been so useful an addition to its library, but acknowledges the readiness with which M. Schœlcher has offered to place the scores at the disposal of the committee, whenever they may be required for any occasion of importance. M. Schœlcher, having outwitted the Sacred Harmonic Society and shamed the British Museum, can afford to be generous.

To conclude, the fair copies from which Handel conducted will be consulted and used at the forthcoming Handel Festival, to be held in the Crystal Palace. In spite of this, however, and all the rest of the advantages likely to be derived from the courtesy of an enlightened foreigner, it is a humiliation to us that Handel's "fair copies" should not have been retained, like Handel's autographs, for England.

* Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia was more sensible of the value of this precious relic, and gave the price demanded.

Beethoven's Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus."

(Translated from the Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung.)

An opinion—based upon what grounds we cannot say—has prevailed in various quarters, that the above composition by Beethoven was never produced. The totally unfounded opinion is refuted by Dr. Leopold Sonnleithner, in the *Vienna Blätter für Musik*. We reprint the article as an interesting addition to the history of Beethoven's works:

"The ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was first produced at the Imperial Hof-Burgtheatre, in Vienna, on the 28th of March, 1801, as is proved by the subjoined play-bill, which is given entire, because it contains the names of the actors and the substance of the plot, for the better understanding of the music. The ballet was favorably received, and given tolerably often in

the years 1801 and 1802. It then disappeared for many years from the Viennese stage. It was not until the 18th of November, 1843, that the management of the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in Vienna, produced *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a mythological ballet in two acts and six parts, invented and put on the stage by Augustus Hus, ballet-master of this theatre, with music by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. This ballet is quite different from the older one, but the most interesting pieces in Beethoven's music were used in it. In this form, also, *Prometheus* pleased the public, being frequently represented in the years 1843 and 1844, while from the 1st of October, 1845, it was revived, with a new *mise en scene*. In subsequent years it has not been repeated.

"The overture and several separate pieces of the music in *Prometheus* used to be frequently performed in the Imperial Hof-Burgtheatre, before plays and between the acts.

"On the 22d May, 1843, the management of La Scala, in Milan, produced *Prometeo, ballo mitologico in 6 atti, inventato e posto sulle scene dal Sig. Salvatore Viganò*. The plot and treatment differ essentially from the first Viennese version, as the existing programme proves. Beethoven's music was used, but several pieces by Joseph Haydn and other masters were introduced.

The first time this music was performed in a concert was at Vienna, the 4th of March, 1841, in the Concert Spirituel, on which occasion the introduction and explanation, written by Herr J. G. Seidl, were spoken by Mad. Rettich, of the Imperial Theatres: The Society of the Friends of Music, of the Austrian empire, also performed the work at their concert in the Imperial Redouten-Saal, on the 20th of February, 1853, when Mad. Mitter-Weissbach spoke the connecting poem. Such is a list of the various occasions on which the work was publicly performed, as far as the writer of the present article is aware.

DR. LEOPOLD SONNLEITHNER."

The following is a literal copy of the play-bill in question:

"In the Imperial Hof-Theatre, nachst der Burg will be produced by the Imperial Court Operasingers, on Saturday, the 28th of March, 1801,

"For the benefit of Mdle. Casentini,

"DER DORFBARBIER,

"An Operetta in 1 Act. Founded on the farce of the same name.

"Afterwards, for the first time,

"DIE GESCHÖPFE DES PROMETHEUS,

"An heroic-allegorical Ballet in 2 Acts. Invented and produced by by Herr Salvatore Viganò.

"Dramatis Personæ.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Prometheus, | Herr Cesari. |
| Children, | Madlle. Casentini. |
| Bacchus, | Herr Ferd. Girja. |
| Pan, | Herr Aichinger. |
| Terpsichore, | Mad. Brendi. |
| Thalia, | Mad. Cesari. |
| Melpomene, | Mad. Reuth. |
| Apollo, | |
| Amfione, | |
| Arione, | |
| Orpheus, | |

"Subject: This allegorical ballet is founded on the fable of Prometheus.

"The philosophers of Greece, to whom he was known, explain the fable as an attempt to portray him as a person of elevated mind, who found the men of his time in a state of ignorance, and refined them by arts and sciences, and instructed them in morals.

"Proceeding from this basis, in the present ballet two statues, which become animated, are represented, and, by the power of harmony are rendered susceptible of all the passions of human life.

"Prometheus conducts them up to Parnassus, in order that they may receive instruction from Apollo, the god of the Fine Arts. Apollo orders Amphion, Arione and Orpheus to teach them music—Melpomene and Thalia to teach them tragedy and comedy—Terpsichore and Pan to teach them the most recently invented pastoral dances, and Bacchus to teach them the heroic dance, of which he was the originator.

"The music is by Herr van Beethoven.

"The scenery is by Herr Platzter, Imperial Court-chamber painter and scenic artist of the Imperial Theatre. The performances commence at half-past six o'clock."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 21, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—Noticing in your Journal of the 17th a communication from this city, bearing the signature of "Ad Libitum," in which appears some statements that are not true, and its whole tone extremely unfair, permit me to occupy a space in your columns in reply to your correspondent.

The concert was not advertised as a sacred one, but as an "Amateur Concert," nor was it ever designed that the selections should be other than miscellaneous. The charge against Mr. Fitzhugh, that he executed the voluntary on the organ in a rough and unskilful manner is not true; we were agreeably surprised at the artistic skill and dexterity shown; the most intricate harmonies were played with the left hand, and were accompanied by an admirable execution of rapid chromatics with the right, and the pedals well used; we deemed the whole an excellent display of rapid and exquisitely varied harmonies, each succeeding the other in beautiful progression. As a piano-forte fantasia it would have been absurd.

We next observe that "Ad Libitum" deems the sanctity of the place desecrated by the playing of the Duo for two pianos on the theme, "Se il Fratello," from Belisario. We had (ignorantly perhaps) considered all true music as an emanation from the Sublime Author of melody and harmony, and that because at times are found in secular opera themes of exquisite beauty and tenderness, they should be rejected, or played and sung only in the opera, is ridiculously absurd. Why does not "Ad Libitum" speak rather of the desecration of our churches Sunday after Sunday by many of our organists, his own friends, who are in the constant practice of preparing us for the solemn worship of Jehovah by playing as voluntaries such songs as "Old Dog Tray," "Sleeping I dream, love," and sentimental airs from blasphemous operas? We would conclude this remark by referring "Ad Libitum" to the wise saying of Him who spake as never man spake: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Again, the time in which the selections from the third Mass were performed is declared faulty. We have often heard the same movements performed by professional artists in Europe, but never with a nicer regard to time or precision. The soft passages were delicately rendered, and the *Tutti* with boldness and vigor. Surely Springfield ought to be proud that so goodly an array of talent was developed, and of so successful a performance. Amateurs can have but little leisure to devote to rehearsal, and it is unkind in the extreme to criticize them as though they were professionals. We do know that Springfield does appreciate the music performed, and on every hand praise is awarded.

Shame it is that "Ad Libitum" should allow lynx-eyed "Envy" to so dim his perceptions that he cannot appreciate the modest attempt to introduce music which will ultimately drive such trash as has hitherto been sung in our midst into that oblivion it so richly deserves.

At the earnest request of many the concert is to be repeated on Friday evening. MUSICIANS.

Uriel Acosta.

At the last concert of the New York Philharmonic Society was performed an overture, by SCHINDELMEISSER, to "Uriel Acosta," which appears to have met with general favor. The programme contained the following synopsis of it, from the pen of Mr. C. B. Burkhardt, editor of the *Dispatch*.

URIEL ACOSTA.—The historical incidents upon which Carl Gutzkow's admirable tragedy is founded, (to which tragedy the present is a highly descriptive

overture.) are not generally known, and a brief synopsis of them may materially assist a due understanding and appreciation of Schindelmesser's descriptive music.

Uriel Acosta was born in Portugal, of Jewish parents, who by the inquisition had been forced to embrace Christianity. Their son Uriel was baptized, received the Christian name of Gabriel, and was instructed in the Christian faith. He subsequently studied jurisprudence, but being a deep thinker and ardent Bible student, he refused to consider the Roman church as the only true one, and held Judaism as the sole saving religion, since it alone taught the doctrine of only one God. These views he impressed upon his mother and brothers, and the family secretly fled to Amsterdam, where they could openly adhere to the Jewish faith. Here he again assumed the name of Uriel.

His theological studies and researches, however, soon imbued Uriel's mind with dogmas and principles at variance with the learned Rabbis, and the laws of the synagogue. To defend them, he published in 1624, a work entitled "*Examen das tradicoes Pharisaeas conferidas con a ley escripta*," in the Portuguese language, and this led to the most bitter persecutions. His property was confiscated, he was excommunicated, and in the public synagogue, the curses and anathema of the Rabbis were solemnly pronounced against him. At length wearied of all the indignities and sufferings, not only inflicted upon himself but upon those related to him, and also to obtain the hand of her he loved, and who was his disciple, he consented to recant, to denounce his own teachings, and to do the most humble penance. He publicly received lashes, and prostrated himself at the threshold of the Synagogue, that all the people might walk over him. In this position, a relative of his own, (and his seemingly successful rival for the fair Hebrew maiden's hand,) heaped additional indignities upon him, whereat, in the midst of his half finished penance, he suddenly withdrew his recantation in bitter rage, repeated the words of Galileo "*E pur si muove*," and at once re-asserted the truths of his teachings. He next attempted to shoot his rival and bitterest enemy, but failing in this he committed suicide. (1647.)

Gutzkow in the tragedy, has closely followed the above incidents. In this tragedy, however, the beloved of Acosta, who is betrothed to his enemy, marries that enemy to save her father from ruin, and immediately after the ceremony takes poison, which scene in the *dénouement* is quickly followed by the suicide of the hero.

At the very beginning of the overture, in the *allegro* movement, the repeatedly interwoven call of the rams' horns, (which are always sounded at high and solemn Hebrew rites,) indicates the ceremony of pronouncing the anathema, and also the subsequent recantation before the tribunal of the Rabbi. This *allegro* is followed by an *andante maestoso* for wind instruments, pronouncing a sort of a religious *chorale*, which is repeated by the stringed instruments (*con sordini*). An *allegro vivace* which follows, seems descriptive of the struggle in Uriel's heart, when against his solemn conviction, he is forced to recant and recall what he has written. The close is similar to the beginning; the sounds of the horn seem to indicate that fanaticism and persecution have triumphed, and that the lives of two noble beings have been sacrificed at the altar of bigotry. C. B. B.

LOVE.

BY W. W. STORY.

When daffodils began to blow,
And apple-blossoms thick to snow

Upon the brown and breaking mould—
'Twas in the spring—we kissed and sighed,
And loved, and heaven and earth defied,
We were so young and bold.

The fluttering bob-link dropped his song,
The first young swallow curved along,
The daisy stared in sturdy pride,
When loitering on we plucked the flowers,
But dared not own those thoughts of ours,
Which yet we could not hide.

Tiptoe you bent the lilac spray,
And shook its rain of dew away,
And reached it to me with a smile:
"Smell that, how full of spring it is!"—
'Tis now as full of memories
As t'was of dew erewhile.

Your hand I took to help you down
The broken wall, from stone to stone,

Across the shallow bubbling brook.
Ah! what a thrill went from that palm,
That would not let my blood be calm,
And through my pulses shook.

Often our eyes met as we turned,
And both our cheeks with passion burned,
And both our hearts grew riotous,
Till, as we sat beneath the grove,
I kissed you—whispering "we love"—
And thus I do—and thus.

When passion had found utterance
Our frightened hearts began to glance
Into the future's every day;
And how shall we our love conceal,
Or dare our passion to reveal;
"We are too young," they'll say,

Alas! we are not now too young,
Yet love to us hath safely clung,
Despite of sorrow, years and care—
But ah! we have not what we had,
We cannot be so free, so glad,
So foolish as we were.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Old Hundred.

The long disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old Hundred has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759, but in the Cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the Old Hundred, exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it had been attributed.—*Telegraph*.

Who ever attributed "Old Hundred" to Purcell? Who to Handel? There is hardly a library to be found in the country, which makes any pretensions to a department of biblical works, which cannot show a copy of Marot and Beza's Psalms, or some old English Psalter, two or three hundred years old, with the tune in it. At Cambridge, for instance, there are some half a dozen copies or more of the tune, as shown long since in the pages of this Journal, printed before the year 1600. Of course the paragraph above is sheer nonsense save in one statement, which we are very sure is false—viz: that a French psalter of 1546 has the tune. Still this is possible, and if so is a very interesting fact to quite a number of persons, and to no one more so than to one who has sought this tune in many of the largest libraries in Germany, and has never found it, "exactly as now sung," in any earlier printed work than a psalter of 1559. Where is the original from which the above paragraph is made? T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—On Saturday last Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK gave the first of a series of "Morning Recitals," (solve the riddle of this name who can) at a private house, the residence of a gentleman well known in the literary and philanthropic line. There was quite a select audience assembled (though the admission was general to all who purchased tickets), and the small, but most tastefully arranged rooms, filled with Art-remembrances of every kind, shed a very home-like atmosphere over the whole affair, which was also most satisfactory in a musical point of view. Mr. Goldbeck gains a firmer footing with the public at every appearance before them. He proves himself more and more an artist of sterling worth, free from all humbug and trickery, and full of earnest purpose. He has been remarkably prolific for one so young, (he having behind him only the third part of man's allotted years), and, to judge from the specimens which he gave us on this occasion, his creations may be placed in a high rank. He gave us two of a series of smaller pieces, denominated "Aquarelles," in which,

according to his own expression, he has endeavored to represent in music an element analogous to that of the same name in painting. Whoever is familiar with the lovely little Aquarelles of the Dusseldorf painters, and of the beautiful late English water color pictures, will understand his intention, and be able to understand what these writings of Mr. Goldbeck are. Two or three other of his own compositions, which he introduced to us, were also full of merit; in them all there was not the least straining after effect, and a great deal of quiet dignity, united with all the freshness and spirit of youth. They were very refreshing, I can assure you, after some very modern piano compositions which are often inflicted upon us now-a-days, and which I fear are destined still to be more "the rage" than these more quiet ones.

In another thing, too, Mr. Goldbeck differs materially from other young pianists; he not only plays his own compositions very beautifully, but enters fully into the spirit of older and higher masters, as proved by his exquisite performance of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonata, Op. 29, in D minor. He carried his whole audience away with him; I would not wish to hear the Adagio better played. There was a largeness, a depth of feeling in his rendering of it, that could hardly be surpassed. Mendelssohn's Sonata in F minor for piano-forte and violin, was also admirably played on Mr. Goldbeck's part, though Mr. DOEHLER, who took the violin, did not appear to as great advantage in this (probably from nervousness) as in a solo by Schubert, and Gounod's "*Meditation sur la premiere Prelude de Bach*," which he afterwards played. This young artist has great sweetness of tone and much skill.

These instrumental performances were relieved by some vocal pieces from Mme. JOHANNSEN. "*Una voce*" was rather too loud and elaborate for the locality, and was somewhat marred too, by a slight veil over the lady's voice. But she fully redeemed her credit by her admirable rendering of Schubert's "*Au fenthalt*" and "*Barcarolle*." These just suited her really fine voice, and were sung with an ease and spirit which showed that the lady felt completely at home in them. Nor must I omit to mention her remarkably distinct enunciation, which of course greatly enhanced, to those who understood the language, the pleasure in her singing, and which is so rare a merit in singers of every class, that it cannot be praised enough where it does occur.

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NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—All musical enthusiasm, as well as commercial enterprise, has been temporarily frozen by the excessive cold and buried under the falling snow. The opening of the Italian opera season at the Academy of Music, has been postponed by the storm until Wednesday.

I have to record the failure of two operatic speculations—the German Company at the Broadway Theatre, and the English Company at Niblo's; the result in each case being unavoidable from the wretched management of the respective troupes.

The German company includes some very good singers. Mme. SCHEERER JOHANNSEN, the prima donna, is a fair singer of the German school, but full of whims and caprices, constantly subject to stage "indispositions," and addicted to a pleasing little custom of declining to sing on the shortest possible notice. Mr. PICKANESER, the tenor, is a very young, pains-taking artist, and the basso, Mr. WEINLICH, and basso-buffo, Mr. OERHLIN, are passable. The company are competent to produce operas in good style, but during the past few weeks there has been a series of disappointments—operas postponed, indifferent singers substituted, and everything done to disgust the opera-going public. Consequently the season has failed to pay expenses, and the troupe leave next week for Philadelphia.

The English company has but one singer—LOUISA PYNE. The orchestra is wretched, the chorus microscopic, the opera hacknied, and it is only to be wondered at that they should draw as good houses as they have. Mr. Niblo engaged the Pyne and Harrison Troupe for a month, expecting to renew the engagement if they were successful. The month expires next Saturday and the company are *not* re-engaged; they have failed to draw paying houses, and the result is by no means to be wondered at.

THALBERG is expected to return to New York shortly, and OLE BULL will appear with him at the next series of concerts. Ole Bull has been for some weeks staying at the Prescott House with his family, and talks about returning to his Scandinavian home to spend the remainder of his life, for he is an enthusiastic Norwegian, and thinks there is no place like cold, bleak Norway. He has made a fortune in this country, though it is somewhat impaired by the losses consequent on his unfortunate operatic speculations.

The opening of the Italian opera by STRAKOSCH will be the great musical event of the week. His company is as yet rather weak, the cast of the opening opera, *Lucrezia*, embracing the names of two good singers, PARODI and TIBERINI, and two poor ones, D'ORMY and MORINO. Next week Mme. DE WILHORST, who has left the Thalberg concert troupe, will make her debut in opera as *Lucia*. It is probable that D'ANGRI will be also engaged by Mr. Strakosch, who, should this season be successful, will lease the Academy for a year, with intention of establishing a permanent opera here.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 24, 1857.

Thalberg's Last Concert.

The great pianist gave the fifth and last of the concerts in his own name—his piano concerts—on Friday evening. The Music Hall was packed as full as it could hold; we found a seat with hundreds on the stage. The programme was sufficiently heterogeneous and fragmentary for so more than musical an audience; the vocal distractions occupying eight parts to four of Thalberg—thus:

PART I.

1. Aria: La Favorita,.....Donizetti
Signor Morelli.
2. Aria: Azema di Granada,.....Mercadante
Mme. D'Angri.
3. Tarantella,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.
4. Aria: Sonnambula,.....Bellini
Mme. De Wilhorst.
5. Fantasia: Norma,.....Thalberg
Wm. Mason and S. Thalberg.
6. Duet: Semiramis,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri and Mme. De Wilhorst.

PART II.

7. Duet: L'Italiana in Algeri,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri and Sig. Morelli.
8. Septet: Scherzo, Andante with Variations,
and Finale,.....Hummel
Flute, Mr. Krebs; Oboe, Mr. De Ribas; French
Horn, Mr. Hamann; Alto, Mr. Gärtner; Violoncello, Mr. Jungnickel; Basso, Mr. Stein.
9. Aria: La Fille du Regiment,.....Donizetti
Mme. De Wilhorst.
10. Soirées Musicales,.....Rossini
Sig. Morelli.
11. Rondo: Cenerentola,.....Rossini
Mme. D'Angri.
12. Fantasia: Lucrezia Borgia,.....Thalberg
S. Thalberg.

It may be shrewdly planned to catch the multitude, but to a frequent concert-goer these unconnected, for the most part, common-places of Italian opera, interspersed so largely between the real points of interest in a concert, and apropos

to nothing, get to be somewhat tedious. There is a great sameness about it all; the Thalberg Fantasias are themselves flashes of Italian operas; for contrast and relief a little singing is quite welcome; but why continue hashing up the same meat (sweetmeat) vocally? Yet in justice to the artists we must say, that this time their selections were not so hacknied as these things usually are, except in style. The *Non più mesta*, to be sure, seems to be an invariable item of Mme. D'ANGRI's duties; but commend us to Rossini of them all; the comic duet from *L'Italiana*, the stately one from *Semiramide*, and any of the *Soirées Musicales*, are pleasant things to hear, and have not here been heard too often. Of the quality of the singing much of course might be said in praise; but the enjoyment of it was not a little impaired to one seated there behind the singers, with a cold air douche on him from the organ screen. The sounds were thinned and deadened; it was the wrong side of the tapestries. Of D'ANGRI and MORELLI we can say nothing new. Mme. DE WILHORST's bright, soaring, flexible, bird-like soprano, springing from her petite ladyship, had a certain hardness and coldness in it when she sang here first some months ago. This quality was now aggravated either by our unfavorable position, or by something else. She has a great deal of execution, chiefly of the hard, bright, glittering order, and she flings herself out with a bird-like kind of earnestness, not indicative, however, of much depth. The eagerness to hit a high mark sometimes made the note false. In calibre and color, what two voices could be more unlike than her's and D'Angri's! Yet they blended not badly in the Semiramis duet.

The most important feature of the evening, and a rare one in such concerts, was the Septet by HUMMEL (*minus* the first movement, and commencing with the Scherzo.) Those who heard this splendid composition four years since in OTTO DRESEL's Chamber Concerts, as played first by SCHARFENBERG, and afterwards by JAEEL, heard it to far better advantage than it could be heard now. Of course the principal instrument was played with that perfection of skill, united to full comprehension of the piece, in which THALBERG surpasses all others. It was feast enough to listen to the piano-forte alone; but the piece as a whole, as a concerted piece, was well nigh lost in the great Music Hall; it must be taken nearer home to us to be appreciated. The accompanying instruments—especially from where we sat—sounded dead and mean. The flute and oboe began out of tune, coming, no doubt, from a room of different temperature; the horn, with its all-penetrating sweetness, told better; but that delicious passage in the Trio where it sustains a final note and leads back with a happy surprise into the theme, was ineffective, from the poor blending of the half-starved tones; and the alto, in leading off the fugue theme afterwards, was ludicrously weak and scratchy. No one blames the artists, but the place. What a treat it would be to hear Thalberg in this Septet in a room like Chickering's!

The next most striking feature was the Fantasia for two pianos—not intrinsically for the composition, but as a display of virtuosity. The distribution of the harmonies, to be sure, the alternation of theme and accompaniment from instrument to instrument, the connecting pas-

sages, and the contrivance of sparkling *tours de force*, were as ingenious as the themes were hack-nied. Wonderfully well was the whole thing executed, the younger pianist bearing his banner proudly side by side with the winner of a thousand battles. The difficulties were about equally shared between them, and the ensemble was quite perfect. Yet on Thalberg's side there was the still finer touch, and what was clear before, stood out all the clearer and the bolder when his fingers took their turn. Once a rapid chromatic run, the whole length of the key-board, was executed by each in turn. MASON drew it fine, but THALBERG drew it finer. It was the fine line of Apelles, or whoever was the Greek painter who thus proved his skill against all comers.

The *Tarantella*, in which we had hoped to hear again that beautiful one of Thalberg's own, turned out to be his Fantasia upon *Masaniello*, in the course of which there is a *Tarantella* from that opera—one of his most pleasing Fantasias, and exquisitely played of course. The *Lucrezia Borgia* we could not stop to hear.

Mozart's Requiem—Thalberg and the Handel and Haydn Society.

In spite of the great snow storm following as the resolution of the ugliest and coldest "spell" for years, the Music Hall was filled last Sunday evening. Many were drawn by Mozart's "Requiem," and many by THALBERG and the miscellaneous "sacred" programme of the second part.

To make its full impression the Requiem must be heard many times, as it was almost entirely new to the larger part of the audience. We might go further, and say it should be heard in a cathedral, amid the solemn ceremonies of the service for the dead, with the inward preparation of a Catholic's literal idea of the last judgment, and predisposition to all the terror with which its images are made present by the sublime music of one who composed it as if for the peace of his own soul. Yet was the impression truly grand, as it was. Considering the short time allowed for rehearsals, we were agreeably surprised by the effective manner in which it was presented. The choruses went better than the solo quartets. The latter were not well balanced as to power and quality of voices. Mme. D'ANGRI's large contralto told most admirably in parts, but she appeared indifferent to the music. Sig. MORELLI lacked the deep basso profundo for the opening solo of the *Tuba mirum*. Both were quite out of time in the commencement, one after the other, of that delicate and beautiful piece of counterpoint, the *Recordare*. Mr. ARTHURSON, who possessed the style and spirit of the music better than any of them, lacked more than ever power of voice. Mrs. LONG was perfectly sure and correct in her music, and though not in her best voice, did much to redeem the whole. Yet the beauty of these exquisite quartets and solos was by no means entirely lost. The *Benedictus*, which is one of the loveliest and the least sombre of them all, gave deep and general pleasure; so did the opening of the *Lachrymosa*, which was sung as quartet, although by no means perfectly.

The chorus seats were unusually full, and the singers had made the most of their few rehearsals under their energetic conductor, CARL ZERKAHN. The principal defect was the failure now

and then to come in all at once at the commencement of a piece. This of course is a difficult matter for so large a choir of amateurs, where the movements succeed each other sometimes with sudden change of key, without orchestral symphony or prelude. Trained musicians might do it, but under the circumstances would it not be well to count a bar or two between one movement and another, and allow time for all to find the pitch? The voices, however, were rich and full and musically blended, and the effect in most of the choruses very imposing and solemn. The grave and stately Adagio of the opening sentence: *Requiem eternam dona eis*, poured in its slow and sombre waves upon the orchestral introduction with truly religious effect, preparing the mind for grand and solemn thoughts to follow; and the burst of light upon *Et lux perpetua luceat illis*, excited the imagination to the highest degree. Then the flowing counterpoint, led in with the tenor solo: *Te decet hymnus*, and finally the difficult and complicated fugue of the *Kyrie eleison*, all were sung better than we should have thought it possible, and formed an introduction as poetically sublime as it was marvellously skilful in point of musical composition. The orchestra, too, did its work well throughout, for so small a number of strings; and the instrumentation is wonderful. Only the more sombre of the wind instruments are employed. There are no flutes, no oboes, no horns even. Besides the quartet of strings, there are only two bassoons, two *corni di bassetto* (for which the low tones of the clarinet were here made to serve), two trumpets, confined almost wholly to their lower tones, and occasionally three trombones and drums. The latter told with superb effect in certain choruses. This sombre coloring runs through the entire instrumentation.

The *Dies iræ* (Day of Wrath) chorus, with its wild, hurried *agitato* accompaniment, like wind-borne flames, was tremendous; one almost shuddered at the stern accent of the phrase: *Quantus tremor est futurus!* So of the *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, with its massive, ponderous movement. Again, with wild, agitated accompaniment of the double basses, as it were the stirring up of flames from the bottomless depths and terror from the deeper depths of the soul, the *Confutatis maledictis* spoke most powerfully to the imagination; and how heavenly the change, where suddenly the stormy tumult ceases, and ushered by a lovely violin figure, the soprani alone, like a streak of pure amber sky opening through the tempest in the west, pour in a soft golden flood of sustained and sweetest harmony at *Voca me cum benedictis*, which gives way again to the darker harmony of the full choir. This and the *Lachrymosa* are perhaps the most beautiful things in the whole Requiem. The *Sanctus* is a sublime piece of simple, solid, church-like harmony, massive and Handelian in character. The *Agnus Dei*, with its wailing melodic accompaniment, is profoundly beautiful and touching; and the return of that solemn opening movement and fugue for the concluding sentence (which has been so stupidly used as an argument to prove that Mozart did not himself complete the Requiem) is precisely what the mind, so first awakened, and then wrought upon by strains of alternate loveliness and terrible grandeur, now requires.

Upon the whole it was a very successful performance, and there is a very general and earnest

desire felt to hear the *Requiem* again, and more than once. There is reason to hope that this wish will be gratified when Thalberg, D'Angri, and the rest return to us a month hence.

And now for Part Second. After the "Requiem," how secular, how superficial, mean and showy sounded that *Stabat Mater* business, which we had served up to us first in the shape of Mercadante's overture, composed of motives of the work cleverly dove-tailed together! Rossini's sparkling, voluptuous, sensuous genius still, no matter what the subject. The overture was finely played; and Sig. MORELLI sang the *Pro peccatis*, not as BADIALLI sings it, yet in an effective and artistic manner. Who could care to hear it, ever so well sung, after Mozart's "Requiem"! Mme. D'ANGRI sang admirably the *Figlio mio* from the "sacred" opera of the *Prophète*, and had to sing it twice, THALBERG did not play upon the *Orgue Alexandre*, as had been once announced, but he did play two of his "sacred" Fantasias. The first, played on his Erard piano, was that founded on the Chorale and other motives from the *Huguenots*; the grandest, as well as most difficult, of his fantasias; what immense masses of tone were rolled out in the full chords of that hymn! It seems as if, in some of these swelling, magnificent climaxes, he created tone, developed it out of the instrumenta where it hardly existed before, it comes so bigger and bigger at his call and never disappoints you. The other, played on the Chickering piano, was on "Moses in Egypt." This we had thought his greatest fantasia, until we heard the *Huguenots*. On being recalled he played a portion of his beautiful "Andante."

What shall we say of the piano-fortes? In all his concerts since the first, Mr. Thalberg has played more upon the Chickering Grands than upon the Erard, and has appeared abundantly satisfied with such a medium for the interpretation of his music. This does not prove, to be sure, that he esteems the Erard beaten; but it is quite evident that he regards the Chickering instruments as the most formidable rivals, and pays them practically the highest compliment. To our ear there is still a purely musical quality in the Erard tones, which has not quite been reached by others. Forced to loudest effects, they sound a little antique and metallic, particularly in the middle treble octave; yet is the quality still musical, the *altissimo* tones exquisitely so, the bass magnificently rich. The Chickering tones are rounder, mellower throughout the whole compass, but they come upon the ear less distinct, as if the tone were not yet refined to its purely musical element. Perhaps there is a point where these two shall meet (and who more plainly in the way to find it than the Chickering's?) which will solve the problem of a perfect piano tone. It is said the Chickering instruments stand in tune the best.

The Orpheus Glee Club.

One of the most enjoyable concerts we have had for a long while was that given by the members of our German Männerchor, the "Orpheus," on Saturday evening, as the first of a subscription series of three. Mercantile Hall was completely filled with a most animated looking audience, to the number, we should judge, of some four hundred persons. Perhaps one half of these were Germans; the rest were of our most musically cultivated native population, who are most in sympathy with German music. Better listeners or heartier applauders are seldom

seen assembled. Decidedly a genial and a happy spirit reigned. The programme was felicitous:

PART I.

1. Praise of Song.....Maurer
2. Fantasia on Violin, from "Lucia di Lammermoor,"...Artot
Mr. Schultze.
3. Duet: "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....Mozart
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.
4. Serenade.....Marschner
(From the works of the celebrated German Minstrel, "Wolkenstainer," who lived in the Fifteenth Century.)
5. Air: "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets,"
From St. Paul,.....Mendelssohn
Miss Doane.

6. Chorus of Priests. From the "Magic Flute,".....Mozart

PART II.

1. The Cheerful Wanderer.....Mendelssohn
2. { a. Song without Words,.....Mendelssohn
b. Polonaise,.....Chopin
Mr. Leonard.
3. Duet: "The Two Nightingales,".....Häckel
Messrs. R. Langerfeldt and C. Schraubstaedt.
4. The Wanderer's Night Song.....Lenz
5. Air: "Vedrai Carino," From "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart
Miss Doane.
6. Hunter's Joy,.....Astholz

The part-songs were beautifully sung by about thirty select voices from the Orpheus. Indeed we have never listened to better singing by male voices. The parts were well balanced and well blended; the tenors sweet and the basses full and rich, as heard collectively. They stood close together, like so many organ-pipes, in the little arched recess of the stage, and their leader, Mr. KREISSMANN, face to face with his attentive, sympathetic band, so that, what with previous careful drilling, there was no lack of unity. The expression of the various pieces was well rendered. All were pleasing in their way, and some truly beautiful. Marschner's music to the old Minnesinger Serenade was impressive by its depth of feeling and its mystical modulations. The "Wanderer's Night-Song" is the very music of the pines, and admirably conveys the quiet sentiment of Goethe's *Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*. There is a religious wholesome cheer in the piece by Mendelssohn, and the first and last choruses sounded jubilant and inspiring,—the last a little droll with its *tra-la-la* accompaniment of voices imitating instruments. The bits of solo occurring in some of the pieces were quite satisfactory. But of all the choruses, that simple and grand old piece of harmony from the "Magic Flute": *O Isis and Osiris*, was the most rich and satisfying, and was extremely well done.

The solo selections were equally choice. The *Figaro* duet was sung delightfully, with true delicacy of style and humor. It is rarely that we hear anything of Mozart so well rendered. Miss DOANE was equally fortunate in the noble aria from "St. Paul," and in *Vedrai carino*. She was encored twice after the last, and sung in answer a couple of English ballads with a grace and truth of style which we much doubt if any singer now in this country could surpass. This lady's voice should be more often heard in oratorios and concerts.

"The Two Nightingales," sung by a pleasing tenor and bass voice, (the latter dragged a little out of its native element,) was delightfully pathetic, and elicited an imperative encore. As to that, however, the programme was nearly doubled by the encores of almost every piece: a vicious habit of our publics, although quite natural in so social a concert as this.

Mr. SCHULTZE's violin solo was played with his usual fine taste and expression. Edgardo died again, and Mr. OTTO DRESEL, who kindly accompanied on the piano, did it with an unction, being of course deeply affected by the undying melody.

Mr. LEONHARD's contributions, too, were highly relished, especially the "Song without Words," a swift whirling prestissimo movement, one of the last of the series.

THALBERG'S MATINEES.—At the earnest suggestion of many who wished to hear the great pianist in a smaller room, and in a more private, social way, a subscription was formed for a couple of Matinées at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.

These were given on Saturday and Tuesday last. A hundred or more ladies and gentlemen were present. This was the true way to hear him; here, after all, one seemed to hear him for the first time, for he played as if he were at home, with only sympathetic listeners. The selections, too, were choicer and more varied than would serve the ends of a concert before two thousand people. On Saturday, besides his *Don Giovanni* and *L'Elisir* fantasias, he gave two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," namely, the *Volkslied* and the "Spring Song," and played them exquisitely; also of his own compositions, the entire *Andante*, (of which he gave a part on Sunday evening,) and his *Etude in A*, (with repeated notes,) which struck us as the most poetical and delicate of his productions that we have yet heard.

On Tuesday he played the "Huguenots" fantasia, with prodigious effect; also the fantasias on "Masaniello," "Sonnambula," and "Norma," (for two pianos,) with WILLIAM MASON. All these were astonishing. But his transcription of Beethoven's "Adelaide," and of the Quartet from *I Puritani*, (simply played from his book: *L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano*,) gave us the most unalloyed delight. It was the perfect transfer of a vocal melody (without any of the personal drawbacks) to the strings of an instrument. We fear we shall never wish to hear "Adelaide" sung again, for it never sang itself so purely, so tenderly and sweetly as under Thalberg's fingers. On both occasions he added a set of his own sparkling waltzes.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second concert of the "Orchestral Union," on Wednesday afternoon, drew a large audience. The great feature was the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, which was very finely played, not excepting the complicated fugue finale with four subjects. We were amused a few days since by an attempt of a New York critic to trace the "Jupiter" interpretation through the symphony, whereby much ingenious pains were lost; since the name "Jupiter" was never dreamed of by its author or the Germans. Some member of an orchestra in London, after a rehearsal of this symphony, at a time when it was indeed the last word of Symphony, exclaimed: "This is the Jupiter of symphonies"; that is to say, the beat-all, the king of symphonies; and by that name has it gone in England to this day. Yet the critic found some justification for his poem in the kingly glorious, "cloud-compelling" tone of the composition, which is all joy and majesty and happy sense of power, except the Adagio, which is exquisitely tender and pathetic, and at times awfully tragic.

The *Freyshutz* overture was played again, and splendidly—the fourth time in these two weeks. A luscious set of Strauss waltzes (*Wiener Punschlieder*), and Mr. ZERRAHN's "Polka Redowa," on *Rigoletto*, gave great pleasure. Master PETERSILEA played transcriptions of two of Schubert's songs; the *Ave Maria* and *L'Adieu*, not the prodigious ones by Liszt, but less ambitious, yet by no means easy ones, by E. Wolff. These were very good selections for such an occasion, and the rendering showed talent in the lad, though such melodies, to sing themselves on the piano, demand that expression which could not be expected in a player of his age. The Coronation March from "The Prophet" closed the entertainment.

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening the PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS make a new beginning. The first was anything but a failure; to the public it was a failure in name, in theory, but a remarkable success in fact. Mr. ZERRAHN alone had reason to feel disappointed, and he magnanimously bore the burden, and was the only sufferer; nine out of ten, at least, of his subscribers thought the extra orchestral pieces more than a compensation for the non-appearance of a solo virtuoso. At his own severe expense Mr. Zerrahn made that concert, a gift complimentary to his subscribers, and commences the subscription series to-night. Surely he has a claim upon all interested in orchestral music. Furthermore this time his soloist, Herr SCHREIBER, will appear, his failure to do so before having been satisfactorily explained by accident beyond the control of either party. Herr S. will play a couple of remarkable trumpet solos. So much by way of "attraction." Then, in the way of substantial orchestral poetry of music, he offers us the grand old C minor Symphony and a favorite piece from Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata: "Song of Praise," for notable novelty the Carnival of Rome translated into an overture by HECTOR BERLIOZ; and for make-weight, the "Zampa" overture and a Romanza with solos for Corno Inglese and Flute. May the Melodeon be so crowded as to send us to the Music Hall the next time!

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce their fifth concert for next Tuesday evening. Mrs. J. H. Long will sing for them a Cavatina from *Lucia*, and Mr. Parker's "Maud" serenade. The Club will play a Quartet by Haydn for the first time, the Quintet, with clarinet, by Mozart, and several choice movements from Mendelssohn's Posthumous Quartet in E, and from a Quintet by Onslow.

A more beautiful sight is not often seen than the Boston Music Hall, filled as it was on Monday last week by three thousand happy children from our Grammar Schools, listening to the strains of THALBERG, D'ANGRI and MORELLI. The graceful kindness will be long appreciated. The entire floor was one wide dense flower-garden of girls, with boys packed in the aisles, as well as in the upper galleries. The selections were of the most appropriate, and Mr. Thalberg was as much the artist before his young audience as he is always. But of course it was too fine to excite them much. The singing, especially the comic pieces from "The Barber," stirred up the multitudinous applause most, and so sharp was the look-out for fun that the whole hall laughed out more than once at some of the singer's flourishes that were never meant for fun. The Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, who presided, made a graceful little speech of thanks to the artists in the name of the committee, and the children, led by their teacher, Mr. BUTLER, returned theirs by singing "Sweet Home," (yet the sound seemed to come from a small portion of them.) It was a sight to warm one's heart with gratitude, for our free schools, for such a hall in which to show their pride, for Art and generous artists.—On Saturday morning the scene was repeated, with a difference, for the benefit of other schools not represented. The crowd and the enthusiasm were even greater than before. The children rose in their seats, waved their handkerchiefs and hurraed for Thalberg, D'Angri and Morelli for five minutes. Young girls loaded the artists with flowers, and the children this time really joined in singing, under their teacher, Mr. SOUTHARD, "Hail Columbia," with exhilarating effect. The eleven thousand free school children have not yet all had their turn, and Mr. Thalberg announces his design to sing to the rest, when he returns.

NATIONAL SONGS.—The Royal Academy of Belgium has offered a prize of a gold medal of the

value of 600*l.*, for the best treatise on the following subject: "What affinity exists in various countries between popular songs? and the origin of religious songs since the establishment of Christianity? Prove that affinity by monuments, the authenticity of which cannot be denied." The competitors are to send in their productions, written in Latin, French, or Flemish, before the 1st June, 1857.

A "Vocal Association" has been formed in London on the plan of the German *Liedertafeln*. It numbers two hundred subscribers, and Mr. JULES BENEDICT is the conductor. The object is to attain, with a large mass of voices, a high degree of excellence and refinement in the execution of such choral music as requires little or no instrumental assistance. Great stores of music are open to the society for this purpose, by the older Italian, the older and modern German, and the English composers.

It is reported in the French papers that the voice of the celebrated tenor, DUPREZ, has changed to a baritone, and that in consequence he has been induced to accept an engagement with the Théâtre Lyrique, and to make his first appearance as Verdi's Rigoletto.... Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN has been playing at Copenhagen, before the Dowager Queen, at the concerts of the Société de Musique, and at several soirées.... SCHULHOFF, the pianist, is at Milan.... Mme. PLEYEL, the pianist, has just finished a triumphant tour in Switzerland, whence she goes to Italy.... An Englishman, HENRY HUGO PIERSON by name, author of the oratorio "Jerusalem," has composed and published a bulky volume of "Music to the Second Part of Goethe's Faust." The *Athenæum* says: "Jerusalem was obscure and grim enough to satisfy the wildest of that singular coterie, which believes that music can exist without continuous phrase or intelligible form; but the setting of the second part of *Faust* leaves *Jerusalem* far in the rear.

The New Orleans *Picayune* speaking of theatricals and music in Australia, says:

MISKA HAUSER, he with the "Bird on a tree," had also had a concert, introducing a sextuor, composed by Mayseder, and a quartetto with variations on "God Save the Queen," composed by Onslow, both of which were performed for the first time in New South Wales. His own variations on the national English anthem were greatly praised. "Of his solo playing," says a local critic, "it is unnecessary to offer comment; his perfect tone, the liquid notes which he produces, combined with an extraordinary memory, stamp him as a violinist of the first order." He had announced three Clinical Member concerts, promising to produce in perfection the quintets, quartets, trios, duets, &c., &c., of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Onslow, Hummel, and other great lights of art, who, by their genius, have irradiated the family circle, and whose honored names are "household words" in all climes. He was to be assisted by our other old friend, Mr. George Loder, who had arrived at Sidney in the second week of August. The subscription was to be one guinea for the three concerts, and a brilliant success was anticipated.

By "Clinical Member concerts," in the above, are we to understand Classical Chamber Concerts? We wish Miska Hauser a safe delivery.

A Parisian journalist, giving a sketch of the artistic career of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, mentions an anecdote too good not to be repeated. He tells us that her *debut* took place in Florence before she was sixteen years of age, and that the *role* selected, of all others, for the occasion was the terrible *Lucrezia Borgia*! Her appearance, at present extremely juvenile, was then infinitely more so; but, notwithstanding this *invraisemblance*, the opera went off with the greatest applause, until her dispute with the duke, where Lucrezia exclaims, "Tremble! Duke Alfonso! Thou art my fourth husband; and I am Borgia!" This passage, in the mouth of a child, so completely overthrew the gravity of the audience that an uncontrollable burst of laughter issued from

every part of the Theatre, mixed with plaudits for her talent. The unsuitable nature of the character to her age and appearance did not, however, prevent her having an extraordinary amount of success, which never abandoned her, and she soon after became the idol of Florence and other cities of Italy.

We had to omit from "Trovatore's" last letter the following, which is too good to lose. But our friend evidently does not know the estimation in which ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is deservedly held in Boston, which is more familiar with the charge of being very proud of her:

"From Havana we hear of the great *hit* of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, in *Trovatore*, and I am rejoiced to learn that this delightful and promising young singer is appreciated, as she should be. You must acknowledge that the Bostonians treated this lady with most ungallant coolness, for though LA GRANGE, in her benefit at the Boston Theatre, was rewarded with expensive jewelry, yet Adelaide Phillips, a Boston girl, at *her* benefit, received not even the empty compliment of a bouquet. Yet she is a very pleasing singer, and promises to become a first-class one. Her voice is deliciously fresh, and she has one note particularly (the G, above the staff, I think) which is enough to set an enthusiastic lover of singing quite crazy with delight. It is a vocal pearl, for which even La Grange could well afford to change some of her vocal and jewel diamonds, and be the gainer. I have no doubt that if Miss Phillips gains a reputation elsewhere, the very critics who treated her so coldly, will be the first to suddenly strike up loud pæans in her praise. Critics are like sheep: let some leading bell-wether start on a certain track, and they all follow blindly, scarce knowing where they go; and let the same bell-wether lead them back on the same track, and they turn around and follow with the most sheepish air imaginable."

☞ A notice of Mr. SATTER'S Concert is unavoidably deferred till next week.

Musical Intelligence.

MANCHESTER, N. H. (From the *American*, Dec. 31.)—The last of Stratton's brilliant concerts came off last night to an overflowing house. There was a great rush for best seats, there being hundreds around the doors long before they were opened; those that came late took their stand around the back part of the hall. Mrs. Long was in good voice, and sung in her usual good taste and style, and was loudly applauded. She is a fine singer, and we regret we cannot hear her more this season. The German Trio were up to the mark again, and performed as only the German Trio can perform. The Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stratton sustained their high reputation in every respect, on this occasion. Are we not to hear them again this season? Why not organize, and have a Philharmonic Society, or something of the kind? We think there is every encouragement for a resident musician to keep the ball rolling, so well put in motion by Mr. Stratton, and have an Orchestra firmly established, with Mr. Stratton as conductor. We think they would be well supported.

ALBANY, N. Y.—George Wm. Warren, the warm-hearted and enthusiastic artist, gave his second annual Concert for the Poor at the Clinton Square Church on Thursday evening. He was assisted by his pupils, including his singing classes, numbering eighty voices, with solos by Misses Hinkley and Palmer, an amateur tenor, and others. The music opened with a charity hymn to old "St. Ann's," and closed with a burlesque potpourri a la Jullien. Taubert's "Lullaby," selections from *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, Warren's "Christmas Carol," and "Jack Frost Gallop" (for piano), a solo on the Organ Melodion (Alexandre), and all sorts of things sentimental, bright and funny, made up the programme. (Much obliged for invitation; but we have not learned the art of setting this terrible Jack Frost to music!)

PHILADELPHIA.—The splendid new opera house, or "Academy of Music," was to be inaugurated on Tues-

day evening by a promenade concert and ball. In a few weeks Mr. E. A. Marshall, the lessee of the building, will commence Dramatic performances in it. Opera, we presume, will be an occasional guest there, as it is at our Boston Theatre.—*Fitzgerald* says:

Our ladies are all in ecstasies about the weekly concerts now given by the Germania Band, and the Musical Fund Hall is sometimes filled on Saturday afternoon by a bevy of fair faces, who laugh and chat and applaud as if they supposed that it all is intended for their benefit alone. The gentlemen, however, have determined that the fair creatures shall not have all the pleasure to themselves, and are beginning to muster in considerable strength. Happy fellows, those Germanians, to be surrounded by such a collection of beautiful faces; but they deserve it, for a better corps of musicians, we don't desire to listen to.

NEW ORLEANS.—We clip some items from the *Picayune*, to serve as specimens of what is continually going on in the way of opera.

THEATRE D'ORLEANS, (Jan. 3).—We are having good times at the opera, now-a-days. This evening, "Robert le Diable" is to be performed again, with the same great cast as before. On New Year's night, there was a jam, to see the "Child of the Regiment," which was performed admirably. The comic strength of the company is now very great. Nor is that of the grand side of the troupe less so. On Monday evening, Mmes Colson and Bourgeois, and Messrs. Lagrave, Junca, Magne, &c., appear in "Huguenots."

Mr. Boudousquié gives us, for our Eighth of January entertainment, this evening, Verdi's great opera of "Jerusalem," or "The Lombards." Mlle Muller, and Messrs. Moulin, Junca and Magne have the leading parts in this opera, which has not yet been given this season. We may look for a fine house on this occasion, as the opera is ever a great favorite, and the cast a new and a very strong one.

(Jan. 10).—This evening the ever favorite grand opera of Meyerbeer, "Les Huguenots," is to be performed with a superior cast. To-morrow the new drama by Dumas, Jr., author of "Dame aux Camelias," will be presented. It is called "Le Demi-Monde." Monday the fine opera "Si j'étais Roi," by Adam, will be given by Colson and Latouche, Delagrave, Guillot and Magne.

(From the same, Dec. 23).—The musical taste of New Orleans, our friend Dwight thinks, is quite a remarkable reflex of that of Paris. He is partly right and partly wrong in this opinion.

Our French Opera House is situated in the old, or French, part of the city, and there it has been situated for nearly, if not quite, half a century. Every year the *habitués* of the Opera are solicited to engage the loges and balcony-seats, lattice boxes and parquet chairs for the season of five months, for two nights in each week—Fridays and Saturdays, which are the regular subscription, and, of course, the fashionable nights. Besides these, there are performances on Sunday (dramatic), Monday and Thursday evenings, or, as we call them, "the off-nights." On these the visitors go in comparative *deshabille*, and the auditorium, in consequence, does not present the brilliant appearance it wears on the subscription nights. But it is on those that we get the first taste of a new *débutant*, or a new opera—the subscribing patrons being, perforce, content with the second cut at these luxuries.

Now, it is a fact that will make itself apparent to any one who will observe, that the French Opera is in a very great degree, if not in the larger, supported by the people who reside or sojourn out of and above the French section of the city. Among the season subscribers there will be found, we think, a preponderance, even, of this part of the population; and certainly, if the opera were to be altogether deprived of the support of that portion of the community, it could hardly be a profitable concern to its conductor.

True it is, we get most of our operas and all our singers from France, but we are not ready to admit that we import our musical taste from its capital; certainly not all of it, nor even in any such degree as to strike an understanding observer as remarkable. A very considerable portion of our population here is German, and we had a proof, the other evening, on the occasion of the concert of our "Athenée" association, that there is such a thing in New Orleans as a decided taste for German music; while English and Italian opera, oratorio and concert singing are received with a degree of favor, and an appreciativeness, that show the existence of something besides a French musical taste in our midst.

We should like to have an opportunity of showing the accomplished and able editor of the Journal what we are doing and can do in the musical way in New Orleans. It is very pleasant and gay here, just now; cannot he run down, and pass a few weeks with us?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The concert given on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Orphans' Home, was well attended, and gave very general satisfaction to the audience. Some of the amateurs gave evidence of good natural abilities and careful training, and they may appropriate to their own use very considerable praise. Next Tuesday evening the Orpheus Society

will give its first public concert. This society has been formed, since the demise of the old Mozart, and bids fair to rival that in the estimation of the public. The Orpheus is composed of German musicians mostly, if not entirely and will discourse most eloquent music. On Tuesday evening they will be assisted by some of the best amateur talent in the city, and produce the best choruses of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Abt. E. W. Gunter, director, and G. Zoller, pianist.—*Democrat*.

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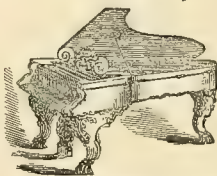
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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

There exist two works of Mozart, an Opera and a Mass for the dead, in which the phenomenon of his moral individuality and his mission as a musician announce themselves with a wonderful evidence for the critic as well as for the biographer. We have seen under what auspices *Don Juan*, the opera of operas, saw the light. Mozart wrote it in his finest days, in the midst of enjoyments, surrounded by glory and in a state of health, and yet the great voice of death sometimes reached him in the midst of these thousands of enchanting voices; it spoke every night to him. *Don Juan* thus appears as the result of an equal conflict, or as the equilibrium of two contrary influences. The *Requiem* announces the decisive victory of one of them. The opera is the whole problem of life laid before our eyes; the Mass for the dead is its solution; one leaves off with the grave, the other begins there. While the investigation instigated by Godfrey Weber has disturbed the air of miracle or the romantic coloring which attached to the historical origin of the *Requiem*, it has at the same time formally confirmed the really marvellous thing about it; I mean the moral relation between the work and its author. It has completely established two main points: first, that the *Requiem* was the last work of Mozart; secondly, that Mozart, when he wrote it, thought he wrote it for himself. * * * Mozart, keenly occupied with the thought of his near death, thinks he finds a hint from Heaven in the order he has just received. Such an impression is extremely natural, and one cannot see why it should have operated with more or less

power on the mind of the sick man, had the work been ordered by one of his acquaintances instead of by an unknown person. But perhaps he took Count Walsegg or his messenger to be a supernatural being or the angel of death in person! We leave these fancies to the poets, who have celebrated the last moments of Mozart; they can find no place in a biography, from which, as my readers already know, they are excluded by several accredited and rather prosaic facts; for instance, the ducats paid beforehand, the confessed delay, the offer of increased compensation. One may believe in a hint from another world, without having to imagine that the person or the circumstance, which serve as a premonition, are themselves initiated into the mysteries of fate. Have we not seen sick persons turn pale at the scream of an owl, and others make their will when they have heard a dog howl beneath their window? Surely an individual who orders a funeral mass of a musician who feels himself on the brink of the grave, seems a much more significant and trustworthy omen of death than a four-footed beast, that howls, or a bird that shrieks out in the gloom of night. * * * It is for us a want of the heart and a duty of the writer to recur to particulars already related in the form of a simple biography.

It will be remembered that Mozart in tears embraced his friends in Prague, whom he did not hope to see again. As soon as he gets home he completes what he has still left to do upon the *Zauberflöte*; he directs in person the first representations of this opera. And now he is pressed to fulfil his obligations and finally to employ in a work of some extent the high church style, which he so greatly loved, and to which he had devoted the most persevering studies, of which the labors of his childhood and youth, as for instance, his *Misericordias Domini* and his *Davidde penitente*, the extracts from Handel which he preserved in his portfolios, and finally his *Ave verum corpus* and the Chorale in the *Zauberflöte*, prove. Mozart sets himself to work to commence the *Requiem*, when a thought, which had without doubt seized upon his soul from the day of the order, illumined his dawning conception like a flash of lightning. Terrible light! This grave, for which harmonious tears are asked of him, is his own. No doubt, no hope more—he must die! Every moment this depressing thought gains more consistency, and fixes itself more firmly in the sick man's mind; but the inspiration which he draws from it, lends him thus far unknown immeasurable, supernatural powers. He writes, and all else is forgotten. Henceforth the night may follow the day, or the day the night; for the minstrel of eternity there is no time more. The light, which

once more rises, without bringing hope to him, the darkness which envelops the earth, without lapping him in repose, leave him and find him always in the same place, thinking, writing, without any cessation. An inexpressible interest, a painful inspiration, chains him to this labor, which is his last business in this world; and yet he sees death at the end of his labor; he sees him opposite himself—as he moves, approaches nearer and nearer, with his hollow eyes and hideous skeleton grin. He sees him, and the fear of not being able to bring the sublime hymn to an end, drives him to more and more strenuous toil. The pages of the *Requiem* are filled, and the life of the inspired singer melts away like the remains of a wax candle, which burns before the image of the Savior, and which, as in tears of devotion, consumes drop by drop its last existence.

But hasten as the musician would, the inexorable phantom was quicker than he was; he could not complete the work.

Scarcely had Mozart laid himself upon his death-bed, when we see a sudden and happy change take place in his fortunes. Already has the popular success of the *Zauberflöte* taught all Germany to speak his name with pride; already all contemporary celebrities begin to pale before his wonderful star; yet a few years and this star would with its immeasurableness and its splendor, have filled the whole musical horizon of Europe. Even fortune, tired out, and ashamed to persecute the great man longer, reached out to him the hand of reconciliation. They had given him an honorable position; orders poured in on all sides. And when at last the path of success, of glory and of independence seemed to open before him, which everything had prophesied for him from his cradle, which musicians without a future had traversed before his eyes with rapid and triumphant steps; when finally fortune seemed disposed to shower her favors over him, ah, then it was too late! God called the laborer to himself at the moment when he was about to grasp the reward for all his earthly toil! Is there anything finer and more dramatic in the infinite drama of human destiny, than this development, which coincides with the catastrophe? than this young man, who called himself Mozart, and for whom the tardy justice of contemporaries is nothing but the first homage of posterity?—this crowned and dying wrestler, who in the bitterness of his heart exclaims: *And now must I go away, just when I might live quietly! now leave my Art, when, no more the slave of fashion, no longer chained by speculators, I might follow the impulse of my feelings, and write freely and independently just what my heart inspires me! Now must I forsake my family, my poor children, in the*

very moment when I should have been in a condition to provide better for their welfare!

Thus he spake, and this so touching speech, so calculated to draw tears, was after all but a mistake in the lips of the predestined man. No—Mozart was neither the slave of fashion nor the foot-ball of speculators, but the instrument of Providence. If he was not free in the choice of his labors, it was because his free choice in the future would not have served the cause of music so well as the fatality of circumstances, which he obeyed against his will. He was obliged to go, because his mission was at an end; he had to leave his Art, but not before he had attained its highest summit. What should he have made after *Don Juan*, after his last Symphonies, after the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, and after the *Requiem*? He must have ceased to live while yet a young man, because his vital powers were exhausted (so to say) by the production of super-human works; a genius growing old would have been incapable of these; the condition and the price of such was necessarily an early end. He left his wife and children nothing; but the inheritance of a name ever dear and glorious in the memory of nations must have shaped itself fruitfully in the hands of Providence. The widow's was an honorable lot, the orphans received a good education. Ah, if our hero could have thought more cheerfully or more resignedly, in these fearful moments, upon something else than his approaching death and those strongest, sweetest ties of nature, which it threatened to sunder; if it had been possible for him to cast a calmer look backwards, and to recapitulate that wonderful life, which in ten years included more than a century; if the most glorious annals of Art which are found registered in the catalogue of his works could have unfolded themselves before the eyes of the dying man in a long perspective of imperishable harmonies, then Mozart would have understood his destiny; complaint would have grown dumb upon his lips, and he would have left the earth as the Christian victor leaves the battle-field, commending his actions to the heavenly mercy.

[To be continued.]

(Continued from page 130.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE FRENCH HORN.

The horn is a noble and melancholy instrument; the expression of its quality of tone, and of its sonorousness, are, nevertheless, not those which unfit it for figuring in any kind of piece. It blends easily with the general harmony; and the composer—even the least skilful—may, if he choose, either make it play an important part, or a useful but subordinate one. No master, in my opinion, has ever known how to avail himself of its powers more originally, more poetically, and at the same time more completely, than Weber. In his three finest works, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, and *Der Freischütz*, he causes the horn to speak a language as admirable as it is novel; a language which Méhul and Beethoven alone seem to have comprehended before him, and of which Meyerbeer, better than any one, has maintained the purity. The horn is, of all orchestral instruments, that which Gluck wrote least well for; the simple inspection of one of his works suffices to lay bare his want of skill in this respect. We must however quote, as a stroke of genius, those three notes of the horn imitating the conch of Charon in the air from *Alceste*: "Charon now calls thee!"

They are middle Cs, given in unison by two horns in *D*; but the author having conceived the idea of causing the bells of each to be closed, it follows that the two instruments serve mutually as a sordine, and the sounds, inter-lashing, assume a distant accent, and a cavernous quality of tone, of the most strange and dramatic effect.

Rossini, in the hunting-strain of the second act of *Guillaume Tell*, conceived the idea of causing a diatonic phrase to be executed by four *E♭* horns in unison. It is very original. When four horns are thus united, either in a sustained air, or in a rapid passage which requires the use of closed sounds and open sounds, it is far better (unless the idea be based on this very variety and inequality of sounds) to put them all in different keys; the open sounds on some, thus compensating the small sonorousness of the corresponding closed sounds on others, preserve the balance, and give to the scale of the four combined horns a kind of homogeneousness. Thus, while the horn in *C* gives the *E♭* (closed), if the horn in *E♭* gives the *C* (open), the horn in *F* the *B♭* (open), and a horn in *B♭* the *F* (closed), there results from these four different qualities a quadruple *E♭* of a very beautiful tone; and, evidently, it is nearly the same with all the others.

I have said that the horn is a noble and melancholy instrument, notwithstanding those *jocund hunting flourishes* so often quoted. In fact, the gaiety of these strains arises rather from the melody itself, than from the quality of tone of the horns; hunting flourishes are only really *jocund* when played on trumpets,—an instrument little musical, whose piercing sound, even in the open air, bears no resemblance to the chaste and reserved voice of the horn. By forcing in a particular way the emission of the air from the tube of a horn, it is brought, however, to resemble that of the trumpet; which is called making the sounds *brassy*.

This may sometimes be done with excellent effect, even on closed notes. When there is need to force the open notes, composers generally require the performers—in order to give the sound all possible roughness—to take off the bells of their instruments; and they then indicate the condition of the horn by these words:—"Bells off." A magnificent example of the employment of this means is to be found in the final outburst of the duet in Méhul's *Euphrosyne et Coradin*:—"Gardez vous de la jalousie." Still under the influence of this fearful yell of the horns, Grétry one day answered somebody who asked him his opinion of this tempestuous duet:—"It is enough to split the roof of the theatre with the skulls of the audience!"

THE TRUMPET.

The quality of tone of the trumpet is noble and brilliant; it suits with warlike ideas, with cries of fury and of vengeance, as with songs of triumph; it lends itself to the expression of all energetic, lofty, and grand sentiments, and to the majority of tragic accents. It may even figure in a *jocund* piece; provided the joy assume a character of impulse or of pomp and grandeur.

Notwithstanding the real loftiness and distinguished nature of its quality in tone, there are few instruments that have been more degraded than the trumpet. Even including Beethoven and Weber, every composer—not excepting Mozart—has persisted in either confining it to the unworthy limits of fillings-up, or in causing it to sound two or three commonplace rhythmical formulæ; as vapid and ridiculous, as they are incompatible, very often, with the character of the pieces in which they occur. This detestable practice is at last abandoned; all composers, now-a-days, of any merit and style, make accord with their melodic designs, with their form of accompaniment, and with the trumpet's powers of sound, all the latitude, the variety, and independence which the nature of the instrument affords. It has needed almost a century for the attainment of this much.

Trumpets with pistons and with cylinders have the advantage of being able, like the horns with pistons, to give all the intervals of the chromatic scale. They have lost nothing of the quality of

the ordinary trumpet, by the super-addition of these facilities; and their correctness of intonation is satisfactory. The trumpets with cylinders are the best: they will soon come into general use.

Keyed trumpets, still employed in some Italian orchestras, cannot be compared to them in this respect.

THE CORNET A PISTONS.

The cornet à pistons is very much the fashion in France at present, particularly in a certain musical world where elevation and purity of style are not considered essential qualities; and it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for quadrilles, galops, airs with variations, and other second-rate compositions. The habit which exists now-a-days of hearing in ball orchestras melodies devoid of all originality and distinction executed on this instrument, together with the character of its quality of tone, which has neither the nobleness of the horn, nor the loftiness of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet à pistons into the high melodial style a matter of great difficulty. It may figure there with advantage, however; but very rarely, and on condition of its playing only phrases of large construction and of indisputable dignity. Thus, the ritornello of the trio in *Robert le Diable*, "O my son," &c., suits well with the cornet à pistons.

Jocund melodies will always have to fear from this instrument a loss of a portion of their nobleness, if they have any, or, if they have none—an additional triviality. A phrase which might appear tolerable, played on violins, or on wooden wind instruments, would become poor and detestably vulgar, if brought out by the snapping, noisy, bold sound of the cornet à pistons. This danger is obviated if the phrase be of such a nature that it can be played at the same time by one or more trombones; the grand sound of which then covers and ennobles that of the cornet. Employed in harmony, it blends extremely well with the general mass of brass instruments; it serves to complete the chords of the trumpets, and to contribute to the orchestra those diatonic or chromatic groups of notes, which, on account of their rapidity, suit neither the trombones nor the horns.

[To be continued.]

Herr Dorn's New Opera.

(Translated for the Lond. Mus. World, from the "Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.")

A new opera is an event for every theatre, especially for one of the first rank. It was, therefore, natural that the most general interest should be manifested in the production of a new opera by the Capellmeister, Herr Dorn. This interest was necessarily more lively in Berlin, as, from the position of the composer, and the extraordinary success of his last opera, *Die Niebelungen*, public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. The opera is called *Ein Tag in Russland* (*A Day in Russia*), the text being taken from the French by that skilful libretto writer, Herr Grünbaum, who has portioned out his subject into three acts, of which the last is, properly speaking, to be considered only as a ballet conclusion of the whole, and is, therefore, not to be included in it. But the two acts alone are, perhaps too long and circumstantial for the subject, because the action is really not sufficiently great to be limited to a few dramatic scenes, if it is intended to excite any interest. A noble Russian discovers, immediately after his marriage, that his young bride is far from possessing amiable qualities, and determines to cure her in a peculiar manner. He sets out for St. Petersburg, and proceeds to a joiner's, adopting measures for the carriage, in which his young bride is travelling, to break down in the neighborhood, so that the lady is compelled to seek refuge in the house of the joiner, while the latter mends the vehicle. She here finds her husband as a workman, and is not a little astonished at a noble countess, like herself, being married to such a person. The deception practised by her husband excites her anger to the highest pitch. After the most decided efforts have been made in the joiner's work-shop, on the part of the youthful wife, to strike fear into

the whole plebeian set, and on the part of the latter to behave in the best possible manner towards their visitor, the authorities make their appearance, and carry off the entire company. The scene is now transported to the castle of the Count, and the latter's sister espouses so far the cause of the youthful wife as to manifest her willingness to aid her in obtaining a separation from the joiner's journeyman. The lady, who, in the meantime, feels more and more disposed to love her husband, regrets this, and, while she is still hesitating what resolution to adopt, the supposed journeyman enters, and the question of a divorce is thus quashed of itself. The concluding ballet ends the whole most pleasingly. The explanation afterwards is very simple, and contains no really comic motives. Whatever comic element there may be in the book consists merely in the delineation and treatment of separate traits and situations. The most piquant scene of this description occurs at the beginning of the second act, where the baroness draws a picture of the effect which will be produced, at the Court of St. Petersburg, by so strange a marriage. She calls to mind a Lord Chamberlain, an equerry, and a general's wife, who speaks broken German or French. This is a species of comicality which is merely external, but, when rendered by so talented and delicate a dramatic artist as Mlle. Johanna Wagner, it produces a decided effect, and obtained an extraordinary degree of success during the whole representation. The composer, whose skill in expressing musically comic situations of this kind is universally acknowledged, employs the musical means at his disposal very effectively in this instance also. Out of the grand air, likewise, sung by the Baroness previous to this scene, and in which she draws a picture of the brilliant round of parties and balls in Paris (for in the Baroness we have to fancy a character in which a certain amount of good nature is united to a partiality for external magnificence, and an aristocratic, social mode of life), the composer has produced an interesting whole. The whole composition, and not alone its first arrangement and plan, forms a tastefully finished piece of music. We must especially acknowledge the skill with which entire passages from Weber, Mozart, Spohr, Meyerbeer, etc., are interwoven in the author's intentions (for the Baroness has even to dance in this air, which task, *à la Pepita*, Mlle. Wagner executes with the best possible taste, by implying rather than actually carrying it out). Although this is an ornamentation composed of borrowed plumes, and imparts to the music the stamp of a pleasing *pot-pourri*, we must prominently notice the technical skill which has, notwithstanding, produced one whole out of this scene. Whether such a style of treatment is one to be artistically justified, and whether it ought to be adopted in opera, even in comic opera, is another question. The Inspector's "Knutenlied" (Knout-song), also, is very cleverly worked out, painting and portraying the situation in the most lively fashion. Whether it will produce a comic impression on every audience is a question we will leave undecided, for this would, perhaps, depend on the manner in which the entire *libretto* was received. Should it, however, find a cold reception, people would scarcely be inclined impartially and justly to appreciate the musical talent contained in the composition. As it appears to us, the principal fault of the work is that the composer should have employed his talent and his art on a subject which may, possibly, produce at the very outset an unfavorable impression. Still, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that, by omitting certain portions, these drawbacks might be surmounted, and a more favorable result assured to the whole. We were very agreeably impressed with a ballet fugue, which begins the third act. It is, at any rate, something now to write a complete fugue for a dance. True it is, that for the perfect success of this piece we require as excellent a *corps-de-ballet* as that which we possess, and as admirable a *maître-de-ballet* as M. Taglion. But, however this may be, the effect of the ensemble is, in the highest degree, attractive. The dances of the third act are, in consequence, of a very pleasing character. The first act, which must be improved by curtailments in the music,

contains detached passages, which are attractive and musically pleasing, but weakened by want of interest in the story, which contains too little action. There is not the slightest doubt that, when it has received the necessary alterations, the work will gain on the public. We must, however, leave it to the composer to display the proper tact under such circumstances. As the Baroness stands out prominently in the foreground, and as Mlle. Wagner is a most admirable representative of the part, to her belongs a principal share of the manifestations of applause with which the work was greeted. The other parts, which, also, were well supported (Madame Herrenburg-Tuczek, the Countess Poleska; Herr Formes, the Count—and joiner's journeyman; Herr Krause, the master-joiner; Herr Bost, the inspector; and Mlle. Guy, the joiner's daughter) possess animation, when regarded separately; they contain, also, many pleasing and happy musical effects, and will come out more strongly when the whole is more concentrated. May the composer find some happy hours for this purpose. The audience received the opera favorably; the composer was called on after the first act, and considerable applause bestowed on the artists.—*Berlin, Dec. 28.*

THE GAMUT OF ODORS.—Scents appear to influence the smelling nerves in certain definite degrees. There is as it were an octave of odours, like an octave in music. Certain odours blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, verberna, and orange peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petty-gain, the note; neroly, a black key, or half-note; followed by *fleur d'orange*, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal-wood, and vitivert, with many others running into each other.—*Picess's Art of Perfumery, 2nd Edition.*

The New Grand Opera House in Philadelphia.

(Special Correspondence of the New York Tribune)

Philadelphia, Monday, Jan. 26, 1857.
It is now about sixteen years since the project of erecting a grand opera house in Philadelphia was agitated. The time was unpropitious, as well on account of the immaturity of that city in population, wealth and musical culture, as of the financial embarrassment commencing in 1837, and which had then (in 1840) prostrated credit and enterprise all over the country. In face, however, of these disadvantages, our Quaker neighbors were the first community in America to entertain seriously the scheme of a lyrical and dramatic institution comparable in all points to the largest and most complete in Europe, and to this end the attempt so far prospered that an adequate lot was secured, and subscriptions for the building made to the amount of about two hundred thousand dollars.

At this point, owing to the difficulties referred to, the effort was abandoned. To the architectural, economical, moral and artistic features of that enterprise, however, is due whatever has since been achieved in the same direction in our City of New York and elsewhere in the United States.

The Philadelphia Academy of Music, which is inaugurated to-night by the greatest ball ever given in the city, is a most honorable approximation to the reality of the original project which I have just mentioned. The Academy faces eastward on Broad street—a noble avenue one hundred and twenty feet wide, bisecting the old city-plot between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, at the distance of about a mile from each. The northern flank of the house is on Locust street, and the southern on ground reserved for the purpose, so as to insulate it by a court of adequate width. Chestnut street, where fashionable shops, and Walnut, where fashionable dwellings, predominate, are respectively only seven and five hundred feet distant. The building is one hundred and forty feet front, one hundred and fifty feet in the rear, and two hundred and thirty-eight feet deep. The material of the first story is brown stone, the superior walls of the finest pressed brick, the cornice of iron, sanded to correspond with the basement, and the roof of plates of galvanized iron,

The style of architecture is simple and imposing, and judiciously adapted to the mixed material. The front has five high arched doors extending along a projection of ninety feet, and one grand window at each extremity. Over the doors is a solid stone balcony. The openings of the second story—the external appearance of the house being only two stories—correspond with those of the first. On the side streets, there are thirteen similar openings to each story, five of them being doors in the first, protected also by a stone balcony. The height of the building is apparently about seventy feet. It is altogether exceedingly well conceived.

Access to the interior is provided by five doors, each ten feet wide on the Broad-street front, and an equal number on each side street, making the total openings in the clear 150 feet—distributing the audience at its exits in different directions, and insuring the clearing of a full house in a very few minutes. The front doors extend along a line of 73 feet, giving admission to a vestibule of the same length and ten feet deep. At each side of the vestibule are ticket-offices, communicating respectively with the managers' and directors' rooms, about 25 feet square, which occupy the two front corners of the building. These rooms are provided with fire-proofs of the best description, and have private doors communicating with other departments of the building. A ticket-office on Locust street, for the upper tiers of boxes, also opens directly into the manager's room, thus bringing two of the receivers under his immediate supervision.

Passing through the front vestibule by arched doors, corresponding in number and size with those of the exterior, the grand vestibule is reached—a noble apartment, ninety feet wide and thirty feet deep. It is flanked by two grand stairways, each thirteen feet wide, and rising right and left parallel to the front of the house. The inner wall of this hall is pierced by doors opposite to those in front, also corresponding in proportions with them. Between the doors are pilasters. These and the walls are frescoed in imitation of various fine marbles, and the ceiling is relieved by deep and enriched panels. The newel-posts of the stairways are very massive, of carved walnut, forming the base of stands of the same material, which support elegant gilt candelabras, topped by bronze Mercuries. A handsome chandelier decorates the centre of the hall. Proceeding inward on the same floor the lobby of the parquet circle is entered, which compasses the auditorium. It is thirteen feet wide, except at the extremities, where it approaches the stage department, narrowing there to nine feet. On one side of the house this lobby communicates with a ladies' retiring-room, and on the other with a gentleman's. A handsome elliptical staircase affords interior communication with the first and second tiers of boxes, and under the grand front stairways access is had to the gentlemen's refreshment room in the basement, which is eighty by forty feet.

From the lobby, thus described, admission is had to the parquet-circle, and to the parquet, by several doors and corresponding aisles at convenient distances. The lobbies of the other tiers are of the same proportions as the lower. That of the next or principal floor connects with the dress-circle, and on the front with the *Foyer* or grand saloon. This is a very beautiful apartment both in proportions and style. It is over the entrance and grand vestibules, 90 feet long and 40 feet wide, with a groined ceiling 35 feet high. It is lighted by five great arched casement windows 16 feet wide each over the front doors, and opening upon the stone balcony above described. At each extremity it communicates with large and elegant lounging or refreshment rooms, and also with the main stairways. Throughout its length on both sides are sixteen Roman Ionic columns in full relief upon pilasters and surmounted by ornate entablature. Ten brilliant glass chandeliers depend from the spring of the arches in the ceiling, and between the arched doors at either extremity are very large mirrors. The walls of this sumptuous room are white, but will be frescoed when sufficiently seasoned. On the same floor, and pertaining to the dress-circle lobby are ladies' and gentlemen's private retiring-room, also of simple dimensions. Each upper story is similarly provided. These suites of rooms with their ante-rooms are on the north and south sides of the building—the ante-rooms having large high doors corresponding with the side windows—the doors when shut serving to exclude perfectly the noise of the street, or when open in Summer to admit the outer air. At each extremity of the lobbies adjacent to the stage-department, and at each angle of them adjacent to the front of the house are stairways (other than those already mentioned) seven feet wide. These make in all seven stairways in the audience department of about 50 feet gross width, distributed around its entire periphery, and all at

their respective bases within 10 or 15 feet of the exit doors. The steps of the stairs are heavy and plank, the ballusters oak, and the rails massive walnut. The walls are frescoed to resemble blocks of Sienna marble. The lobby walls are tastefully paneled, and also frescoed to represent various delicate marbles. They are further decorated by Ionic columns at the head of the stair-halls, and lighted by chandeliers of novel and appropriate designs.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Encore Swindle.

[From Punch.]

Mr. Punch cannot recognize more than a single view, upon the subject of an encore. But his own preternatural wisdom and rectitude—he admits the fact with due humiliation—sometimes prevent his making allowances for the ignorance and injustice of others. He will therefore condescend upon the present occasion, to explain how the matter in question stands. He is moved thereto by a variety of correspondence which has been addressed to him, and by an article in the *Musical World*, in which some ridiculous provincial censures upon Mr. Sims Reeves, the vocalist, are disposed of by a reply so unanswerable that it has already excited the wrath of the illogical. For it is in imperfectly educated nature to begin to revile when it ceases to reason.

Complaints were made, and what in the provinces passes for sarcasm was let fly against the singer we have named, for his excusing himself, on the ground of indisposition, from fulfilling a certain engagement. Now Mr. Punch has occasionally had his good-humored joke with Mr. Reeves on this subject, and begs to premise that nothing herein contained will bar Mr. Punch of his right to say just what he likes to Mr. Reeves or anybody else. Nor, again, will Mr. Punch's condescending to joke upon the subject, in any manner prevent his recognition of Mr. Reeves as one of the most admirable artists in the world. *Nunc tunc*, as Virgil might have said, if he had chosen.

The answer to these complaints is, that British audiences consist of swindlers. It is shown that Mr. Reeves, in common with many other artists, is compelled by a dishonest British public to do double the work which he contracts to do. It is set forth by extracts from the newspapers, detailing a long provincial tour (during which Mr. Reeves has not once failed to appear when due,) that the audiences have always exacted from him precisely twice the quantity of music which they were entitled to ask. They have habitually encored every thing. And when an exhausted singer has ventured to substitute something else for the fatiguing air which is dishonestly redemanded, they have encored the substitution. The consequence of this selfish injustice was that Reeves, lacking the courage of Alboni and Mario, who will seldom "take" an encore, got knocked up, not being a mere singing machine, and had to give his throat and lungs a few days' holiday. This brought out provincial censure and sarcasm, completely met, as it appears to Mr. Punch and every honest person, by the *Musical World*.

By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by encoring? A play bill announces that if you will pay a specific sum you shall have a specific song. You pay the money, (or go with an order,) and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you encore those trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you encore a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing because the first were sweet and succulent? Do you encore a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another copy for nothing?

But "O!" says John Bull and Mrs. Bull, with their usual vulgarity, "these are real things, with a value, while a song's nothing but air (hair, very likely, Mrs. Bull calls it) coming out of a man's mouth; and it has no value, and he ought to be very proud that we are pleased with him."

Get out of the theatre, you old idiots! Get out,

you dishonest old ignorant wretches, and go to Mr. Spurgeon, or a police magistrate, or somebody, and learn your duty to your neighbor! Get out, we tell you!

And yet why should Mr. Punch be wrath with you! Your fathers thought in the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, not anger. You may stay. But mind this. You have no right to steal music. If your housemaid stole your snub-nosed Patty's dog's-eared copy of the "Troubadour" from the pianoforte, you would call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that it has cost an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed Patty and her dog's-eared music.

Were Mr. Punch a manager, he would borrow a hint from the omnibus, and write across the curtain—*All Encores must be paid for*—and the money-taker should go round, attended by a detective, to require a second payment of the price of admission. On the other hand, if it could be shown that singers, or music-sellers, or friends with orders, had caused the encore, (for all sorts of tricks are resorted to in order to puff up indifferent wares,) the night's salary of the singer supposed to be benefited should be forfeited to the General Theatrical Fund. As Mr. Punch is not a manager, he obligingly makes a present of these suggestions to the editor of the *Musical World*.

A Letter from Mr. Satter.

Boston, Jan. 24, 1857.

To the Editor of the *Journal of Music*:

DEAR SIR—You ask an explanation of the motive which prompted me to call my Trio "Sardanapalus." Before I give you the reason, let me say a word about the motive which induced me to write a trio at all.

Pianists, as a general thing, have to contend with a prejudice, which denies them the capability of writing anything but the trashy hobbies of display, with which they sometimes enrich their publishers, and most always hurt the influence of good music. Fesca, Litolff, Liszt, Willmers, Charles Meyer and Rubinstein have never been supposed to write anything but easy, tickling, sentimental titbits, clad in gorgeous and brilliant array. Each of these men, however, has proved by one or two compositions, that they have got the faculty of writing something good, let the treatment of this very faculty be ever so poor. I do not mean to say by that, and cannot affirm as a true musician, that any of the six above mentioned pianists has created a sterling and standard composition, whose themes and working up of themes may astonish future generations, and throw a magic glance upon the musical era of pianists comprising the years 1830 to 1850. But the will is, in a moral point of view, as good as the deed, and it must give satisfaction to the spirits of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn (I omit the name of Haydn, as his delicious simplicity of style has never found any lucky imitator) to know that the dazzling radiance of their atmosphere has attracted hosts of lesser spirits, who considered it a privilege to hover round and bask in this region of incontestable genius.

The writer of these lines, being unfortunately a public performer, has of course spoiled a good many sheets of music paper in order to apprise the public, first, that he could write music, and secondly, that he could play it. He has had his run; his compositions have very deservedly had none. One day last summer, when in Newburyport, and after having dreamt a month of the frailty and trickery of earthly sayings and doings, a congenial friend advised him

to read Dickens. It did for a while, but it would not do. Extremes meet; so let us read Byron. Byron found his way to the U. S. Hotel in Boston, and the tragedy of "Sardanapalus" was relished with a most profound appetite. Not that there is any peculiar depth or even moral in this poem; but the sublime, "let-go manner" of the Eastern king, and the idea of extinguishing a flame with flames had something so gloriously eccentric in the eyes of the musician, that he involuntarily thought of his equally eccentric friend, Berlioz, in Paris, and he thought, thought, and thought over the thing, till he came to the conclusion, that if Berlioz, Esq. had burnt his Sardanapalus, he, Satter, could probably do the same if nobody had any objections; so "here goes."

The Trio was born. It was not made for show; neither was it destined to hold a place in musical libraries. The ideas came; the ideas were written down. Two notes were extended to Schultze and Jungnickel, inviting them to try it; three rehearsals were held. I said it did not answer my expectations; they said it did theirs (although that was possibly anything but a compliment). I spoke about backing out; they said I was a fool; I said I was not; so we had a pitched battle until the memorable 21st came, when this great Trio was performed, to the delight of both friends and enemies, and to the especial delight of a painfully strict reporter, who must have left Ordway Hall or a nigger barber shop, as he detected a melody in the last movement of the Trio, which made him laugh right out. Next day, one paper was delighted with the Trio (thank you!) another paper said I spoilt the third movement by beating stunningly; another said that imaginative powers were required for composition—that I had strong imaginative powers, but I'd better stop; and the *Evening Gazette* seasoned my breakfast with the intelligent news that I had talent for nigger melodies, and that both the themes and their working up were very bad. I wish to give my best thanks to all these gentlemen for the trouble which they took, and feel inclined to tell them two little stories.

1. Beethoven was considered a fool until he died.

2. A blind man was considered a fool because he judged of colors.

And to the public and to you, who would certainly not like to form an opinion without being responsible for it, I take the liberty to announce, that at my next concert (heedless of storms and clouds blackened with printer's ink) I shall repeat this very Trio, at the unanimous request of my subscribers, and give them, as an additional matter of interest, a new Quartet in four movements, consecrated to the memory of Kosciusko, the unfortunate attempter of Poland's liberation.

By publishing this silly act of self-defence you will confer as great a favor upon me as you will by hearing the Trio with its "nigger movement" once more, and carefully attending the first rehearsal of the Quartet, when I hope to hear from you truth, and nothing but truth. Yours respectfully,

GUSTAV SATTER.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27.—It is at present the fashion to be charitable. It is considered "the thing" to patronize "Women's Hospitals," and "Children's Nurseries." Wealthy dowagers flit around like so many Mrs. Pardiggles, visiting poor people, and giving them sound advice, and red flannel. Elegant young ladies spend their time in making dolls for charity fairs, and really much good is done to the poor. The excellent benefactors are fully aware of the extent of their efforts, and are willing that other people shall know them too; for with all their charitable feelings and charitable actions, they sometimes

forget that charity vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up.

One of the most popular and prevalent modes of being charitable, is by calling in the aid of music, and giving what are termed "Amateur Charitable Soirées." Probably the most pretentious of these kind of affairs came off one evening last week, and being present, I have thought a brief description of the entertainment might not be uninteresting.

It took place in one of the most superb mansions that can be found in New York, and may altogether be considered the most *recherché* affair of the season. Indeed, I was informed that the company comprised the *élite* of the city, that the *bon ton* was out in force, that everything was *comme il faut*, and I actually began to think that an entire French phrase book had been gotten up expressly for this occasion. I was also told that no one was invited who was not "one of us," which information was of course vastly agreeable. For you must know that, though a public affair, and the tickets duly sold at two dollars each, yet the proposed concert had not been allowed to be announced in the papers, for the *élite*, and the *bon ton*, et cetera, were particularly desirous that the *soirée* should be exceedingly *recherché* and *comme il faut*, et cetera, and that the *verve* and *empressment*, et cetera, which the performers were expected to throw into their *arias* and *cavatinas* and *romanzas*, et cetera, should be by no means diminished by the fears of the *critiques* and *resumes*, et cetera, of the daily papers.

The singers were mostly young lady amateurs of this city, assisted by a few professionals—Mr. APTOMMAS, the harpist, Mr. KYLE, the flutist, and Mr. GUIDI, the tenor. Programmes were printed with the names of the performers, of which I annex a copy:

PART I.
Trio—Te sol questa anima—Attila.....Verdi.
Mrs. Riggs, Mr. Van Zandt, and Sig. Guidi.
Solo—Piano-forte.....Mrs. Boker.
Cavatina—Anch'io dischiuso sin giorno—Nabuco.....Verdi.
Miss Randolph.
Duo—Da quel—Linda di Chamounix.....Donizetti.
Miss Herndon and Sig. Guidi.
Solo—Flute—Cavatina—Sans Parole.....Clinton.
Mr. Kyle.
Aria—O luce di questa anima—Linda.....Donizetti.
Mrs. Riggs.
Grand Etude Galop—For Piano-Forte.....Alfred Jaell.
Miss Cholley.
Scena ed Aria—Der Freischütz.....von Weber.
Miss De Roode.
Quatuor—A te o cara—I Puritani.....Bellini.
Mrs. Riggs, Mr. Van Zandt, Mr. Hewitt, and Sig. Guidi.

PART II.
Solo—Piano-forte.....Mrs. Boker.
Duetto Buffo—Dunque io son—Il Barbiere.....Rossini.
Mrs. Riggs and Mr. Van Zandt.
Swiss Song—written for Sontag—"Mein einz'ger Schatz".....Eckert.
Harp Accompaniment—By Mr. Aptommas.
Miss Randolph.
Duetto—Parigi o cara—La Traviata.....Verdi.
Miss Chase and Sig. Guidi.
Cavatina—Allor—Attila.....Verdi.
Miss Herndon.
Harp Solo—Fantasia from Lucrezia Borgia.....Alvars.
Mr. Aptommas.
Aria—La poupée de Nuremberg.....Adam.
Miss De Roode.
Quatuor—Chi mi frena—Lucia.....Donizetti.
Miss Randolph, Mr. Van Zandt, Mr. Hewitt, and Sig. Guidi.
Accompaniments by Messrs. Millet and Albites.

I believe I before mentioned that the *soirée* took place in a splendid up-town mansion, the use of which had been kindly proffered by the owner, a gentleman who, if I may use a poetical license, has soared aloft to fame and wealth on the wings of a Sarsaparilla bottle. It is considered, I think, the most palatial of New York residences, and never exhibited a more brilliant appearance than on the evening of the 22d. If I were able to do it up like the fashionable reporters, I might tell you of the splendor of the chandeliers, the magnificence of the ladies' dresses, the height of the arched hall, the expense of the bouquets, the price of the carpets, the suavity of the gentlemanly host, the general effect of the *tout ensemble* and *coup d'œil*, et cetera. All this appeared in a few papers of the following day, with an additional item relating to a "table bountifully spread with edibles," which to my poignant grief I did not discover at the time.

But I have chiefly to do with the musical portion of the entertainment, and I must say that it was much better than most amateur attempts. Of the professional performers it is wholly unnecessary to speak—they did as well as could be expected, considering that but very few took the trouble to listen to them. The other singers, though amateurs, have still challenged criticism by having their names printed on the programme; yet one cannot feel privileged to point out their defects as freely as if they were public singers, for the nervousness of a first appearance prevented them from appearing to as great advantage as they might on other occasions.

The performer who appeared to create the most favorable impression was Miss Randolph; this young lady is the step-daughter of a prominent city editor, and has enjoyed in Paris the privilege of being a pupil of Rubini. Her voice is very rich and pleasant, with some splendid lower notes, and her execution is fair. Excessive timidity had its effect upon her performance, and greatly marred the more elaborate passages of her first aria, and she did not wholly recover her self-possession during the entire evening. Yet enough was shown to prove that Miss Randolph has sufficient talent to take a high rank among amateur singers, and even, with practice, rival many professionals.

With an inferior voice, but better execution, Miss Herndon, a daughter of Lieut. Herndon of the U. S. N., created also a very favorable impression. She rendered the cavatina from "Linda" very brilliantly, but she does not sing with expression.

Mrs. Riggs has the same musical virtues and faults as Miss H. With a facility of execution I have rarely heard equalled off the stage, she pleases, but does not *enthuse* (as R. S. Willis says) her hearers. The music she attempted was too high for her voice, in the duet from *Il Barbiere*, a selection which requires no *expression*, she sang admirably.

Miss Chase is, I think, a Boston lady, and though she sang in but one piece, the duo from *Traviata*, evinced considerable musical talent. It would be impossible to speak more definitely without hearing the lady in a solo, which should have been assigned to her.

But the finest singer of the evening was a German lady, Miss De Roode, who has been in this country but a short time; she has evidently been under the best instruction, and sings like an artiste—a "full-fledged prima donna," as the critic of one of the city papers terms her. It is very seldom that the aria from *Freyschütz* has been given with more sweetness and taste, though the effect was greatly marred by the incessant chatter that was kept up by a portion of the audience. The second selection of Miss Roode was a poor one, and did not give satisfaction, though extremely well performed. Of the lady pianists, I can only say that they played very well, and of the gentlemen singers, that they were "tolerable, and"—you know the rest of the quotation.

The programme was long, and many of the audience dropped away before it was finished, the last piece being listened to with a sense of relief. Indeed, I very much doubt whether these charity concerts really please any one excepting the performers, for the singers cannot be expected to equal those we hear in the public concert room; however, their friends come to hear them, and they are listened to with a bland fortitude, that fully bears out St. Paul's maxim, that "Charity endureth all things."

While all this music was going on inside, and the illuminated and heated mansion was thronged with gay guests, there was a very different scene taking place outside the door. The night was the coldest of the season, the mercury an incredible distance below zero, a biting wind blowing, the snow lying on the ground, and exposed to all this inclemency were over two hundred coachmen, shivering and freezing, and awaiting the departure of their masters and mis-

tresses. It may have been very improper, but I could not help thinking, that it was a pity that with all the charity represented inside, none could be spared for these freezing unfortunates, who had to wait in the cold the beck and bidding of the charitable patrons of the grand charity concert, and in my ignorance I wondered whether this was a fair exemplification of that blessed quality of which St. Paul speaks, where he says, "Charity is patient, *is kind*." As I passed out of the door into the dark, gloomy night, and saw these men, waiting, and paralyzed with cold, it seemed to me that the fashionable music, floating from the other end of the noble hall, sounded very much like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. But I may be mistaken.

The opera season has fairly commenced, with PARODI as prima donna, and STRAKOSCH as conductor. The company, with the exception of Parodi and TIBERINI, is formed of very inferior artistes, and the season has not been remarkably successful as yet. Mme. DE WILLHORST will appear as Lucia on Wednesday night, and it is said D'ANGRI will shortly join the troupe. It certainly needs some such accessions.

Mr. Ullmann, Mr. THALBERG's agent, is in town, and Thalberg himself is expected here about the 14th inst.

The PYNE and HARRISON troupe give a grand farewell performance to-night, and then they depart—where is not known—perhaps to the "land of the White Rabbit," or of the "northwest wind, Kee-waydin." TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 24.—Last evening the amateur concert of the 12th was repeated at the North Church. Owing to the severe cold out of doors, the attendance was somewhat less than at the first concert. It was an excellent affair, and several encores testified to the delight of the audience.

Among the pieces worthy of notice was a trio, "Te sol quest' anima," from *Attila*, sung by Mrs. WELLS and Messrs. HOLLAND and CHAPIN. Though taken a little too slow, it was admirably performed. Mr. Holland has a very sweet tenor voice, clear and equal in its upper register. Mr. Chapin's voice did not "tell" so well in the trio as in the duet from *La Favorita* with Miss FITZHUGH. The trio and duet were the gems of the single pieces of the evening. The choruses were more accurately sung, and consequently more effectively rendered, though the soprano was weakened by the absence of Miss PENNIMAN's powerful voice.

The music of Haydn's third Mass is somewhat new to a Springfield audience. A week's thought on the concert of the 12th but made the repetition of the same music more appreciated and more enjoyable. This shows the truth of a certain writer's remark, that "a discriminating ear can be formed only by listening to classical music, rendered by true tone-artists,"—by the way, not *all professional* singers are such—"by studying to appreciate the why and wherefore of certain progressions, which at first displease the undisciplined ear." It is a notable fact that some people will yawn, stretch, and sit uneasily during the singing of a solo from a favorite opera by a Sontag, Alboni, Parodi, or Lagrange; but when the trills, cadenzas, and clap-trap of the voice strikes their ear, when a high C is reached, they turn to their neighbors and look wise; if Mr. So-and-So applauds, they are uproarious in their delight, and think, as they prepare for the next number on the programme, that they *do* appreciate music.

I think, as does my friend Jones, that the appreciation of an audience is not to be measured by uproarious applause, but by the eyes, "windows of the soul." If they glisten, as the theme and working up

* Musicians please take notice. Travelling musicians are the ones referred to.

of a composition gradually unfolds itself to the minds of the hearers under the inspiration of the performer, then rest assured that both composer and artist are not superficially appreciated.

The "Institute" has a concert in preparation for the 4th of February.

Mr. BLAISDEL, from the South, is here, and intends giving Root's "Flower Queen" very soon, with the assistance of some of our public schools.

AD LIBITUM.

(From our own Correspondent)

BERLIN, Dec. 30, 1856.—This winter, as the last, Berlin has a perfect flood of concerts. If the public here is hardly in a condition to enjoy the fulness of what is offered, yet in comparison with other centres of Art, as Paris, Leipzig, Vienna, there is really so much that is *classical* performed, and for the most part in so worthy a manner, that it is perhaps not presumptuous to declare Berlin now the first metropolis of Art.

So much the more is it to be lamented that the very institution, which, as regards its means of achieving something important, ought to take the lead of every other enterprise and set an excellent example—I mean the Royal Opera—falls altogether short of what it once did in the earlier period of its bloom, under men like C. M. von Weber and Spontini, under intendants like Count Redern and especially Count Brühl, and naturally short of the urgent demands of the present time. It must be considered, however, that the earlier kings were much more partial to the opera, and gave it larger subsidies, while at present a narrowing pressure from above is quite perceptible; and the present intendent, in his now far less independent position, is induced to be as economical as possible. Formerly the king's private chest was regularly opened to meet the annual deficit. There is no mistaking the good will of Herr von Hülsen, the present intendent, nor his leaning to a more sound direction in Art; but he lets himself be led too much by the two royal kapellmeisters, DORN and TAUBERT, and in so one-sided a manner, that since the appointment of these two gentlemen, not a single novelty has been produced upon the Berlin stage except their own productions.

As regards the strength of the company, there is a superfluity, often of three or four fold, of every class of voices, not reckoning the many *Gast*-roles (star performers). Yet among all these singers you will scarcely find artists of the first rank, or even of such rank as the theatres of most great cities have to show. Since the singers, on retiring from the stage, receive a very high pension, they are cautious how they allow a once highly prized but now *passé* artist to retire; and hence most of the performances naturally make the impression of an Invalids' institution, which principally excites recollections of a past period of bloom. In spite of so many principal voices in each part, the leading rôles are very inadequately, very partially and arbitrarily filled, and intrigue or vanity on the part of the older members surely has its share of influence in the matter. The most important, or at least the most esteemed, are still JOHANNA WAGNER, by her ever powerful voice and by the irresistible fire of her dramatic delivery; FRAU KOESTER, in tender, feminine characters; and FRAU HERRENBURG-TUCZEK, who is distinguished by the bell-like purity of her voice and by her natural gracefulness and ease. Some of the gentlemen have much that is good about them, but taken collectively they are deficient.

As for concerts, the most successful and most brilliant are those of STERN'S Orchestral Union, in connection with his singing society of some 500 for the most part very clever dilettanti. These performances, under their distinguished director, one of the ablest, certainly, that now exists, are rehearsed with the

minutest care; all the finer *nuances* are admirably brought out. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht* especially has met again universally with the warmest reception.

The "Sing-academie," devoutly founded by FASCH, about a hundred years ago, for the exclusive practice of religious music, is no longer in the flourishing condition that it was thirty years since under the united zeal of such fostering spirits as ZELTER, MENDELSSOHN, MARX and DEVRIENT. Yet within the last year it has aroused itself again, and the performance of Haydn's "Seasons" may be called a particularly successful one; it was followed with the liveliest applause by the enthusiastic public, whose numbers the hall was far from being able to contain.

The "Opera Academy," founded a few years by the exertions of Dr. ZOFFE, for the cultivation of dramatic song and the performance of comparatively unknown operas, has during the short time of its rapid growth not only raised up a number of very able singers and teachers of singing, by means of its vocal conservatoire, under the direction of the well-known Dr. PYLLEMAN, but by the concerts, which it has again arranged this season, has justified the hope that an important future lies before this institution, under such earnest, indefatigable and talented direction.

The royal Dom Choir, composed of paid singers (the soprano and alto being sung by boys), under the direction of the very careful Musik-director NEIDHARDT, has become so famous throughout Europe, that several courts have followed its example in establishing similar liturgical institutions. It still keeps up its old fame by concerts in the hall or the cathedral. Yet a large portion of the public have been gradually coming to the conclusion that it is not best to listen too long or too often, since the very carefulness of the rehearsals often runs into a soon fatiguing monotony, and in its continual *piano* occasionally reminds one of the *forte* of the Russian horn music.

The Symphony Soirées of the military kapellmeister, LIEBIG, exert here a great influence in the ennobling of taste and sentiment. With singular persistency this man with his military *kapelle* has worked his way up to one of the most considerable orchestral associations, and the throng to his concerts, in which he gives almost exclusively classical music, especially Beethoven's and Haydn's Symphonies, is far greater than to similar soirées of the Royal Chapel. The comparatively very small price of admission to these concerts enables the middle classes in Berlin, who are very industrious and animated by the best spirit, to *educate* themselves by the hearing of these truly edifying and ennobling master-works, and, what is a real blessing, draws this extremely important portion of society away from the trivial recreations and the low, sensual indulgences, which have hitherto alone been accessible to our industrial public by their cheapness.

Among the concerts given here by individual resources, the Trio Soirées of Baron von BÜLOW, together with Concert-meister LAUB and the Kammer-musikus WOHLERS, have been particularly distinguished. Baron von Bülow, confessedly Liszt's greatest pupil, and the first teacher in the Berlin Conservatoire, unites with a singularly finished *technique* in piano-playing, an equally intelligent and profound conception of classical and modern works, and by his performance of several works which are almost never heard (on account of their impracticable demands for the host of untalented virtuosos), particularly of Beethoven's remarkable thirty-three variations on a very feeble waltz by Diabelli, has won our especial gratitude.

Berlin is almost too rich in clever Trio and Quartet Societies; the public has a special fondness for them. The entire literature of chamber music from Haydn and Beethoven, nay, from Sebastian Bach to

Schumann, is here brought to hearing, and the same works, like old acquaintances, are gladly again and again greeted by the lovers of this class of music.

ff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 31, 1857.

Concerts of the Week.

GUSTAVE SATTER gave his second "Philharmonic Soirée" at the piano rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., on Wednesday evening of last week. The room was filled with listeners. The programme was decidedly novel, and consisted of just four pieces. Although three of these were of considerable length, the whole was agreeably shorter than most concerts.

First came the piano Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) by BEETHOVEN. It is that beautiful and well-known one, which commences with the Andante and variations, and has for its third movement the wonderful funeral march (*Marcia sulla morte d'un eroe*). Of course Mr. Satter is too accomplished a pianist, and is too well acquainted as a German with these most familiar sonatas of Beethoven, not to have played it in some respects admirably. But it struck us that there was considerable exaggeration of the forte and fortissimo parts, especially in giving such abrupt and startling accent to the full chords which occur ever and anon in the exquisitely light and sportive melody of the finale. In a tendency to too great loudness and too great rapidity, indeed, we missed the character which we have fondly associated with most of the movements. Must we say that there seemed to be more execution than sympathetic feeling of the music. It struck us as a less serious effort than the young pianist has shown himself capable of in connection with such music in times gone by.

Next came Mr. Satter's Grand Trio, for piano, violin and 'cello, the composition of which is based, as the programme informed us, upon Byron's "Sardanapalus." We certainly were at a loss to trace any connection between its musical ideas and movements and that poem. But the author himself has come to our rescue in a characteristic letter, which will be found in another column, explaining under what promptings and in what spirit he composed the work. The letter is amusingly frank, and proves that Mr. Satter, whether he have musical genius or not, has a decided gift for language. Verily there was enough of the "let-go manner," of the reckless, devil-may-care character of the oriental monarch about it, without much hint, that we could trace, of the finer qualities with which Byron makes him so attractive; nothing, for instance, of that loftier and lovelier element which he embodies in the Greek slave, Myrrha. But we are promised another hearing. Meanwhile we can only say, that the first movement (*Allegro molto*), apart from any thought of poetic interpretation, interested us not a little by its well contrasted, well worked themes; the second (a Romance) still more so, having ideas that struck us as somewhat original. But the Scherzo and the Finale were noisy and grotesque, a monotonous succession of dashing Bacchanalian passages, now thundering in the bass, now striking out sparks in the topmost octave, like noisy, fife-like piccolos in some

new-school orchestral production, where all is sacrificed to brilliancy. It certainly displayed the brilliant virtuosity of the player; and Messrs. SCHULTZE and JUNGnickel bore well their parts, the latter having some good singing passages for his violoncello.

Miss EMMA DAVIS is quite a young lady, with a voice of rare natural power and richness; but she lacks school and style as a singer, as well as general cultivation, too much to do justice to such a piece of music as the scena and aria from the *Freyshütz*.

What shall we say of "Les Preludes," a *Poesie Symphonique* by LISZT, for two pianos, performed by Messrs. WILLIAM MASON and SATTER? This also purports to have been reared on a poetic basis, to-wit, Lamartine's "Meditations Poetiques." The poetry we listened for in vain. It was lost as it were in the smoke and stunning tumult of a battle-field. There were here and there brief, flitting fragments of something delicate and sweet to ear and mind, but these were quickly swallowed up in one long, monotonous, fatiguing *melée* of convulsive, crashing, startling masses of tone, flung back and forth as if in rivalry from instrument to instrument. We must have been very stupid listeners; but we felt after it as if we had been stoned, and beaten, and trampled under foot, and in all ways evilly entreated.

What did Liszt mean by such a work? We fear that we shall have to join the London *Athenæum*, *Musical World*, &c., in their crusade against the "Music of the Future," if we have no other specimens. The two pianists were each abundantly equal to the great difficulties of the piece, but in this case we can hardly blame Mr. Satter for playing as if to drown difficulties and dangers out of sight and hearing. We find we speak the general impression, or we might hesitate about confessing all of our experience in the matter of this famous work by Liszt.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The second (first of the regular series) nearly filled the Melodeon, and doubtless would have quite filled it in any other than that most Arctic week. As it was, it was the most musical audience of Boston; the right faces were there, and we trusted Mr. CARL ZERRAÏN was not quite unrewarded for the generous spirit he has shown regarding these concerts. Here is the programme:

- PART I.**
1. Symphony No. 5. C minor, Beethoven.
2. Solo: Cornet-a-Piston. Grand Fantasia from "The Huguenots," introducing some beautiful echoes, Meyerbeer.
 Louis Schreiber.
3. Second Part, (Allegretto un poco agitato,) from the Symphony-Cantata, "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn.
PART II.
4. Grand Overture: "Le Carnaval Romain," (first time in Boston,) Hector Berlioz.
5. Solo: Cornet-a-Piston. Fantasia on "I would I were a boy again," arranged with Variations, by Louis Schreiber.
6. Romanza from the opera "L'Eclair," Halévy.
 With Solos for English Horn and Flute, by Mr. De Ribas and Herr Koppitz.
7. Overture: "Zampa," Herold.

We cannot say it was so good a programme as one covets, when he thinks how few such concerts are vouchsafed us in a winter. The second part adds little to one's store of rich remembrances. The overture to *Zampa* is hacknied and makes merely a dashing conclusion. No one cherishes it in his soul as music. The Romanza from "L'Eclair" was decidedly a pleasing thing for the moment, and Messrs. RIBAS and KOPITZ played their solos charmingly. From the "Carnival" overture of BERLIOZ we hoped more than we

found. It is an ingenious, amusing compound of fun and grotesque frolic, full of singularly bold and odd and sometimes beautiful combinations of instruments, and sometimes made us think of Mr. FRY's "Christmas Symphony." It is masterly in its way, but belongs apparently to the grotesque in Art. Then as to Herr SCHREIBER's trumpet solos, we can only say that they were most skillfully played, with faultless intonation, purity and richness of tone, and sure command alike of cantabile melody and rapid florid passages. But it does seem child's play to hear a sentimental English ballad discoursed on a noble instrument like the trumpet, and still more to hear the same instrument go so far out of its way, and so smooth away its character as to warble rapid variations as if in rivalry with a flute.—All of this was excellent in its way, but it is the way that we complain of. We pass to pleasanter things;—the pleasantest last, although it came first.

The glorious old C minor Symphony was played with admirable spirit and precision. Nothing was wanting but a larger orchestra, in a larger hall, to enhance and freshen the impression of a work, which glorious as it is, has grown to be far more familiar to our public than any other Symphony. But so much the more were the public able to appreciate the excellent rendering. Almost equal satisfaction did we derive, under the circumstances, from that beautiful movement from Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata: "Hymn of Praise"; the alternation of the choral strains of the brass with the sweet and pensive melody of the softer instruments was made finely effective.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The fifth (postponed) Concert took place on Tuesday evening, with the following programme:

- PART I.**
1.—Quartet, No. 63, in G, (first time,) Haydn.
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Minuetto, Presto—Finale, Presto.
2.—Cavatina from "Lucia," Donizetti.
 Mrs. J. H. Long.
3.—Andantino and Scherzo from 34th Quintette, Onslow.
PART II.
4.—Andante con moto and Scherzo from the posthumous Quartet, op. 81, in E, Mendelssohn.
5.—Serenade, from Tennyson's "Maud," J. C. D. Parker.
 Mrs. J. H. Long.
9.—Clarinet Quintet, in A, op. 106, Mozart.
Allegro moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, tema con variazioni.

Mr. AUGUST FRIES was at his post again, after an illness of some weeks. The night was a most unfavorable one for getting through the streets—a warm January thaw with rain, after intense cold, and all the ways mountainous with snow. Yet there was a goodly audience. Still more unpropitious was the dull, steamy atmosphere to musical strings, so that the violins in the first Quartet sounded uncommonly *scratchy*; (the evil, however, was in a great measure overcome in the following pieces.) Besides, that No. 63 of Father HAYDN did not impress us as one of his most interesting works; the Minuetto, however, was quite bright and genial. The two movements from ONSLOW'S innumerable Quintets are among his best productions, and gave great pleasure as they always do, especially that striking staccato passage in the bass. Very characteristic and beautiful were the posthumous Andante and Scherzo from MENDELSSOHN; in the Scherzo we had his fine fairy vein in one of its freshest sounding varieties; and it was finely played. MOZART'S Clarinet Quintet was delicious; it always brings refreshment amid things less spontaneous and less simple, yet not more full of genius. The tones of the clarinet are in themselves refreshing, and Mr. RYAN played his part delightfully.

The Cavatina from *Lucia* (a piece not usually given in the opera, but which DONIZETTI wrote, as it is said, for Mme. BOSTO) was sung with remarkable finish and delicacy by Mrs. LONG. Her rendering, too, of Mr. PARKER'S graceful "Come into the garden, Maud," was received with great delight, and the song had to be repeated.

On Tuesday evening next (Feb. 3) the Club invite their subscribers to an extra concert, commemorative of the birth-day of Mendelssohn.

Musical Chat.

The GERMAN TRIO give their third concert to-night. A novelty in the classical form will be a Trio by THALBERG, (for piano, violin and 'cello.) There will also be a string Quartet by SPOHR, songs by Miss TWICHELL, and solos by Messrs. HAUSE, GAERTNER, and JUNGnickel.....The ORCHESTRAL UNION, we are glad to hear, are quite encouraged by the success of their Wednesday Afternoon Concerts, and will continue them until further notice. Next time they will play the C minor Symphony. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony and the "Egmont Overture" were given last time, but we were not able to attend. The excellence of the concerts fully justifies a large attendance.

Next Tuesday is the anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S birth-day, (born Feb. 3, 1809; died Nov. 6, 1847). The evening will be celebrated in Boston by two separate Concerts by the Societies which bear his name. By the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, at Chickering's Rooms, (subscribers to their Concerts receiving complimentary invitations. The music will be all by Mendelssohn, consisting of Quartets, Quintets, piano pieces played by Messrs. PERKINS and PARKER, and songs by Mrs. WENTWORTH. By the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, at the Rooms of Hallet, Davis & Co. Their programme will consist of three parts: the first, extracts from "St. Paul," choruses, arias, chorale, &c.; Part second, miscellaneous—piano solos, part-songs for male voices, songs, anthems, &c.; Part third, arias and choruses from "Elijah." The fine chorus of this Society, and the aid of solo artists, with such choice selections, will make this a very attractive concert. We only regret that two such feasts should come at the same hour; for we would not willingly lose either.

CROWDED OUT.—A letter from New York, about Eisfeld's Concert, an account of a delightful private Concert by the Club under the direction of Otto Dresel; a Chapter on "Bells"; notices of new music; Musical Intelligence; Notice of the "School of Design," &c. &c. Most of it will appear next week.

WORCESTER, MASS.—From the *Palladium*, Jan. 12. Another of those delightful soirées which are beginning to create a sensation in circles other than what are called strictly "musical," took place on Friday evening at Allen's music rooms. The programme was well made up of the following choice materials: Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 12; two part-songs—"Oh! that we were Maying!" by B. D. Allen, and Mendelssohn's Evening Song; Chopin's Funeral March; Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's Polonaises, Op. 167, Nos. 4, 5, and 6; Adagio from the Beethoven Sonata in A, Op. 30; a Barcarolle by Schubert; Piano Solo by Mendelssohn; "Su l'Aria," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; and four piano-forte duets by Schumann. The first number was finely performed by Messrs. Allen and Burt, the violin of the latter bringing out the richness of the Andante movement with singular purity and truth. More sympathetic playing than was evinced in the performance of this, as well as of the very beautiful Adagio which opened the second part of the programme, one seldom hears. It left nothing to be desired. Mr. Allen's performance of the Funeral March well interpreted its massive grandeur; while the selection from Mendelssohn was given with remarkable brilliancy and power, showing the rare command which this gentleman has over his instrument. The Schubert Polonaises were played with grace and spirit by Mr. Allen and Mrs. A. S. Allen; and the concluding number of the programme gave us some choice specimens of the genius of the lamented Robert Schumann, viz: the dainty "Garland Weaving," the wild, Hungarian-like "March of Croats," the placid and spiritual "Dream," and the bubbling, sparkling piece, "By the Fountain," all of which were well performed by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, to the former of whom we have been indebted for more than one glance at the works of this composer. The vocal performers were Mrs. Allen and Miss Fiske. The former's rendering of the "Adelaide" was true to its rare beauty; while Miss Fiske's singing of the Barcarolle was pretty and tasteful. The Mozart duet,

and the two-part songs, were very well sung by both ladies. These soirées are doing faithful service in the cause of Art in our vicinity. They are educating those who are favored with the privilege of attendance upon them, up to a recognition of the highest standards, and are doing for music what a well selected gallery of paintings or statuary does for its sister arts.

Advertisements.

Mendelssohn's Birth-Day Festival.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give a Concert in honor of the Birth of Mendelssohn, on TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 3d, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. The following artists have kindly volunteered their services. Mrs. E. A. WESTWORTH, Messrs. J. C. D. PARKER, and C. C. PERKINS. The programme will be composed of Mendelssohn's most characteristic works, for which see programme. Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had at the usual places. Subscribers, not having received their complimentary tickets before Tuesday, will receive them by calling at Richardson's music store. Commences precisely at 7½ o'clock.

Mendelssohn's Birth-Day Festival.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY will give a Musical entertainment in commemoration of the birth of Mendelssohn, consisting entirely of selections from his works, at the Piano Forte Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co., No. 409 Washington street, on TUESDAY EVENING, February 3, commencing at 7½ o'clock. A limited number of Tickets, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music stores, and of the Secretary, at 350 Washington street. WILLIAM STUTSON, JR., SECRETARY.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held at the REVERE HOUSE, on MONDAY, the 16th day of February, at 7 o'clock, P. M. H. WARE, Recording Secretary. Boston, Feb. 1, 1857.

MELODEON.

THE THIRD OF THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, (Being the SECOND of the regular series of four) will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 7, at the MELODEON. Particulars hereafter. CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that they will give a Series of WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS, At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday, the 14th of January, 1857. There will be a large Orchestra, composed of the best resident musicians. CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor. For programme, see papers of the day. Packages containing Six Tickets, \$1; Single Tickets, 25 cts. To be had at the music stores of E. H. Wade, Russell & Richardson, Tolman, and at the door. Doors open at 2; Concert to commence at 3 o'clock.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 138.)

In recalling the last days and moments of the composer, we have at the same time commenced the critical examination of his last work. Biographical facts not only control the entire analysis, but they form the most important part of the analysis itself; they alone can explain the work and its effect, which (judging from myself) resembles nothing else, and which in fact surpasses all that music has produced, if I may judge from the number of listeners upon whom it has worked with irresistible power, independently of the place in which they have heard it, of religious faith, and even, to a certain extent, quite independent of their own degree of musical culture. I have heard the *Requiem* performed at different periods of my life, in church, in concert halls, and even in private dwellings, and everywhere did certain pieces of it produce on every one the same impression. Few musical tragedies, written in the most dramatic style, and sung and played with the highest talent, will compare with the *Requiem*, even when the sublime act for which it is intended does not lie before one's eyes, nor the majesty of the temple, the sight of the grave, the solemn procession of the mourners, and at times too the spectacle of a real and deep grief make the minds of the hearers more susceptible. I have seen persons grow pale and tremble on hearing the *Confutatis* and the *Lacrymosa*, who understood nothing of music, and whose ears had never been accustomed to the smooth Italian style. The *Requiem*, however, in its *ensemble* is far more learned music than that

of any opera. We have elsewhere remarked that a hearer, who is totally incompetent to judge of a church composition as a work of Art, may nevertheless feel it in the truth of its Christian expression; a remark applicable above all and in the highest degree to Mozart's *Requiem*. No one mistakes the meaning of this music: God, death, judgment, eternity! One does not need to be a Catholic, nor to understand Latin.

Before Herr Weber, it was a pretty general conviction that a work of this character, which is understood by all who believe in God and the necessity of dying, could only, independently of the genius of the musician, be the result of a prolonged moral and material death struggle. A German writer, whose name I am not permitted to mention, expresses himself about it in the following words: "During the last years of his life Mozart had reached the point of comprehending Art in its extremes, and of seizing and reproducing with equal perfection all that music can express. But experience has too clearly taught us that extraordinary intellectual powers are seldom compatible with the conditions on which the duration of human life depends, since they can only be exercised and developed at the expense of the physical powers. . . . When Mozart felt his end approaching, he fell into a sort of melancholy, which entirely served to disturb the relations on which the co-existence of the two principles of our nature depend. One might say that already he no longer lived while he composed the *Requiem*, and that his work was the superhuman effort of a spirit, which had half broken through its mortal hull. Only in this way could Mozart compose just such a *Requiem* as his was. Had he written under other circumstances, with less protracted sickly exertion and enthusiasm, and had he not spent the greatest part of the nights upon this labor, he never would have bequeathed the like thereof to the admiration of posterity."

It has been said that the style of the *Requiem* seems to date back more than a hundred years, compared with that which reigned in the church music of Mozart's time, and which he himself had used in the Masses written for the Archbishop of Salzburg. To justify the remark, it must be considerably limited, since it neither applies to the ensemble of the work, nor to the totality of any one piece, nor above all to the instrumentation of the *Requiem*. It only concerns the character and form of several vocal melodies, which, proceeding from the Catholic choral song, remind one of the masters of the seventeenth, and those at the end of the sixteenth century. And even in this regard several pieces of it belong altogether to the modern music. Yet the use of a melodic style, approaching the Oratorio and the

Drama, seems to be but an exception in the *Requiem*, suggested by the nature of certain texts, as we shall see below. In general the coloring of the work is antique. It is very important to remark, then, that Mozart, who had lent an entirely new aspect to the lyric drama, who, together with Haydn, had reformed, or rather say, created the Symphony, the violin Quartet and Quintet, the whole instrumental music—that Mozart, when he had to write in the high church style, knew of nothing better he could do but to reach into the past, and in regard to melody go back to the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, that is, to Bach and Handel, so far as fugued choruses and fugues were concerned.

In my review of the history of music I have indicated the epochs of transition or of preparation, and the definite results to which the Art in some of its branches had attained. These results, by which we mean the forms and creations which had retained vitality in music ever since it had begun to exist, were in sacred music: 1) the Choral Song of Palestrina and his followers; the *alla capella* style. 2) The perfected instrumented fugue of Bach and Handel, founded on the modern scale. Church music, therefore, was the only kind that was definitely constituted before Mozart; and for this reason the great reformer, in several numbers of the *Requiem* which we shall indicate below, would neither use the melody of his time, as being too rich in phrases and of a too worldly elegance for the church, nor the secular fugue, such as he had himself employed in the finales to the Quartet in G, and to the Symphony in C, and in the *Zauberflöte* overture. Thus it is demonstrated that for him the high church style was synonymous with the old church style.

Truth occupies the mean between two extremes. Nowhere is this important mean so seldom found as in the sphere of music. We have too many exclusives among us. One likes only the old music; the other shows a profound indifference, if not an uncommon contempt, for all before the eighteenth century. While on the one hand Mozart was reproached with a too conscientious cleaving to the traditions of the Catholic church; while Herr Weber, no particular admirer of the old music, wanted to bring a sort of criminal suit against him for rendering certain texts of the *Requiem* too faithfully, other critics on the contrary, who carried the worship of this music to fanaticism, maintained that Mozart had overstepped the limits of the sacred style; that the true church music admits no melody except psalmody and the choral song, or something like it; that it admits neither orchestra nor any sort

of instrumentation, not even the organ. According to them, the Masses of Haydn and Cherubini are no Masses; still less those of Beethoven. In Mozart's works they say that there is nothing church-like but the *Requiem* (i. e., those parts of it which are treated in the old style); but that the Catholic church must reject the musical intentions of the *Dies iræ*, the *Tuba mirum*, and the *Confutatis*.

As these are the very numbers (to which we must add also the *Lacrymosa*) in which Mozart more or less has not entirely departed from the church style proper, and since they are the ones in which he has employed victorious, impassioned, lively melody, we must first of all examine their texts. What do we find? A sort of epic and descriptive poetry, in which are sketched the most terrible pictures which imagination can suggest; the day of wrath, which will be for all the world the last of days: *Dies iræ, dies illa*; the trump whose call sets all the bones in motion and breaks open all the graves: *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*; Death stupefied with terror at the thought of giving back *en masse* his booty: *Mors stupebit*; the book, which contains all that has been done, said, felt and thought since the creation, opens and shows to every one that is to be judged the page concerning him: *Liber scriptus proferetur*; the condemned are plunged into the flames of hell: *Flammis acerbis addictis*; the elect take possession of an unspeakable and endless bliss: *Voca me cum benedictis*. We must confess that, if there is an art which is capable of lending a sort of reality to such pictures—at least so far as it is possible within the too narrow frame of human reason and imagination—it is music.

I ask now in the first place if there is any kind of vocal music which forbids the composer to write in the spirit of the words, or which even leaves him free to do the contrary. Then again I ask any one who has the slightest idea of the difference in styles of composition and their respective means of performance, whether there were any means of translating the texts just cited into the form of the old church style.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Tribune.)

The New Grand Opera House in Philadelphia.

(Concluded from p. 140.)

THE AUDITORIUM.

It is this part of the Philadelphia Academy of Music which, in respect to its adaptation to the purposes of sight, sound and comfort, claims special notice. Its form, or horizontal section, as indicated by the box fronts, is that of a segment apparently of about one third of a circle, continued by the tangents, and extending, as the distance widens between them, to their contact with the proscenium. The depth of this area from its front wall to the proscenium line, is 90 feet, and the transverse measure of that line the same. The proscenium is 13 feet deep, thus making the depth of the auditorium, including the stage boxes, 103 feet. The parquet floor, from its level behind the orchestra, rises, with what railroad engineers call a heavier gradient than is usual in theatres. This secures to the rows of seats, as they retreat from the stage, an elevation which prevents any obstruction of the view. The level of the parquet-circle is somewhat higher, and instead of an inclined floor is a series of platforms—such as box-tiers usually have. The dress-circle (actually the second tier) has the same bounds as the first. The third tier has its front retreating three feet within the vertical line of the next below; and the fourth tier is similarly reduced. Thus, the aspect of the auditorium, determined by lines touching the boxfronts, from the highest down to the parquet, is amphitheatrical, enlarging as it ascends, and hence more graceful, airy, and at the

same time imposing in its display of the audience. From the parquet floor to the ceiling the height is seventy feet.

In the decorative features of this part of the house substantial elegance seems to have been more studied than superficial gorgeousness. The sweep (or rake, as a sailor would term it) of the tiers of boxes is exceedingly graceful. Each tier is sustained by a series of 14 fluted iron columns, placed not on the front line, but about 10 feet within that of the lower tier. They are finished with a capital, Corinthian in expression, although not in detail; in advance of them extend modillions, while between them spring elliptical arches, from the topmost course of which rises the dome. The proscenium is flanked by six massive columns, about 35 feet high. Between two of these, standing obliquely on each side, are the tiers of proscenium-boxes; and over their entablature, following the line of the columns, are Atlantes—gigantic figures, bending beneath the crowning entablature and pediments, from which springs the wide ellipse spanning the stage in front of the curtain. The two other columns on each side of the proscenium stand against the edges of the curtain and sustain the architrave behind which it depends.

Such is briefly the size and the form of the auditorium. It contains 1,700 permanent seats in the parquet and in the parquet-circle and dress-circle, and about 650 in each of the upper tiers, making 3,000 in all; beside places for about 400 moveable seats. The stationary seats are sofas of black walnut, upholstered with springs and curled hair, covered with plush, and divided by arms for each person, except in the upper tier, the construction of which is less costly. The space allotted to each sitter, is 22 by 36 inches, being, as I think, full three inches each way more than is allotted to the choicest parts of our New-York Academy of Music, but yet not wide enough by two inches. Had the other proportions, however, of the Philadelphia seats been as liberal as the space allotted to them, reasonable fault could not be found. But most unfortunately, the depth of each seat, from the front to the inside line of the back, is only 16 inches—a depth, as fair experiment proves, entirely insufficient for comfort during one, two or three hours' sitting. The leg of the sitter lacks support under the knee, and a bolt-upright position is also necessitated by the height of the seat, which is 22 inches from the floor, full two inches too much. Now, if the Directors wish to do justice as well to the public as to their own repute for knowledge of ordinary comfort—luxury out of the question—they will reform these seats altogether. They are a sad incongruity in a house preëminent in the advantages of its construction.

As regards facility of vision, from every place in the house, the highest and the lowest, those immediately next the proscenium walls, and those most remote against the front wall, the stage is fairly in view, from the footlights to the flies. Of course, on the extreme flank, a part of either adjacent range of wings must be lost—but not the ordinary scenes of action. In this respect the radical shape of the auditorium, the inclination of the tiers of boxes, and the pitch of their floors, are indefinitely superior to any example of theatrical architecture with which I am familiar, either in this country or in Europe. It is difficult to conceive of a more perfect fulfilment of the requisitions of sight. Those of sound appear to have been not less thoroughly accomplished. I tested its acoustic properties at a time when only a few persons were present, by occupying different places in the highest and lowest tiers. From the remotest points a conversation was audible, held in a moderate whisper with a person standing behind the curtain line. This must be due in great part to the form of the house; but also to the fact that the walls of the auditorium are lined with wood (boards tongued and grooved and carefully fitted), with an interstice through the whole extent of about an inch between the lining and the solid wall. A wide well, dug under the parquet, also makes its floor a great drum-head. The dome may aid the effect, being constructed entirely of ribs of iron to which stout wire gauze being attached, serves to receive and hold the plaster regularly through its whole extent. Another help is probably the lobby-doors, which are flush with the inner wall, and without prominent mouldings to break the even surface. While the sound is thus perfectly conveyed, there is no echo to confuse it, so far as my experiments were a test.

The aspect of the auditorium with reference to artistic effect is a proper medium between severe simplicity and excessive ornamentation. The fronts of the box-tiers are enriched by various devices carved in full relief. Those of the dress-circle consist of bold festoons of fruit and flowers, holding groups of musical instruments, alternated by counter-sunk panels with courses of mouldings above and below.

The prevailing color is a cream-white, with pink in the panels, and the carvings and mouldings burnished gold. The iron columns—fourteen in each tier, rising one on another of each series—are white with gilt fluting and capitals. They are specially noticeable. The six proscenium columns, which we have described, are elegantly designed and executed. The shaft of each, from about one third above the base, is embraced by acanthus leaves; the upper portion of it is fluted; the capitals, (if I observed rightly) are Corinthian; the entablature, etc., in keeping. The proscenium-box fronts project elliptically between the two columns, their heads being two arches separated by a pillar and set off by crimson satin curtains. The color and gildings of the whole correspond with the tiers of box-fronts. The pediment of one side of the proscenium has the city arms, and the other side the State arms sculptured, crowning the entablature supported by the colossal Atlantes above noticed.

The front arch over the curtain has a pediment adorned with reclining statues of Poetry and Music, resting on a medallion encircling a bust of Mozart. The audience seats are covered with crimson plush, and the wall of the auditorium with velvet paper of the same color. The ceilings of the box tiers are paneled and frescoed. The material of the dome is already described. Its decoration is elaborately elegant, consisting of four principal and twelve secondary panels. In the former are allegorical groups of three figures each, representing Music, Dancing, Comedy and Tragedy. Four other panels contain children typical of the seasons; and the remaining four artistic insignia. An arabesque border surrounds the dome. Its centre, with a diameter of about twenty feet, springs more suddenly upward, and is colored azure, studded with golden stars. The painting is in oil-colors, by Mr. C. Keyser, and the groups, &c., by Mr. C. Schmolze. The conception is chaste and appropriate, and the execution artistic. The house is lighted by a superb gilt and glass chandelier, 50 feet in circumference, depending from the centre of the dome, with 240 gas-burners, and by numerous beautiful brackets against the wall of each tier. These fixtures—as all those of the house—are the designs and work of the celebrated firm of Cornelius & Baker.

THE STAGE DEPARTMENT.

Whatever commendations I have deemed it just to bestow upon the parts of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, already described, I must award equal, if not greater praise to the Stage Department. Measured from the front of the stage, this occupies an area of 90 feet in depth by 150 in width. The opening of the curtain is 49 feet; and the height of the opening, at the apex of the proscenium arch, is 50 feet. The height above the stage is 70 feet, allowing the drop-scenes to be lifted clear of the flies. The stage floor is in numerous transverse sections, for the purpose of dropping scenes also below it, and of elevating by machinery portions of it, so as to form bridges, terraces, platforms, etc., without the necessity of building them up. The excavation under the stage is nearly 30 feet deep, with an intermediate sub-stage, if I may so term it, having traps corresponding with those of the upper floor, to admit of the dropping of scenery. On each side of the stage are stair-cases of easy ascent and neatly finished, and sundry apartments. Among them is the Green Room, 20 by 42 feet, spacious and handsome; the Stage Manager's Room, ample, also, for chorus rehearsals; the Property-man's Rooms, and several dressing-rooms. Under the Green Room is the Supper-numeraries' Room, and near the orchestra the Musicians' Room. The upper stories on the stage sides are devoted to numerous dressing-rooms, all nicely and completely furnished; to wardrobes, carpenters' and scene-painters' rooms, etc., of the most ample dimensions.

CONSTRUCTION, WARMING, VENTILATING.

The walls are massive and solid throughout. The foundation walls are four feet thick—the inner as well as the outer walls—and some of them, the auditorium for instance, three feet at the top of the house.

The timbers match the walls in strength, and all the wood-work is of the most substantial material and proportions. The ornamentation, by the way, of the box-fronts, the proscenium, the saloons, etc., is all carved out of solid wood; the ordinary material of such decorations (papier mâché and stucco) being wholly omitted. I have stated that the entire roof, as well as the frame of the dome is of iron. The timbers sustaining the floors of the box-tiers are bolted together with intermediate plates of boiler iron to stiffen them. In a word the structure is honestly reared for posterity—built long but built strong.

The heating of the house is effected entirely by steam—no less than six miles of pipes being used in

it for the purpose. Two large boilers are placed outside the basement of the building. The warming of the house has been tested for several weeks, and during the recent severe weather, with the thermometer out of doors nearly at zero, the stage and auditorium and every room pertaining to both have been kept perfectly comfortable. This is an achievement worth mentioning. The ventilation is effected by numerous flues, with registers in the walls, all conducted to a central shaft over the dome. Fresh air may be also artificially propelled, in warm weather, by a fan, worked by a steam-engine in the basement, which also throws water into reservoirs on the top of the house.

The architects of this fine building are Messrs. Le Brun and Runge, the former a native of Philadelphia, the latter a German long resident there.

We have thus described the Philadelphia Academy of Music, because in the essential requirements of a great lyrical and dramatic edifice, it is the first in the United States to answer the demands of those arts: and its erection, therefore, is an era in their cis-Atlantic history. Not that in all particulars we approve of the internal aspect of the building. The devices on the box-fronts, for instance, might have been much more definite and varied. The paper—dark crimson on the auditorium wall—is a damask pattern with no freshness of design, and the color has nothin akin to the delicate tints—almost white—of the projecting box-tiers, their barriers, columns, modillions, &c.; but, as a correspondence with the covering of the seats, and as a back-ground for the relief of the light toilettes of ladies in the audience, it may be judiciously chosen. The proscenium, however, is very elegant, and I could not venture a suggestion of improvement. The same of the painting of the dome. On the whole, the effect of our own Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street—of its auditorium—is much more striking and gorgeous than that of the Philadelphia house, though unfortunately all our decorations of form—the caryatides and what not—are unsubstantial papier-mache or composition; instead of the solid, durable sculpture of the other. In point of extent, too, the latter has greatly the advantage.

The following figures compare the two.

| | Area in square feet. | Area of Stage Department. | Area of Audience Department. |
|-----------------|----------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| N. Y. Academy. | 24,020 | 9,760 | 14,260 |
| Phila. Academy. | 34,000 | 13,000 | 21,000 |

The dimensions of the latter are certainly sufficient for all practical purposes, and in view of the economy of the divisions of the whole space and the actual floor room of all the stories, it compares favorably with the greatest houses in Europe. I estimate roughly the floor room of all the auditorium stories to be full 85,000 square feet, and of the whole stage department 45,000 feet. If real comforts of light, heat, ventilation, water, stairways, exits, and so forth, be taken into account, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it much in advance of any foreign theatre. The cost of this noble establishment is about \$375,000 including the lot. The Directors are short about \$25,000 of this amount—to meet which the Inauguration Concert and Ball were given.

Mendelssohn and his Music.

(From an English Review.)

In the early life of Mendelssohn not one favorable augury for a noble future was wanting. The very race from which he sprung was the primeval fountain of sacred melody. He held kinship to Miriam, and "the sweet singer of Israel." His more immediate genealogy was not undistinguished. His grandfather was Moses Mendelssohn, a kind of Hebrew German Plato, who, in the years when German literature was putting on its strength, stood with mild philosophic countenance by the side of Lessing, Wieland, and Klopstock, and was in no degree dwarfed by the stature of his contemporaries. To the dignified Theism of the grandfather the sacred music of the grandson seems to succeed in the same relative order as the new to the old dispensation. While, however, a great Jew philosopher was well enough for the penultimate link in Mendelssohn's ancestry, the ultimate was still better, for his father was a rich banker, possessing all resources to lavish upon the culture of the son, and an eye to see in him something worthy to tax them all. The genial banker occupied his proud intermediate position between Moses and Felix without sharing the genius of either; but that position was not to him the "point of indifference,"

for he showed a humorous appreciation of the honor in habitually saying, "When I was a boy people used to call me the son, and now they call me the father of the great Mendelssohn." Nor was there wanting to the early direction of the great composer's powers that blessed influence which has entered as a primary element into nearly all that is great in human deed—the fostering care of a tender and thoughtful mother. She was of a distinguished family of the name of Bartholdy, but it was her chief distinction and happiness that she gave to her son his last name and his first musical impressions.

Mendelssohn, the second of four children, was born in Hamburg on the 3d February, 1809, in a house behind the church of St. Michael, which house the author of the German "Memorial" takes care to inform us was left standing by the great fire of Hamburg—a circumstance which, in these degenerate days, we find it difficult to attribute to any remains of that musical susceptibility which the elements were wont to show in the days of Orpheus and "old Amphion." The child's leading taste displayed itself at an amazingly early age, and it was carefully nurtured, and every applause furnished for its development. No need in this case, as in poor little Handel's, for stealthy midnight interviews with a smuggled clavicord in a secret attic; nor, as in the case of Bach, for copying whole books of studies by moonlight for want of a candle, churlishly denied. Mendelssohn's childhood and youth present as fair a picture of healthy and liberal culture as educational records can show. A warm and discerning affection charged the atmosphere in which he grew up with every influence that could elicit and strengthen his latent capacities. About his third or fourth year the family removed to Berlin, and here, under the training of Berger, he acquired his mastery over the piano-forte, which in his eighth year he played with wonderful finish; while in the theory of music he had made so much progress under rough old Zelter—best known as the friend and correspondent of Goethe, that his tutor was fond of telling with a grim smile how the child had detected in a concerto of Bach six of those dread offences against the grammar of music—consecutive fifths. "The lad plays the piano like the devil," says Zelter to Goethe, amongst many other ejaculations of wonder at Mendelssohn's early musical development. Finally, in 1821, he brought his pupil on a visit to Goethe at Weimar, and with this event commenced the long standing friendship and correspondence between the composer and the poet. We find amongst Goethe's minor poems a stanza to Mendelssohn, commemorative of this visit, and inviting its repetition. It is to be presumed that at this period Goethe was interested in the boy chiefly as a musical prodigy, but he soon found in him points of closer intellectual contact with the circle of his own genius. The immense musical faculty of Mendelssohn had not been allowed to stunt and maim his other powers of mind. He was a good classical scholar, and in 1826 he drew warm praise from Goethe by a translation of the *Andria* of Terence. He was skilful, too, in drawing, and could afterwards fix his impressions of the Hebrides or the Alps in other forms than they assumed in his great pictorial symphonies. This became to him a great resource as a diversion to his mind in the intervals of his wonderful musical activity. In general Art-criticism he always displayed an insight and knowledge which might have done credit to the *specialité* of Waagen. Mendelssohn's mind was, indeed, as rich and facile in all departments of modern intellectual culture as if he had no *specialité* of his own. But whatever might be the sources of Goethe's regard for Mendelssohn, there is evidence enough of its strength. When the young composer, on his first visit to England, in 1829, was thrown from a gig in London and wounded in the knee, the poet wrote to Zelter thus: "I wish to learn if favorable news has been heard of the worthy Felix. I take the greatest interest in him, and am in the highest degree anxious that one who has done so much should not be hindered in his progress by a miserable accident. Say something to reassure me." And when, in 1830, Mendelssohn had spent a pleasant fortnight

in Weimar, Goethe thus characteristically reported the results to himself of this visit:

"His presence was particularly beneficial to me, for I find my relation to music is ever the same; I hear it with pleasure, sympathy, and reflection, but I like most its history; for who understands any phenomenon if he is not master of the course of its development? It was therefore of the greatest importance to find that Felix possesses a commendable insight into this gradation, and fortunately his good memory brings before him the classics of every mode at pleasure. From the epoch of Bach downward he has brought to life again for me Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck; has given me adequate ideas of the great modern theorists; and finally, made me feel and reflect upon his own productions, and so is departed with my best blessings."

The original works thus mentioned may seem to be brought into perilous conjunction with the greatest names of the musical Pantheon, but to those who know them there will seem nothing anomalous in the association. "Although scarcely twenty years old," says Mr. Benedict, "he had at this period composed his *Ottetto*, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, a great number of separate *Lieder*, or songs, and the immortal overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." In some of these works there were the inevitable crudities of boyish ambition, for the wings of early genius are not equable in their very first movements. In most of them, however, and notably in the great Shakespearean overture, composed at the age of sixteen, there are all the splendid vigor and symmetry of the young eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions.

The rapid outburst of a fresh and consummate creative power, differing essentially from all its predecessors, is not to be lazily regarded as an event of ordinary evolution, nor are its results to be valued only for their novel *gout* upon a jaded mental palate. The unlikeness of genius in its essence to any other thing dreamt of in our philosophy is here realized almost to our very senses. An ardent and thoughtful boy—but one to whom leap-frog and cricket are by no means unfamiliar processes—takes his Wieland Shakespeare, and is caught away by the moonlit fantasy of the great fairy drama. He feels the beauty of the scene translating itself into exquisite rhythm in his brain, and, impelled by a resistless inspiration, he throws all the resources of his art into the process, until the trickiness of Puck, the delicate grace of Titania, and the elvish majesty of Oberon, are so made to alternate and to blend in the movement, that it forms a perfect tone-picture of the poet's dream, finally fading away in a few high, soft chords, like a dissolving view, at the first obtrusive ray of morning. Everywhere a genial and fluent fancy is apparent, but this by no means completes the wonder. The boy has that great cunning of his art so to control his melodic conceptions, and knit them up into strength by the use and distribution of modern orchestral resources that the science seems a portion of the inspiration, and the dream is the more dream-like that thoughts woven into its filmet tissue. And so the youthful hand jots the signs which fix and convey his ideas, and henceforth there is in the world a new pleasure of a new kind. It is unfortunately possible that some may see in all this only a fresh impulse to an already too strenuous catgut; but in the mature and masterly workmanship of the boy Mendelssohn we discern a clear pledge of a new endowment for the world, and see something of that stout fibre out of which is spun the thread of a great destiny. We now understand something of old Zelter's prophetic raptures.

It was the performance of this work in London which initiated Mendelssohn's great and ever increasing English reputation. Without taking up a permanent abode amongst us, he became after this so frequent a visitor in England, with such an accession of pleasure and repute on each occasion, that his name and fame seemed to become as steadily English as were those of the more thoroughly domiciled Handel in his day. Nine times (not seven only, as Mr. Benedict says)

he came to England, finding in our scenery and society, and in the immense executive resources placed at his disposal, constant impulses towards new "heavens of inventions," which continually opened up before his daring intuition. It is true his life was spent mainly in the "Fatherland," and his journeys out of it were not always in the direction of this country. In Italy, for instance, he imbibed with intense enjoyment that air to which the artists of all lands go to see their own aims and outlines clearly. Rome was to him, as to all men of his temperament, at once a school and a shrine; and the society which he enjoyed there, of such men as Vernet, Bunsen, Liszt, and Berlioz, must have exerted a healthy and expansive influence upon his mind. But Italy could not supply the *aliment* needful for his earnest and active nature; and London and Birmingham were really more to Mendelssohn than Rome and Naples. In Paris, whither he went twice, he found nothing to induce a frequent recurrence of his visits. At Dusseldorf, Leipzig, and Berlin he spent fourteen active and chequered years, through which we cannot minutely follow him, holding various appointments, and producing a constant succession of works in every department of composition—the products of each year gaining in depth and grandeur until his genius and fame reached their culminating point in the marvellous inspiration of *Elijah*.

By social position, by the happy balance of his own cultivated nature, and by that greatest of mortal blessings, a thoroughly sympathetic marriage, Mendelssohn was sure in any place to find his enjoyment of life less influenced by local limitations than most men find it. He was comparatively exempt from that wretched class of incidents which has infused into the lives of so many great composers all the bitterness of Marah. But this exemption could not, in Germany, be entire. At Dusseldorf the joint management of the theatre bred a coolness and ultimate alienation between Mendelssohn and Immerman the poet, even after that sacred symbol of German friendship, the pronoun "*du*," had passed between them. Leipzig was enthusiastic, and Mendelssohn was its "favorite," but a composer like Schumann could be its favorite too, and it could yield to the arrogant dogma of Wagner that Mendelssohn was "mechanical;" and so, hardly was the "favorite" off the scene before *Elijah* was performed to a room half-filled. Berlin had its royal commissions for Mendelssohn, with some pleasure and much profit appended; but in the city of cliques and criticism, with its intellectual atmosphere rarefied to the last point of negation by Voltairism and Hegelism, his genial nature must have felt as if in an exhausted receiver. We reflect with pride on the fact that the composer's connection with England was chequered with no such *desagrémens*. His love of this country struck root early, and the plant, when acclimated, grew as hardily as a native.

But our pride is not merely that Mendelssohn's genius linked itself to our highest literature by his Shakspearean music, nor to our scenery by his Ossianic Overture to the "Hebrides," and the Symphony in A minor, nor even that the grandest tones which have clothed the Christian verities since the "Messiah" was written, first awoke at his bidding in the noble hall of one of our great manufacturing towns. He gave England much, but from England he won no niggardly response. It is not mere insular complacency to assert that here all the greater works of Mendelssohn woke the echoes of the world. The sympathy which they elicited in London and in our festival cities was the electric current, and the British press was the conducting medium through which his fame was flashed over Europe. In this country the taste of the public had been kept faithfully true to the large and solid type. The masterworks of Handel and the "Creation" of Haydn had for many years been far more frequently produced in England than in any country in Europe. So familiar had the wonderful choral movements of these works become, that in many a country village the assembled peasants or artisans might be heard practising, with clear or cracked voice, the invocation to the "Everlasting

Doors," or the ascription by the heavens of "Glory to God," while every plain and plastered conventicle was doubly consecrated in its turn by the sound of the one great Hallelujah. In our large towns these works were known to a great proportion of the people of all classes. It was a grateful change for the workmen to pass from the thunder of looms and jennies to the more harmonious resonance of Handel, while the shopkeeper gladly betook himself for a Christmas treat to his twentieth "Messiah"; and it is out of these circumstances that has arisen that singular vocal efficiency which has given to the Lancashire chorus so wide a fame. But this interest and efficiency arose from the very narrowness of the field within which, up to that period, they could be displayed. Handel was in oratorio not only supreme, but was almost alone. Besides Haydn, no other great composer took up an abiding position within the sacred circle of scriptural drama. Mozart had written no oratorios. One movement only of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"—the Hallelujah—has ever seized upon the popular imagination, while the ingeniously modulated music of Spohr's "Crucifixion" and "Last Judgment" seems too thin and filmy to lodge within the common memory. It seemed indeed doubtful whether any composer could or would arise who might combine with the breadth and body of Handelian ideas all the wonderful uses which the orchestra has developed in the last hundred years. We almost imagined ourselves shut up to Handel for the form of our millennial praises whenever their predicted period should arrive.

The sway of Mendelssohn's baton dissipated this doubt. "St. Paul," "The Hymn of Praise," and "Elijah" appeared successively. They were felt to be emphatically new, yet great enough to be matched with the old. The special triumph of these works is that they met with their earliest and fullest acceptance in this country, where the stature of Handel was the inevitable standard applied to them. Here at last was music which neither asked for any reduction of the proportions of the temple of religious musical aspiration, nor set us to perform chamber devotions in a cathedral. Amidst all those qualities of fullness, freshness and finish which are more expressly elements of modern composition, was recognized that structural grandeur, both in the successive movements and in the total dramatic design, which was the attribute an older time. For such reasons these works were sure of a wider and heartier appreciation here than any musical compositions have ever or anywhere met with on their first presentation.

Enthusiastic ovations for the composer, on conducting his works, show how the faculty of the country had been unconsciously trained for their recognition. It had hungered and thirsted for music of this express order. We well remember the scene in the great hall of one of our provincial cities, when, in April of the fatal year 1847, Mendelssohn in person unrolled the great harmonies of his "Elijah" before six thousand people, to most of whom the name and genius of Handel were familiar. The interest, amounting indeed to excitement, everywhere displayed, was something curious and suggestive to one who could so far free himself from the same feeling as to become an observer. Every member of the executing force, from the "first ladies" in front to the agitator of *tympani* in the remotest rear, seemed bent with earnest devotion on realizing the great artistic will which gleamed with regal power and courtesy from the dark eyes and pale face of the composer. A motion of a hand drew the great composite choral unity through transitions and shades of tone which no nicety of the conductor's art or docility of the executive medium had ever produced in our hearing.

The whole vast area was charged with one emotion of wonder and delight. The dramatic interest of the scenes of drought and of rain seemed reproduced with a double significance. As regards sacred composition the heavens had long been "as brass" to our laments and invocations; but here at length were "the water-floods," and the great chorus of "Thanks be to God," resounded as if in its own existence were

sufficient motive for the grateful adoration it embodied.

But if in this sense Mendelssohn was the prophet who was instrumental in quenching so noble a thirst—the prophet, too, who, in the language addressed to him by Prince Albert in this very year, "when surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted Art, had been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully the worship of true Art,"—he was no less the prophet (and where, alas! is his mantle?) destined to be too soon caught up from the sphere of his earthly labors, to be followed with sorrowing looks along the shining track of his translation. From this last visit to England he went, worn and weary, back to Germany. In Frankfort he met news of the sudden death of his sister, Madame Hensel, to whom he had always been ardently attached. He fell to the ground with a shriek, and though he afterwards rallied and even labored hard, because, as he often said to his wife, "the time of rest was approaching for him too," the blow was already struck upon his fine nervous system which was to shatter and destroy it. In October he wrote his last composition, a solemn melody to a night song of Eichendorf, "Departed is the light of Day," and on the 4th of November he expired, in his thirty-ninth year.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From a Lecture on "Bells" by A. W. Thayer.

If we may rely upon the results to which the careful and minute researches of Hawkins and Burney led them, the bell has, from its introduction into use as a call to worship, been a "church-going bell." It belongs, then, to Christianity alone; and it is one of the pleasant associations which belong to it, that it owes its origin to and has been perfected by Christianity. The Pagan Constantine conquered under the sign of the cross, and adopted the religion of which that sign was typical. Paganism fell. Some space of time it struggled, but at length the Christian was victor. The church in Italy grew wealthy and powerful. No longer hiding herself in catacombs and secret places, she began to consecrate the temples of the Greek and Roman divinities to the true God, and to erect other temples of her own, adorned with every beauty of art. Paulinus about the year 400 was Bishop of Nola, a city in the rich copper-producing province of Campania, in the kingdom of Naples. He adorned the church of St. Felix with paintings, and put the finishing touch to the edifice by suspending thereon the first "church-going bell." How large it was, how constructed, what the exact uses to which it was put—of these we have no record. This we know—that the triumph of Christianity and the introduction of the church bell were nearly enough coincident to associate the events in our minds, and make us hear in the peals rung out in steeple and campanile, the voice of iron tongues shouting for joy over the long-contested and hardly won victory. Thus the associations of fourteen centuries, which cluster around the bell, are all in some form Christian.

Moore, in his well-known lines, "Those evening bells," refers only to childish associations with some particular chime; but when an American first treads European ground, and the deep, solemn tones of old bells, swinging high in cathedral towers, strike upon his ear, he listens to the voice of past ages, and a new and wondrous fount of feeling is touched. He walks the streets of Paris, and suddenly from some old belfry come down the tones which rang jubilant over the suc-

cesses of Joan of Arc, and which sounded the tocsin on the awful night of St. Bartholomew. In Spanish cities bells which hailed the conquering Ferdinand and Isabella, and the returning Columbus, which tolled the knells of the Inquisition's victims, call to him with their deep voices. All through Europe, on the banks of the Thames, in the old cities of the Rhine and Danube, on the shores of the Swiss lakes and upon the hill-sides of the Hartz and the Black Forest, the same bells will call him to the same cathedrals, churches and chapels, that called knight and squire to the solemn services with which they consecrated themselves and vowed to fight the battles of the crusades. In the old cities of Saxony still hang the same bells that called Luther to the pulpit to utter his fiery words, or that called the people together to listen to the Bull of Leo X., which devoted the Reformer and all his followers to the eternal horrors of a world of woe.

Thus as we walk those old streets of European cities, and the pages of history unfold themselves to us as living realities—as we live in ages that are past, and people the streets in our imagination with the bustle of ancient traffic, the noise and confusion of the fair, the splendor of imperial coronations and royal progresses, the roar of sieges, the clash of arms and the shock of armies—above all and through all come sounding in the ear of fancy the deep tones of the bells.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 7, 1857.

Mendelssohn's Birth-day.

The practice of celebrating the birth-day of great musicians, artists, poets, is a good one and indicates advancing civilization. The time will come, unless the human race is doomed beyond a certain point of progress to sink back, when politics and trade will become secondary in importance, and the main interests of the whole social life be moral and artistic. Life is to be made a Fine Art; and they who inspire their race with high and beautiful ideals in those arts which keep alive the sense of divine beauty and perfection, and make us feel related to the Infinite, will be esteemed the world's best benefactors. Even if there were danger of excess in this direction, it were a wholesome and a hopeful symptom in a people so unartistic as ourselves.

Our two musical societies, who bear the name of MENDELSSOHN, could not do less than hold some festival commemorative of the birth-day of their patron saint. A great musician leaves us in his music just the most effective means of bringing himself back to us; in his music we have his essential life and influence. Nothing so fit, therefore, for such a festival as a performance of the great composer's works. Hence the programmes of the two concerts were entirely of the works of Mendelssohn.

Unfortunately both commenced at the same hour on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3. Not having heard the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY at all this winter, while we have enjoyed the QUINTETTE CLUB so often, we sought the former first, and found the saloon of Messrs. Hallet & Davis filled with a very interested audience. The programme was as follows:

PART I.—From the Oratorio of "St. Paul."

- 1—Chorus: Lord! thou alone art God.
- 2—Chorale: To God on high be thanks and praise.
- 3—Aria: Be thou faithful unto death.
- 4—Chorus: Happy and blest are they.
- 5—Aria: But the Lord is mindful of his own.
- 6—Recitative and Chorus: { The Gods themselves as mortals.
O be gracious, ye immortals.

PART II.—Miscellaneous Selections.

- 1—Piano-forte Solos:—a. Fantasia.—b. Songs without Words.
- 2—Four-part Song, for male voices: "Huntsmen's Farewell."
- 3—Song: "The first Violet."
- 4—Song: "Maid of Ganges."
- 5—Song: "Over the mountain."
- 6—Four-part Song, for male voices: "The Voyage."

PART III.—From the Oratorio of "Elijah."

- 1—Aria: Hear ye, Israel.
- 2—Chorus: Be not afraid.
- 3—Aria: O rest in the Lord.
- 4—Chorus: He, watching over Israel.
- 5—Aria: If with all your hearts.
- 6—Quartet: Cast thy burden upon the Lord.
- 7—Scena:—Recitative, { Look down on us.
Air and Choruses, { Thanks be to God.

The Chorus numbered about 150 voices, with a fine fresh set of soprani and contralti, of a more youthful aspect than we have commonly seen in our oratorio societies. The parts were well balanced; the ensemble of tone remarkably pure and musical, and although too powerful for so small a room, we found it quite inspiring. The conductor, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, appears to have perfect control of his choir, and the rendering of the grand opening chorus and Chorale from "St. Paul," as well as of the more delicately shaded "Happy and blest" and "O be gracious," with such admirable precision and expression, proved that his drill had been most thorough. There was a *pianissimo* at the close of one of the choruses executed to a charm.

The songs and arias were mostly sung by amateurs, and are hardly fair subjects for criticism. Mrs. MOZART and Miss TWICHELL contributed in this department. We were struck by the rich and musical baritone of the gentleman who sang "Over the mountain." The four-part songs, sung by eight voices, were creditable specimens of male part-singing, but the style was somewhat too level, and lacked fine shading. The Fantasia and several "Songs without Words" were played quite tastefully by Mr. WM. R. BABCOCK, one of our best organists, who also played most of the accompaniments.

Leaving the selections from "Elijah," we repaired to Chickering's, in the vain hope of hearing the second part of the programme of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We were just in time for the last piece, an exquisite quintet Adagio, and never did the strings blend to our ear with a more tantalizing sweetness. The room had a most home-like aspect; for there were they whose genial presence had become identified for years with chamber concerts of this classical character; and the room was unusually full. The bust of the composer, laurel-crowned, was placed in front of the artists' platform. The general report was enthusiastic, but some thought the selections averaged of too grave a character. Here is the list of them:

PART I.

1. Quintet in A, op. 18.
Allegro con moto—Intermezzo—Andante Sostenuto—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro vivace.
2. Air, from the 42d Psalm: "For my soul thirsteth."
Mrs. E. A. Wentworth.
3. Andante, Intermezzo and Finale, from the Piano Quartet in F minor, op. 7.
Messrs. Perkins, Meisel, Krebs, and W. Fries.

PART II.

4. Adagio Molto and Scherzo, from the Quartet in F minor, op. 80, of the Posthumous works.
5. Andante from the Sonata for Piano and Violoncello in B flat, op. 45. Messrs. Parker and W. Fries.
6. Air, from St. Paul: "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets." Mrs. E. A. Wentworth.
7. Adagio Molto from the Second Quintet in B flat, op. 87, No. 16, Posthumous works.

A PRIVATE CONCERT. The beautiful programme and performance of the Club of amateurs, who sang at the Messrs. Chickering's saloon on Monday evening of last week, must not pass without a record here. In these days, when we have more concerts than a man all ears and curiosity can keep the run of, but when it seems to be a settled thing withal that more or less of clap-trap has to enter into every one to make it pay, it is refreshing and encouraging to know that music is sometimes selected and performed, and what is more, enjoyed, purely for music's sake, and with a view to have the best. This is the Club whose members last year gave the complimentary concert to their director, OTTO DRESEL, under whose wise and careful teaching they have met every week in a private house for the past three winters, for the practice of the best German vocal music—compositions for the most part never heard here in our public concerts. The club consists of about twenty ladies and gentlemen, chiefly amateurs, with the addition of a few professional or semi-professional voices; and they together form an ensemble of voices of such purity and freshness and fine musical blending, as one may hear nowhere else. On this occasion their friends, to the number of some two hundred and fifty, were invited; and the Chickering room was crowded with the most refined and appreciative audience, to listen to the following programme:

PART I.

1. Kyrie Eleison, Chorus and Soli,.....R. Franz.
2. Oratorio of Christus,.....Mendelssohn.
Recitative—Trio for male voices: "Say, where is he born, the King of Judea, for we have seen his star and are come to adore him."
Chorus—"There shall a star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces princes and nations."
Recitative.—Chorus—"This man have we found perverting all the nation, and fobidding to render tribute to Caesar," &c.
Recitative.—Chorus—"He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative.—Chorus—"Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative.—Chorus—"Crucify him."
Recitative.—Chorus—"We have a sacred law; guilty by that law, let him suffer."
Recitative.—Chorus—"Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."
Choral,.....J. S. Bach.
3. Selections from Orpheus,.....Gluck.
Dance of Furies.
Chorus—"What mortal dares enter these shades, guarded by Cerberus?"
Solo.—Orpheus answered by Chorus of Furies.
Chorus—"Unhappy mortal, what brings thee hither?"
Solo.—Orpheus—"Endless woes, unhappy shadows," &c.
Chorus—"Ah, by what magic does this mortal irresistibly sooth our fury?"
Solo.—Orpheus—"Infernal Gods! pity my despair."
Chorus—"Let him enter the infernal gates."
Chorus—"Enter the abode of the blest, noble hero, faithful lover."
4. Two-part Song for Treble Voices: "Die allerschönsten Schäferin, die hat der goldne Mond,".....Otto Dresel.
Four-part Song: "Come let us roam the greenwood," and the "Vale of rest,".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

5. Choral,.....Bach.
The Music to Racine's Athalie, for Chorus and Treble Solos,.....Mendelssohn.
Overture.
a. Tutti alternating with Soli.
b. Chorus Recitative; Duet for two Sopranos with Chorus; Tutti alternating with Soli.
c. Double Chorus.
d. Tutti of Trebles and Chorus; Trio for Trebles with Chorus.
e. War March of the Priests.
f. Chorus—Tutti alternating with Treble Soli.
Choral,.....Bach.
6. Chorus of Sea-nymphs, from Oberon; and Chorus of Gipsies from Preciosa,.....Weber.

The only drawback in this programme was its length, and that only for a portion of the audience. Too much of Mendelssohn in one evening, rich and admirable as it all is in detail, is apt to cause a sense of sameness. The "Athalie" had been the club's winter's work, and therefore naturally claimed a place. It is a noble composition, with one of Mendelssohn's best overtures, which was very effectively played upon a Chick-

ering Grand by Messrs. DRESEL and TRENKLE, with a march, too, which would be striking but for its family likeness to the "Wedding March"; and with fine alternations of chorus with solos, duets and trios for contralto voices, which were sung with rare taste and feeling. The whole performance was admirable; but the work is very long, and came after the mind had been tasked with the digestion of much other solid music. Had the *Athalie* come earlier it would have been heard with fresher appetite.

The exceedingly dramatic and impressive fragment of the "Christus," and those wonderful extracts from Gluck's "Orpheus" (when shall we hear such a work of Art upon our stage?) left such a memory last year that there was no omitting them. The impression was as delightful as ever; and all felt that such perfection of chorus singing, with solos rendered with such feeling and refinement, and accompanied so perfectly, were an event in one's musical experience. Among the solo-singers known to the public, who acquitted themselves to the great general satisfaction, we may mention Miss DOANE, Mrs. WENTWORTH, and Mr. ARTHURSON, who gave the recitatives in the "Christus" in a style worthy of all imitation.

In the solid church style we never listened to any music with more satisfaction than to that *Kyrie* by Franz, which grows with every hearing, and those grand Bach chorales. If we could hear them nearly as well sung by a great mass of voices, like our Handel and Haydn Society, we should count it a great privilege. The lighter pieces flung in their bits of dancing sunlight in a most cheering manner. The Mendelssohn part-songs were old favorites; but the two choruses from Weber, with their delicious and imaginative accompaniments, startled the wearied sense by their fresh beauty. Mr. Dresel's two-part song, too, sung by so many sweet, pure treble voices, was choice and delicate as it was brief.

What may not be done by one artist who is in earnest, with such a circle of earnest pupils round him!

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The want of a little æsthetic foresight, so to speak, in the first laying out and subsequent "improvement" of our American cities, is felt by all persons of taste. In view of proposed improvements and adornments of old Boston, we are happy to present the following timely hint from an esteemed correspondent:

It seems to be determined at length that Boston is to have one of the most superb streets in the world, in case the architectural taste to be exhibited in its buildings should be found to correspond with the magnificence to be displayed in laying it out. We refer of course to the contemplated grand avenue across the lands between the milldam and Roxbury. When finished, nothing can be finer than the drive will be from the city to the rural loveliness of Brookline. But there should always be some point to such a drive, something to be looked for at the end of a ride, beyond the ordinary pleasure of passing by beautiful country residences, and catching glimpses of beautiful scenery from elevated points in the road, and from openings in orchards and groves. In the old world this is invariably cared for, and if an eminence rises in the neighborhood of a city, affording a good view, there is foresight enough to secure it and make it public property. Now, we venture to say that few cities in the world—save those lying in mountainous regions—can show more beautiful points of view from the highlands about them, than can our own city of Boston. Yet in most cases the hills which rise about us have already been cut up into house-lots and are no longer open to the public eye.

There is still one beautiful exception; one eminence is still free from the destructive "march of improvement," and one which offers a prospect of really extraordinary beauty. We refer to Corey's Hill in Brookline. We would suggest the propriety of securing if possible at least all the upper portion of that beautiful spot as public property forever, to be laid out in a suitable manner, with easy avenues of approach, and to be crowned with some appropriate building of granite, which may stand both as a monument of the taste of this generation, and as a point whence to enjoy one of the noblest prospects in the world.

Cannot this be done? If it can be it must be done soon, or it will be too late. Can a finer termination to a drive along the new avenue be found or even imagined?

T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—Wonderful to relate, the weather was good last Tuesday, and EISFELD'S Soirée was in consequence uncommonly well attended. The programme was a very attractive one. To begin with, we had a glorious Quartet by Beethoven, one of the Russian set, Op. 59 (not 19, as the programmes incorrectly had it). BERGMANN and his party gave us this work last winter at one of their Matinées, but in so unsatisfactory a manner that it was for the most part incomprehensible, and the hearing of it was only an aggravation. I remember wishing, at the time, that I might hear it played by Eisfeld's Quartet, and their rendering of it on this occasion fully justified my wish. Under their skillful hands it came out clear as sunshine, and stood forth distinctly in all its grandeur of conception, as well as beauty and originality of idea. My favorite still, as at the first hearing, is the Allegretto Scherzando (I think that is the heading), in which, under a superstructure of inimitable, rollicking humor, there runs an under-current of such mournful tendencies as to stir the inmost depths of one's heart. The Adagio, too, is one of Beethoven's loveliest, while in the Allegro and particularly the Finale, with its quaint Russian theme, all the eccentricities of the great master seem gathered together. In spite of the obviously great difficulties of the work, it was played with the greatest precision and correctness of both time and execution. The only drawback was the occasional roughness of the first violin. Setting that aside, I hardly think Europe can show a better instrumental quartet than this of Mr. Eisfeld. Their rendering of Haydn's Op. 63 was also admirable; the composition, however, though very beautiful, is not one of my favorites among the many of the old "father." GOTTSCHALK was announced to take the piano part in Carl Eckert's Trio, but he being confined to his bed by illness, Mr. RICHARD HOFFMANN had kindly volunteered to take his place; with which change I for one was entirely satisfied, as I have long considered Hoffmann as the best of our resident pianists. Without previous rehearsal, and at but very short notice, he performed his part to perfection on this occasion, doing full justice to Eckert's very pleasing and able work. In addition to the instrumental numbers I have mentioned, Mrs. BRINKERHOFF sang twice—a most exquisite aria from Gluck's *Iphigenia en Tauride*, and Beethoven's *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, from "Egmont." This lady sings with much feeling and appreciation of her subject; but her voice, though always true, is so piercingly sharp as to make it almost painful to listen to her, particularly as the extraordinary contortions of her face impress one with the idea that she herself suffers tortures while singing.

FEB. 3d.—Mr. GOLDBECK (or Herr Goldbeck as he calls himself,) gave his second Matinée yesterday, at the same place as the first. In point of agreeable outward influences, this occasion was as well favored

as the last, but the selection of the programme was not quite as good, nor, I am sorry to say, can I give such unqualified praise to the performances. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Violon—Nocturne *Élégiacque* (Mr. W. Doepler).....L. Spohr
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Goldbeck
a. Prière, b. Rêve de bonheur, Nos. 8 and 9 Aquarelles.
Sacred Song—Ave Maria (Miss Brainerd).....Cherubini
Harp—Lucifer's Fantasia (Mr. Aptommas).....Alvares
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Chopin
a. 15th Prelude. b. Etude de Sixtes.

PART II.

Sonata Pastorale, Op. 28—(Herr Goldbeck).....Beethoven
a. Allegro—b. Andante—c. Scherzo—d. Allegro ma non troppo.
Lieder—(Miss Brainerd).....Fesca
a. Springtime—b. Der Wanderer.
Harp—"La Source" (Mr. Aptommas).....Blumenthal
Piano—(Herr Goldbeck).....Goldbeck
a. La Complainte—b. Valse interrompue.

Mr. DOEHLER (why not Herr Doepler, too?) acquitted himself very well in the rather mawkish nocturne of Spohr, but will never make a first-rate player. APTOMMAS showed, as usual, perfect command of his instrument, particularly in his last piece; but as I never can like the harp as a solo instrument, I did not enjoy his share in the performance much. Miss BRAINERD'S really fine voice did not show to advantage in the low, crowded rooms, nor were her pieces (two of them at least) at all "grateful," to Anglicise a very convenient German expression. Besides this, she had, as Mr. Beames (the inevitable) announced, only just arrived in town from a two weeks tour in Canada, having been delayed until that late moment by the bad state of the railroads, so that we all would have been heartily willing to excuse far greater deficiencies than were apparent. She made a happy hit in substituting for the last song on the programme Mendelssohn's *Zuleika*, which she sang with far more of the requisite tenderness and longing than at one of Eisfeld's soirées this winter.

The two "Aquarelles" of Mr. Goldbeck were again very beautiful, particularly the first one, which I like best of all that I have heard. His other compositions did not please me as well, though the *Valse Interrompue* was very brilliant and well worked up. But it was in the two remaining numbers that I had to find fault with him. In the Prelude of Chopin, which I anticipated great pleasure in hearing from him, he disappointed me very much. He seemed not to have entered at all into the spirit of that tender, sighing first part, but played it in a really matter-of-fact manner, too fast, without the least delicacy, and with nothing of the "rubato," which, like so many of Chopin's compositions, it so evidently requires. The second part, with its mysterious chords in the bass and its grand crescendo movement, he interpreted far better. The Sonata of Beethoven was, as a whole, very well played and conceived, but the first part and Andante were taken too rapidly. In the latter, particularly, the mournful stateliness and the "heart-break" in it (as a friend calls it) were in a measure lost by this hurrying, and the beautiful ending—I regret to have to say it—was completely spoiled by a few notes.—One or two of these occurred, too, in the Scherzo, or its Trio, I forget which. I hope sincerely that such things as these were only accidental, and that we shall not find Mr. Goldbeck only a new broom that swept clean.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Though our metropolis cannot begin to hope for an opera house, yet there is dispersed among our sparse population a good share of musical taste and talent.

There is a Quartet party which meets at the residence of Alexander H. Lawrence, Esq. once a week, which it is my privilege to attend. Mr. Lawrence is a gentleman alike eminent for his talents as a lawyer and his skill as a musician. He has a large and costly collection of the best quartet music by Beethoven, von Weber, Hummel, Resinger, and other great authors. Mr. Lawrence is possessed of one of

the violoncellos brought to this country by KNOOP, the famous performer, and which bears the marks of high antiquity. But the violoncello which Mr. Lawrence prefers, for its smooth, clear and powerful tone, bears the name of "Scheinlein, Langerfeld prope Nuremberg, A. D., 1781," who, according to Spohr, was a manufacturer of preëminent skill. This is undoubtedly a rare instrument, and its history is perfectly authentic from its maker.

Mr. Lawrence has recently purchased a "Thalberg" Chickering Grand Piano. This noble instrument was sent here by the Chickering for the use of M. Thalberg at his public concerts, and is regarded by Thalberg as the highest attainment and perfection of the piano. Its tones are rich, round, deep, and every note throughout the whole keyboard is full of sweetness.

We remember to have seen a Grand piano made by Broadwood of London. The change and expansion of the piano has kept up with the music which has been written for it. The score of a piece by Thalberg would have been regarded fifty years ago as far beyond the reach of human hands, as it certainly exceeded the grandest of the Grand pianos of those days.

Our quartet party consists of Mr. Kley, as pianist, Mr. Samuel Carusi and Mr. William Burke, who play the violin and viola, and Mr. Lawrence on the violoncello. They meet every Tuesday evening. That you may be able to understand the music they play, I will give you the pieces played on the last evening, viz: the first two movements of the Grand Quatuor for the piano-forte, violin, alto and violoncello, by von Weber; the Adagio, Allegro, Andante and Finale of the grand Quintuor, arranged as a Quatuor, by Beethoven, Op. 16; the Scherzo of Quatuor, by Reissiger, Op. 70, and the first, second, and last movements of Mendelssohn's Quatuor, Op. 1.

I have addressed you this note, believing you will be glad to know that amid all the bickerings of party politics, we have in Washington some sons of Apollo, whose pleasure it is to cultivate and promote the interests of musical science.

With great respect,
"PETER SCHLEMMIL IN AMERICA."

BERLIN.—(From a recent private letter.)—Now I come at last to what you doubtless expected in my first line—the music. The battle has commenced, and both hearer and musician are armed with fresh strength. The "Sinfonie Soirées" in the concert room of the theatre, where the three strings of Orpheus' Lyre, Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, sound their accords, are in full progress, and those evenings, filled up with their truly classical performances, seem to give us strength for those other concerts, not so nobly filled, showing us as they do the goal which later composers are striving to attain. Having drunk at these pure fountains, we gain strength and patience to go on with those who are struggling to find the same paths, some still cringing in darkness, but some already catching glimpses of the brightness they seek, as did Mendelssohn.—Might he not at length have reached it? Who knows?

The "Orchestra Verein" gave its first concert last week, and began with a symphony by ROBERT SCHUMANN, of whose death last autumn you surely heard. His veiled spirit a few days before his death regained its former clearness, and he was able to recognize his wife and feel grateful for all her care in his sufferings. He reposes in the beautiful churchyard at Bonn, and many friends including his best—Music—united in paying the last honors to his remains.

The symphony I mentioned has five movements and is very fresh. It is one of his last works, and contradicts better than anything else the opinion that

his illness did not come upon him suddenly, and that his later works show its influence.

The second piece on the programme was Mozart's *Ave verum*, so beautifully executed by the pupils of Mr. STERN, the leader of these concerts, that it had to be repeated. I heard it still better last year at the celebration of Mozart's one hundredth birthday, when the Dom choir sang it without accompaniment; and one was tempted to believe the angels had descended to sing their *Ave verum*.

Then HANS VON BUELOW, Liszt's first scholar, played Beethoven's Concerto, Op. 5, a work of such beauty that one cannot stop to admire the ability of the performer, and filled with such glorious melodies that you are irresistibly borne away to higher regions. A psalm by Schubert brought me entirely down to earth again, and as to the overture, I was too fatigued to pay it much attention. It was the *Melusina*, by Mendelssohn, of a style similar to the *Hebrides* overture, but not of such original invention.

The anniversary of Mendelssohn's death was, as usual, celebrated by the performance of some of his psalms and passages from his oratorios.

I do not know whether the celebrated quartet of the brothers MUELLER is known in America. About twenty years ago it made a *furor* in Germany, and it was much feared that, as three of them within a few years past have died, the quartet was gone forever. But the phoenix seems to have risen from its ashes, for the remaining brother has four sons, who have inherited all the talents of their uncles, and the new "Müllersche Quartet" is as beautiful as the old, and Berlin rejoices not only to have this lineal descendant of the old quartet, but to have actually regained that which was lost.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The third PHILHARMONIC CONCERT will take place to-night, and if the love of good orchestral music has not died out among us, the Melodeon should be crowded. Mr. ZERRAHN has secured the assistance of that admirable violinist Mr. EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who will play one of Ernst's fantasias, and one of his own. The Symphony will be a new one to us, namely the last of the four Symphonies by the lamented SCHUMANN, a work which in spite of all attempts to trace the signs of mental derangement in his later works, will be found (by those who can appreciate any great work on the first hearing) to be as clear and vigorous, and full of fine original ideas, as his Symphony in B flat, and quite as interesting as one of Mendelssohn's. So we judge, at least, from hearing one rehearsal. We shall have another opportunity too of better understanding and enjoying the "Faust" overture by Wagner. The other orchestral pieces will be the Allegretto (again) from Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," the overture to *Semiramide*, and the Trio from *Attila* arranged, with solos for clarinet, English horn and bassoon. We are sorry to learn that the last concert barely paid expenses; 'his was ungrateful to the pains-taking conductor; but the extreme cold then was some excuse.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., the enterprising book-sellers at No. 100 Washington St., have issued a neat little pocket Diagram of the Boston Theatre, prepared by authority of the Management. It shows the position and number of all the seats in parquet, parquet circle, balcony and first circle, and gives the rules of the establishment. Theatre and Opera-goers will find it a great convenience.....The Afternoon Concert last Wednesday drew, we are told, an increase of audience. The principal piece was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; after which a Cornet solo by Mr. HEINICKE, Strauss's *Lorely* waltz, the *Miserere* from the "Trovatore," a new Quadrille by Zerrahn, and the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*. These concerts are deservedly popular; but why insult the audience and the art by such a quack style of printed programmes? you take up what you suppose to be a programme, and

find that you have got somebody's advertising sheet, eked out with silly and vulgar paragraphs of reading matter. O, reform it altogether! Next Wednesday will be presented Mozart's lovely Symphony in G minor; and, for a novelty, an orchestral Fantaisie by Carl Zerrahn, based on the "Carnival of Venice," with variations by all the instruments in turn. They say it is a most amusing thing.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are still busy upon "Eli." To-morrow night they rehearse it with orchestra, which looks as if it were almost ripe for public hearing. Why will not the Society give us another or several more hearings of Mozart's "Requiem"? There is a general desire to become more familiar with it. They are abundantly able to perform it without the aid of Mr. Thalberg's singers; and what an interesting programme might be made by putting the "Requiem" in the first part, and making up the second part of songs and choruses from Mendelssohn and Handel, with a few of those Chorales of Bach (published by Ditson) which would sound so grandly, sung by that large choir! Think of it, Mr. President and Council....By the way, Ditson has published a very convenient and cheap edition of the "Requiem" entire, in octavo form, with Latin and English words, which will be a great help in the hands of the listener....We see that the "Requiem" has, lately been performed in London, with Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise" for a second part. An excellent contrast.

THALBERG's management is out in the New York papers with another imposing manifesto, relating to the Farewell Concerts, which he is about to give in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, previous to his departure for the West, in March, and for Europe in May next. These are to commence at Niblo's on the 16th inst. A new repertoire of pieces is set forth with great formality, and the motives thereof explained with tender anxiety for the musical culture of us all. The great pianist is not only to play a new list of his own works (including Songs without Words, the *Tremolo*, *Marche Funèbre*, &c.); but, to avoid "monopolizing the attention of the moment," and "exhibiting an unbecoming professional jealousy," et cetera, et cetera, he "will likewise interpret those works of the great masters, which time and merit have stamped as models, to be admired and studied by all those whose aim lies beyond mere frivolity." For this purpose he will play Beethoven's Trio in B flat, "Kreutzer," "Moonlight," and "Pathetic" Sonatas; Mendelssohn's "Allegro Capriccioso," Sonata with 'cello, Concerto and Songs without Words; Bach's Preludes and Fugues (of course all of them!); Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, Notturmes, the Scherzo, and Mazurkas; and Hummel's Septet. But this disinterested zeal goes further, and "at the loss of some hundred seats to the management," who "will find an equivalent in the better enjoyment of the music," the platform at Niblo's "will be moved to the centre of the saloon, thus presenting a more drawing-room-like appearance," et cetera, et cetera....Thalberg played on Thursday to 3500 school children in Philadelphia; Mme. JOHANNSEN, as well as D'ANGELI, assisted.

MORELLI has joined the STRAKOSCH Troupe in New York, and appeared last night in *La Favorita*, with PARODI, TIBERINI and MORINI. Mme. DE WILLHORST seems to have made a good impression by her début in *Lucia*....Of MARETZKE's Opera in Havana some reports say that he is having immense success, especially with "The North Star;" others that his singers are leaving him because their salaries are not paid; Miss PHILLIPPS has gone to Charleston.

Advertisements.

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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's SIXTH CONCERT

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Advertisements.

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Subscription Lists may be found at the principal music stores, where also tickets can be obtained. Packages of 4 tickets, \$3; single ticket \$1.

Doors open at 6½: Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.
CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

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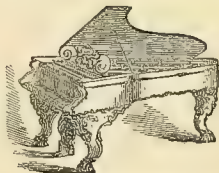
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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 146.)

Every one must confess that this style is admirably adapted to the lowly prayer, to the outpourings of a crushed and broken soul, and to the solemn hymns, which praise the glory and the works of God. Accordingly whatever there is in the *Requiem* of supplication, prayer, ascription, praise, meditation or Christian feeling, is treated in fugued or in simple counterpoint, as the *Hos-tias* for instance, yet always upon old and purely church-like melodies. On the other hand, it is no less certain that the church style, as it was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by no means afforded that epic and tragic character which several of the numbers composing the *Dies iræ* demand. Here he was compelled to use throughout a phrased and pathetic melody, with a choice of chords, a modern modulation, and a complete orchestra; at the same time avoiding, be it understood, any direct or most remote resemblance with theatrical music, by means which the composer of the *Requiem* used, and of which we shall speak hereafter. Where is the composer who would undertake to-day to write a *Dies iræ* for voices alone? The admission or rejection of instrumental music in works for the church can no longer be a question of Art for any one. Instruments are admitted by the Roman Catholics; in the Greek church they are not. That, however, is a matter of church discipline, with which we are not here concerned. Why should the Catholic church reject the musical intentions of the *Dies iræ*, in which Mozart has done nothing but reproduce, through the only

means his art afforded him, texts which had been consecrated by the ritual of the church?

Will earnest men, learned musicians, bring us back to the simplicity of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, that is, to the childhood of musical art? Because you are writing for the church, will you renounce expressive melody, even when it has intrinsically a religious character? Will you renounce nine-tenths of the chords available, banish the orchestra, which did not exist in Palestrina's time, and only accept an extremely insignificant fraction of the whole technical and æsthetic material of an art, which has been perfected through three centuries of progress? In truth, men who write and print such things, make merry with their readers. Such imitation of the old masters to-day could produce nothing but a worthless copy or impression. To imitate Palestrina were not so extremely difficult a thing; but where is one to get the spirit of Palestrina, which was that of three centuries ago?

The sole end of this polemical digression has been to show how the text and liturgy of a funeral Mass among the Catholics conspired to form out of the *Requiem* a bridge of connection between the ancient and the modern music, under the pen of a composer like Mozart. Here are blended and reflected in the focus of one universal genius, the contemporary of all ages, the different tendencies which have predominated in church music since it has entered the actual state of Art. Here you find the antique melody of the choral song, which the Roman school had the honor of reconciling with counterpoint, in restoring to it whatever there was edifying in its lofty and original simplicity; there shine the treasures of harmony, heaped up by that learned school of organists, which arose and spread itself in Germany in the sequel of the Reformation, and of which the glorious representatives are Bach and Handel. In another passage you find, in just the right place, and in an incomparably superior degree, the elegance and the melodic charm, which distinguish the sacred works of a Pergolese and Jomelli, yet without any admixture of the theatrical and antiquated forms by which these are disfigured.*

The Abbé Stadler said: "So long as figural music shall maintain itself in the Catholic church, this giant work (the *Requiem*) will be its crown." But why? Is it merely because Mozart, being by the date of his birth farther removed from the source of tradition, had carried its chain out to the limit where religious Art finally ceased, and because he united within a single frame the great models of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? Was

* The *Stabat Mater* of the latter especially.

this historical cosmopolitanism, this perfect fusion of the elements which time and genius had prepared, the only title by which the composer of the *Requiem* placed himself above all church composers? Certainly not; for there is also something in the *Requiem* which distinguishes Mozart generally and essentially above all others; and something which even he was only once, by way of most extraordinary exception, in a condition to give.

We already know that Handel was the one among the old masters, from whom Mozart borrowed the most directly. From him he took, or is supposed to have taken the thought of the opening number: *Requiem æternam*,* &c., which every one recognizes as one of the most sublime in the whole work; and Herr Weber cites the beginnings of the two works (the Anthem: "The ways of Sion do mourn," and the *Requiem*) as a most victorious argument in support of his singular view.† * * * *

We admit that the thought is just the same, which without doubt is granting a great deal. Two preachers have preached on the same text; but what a difference already from the introduction! How much more learned and sublime is Mozart's commencement! How it breathes that lofty evangelical sorrow, those tears, that fragrance, and that antique poesy of the Roman Church, of which Handel, as well as most of the Lutheran composers, constantly fell short. And when from the midst of this mournful chorus a voice lifts itself to attune the words: *Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion*, does not one seem to hear the voice of an archangel and of St. Cæcilia herself with her organ, sounding a fugued accompaniment, which the most laborious efforts of mortals never could have power to reach? Here the

* Text to No. 1:

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam; ad Te omnis caro veniet. Requiem, &c.

Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison.

Rest eternal give unto them, O Lord, and may light perpetual shine on them.

To thee belong hymns, O God, in Sion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my supplication; unto Thee shall all flesh come. Rest eternal, &c.

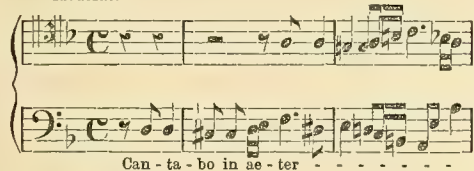
Lord have mercy; Christ have mercy.

† M. Oulibicheff here also cites the first sixteen measures of Handel's anthem, and the corresponding eight measures of the *Ritornel* or instrumented prelude of the *Requiem*. The theme is nearly identical, but the treatment essentially different, and the whole resemblance is confined to the *ritornel* and following bars of the *Requiem*.—ED.

chorus gets possession of the figure of the instrumental theme, which has accompanied the solo. The song announces itself in canonical windings, which, long drawn out, like the echoes of a hymn from the first days of Christendom, resound through the galleries and tomb-stones of a vast catacomb. At the words: *Et lux perpetua*, repeated in alternate phrases, the orchestra descends in majestic unison upon the intervals of the chord; the trumpets sound the sublime farewell; the choir conclude with a soft and mysterious solemnity upon the dominant: *luceat eis*. Has he not already stepped into the eternal light invoked for the dead, he, who has written these first eleven pages of the *Requiem*, so much do they seem to transcend all ordinary human manifestations of power!

And these are the monstrous plagiarisms, under whose weight Herr Weber would fain crush his opponents, who, as he said, slandered Mozart far more than he himself did, when they assumed that Mozart put his name to such *youthful studies*!! But what if the plagiarist had never thought at all of Handel's anthem, or had not even known it? The reader shall judge for himself. While I copied off these broad citations, I sought in my memory for the theme of the *Misericordias Domini*, which Mozart is supposed have borrowed from Eberlin,* and judge of my astonishment, this theme is precisely the beginning of the *Requiem*:

Moderato.



The relationship is here much clearer, since as regards the voice part, i. e., the subject itself and its answer in the fifth, it amounts to identity. But for the rest, the *Requiem æternam* no more resembles the various fugued developments of the *Misericordias Domini*, than either of these compositions does the anthem of Handel. As the Abbé Stadler tells us, the thematic subjects in works of the fugued style, are common property, like themes proposed for academic competition. Whenever Mozart chose a borrowed theme, *which was harder to treat than a theme of his own invention*, he deemed the thought worthy of another and no doubt a better development. He certainly would never have employed it to treat it worse than they who had used it before him.

The Allegro of No. 1—that is, the Fugue of the *Kyrie eleison*—is worthy of the slow tempo which it follows, and to which it is adapted by the plan of its figures in sixteenths and by the elevated, solemn character by which it is distinguished. But it presents difficulties in execution which few choirs can quite victoriously surmount. It is a pity that the ludicrous should so threaten the sublime in this masterpiece of choral composition. If the *Kyrie* is badly or indifferently sung, it is intolerable, or of a more than ambiguous effect; but with a masterly delivery it is sublime.

[To be continued.]

The worth of Art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses.

Goethe.

* So says the Abbé Stadler.

Mendelssohn and his Music.

[Concluded.]

The life and labors of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labors in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the Messiah in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's Coronation Anthem was with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half an hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be played;" and seating himself at the piano, he improvised what he afterwards expanded into the Overture to Fingal's Cave. The Songs without Words, which are now amongst the most popular parlor music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakspeare and Goethe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius, which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Infelice*, and the published portions of "The Son and Stranger," the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilized, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools

of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through all his works, from the song, with or without words, up through quartets, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do not vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so many productions with flights of high soft cords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music—the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognized as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as Childe Harold is unlike Marmion. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear prevision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of keeping and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendor of a pure inspiration. He is preëminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height "of this great argument." In the Messiah, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named "Thanks be to God," and the concluding chorusses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he has given a character of touching confidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonized; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, "Oh, Rest in the Lord," and the chorusses, "Happy and blest are They," and "I waited on the Lord," will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transfused, with all the harmonizing power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its finest development in that work. Sterner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in Elijah, and the exclamatory chorusses of the persecuting Jews in St. Paul and Christus, are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fantastical rage. The Jewish chorusses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mobs who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, "Stone him to Death," has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself

fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to Opera.* After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed fit to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is preëminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

(Continued from page 138.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

TROMBONES.

There are four kinds of trombones; each of which bears the name of the human voice to which it bears the nearest resemblance in quality of tone and compass. The *Soprano Trombone*,—the smallest and highest of them all,—exists still in some parts of Germany, but is unknown in France; it has scarcely ever been used in the scores of the great masters; which is no reason, however, why it should not figure there sooner or later, as it is by no means certain that trumpets with pistons—even the highest—can advantageously supply its place. Gluck alone, in his Italian score of *Orfeo*, has written the soprano trombone under the name of *Cornetto*. He has made it double the soprano voices of the chorus, while the alto, tenor, and bass trombones double the other voices.

These three last-named trombones are the only ones in general use; and it should also be added, that the alto trombone does not exist in all French orchestras, while the bass trombone is almost unknown among them; it is even almost always confounded with the third tenor trombone, which has the charge of playing the lowest part, and to which, for this reason, the name is very improperly given of bass trombone, from which it materially differs.

Trombones are instruments with slides, of which the double tube can be lengthened or shortened instantaneously, by a simple movement of the player's arm. It may be conceived that these variations of the length of the tube must completely change the key of the instrument,—which is the case. Whence it follows, that trombones, possessing, like all brass instruments, all the notes resulting from the natural resonance of the tube in all positions, have thereby a complete chromatic scale, interrupted only at one point below, as will be presently seen.

The sound of the bass trombone is majestic, formidable and terrible; and to it belongs, of right, the lowest part in all masses of brass instruments. Nevertheless, we have the misfortune, in Paris, of being utterly deprived of it; it is not taught at the Conservatoire, and no trombone player has yet been willing to acquire its familiar practice. Whence it follows, that the majority of modern German scores, and even of ancient French and Italian scores, written for orchestras which possess, or did possess, this instrument, must be more or less deranged when they are performed in Paris. Thus, in Weber's *Freyschütz*, there are some low D's beneath the staff, in the accompaniment of the huntsman's chorus; and farther on,

where the hermit enters, there are some low E's, These notes are therefore of necessity carried into the octave above, because the three players in the Opera orchestra exclusively make use of the tenor trombone, which has them not. It is the same

with the sustained low C's, in the chorus of Gluck's *Alceste*: "Pleure, O patrie;" only, here, the effect of these double C's is extremely important, which makes their transposition truly deplorable.



The bass trombone cannot lend itself to rapid movements with the celerity which others of the same family can command; the length and size of its tube requires rather more time to be put in vibration; and it will readily be imagined that its slide,—manœuvred by the aid of a handle which supplies, in certain positions, the length of the arm,—does not admit of great agility. Hence the real impossibility for German artists who use the bass trombone, to execute a crowd of passages in our modern French scores, which our trombone-players render as well as they on the tenor trombone.

The trombone is,—in my opinion,—the true chief of that race of wind instruments which I have designated as epic instruments. It possesses, in an eminent degree, both nobleness and grandeur; it has all the deep and powerful accents of high musical poetry,—from the religious accent, calm and imposing, to the wild clamours of the orgy. It depends on the composer to make it by turn chaunt like a choir of priests; threaten, lament, ring a funeral knell, raise a hymn of glory, break forth into frantic cries, or sound its dread flourish to awaken the dead or to doom the living.

There have nevertheless been found means to degrade it,—some thirty years since—by reducing it to a servile redoubling, as useless as grotesque, of the double-bass part. This plan has been at present almost abandoned. But there may be seen, in a host of scores, otherwise very beautiful, the basses doubled almost constantly in unison by a single trombone. I know nothing less harmonious, or more vulgar than this mode of instrumentation. The sound of the trombone is so markedly characterized, that it should never be heard but for the production of some special effect; its duty, therefore, is not to strengthen the double-basses, with the sound of which, moreover, its quality of tone has no sort of sympathy. Besides, it should be understood that a single trombone in an orchestra seems always more or less out of place. This instrument needs harmony, or, at least, unison with the other members of its family, in order that its various attributes may be completely manifested. Beethoven has sometimes employed it in pairs, like the trumpets; but the time-honored custom of writing them in three parts appears to me preferable.

The character of tone in trombones varies according to the degree of loudness with which their sound is emitted. In a *fortissimo*, it is menacing and formidable; particularly, if the three trombones be in unison, or at least, if two of them be in unison, the third being an octave below the two others. Such is the terrific scale in *D* minor, upon which Gluck has founded the chorus of Furies in the second act of his *Iphigenia in Tauride*. Such also is—but still more sublime—the immense shout of three united trombones, answering like the wrathful voice of the infernal gods, to Alceste's summons:—"Ombre! larve! campagne di morte!" in that prodigious air the original idea of which Gluck allowed to be perverted by the French translator; but which, as it is, has dwelt in the memory of all the world, with its unlucky first verse:—"Divinités du Styx! ministres de la mort!" Let us here moreover remark, that towards the close of the first movement of this piece, when the trombones divided into three parts respond—imitating the rhythm of the air,—in this phrase: "Je n'invoquerai point votre pitié cruelle!"—let us here observe, I say, that by the very effect of this division, the quality of tone of the trombone assumes instantly something ironical, hoarse, frightfully joyous,—very different from the grand fury of the preceding unisons.

In simple *forte*, trombones, in three-part harmony, in the medium particularly, have an expression of heroic pomp, of majesty, of loftiness, which the prosaic commonplace of a vulgar melody could alone impair or destroy. They then acquire—with enormously increased grandeur—the expres-

sion of trumpets; they no longer menace, they proclaim; they chaunt, instead of roar. It should be remarked, merely, that the sound of the bass trombone always predominates more or less, in such a case, over the two others; particularly if the first be an alto trombone.

In *mezzo-forte* in the medium, in unison or in harmony with a slow movement, trombones assume a religious character. Mozart, in his choruses of the priests of Isis, in the *Zauberflöte*, has produced admirable models of the manner of giving these instruments a sacerdotal voice and attribute.

The *pianissimo* of trombones, applied to harmonies belonging to the minor mode is gloomy, lugubrious, I had almost said, hideous. If, particularly, the chords be brief, and broken by rests, it has the effect of hearing some strange monsters giving utterance, in dim shadow, to howls of ill-suppressed rage. Never, to my thinking, has there been better dramatic effect deduced from this special accent of trombones, than by Spontini, in his matchless funeral march of the *Vestale*:—"Périssé la Vestale impie," &c.; and by Beethoven, in the immortal duet of the second act of *Fidelio*, sung by Leonora and the jailer, while digging the grave of the prisoner about to die.

Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others, have comprehended all the importance of the trombone's duties; they have applied the various characteristics of this noble instrument, with perfect intelligence, to depicting human passion, to illustrating the sounds of Nature; and they have, in consequence, maintained its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it—as the herd of composers now do—to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases less worthy of a sacred edifice than of a tavern; to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is nothing more forthcoming than the pirouette of a dancer; to strum chords of the tonic and the dominant in a light song that a guitar would suffice to accompany; to mingle its olympian voice with the trumpery melody of a vaudeville duet, or with the frivolous noise of a quadrille; to prepare, in the *tutti* of a concerto, the triumphal advent of the hautboy or a flute;—is to impoverish, to degrade a magnificent individuality; it is to make a hero into a slave and a buffoon; it is to tarnish the orchestra; it is to render impotent and futile all rational progression of the instrumental forces; it is to ruin the past, present, and future of Art; it is to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or to give token of an absence of sentiment for expression amounting to stupidity.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

Few, if any, biographies of artists afford us much insight into the formation and development of their minds. Such a void is filled in the life of BEETHOVEN by those earlier works (before 1798). They were to me a great anthropological lesson, and are the same, I have no doubt, to many others. This, and the fact that the note of "A. W. T." demands a reply, induces me to claim some more space for them in your paper.

My own impression is, that I have seen when a boy more than three Sonatas in manuscript; and to assure myself, I have examined catalogues and biographies on the subject until I found in the *Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst*, now published in numbers by E. Bernsdorf, Liszt, Marschner and others, in the article "Beethoven," p. 357, that B. published and dedicated six Sonatas to the Prince Bishop of Cologne.

The article in which this statement occurs is unquestionably the best of all that I have been able to read, and therefore entitled to some consideration. Still it may be a mistake of the printer, who has worse mistakes to answer for than this one. Nevertheless it may be that Beethoven composed and published another set of three Sonatas, and I wish with all my heart that this may prove to be the case.

What an interesting parallel those earlier works of

Beethoven form to those seven plays of Shakspeare not included in the collection of his works, but for which no other author can be found! How desirable it is that "A. W. T." should, either through your columns or in his anxiously expected biography, devote a chapter to those disowned children of Beethoven's youthful fancy!

F. W. M.

Roxbury, Feb. 12.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—There is one branch of music, which, though extremely popular with the masses, seldom is thought worthy of notice by writers; I refer to organ music—not the organ fugues of Bach or the studies of Rink; not the harmonious thunder of diapason or sub-bass; but the more common and more popular street-organ music. Some wretched creatures who have no music in their souls, are continually grumbling about the annoyances of these musical demonstrations; but this unhappy class of persons are few and are daily growing fewer. The fact is, there has recently been a very great improvement in street organs. The music is generally much better in quality than formerly, and the instruments themselves are now really a pleasure to hear. Often, at night, when the streets are still and quiet, on returning from the opera your ear will catch the distant tones of some air you have just heard warbled by Lagrange or Parodi, floating from afar, like a sweet echo. At one corner the death-song in *Lucia* is wasting its sweetness on the desert air of Broadway, while in the next block the *Miserere* of *Trovatore* brings back memories of Brignoli or Tiberini, who sing their swan-like songs in the little cylindrical prisons in which they are supposed to be confined. Then the next moment we hear the *Casta Diva*, and as we pass on it merges into some of Verdi's passionate arias, till frequently a night walk in Broadway is one continued concert. There is one air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, which belongs to the repertoire of almost every street organ, and is unconsciously whistled by news-boys and hummed by everybody else. Verdi is now the reigning musical genius in New York, as well as in Italy.

There is one air, however, without which a street organ would no more be a street organ than a man without a head would be a man. After Verdi and Donizetti, the street organs fall back upon the inevitable "*Mira Norma*," of Bellini, as if it was their normal condition. When you see a boy in New York approaching you, in nine cases out of ten you will be safe in the conclusion that his Christian name is John; and when you hear the tones of a street organ in the distance, but too far off to distinguish the melody, you may be certain that it is "*Mira Norma*." As a distinguished poet aptly remarks:

"Be weather clear, or damp, or stormy,
They're always playing "Hear me, Normy."

Talking about *Norma* naturally reminds one of the opera at the Academy of Music, where PARODI and TIBERINI and MORELLI have been singing away to swarms of dead-heads, every evening's performance entailing a considerable pecuniary loss upon the unlucky manager. STRAKOSCH has made a great mistake in refusing to advertise in other than the three prominent morning dailies. The smaller papers, and especially the Sunday press, exercise an immense influence in musical and theatrical affairs, and are by no means to be disregarded. Strakosch has offended these journals in their most tender place—their pockets; and as his company is by no means perfect, the critics can find plenty of crevices into which to insert their critical crowbars.

The other evening at the opera I met a friend—one of those mysteriously "knowing" persons, who are gushing over with tattle and small-talk, and can tell you everything about everybody. He was a

regular *habitué* of the opera, and it was with no small pleasure that he found in me a listener; and I must confess I was greatly interested in his garrulous gossip. He knew everybody, and volunteered an indefinite amount of information in general.

"For instance," said he, "you observe sitting in the parquette circle an elderly gentleman with iron-grey hair, rather stooping shoulders, a pair of spectacles, and an opera-glass?" Yes, I had seen him every night sitting in the same seat near the stage, and apparently enjoying the music most intensely. I had not known who he was till Jenkins (that is my gossiping friend's name) told me it was Bancroft. There may be seen night after night our great historian, whose Ferdinand and Isabella (!) and Phillip the Second (!) have brought him an income of \$30,000 a year, applauding a cadenza and drinking in the delights of Italian music. He is one of the features of the opera, and Jenkins told me he knew him well, and that he had greatly assisted him in the compilation of Phillip II. But I never placed much confidence in these assertions of Jenkins.

Jenkins asked me if I knew how many dead-heads were present, and volunteered to point some out to me. So he directed my attention to a row of ladies seated on a front seat of the parquette; they were elegantly dressed, and attracted considerable notice from their beauty and self-possessed, yet unassuming deportment. They were a family of fashionable Broadway *modistes*, who by industry and energy have amassed a fortune, and own several of the finest stores on Broadway. I knew not what Jenkins meant by pointing them out to me, until he told me they were all dead-heads! The Paterfamilias, the Mater, and some six children had every night their free seats in the parquette. Why? Because they were friends of a well-known musical agent, who has the free entrée of the Academy and the use of an indefinite number of seats.

An elegant gentleman, arrayed in unexceptionable broadcloth, with carefully trimmed moustache, lemon colored kids, and a white ivory opera-glass, arose near me, shedding an odor of Fraugissani on every side. I was at once impressed by his magnificence, and inquired of Jenkins as to his identity. "Oh," said Jenkins, "I know him well. He is a newspaper correspondent, and gets books from publishers, sells them, and is altogether a perfect specimen of that peculiar race of literary hacks, a shabby-genteel Irish literary man." "But," said I, "surely that elegant person is not a dead-head!" "Precisely so," was the answer; "he is a dead-head."

A number of boys and young men made a little noise here, and I remarked how annoying such ill-mannered persons were. "Not to be wondered at," said my Mentor. "One of the young clerks in a Broadway music store had some twenty-five free tickets given him, and has distributed them among his friends." "Then," said I, "they're all dead-heads?" "Precisely so," said Jenkins.

An elderly gentleman, wearing a gigantic pair of green spectacles, who constantly flitted about the different boxes, had long excited my attention. He is the most uneasy man I ever saw. At one moment he is quietly settled in a stage box, gazing at the audience through a huge opera-glass; a few minutes after, and you are surprised to see him talking with a lady in the parquette; then you are astonished to meet him but a moment after in the lobby, in deep conversation with an Italian artist; you hasten to your seat, and are petrified at seeing him sitting calmly on the next chair, as unruffled as if he had been there all the afternoon. He seems to be perfectly ubiquitous. I seized the opportunity of asking Jenkins who he was. "Bless me!" said Jenkins, "everybody knows Count Gogglescrowsky, the author of 'Lapland as it isn't.'" "Is he a real, live Baron?" I gasped. "Yes," said Jenkins. "Is he a—a—a—" I faltered, unable to speak the word.

"A dead-head?" inquired J., coming to my relief. "Oh yes, certainly; the Count's a dead-head of course, from his connection with a daily newspaper."

I was gratified at seeing at this moment a long vista of acquaintances, who were related to each other, and altogether formed quite a formidable array of crinoline, fine bonnets, and immaculate neck-ties. In conversation they assured me that they came every night to the opera, because, as they said, their friend Mr. Smith was a friend to somebody who had loaned money to the management, and of course he always had about fifty secured seats for nothing, and he kindly distributed them to his acquaintances. After this Jenkins pointed out to me the families of the different artistes, and a cloud of witnesses, who he assured me "belonged to the press." He also told me that the stockholders, having bought their shares in the concern long ago, of course paid nothing, and were *de facto* dead-heads. At last he promised to show me a sight not often seen at the Academy of Music, and pointed out a party of three, seated in the balcony. "There," said he, "look at them well. They paid their way in. Look at them well, for you may ne'er see their like again."

By this time I had grown bold, and so I said to Jenkins, "Are you a dead-head?" Jenkins said, "Precisely so." I then asked him whether that party of three were the only persons in the house who were not dead-heads. Jenkins said not a word, but pointed upwards. I thought he saw a piece of the ceiling about to fall, but he explained that he meant to direct my attention to the third tier and amphitheatre, where for 50 and 25 cents the real lovers of music go, and little dream that the fashionable crowd below is one mass of dead-heads.

So you may suppose that poor Strakosch, crushed by the indignation of the Press, and the weight of the Deadheads, cannot fail to lose money in his operatic speculation. His company is poor;—PARODI has not taken well with the audience, and the only *hit* of the season has been the undoubted triumph of CORA DE WILHORST as *Lucia*. She sang the part exquisitely, and good critics say that no one in the country can sing the Andante of the mad scene, *Alfin son tua*, as well. With the exception of SONTAG, I have never heard any artiste in this role, who pleased me better. Unfortunately, however, the excitement of a debut has had a reactionary effect, and Mme. De Wilhorst is confined to her room with illness, and will not be able to appear again in public for a long time. The opera season closes this week, to the grief of the Deadheads, and of

TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 5.—The "first grand concert," for the benefit of the poor, of the Springfield Musical Institute, last evening, was a decided success. The City Hall was filled to overflowing, notwithstanding the slight fall of rain out of doors. The choruses were sung with energy, precision and power, and showed the thorough training to which their director, Mr. SHAW, must have subjected them.

"Adey's Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. FITZHUGH, did noble service in the heavy choruses. The overtures, introducing each part of the programme, were performed well, though we have heard them played somewhat smoother and in better time at their rehearsals in Adey's Music Rooms. This was their first appearance, and it is hoped not their last.

The solo performances of the evening were excellent. The best was the obligato solo, "Inflamatus," from the *Stabat Mater*, sung by Mrs. BAKER. Her voice is a pure soprano, rich in quality, and reminds us of Miss ANNA STONE's, of old. The voice accompaniment by the chorus to parts of the solo was given with remarkable effect.

"Wind of the winter night," sung by Mr. WINCHEL, was an excellent affair and well deserved the encore it received. Mr. Winchel has a superb bass voice, powerful as well as flexible. His rendering of the solo in "Crowned with the tempest," from *Ernani*, was admirable.

The "Mocking Bird," sung by Miss PENNIMAN, received an encore. A flute obligato, by Mr. BEEBE of the orchestra, added much to the success of the piece. But one of the gems of the evening was the "Holy Friar," sung by Mr. CHAPIN. His rich baritone voice and true enunciation gave a peculiar charm to the quaint satire of the song, and called forth a hearty encore.

The duet from Spohr, "Children pray this love to cherish," by Mrs. WELLS and Mr. KIMBERLY, formerly of Boston, was well sung, though it did not bring out the lady's voice as a song of a different character would have done. The slight tremolo of her voice gives much grace and effect to her singing in public.

The trio sung by request lost some of its effect by the substitution of another tenor.

Of the choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Hallelujah" call for more than a passing notice. The orchestra, piano and voices so blended, together that a perfect whole was the result. The grand mass of harmony filled every part of the large hall, and had Haydn or Handel been listening, they would have been proud of the interpretation of the performers.

Among the basses we noticed a Mr. MOZART of Boston. He is making arrangements for a concert here by subscription.

Of the debut of our young townsman, Mr. ALLIN, as pianist, we must express ourselves much pleased. His timidity will probably wear off with one or two more appearances before the public. In the humble position of pianist of the society, he performed his accompaniments with much credit.

We were somewhat annoyed by the lisping behind the dress curtain during the overtures. "A word to the wise," &c. More anon. AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 14, 1857.

THE ORGAN FOR THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL. We are happy to state that the question who shall build the Great Organ, is settled. WALCKER, of Ludwigsburg in Germany, is the man. The basis of a contract has been effected in Germany, which, like the recent conference of the four powers, is to be reconsidered and finally settled and signed in Paris and London. The reasons of the choice we doubt not will be obvious to any one who, like the worthy president of the Music Hall Association, the zealous originator and agent of the noble project, will make the organ tour of England, Holland and Germany, as thoroughly and intelligently as he has. During the past three months Dr. UPHAM has examined most of the finest organs, old and new, in England, Paris, and the German cities, conferred carefully with the prominent builders in all those places, procuring plans and specifications from not a few of them, and taken advice of the best organists and experts in the matter. The selection has been made with a full view of all the considerations which should govern in the execution of a commission of such magnitude and importance.

In fixing the preliminaries, nothing (it is thought) has been left unsuggested, which com-

pleteness, effectiveness and all attainable perfection could require. Of course it was a great work to digest such a document; and, to make all safe, the final agreement (as we have said) is still open.

The instrument, as now proposed, is to contain 85 stops, arranged upon four Manuals and a Pedal with compass from CCCC to f^{III} or e^{III} , as desired; Swell, embracing the second Manual and piano division of Pedal; separate Swell and Tremulante for Vox Humana and Vox Physharmonica; and Grand Swell or Crescendo and Diminuendo for the whole work (4 manuals and pedals). It will have composition pedals; the "Pneumatic Lever;" a forte and piano division of the Pedal keyboard; a new and effective method of tuning the free reeds by means of nut and screw; new and improved pallets, guarding against variation of temperature and hygrometric changes; an improvement in the metal Diapason pipes, giving them wonderful purity, fulness and richness of tone; and all the modern and approved mechanical contrivances of the French and English to be gained by personal inspection.

The whole is to be constructed of the choicest materials and in the best manner, and warranted by a sufficient guaranty to withstand all disturbing causes (accidents accepted) for ten years. The number of pipes and cost of each register are named in the contract; and—a very important stipulation, which could not be obtained in England—the *weight and precise composition of the metallic stops*. Bellows of modern pattern, with channels and wind-chests philosophically and mathematically calculated. The organ to be so constructed, that it may be worked by two men at the bellows, or by *power*, (Cochituate water, or other,) as may be deemed best.

From two and a half to three years must be allowed from the time of signing the contract to the completion of the organ in the hall. The cost of the work complete (without case), set up and tuned in the workshop at Ludwigsburg, is to be \$13,000. All other expenses, of transportation, duties, case (to be made probably in Boston), alterations necessary to receive it into the hall, &c. &c., are estimated at \$10,000, making the entire cost \$23,000. One third of the first cost (\$13,000) is to be paid on the signing of the contract. It will be remembered that \$25,000 have been subscribed or guaranteed already for the purpose. When completed, this will be by far the most perfect instrument of the kind extant. It will add as greatly to the architectural as to the musical attractions of our noble Hall. The metal pipes will be displayed, and the superb structure, very broad and very high, will probably project in the middle and widest part some ten or fifteen feet upon the stage, with wings retreating gracefully, as is the custom with the organ fronts in Europe. It will complete architecturally the stage end of the Hall, by bringing the beauties of its design as it were to a worthy focus.

The whole work, when completed, is to pass under the careful scrutiny of the German government inspectors, and of any two persons whom the purchaser may select from England and Germany, to ensure that the minutiae of the contract shall be strictly complied with before the organ is accepted. The builders also pledge their own reputation and good name to produce, in every respect, an artistic work; one by which they shall be willing to be judged; and they engage furthermore to incorporate all essential improvements,

if any should appear during the construction of the work, without additional charge.

This, of course, is a very imperfect description of the plan. We shall have the full particulars, doubtless, in a few weeks, on the return of Dr. Upham.

Manners in the Concert Room.

We have received the following among other communications, all setting forth the same grievance. Our readers should be interested in the matter. We have selected for publication three which treat the matter from different points of view, so that it will be well to read them all.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.: Dear Sir—Is there no way of reaching the visitors of the Wednesday afternoon concerts, and urging upon them, as a matter of justice and duty and common politeness, either to find their seats before the commencement of the concert, or to enter the hall only during the pauses between the movements of the Symphony? If a half minute or even a minute's pause should be necessary for this, doubtless Mr. Zerrahn would willingly allow so much time. Many purchase tickets to these concerts simply to hear the symphonies. Is it right that the satisfaction for which we part with our money and time should be taken from us by late comers and chatter-boxes? If people have no regard for us auditors, they should have some thought of Mr. Zerrahn's and his fellow laborers' interest, for we cannot be expected long to pay for hearing symphonies, if we are allowed no chance for quietly listening to them. Vigorous measures have been taken this winter to prevent talking at the New York Philharmonic rehearsals. I pray that the good sense and politeness of our people may prove sufficient to secure quiet without any resort to a similar movement here. Yours respectfully,

Thursday, Feb. 3.

J. Q.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

Mr. DWIGHT: Dear Sir—It has been a constant topic of complaint in the papers for years that the lovers of the so-called "light music" do not allow the lovers of your "classical" music to listen to symphonies in peace and quiet. I am not ashamed to confess myself (even in your columns) fond of hearing potpourris, Strauss' and Lanner's Waltzes, the similar productions of Zerrahn, and the feats of solo playing given at the Orchestral Union concerts. Being fond of this music, I wish to have opportunity of listening to it in the same peace and quiet which the symphony lovers demand. But no—they are excessively indignant if I and my friends dare to whisper during a long and tedious piece of *classical* music; but when the lively strains of the waltz are heard they turn up their noses with a Pecksniffian air of lofty disdain quite refreshing to see. "That's only Strauss," or "That's nothing but a hash up of Verdi. We are above that!" and to show their contempt of Italian music, they begin to discourse in a very edifying manner, no doubt.

Now, Mr. Dwight, I will only add, that if your "classicists" wish us to refrain from annoying them during the symphony, let them set us the example during the other part of the concert. If A, B and C wish to hear Beethoven, they must allow D, E and F opportunity to hear Verdi. "With what measure ye mete it shall it be measured to you again."

VERBUM SAT.

MY DEAR DWIGHT—"Pity the sorrows of a poor" unfortunate who has been attempting to draw delight from the Wednesday afternoon concerts, but almost in vain. Unluckily I am a lover of music both "classic" and "light." I enjoy the grandeur and sublimity of a symphony by Beethoven with the most devoted admirer of that great man; and on the other hand, I sit with no little delight—of a different kind to be sure—through the racket, and confusion, and hurrah-boys of a potpourri from Verdi's "Traviata," such as we had on Wednesday. But unluckily I must hear music in quiet to enjoy it; and here comes in the misfortune. During the symphony the light

music lovers are chatting, passing the compliments of the season, moving about from place to place, and the like, to the great annoyance of the lovers of that special kind of composition. Then when the second part comes, the symphony people take their turn, and pay off the former in their own coin. The result is, that we neutrals have a hard time of it. Now I paid my dollar the other day for tickets, and should be very thankful to people if they would not cause me to consider it a dollar thrown away. That they whose musical culture has not elevated them to the standard of the C minor Symphony should grow uneasy and chat, seems not so strange to me, as that those who are above lighter music and supposed to possess great musical knowledge, should remain during the second part of the concerts at all, if they can draw no edification from the music.

Yours,

A LOVER OF QUIET.

We would decidedly advise the lovers of Symphony to heed the hint of No. 2, and listen to the potpourris and polkas with all the gravity they can command. It is certainly worth the sacrifice, if that will disarm the symphony disturbers. Let us even be willing to do penance for the sin and privilege of hearing a good symphony in peace by sitting through the "Verdi trash" with most respectful silence. At all events, if we cannot stomach it, we can retire, and that in the most courteous and quiet manner. But while the "classicists" are willing to make this concession, many of them doubtless will suggest, that probably the real objection to the symphonies is, (if it were honestly stated) that such music does not admit of conversation, and does require thoughtful attention. The lovers of "light" music do not perhaps care for any music which requires careful listening to. Their idea of Afternoon Concerts is literally of "promenade" concerts; the music to be but a light and sparkling accompaniment, or piquant sauce, to gossip and flirtation, and no more to be made an object of attention, as such, than the music in a dance, from which an enlivening influence is derived without a voluntary effort of the mind. It may be questioned, therefore, whether these persons are disturbed by the conversation or inattention of others during the performance of their favorite polkas. The whole difference is summed up in a word: the one class regard music purely as an amusement; the other regard it as Art and as an object of thought or feeling, as they would read a fine poem.

We add to the above the following quiz on Philharmonic manners, which has found its way into Willis's New York Musical World:

The Philharmonic Rehearsals—Rough Notes by Squibs.—Like music—dislike bag pipes—went to Philharmonic Rehearsal—weather rather frigid—house cold—mercury below everything—listened to the Symphony—shivered through the slow movement—saw Mr. Fecher submerged in very red tippet—took snuff with him—said "wedder was much gold as was goot"—agreed with him—sauntered about the house—saw Emma Jane in private box—invited me in—accepted—introduced me to Sarah Angeline and Maria Mary Ann—Orchestra very annoying—too loud—could not talk without great exertion—Mem.—Orchestra should play very *Pianissimo* at rehearsals and not disturb conversation of the house—Went down stairs—saw Timm shivering, *Allegro*, in two overcoats—told him orchestra was annoying—said he would have it subdued—saw Gottschalk—winked at him—heard a lady say "he was two sweet for anything"—returned to Emma Jane's box—Gentleman from Germany, with orange hair, calls at our box—said he "was one of the management"—said "we mustn't talk, talking was prohibited"—Emma Jane suggests something about "a free country where freedom of speech is tolerated"—*Bravo*—Gent from Germany becomes disgusted and disappears—[Query for Hunt's Magazine, If one can't talk in one's own box at rehearsals, what is one to do to amuse one's self?—noticed large hat walking around with small boy under it—rehearsal concludes—found myself in a jam on the staircase—Hoops pressure very great—stood firm—Hoops obstinate but obliged to yield—Emma Jane and Sarah Matilda make a sandwich of me—Performed an *Andante* movement descending stairs, and an *Allegro Vivace* through Fourteenth street home.

CONCERTS.

MR. GUSTAVE SATTER, in his third concert (Wednesday evening of last week) fulfilled his promise of repeating his "Sardanapalus" Trio, and producing his new piano quartet, composed "in memory of Kosciusko, the defender of Poland." Indeed, with the exception of the two vocal numbers, it was entirely a concert of original MS. compositions, performed by the author.

The Trio led the procession. Our impression of it on a second hearing was essentially the same as before. Without identifying it any more clearly with Byron's drama, we were struck with a certain degree of originality and beauty in the two first movements, and the want thereof, the reckless, Bacchanalian, mere physical impetuosity of the Scherzo and Finale. The whole seemed put together with great readiness and glibness, and not a little mastery of means. The Romance is really striking in ideas and treatment. The Allegro has a distinct leading and answering theme (the latter somewhat captivating), which are worked up in quite regular and logical sonata form; we observed a return, too, of its second theme, disguised somewhat, among the medley motives of the finale, thus giving the end of the work a sort of outward connection with the beginning. With this exception, we may say of Mr. Satter's music, both in the Trio and the Quartet, that it is more in the spirit of theatre music than of the Sonata Quartet style. It has ideas which interest you for the time being, and shows not a little talent and adventurousness; but it is fragmentary; thoughts come and go, and work together to no ultimate conclusion. It is chiefly episode; continually a passage sounds as if preparatory to a new scene or action on the stage.

The Quartet seemed to us a happier effort than the Trio, although perhaps less striking to most hearers. Its first movement is a strong and stirring Polonaise, indicative, we suppose, of the free and manly nationality of Poland. The "Legend" which follows, is sad, wild, pensive, full of reverie, reminding you now of Chopin in its melodic figures, and now a little of Schubert by its modulations, and march-like rhythms, and major chords ending a minor passage. The Minuetto, in the minor mood, is really delicate and beautiful; and the Finale restless, vigorous, and full of summoning up of courage as for a last effort.

The third piece was purely of the bravura order, a Fantasia on themes from *I Puritani*. It was made to display astonishing execution, and did it; but as music it was worse than nothing. The quartet: *A te o cara*, which can have no sense save as the melody sings itself simply, was ornamented, trilled and twirled upon in every note from the outset; and the noisy *Suoni la tromba* was, by way of "variation," turned into a sickly minor tune; the winding up was universal slam-bang.

Miss EMMA DAVIS sang a couple of Scotch songs with considerable acceptance, and showed that she had studied *Robert, toi que j'aime*; but she is scarcely prepared to sing such music in a public concert.

An extra concert, complimentary to Mr. Satter's subscribers, was announced. See advertisement.

The third of Mr. ZERRAHN'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS was enjoyed by a considerably larger

audience than hitherto, and proved a concert of uncommon interest. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

- 1—Symphony No. 4, D minor, (First time in Boston.) R. Schumann.
- 2—Grand Fantasia for Violin, Ernst.
- 3—Second Part, (Allegretto un poco agitato,) from the Symphony-Cantata, "Hymn of Praise," (By request.) Mendelssohn.

PART II.

- 4—Grand Overture to Goethe's "Faust," (By request.) R. Wagner.
- 6—La Sylphide: Grand Fantasia for Violin, Mollenhauer.
- 6—Terzetto from the opera "Attila," Verdi.
- With solos for Clarinet, English Horn, and Bassoon, by Messrs. Schultz, De Ribas and Hunstock.
- 7—Overture: "Semiramis," Rossini.

To our astonishment the new Schumann Symphony made a "hit" with the audience. In spite of its novelty, its depth of thought, its earnestness of purpose and for the most part sombre coloring, in spite of the absence of merely taking melody, and of all trivial commonplace and clap-trap, it was heard eagerly and applauded warmly. So far as we could judge from a single hearing, it is in the main a noble composition; the three first movements worthy of the best days of its lamented author. We understand that its best portions were composed some eighteen years ago, and the whole completed in its present form and first produced at the Dusseldorf festival in 1853. The various movements succeed each other without pause, so that the symphony forms one uninterrupted whole. A crash in unison of the whole orchestra, commands attention to a slow introduction, with a 3-4 movement, the middle instruments, reeds, &c., flowing in thirds, with pleading, passionate accent, which soon quickens into the fiery, earnest D minor theme of the Allegro. This is a grand movement, with something of a Beethoven-like earnestness and directness of purpose, but without the celestial, Beethoven-like victory and sweetness in the midst of its sadness. The leading motive, however, is worked in like organic fibre everywhere. This leads into a Romanza in A minor, whose quaintly beautiful and serious melody, sung by oboe and violoncello in octaves, mingles itself with a reminiscence of the introduction, and then alternates, in D major, with a delicious, cool, fresh passage in triplets (sixteenths) by the first violins, while the undercurrent of that first theme flows in in the wind instruments. Then a bold Scherzo in the original key—the same sharply accented three-four movement, of which Beethoven gives a model in his ninth Symphony, succeeded by a Trio in B flat, which is exquisitely fascinating and original, the first violins first leaning on a syncopated note and then gliding off in a smooth, liquid passage, made of phrases of six notes. A reminiscence of the first fiery Allegro leads in the Finale, which seems a strangely fragmentary, restless and unsatisfactory effort to conclude; not, however, without fine passages, especially one sweet gush of tenderness which seems to come out of the heart of the Choral Symphony. The bit of martial fugue, the loud and stern brass passages, and the rushing Presto at the end puzzled rather than edified us; so that the symphony, full of ideas and power as it is, has not made the impression of so pure a whole as his earlier one in B flat, which was several times attempted here some years ago, and which we should greatly like to hear played by the better orchestras of this day. The new symphony was finely played, save only that there is a tendency to too much noise and

too little real musical tone in the brass. Since the first visits of the Germanians, we have not heard quite such smooth and musical blending of the brass in our orchestras as we could wish.

Wagner's "Faust" overture, also, was well received, and seems to improve upon acquaintance. It is not so brilliant—if it were, it would not be true to its subject—but it is a more original and more poetic work than the overture to *Tannhäuser*. It expresses the profound unrest, the high imaginative hopes and soul-sick yearnings of Faust with wonderful power, and yet, despite the monotony and pain of such a theme, excites and interests you to the end. The instrumentation is masterly, clearer and more euphonious, it seemed to us, than much of Schumann's.

The *Semiramide* overture was splendidly played, and Rossini's refreshing and spontaneous melody and harmony were just the thing to close such a programme. The well-worn Terzet from *Attila*, acquired a certain freshness from the instrumental arrangement, and its soprano, tenor and bass voices sang with tasteful expression, and good contrast, in the three reed instruments. Mr. MOLLENHAUER's violin solos were most rare specimens of finished virtuosity. There can be but very few violinists in the world, who have so perfect a mastery of the instrument. The pieces were of the ordinary unmeaning variation kind; a melody chosen to string variations upon, and not variations to illustrate the melody;—which surely is putting the cart before the horse and a false tendency in Art. We may say, he played an infinite deal of nothing with a wonderful deal of skill. For certainly, as regards any musical meaning, such variations are nothing; whatever the piece be called, when you listen to these solo-players, it is still the "Carnival" over again; that is to say, the same style of variations, the same figures, same ornaments, same passages, same tricks. The only question is, whether to string them upon this melody or that. Mr. Mollenbauer plays a melody so sweetly, that we would fain hear him more either in simpler or in more truly artistic music. His manner was modest; he shrank from repetition; but it was the demonstrative portion of the audience that insisted on having it all over again.

The Music Hall was all but crowded at the last Afternoon Concert. It seemed like old "Germania" times. The programme included Mozart's beautiful G minor Symphony, which was greatly relished apparently by most, especially the slow movement and the Minuet and Trio; the overture to *Zampa*; the "Vienna Punsch-Lieder" Waltz of Strauss; the *Attila* Trio; the Carnival of Venice, (an orchestral burlesque); and the "Wedding March." All these were capitably played. Mr. ZERRAHN's "Carnival" made a great hit, and will have to be repeated next time. It opened with a brisk and stirring introduction, with four trumpets, representing the rush of the people to the square of St. Mark, and leading ingeniously into the familiar Paganini air, that piquant, pregnant theme of endless variations, played first by flute and clarinet. Then came variations of all descriptions, "major, minor, heroic, pastoral, sentimental, heathenish," first for all the first violins, then the flute, then the violas, then the bassoon, then second violins, then clarinets, then 'cellos and double basses, and so on in turn by horns, trombone (rapid and

flowery, and played with great skill), oböe (in the best style of Senor RIBAS), trumpets—all, in short, but drums and piccolo, which ought to form a *coda*. The last variation is ubiquitous, phrases of the tune answering from trombone, bassoon, &c., from all corners of the galleries, in a most funny, startling manner; and finally a grand crash. The variations were cleverly contrived, most of them difficult, and all extremely well played. Of all musical nonsense commend us to the "Carnival," fruitfulest of themes.

Of the Chamber Concerts, by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, the GERMAN TRIO, &c., we must speak next week.

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening will be a busy one among the bees of our musical hive. Mr. SATTER gives his fourth and last concert (complimentary to his subscribers—such seems to be the fashion of the day) at Hallet, Davis & Co's, assisted by Mrs. MOZART, Mrs. FOWLE, and Mr. ADAMS, vocalists. Beethoven's great Sonata, op. 101, for the first time in Boston, will be a feature in the programme. At the same hour, the German "Orpheus," conducted by Mr. KREISSMANN, with the aid of the sweet voice of Miss DOANE, the violoncello of WULF FRIES, and Mr. TRENKLE, the pianist, give another of their delightful concerts at Mercantile Hall. And at the same hour again in the great Music Hall the HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will be making their full and final rehearsal of Costa's oratorio, "Eli," preparatory to the public performance to-morrow evening. We think that "Eli" is destined to be very popular, and doubt not there will be a large audience present to hear it. No work has ever, to our knowledge, been brought out here with the advantage of such thorough and effectual rehearsal, as this has had under the wise and patient energy of Mr. ZERRAHN, with the best co-operation of the government of the society. The choir, in all four parts, are uncommonly well trained; the orchestra is fuller than any we have had this winter and at home in the accompaniments, which are quite rich and interesting, and the best available solo voices are secured. Mrs. LONG takes the principal soprano; Miss HAWLEY, contralto, the part of Samuel, which she sang with distinction in New York; Mr. C. R. ADAMS and Mr. S. B. BALL the tenor solos; Mr. THOMAS BALL (in the part of Eli) and Mr. WILD the bass. It will certainly "go" well....Mr. ZERRAHN's next Philharmonic Concert will take place next Saturday evening. The programme is not settled, but we understand there is a prospect of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Schumann's "Manfred" overture (for the first time.)

We regret to learn that Mr. ARTHURSON, our tasteful tenor singer, is about soon to leave us. He proposes to spend a few weeks in Montreal, and then return to England. Mr. A. for several years past has been of invaluable service to our best concerts, especially of sacred music. In the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn he has afforded the only true model of that rarest of all arts among our singers—the expressive delivery of Recitative. And in his singing of fine, classical melodies, however wanting he may sometimes have been in power of voice, we have always found the higher charm of a true style and feeling. His example will be missed. He has done much, too, to aid concerts for charitable and public purposes. We suggest that it would be no more than a fair return to offer him a complimentary concert before his departure. Will not the members of our various choral societies gladly co-operate in such an expression, and make it a substantial bene-

fit?... We are happy to announce the appointment of our townsman, Mr. CHARLES C. PERKINS, as Lecturer on Art at Trinity College, Hartford, Ct. This is the beginning of a movement in the right direction. It is quite time that our colleges should recognize the Art element in their programmes of instruction. Why shall languages and sciences be taught, and not the Fine Arts? Why Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Racine, and Goethe, and not Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Beethoven?—Does not a liberal culture equally include these latter; and is not the artistic as practically conservative and renovating an element in the whole social system, as any so-called useful study? Measures are also on foot at Trinity College to establish a Professorship of Music, and thus complete the department of Art. Doubtless much of the impulse to this good move has been imparted by another Boston gentleman, Mr. SAMUEL ELIOT, who for some six months past has occupied the chair of Literature and History in the same college. Let our older and larger Universities be looking to their laurels!

Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN delivered an interesting lecture before the Boston Art Club, on Thursday Evening, on "the Church Music of the Old and New World." His remarks upon our psalm book manufacturers were particularly spicy. We have no room this week to report the lecture.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

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PROGRAMME TO BE PERFORMED BY

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PART FIRST. 1—Overture. Fra Diavolo. 2—Obligato for B flat Cornet: Selections from Domino Noir, performed by Mr. L. Newinger. 3—Anvil Chorus, from Il Trovatore. 4—Two pieces, No. 1. Song, "I've waited for thy coming"; No. 2, New England Guards' Polka, dedicated to Capt. G. T. Lyman. 5—Solo for E flat Cornet: Fantasia on Old Folks at Home, performed by P. S. Gilmore. 6—Grand Duo for Violins. 7—Scotch Medley, introducing twelve popular melodies, and closing with twenty variations on Yankee Doodle.

PART SECOND. 8—Marion Waltz. 9—Trumpet Solo: variations on a Swiss air, performed by Mr. H. Kehrbahn. 10—Pot Pourri, Battle of Sebastopol. 11—Quadrille, dedicated to the Charlestown City Guards. 12—Divertissement from Robert le Diable. 13—Battle Galop. 14—Grand Finale: Rogers's Quickstep, by Doddworth; dedicated to the Boston Light Infantry.

Tickets, 25 cents each, can be had at the Hotels, Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.

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THE Members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB inform their
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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

By A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 154.)

Mozart saw fit to divide the *Dies iræ* into six pieces of music, not that the execution and nature of the text required this division, but in order to obtain a greater variety of expression and of form within this noble sphere. After the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, those models of the most sublime and learned church style, comes the No. 2, the commencement or introduction of the *Dies iræ*.* Written for the chorus, in simple counterpoint, D minor, *Allegro assai*, this piece is of an imposing and sombre character, of a wonderful dramatic effect, if you will, but not at all theatrical. By the church-like cadences of the periods the composer has avoided reminding one of the theatre. I am sufficiently an enemy to formalism in opera music, and generally in all music, but sacred music forms a very natural exception. There the melodic formulas, by which I mean the ancient ones, are more than permitted; they are indispensable, like the obligato endings of the

* Text to No. 2:

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Day of vengeance, day of burning,
Seer's and Sybil's word confirming,
Heaven and earth to ashes turning!

O how great the tribulation
When the judge shall take his station,
Judging strictly man's probation!

Lutheran Choral. They are the seal of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and nothing more positively determines the character of age, unchangeableness and holiness, which are the most essential attributes of church music.

No. 3. The *Tuba mirum** forms a contrast with the preceding piece: Andante, in B flat major, four solos, executed by a quartet of solo singers. This piece has already been confessed as incomparably the weakest in the work; and yet with another text and in any sort of an oratorio, it would be a masterpiece. Never have religion and the thought of death inspired a musician with a sublimer melody than the tenor solo. Is there anything more noble than to hear the words: *Mors stupebit* by a fine, powerful voice? What divine charm! What elegiac loftiness! It is necessary to understand, too, that from the line: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus*, with which the fourth solo commences, the tapers are extinguished, the odor of frankincense is dissipated, and the catafalk has vanished. We find ourselves no longer in the house of God. This total darkening of the church style lasts to the end of the *Tuba mirum*. A spot of 23 measures in a score of 118 pages (Härtel's edition). One must

* Text to No. 3:

Bass. Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Tenor. Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Alto. Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Sopra. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

B. Hark! the angel trumpet sounding,
Thro' sepulchral realms rebounding!
See the dead the throne surrounding.

T. Death and nature view, affrighted,
Dust and spirit re-united,
Man aris'n to judgment cited.

Then is shown the book containing
Written deeds the world arrainging,
Open guilt and guilty feigning.

A. When the judge supreme is seated,
All's disclosed that's now secreted,
Ev'ry wrong's redress completed.

S. Trembling at his indignation,
Where shall I make supplication?
Scarce the righteous find salvation.

not analyze with this severity the sacred music of our day, even the works of the most celebrated masters. It would almost annihilate them, with a few exceptions.

No. 4. But at once the church style reappears in all its grandeur and sublimity: *Rex tremendæ majestatis*,* G minor, *Grave*. Those descending tones, falling with tremendous unison, that thrice repeated and sublime exclamation of the chorus: *Rex! Rex! Rex!* strengthened by all the metallic voices of the orchestra, do they not show us the earth shaken to its axis, and the Lord of hosts, borne upon the wings of seraphim, descending slowly from the heavens! Out of the midst of the trumpet crash of the Judgment Day you hear the universal prayer resound—a prayer in canonical movement, slow and full of earnestness and humiliation, a thoroughly Christian prayer. The thunders of Sinai are hushed at length, to let the last vow, the last feeble cry of departing humanity approach the feet of the Judge: *Salva me! salva me!* The conclusion is in the minor chord of the fifth, to connect itself better with

No. 5. *Recordare, Jesu pie*,† Andante, F

* Text to No. 4:

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

King tremendous! Judge all-seeing!
Yet by mercy sinners freeing,
Save me, great and holy Being!

† Text to No. 5:

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Iuste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus.
Supplicanti parce, Deus,

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigné
Ne perenne cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Kindly, Jesus, recollect me,
Though thy cross with shame affect me,
In that awful day protect me.

major, for solo voices, like the *Tuba mirum*. Here the text of the *Dies iræ* naturally required a new contrast with what went before: *Supplianti parce Deus! qui Mariam absolvisti et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti*. This expresses the sinner's hope in the merits of the cross and of the blood of Jesus Christ, but a hope accompanied with contrition and shame; *Ingemisco tanquam reus, culpâ rubet vultus meus*. As a work of art and science the *Recordare* appears to me to be in vocal music what the overture to the *Zauberflöte* is in instrumental—a wonder without precedent, and which no one has sought to imitate. With regard to expression, it includes in itself all that there is church-like, and at the same time it is extremely delectable to the ear. Antique learning and modern euphony raised to the highest degree, and emulously tending to one goal! In vain have I searched among the patriarchs and doctors of Italy and Germany for a model of the *Recordare*; but I am convinced it can nowhere be found. We may remark in the first place, that, take away the instrumentation of this piece, there would still remain very beautiful vocal music, which might be executed without orchestra in any church or elsewhere. This remark, which in itself anywhere is of great importance, when we speak of sacred compositions, is applicable to most of the pieces of the *Requiem*, as well as to the works of other masters, who have treated this style with a perfect knowledge of its laws. But what is far more extraordinary is, that the accompaniment of the *Recordare*, without any addition, and simply by making a few abbreviations, would afford a perfect masterpiece of instrumental music, a wonderful church-like interlude for orchestra or for the organ; and it is unnecessary to say, that the figures of the instrumentation present themselves quite independently of the voice parts. Its leading movement is a Canon for two voices in the second, or, more accurately speaking, in the seventh below; which Canon alternates on the one hand between the contralto and the bass—on the other between the soprano and tenor. It is almost a fugued choral song. In passages where the words demand shades of a more pathetic expression, the melody assumes a more modern form, and the voices, united in quartet, perform ensembles and imitations in the free style with wonderful variety of design. During these movements and combinations of the voices, the orchestra works out a totally distinct fugue with strict imitation, with several subjects, wonderfully em-

bellished by the master's hand, but flowing full of grace and beauty from the source. From time to time the fugue is interrupted, to give place to a simple accompaniment; then is heard anew that incomparable bass, ever varied and ever singing, which through a thousand melodious windings and a thousand contrapuntal ramifications, pursues the thread of a serious, persistent meditation on the Infinite, while the violins and the violas weave other significant and mystical comments around the solemn discourse recited by the singers. The effect of this unheard of combination between the voices and the orchestra borders upon the marvellous, like the labor that produced it. Like the *Zauberflöte* overture, the *Recordare* seems to date from the oldest of all forms, fugued music; it is a *canto fermo* with improvised voices in fugued style; beyond this you find no coincidence between the two pieces; they are diametrically opposite in character, and as to the working up, the *Recordare* admits of no comparison with whatsoever else.

[To be continued.]

Originality in Music.

(From the New York Musical World.)

Originality, for the present purpose, shall be considered as a property or mark of distinction standing out boldly, in the productions of extraordinary minds when compared with those of the average calibre. To be thoroughly original a work of art must be totally unlike every other work, saving only in those general properties which belong to the species of art to which the specimen pertains. Thus, each of two pictures may be perfectly original in its character, notwithstanding they are both alike in one respect—that they are representations of visible objects, produced by coloring matter laid upon a surface.

There is such a thing as *undesirable* originality, the result, not of the genius of a master mind, but of a morbid desire after notoriety. This leads to extravagance, oddity, eccentricity. Its products, 'tis true, are not cast in the common mould; but neither are they of a nature to be admired or sought after. Its deviations from ordinary standards are but so many censurable obliquities. Such deviations there may be in every walk of Art, but it is not our present business to explore them. Obliquities of moral character and deportment there may also be, affording ample field for observation, as so many specimens of attempted originality; but neither is our business with them. The remarks which follow will relate to originality as manifested in *musical composition*.

Originality in music is of two kinds. It may exist in the *subject* or theme, and in the *treatment* of that subject. Where originality is discoverable both in the subject and in the manner in which it is handled, (an exceedingly rare case,) there of course the claim to the distinction is doubly strong. To invent a new phrase of agreeable melody is to exercise in a certain sense a creative power. It is a power conferred upon few individuals of the many millions of which the population of the earth is made up. To string musical notes together in harsh and unpleasant sequence, such as is not to be found in any known composition, would be a comparatively easy task. Such passages, had they by possibility occurred to the imagination of any gifted composer, would never have been allowed to escape his pen. With that branch of originality we are now concerned.

What must be the extent of a melody before it can, in this age of the world, claim the merit of originality, may well be questioned. Quite certain it is that no two or three notes can be put together which have not followed each other in a similar manner before; perhaps no short single phrase whatever. But when we come to longer

phrases, or to *successions* of short phrases, the possible variety increases in a ratio which it would task the powers of the arithmetician to calculate. Then there is room for invention; and the workings of a master mind, having the grasp of such materials, soon make themselves manifest.

This may be illustrated by a reference to literary composition. We do not look for an original composition consisting of *two or three words only*. Perhaps such a composition is not possible, provided good sense be the essential condition. Yet what an illimitable scope for the display of inventive power do the words of our language,—of any language indeed present!

As *melody* is the leading feature of all music, we have placed it in the front rank as regards originality. In *harmony* there is not so much room for invention; perhaps, at this time of day, there may be thought to be none at all. Certainly it would be hard to discover a new combination of musical sounds, such as human ears under any circumstances would tolerate. But new *successions* of chords or harmonies may possibly be introduced; at all events, original *effects* may be elicited by such collocations. This point, however, relates rather to *treatment* than to the *subject*.

We have heard sometimes of an "original style." This, however, means nothing more than the mode of treatment, which may be almost infinitely diversified. Of course, as we shall not be so insane as to attempt to *frame rules for the creation of original melodies* (!) so neither shall we make the slightest endeavor to define novel plans of treatment. Every composer must manage those matters for himself. "Every art is best taught by example." The student therefore will do well—it is very old advice, and we make no claim of originality for it,—to study the works of acknowledged classical masters. He will there frequently find similar ideas, almost identical phrases, employed by those whom we esteem amongst the most gifted with inventive genius; yet with such dissimilarity of treatment, that the remembrance of one composition is seldom recalled by another, although founded upon nearly or quite the same theme. The case is paralleled by two sermons written upon the same text; yet perhaps having, when examined, scarcely two ideas in common.

We shall exemplify this idea by quoting a remarkable instance. Few of our readers can be unacquainted with Handel's "Messiah," and the majestic fugue chorus at the words, "And with his stripes." Here is its text.

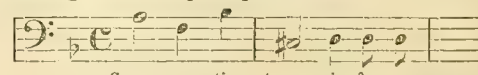


And with his stripes we are healed

Now turn to J. Sebastian Bach's celebrated forty-eight preludes and fugues. At the 44th fugue (the 20th of the 2nd set, when the work is divided into *two sets*) the theme is thus announced:



The leading phrase transposed to another key, is precisely the same as Handel's; yet the two compositions bear no further resemblance to each other. Which of these two great men, Bach and Handel, first broached the idea, perhaps never can be determined; and it is needless to enquire. A *third* party, as great as either of them, has employed the same melodic thought. The concluding chorus of Mozart's celebrated *Requiem* Mass gives out its principal text thus:



Cum sanc - tis tu - - is, &c.

A counter subject in the alto commences in the second bar, and gives a decided color to the whole fugue. It will be good for the student to make a serious study of those three movements. The *text* is the same in each case, (for the proportionate elongation of the first note of the phrase in the last cited instance makes no essential difference,) and yet the products are totally unlike.

Now Mozart *must* have seen and known Han-

Painfully thy passion bought me,
Long thy wearied spirit sought me,
Thro' such suff'ring hope is brought me.

Judge, to whom revenge pertaineth,
Pardon grant me while love reigneth,
Ere consuming wrath remaineth.

Wounded conscience me accusing,
Guilty blushes me suffusing,
Spare the sinner sin is bruising,

Thou, who Mary's love perceivedst,
And the dying thief receivedst,
Even me with hope relievedst.

Tho' my prayer unworthy grieve me,
Lord most gracious, still relieve me,
Lest eternal fire receive me.

'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.

dal's use of the phrase, and there is a very great probability that he was also well acquainted with Bach's treatment of the same theme; and yet, with all his extraordinary inventive powers, he chose to adopt it as the finale of his last, perhaps his greatest work.

A similarity of subject then must not be set down to the account of poverty of invention; it may be rather considered as an *allowable quotation*. We have it in literature, why not in music? We remember to have heard the famous Samuel Wesley express his wish that we had some equivalent in music for the *inverted commas* of ordinary quotations. The adoption of some such symbol would screen many a poor fellow from the charge of plagiarism.

Dr. Tuckerman's Lecture.

(From the Traveller, Feb. 13.)

CHURCH MUSIC IN THE OLD WORLD AND IN THE NEW. The sixth lecture before the Boston Art Club was delivered last evening by Dr. S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, who discoursed of the rise, progress, decline and present condition of church music in the old world, and of the state of the art in America at this time. In commencing, he remarked that in all ages of the world, as a part of religious worship, music had been held in high estimation. It was coeval with society. It attained a high degree of excellence in the days of the Hebrew kings. At the dedication of Solomon's Temple, 200,000 musicians assisted in the grand ceremonies of the occasion; but during the century preceding, little mention is made of the music of the Jews, who think there must not be much music before the coming of the Messiah. The music of the early Christians was tinged with Paganism. During the first five centuries after Christ, considerable progress was made in musical science, and near the close of this period the introduction of discords was made. Mention was made of nearly all the distinguished artists that have lived in Europe, and especially of the immortal Handel. The bright era of musical art initiated by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, was particularly mentioned, and the credit of being the great nurse of musical art awarded to the Catholic church.

The decline of church music, which commenced at a time in the reign of the Stuart kings, was attributed to its debasing and corrupting union with the dramatic and ornamental style.

In speaking of the modern school of church music, the lecturer complained that it was full of devices and superficial arts for the sole end of producing an effect, which was only the same as that produced by a performance of the Anvil Chorus in *Trovatore*. By such arts the taste of the listener grows depraved, the temple of God is dwarfed into an opera house, and the creature is worshipped before the Creator. Genuine church music, said the lecturer, like the Gothic temples in which it used to resound, is founded upon immutable principles, and was alike beautiful in all ages.

(From the Courier, Feb. 13.)

In the second portion, Church Music in this country was spoken of. In America, the lecturer said, the term Church Music has no other meaning than to denote the character of the music usually found in our endless collections of psalm and hymn tunes. Within the past thirty years many hundred different collections of psalm tunes have been published in the United States; and we may safely say that, if from the contents of all of them we would rake out the bad music, the residue would scarcely suffice to make one respectable collection of good and appropriate church tunes. The manufacture and sale of such works as these can have no other effect than to create a vulgar and profane taste, as well as an appetite for a style of music which is radically bad; and the use of such compositions, whether for private practice or for public worship, is not only destructive to all the decencies and proprieties of Church Music, but will most assuredly result in totally unfitting us for the proper enjoyment and appreciation of all good music.

The lecturer advocated the total abolition of hymn books, and a return to the best metrical version of the "Psalms of David," thus substituting a devout and sober psalmody in place of the many objectionable hymns now in general use; also the discontinuance of Quartet singing, with all its prettiness, feebleness, and glee-like effect; and the provision of choirs of not less than sixteen voices. Let the ministers of all denominations, said he, study, in some degree, the art of "Church Music," sufficiently so, at least, to enable them to determine whether the music they are listening to is a good church tune, constructed upon ecclesiastical principles, or the adaptation of some pretty melody from the last Opera; and, as in olden time the Church's ministers were, at once by choice and compulsion, the Church's musicians, let not their successors at the present day esteem it beneath the dignity of their cloth to study and acquaint themselves with genuine Church Music—such as Martin Luther pronounced next in importance to Theology.

In this country, the church organist enjoys neither importance nor consideration of any kind. Of the three classes which may be found, the man of real ability and merit must speedily grow disgusted with his position, and will either resign his office or else pursue his own inclination in defiance of censure and opposition; the performer of somewhat humbler rank will remain stationary in acquirement, or dwindle into insignificance; and the mere piano-forte player, who knows the Organ only by the white and black of its manuals, will snap his fingers at Art, pamper the ignorant follies of his auditors, and achieve his only aim:—a trifling addition to his income. It is often asserted that there is no occasion to employ men of science and skill for the little music that is done in our churches; that if an organist can after some fashion get through or *over* a psalm tune and a chant, and make sufficient noise upon his instrument to cover the final retreat of the congregation, it is enough. But it is *not* enough for the necessities of the church, who, in her anxiety to spiritualize men's minds, must not forget that they need some preparative influence which it is beyond the power of ordinary pulpit eloquence to provide, and that, in treating Music indifferently, or as a thing of nought, she casts from her the surest means of the power she covets.

The lecturer concluded by urging that with the Clergy and the Organists and Choirs of our churches rests the power to effect an immediate and thorough reformation. Let our Clergy, said he, obtain such an acquaintance with church music as will enable them to form just and correct opinions, both in regard to the selection as well as the performance of all music within their houses of worship. Let our organists contemplate and study the works of the great ecclesiastical composers of the sixteenth century; let them discountenance musical quackeries in every form and shape, and strive to elevate the dignity and importance of their office. And for the uses of the church, let them cultivate only that pure and legitimate style of music which the voice of history, as well as the experience of centuries, has declared to be eminently fitted above all others for this high and holy purpose.

"Brummagem" Piety.

(From Punch.)

We learn from a (spirited) paragraph in a (highly respected) weekly contemporary (*The Musical World*) to which, of course, "a press of more important matter" has prevented any earlier allusion, that a majority of the Members of the Birmingham Town Council have acted recently in such a manner as to render it desirable to have their portraits taken, and sent in to the association for wholly closing Sunday, as candidates for the Cant Gallery which we hear is in formation. The act by which they have immortalized themselves (for, being introduced in *Punch*, their reputation is undying) has been the prohibition of a concert of purely sacred music, which it was proposed to give in their Town Hall on Christmas Day, at prices that would render it accessible by "the people." The debate upon the question is said to have been

a long one, and in proportion to its length was the narrowness of mind which was evinced by those whose votes had the majority. As a sample of the oratory by which they professed to expound their views, and justify their opposition to the leave which was applied for, we are told that—

"One expressed his opinion, that sacred music was not different from polkas, except that it is played slower. Another observed, that he did not individually object to music of any kind, but he didn't like sacred music blown through a trumpet."

Had it been proposed at this Christmas Concert to perform the *Hallelujah Chorus* on a pair of bagpipes, we should think this latter gentleman would have not withheld consent to it. His objection, it would seem, is directed not so much against the music as the instrument; and in instancing the trumpet as his particular aversion, he is probably moved by a spirit of rivalry, as he perhaps is in the habit of blowing his own. Now in the bagpipes he in no way need have had such fear of competition; while its tone might in some measure have "improved the occasion," by reminding those who heard it of those sermons in drones which we most of us have listened to.

When ears are stopped with the cotton of Cant, they are rendered deaf not only to reason, but to music. However long a fanatic's auriculars may be, he can hear no difference between a psalm tune and a polka, at least if the former be played out of Church-time. Having "no music in his soul" all music sounds alike to him, whether it be the Handel of the organ-loft or the handle of the street piano; and having himself "no mind for" it, he compounds for other sinfulness by condemning that as such.

It is a common phrase to speak of articles of doubtful origin as being "Brummagem" ones. And we think such spurious sanctity as that which would prevent even the music of the *Messiah* being played on Christmas Day, may be fittingly set down as "Brummagem" Piety.

Madame Clara Novello.

We have no finer oratorio singer than Madame Clara Novello; no soprano voice heard at our concerts is richer, more artistic, or more sustained, than hers. Perhaps, also, no lady, known to the professors and admirers of music, has run a more distinguished career; for though she has never created an enthusiasm to rival the *furor* raised by Jenny Lind—though her name has not been blazoned by Barnum puffery, or heralded by mock litigation—she has gone on, from year to year, with an increasing fame, and now stands among the ornaments of her profession.

She was born on the 15th of June, 1818, and is the daughter of Mr. Vincent Novello, an organist and musician of no inconsiderable repute, chiefly esteemed, however, on account of his arrangement of Mozart's masses. Many others of the same family have attained distinction in the melodious, and even in the literary art, but Clara Novello is, undoubtedly, the most illustrious of the name.

Before she was six years old she began her studies; and, by the advice of the celebrated Fétis, she was presented, some time later, as a candidate for admission among the pupils of the Academy of Sacred Music, in Paris. The brilliant Choron was then at the head of the establishment. He asked the little girl to sing; she obeyed, and sang "The Soldier Tired." That was enough for Choron. He waved all the ceremonies of the institution, and received her at once. No circumstance could be more fortunate for the youthful student. She threw herself into her studies with the utmost ardor, and even took part in the public performances of the Academy, though upon these occasions her height and age were so disproportionate to those of the other competitors, that she had to be mounted upon a stool.

The Academy was unfortunately suppressed, in consequence of certain matters into which it is unnecessary to enter, though it should be stated, that in no way did they reflect upon its directors or pupils. Clara Novello, then still very young, returned to England, and commenced her brilliant career as a concert singer. This she continued for a considerable time, in England and in Ireland,

appearing twice in Norwich, at the opening of a Catholic chapel, and at the theatre, during the performance of "Acis and Galatea." We should mention that it was at York she received the rudiments of instruction, and that, when she appeared in public in that city, the "childish treble" of her voice, now mellowed into sweetness and power, was remembered, and applauded with sympathetic admiration. At length the great master of German music, Mendelssohn, hearing of her talents, invited her to make her appearance in Germany; she accepted the proposal; she sang before a critical audience at one of the most fastidious of continental capitals and her triumph was at once announced and confirmed. Germany is essentially a country of music, where no mean professors of the art can satisfy the cultivated ear of the public in the great cities, so that Clara Novello's success in all directions elevated her to a distinguished rank. She was then invited to Russia, and the Russian *connoisseurs* appreciated her no less highly than the Germans. Returning a second time to England, Malibran and Rubini, the stars of the operatic stage, were interested in her reputation, and counselled her parents, with the most sincere friendliness, to secure for her voice the advantages of an Italian discipline, that she might come forward and grace the Italian stage. To Italy, therefore, she went, and received the advice and assistance of the illustrious Rossini, at Bologna, who recommended her to the well known Cavalière Micheroux, of Milan, in the Austrian territories, then considered one of the most proficient musical instructors of the day. With his aid, Clara Novello advanced to the highest department of her profession, and not only attained a perfect command of the language, and the native method of employing it for dramatic purposes, but actually appeared in the principal theatres of Italy—at Fermo, at Bologna, at Padua, and at Rome. Her success was remarkable; her reputation increased every day. As an illustration of this we may mention that when Rossini produced at Bologna, under the directorship of the celebrated Donizetti, his wondrous work, the "Stabat Mater," he offered to Clara Novello the homage of asking her to sing it. Many a *prima donna* in Italy would have felt a glow of pride at receiving from such a master such an invitation.

Two years passed. All Europe had now heard of Clara Novello's performances. She then married, in Italy, the Count Gigliucci, and retired for awhile into private life. But the burning tempest of 1848 swept over the Continent, and after the events of 1849 the Countess Gigliucci was determined, by a concatenation of circumstances, to resume the toils and the triumphs of her favorite profession. Once more the London season was graced by her presence; once more the theatres of Rome, Florence, Lisbon, and Madrid resounded with her praise, which even swelled aloft under the unrivalled roof of the Scala, at Milan.

Other circumstances of her career, in addition to those of purely professional interest, may be enumerated. It has been said by a musical critic that she not only acquired her excellent constitution, but much of her power as a vocalist from the healthy life she passed during her childhood in Yorkshire. She was accustomed to pass whole days together at a pleasant farmhouse on the Yorkshire moors, breathing the most bracing air in England; living with pastoral simplicity upon home-baked bread, home-made cheese, home milk, home-fed poultry, and bacon; and, as we are informed by her account, "her rations were like a sparrow's meal at harvest tide." In London, while quite a child, she used to entertain her parents, friends, and patrons, with "The Soldier tired," variations upon the Irish melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and the air in the Beggar's Opera, "Cease your funning," the favorite of Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon. Moreover, her father and mother were acquainted with the widow and sister of Mozart; and at Paris she acquired her well known solid and firm *sostenuto* from singing without accompaniment in the choral pieces of Palestrina, Leo, and Handel. It was while singing in one of these that she excited the admiration of the French king Charles X., who might have been a happier and a better man had

he never attempted to be anything more than a musical critic. The Prince de Polignac, on this occasion made some very flattering observations to the youthful singer. It is said that upon the outbreak of the revolution, Clara was so terrified by the confusion and clamor around, that she sank into a stupor, and remained in that condition for six and thirty hours.

In England, she sang in the celebrated "Ancient Concerts," and in the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, where she sang the *Per Pieta* of Mozart, at a time when she was not fifteen years old. A high honor, at such an age, to be invited to take a solo part at the most distinguished instrumental concerts then resorted to by the musical world! In the same year, 1833, she made her first appearance at a provincial festival at Worcester, and, twelve months later, was one of the orchestra at the Centenary Handel Festival, held in Westminster Abbey. At sixteen she was elected an associate of the Philharmonic Institution, a new wreath being thus placed upon her brow.

The quality of her voice is admitted to be of the finest character. The utmost art, conjoined with the utmost ease, pervades her intonation. She is devoted to a pure, natural, and healthy style, introducing no capricious, showy, or eccentric variations, but always sweet and equal, whether when warbling a ballad, or singing some of the difficult pieces of Spohr or Cimarosa. Her forthcoming appearance in London is expected with uncommon interest, there being no singer in the country from whose performance the amateur may be more certain of deriving delight and satisfaction, than the elegant and accomplished lady, Clara Novello.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Owing to various circumstances, I heard THALBERG last night for the first time. I had heard and read enough about him to know exactly what to expect, and I was neither agreeably nor disagreeably disappointed. I can find no better mode of expressing my opinion of this prince of *virtuosi* than by subscribing fully to your own most pertinent and just remarks about him; I found that they agreed with my impression in every particular. Nor can I refrain from quoting to you the opinion of a friend whose judgment I value highly, and which, given as it was in a private letter, is too good to be lost to the public. My friend says: "I have heard Thalberg. I give him all credit for his marvellous execution; I find a great sensual enjoyment in its perfection. There is a beauty and delicacy of touch, a peculiar art of bringing out the vocal powers of his instrument, which I never heard before. But how infinitely does all the pleasure which I derive from his operatic airs, enveloped in halos and sparking notes, and runs, and arpeggios, fall short of the deep, heart-felt satisfaction with which I have listened to CLARA SCHUMANN's performance of the deep, soul-filling works of Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart! Why is it that so few can feel the difference? Why will mere glitter so far outweigh solid gold with the multitude? At one of Thalberg's concerts he gave us a movement from Beethoven's Concerto in E flat. That one movement, with orchestral accompaniment, was worth all the rest together, singing and all, yet it fell dead upon the audience, while I drank it in as the mown grass does the rain. A great soul was speaking to mine, and I communed with him, as the preachers say. The Fantasias, fine as they are, seem like arabesques in gaudy colors, when compared with the soul, the deep, heart-felt power of love and beauty in a face by Raphael. One such face outweighs acres of common canvass. So does a true musical work outweigh whole realms of fantasia-covered music-paper. Why, one evening with young RUBINSTEIN's storm and calm, in which his powerful nature puts forth its utterance by his skilful

fingers, is worth more than all I heard from Thalberg; for Rubinstein has a soul beyond and above the mere exhibition of finger gymnastics in varying operatic love-songs. What are Thalberg geniuses but superb musical pastry cooks? The tables glitter with jellies and candies, and beautiful works of art constructed in sweets, but there is no strong meat there. Children in Art, as well as other children, like sweetmeats; but is the greatest he who can give them the best sugar-plums?"

Thalberg gave us last night his Fantasias on *Don Giovanni* and Russian airs, his variations on *Elisir d'Amore*, and his "Andante." The first and third of these I can say nothing new to you about. I enjoyed the Minuet in the first exceedingly; and so, too, the real singing of the pretty Russian airs. I have a weakness for popular melodies, and greeted old friends in the "Rothe Sarafan," and the National Hymn. These were worked up with the utmost perfection; it was really curious to watch and follow their labyrinthine evolutions. The beautiful Andante was beautifully played, but not being familiar with it beforehand, I shall have to hear it again before giving a decided opinion about it. There was a new arrangement made in the disposition of the platform. It was in the middle, and held two Erards, at which Thalberg played alternately, so that we could see by turns his fingers and his face. And when in the latter position, it was marvellous to notice how, during the most difficult passages, he would calmly raise his eyes and pass them over the audience, as if he were but twirling his thumbs, instead of, as a gentleman near me remarked, "playing a different variation with each of his fingers." I never saw so calm and quiet a pianist; one can hardly realize at first the perfection of his "pianism," accustomed as we are to see modern virtuosi earning their laurels "by the sweat of their brow." Mme. D'ANGRI, with her abnormal voice, sang *Ah mon fils*, an aria from *Donna del Lago*, one from *Betty*, for which her voice is almost too heavy, and where, in the Swiss refrain, she is more true to Nature than to Art, and her *cheval de bataille*, the Rondo from *Cenerentola*. In the latter she roused all the admiration I can give to faultless passage singing. Her *fioriture* were marvellous. Mme. JOHANNSEN also took part in the performances of the evening, singing the Aria from the *Freyshütze* and a couple of German songs very finely. Her voice has improved during her season of rest. The remaining number of the programme presented a new feature, a "Declamation," which, according to the European custom (!!!) had been added to the entertainment by way of variety. Mrs. DAVENPORT ranted, and gasped, and whispered, and mouthed out Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." Of the first two-thirds I caught only now and then a word, but towards the end I consoled myself for the bad delivery by the beauty of the poem. I do not think our public would be much offended if this part of the performances were omitted.

I must beg Mr. BURKE's pardon for having forgotten to mention his share in my enjoyment that evening. It was so great, through his admirable rendering of De Beriot's "Tremolo," that I hardly see how I could have made such a mistake.

You have probably seen from our papers that Thalberg intends giving three "Matinées," and will play at each one several classical pieces. I anticipate great enjoyment from them. To-morrow night, too, he plays Chopin's "Funeral March." He has his hands full, for after playing yesterday morning for the schools, and giving a concert last night, he is announced in New Haven for to-night. To-morrow he again plays twice, as on Monday, Thursday in Brooklyn, Friday morning in a *matinée*, and evening at a charity concert, and Saturday gives another concert.

Your printer is incorrigible. He spoils the mean-

ing of two or three of my sentences the last time by leaving out a word in one place and changing one in another. I spoke of a current of mournful *tenderness* (not "tendencies,") running beneath the humor of a Scherzo of Beethoven, and wrote that Goldbeck spoilt a movement by a few *false* notes, instead of "a few notes."

At a private house, not long ago, I heard OLE BULL once more after many, many years. The poor man looks worn and broken down by sickness, misfortune and disappointment, and there was something very touching in seeing him stand there with his eyes shut, and his beloved violin pressed to his breast, drawing forth from it, in sounds as sweet and pure as ever, the plaintive airs of his native land. He is certainly a *genius*, if he is not much of a *musician*, and though he has a considerable load of humbug on his conscience.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 21, 1857.

Costa's "Eli."

The enterprise and industry of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY in procuring so early and studying so thoroughly this new oratorio, (first produced at the Birmingham Festival in August, 1855,) were rewarded by a very large and highly interested audience on Sunday evening. Never did first performance of an oratorio here pass off more successfully. The larger portion of the music seemed to give great pleasure, particularly the second part, which introduces the young Samuel; the first part, in spite of many admirable pieces, was rendered somewhat heavy by the dullness of the part of Eli, with its frequent, long-drawn recitatives. The text, by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, of London, the well-known translator of musical texts, borrows its materials from the first book of Samuel, which he has worked up with some skill and poetic addition. On the whole it is a meagre plot, without much aim or unity. The beautiful story of the child Samuel undoubtedly formed the chief attraction of the subject; and then there was musical suggestion in the idea of a temple service; a ministering priest Eli for a central figure, capable of being treated like Mendelssohn's Elijah, only without much of a history; the suffering and prayer and joy of Hannah and Elkanah; and for gay and stirring contrast, the orgies of Eli's unpriestly sons, and the war with the Philistines. Of the musical contents of the work a brief sketch must suffice.

The Overture consists of a soft choral prelude on the organ (F major), followed by a short orchestral fugue in D minor, and is not of particular interest. Eli (bass voice) in recitative commands the trumpets to blow for a solemn feast, and the trumpets blow. Then follows a temple service. The opening chorus: *Let us go before the Lord, &c.*, commencing in whispered staccato, and gradually worked up to great power and splendor at the words: *Make a joyful noise*, is one of the best things in the oratorio, and was very finely sung. Elkanah (tenor solo) mingles his praise with that of the chorus. Then comes an air by Eli, a tender bass melody, somewhat "Elijah" like: *Let the people praise thee*, which is taken up by the choir in full harmony and canon; and then sentences of benediction chanted

or intoned by Eli, with responsive Amens in harmony, quite church-like and impressive. Next a cheerful chorus: *Blessed be the Lord*, ending with an Amen fugue, elaborately wrought and showing abundant technical mastery of the art, if no peculiar grandeur of effect; the instruments follow it with a reminiscence of the opening staccato chorus, and this closes what we may call the first scene.

In the next we have the prayer of Hannah: *Turn thee unto me*, quite an expressive melody, in rather a common German style, of mezzo soprano range; the rebuke of Eli and her reply: *I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit, &c.*; his *Go in peace*, and the chorus: *The Lord is good*, sweet and soothing in its character, with arpeggio triplets in accompaniment, an exceedingly clever imitation, whether conscious or not, of Mendelssohn's *He watching over Israel*, or *Happy and blest are they*. The dialogue between Elkanah and Hannah: *Hannah, why weepest thou*, is an expressive piece of recitative, helped out, like all the recitative in the oratorio, by orchestral suggestions. Their duet: *Wherefore is thy soul cast down*, is beautiful and touching, if not strikingly original.

Here follows a long Bacchanalian, Verdi-ish sort of chorus, introducing the two profligate sons of Eli, to the words: *For everything there is a season; let us eat and drink; there is a time to laugh, &c.*, which is rather necessary to the explanation of what follows, and might serve to brighten up somewhat the sombre gravity of the first part. But this it was thought best to omit on a Sunday evening. The recitative and air of Eli: *My sons! my sons! &c.*, fails of the effect of corresponding passages in "Elijah," which M. Costa seems to have had in mind in his whole treatment of this character; in its dull solemnity, its ambitious instrumentation and redundancy of dark modulation, it is open to the same criticism with much of Spohr, though not particularly like Spohr; with all its wealth of means and appliances, it lacks some vitalizing element. How much an inspiring manner on the singer's part might serve to supply this we know not; it did not have it in this instance. This remark may serve for long stretches of Eli's recitative, which we shall pass lightly over. A brief chorus of Levites, for male voices, leads in a Chorale in C minor: *How mighty is Thy name*, plain and imposing in its harmony. The sacrifice is suddenly interrupted; the "Man of God" appears, denouncing their polluted offerings. The Levites answer in phrases of recitative chorus. A quite dramatic effect is produced here by a single rapid sentence of unison by the people: *They have profaned it!* The Man's denunciations are declaimed in startling intervals, with trombone accompaniments, and followed by a brief chorus of muttered indignation: *We are become a reproach to our neighbors.*

The scene changes, to the "neighbors," the camp of the Philistines. Saph, their "man of might," shouts out his war song, with immense martial trumpeting in the orchestra, and valiant responses of the chorus: *War against the Israelites!* The song is in a very commonplace heroic style, although worked up all together to quite a stirring pitch, and is an ungracious task for any ordinary singer. It requires a tenor of the most robust and trumpet quality. The chorus of the Priests of Dagon is sufficiently solemn and bar-

baric, and vividly suggestive at the words: *See! his glance in vivid flashes. He speaks in thunder-crashes, &c.*

Another air by Eli, sorrowful and penitential in its tone: *Hear my prayer O Lord*; chiefly remarkable for the beauty of the accompaniment and the dramatic figure in the violoncello which preludes to it and pervades it. The Man of God appears again, clothed with new terrors, by the grace of trombones and low reeds and dreadful *Don Giovanni*-like modulations. He announces the death of Eli's sons. A better model than the statue scene surely could not have been found for this purpose; but the model is far more simple and more grand than the copy.—Passing over the Mendelssohnish duet between the two basses, (Eli and the Man,) and its fine orchestral modulation into another chorale: *O make a joyful noise*, with more recitative by Eli, we come to the joyful song of Hannah: *I will extol thee, O Lord*, a bright, soaring melody, which cannot fail to recall Handel's "Rejoice greatly," although its style is not Handelian. In a high B flat, sustained through three full bars, it reaches its climax of ecstasy, taxing the powers of the soprano singer. A short recitative between Hannah and Eli, about the future of the child, Samuel, leads into the chorus: *Hosanna in the highest!* which is a learned fugue with two subjects, and perhaps the most impressive composition of this form in the oratorio.

Part Second opens with the Morning Prayer of the child Samuel, followed by Recitative between him and his parents, Trio, and Quartet with Elijah, asking and receiving counsel and blessing. The music of all this is chaste, pure and tender. The Quartet, unaccompanied, is the same choral strain which we heard from the organ preluding to the overture.

Next follows a March of Israelites, very long and very stupid; recitative of Eli, exhorting to the fight; short chorus, invoking divine wrath upon the foe, introductory to another, one of the most elaborate in the work, with wild intervals and rushing accompaniments: *O God, make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind, &c.*, and leading into the hard and cruel-sounding fugue: *So persecute them, &c.*, which has some terrific discords, furious accompaniment throughout, and is hard to sing and hard to hear sung. This was omitted, and we had next the martial hymn, to the tune of the march: *God and King of Jacob's nation, &c.*, followed by the march itself again in abridged form. It would seem that the author was partial to it. So are not we.

Very beautiful, at least with orchestra, is the Evening Prayer of Samuel; the *decrescendo* as he falls asleep is managed to a charm; and the angel chorus: *No evil shall befall thee*, for female voices in four parts, with harp accompaniment; follows as naturally as possible. This was found one of the most pleasing pieces.

A messenger announces bad news from the war; chorus with agitated accompaniment: *Woe unto us, we are spoiled*, followed by perhaps the grandest and most telling chorus in the work: *O God, when thou wentest forth, &c., the earth shook, &c., save us, O God!* It is indeed a masterly descriptive chorus.

The recitative which follows, between Eli, sleepless, "scared with dreams," and the young Samuel: *Here am I, for thou didst call me*, is finely dramatic and conceived in the true spirit of the subject. It is followed by chorus of Le-

vites (tenors and basses), a *staccato* martial movement, quite slow: *Bless ye the Lord*, ending in four parts: *The morning is gone forth, the day is come*. Here were omitted a long recitative in which Samuel recites again the divine judgment against the house of Eli, with the shivering *Don Giovanni* chords once more; an air by Eli: *Although my house be not with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, &c.*; a wild dirge-like chorus: *Howl, howl, O gate*; scraps of recitative announcing the further defeat of Israel, and the death of Eli; Samuel, bidding the trumpet blow (as in the first scene) for a solemn assembly, &c. &c.—all rather essential to the completion of the narrative, and some of it by no means of the least interesting in a musical point of view. The oratorio concluded with the chorus: *Blessed be the Lord, and Hallelujah* fugue, quite elaborate, but not inspiring,—at least judging from one hearing.

As a whole, "Eli" is a noble and impressive oratorio. The composition is learned and musician-like, and generally appropriate, tasteful, dignified, often beautiful and occasionally grand. It is by no means a work of genius, but it is a work of high musical culture, and indicates a mind imbued with the best traditions and familiar with the best masters of the Art, and a masterly command of all the modern musical resources—except the "faculty divine." Neither in ideas, in treatment or in style can it be called original. Even in the parts where you cannot identify any special relationship with some greater author, you recognize no stamp of a decided individuality; there is nothing of which you may say, when you meet the like of it again, this is and can be only Costa; for it is the style, the character of no one in particular, and simply shows the author well at home and able in a good conventional style:—in the Chorales and the Fugues, for instance, which it is equally idle to compare with Handel or pronounce original. But very much of it, as we have seen, betrays a direct relationship. In its subject, dramatic treatment, instrumentation, and even in the character of much of the music itself, it seems to have been suggested by "Elijah." The whole part of Eli is modelled upon that; its recitatives, alternately *parlando* and *cantante*, moulded so large and stately, and with such ambitious wealth of dramatic instrumentation, have all the form of Elijah, but lack the poetic charm and are quite tame and heavy in comparison. And where in its melodies or in its choruses, beautiful, descriptive, grand as they are often, do you find any such felicitous and marked creations as haunt you after hearing Mendelssohn or any true creative genius? One may use Milton's diction well and not be a Milton. The tone of the work, as we have said, is high and earnest. It does not descend to trivialities, or poor commonplace, except it be in the war-song and the march. In melody it avoids the sickly, sweetish sentimental. For the work of an Italian it is wonderfully German. But M. Costa is a learned musician, has conducted operas, oratorios and symphonies in England for many years, and is thoroughly experienced in the music of the great German masters. He knew well the sources of oratorio style sure to satisfy the English; it was enough to know Mendelssohn, Handel and the English cathedral music; and these impressions mingling with a thousand others, formed a general medium in which so clever a

musician could paint without directly copying any one.

In the performance the Handel and Haydn Society did itself great honor. The choruses were all admirably sung and showed the excellent fruits of Mr. ZERRAEN'S training. The orchestra was uncommonly complete and rendered the rich and difficult accompaniments with nice effect; nor did Mr. MUELLER'S labors at the organ fail to approve themselves to the ear. Of the solos, the part of Eli, dull in itself, was rendered more so by the inanimate singing and frequent false intonation of Mr. THOMAS BALL; his voice is rich and powerful, and he has earned the character of a conscientious and correct singer; but it requires more to lift the load of Eli. Mr. WILDE'S fresh and resonant baritone told to good advantage in the denunciations of the Man of God. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang the tenor solos of Elkanah with clear, sweet, telling voice and good expression; he is an improving singer. In the war song of Saph Mr. S. B. Ball did all that could be expected; it is an ungracious song and needs a Braham's lungs. The female solos left little to be desired. Mrs. LONG gave her recitatives and arias with her usual expression and effect, and her clear, flexible soprano glided through the intricacies and sustained itself in the level heights of the joy song with ease and grace. But it was with a new and a peculiar pleasure that we listened to the refined and musical contralto (or rather mezzo-soprano) of Miss HAWLEY, from New York. Her voice lacks power in the lowest tones, but otherwise her rendering of the music of Samuel was purity itself; the voice, style of singing, look and manner were finely suited to the part.

"Eli" will be repeated to-morrow evening.

CONCERTS.

We had not room last week for mention of the sixth concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet, No. 63, in G.....Haydn.
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Scherzo.
- 2—Adagio from the Sonata in B flat, op. 22, arranged for Quartet and Clarinet by J. C. D. Parker.....Beethoven.
- 3—Piano Trio in E flat, op. 93.....Hummel.
Allegro con moto—Un poco Larghetto—Finale,
Allegro con brio.

Messrs. Hamann, Meisel and W. Fries.

PART II.

- 4—Quartet in B flat, No. 3.....Mozart.
Allegro vivace assai—Minuetto moderato—Adagio—
Finale, Allegro assai.
- 5—Andante, arranged for Violoncello obligato and Piano,
by Burchard.....Haydn.
Messrs. W. Fries and A. Hamann.
- 6—Andante and Scherzo from the Quintet in A, op. 18,
Mendelssohn.

It does make a great difference whether a piece be played well. That Quartet of Haydn, at one of the preceding concerts, we found uninteresting. Then the air was warm and close, the leader sick, the strings scratchy, and the attempt unfortunate. No wonder that the Club wished to play it under better circumstances; it was worth at least one fair hearing, and this it now had. It was played remarkably well; the instruments went smoothly and in tune; and though by no means a very striking composition, we found a taste of Haydn quite agreeable. It was well to leave off the last movement; there was enough without it.

It was a novel idea, and not an altogether bad one, to arrange that Adagio from Beethoven's Sonata for string quartet, with a clarinet to sing the melody which runs continuously through it.

It is a Sonata which we only know in private, and this Adagio especially could never greatly interest a concert audience, played in the original form; yet we have long had a liking for it; the melody is truly beautiful, the modulations worthy of the author, and, as now interpreted, making the melody so prominent, it charmed in spite of its length and uniformity. It was finely rendered.

Of Hummel's Trio in itself we need not speak. His music is always elegant, classical, masterly, and of the best that can be without ever betraying a spark of genius. Of the pianist, Mr. HAMANN, we may say that he acquitted himself very creditably for a first public appearance in that character, and for one who has only devoted himself to the piano during the past year or two. (He has been better known and of late missed as an excellent horn-ist in our orchestras; a young man of artistic and musician-like character.) His playing was evidently timid, and therefore a little tame, but showed good comprehension and capacity. The Andante by Haydn was quite a pleasing piece, and Mr. FRIES'S violoncello sang expressively as ever.

We are sure of a good time whenever there is a Quartet by Mozart on the bill. This No. 3 is not one of the most remarkable, but the infallible Mozart grace and spontaneity, the child-like, Olympian power are there. The Allegros and Minuetto have a pastoral gaiety; the Adagio is full of beauty and of feeling; the whole was nicely played. The Mendelssohn fairy Scherzo seemed a little weak and manneristic after Mozart.

The second concert of the German "Orpheus" filled Mercantile Hall again to overflowing. The entertainment was as delightful and the audience as happy as at the first. The programme was a choice one:

PART I.

- 1—An Das Vaterland.....C. Kreutzer
- 2—Fantasie, on the Violoncello.....Lindner
- 3—Duet, from Idomeneo.....Mozart
Miss Doane & Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—The Cheerful Wanderer.....Mendelssohn
(By request.)
- 5—Aria. "Dove sono," from Le Nozze di Figaro.....Mozart
- 6—Die Jungen Musikanten, (The young Musicians).....Kuecken

PART II.

- 1—Reiterlied, (Rider's song).....Gade
- 2—{ a. Rondo Capriccioso, for the Piano.....Mendelssohn
b. Song from Weber, Transcribed by.....Liszt
Mr. J. Trenkle.
- 3—Aria. From "Die Entführung".....Mozart
Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—The Wanderer's Night Song.....Lenz
(By request.)
- 5—Barcarole.....Schubert
Miss Doane.
- 6—Der Jaeger Abschied.....Mendelssohn
(The Huntsmen's Farewell.)

The Part-songs were all sung with beautiful precision and expression, except in one instance, where the voices swerved from pitch during a somewhat difficult modulation, and where the piano-forte, instead of holding them together, only made the discord more apparent. They were all fine and effective pieces. The hymn to "Fatherland" is peculiarly manly and thrilling. The song of the "Young Musicians" begins and ends in a right jovial and buoyant strain; and has a sentimental tenor solo, a charming invocation to the "sweetest maiden," which was exquisitely sung by their leader, Herr KREISSMANN. Miss DOANE sung *Dove sono* with fine taste and dramatic feeling; and the dreamy, poetic *Barcarole* of Schubert in a style so satisfactory, that, in spite of our aversion to encores we did inwardly crave a second hearing. (She answered with a little English song.) It is a rare treat to hear such a song as that in the

concert room. OTTO DRESEL played the accompaniments.

Mr. Kreissmann's singing of the tenor air from Mozart's "Seraglio": *Gieb, Liebe, mir nun Freude*, was so perfect in feeling, style and execution as to excite a most imperative demand for repetition. The Duet from *Idomeneo*, too, was very satisfactory. Mr. TRENKLE's playing of the Rondo by Mendelssohn, and more especially of the exquisitely imaginative transcription of Weber's *Schlummer-Lied*, by Liszt, was eminently artistic. The young pianist has gained in elasticity of touch, in fineness and delicacy of outline, and renders the spirit of a fine composition as few among us can. The violoncello solo by Mr. WULF FRIES also gave great pleasure.

The sixth Wednesday Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION drew an immense audience. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (third time this season, and always new and speaking to the soul), and Weber's delicious "Oberon" overture (a thoroughly imaginative tone-poem, which never wears out), formed the valuable part of the programme. Wittman's Waltz: "Magic Sounds," the *Miserere*, arranged from the *Trovatore*, Mr. Zerrahn's "Carnival," of all the instruments again, and his new "Concordia Quadrille," also found plenty of admirers. Judging from the steady increase of audience, we are happy to say that there does not seem to be any imminent danger of the Afternoon Concerts coming to an end.

On the same evening occurred Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER's fourth and last concert. We were not present, but the following windfall, having alighted on our desk, shall make report.]

To Mr. Dwight, Editor of "Journal of Music":

I live in the country; went to town Saturday, Feb. 14, in pursuit of pleasure. Saw yellow poster. "SATTER'S COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT." Very fond of music; struck by his remarkable letter in your Journal. Came across a ticket; concluded to go and hear him; arrived at rooms about 7.25 P. M.; well filled; apparently few heads deceased (not sure on this point); particularly struck by the architectural embellishments; thought hunting scenes on the walls very novel and pretty idea; have a tendency to distract the attention from the musical character of the entertainment, and open a field of enjoyment in striking contrasts and agreeable surprises. Became very much interested in looking at the dogs and trying to make out their game; concluded they were bore hunting; recalled stories I had read of such hunts in the Black Forest; became oblivious of surrounding things and very much excited; consciousness restored by applause of audience on entrance of the performers. Entertainment opened with "Duet and Trio" from *Il Trovatore*; very well sung. Manrico manifested considerable feeling in requesting his *madre* to retire and dream; *madre* pleasantly consented, and they were quite harmonious. Theoretically *madre* began to slumber. Leonora added her voice to the scene, which would probably have caused some disturbance but for the theoretical sleep in which *madre* was plunged; quiet preserved, however, and Leonora retired with *madre* and Manrico just before her death; audience quite gracious—not enthusiastic.

Sonata in A, Op. 101, Beethoven, by Mr. Satter. Mind wandering a little; wondered if Shakspeare's Hamlet was as good as Forrest's; said to myself, suppose Forrest prefers Metamora to Hamlet, would he be likely to season Hamlet with a little Indian? Upon the whole thought he would. Audience very

enthusiastic. Mr. Satter responded; played minuetto of Mozart's; very happy effect; audience much quieted. No. 3. "Com' e bello," Mrs. Fowle. (Mem. Donizetti's music altogether too florid; wonder I never noticed it before.) Audience encored.

No. 4. Fantasia de bravoure sur, *I Puritani*. Mr. Satter. Indulged in pleasant memories; thought of Badiali and Amodio, and how the "house" always "came down" when they rushed up to the foot-lights and waved their little cotton flags in the liberty duet; imagination very much excited by quite audible echoes of duet from piano-forte; growing louder; become quite fearful; getting confused; looked at dogs; discovered one with mouth open; wondered if he had been howling; tumult suddenly ceased; thought of the dog; absurd; smiled; audience rapturous. Mr. Satter made an effort to shake the petal from the "last rose of last summer," with what effect time alone will tell.

No. 5. Air from "I Masnadieri," Mrs. MOZART. Heard this lady sing at festival a few weeks since; sang "Hear ye, Israel," with much beauty and force of expression. (Mem.—Verdi is very much like Donizetti in some things.) Audience very cordial.

No. 6. Fantasia de bravoure sur, "Robert le Diable." Thinking about piano-fortes; wondered if 'twas possible to gauge their musical capacity and determine what pressure to the square inch (applied to the key-board) was necessary to exhaust it; quite pleased with the idea; wished it could be done; thought it would save the pianist a great deal of labor and the public generally some disagreeable experiences. Audience very decidedly gratified; left the room inaudibly warbling, "Home," &c.

SUBURD.

* The Concerts of the GERMAN TRIO have been continued at irregular intervals, making it impossible to attend them all. There have been three since our last notice. In two of these the features were a Sonata for piano and violoncello, No. 4, by Mozart; Trio, op. 70, by Beethoven; Trio, by Thalberg, op. 69; Trio in C minor op. 1, by Beethoven. Also violin Concerto by De Beriot; air from the "Magic Flute," sung by Mr. ADAMS; songs, by Miss TWICHELL; Songs without words, composed and played, by Mr. HAUSE; Elegie for violin, by Mr. GAERTNER, &c., &c.

The fourth concert took place last Tuesday evening with this programme:

- PART I.
1—Sonata in B flat, for Piano and Violin.....Mozart.
Allegro moderato—Andantino sostenuto e cantabile—
Allegro Rondo.
PART II.
2—Romanza from Guillaume Tell.....Rossini.
3—Solo for Violoncello.....Kummer.
4—Grand Duo for Violin and Piano.... De Beriot & Osborne.
5—Aria: "Porgi amor,".....Mozart.
6—Freischütz fantasia for Violin.....Moesser.
PART III.
7—Trio in E flat, op. 1, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,
Beethoven.
Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo, quasi Allegro assai—
Finale, Presto.

The Sonata and the Trio were both from the earliest published works of their authors; both beautiful compositions, and well rendered. Mr. GAERTNER's violin never to our ear sounded better; his playing in these pieces was free from the exaggeration in which he sometimes indulges, and but for which he is one of the best of violinists. Mr. JUNGNIKEL as a violoncellist is always satisfactory when he plays good music. A more sympathetic touch, in addition to the rare execution, of the pianist, seemed all that was wanting to make the charm of the Sonata and Trio complete.

We felt the same drawback in the accompaniment to the "William Tell" romanza: *Selva opaca*,

&c. which Mrs. LONG sings so finely, as she did, also the well-known aria from Mozart. The violoncello, for its solo, sang *Robert toi que j'aime* quite feelingly. The Duo for violin and piano recalled many memories of one of the most delightful of operas, Rossini's "Tell," and very pleasantly too, although the violin could not escape a violent recurrence of its mad fit in the military finale from the overture. Yet this and a like *furor* in the *Freischütz* fantasy stirred up the plaudits of the crowded room. An artist must learn to resist his audience; for audiences spoil artists, if artists will be spoiled.

Musical Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN'S "Philharmonie" to-night will be the last but one—bear that in mind. He will give us Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and Schumann's Overture to "Manfred," (for the first time); and for lighter attraction he announces a repetition of Mr. MOLLENAUER's brilliant violin solos. The feast will be rich and rare.....The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB announce Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN for next Tuesday; and we may hope for another hearing of those fine songs sung at the "Orpheus." We are glad to see a Beethoven Quintet in the bill, where Beethoven's name has not figured much this season.The many admirers of Mrs. J. H. LONG's artistic singing will be pleased to see a Complimentary Concert announced for her. It will take place at Chickering's next Saturday evening, and we are happy to know that most of the tickets were bespoken before the announcement. A few, however, still remain for those who apply early.

Oliver Ditson gives us a truly valuable book in "Bassini's Art of Singing: an analytical, physiological and practical system for the cultivation of the Voice; by CARLO BASSINI; edited by R. STORRS WILLIS." From what we have read of it, as it first appeared by chapters in Willis's *Musical World*, (now, however, much more complete, with exercises and illustrations) we are convinced that it contains more instructive hints and more philosophy than any School for the Voice with which we are acquainted. We reserve it for fuller notice.

The STRAKOSCH Opera will recommence in New York on Monday evening, Mme. CORA DE WILHORST having sufficiently recovered to appear in *Lucia*.... The superb new Opera House in Philadelphia is soon to be opened for operatic performances. The MARETZKE troupe—minus LAGRANGE, who has a brief engagement in New Orleans—arrived at Charleston from Havana, to assist in the opening. A new prima donna from Italy, Mme. GAZZANIGA, arrived at Boston in the Europa; and we hear also of a new tenor Sig. ARNOLDI—not our old friend of that name—both destined for Philadelphia. The *Trovatore*, of course, will be the first opera to set its stamp upon the institution, Mozart, Rossini, Beethoven, Weber, &c., having become "old fogies" and not fit to live. The leading parts, it is said, will be sustained by Mme. Gazzaniga, Miss Philipps, Sig. Brignoli, and Sig. Amodio.

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M. COSTA'S new and exceedingly beautiful Oratorio,

"*ELI, ELI,*"
Will be repeated at the

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On Sunday Evening, February 22d,
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Mrs. J. H. LONG,
Miss MARY E. HAWLEY, of New York,
Mr. C. R. ADAMS,
M. S. B. BALL,
Mr. THOMAS BALL,
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F. F. MUELLER,.....Organist.

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Doors open at 6 o'clock—Concert to commence at 7.
L. B. BARNES, Secretary.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

MELODEON.

THE FOURTH OF THE
PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,
(Being the THIRD and LAST BUT ONE of the regular series of four) will be given on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 21, at the MELODEON, on which occasion

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Whose performance at the previous concert was received with such enthusiastic applause, will make his SECOND and LAST appearance in these Concerts.

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CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

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SEVENTH CONCERT**

Will take place on Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN.

Beethoven's Quintette in C, —Cherubini's Quartette in E flat, —A Scherzo from the Quartette in A, by Mendelssohn, (first time), —"Dove Sono," a Duo from "Idomeneo," and one of Schubert's favorite Songs will be sung by Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.

Half package of four Tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$2.50; Single tickets \$1 each, may be found at the music stores.

**COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT
TO MRS. J. H. LONG.**

The friends of Mrs. Long having tendered to her a Complimentary Concert, which will be given on Saturday Evening, Feb. 28th, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Mrs. Long will be assisted by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and other eminent artists.

The few tickets remaining unsold may be procured at the new Music Store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, No. 291 Washington Street. Price One Dollar each.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that they will give a Series of

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS,
At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday, the 14th of January, 1857. There will be a large Orchestra, composed of the best resident musicians.

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For programme, see papers of the day.

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Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 162.)

No. 6. The terrors of the *Dies iræ* reach their climax in the *Confutatis maledictis*,* Andante, A minor. In regard to effect this piece vividly reminds us of the last scene in *Don Juan*, and yet nothing can be less like that as it regards idea and style; this is the finest eulogium which could possibly be bestowed upon No. 6 of the *Requiem*. Appalling as this composition is, especially in the four-part chorus that concludes it, yet the absence of declamatory forms, the canonical passages, the antique endings impress unchangeably upon it the stamp of high church music. What a touch of genius is that figure in unison, which, heaving and rebounding like a gigantic wave, seems to hollow out and lay bare the burning bed of the damned! Have we ever heard the soprano and contralto modulate as in the same figure after *Voca me cum benedictis*: C minor and G major; G minor and D major; D minor and A major; A minor and E major; the

minor chords giving the tonic and the major chords the dominant, beat for beat, on each of the four times of the measure, and upon an instrumental ground-work which makes all shudder! The basses of the chorus and the tenors, strengthened by the trombones, embrace in long, alternating passages, the successive keys represented by these coupled chords. What shall we say finally of the *Voca me*, when it returns in the tonic of the piece, and is developed as imitation with a figured accompaniment of the violin alone, which seems to be a sort of reminiscence of the *Recordare*? Ineffaceable melody, mysterious blossom of the soul, which, pressed down by the tempest of the day of wrath, opens at last its trembling cup to the rays of the divine mercy! The whole orchestra lets itself be heard at the end of this *pianissimo* fragment; the chorus, until now divided, unite upon *Oro supplex*; the chill of death has penetrated to the veins of the listener. Yes, it is the breath of the grave, it is nothingness itself that animates this fearful harmonic or unharmonic resolution and these vocal periods of four measures, which fall so regularly upon their cadences (veritable phantoms for the ear, so unexpectedly they come), as if the choir of the living, while uttering the last words of each verse, were already mere dust. It is the sublimest of the sublime. Thou hast bestowed thy grace, my God, on him who wrote this holy music to thy glory, and mayst thou forgive us likewise when our hour shall come!

No. 7. The grand and splendid picture of the *Dies iræ* could not close more happily than with the *Lacrymosa*,* the most impressive of all religious or profane choruses, which more powerfully than any other form of remorse and terror expresses the highest anguish and religious supplication. Even Herr Godfrey Weber, with his strange doubts and still stranger criticisms, has paused at the *Lacrymosa*, although Süssmayer claims it from the ninth bar as his work. I should not have used so much forbearance. With a determination to tear the *Requiem* to pieces, I should have known how to find as much fault with No. 7 as with all the rest, and my criticism would have turned out no worse in this case than in many others. I would have said, that the elegiac and often highly pathetic melody of the *Lacry-*

mosa was not exactly what is called church music; and, by an exception rarely met with among writers who espouse a desperate cause, I should have said the truth. But after I had said this, I should have been very careful to add, that the solemn, earnest rhythm (*Larghetto*, 12-8), the orchestral figures, the sublime crescendo at the words: *Judicandus homo reus*, the entrance of the trombones, which sob in unison with the voice, a thoroughly church-like harmony, which in the accented parts supplies the natural chord of the dissonances by prolongation, and finally the sublime church cadence upon *Amen*, take from the melody the character of dramatic pathos, which it might have had with another instrumentation, another harmony, another rhythm—so much so, that were one to hear the *Lacrymosa* in the theatre, to whatsoever words, every hearer of good taste would resent it as a profanation. Would you then dispute the right of church music to excite wholesome and holy tears—tears not shed for our own luxury, over imaginary sufferings, but tears wept for ourselves, in view of the most certain thing in the world for all of us—Death!

(Conclusion next week.)

(Continued from page 155.)

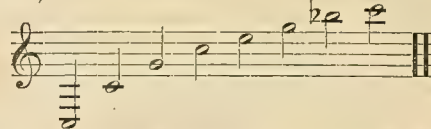
Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

THE BUGLE, OR CLARION.

We conclude the discussion of wind instruments by a few words on the bugle family.

The simple bugle, or clarion, is written on the G clef, like the trumpet; it possesses in all, eight notes,—



and even the latter, the high C, is only practicable on the deepest bugle; while the low one is of a very bad quality of tone. There are bugles in three keys: in B \flat , in C, and in E \flat ; they are seldom to be found in any other keys. The flourishes played upon them, lying always exclusively on the three notes of the common chord, are necessarily so monotonous as to be almost wearisome. The quality of this instrument is rather ungraceful; it generally wants nobleness; and it is difficult to play it well in tune. As it can execute no diatonic succession, shakes are necessarily precluded upon it.

Bugles appear to me to rank no higher in the hierarchy of brass instruments, than fifes among wooden instruments. Both the one and the other can hardly serve for more than leading recruits to drill; and to my idea, such music should never be heard by our soldiers young or old, since there is no need to accustom them to the ignoble. As the sound of the bugle is very loud, it is not impossible that an opportunity may occur for employing

* Text to No. 3:

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acerbis addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro, supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

When the cursed are confounded,
With avenging flame surrounded,
With the just my name be sounded.

Hear me praying, lowly bending,
Conscious guilt my bosom rending,
Guard me thro' the solemn ending.

* Text to No. 7:

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quæ resurget ex favillâ
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Day of mourning, day of weeping,
When from ashes rise the sleeping,
Guilty men to hear their sentence,
God of mercy spare repentance.

it in the orchestra, to give additional violence to some terrible cry of trombones, trumpets, or horns united; and this is probably all that can be expected from it.

In cavalry music, and even in certain Italian orchestras, bugles with seven keys are found, which traverse chromatically a compass of more than two octaves, beginning from B $\frac{1}{2}$ beneath the staff, up to the C above.

It does not want for agility; many artists play it in a remarkable way; but its quality does not differ from that of the simple bugle or clarion.

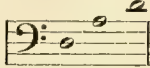
The Bugle with pistons has a lower compass; it is much better worth than the keyed bugle; it produces a good effect in playing certain melodies of slow movement.

THE BASS OPICLEIDE.

Ophicleides are the altos and basses of the bugle. The bass ophicleide offers great resources for maintaining the low part of masses of harmony; and it is also the most used. It is written on the F clef; and its compass is three octaves and one note.

The quality of these low sounds is rude; but it does wonders—in certain cases—beneath masses of brass instruments. The very high notes have a wild character, of which perhaps sufficient advantage has not yet been made. The medium,—especially when the player is not very skilful,—too much recall the sounds of the cathedral serpent,* and of the cornet à bouquin; I think it should rarely be allowed to be heard much displayed. There is nothing more coarse—I might almost say, more monstrous,—or less fit to harmonize with the rest of the orchestra, than those passages, more or less rapid, written in the form of *solos* for the ophicleide medium in some modern operas. It is as if a bull, escaped from its stall, had come to play off its vagaries in the middle of a drawing-room.

THE SERPENT.

Is a wooden instrument covered with leather, and having a mouth-piece; it has the same compass as the bass ophicleide, with rather more agility, precision in tune, and sonorousness. There are  three notes,—

much more powerful than the others; hence those startling inequalities of tone, which its players should apply themselves with all care to overcome as much as possible.

The quality of tone, essentially barbarous, which distinguishes this instrument, would have suited better with the rites of the sanguinary Druidical worship, than with those of the Catholic religion; where it always figures, as a monument of the want of intelligence, and of the coarseness in sentiment and taste which, from time immemorial, has directed in our temples the application of Musical Art to Divine Service. There must be exception made in favor of the case where the serpent is employed, in masses for the dead, in doubling the terrible plain-chant of the *Dies Iræ*. Its frigid and abominable blaring doubtless then befits the occasion; it seems to invest with a kind of lugubrious poetry, those words expressive of all the horrors of death, and the vengeance of a jealous God. It would be no less well placed in profane compositions, where ideas of this nature had to be expressed; but then only. It mingles ill, moreover, with the other qualities of orchestra and voices; and, as forming the bass to a mass of wind instruments, the bass-tuba, and even the ophicleide, are greatly preferable.

LAUTERS ET LE TROUVERE.—A London correspondent writing of the recent production of Verdi's *Trovatore* at Paris in a French version, says that Madame Lauters made her début in the part of Leonora, and was very well received by the public. That occasion has given birth to a new method for appreciating the talents of an actress, which we beg to be allowed to set as an example to other countries. One of these speculating tradesmen who discount the future of a fair singer, a rich cabinet-maker, offered, before

* An instrument much used in French churches.—Translator.]

the representation, to Madame Lauters, to supply her *en attendant* with a handsome suit of furniture. She accepted gratefully, expressing a wish to have her sitting-room fitted up in rosewood. Our manufacturer, however, found that too expensive, and being but imperfectly acquainted with his young customer's voice, he refused to go beyond simple mahogany. But when he beheld, with all Paris, her beautiful personal appearance on the stage, when he heard her expressive singing, he was charmed by the enchanting lights and shades, the delicate touches of each note. Madame Lauters was behind the curtain, receiving the homage of the manager and a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, when the cabinet-maker approached her and pronounced, bowing very low, the magic words, "Madam, it shall be rosewood." Envy pretends that the fair Leonora preferred this compliment to the most high-sounding sentences by which her literary and artistic courtiers endeavored to flatter her vanity. It will be a new expression in the theatrical slang, and many a debutante will pretend to sing "rosewood," although her voice may scarcely be worth "mahogany."

THE DONATION OF GEORGE PEABODY.—We find in the Baltimore papers the letter in which Mr. PEABODY announces his gift of three hundred thousand dollars to the city of Baltimore for the establishment of an Institute for the "moral and intellectual culture of the inhabitants of Baltimore, and collaterally of those of the State, and also the enlargement and diffusion of a taste for the Fine Arts,"—the donation to be hereafter increased to five hundred thousand dollars. The letter would occupy nearly one of our own columns, and goes extensively into detail in respect to the scheme and organization of the institution. The donor brings into his design—*first*, an extensive library, to be well furnished in every department of knowledge, and to be free for the use of all persons who desire to consult it, but the books not to be taken out of the library except in very special cases—its general plan and regulations resembling the Astor Library of our own city—*second*, the periodical delivery of lectures by the most capable and accomplished scholars and men of science who can be procured; and, in connection with this, yearly prizes to the graduates of the High Schools—*third*, an Academy of Music, affording all facilities necessary to the best exhibitions of the Art, the means of studying its principles and practising its compositions, and periodical concerts aided by the best talent and most eminent skill—*fourthly*, a Gallery of Art, to be supplied, to such an extent as may be practicable, with the works of the best masters, and the admission to which to be free—and, *fifthly*, ample and convenient accommodations for the Maryland Historical Society. It will be seen at once that an institution founded upon such a basis, must prove an inestimable blessing to such a city as Baltimore, especially if conducted in conformity with the following impressive injunctions, with which the donor closes his letter:

I must not omit to impress upon you a suggestion for the government of the Institute, which I deem to be of the highest moment, and which I desire shall be ever present to the view of the Board of Trustees. My earnest wish to promote, at all times, a spirit of harmony and good will in society, my aversion to intolerance, bigotry and party rancor, and my enduring respect and love for the happy institutions of our prosperous republic, impel me to express the wish that the Institute I have proposed to you shall always be strictly guarded against the possibility of being made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, to political discussion, to infidelity, to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy which may be aimed as the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country, or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another. But that it shall be so conducted, throughout its whole career, as to teach political and religious charity, toleration and beneficence, and prove itself to be, in all contingencies and conditions, the true

friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law. I enjoin these precepts upon the Board of Trustees and their successors forever, for their inviolable observance and enforcement in the administration of the duties I have confided to them.

George Peabody has, in this donation, built for himself a monument which will endure as long as civilization finds a home upon this Western Continent. His name will go down from generation to generation enshrined in this institution, and associated with all that is noblest in mercantile character. We cannot well imagine a grander achievement than the calling into being a new agency like this, for the improvement of society. If measured by their permanent influence upon the progress of the race, the exploits of conquerors are insignificant in comparison.—*Cour. & Eng.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Musician's Dream.

BY DAISY.

CHAPTER I.

"All great desires that God has given
Are prophecies of powers;
But genius, though the gift of Heaven,
Demands laborious hours."

"Where have you been, Berthold? All day have we sought for you, and we feared evil had befallen you; besides, our good cousin Philip called to engage you to play your violin at his wedding."

"Then he may ask some one else, mother. I will not touch my violin again till I can bring forth *music* at my will."

"What do you mean, Berthold?"

"Listen, mother," he replied. "Everywhere, from the earth and the sea and the sky, arise strains of celestial harmony, as if the Spirit of Music—if such there be—could speak; but when I would render the notes upon my violin, I make only harsh, unmeaning sounds. O! if I knew something about music!"

Berthold Weimer was considered one of the best musicians in his native town and for miles around; but all the praise he received on this point only served to remind him of his still great ignorance. Often, after playing for hours to a delighted audience, he would seek the solitude of the forest, and study and compose by himself; and as often he would finish by throwing aside his instrument in despair, and resolve never to touch it again. In vain his mother (whose earthly hopes were centered in him) and his friends remonstrated with him for his lack of pride; he was not satisfied with flattery, and they were obliged to console themselves with the thought that he was yet a young man. "When he grows older," they said, "he will be ashamed of his foolish enthusiasm."

Soon after the conversation just related, Berthold bade his mother good night and retired to his own room, and ere long, wearied with the mental labors of the day, he was overcome by that (to him) most welcome visitor—Sleep.

Suddenly he heard a voice, like music from afar, calling: "Berthold! Berthold!" He started and looked to see from whence the sound came, but no one appeared.

"What is it, mother?" he inquired; for it seemed now broad daylight, and he was sitting in the little parlor with his mother as usual; and even as he spoke the sweet voice came: "Berthold!" but this time a beautiful melody swept by, such as never before had charmed his ear.

"It is the *Spirit of Music*!" he cried. "She

is calling me ; I will go to her temple, and perhaps, dear mother, I may return to you a musician." And hardly waiting long enough to say good-bye, he took his violin, and started on his journey.

But a little while had he walked ere he heard some one calling to him to stop, and turning round, he saw a young man named Ernest, a friend of his, who was trying to overtake him.

"You, too, are going to the temple of Music, are you not?" he said.

"Alas! I know not if I shall ever reach it. Yet if I might be permitted—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other. "Of course you will; but why choose this road? Is there no easier path?"

"None but this will lead us thither," replied Berthold. "You know the old saying: 'There is no excellence without great labor.'"

They wore both silent for an instant; then Ernest exclaimed:

"Come along, Berthold. We shall never get there at this rate."

And so they went on; but in two or three days Ernest began to grow weary, and at his own request Berthold left him, to journey alone once more.

Through many intricate turns and many a dark corner the path led, in some places so narrow he was in danger of losing his footing; or it would diverge into so many by-roads that it required a nice discrimination to decide which was the right. In all these times of danger, he seemed to hear that faint voice urging him to press on, and he always followed in the direction whence it came. He met many others travelling on the same errand, but some were distracted from the true path by hearing of the temple of *Fame*, which they said stood near that of Music; and some were lost in their self-confidence, which led them to choose at the outset the most difficult places in the road, wholly neglecting all appearance of ease in their way. Only Berthold was untiring in his zeal and devotion to the art of Music, and if sometimes he felt inclined to go back, he thought of those words he had spoken to Ernest, and they gave him renewed courage as he journeyed on.

CHAPTER II.

It was the last night of Berthold's pilgrimage, (though he knew it not) and feeling more than usually fatigued, he gladly lay down to sleep.

He was awakened in the morning by the noise of myriads of instruments, and voices joining in a song of welcome; and directly before him on an eminence stood the temple of the Spirit of Music. The air was full of melody; even the birds sang sweeter and clearer, and the very trees swayed to and fro in unison with the glorious strains. But what was his amazement, as he reached the entrance of the temple, when he saw written upon the gate the thought that had cheered him so long amid his toil: "*There is no excellence without great labor.*"

He had only time to notice this, when the door of the temple swung open, and the form of one so surpassingly lovely met his gaze, that he involuntarily knelt at her feet. This beautiful being was the Spirit of Music.

In one hand she held her chosen emblem, the lyre; the other was extended to greet Berthold. She wore a robe of snowy whiteness, and on her

head was a crown of gold and laurel entwined. She spoke, and he recognized the voice that had thus far led him on, and every word that fell from her lips thrilled his heart with joy, as she said:

"Thou hast done well, Berthold. Thou art now worthy of the highest title it is in my power to bestow. Arise! for thou art now a *Musician* indeed."

Then she placed on his head a crown resembling her own, only far less beautiful.

"O spirit!" he murmured, "tell me, I pray thee, what became of Ernest and all those whom I met on my way. I would fain bring them into thy presence, that they also may receive thy gifts. I am not worthy such great honor."

"It cannot be," she replied. "Didst thou not behold the inscription written upon the gate?"

"I did."

"Know then," she continued, "the reason why Ernest came not with you. He wished to have a thorough knowledge of music, but he was destitute of courage; he thought himself able to find me with no exertion save that of will."

"And the others?" said Berthold.

"Some were more eager for *fame* than for a true right to the name of musician, and some pretended to seek me, that they might the more easily deceive others by teaching in my name; and some were too sure of the victory to take the requisite steps to merit it. None must offer me a divided love, who would be ranked among my servants in the art."

"But I would know more than all who have yet reached thy temple, O Genius!" said Berthold.

A frown passed over her features for an instant, as she replied sternly:

"There is yet more for thee to learn ere thou shalt go farther. *Beware of jealousy.* Be not envious of any; avoid only false pretenders and would-be artists, who have not the true fire of genius within their souls; they only have a right to be jealous. Now listen, Berthold."

She waved her hand over the lyre, and immediately there burst forth a strain of music, so harmonious and joyous that Berthold felt almost perfect happiness in listening to it. Of such music he had never dreamed, and as it ceased it seemed to him that it was impossible for any one to compose a more soul-stirring piece; but even while he was too lost in ecstasy to speak, there arose a soft minor prelude, plaintive and low at first; gradually it seemed as if striving to pass into a major key, and then it was like a heroic song breaking forth; but through every change there was still that same minor chord, as if a spirit were struggling to burst the bonds of earth and reach its heavenly home, and calling its companions to release it.

As the music finally ceased, Berthold felt a strange calm within him, yet he could not refrain from weeping. The silence that ensued was broken by the Spirit, as she asked:

"Why dost thou weep at this tune, Berthold, and not at the other?"

"I weep because the last piece spoke to me of a longing, which cannot be filled—of another world, whither I would but cannot go. It is like a voice from the 'better land.'"

"Thou hast well spoken, Berthold. The first melody was but intended to give thee joy; it was indeed music, but its language was of this world.

In the other is shadowed forth the highest and purest use to which the art of music can be consecrated; and the longing of which thou speakest is the cry for the more perfect knowledge which may be found in the home of thy inheritance above. Endeavor in all thy compositions to mingle the two thoughts, that thou mayst cause thy fellow-men not wholly to despise the present life, and yet to desire that existence immortal, unchanging, even the rest that remaineth for the people of God's kingdom. Behold now this wonder." She showed him a silver cord, one end of which was attached to her lyre—the other was lost in the clouds; he could just trace its course a little way above the earth. "The other end of the cord," she continued, "is in heaven, from whence comes the noble art of Music, whose guardian I am on earth. Seek thy inspiration from on high, and it will never fail thee. Thou canst never weary of the sameness, for in no art or science can any one be perfect. Earnestly seek for truth in whatever thou shalt write thyself, and play only such pieces as will tend to elevate the art. Above all, have patience and perseverance by thy side, and thou shalt never fail in interpreting my voice, and I will be with thee always."

She passed away, and again arose a soft melody in the air. Berthold's eyes grew heavy, and he sank to the ground in slumber.

The sun shone brightly through the windows of Berthold's room, and the birds chirped and sang their songs in the trees, as he awoke in the morning, with a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart for the vision of the night before. It was indeed but a vision, but he made its lesson a reality. In after life, when he heard young students in the art of music indulging in egotism, or in danger of giving way to undue despondency, he never failed to tell them the "*Musician's Dream.*"

Musical Correspondence.

SPRINGFIELD, Ms., FEB. 12.—The two concerts lately given by the MUSICAL INSTITUTE, have brought out some talent worthy of notice in your journal. These concerts have been perfectly successful. The popular idea, that none but foreign artists can perform music of a high character is a false one, although we are willing to concede them the highest place in the profession. The Institute is made up strictly of home talent, and will compare favorably with the societies of New York and Boston, except in point of numbers. Your correspondent, "*Amateur,*" a few weeks since noticed the Society very handsomely and acceptably. The choruses from "*Samson,*" "*Elijah,*" and the "*Creation,*" were finely sustained, and with a uniformity and expression quite unexpected.

The sopranos, who particularly distinguished themselves, were Miss PENNIMAN, Mrs. BAKER and Mrs. WELLS. They all rank high in our estimation, but we cannot forbear expressing our preferences while we would not disparage any. Miss Penniman has without doubt the finest voice and the best method; she sang Bishop's "*Mocking-bird*" song at the first concert with a natural grace and elegance which few of her age could achieve, and at the second concert, Donizetti's "*O luce di quest' anima,*" with the same natural perfection and ease, astonishing even her most ardent admirers. She has great compass, singing the lowest treble notes with smoothness and power, and as high as C with equal beauty and richness. Aside from her articulation she has no supe-

rior in the vicinity. Mrs. Wells possesses many of the same characteristics, with the exception of strength of tone. She enunciates better than Miss P. in many respects; has had more experience, being considerably older, and deserves much credit for the perseverance with which she has improved the few advantages it is said she has received, but has not the volume of tone or beauty of person which Miss P. can boast. Mrs. Baker as an oratorio performer has no superior in the city. Her voice is strictly soprano, and though her low notes are rather light, in Rossini's *Inflammatus* she excelled beyond expectation, carrying the audience with her in that magnificent production. With a little more confidence she would sing creditably in any of the societies of our larger cities. The basses were of the finest we have ever heard, not excepting the Choral Societies of New York. Among those we knew, who came up to our standard, were Mr. WINCHELL, Mr. CHAPIN, and Mr. MOZART,—the latter being, we believe, a Boston singer of considerable note, who is to give a series of concerts in this city, and who kindly volunteered upon this occasion. Mr. Winchell distinguished himself in "Crowned with the tempest," and Mr. Chapin in several duets and quartets, showing a degree of cultivation very creditable to himself and the society. There were others whose names we were unable to learn, who deserve notice, both tenor, bass and soprano, and who acquitted themselves creditably. The programmes of both concerts were performed in a superior style, fully deserving the commendation they received from two of the largest audiences ever convened in the city. Mr. SHAW, the director, has certainly achieved a triumph, establishing his reputation in that capacity, and securing the unqualified approbation of the society as well as of the public.

A SPECTATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 17. The first of "Mozart's Series" came off last evening. Owing to disagreeable weather the hall was but partly filled. The concert was an excellent one. Mrs. MOZART, in the cavatina from *Beatrice di Tenda*, shows an excellent voice, of pleasant quality, and a charming method. Miss TWICHELL, with her winning smile, pretty manners, and extraordinary contralto voice, sang herself into great favor with the audience. "The dearest spot on earth is home" was exquisitely sung. Mr. ADAMS, in "The Wanderer," by Fesca, exhibited as good a tenor voice as has ever honored Springfield with a visit—rich, sweet, and in tune. He received an encore. Mr. MOZART was enthusiastically received in a ballad: the "Old Sexton," and in "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Master McCARTY, the blind pianist, did wonders. We suppose "knowing ones" would have called his first solo from the "Magic Flute" the best, but his second, "Medley of popular American airs," brought down the house. Some people cry "gammon," "clap-trap," when a ballad, medley, or the like is introduced in the programme, but gammon or no gammon, such things work well in the end,* for after laboring through cavatinas, arias, etc., the ear likes a trifle to rest the mind and give greater zest to the next "gem." Certainly, no less agility of fingering was displayed in the latter than in the former solo. Call it not a sign of depraved taste when some familiar tit-bit is seized by a listening audience, who go into raptures as the pianist piles difficulty upon difficulty on such a simple foundation.

Mr. FITZHUGH, of this city, performed the accompaniments on a Grand piano from Boston for the occasion. The quartet: "Ye spotted snakes," was the finest four-part singing we have ever heard

without accompaniment. The delicate shadings and modulations were finely sung. One place in particular, where the contralto strikes the major third in closing a minor phrase, produced an excellent effect by its accuracy.

The Quartet, assisted by Mr. Fitzhugh, sing in Hartford to-night, and give two more concerts here on Wednesday and Friday evenings. This as a *Coda* from

AD LIBITUM.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—THALBERG continues his successful career, and is rapidly adding another fortune to those he has already obtained in Europe. He has introduced the feature of Piano-Forte Matinées, in which he is the only performer, playing about five of his own compositions, a fragment of classical music, and an operatic fantasia on the *Orgue Alexandre*. The number of tickets is limited to four hundred, which are subscribed for chiefly by ladies. During an intermission in the performance, colored waiters, ridiculously dressed in old-fashioned knee breeches, pass around ice-creams, and other light refreshments, and the Matinées resemble a pleasant little sociable party rather than anything else. For the forthcoming Evening concerts, the Opera troupe of the Academy of Music has been engaged, including PARODI, TIBERINI, MORELLI and Mme. DE WILHORST. They will appear at Niblo's Theatre, and produce Mozart's *Requiem*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and oratorio music. The expenses of the management are enormous, but the receipts are correspondingly great—the agent of Mr. Thalberg is a man of tact and ability, and yet he is himself astonished at the remarkable success of Mr. Thalberg's American career.

Mr. STRAKOSCH has recommenced his opera season with CORA DE WILHORST as Lucia. She sang even better than on her first appearance, and if she is as successful in *La Sonnambula*, her next rôle, her fame and fortune are secured. Mr. Strakosch promises no novelties, and it is impossible to say what is forth coming at the Opera House. He continues to snub the "minor press," who retaliate by a contemptuous silence. He even neglects to send them the usual complimentary tickets, at which their indignation knows no bounds.

A Miss DE ROODE, a Belgian young lady, who sang with great success at Mr. S. P. Townsend's famous Fifth Avenue Charity Concert, has further appeared in public, at Mr. GOLDBECK's Pianoforte recitals. The lady is desirous of appearing in opera, and there is no reason to doubt her success, should she obtain an engagement. She is at present a governess in an up-town family, and probably the finest resident soprano in our city.

The PYNE sisters are still in this city. Mr. HARRISON, it is said, has gone to England for materials for a new English opera company. By the way, there may perhaps be few that are aware how Louisa Pyne first became a professional singer. Many years ago, she and her sister Susan were engaged as soprano and contralto in a church—Surrey chapel, I think—in London. From long practice, their voices assimilated most exquisitely, and they soon obtained an enviable local reputation. Crowds flocked to the chapel to hear the warbling of the sisters, and their performance was probably far more attractive than the sermons of the worthy pastor. One day, or one night rather, a musical entertainment was to be given, before the Queen, and an indefinite number of titled folks. The programmes were all made out and the parts distributed, when it was suddenly discovered that the principal soprano was indisposed and could not attend. What was to be done? No other soprano could be found to fill her place! The conductor was in a state of perfect agony of mind, for Royalty was to grace the concerts with its benign presence, and the idea of disappointing, or in any manner, doing, saying and thinking anything that by

any construction might be made to imply the slightest ghost of disrespect towards Royalty or Nobility is, as you are aware, sufficient to throw any independent manly Briton into convulsions. So the conductor was quite beside himself with anxiety; at last some one suggested Louisa Pyne; she was sent for, came and sang the music on the programme—which proved to be from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*—to the conductor. He was struck by the sweetness and purity of her voice, and engaged her to sing in the evening at the concert. She did so, was successful, the Queen took an interest in her, and from that time her fortune was made; she quickly became what she now is—the most delightful and most popular of English singers.

I have noticed as an agreeable little peculiarity of newspaper writers, that whenever they make a very stupid blunder, they at once attribute it, with the most naive simplicity, to a "typographical error." This is a very convenient custom, and deserving of all praise. Consequently, you will please remember that when, in a recent letter, I attributed to the pen of Bancroft certain famous works of another historian, it was only "a typographical error"—by no means owing to the carelessness of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—THALBERG's plan of giving Matinées has proved eminently successful. The tickets (limited to four hundred) sold so rapidly, and there was such a great call for more, that very soon a second series of Matinées was announced, and within a few days, before the second has even commenced, a third. Two of the first series have taken place, with the following programmes:

FIRST MATINEE.

- 1—Fantasia—Sonnambula.....Thalberg
- 2—Andante.....Thalberg
- 3—Sonata in C sharp minor.....Beethoven
- 4—"Il Trovatore" (on the Alexandre Organ.).....Thalberg
- 5—March Funebre.....Chopin
- 6—Etude "La Légende".....Thalberg
- 7—Fantasia—"L'Elisir d'amore".....Thalberg

SECOND MATINEE.

- 1—Trio in B major, (Piano, Violin and Violoncello). Beethoven
- 2—Fantasia—"Don Giovanni".....Thalberg
- 3—Etude, (Repeated Notes).....Thalberg
- 4—Finale—"Puritani" (on the Alexandre Organ.).....Thalberg
- 5—Mazurkas.....Chopin
- 6—Lucresia Borgia.....Thalberg

Mr. Thalberg, to give *ton* to these entertainments, could do no better than to put all the arrangements for them, with the exception of his own small personal share, into the hands of BROWN, the great, (in more senses than one) the inimitable, the indispensable, whose fame has surely reached your ears. Brown, whose original office is that of sexton in Grace Church, is, besides, the factotum of upper tendom; no ball or party can be given within its limits without Brown to provide the supper and army of waiters, to order the carriages into rank and file—in some cases even to introduce the guests, with the utmost pomp and suavity, to the mistress of the house. Brown also keeps on hand a list of "available gentlemen," for the use of such ladies as are obliged to go beyond their acquaintances for the requisite number of "beaux" at their entertainments; and for the Gothamite Cœlebses, he knows by heart the names, fortunes, and qualities of all the heiresses in town. Everybody knows Brown, and Brown knows everybody—except Curtis, of whom he "did not know what right he had to write the Potiphar papers. Who was he? He had never met him in good society."

At Thalberg's matinées, therefore, Brown could not be missed, and showed himself in the new light of a patron of the Fine Arts. He surpassed himself on these occasions; the room was well ventilated and not overcrowded, and the startling announcement on the programme of an "intermission for lunch," (which raised great speculations as to whether Mr. Thalberg would take his lunch at that time, or whether there would be a bar, etc.), was explained by the appearance of half a dozen dusky waiters bearing trays with chocolate, ice cream,

* We hope our correspondent does not expect us to endorse this. Does the devouring of "yellow-covered" literature prepare one to enjoy Shakspeare, or Bacon, or Plato? And as to his second reason, is the display of agile fingering the end of music?—ED.

cakes, and sandwiches, of which such as sat near the passages could partake freely. Mr. Brown also condescended to make a speech, expressing Mr. Thalberg's thanks to the audience for their presence, (did he include dead-heads, I wonder) and his willingness to play any piece, not on the programme, which the ladies (there were so few gentlemen that they might well count for nothing) would suggest.

I will pass over the Fantasias and other compositions of Mr. Thalberg, only saying that they were played with the usual perfection, which makes one forget what one is hearing, and that I learned fully to appreciate the beauty of the "Andante," and speak more particularly of the new features on the programmes, the pieces by Beethoven and Chopin. The March by the latter was exquisitely given, with all the breadth and grandeur in the first part, and delicacy and tenderness in the second, which it requires; but the Mazourkas did not please me at all. There was a harshness, a loudness, an utter want of gracefulness in their rendering, which astonished me. Of the Sonata and Trio of Beethoven I hardly know what to say; they left an unsatisfied feeling. There was an uncertainty in Mr. Thalberg's performance of them, which gave one the impression that he did not feel at home in them. His conception of the first movement of the Sonata was so different from the usual one (he treating it entirely as a Song without Words, bringing out the melody with exquisite beauty, it is true, but making a mere subordinate accompaniment of the triplets), that I, for one, could not enter into it at all. The Menuetto was faultless, but in the Finale the want of spirit, as well as of neatness, was painfully apparent. Of the Trio he only played three movements, transposing the Adagio and Scherzo, and ending with the latter. The artist manifested rather more enthusiasm in this than in the Sonata, but, I am very sorry to say it, made so great a mistake in the first movement, that BURKE and BERGMANN, who performed their parts very finely, found it a difficult matter to keep up with him. Apart from this, however, there was a great charm in the smoothness and clearness with which this great work was rendered, and to the majority, who, not knowing the piece well, did not notice the mistake, it probably gave unalloyed enjoyment. In compliance with requests from the audience, Mr. Thalberg gave us, the first time, "Home, sweet home"—and how beautifully!—and the exquisitely delicate, restless, graceful *Tarantella*. To-day the choice was less happy; some one had asked for his waltzes (why not *polkas*?) which proved very sparkling and graceful, but *only* that, and for the finishing off we had the *Don Pasquale* Fantasia.

On Saturday evening the MENDELSSOHN UNION gave their second concert, and performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a vocal Quartet by Wm. Mason, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*. The society committed two great faults in making the performances entirely too long and in commencing them very unpunctually, more than half an hour after the time announced. One of the two longer compositions, with some trifle besides, would have been quite sufficient for enjoyment without weariness; but under existing circumstances half the audience left before the end. I must plead guilty to having done so myself, though very reluctantly, as I was charmed with the music to *Athalie*. It is very characteristic of the tragedy, and full of beauty, but of course, not having heard the whole, I can hardly criticize it. The solos in this, as well as in the *Stabat Mater*, were divided between quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, of whom I may name Mrs. CRUMP, Mrs. BRINKERHOFF, Miss TINGLE, and Messrs. GUIDI and WERNEKE as the best. The latter gentleman particularly, who is a new star in our musical heaven, sang the *Pro peccatis* admirably, as also Mrs. Crump the *Inflamatus*. The choruses gave, as in

"Eli," evidence of very careful training and thorough understanding of what they were singing, for which great credit is due to Mr. MORGAN, the conductor. In "*Athalie*" the vision of Ichoida, spoken to music, was very ably delivered by Mr. GEO. S. PARKER, the President, I think, of the society, and an earnest amateur musician. He is a brother of Mr. J. C. D. Parker of your city. The Quartet by Wm. Mason, a Serenade, "sweet and low," like Tennyson's Cradle Song, was sung by all the voices with good effect. I hope we may yet some time hear the *Athalie* alone or at the beginning of the evening, when our minds are fresh.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 28, 1857.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "BOSTON MUSICAL JOURNAL," recently edited and published by B. F. BAKER, Esq., having been discontinued, we have entered into an arrangement to supply each of its subscribers with DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, for the balance of his year, and as much longer as he may choose to signify by complying with our printed terms.

This list contains many names of persons who have been subscribers and receivers of the B. M. J. for the larger portion of the current year, but who are still indebted for the subscription price (\$1.00). All such dues should be immediately forwarded to this office, (Dwight's Journal of Music, 21 School St., Boston,) we being authorized by Mr. Baker to collect them. Of course we are under no obligation to continue to supply those who do not remit, since *payment in advance* was a condition of subscription. But we send our present number, at least, to *all* whose names we find upon the list, and trust that most of them will take measures (very easy measures) at once to cancel the old obligation and secure the continuance of a musical paper which we hope to make acceptable and worthy of their support.

Mr. Baker's journal was issued fortnightly at \$1.00 per annum; ours is weekly, at \$2.00. Each subscriber to the former, therefore, will receive the full number of papers to which he is entitled, but at more frequent intervals. Meanwhile we shall endeavor so to interest them in the weekly reading which we shall send them about musical matters, that they shall miss nothing of what they have found valuable in their former paper, while they shall gain a greater quantity and variety of matter. To this end we shall labor to adapt our paper somewhat to their peculiar demands, by more frequent treatment of the practical topics in which they have been interested. Through these columns, too, the words of their old teacher will (we have reason to trust) occasionally reach them.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Mr. ZERRAHN was cheered on Saturday night by a larger audience and a more substantial response to his unsparing efforts to gratify the love of fine instrumental music. Yet it was only the Melodeon that was full; it should have been the Music Hall. The programme ministered acceptably to popular as well as to high tastes, as follows:

- PART I.
1—Eighth Symphony, in F major, Beethoven.
I. Allegro vivace e con brio.—II. Allegretto scherzando.—
III. Tempo di Minuetto.—IV. Allegro vivace.
2—Grand Capriccio for the Violin, Ernst.
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
3—Scherzo from Symphony No. 3, (Scotch,) Mendelssohn.
PART II.
4—Overture to Byron's "Manfred," R. Schumann.
(First time in Boston.)
5—Fantasia for Violin: "La Sylphide," Mollenhauer.
(By desire.)
Herr Eduard Mollenhauer.
6—Serenade, Schubert.
With Solos for Trumpet, Violoncello, and Oboe, by
Messrs. Heijcke, W. Fries and De Ribas.
7—Overture: "Martha," (By request,) Flotow.

We heartily thank Mr. ZERRAHN for that Eighth Symphony, which we have not heard for several years. Its fine imaginative, happy movements, were rendered with much truth and delicacy. It was refreshing both to sense and soul; and though its form is smaller, its mood less earnest, its character more joyous and Haydn-like, and less tending to the sublime, than most of Beethoven's other symphonies, yet it bears as truly as any of them the stamp of genius and of deep experience, and possesses a peculiar interest, when we think of such a gush of delicious sunshine coming from the inmost soul of one, who could not know *such* joy, had he not been as great a sufferer and as grand a character and genius as Beethoven. It is his opus 93; he wrote it in his dark days. Yet from beginning to end it is as much a "Joy" symphony as the "Choral"—only in a different sense, more purely joyous, the simple, spontaneous expression of a happy moment, and not the crowding of a whole life's meaning and result into a symphony. That second movement expresses a more pure and perfect happiness than almost any piece of instrumental music which we can now recall, and it is wholly different from Mozart or Haydn, implying vastly greater depth of nature than the last, at all events. This *Allegretto scherzando* never fails to charm to the demanding of a repetition. Indeed so perfect is its charm that it ends unexpectedly, and the mind *must* have more. The Minuetto is somewhat Haydn-like, and so are the themes of the first Allegro; but the working up, the treatment, the instrumentation, show an inimitable mastery and grace. In the Finale joy runs riot in uncontrollable ecstasy and play of poetic fancy. Here, as in the *Allegretto*, is revealed an element in Beethoven, not perhaps exactly fairy-like, but romantic in such a way as to suggest comparison or contrast with the fairy vein of Mendelssohn. It indeed transports you far more, into a yet more marvellous realm of fine imaginary existences, and has altogether more that is wholesome and akin to Shakspeare, than Mendelssohn's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" music. We do not suppose that Beethoven designed anything of that sort; but does he not in this Symphony reveal a faculty, a genius, which might possibly beat Mendelssohn upon his own ground? And do we not find something analogous to the Shakspearian universality and power of going out of himself and living in his creations, in genius which can produce works so different as the Symphony in C minor and this joyous and imaginative No. 8—this last, too, at a time when life was anything but joyous outwardly?

The Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, one of the most bright and *riant* of tone-pictures, was only less bright after Beethoven; yet it was fascinating and finely played.

Of Schumann's overture to "Manfred" we know not what to say. The impression of a single hearing does not remain so distinctly on the mind as to warrant an opinion, still less an attempt to characterize. We certainly followed it through with great interest, and found nothing to lessen the respect with which we have thus far listened to everything of Schumann's that has been produced here. Naturally resembling somewhat (in the feeling of the composition) the "Faust" overture by Wagner, it did not impress us quite as forcibly; but it did leave a strong desire to hear it played again.

MR. MOLLENHAUER'S most skilful virtuosity upon the violin again reaped its abundant harvest of applause. The thing was admirably done, if it were worth the doing. He answered but one encore, and then very reasonably, with but two or three variations of the "Carnival." The Schubert Serenade, for orchestra, was nicely played. Were we to speak critically of the arrangement, we should say that the violoncello alone of the three instruments can fitly sing such a melody. What poetic lover would serenade his mistress with a trumpet? And then the hautboy, while true to the pastoral idea of the love-sick shepherd's oaten reed, is not the voice for so modern, intellectual and cultivated a style of serenade as Schubert's. This by way of parenthesis, while we own that the three soloists all made the most of which their task admitted and approved themselves fine players. "Martha," (*by request*), is not an overture which tends much to elevate the public taste; its sentimental horn melody is weak and common-place, the rest but rhythmical jingle. It was played well, was enjoyed much (we do not doubt) by many, and we will not quarrel with their pleasure in it, if that be the condition of our getting better things in the same evening.

On the whole the concert was the best of the season. The fifth and last is announced for next Saturday (March 7); we trust it will be given in the Music Hall, and that a much larger audience than we have yet seen will reward Mr. Zerrahn's indefatigable and excellent exertions.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Costa's oratorio, "Eli," was performed again on Sunday evening, before a considerably larger audience; and yet not large enough, we regret to learn, to warrant another repetition. The worst effect of this may be to discourage the Society from giving other compositions of more mark. We are bound to have the *Requiem*, however, on the return of THALBERG.

Of the merit of this second performance we could only repeat what we said of the first. The choruses and the accompaniments went admirably.

The charm of Miss HAWLEY'S pure and simple rendering of the music of Samuel was not diminished; it is a great pleasure to hear anything so perfectly in character, so chastely expressive and free from all trick of display, even if the voice be not of the most powerful and brilliant. Saving the lowest contralto, however, it was powerful enough, and truly sweet and musical. Mrs. LONG sang the bright song: *I will extol thee*, even more effectively than before. Eli's faults were still uncured. The tenor of Mr. ADAMS and the baritone of Mr. WILDE improve upon acquaintance.

Of the composition itself, too, we found our first impression in no way essentially changed. To much of it we listened with undiminished interest; some parts come out with more decided force and beauty, as those Mendelssohn-ish choruses, such as: *The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble*, &c., which is quite felicitous in its theme and truly a beautiful chorus; and some of the larger fugues, one of which, especially, the concluding *Hallelujah*, with its exulting motive, impressed us much more than it did before. And as to the singular phenomenon of the German, un-Italian character of most of the music (being written by an Italian), we have to make some

deduction from the statement; we did become aware, in many of the instrumental *ritornels* and symphonies, of a certain dramatic style, that smacked not a little of the current Italian opera stage.

The production of the work is truly creditable to the Society, and it is well worthy to be heard several times.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Chickering Saloon was completely filled on Tuesday evening, and the concert was the most interesting of the season, embracing the following excellent selections:

- PART I.
- 1—Quartet No. 1, in E. Cherubini
Introduction and Allegro agitato—Larghetto—Scherzo
Allegro moderato—Finale, Allegro assai.
 - 2—Song: Gretchen am Spinnrade. From Goethe's
"Faust," Schubert
Miss Lucy A. Doane.
 - 3—Adagio and Scherzo from the Third Quintet in
G, op. 69. Spohr
- PART III.
- 4—Recitative and Air: "Dove Sono," from the
"Marriage of Figaro," Mozart
Miss Lucy A. Doane.
 - 5—Intermezzo from the Second Quartet in A, op.
13, (first time), Mendelssohn
 - 6—Duet from "Idomeneo," Mozart
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissman.
 - 7—Second Quintet, in C, op. 29, Beethoven
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.

We have never before derived so much pleasure from the vocal portion of the entertainment, whether as regards the selections or the execution. Miss DOANE'S voice and style more than justified the good impression which they made in the two concerts of the Orpheus Club; perhaps the place was better suited to her. Schubert's music to Goethe's *Meine Ruh' ist hin*, &c., with the perpetual spinning wheel figure in the accompaniment, seizes the true passion and spirit of the song; she sang it with such artistic delicacy and fervor that she was obliged to sing again, when she caused still more delight by giving (in English) the same composer's charming "Barcarole." Mr. DRESEL accompanied. In Mozart's *Dove Sono*, with the introductory recitative, and the duet from *Idomeneo*, she added fine dramatic verve and expression to very correct and finished vocalization. Miss Doane had formerly, and may yet at times be liable to a tendency to sharp in her singing; but this she successfully avoided on Tuesday evening, as well as at the Orpheus concerts. A certain shrill and too penetrating quality, also, which was once felt in her higher notes, is now happily subdued and softened, while the freshness, elasticity and delicate flexibility of her organ remain; to which is added a peculiar charm of refinement and good taste. She is now one of our very best soprano singers, and does great credit to her teacher, Mr. KREISSMANN. Why do we never hear her in our oratorios and larger concerts? Mr. Kreissmann's share in the duet was very perfect; he seems to have gained in sweetness and fulness of voice, while for every physical defect of organ he makes up in a small room by the artistic style and expression of his singing.

The instrumental pieces were all excellent. The Cherubini Quartet suffered in its first movement (as did certain passages in the Beethoven Quintet) from something of a wiry and false sound of the highest violin tones; but generally the renderings were quite satisfactory. That Cherubini Quartet, as we come to it again, strikes us as a little hard and over-elaborate in its first and last movements; the Larghetto and Scherzo are charmingly original. Spohr was like himself, only in one of his best moments; the new Inter-

mezzo from Mendelssohn gave us a somewhat new phase of his fairy vein, and quite a fresh and taking one. But it was reserved for the glorious old Beethoven Quintet to make the pleasure of the evening complete; with only the exception of a high note or two, it went finely; and we were reminded that we have heard too little of Beethoven's Quintet and Quartet music this winter.

Only one more of the eight concerts remains, and that will take place on the 10th of March.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—At the last Afternoon Concert we were disappointed in not hearing the Eighth Symphony repeated; but we were richly compensated by an earlier Beethoven Symphony, the No. 2, in D, which by the grandeur of its introduction, the fire of its first Allegro and its Finale, the divine majesty and beauty of its Andante, and perfectly pastoral joy and frolic of its Scherzo and Trio, still holds a place among his great works. It is common to speak of it as belonging to his Haydn period and as showing still the manner of Haydn; but nothing that Haydn ever wrote can stir the soul to such depths, or indicates such force and fire of genius. The orchestra did their work well, and the attention of the very large audience was remarkable.

The remainder of the programme was all light: a violoncello solo, played by JUNGNIKKEL, a Lanner Waltz, the overture to "Stradella," Zerrahn's "Trovatore Quadrille," and a Potpourri, called *Ueberall und nirgends* (everywhere and nowhere).

A Hint to Choirs.

MR. EDITOR:—I think no man of middle age can have failed to notice the great depreciation of our church choirs, especially in the country, in one respect, namely, in their power of singing full, flowing melody. Twenty-five years ago, however defective our singers may have been in other respects, there was hardly a little country meeting-house in which you could not hear the trebles carrying their part with great freedom and ease in such tunes as "New Sabbath," "Effingham," "Rothwell," and others, where the melodic phrases ran up to F and G. But now I seldom hear a note above D and E, and these generally are given with a sort of half-confident manner that makes the ear constantly await notes an eighth or quarter of a tone flat. Have the powers of our sopranos degenerated? Are there no longer such good voices as our fathers and mothers possessed? No, sir, this is not the case at all; there never were better voices in any age or country than our own New England possesses. I find the cause in the want of cultivating and developing the voice. At the "Old Folks' Concerts," as they are called, we hear the old tunes, however high they run, sung with as much ease as ever, and this simply because by practice the singers have learned to use their powers upon the high notes. In the days of the old "Bridgewater" and "Handel and Haydn" collections, and of the "Village Harmony," a full flowing melody was thought almost a necessity in a psalm tune, and every singer instinctively learned to use his or her vocal powers in such a manner as to sing those melodies with effect. Of late years a sort of namby pamby, hum-drum, sickly, sentimental tune has been in vogue, and as this sort of thing seldom requires the tenor to rise above D or E,

there is nothing to call forth the upper notes of the voice. Hence, through want of culture, the individual singers depreciate, and the consequence is a falling off in the choir collectively.

Now, sir, I wish to urge upon all our choirs the necessity of their spending more or less of the time at their rehearsals in singing music which will call out their voices upon the high notes, and teach them to sustain with ease and effect the full flowing melodies of a better class of tunes than those now in vogue. If we go on at the present rate, in a few years it will be as rare an event to hear a choir sing a melody, as it has, alas! already become to hear a tune in the minor mode, decently sung.

Yours respectfully,
A LOVER OF PSALMODY.

OLD HUNDRED AGAIN.—We are pleased to find in the last number of the *Musical Review* a paragraph evidently from the pen of Dr. Mason, in reply to our Diarist's query, a few weeks since, as to the fact of a copy of the "Old Hundredth" of the date "1546" having been found in Lincoln Cathedral. Letters from Rev. Mr. Havergal give the date 1564. Dr. Mason has a copy from the year 1567. The oldest copy mentioned in Mr. Havergal's interesting history of the tune is from 1561, and the oldest copies found by our Diarist are one of 1560 and one of 1559.

The mere date of this one psalm tune is of small importance, but as it is the representative of what was once the popular and almost exclusive Protestant music, to fix the era of the tune is of much importance in musical history.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Complimentary Concert to our very deserving artist, Mrs. J. H. LONG, will take place at Chickering's this evening, and will be an excellent affair. Tickets enough were subscribed for early in the week to almost crowd the hall; it is to be hoped that "a few more" remain for others of her many friends and admirers. She will sing three of her best pieces, viz: *Prende per me*, by Donizetti, the Romanza from "Tell," and Mozart's *Parto ma tu ben mio*, with clarinet obligato. She will be assisted, too, by Mr. PARKER, pianist, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who will play a Quartet by Beethoven, and favorite selections from Mendelssohn and Onslow. . . . ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is in town, and will give us a concert. . . . MORGAN, the organist, and GUIDI, the tenore, have also some show of their art in preparation for us. Of the times and the seasons we are not yet notified.

So we are not to have "Eli" again at present, nor anything else of the oratorio kind until Thalberg comes (about the middle of March). But there is a hopeful project on foot, fitly emanating from the old Handel and Haydn Society, of assembling the musicians from all about and holding a grand three days musical Festival in Boston, after the manner of those in England and Germany. Three entire oratorios are talked of, and perhaps concerts in the evenings. May we suggest that, instead of three oratorios (which only John Bull can digest in one week), one of the days be consecrated to Beethoven's "Choral Symphony"? It is due to the honor of Boston, after all the sneers provoked by our Beethoven Statue Festival, not to let another year pass without producing that sublime work, with orchestra and choral parts entire and on a worthy scale; and what better time could be chosen than such a festival, should it be brought about? . . . Mr. ZERRAHN's last concert is to be given in the Music Hall, next Saturday evening; and what is more, he has secured

the great attraction of the German prima donna, Mme. JOHANNSEN, who will probably sing some fine operatic scena from Mozart, songs of Schubert, &c., (although the pieces are not fully determined.) The Symphony will be the glorious one in C by Schubert. Mr. Zerrahn's concerts have not yet begun to remunerate him; in going to the Music Hall and engaging Johannsen he assumes a heavy expense; and if these superior attractions in themselves are not enough, it is at least a duty which our music-lovers owe to one who has done so much for them, to give him a brim-full house.

Musical Matinées are getting into fashion in New York. Yesterday, at 2 P. M., Herr GOLDBECK, the pianist, was to give "Recitals" in classical and modern music at the Spingler Institute, assisted by Mlle. DE ROODE, OTTO FEDER and DOEHLER. . . . A play founded on Goethe's "Faust" has been produced at Laura Keane's Theatre, "with Spohr's music." "Who the deuce Jonathan Birch, Esq. (the person announced as the translator) may be," the *Tribune* "with its limited knowledge of American authors," does not venture to say, but does say that he has sadly burlesqued Goethe; and as to the music having been written by Spohr, the same paper adds: "We should not have thought it." By the way, Spohr's music was not written to Goethe's "Faust," but to a poor libretto by Bernard, a Vienna poet, founded merely on the old Faust legend, and first given at Prague before 1818. This play had the run of Europe for some thirty years. Possibly it is this poem, and not Goethe's, that now undergoes the Birch. . . .

At one of a series of those simple evening parties here called "Sociables," (the rule of which is that each family entertains the others in its turn in any mode it may devise,) we found that music was the order of the evening. Surely it is not often that at any formal concert we are treated to a programme quite so fine as this:

- 1—Sonata, for violin and piano, Beethoven
- 2—Two-part Song, Mendelssohn
- 3—Aria: *Non di fiore*, from "Clemenza di Tito," Mozart
- 4—Mazourkas, Chopin
- 5—Songs, Robert Franz
- 6—Andante from First Symphony (for four hands), Beethoven
- 7—Songs, Schumann
- 8—Two-part Song, Mendelssohn
- 9—Songs, Franz
- 10—Sonata, in F, violin and piano, Beethoven

The execution, too, was worthy of the programme; our friend SCHULTZE was the violinist; all the rest was the contribution of young lady amateurs.

Our townsman, HARRISON MILLARD, is singing acceptably in Ireland, as will be seen by the following, from the *Illustrated News*:

MISS CATHERINE HAYES AT BELFAST.—Miss Catherine Hayes is on a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Mlle. Corelli (contralto), Signor F. Lablache (barytone), and Signor Millardi (tenor); and by Mr. G. A. Osborne, composer and pianist, as conductor. The Belfast papers state that Miss Hayes was enthusiastically received in that town. The grand scena and aria, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," was given delightfully, evincing by every note she sang the beauty, richness, and power of her voice in all its ranges. Signor Millardi then followed, in aria, "Bel adorata." Applause, hearty and sustained, rewarded this gentleman in his performances during the evening. After this solo Miss Hayes again appeared, and in her charming style sang "The Last Rose of Summer," which was encored. She re-appeared, and delighted her admirers with "The harp that once thronged Tara's halls." Mlle. Corelli next sang the cavatina, "In questo semplice," by Donizetti, and was warmly applauded for the sweet and agreeable style in which she rendered it. The first part of the programme was concluded with a duo by Miss Hayes and Signor Lablache, "Signorina in tanta fretta" from "Don Pasquale." After an interval of some ten minutes the second part of the performance commenced with a duo, "Versatemi del vino," by Lablache and Millardi. Miss Hayes then sang "Home, sweet home," and, in compliance with an enthusiastic encore, she gave "Coming through the rye."

Of Mme. GAZZANIGA, the new prima donna engaged for the opening of the new Opera House in Philadelphia. *Fitzgerald*, who was present at a rehearsal (of *Trovatore*), says:

She is (we should suppose) about twenty-eight—slightly above the medium height—her face is open, frank and expressive—her manners are easy, lady-like, and well-assured. At first sight, she is plain-looking, quite so—but, familiarity with her countenance heightens its expression and enhances its interest. We should not like to express a positive opinion as to her merits as a singer—yet, we will say, that all our predilections are in her favor. Her voice is peculiarly and delightfully sympathetic—it is clear, fresh, strong, flexible, true—she has it entirely under control, so thorough is her cultivation. She sings easily, runs up and down the scale like a canary-bird, and she has very considerable compass; but it is not her voice, or her person, or her manner, that so entirely captivates—it is her sympathy with the sentiment of her author; she sings conscientiously, with much feeling and expression. Perhaps she is the most sympathetic singer we have ever heard.

This opening was to take place Wednesday evening, with Maretzek as conductor; Mlle. ALDINI, (and not Miss Phillipps), to sing Azucena; BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c, in the other rôles.

Musical humbug seems to be as rife as ever. We have received the programme to a concert given this week in Lowell, by "Kirmazinga, the young Princess of Delhi," with a biography upon the back; the bill includes the Duet from *Norma*, by "Princess of Delhi and Lady of Lowell," "Star Spangled Banner," by the Princess, and a variety of pieces in which the names of Satter, Schulze, and various Boston artists figure.

Boston can boast by far the largest music-publishing establishment in this country: that of OLIVER DITSON & Co. Their catalogue (in the words of the *Transcript*) exhibits a list of upwards of 300 music books, and 20,000 pieces of sheet music. These are all of their own publication, and comprise Methods of Instruction for the voice, and for every instrument Collections of music. Among the latter are all the best Operas, Oratorios, and Masses. In addition to these, their stock embraces the publications of every music house in this country. The house has been established for nearly a quarter of a century, and is enabled to supply numerous books and pieces of sheet music which cannot be found at any other place, and which are generally supposed to have long since passed out of print. This enterprising firm will soon erect a large and splendid store, specially arranged for their business. The site selected is on Washington street, three estates south of Winter street, and extending through to Jackson place. The location is an admirable one, and the establishment will doubtless be an honor to Boston.

The London *Athenæum* is concerned lest CLARA SCHUMANN should wear out her welcome to England; it says:

We understand, by a letter from Germany, that Madame Schumann intends to visit London again this year, and we fear with something like a fixed "mission," to habituate us to music of the *broken-crockery* school,—since we are told that of late she has gone the length of performing, in one of Mozart's *Concertos*, *cadenzas* written by Herr Brahms, which are described by a correspondent as "feverish, incoherent, and truly ugly." Worse taste than this, knowing as we do what the style of Herr Brahms is, it would be hard to imagine.

"*Rara Avis*" is the odd title of a new Literary and Musical Journal, published monthly at Portage city in Wisconsin. It assures us that a host of lovers of music are springing up upon the prairies. . . . We see our old "Germania" friend, CARL SENTZ, mentioned as the general director of the Philadelphia "Germania Orchestra" concerts. Mr. SIMON HASLER is the leader. The concerts, given by daylight, are very popular.

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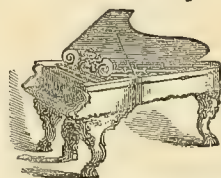
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THE POWER OF SONG.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.*

From rocky cleft the torrent dashes,
Down, down he comes with thunder-shock;
The sturdy oak beneath him crashes,
And after rolls the loosened rock.
Amazed, o'erjoyed, with awe and wonder
The traveller stops and gazes round;
He hears the all-pervading thunder,
But cannot tell from whence the sound.
So rolls the tide of Song, forever,
Where mortal foot hath wandered never.

Leagued with the dreaded Powers above us,
Who darkly spin life's slender thread,
Who can resist his power to move us?
Who can the singer's spell evade?
He Hermes' magic wand inherits,
And charms the heart with influence soft
Down to the realm of tortured spirits,
Or bears it heavenward aloft,
On Fancy's airy ladder reeling,
Swayed to and fro with giddy feeling.

As when into the scenes of pleasure
Some dread disaster stalks along,
With giant-like, unearthly measure,
And scatters terror through the throng:
He strips at once the gay delusion—
This stranger from the other world;
The masks fall off in dire confusion;
Earth's greatness to the ground is hurl'd;
And before Truth's all-conquering mirror
Withers each work of sin and error;—

So, every earthly burden spurning,
Man's thoughts at Music's bidding rise;
And, with immortal ardor burning,
With godlike tread he walks the skies.
The Gods as one of theirs embrace him;
There must his daily troubles sleep;
Thither no destiny can chase him,
Thither no earthly thing may creep:

* From "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller," translated by J. S. DWIGHT.

His brow is smooth, no fear alarms him,
He knows no care while music charms him.

And as the boy, with hopeless longing,
When stolen freedom yields no rest,
But home-thoughts to his heart keep thronging,
Flies to his injured mother's breast;
So Music has the power to charm us,
When turn'd from Nature's simple truth;
From cold and foreign ways to warm us,
With the old feelings of our youth.
In Nature's arms, O! then we rest us,
Where freezing forms may ne'er molest us.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Requiem.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Concluded from last week.)

The Offertorium, that is, the prayer, which in a Latin mass immediately precedes the taking of the bread and wine, Mozart has divided into two pieces: *Domine Jesu Christe* and *Hostias*, each concluding with a fugue upon the words: *Quam olim Abrahamæ*. The Abbé Stadler has told us that it was a traditional practice among the Catholic masters to treat this part of the text in the form of a regular Fugue, and the *Requiem* of Cherubini also shows us that it is customary to repeat this Fugue at the close of the Offertorium.

No. 8. The *Domine*,* so mournfully, evangelically and majestically commenced by the chorus voices, but with imitations in the orchestra, (Andante, G minor) presents a constant accumulation of ideas, and passes decidedly into the fugued style in the verse: *Ne absorbeat eas Tartarus*, with a vigorous accompaniment in sixteenths, to serve as counter-subject to the voice parts. Upon this chorus follows a wonderful quartet of solo singers, which also is regularly fugued, but upon another theme, which leads on step by step to the no less wonderful Fugue upon *Quam olim*,

* Text to No. 8:

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriæ, libera animas
omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni et de
profundo lacu.

Libera eas de ore Leonis. Ne absorbeat eas Tar-
tarus, ne cadant in obscurum;

Sed signifer sanctus, Michael, representet eas in
lucem sanctam,

Quam olim Abrahamæ promissisti, et semini ejus.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, liberate the souls
of all the faithful dead from the pains of hell and
from the deep lake.

Liberate them from the mouth of the Lion. Let
not Tartarus swallow them, let them not fall into the
dark;

But let the holy standard-bearer, Michael, present
them into the holy Light,

Which thou didst promise formerly to Abraham
and to his seed.

whose commencement is marked by the coming in of the trombones. It is usual to change the Andante here prescribed into an *Allegro moderato*, and I believe with reason. It would be hard for the performers to prevent being somewhat carried away by the sweep and extraordinary fire of this Fugue, which is the most imposing and pathetic of all the church fugues that I know. The counter-subject is worked up in the orchestra with immense vigor; the theme, contained within two bars of the voice parts, is in fact nothing but a redoubled exclamation: *Quam olim Abrahamæ! Promissisti!* The development is as simple as possible; but observe with what art, what genius the subject in the vocal bass (bars 15 and 28) is more immediately calculated to call forth the most touching answers in the upper voices, and how the simple thought of the song and the instrumentation fill out the Fugue without any interruption. It is one whole; the details are not observed; a stream of fervent inspiration, which bears one irresistibly along with it, and then instantly disappears.

No. 9. The *Hostias** is a Larghetto in E flat major, distinguished not only by the wonderfully beautiful melody of its choral song, but also by its excellent, we might say, pious choice of chords. One cannot imagine a more devoutly Catholic, a more holy, Christian prayer, than this No. 9 of the *Requiem*. Palestrina would not have composed otherwise, had he known all that he did not know in regard to harmony. But since the prayer of a mass for the dead must always distinguish itself in some passage by a certain something from all other church-like prayers, Mozart has intermingled the deep humiliation and composure of his *Hostias* with periods of a pathetic character and a more modern turn; yet since the instrumental figure adopted from the outset, a very animated syncopated figure, does not change, the unity of the piece remains untouched, in spite of the heightened expression in the vocal melody, which soon returns to its first steady movement, and ends with a pause.

I beg my readers to consider the passage of the *Hostias* criticized by G. Weber (23d to 25th

* Text to No. 9:

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus.
Tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memo-
riam facimus.

Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam;
Quam olim Abrahamæ, &c.

Offerings of prayer and praise, O Lord, we bring
to Thee. Do Thou espouse the cause of those souls,
whom we to-day hold in remembrance.

Cause, O Lord, that they may pass from death to
life;

Which Thou didst promise to Abraham, &c.

measure). It is sublime—no more, no less. How could he fail to remark, that what he has pleased (for what reason I know not) to reproach with unsteady movement, to-wit, that very common thing in vocal music, the leap of the octave, is never here the melodic feature which strikes the ear most sensibly? The reason is obvious. It is simply that the melody is here found in the orchestra, and that the instrumental figure, in traversing all the intervals of the chord, one after another, fills up the chasm between the octaves executed by the soprano.

No. 10. *Sanctus*. Here melodic design, harmony, modulation, instrumentation, all is grand, all is truly sacred within the few bars of the Adagio, and there can be no doubt that this number would have to be placed among the most prominent conceptions of the work, if Mozart had had time to develop the Fugue of the *Hosanna*.

No. 11. The *Benedictus*, (Andante, B flat, major) composed for quartet of solo-singers, and with a melody in itself but little church-like, returns, nevertheless, to the church style by the learned forms of its development. Whether the voices move alone, or in imitation, or in compact chords, they present the thematic ideas with wonderful variety and in an enchanting manner. Observe, for instance, that passage in thirds between the soprano and tenor; it is only a passage in thirds and sixths; yet it extorts a cry of admiration. Throughout the whole the *Benedictus* is a prayer of soft and touching solemnity, a work of uniform grace, and an admirable masterpiece of polyphonus style. That would be a great deal to say of Süßmayer.

No. 12. In the *Agnus Dei*, the twelfth and last number, (Larghetto, D minor) we recognize the master in invention, and indeed still better than we have recognized him in the preceding piece in the working up. Who but Mozart could have invented this sublime figure of the accompaniment, in which are expressed all the majesty of the temple in its days of grief and mourning, all the grandeur of a parting which religion has sanctified? Who else in the world, but the composer who wrote under the inspirations of death itself, would have found out the four-voiced passage: *Dona eis requiem*, and the ritornel that follows? The angels, as conductors of souls, seem in this prayer to pray for them.* One were fully justified in saying, with the intelligent and learned critic, Marx, of Berlin, that "if Mozart did not make the *Agnus*, then whoever has made it must without doubt be Mozart."

How singular! we repeat again. Süßmayer, who gives himself out as the composer of the *Sanctus*, a sublime composition in the ten measures of the Adagio—of the *Benedictus*, a wonderful composition, to say the very least, and of the *Agnus*, an angelic or even divine composition—Süßmayer avoids developing the Fugue of the *Hosanna*, whose majestic subject he twice introduces, and he arrives at the verse of the *Agnus*: *Et lux æterna luceat eis* (where a new piece should have commenced, according to the plan adopted for the division of the text). Does Süßmayer know nothing better to do than to take up No. 1 again at the nineteenth measure, and end the work with the Fugue of the *Kyrie* applied to

the words: *Cum sanctis tuis in æternam*? I ask again, is not this the strongest and most striking of all conceivable moral proofs, that Süßmayer was very careful not to introduce a single thought into his work as finisher, or rather as enlightened copyist, which did not belong to the master?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music in the Public Schools.

MR. EDITOR:—It must be gratifying to all who have at heart the advancement of musical science among us, to observe that the subject of "Music in the Public Schools" is attracting attention. A recent correspondent of the *Transcript* ("Educator") says: "That music may be made a study, most interesting and useful, there has been abundant proof in the Boston schools, in years past, &c." Now, weak and defective as the present system is, it would be difficult, I think, for "Educator" or any one else to prove any deterioration from the first. The fact is, from the very outset, the thing has been carried on without the slightest claim to thoroughness. A study it has never been. I propose to show wherein it is defective, and, for reasons which will appear hereafter, shall have sole reference to the schools for boys.

In the first place, so far as we can learn, the boys are taught without classification; that is to say, no reference is had to age or musical capacity. Voices pleasing and harsh; voices in tune and out of tune; voices of high and low compass; all are exercised at one time and in one room. By the combination of such heterogeneous materials, the equilibrium of *pitch* is destroyed; hence the rough sounds which smite the ear of the listener on these occasions. Again, the amount of time given to musical practice is wholly inadequate; this point, however, will be touched upon when we come to speak of the proper classification of pupils.

Perhaps the worst feature in the system is the character and style of music adopted by the schools. The words, too, in most cases are better fitted for use in infant schools and in the nursery. It should be borne in mind that the greater part of the music published in our day, is the veriest trash, in no way entitled to the name of music in its higher sense, and only serves to give to Art a downward tendency. In this category must be included such music as is used in our public schools. Let a person now go the rounds on "music day," and he will hear little or nothing besides a succession of worn out Ethiopian melodies, extracts from operas, and nursery songs of so infantile a character as to insult the good sense of every intelligent boy above ten years of age. Dr. TUCKERMAN, in his excellent lecture before the Boston Art Club recently, commented severely on the wretched productions of modern psalm-book makers. His remarks may apply with equal force to the Song Books both for secular and Sunday school use. Like the psalm-books, they have proved profitable to their compilers, but to the community a stumbling-block and to musicians foolishness. Supposing that any other branch of study, say Arithmetic, were reduced to this low standard, the progress of our children might end with the solution of a few infantile puzzles.

It is safe to say that not one boy in twenty, on leaving school, can reply correctly to the simplest

questions in musical theory; much less can he sing the plainest passage by note. Such a result as this reflects discredit upon all concerned. Let us apply the first remedy,—that of classification; and to render the expediency of such classification the more obvious, let us consider one out of a multitude of instances which might be pointed out under the present arrangement. Here are two boys occupying adjacent seats and perhaps singing from one book. In the face of the one, the physiognomist discovers traces of a spiritual organization and refinement of emotion wholly wanting in the other. Let him station himself near these boys, and, if he listens attentively, he will find that external appearances have not deceived him. To speak plainly, one of them has a "musical ear;" the other has not. The result is, a continual contest between true and false intonation. The evil effect of all this is, to blunt the finer sensibilities of the former individual, while the latter, (being unconscious of his error) is hardly susceptible of improvement, for musicians well know that if a person has a radically deficient "ear," no amount of training will make him a reliable singer.

Having shown that the present indiscriminate method is productive of evil, while it presents no advantages, I will suggest a method of classification. First of all, the music teacher should take the name of every boy in school under twelve years of age who, upon trial, gives evidence of extraordinary musical capacity. Here it should be remarked that the plan of limiting the musical exercises to the higher classes is incorrect, particularly as regards the first class, where boys are supposed to have arrived at an age which leaves but little time for cultivation before the change of voice takes place, which is generally at fifteen. Observation and experience indicate that, out of two hundred pupils, he would find about thirty who would come up to the mark. He should then consult their wishes, and those only who are strongly inclined to devote special attention to the cultivation of music as a science should be retained. This second process would most likely reduce his class to about twenty, a very convenient number. This class should practice one hour daily, separate from the rest of the school. Should musical exercises still be carried on promiscuously with the whole school as at present, (a matter of but little importance one way or the other) the boys composing the *select class* just described, should be excused from attendance.

This brings us to the subject of a proper textbook. The defects of those now in use have been already shown. A book designed for thorough instruction should first contain a vast number of carefully prepared *solfeggi*, embodying almost every conceivable melodic movement in all the keys up to, at least, five sharps and flats. To be sufficiently copious, this collection should furnish five hundred exercises of at least sixteen bars each. And it should be the duty of the teacher to avoid, as much as possible, assisting his pupils by thumping out the melody upon the piano. So long as learners are allowed to rely upon such aid, they will never make independent readers. If the exercises are well adapted, the *lower harmony* (omitting the vocal note) will, after a few lessons, suffice for an accompaniment. In a short time under such training, boys will make great progress in reading music,—an accomplishment which they acquire much more rapidly than persons

* The idea that angels bear the souls of the departed to God, is expressed in the Offertorium: *Sed signifer sanctus Michael representet eas in lucem sanctam*.

of mature years. In addition to these selfeggi, this book should contain some substantial compositions by the best masters, from the practice of which pupils might obtain ideas of *style*, not to be expected from mechanical exercises alone. Give all popular melodies and operatic sentimentalisms "a wide berth." It is needless to say that no such work as above described for school use, is in existence, for the reason that under the present defective system there has been no demand for it. Let us take a high view of this matter. Let us take the ground that, if the science of music is worthy of *any* attention in our public schools—if the study and practice of it exerts upon the youthful mind those benign influences usually attributed to it, it is worthy of thorough treatment. In another article I shall endeavor to show some of the advantages which might occur to those youth who, being musically gifted, are encouraged and aided in the study of the science, with special reference to the music of the Episcopal Church.

PRECENTOR.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2.—It was gratifying to see Dodworth's Saloon actually full, for once, at EISELDE's last concert—whether the reason lay in the fine weather or in the attraction presented by the name of Miss DE ROODE upon the programme, I cannot tell; enough that the audience was large, and appreciative too. We had Beethoven's Quintet, No. 4, well played and full of beauties, of course; Schumann's exquisite Quintet, in which Mr. TIMM took the piano part, and acquitted himself admirably, (in spite of his greater familiarity with the style of less modern composers,) and a Quartet, op. 17, of Rubinstein, which did not please me as well as the one which we heard last winter. The novelty of the occasion was the first appearance in public of Miss MARIE DE ROODE, whose actual debut at a private charity concert you will remember as having been chronicled by "Trovator." This young lady, a native of Holland, I believe, of pleasing, frank, unpretending appearance, is happy in the possession of a full, rich, fresh voice, which she knows how to use to the best advantage. Her singing of Haydn's "With verdure clad" was uncommonly fine, and showed plainly that she enters fully into the spirit of what she is performing. In Schubert's *Ave Maria* she was not so fortunate; there was not enough simplicity in her rendering of this composition, and a change which she introduced in the last "Ave Maria," was in bad taste, and seemed too evidently intended to show how high her voice would reach. I regretted, too, that she sang the French words, which bear a meaning just the reverse of the original, or the German translation; Ellen's *Ave Maria* in the "Lady of the Lake" being an invocation to the Virgin for the safety of her father, while the French words represent a mother praying for her child.

On Thursday afternoon we had another of young GOLDBECK's delightful Matinées, which I enjoyed even more than the two preceding ones. There has been an absence of pretension and formality, a social atmosphere about these entertainments, which have lent them a peculiar charm. This last one was more fully attended, being given, for private reasons, at the pretty Hall of the Spingler Institute, which holds more people than the parlors of a private house.

Mr. GOLDBECK gave us first, with Mr. DOENLER, Beethoven's lovely Sonata in F, op. 24, for piano and violin. His part was very finely played, but he might have found a better accompanist, I think. Of two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," Nos.

1 and 6, of the first book, he played the first entirely too rapidly, thus quite altering its character. Two new Aquarelles, "Souvenir de Chiswick," and "Brighton-Scène Maritime," (rather snobbishly designated as having been "composed for the Duke of Devonshire, and first played at Mr. G.'s concert at Devonshire House,") were not quite as pleasing as those previously played, one of which, "Moonlight Night," was repeated on this occasion. In the last Sonata of Beethoven, Mr. Goldbeck surpassed himself; I have never yet heard him play so finely, or with such religious earnestness. The beautiful Variations, the graceful Scherzo, the sublime Funeral March, which raises one to the skies, and the sparkling, dancing Finale, which lets us gently down to earth again, all were rendered with an unction and spirit which I have rarely heard excelled.

The songs by the young artist, (which Mr. FEDER would have interpreted to more general satisfaction, had he omitted his usual very unpleasant grimaces and gestures,) were very pleasing. They were: "From thee, Eliza, I must go," by Burns, in which some fine modulations were noticeable, and two to German words, of which the last, "Zwiegesang," was charmingly fresh and original. Miss DE ROODE left nothing to regret in her performance except her indistinct articulation of her English words, which may be ascribed to her slight acquaintance with the language. Equally well with the air by Haydn, she sang Weber's *Und ob die Wolke*, and Mendelssohn's "Maid of Ganges." Her sister, who seems also a fine musician, played the accompaniments.

Mr. Goldbeck has been very successful in these Matinées, not so much pecuniarily, perhaps, as in what was more his object, becoming known to the musical public, and gaining a position in influential society. He is already a great favorite of the ladies, and has quite a number of pupils. To such earnest, striving, anti-humbag young geniuses, one can wish nothing short of the best success. May it be his!

I close my chronicle with the notice of THALBERG's last Matinée, or rather the last of the first series, which took place last Friday. On this occasion, we had a treat in Hummel's Septet, which was played to perfection by Mr. Thalberg, accompanied by various members of the Philharmonic orchestra. Only three movements were given, however, beginning with the third, followed by the Scherzo and Finale. The other pieces were the "Moïse," "Adelaide," the *Tarantella*, and the *Norma* duo with WM. MASON, besides *Masaniello* and the "Last Rose of Summer," as *encores*. Of all these I liked the "Adelaide" by far the best. How beautifully it sings itself, and with what exquisite feeling he plays it! In the duo with Wm. Mason, I was pleased to notice how much the latter has improved since I last heard him. How could he but be inspired, though, by the honor of playing with Thalberg! Such "runs" as came from beneath the fingers of the latter, I never heard before. I could compare them to nothing but the sighing and moaning of the wind.—I have not yet spoken of one feature of these Matinées, the performance on the Alexandre Organ, and now I mention it only because it is a novelty, and not because I was pleased with it. The capacities of this instrument, as the programmes say, are the following:

"The power to sustain single notes and chords, while at the same time the most rapid and brilliant passages can be performed—the notes being sustained by mechanism, governed by the knees, thus leaving both hands free to manipulate; its capability to use singly, and combine the tones of the Violin, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and the Human Voice."

But I regret to say that these wonderful attributes were all lost upon me, and that the music it produced sounded to me very much like a common hand-organ of unusual power. I hear, however, that Mr. Thalberg does not bring out its full force, not

being as yet accustomed to it, and that there are persons in this city who can show it off to far better advantage. *Nous verrons.*

DRESDEN, FEB. 11. (From a private letter).—The "Tonkünstler Verein" (Union of Musical Artists) is the best association of the kind heré (and S. inclines to think, in Europe). On the present occasion (a members' meeting, not public) we had a Sonata of Beethoven, played by OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT and Herr KUMMER, the first 'Cello in Dresden. Mr. G. has improved wonderfully since he was in the United States, and the performance was such as to elicit the warmest approbation from this most critical audience. A week later at the same place, a Trio of Beethoven, with Goldschmidt, Kummer and Külveck, and a most singular composition of Bach's, written for strings, horns and reeds, and performed with a gusto which would enchant you, by, I think, eighteen instruments. That evening was closed (the musical part of it) by some of Chopin's preludes by Goldschmidt, charmingly played, but not equal to Dresel. The materials for fine concerted music in Dresden are probably not surpassed in Europe. At least this fact is confidently and constantly asserted by dilettante travellers, and of course stoutly maintained by residents.

The charm of the place to music-lovers of moderate means, is the frequency of cheap concerts of a high order; and as these constitute a marked feature of Dresden life, I will give you some account them at the risk of repeating what you may have heard from others. These concerts generally commence at 3, 4 or 5 P. M. The *exploiteurs* of them are the owners or lessees of large coffee-houses; and music is thus very judiciously made the bait to attract a full coffee-room, and it always succeeds. So the price is put very low—2½ groschen, (6¼ cents), and every person is expected to call for something to drink or eat, or both. We will take the "Link'sches Bad," it being the best, to display this feature of German life. This establishment is a little over a mile from the Elbe, in the section of the city called the Neustadt. The coffee-room is a very large and fine room. I estimated the size by the eye, and made it 110 by 60, and 30 high. In the middle of one side is a semi-circular depression, or *renforcement*, in the wall, of about 12 feet ear, raised three feet above the level of the floor, and accommodating twenty-six to thirty musicians. Distributed all over the floor of this great room are plain cherry square tables of two sizes, accommodating six and twelve persons respectively. I generally arrive there on Thursday at about 5 o'clock, the hour of commencement, pay my 2½ groschen to a man who stands in the ante-room with a china plate full of change and a pile of programmes, printed in the simplest and cheapest style. I have a stranger with me to-day, and, taking our programmes, we pass on to enter a door on the left, which brings us into a room some twenty-five feet square, with glass partitions towards the hall, and wide-open doors into the same.

"Why, the room's on fire!" exclaimed my friend. "What a dense smoke!" "Only tobacco smoke; three hundred cigars must be expected to make some smoke." "But the ladies—how can those young girls of eight, ten and twelve to twenty stand this? They surely cannot sit it out a whole evening." "You shall see. Come, let us get a seat." "Seat? there don't appear to be one vacant in the room." "Oh, yes; don't be too modest; let us go up half way, so as to be opposite the orchestra. Kellner, give us two seats." The waiter looks about and presently sees one table where perhaps two more might squeeze in, and says a word to one of the occupants, who moves aside, without any of

the French *suaviter in modo*, but also without ungraciousness, and we take two chairs and draw up. The waiter lowers his head to take our orders. "One hot punch, one café." "But hark! sh! What is that?" "*Die Felsenmühle*, Reissiger." "How admirably they play! The conductor is also leader and has no notes." "No, he never uses a note, and has the whole repertoire of classical music in his head. Whether he knows it thoroughly, understands its spirit, you shall judge to-night and in future. The applause is very hearty; now let us look round. What a singular scene!"

But, to drop the conversational, I will try to describe it. There are, at a rough estimate, 500 persons present; say 350 men and 150 ladies and girls. Three narrow aisles are left between the tables the whole length of the room. Every man is smoking; cigar *in the mouth*, American fashion; cigar in a pipe, or cigar in a mouth-piece, but no weed in pipes; at least I have seen none in places so respectable as this. You may perhaps fancy the denseness of the smoke. Every lady is either sewing, or knitting, or embroidering, and drinking either tea (out of a tall tumbler), or beer, or coffee; and every man has before him his great glass mug of beer, with glass handle and pewter top (to keep the smoke out?) or his glass of punch, or tea, or coffee, or "Bishop," or "Cardinal."

The programme is divided into three or four parts, and an interval of ten or fifteen minutes between each two is passed in chat and squeezing up and down these narrow aisles. The orchestra disappears, the leader generally mixing with the company, drinking his mug of beer and puffing his cigar. The first and second parts have been: (I take up a programme at a venture from my drawer) 18th Dec. 1. *Fest overture*, von Jul. Rietz. 2. March from the *Ruinen von Athen*, von Beethoven. 3. K. K. Kammerball *Tänze Waltzer*, von Lanner. 4. *Friedensmarsch aus Rienz*, von Wagner. II. Theil. 5. *Overture zum Freischütz*, von Weber. 6. Sonata Pathétique, von L. Beethoven, für Orchester arrangirt, von Schindelmesser. III. Theil. Sinfonie, C dur (No. 7) von C. M. von Weber. IV. Theil. *Overture to Zaubersflöte*; Arie und Duet aus *Euryanthe*; *Frohsinns-Saloon-Walz*, von Strauss; *Viel Liebchen Polka*, von H. Hünerfurst. But who is HÜNERFURST? Why, he is the very remarkable young man who conducts, leads, and has made this orchestra what it is. His musical memory is prodigious and he uniformly conducts without notes. I have seen him conduct and lead thus a great variety of music, among it Haydn's No. 7 Symphony, Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Nos. 2 and 5; overtures without number, of Mendelssohn, Wagner, Weber, David, Mehul, Meyerbeer, Hiller, Auber, &c. &c. He has much talent as a composer, some say genius. Monday afternoons at 3 he carries his orchestra to the concert room of the Grosser Garten, when there is always one symphony in the programme.

The "Brühlsche Terrasse" is the third and only other first class concert-room café in Dresden. Saturday, 4 P. M., is the great day there; but the orchestra is not Hünerfurst's, but Laade's—very good, but second to H's. Here also, on this day is one symphony. So you see that we always have three symphonies per week, and frequently more. At the last public concert of the Tonkünstler-verein, the programme consisted of Sonata Op. 58 of Beethoven, for piano and 'cello, Wehner and Kummer; Serenade, Op. 25, for flute, violin and viola, of Beethoven—an exquisite thing and played most superbly, and Hummel's *Septet Militaire*, Op. 114, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, 'cello, trumpet and contra-bass.

(Conclusion next week.)

MUSIC.—Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—Coleridge.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 7, 1857.

We cannot do better than to give the leading place, in this week's Journal, to the practical questions so ably discussed in the communication below. They are questions of the greatest interest to every musical and concert-going community, to all our large choral or orchestral societies in town or country, and especially to the proprietors and managers of Music Halls. The problem of a good hall for music on a large scale, with large audiences, we conceived to be in the main satisfactorily solved by our noble Boston Music Hall; and so does the writer of the article below. For the audience it is good enough, it is a triumph—so far as it is possible to reconcile the seating of very large audiences with the best conditions of hearing and enjoying music; for it must be borne in mind that something of musical effect must, in any hall conceivable, be sacrificed in the accommodation of great numbers.

So far our Music Hall may be esteemed a model. But one of its internal features has always been regarded only as temporary and experimental. The whole present arrangement of the stage end of the hall has always had reference to a future plan of completion, in which a main determining element will be the grand Organ, recently contracted for in Europe. Meanwhile a difficulty, not felt by the audience, is felt by the singers and performers on the stage, as is accurately set forth below; and now comes up the question, the solution of which for the Music Hall will be the solution of it also for all music halls throughout the land:

How should the stage end of the hall be constructed? And how should choir and orchestra be placed, with relation to each other and to the audience, and to the most mutually inspiring, easy and effective discharge of their respective duties.

Our correspondent's hints are timely, as they are humorous and readable, and present some reasons which it will be hard to set aside. Now is the very time to solve this question, and get at ruling principles and methods. Just as the love for public musical entertainments is stirring and organizing itself in all the cities and large towns of our Republic, and music halls innumerable are being planned and built, it will be well for all concerned to give a little careful consideration to this topic. The stage of the Boston Music Hall presents a very proper point of departure for the whole enquiry; and we trust our readers in the country and in other cities will consider that we are not limiting ourselves to the mere musical interests of Boston, when we invite them to read what follows:

The Stage of the Music Hall.

MR. DWIGHT:—The matter then is fixed.—We are to have a Grand Organ in the Music Hall. It is a subject for rejoicing that the efforts of that gentleman, who has devoted himself so generously to this object, have been crowned with success. The erection of this instrument upon the scale proposed, will of course render great changes necessary in the accommodations—and want of accommodations—now existing in the Music Hall for the orchestra and chorus of our great Oratorio performances. Now, as alterations in the stage will be unavoidable, and as, if thought on the whole to be advisable, a complete change in its arrangement can be made without putting the proprietors of the edifice to extra expense, it is a favorable time to bring forward a topic which should have been thoroughly discussed before the plans of the hall were drawn, but which seems to

have attracted no attention whatever. Allow me to begin the discussion by presenting a chorister's view of the matter. In plain, clear, unmistakable terms, the point to be considered is this:—

Is the stage of the Music Hall, in its fitness for the purposes of a great choral society, worthy of a gold medal as being of the worst possible construction, of a silver medal as being only very bad indeed, or only of an "honorable mention," as being bad enough in all conscience.

That it is bad, I think you would have a unanimous vote—in case the question were put to the Handel and Haydn Society—from Mr. Zerrahn at the conductor's "Pult," up to the unfortunate individual who sits some quarter of a mile away, hard by that musical door, whose hinges are sure to squeak when a particularly soft passage in the music renders such a tone particularly effective.

Well, then, the question is now open for discussion.

[*Unfortunate individual near the squeaking door.*]—Mr. President, before proceeding to discuss the topic before us, I will state that I shall move the award of the silver medal, it being actually within the power of my imagination to conceive of a worse arrangement of a stage than the present—as in case the stage descended front to rear, and we were shut up behind a screen, as the present organ is, for instance, so that our voices should make their way into the hall through cracks and crannies, as the organ's tones now are forced to do—for which doubtless excellent acoustic reasons might be given—though I can find none in the books. A screen before an organ must be an improvement if the tones of the instrument are very bad—just as the singing of a very bad choir sounds best if we have a thick partition between it and us. Since the musical reporters of all the papers have given the Handel and Haydn chorus much praise lately, a screen appears to be unnecessary for us. This by the way.

In support of the motion to award the silver medal, I lay down certain propositions.

First, the effectiveness of every sound, whether musical or not, depends in great measure upon the position in regard to it of the ear to which it penetrates. Sound is the result of the striking upon the organ of hearing of a pulsation or wave of the air, caused by the sonorous body. If the ear be in the direct line in which the tone-waves are put in motion, the sound is much louder than if not. Thus the report of a cannon, which will almost deafen a person at quite a distance in front, is easily borne by him who applies the match. Words spoken in the open air or in a large room, which are perfectly audible and distinct to a person some distance off in front, are not understood by one standing half the distance behind. You place a piano-forte upon the stage, and raise the cover, the tones reflected by that cover are heard more distinctly at the other end of the hall, than by a person on the seats by the organ. A person stands upon the edge of the stage and speaks to another upon the main floor; he involuntarily, by the instinct of habit, turns his face downward, so that the tone-waves proceeding from the mouth are directed in their passage between the lips in a line to the ear for which they are meant, and what he says will be distinctly audible to the person addressed, though undistinguishable to persons at half the distance in the side gallery or on the stage. If he speaks to the latter, he instinctively turns towards them.

Now apply the principle. You place a body of forty soprani upon the stage. Every good singer in the exercise of her art throws back her head and shoulders into such a position as will give the best opportunity for the full and easy play of the organs of voice. The result is that the tone-waves, as they proceed from her mouth, have a direction upward, and the ear at a distance of a hundred feet, if at an elevation of forty feet from the floor, will catch those tones much more fully than at half the distance upon the floor. Now, as the good singers are the effective part of the whole body of the soprani, we have the main body of tone thrown from the stage in a line to the upper gallery, and hence the effect is much better there than below. The difference is made still greater from the fact, that in oratorio singing the books held by the choristers act as reflectors to throw the tone-waves off in an ascending direction. A principal objection which I have heard against the Music Hall is an alleged want of efficient choral effect from large bodies of singers, which difficulty the strongest objector admits only applies to the main floor.

The inference to be drawn from all this is, that the volume of tone from a chorus is shot out above the heads of the audience upon the main floor—that is, that the stage is too high.

The stage in the Music Hall is actually more elevated than in any first class opera house with which I am acquainted, and yet the necessity which causes the operatic stage to have the elevation which is generally given, does not exist in a concert room—namely, that a place may be provided for the orchestra off the stage. Moreover, the stage of the opera houses into which I happen to have been is not above the level of any except the front ranks of the parquette, as the main floor of the auditorium invariably rises as it recedes from the orchestra. The main floor of the Music Hall is level. The famous halls of the Sing-Akademie at Berlin, and of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig both have level floors, and the stage in both cases is not more than a foot or two in height at the front and rises but very gradually as it extends rearward. At Exeter Hall the stage is more elevated, but the main floor of the auditorium slopes upward, so that the rear seats are actually higher than the stage, and the spectator looks downward to it. Thus theory, experience and example admonish us to lower the platform of the Music Hall.

Secondly. No true choral effect can be attained from a body of singers unless the separate bodies of tone from the different parts come out into the auditorium blended into a single mass, forming one body of harmony. Hence the great care which is exercised at the grand musical festivals and upon the operatic stages of Europe, to secure a certain due proportion in the number of choristers upon each part. But however nicely balanced be the tenors and altos to the sopranos and basses, and these to each other, if these various corps are so placed as to pour out their masses of tone so as to reach the auditor's ear as distinct bodies, this proper blending is lost. Now in the Music Hall a body of altos throw out directly to the front their part of a chorus; on the other side the soprani are doing the same, while high over the one thunders out the bass, and over the other shouts the tenor.

Thirdly. The goodness of a chorus depends upon the excellence of the individuals, and the

power of the best singer to add to the musical effect depends in no small degree upon his feeling himself in time and tune with all the rest. To sing with ease, freedom and confidence, a person of nice ear *must* be able to hear for himself more or less distinctly the effect which is arising at the moment from the united force. This is the case, even with the simple psalmody of the meeting-house; how much more then in the performance of modern choruses, with their constant changes and modulations into all sorts of keys! Think, now, a moment of the difficulties the rear ranks of the Handel and Haydn tenor have to contend with in the choruses of "Eli." Perched away up upon the outskirts of civilization, with an organ behind them, shut up in a closet, whose tones are projected in straight lines through loopholes over their heads out into the hall, with the alti and soprani, far down below and in front, throwing their voices directly away, with an orchestra so placed as to be inaudible in the choruses—these unfortunate individuals must get their pitch as they can and keep it *if* they can, utterly unable to catch, in a score of bars, one single full chord, which shall show them that they are in tune. People who have never tried this have no conception of it. Did the tenors have a leading melody to sing, returning often to the tonic, and getting now and then a new start from the orchestra, it would be comparatively easy to close a chorus in tune; but having only a part to "fill in," the wonder is that we do not always come out upon the final chord a quarter of a tone flat. Critical ears tell us we often do. Put twenty ordinary singers where they can feel the influence of the harmonic relations of the other parts, and they will produce a better tenor than forty fine singers, who must sing more or less by guess. If now at a performance of an oratorio you have about one in five who either have not rehearsed the music, or who cannot read a common psalm tune with decent correctness, your good singers, with all their rehearsals, have an awfully hard load to carry. Now to proceed—

[*A Voice.*].—Mr. President.

[*President.*].—The gentleman who cannot read music.

[*The Voice.*].—I wish only to move, that in the choruses the instruments play the vocal parts, as they do in country choirs.

[*President.*].—The gentleman is out of order, and it is moreover doubtful if even that would keep *him* right. The unfortunate individual will proceed.

[*Unfortunate individual.*].—To go on: The present arrangement of the stage, rising as it does in terraces running straight across, precludes any new arrangement of the chorus, and we must therefore go on as we are for the present. While rehearsing in the room below, we sat in the curved lines of an amphitheatre, and there was real pleasure in joining in a chorus. All singing in the hall, however, is a task wearying, unsatisfactory and laborious to a large portion of the society.

Fourthly. In oratorio performance in Europe the orchestra is supposed to accompany the chorus; with us the chorus accompanies the orchestra. The former plan is the composer's intention; the latter plan is an American improvement. I take it for granted, however, that the composer knows best, and as our stage fur-

nishes no accommodation for the orchestra except in front, I present this fact as an argument for the silver medal. So far as my observation goes in Europe, the plan is universally adopted there of placing the orchestra in all vocal concerts behind the chorus. The consequence is, that the vocal force comes out full and prominent, as it should, both because it is in front and has fair play, and because it is upheld and reinforced by the sharp tones of the stringed and other instruments behind. When Jullien gave the "Messiah" in New York, the Sacred Harmonic Society filled the front of the stage, and the hundred instrumentists took the background. Is it not the clearest thing in the world that this should always be the arrangement? Does any gentleman refer me to the theatre as a case on the opposite side? The reason of that is hinted before, and the defect of having the orchestra in front is remedied so far as possible by placing it below the singer and the chorus, and making it face towards them.

Having thus opened the discussion, Mr. President, I shall wait to hear the other side.

[*President.*].—Will the unfortunate individual, before he takes his seat, suggest such improvements as in his opinion may reduce the silver to a leathern medal?

[*Unfortunate Individual.*].—In any changes in the construction of our stage which may be proposed, it must not be forgotten that part of our present space is to be taken up by the new organ. Now, whatever slope is given to the stage as we recede from the front, it should be confined almost entirely to the singers' seats, leaving a level platform behind for the orchestra. This rise of the successive ranks should be so gradual as just to enable each rank to sing above the heads of the rank in front. But instead of going into the matter myself, I will read the following extract from Berlioz, whose name should have some weight with musical people.

Before reading this extract, let me add, that we have now upon the stage, what, in relation to a choral society, is an unmitigated, unqualified nuisance. I refer to the statue of Beethoven, standing there in the centre. If the proprietors of the hall will only move that down to the main floor near one corner of the stage, I for one will vote that the Handel and Haydn Society give a series of subscription concerts to purchase a similar statue of mighty old Handel, to place in a corresponding position opposite.

Berlioz speaks as follows:

In general, for concerts, the disposal of the orchestra which seems best, is this:—An amphitheatre of eight, or, at the least, five rows is indispensable. The semicircular form is the best, for this amphitheatre. If it be large enough to contain the whole orchestra, the entire mass of instrumentalists will be disposed along these rows; the first violins in front, on the right, facing the public; the second violins in front on the left; the violas, in the middle, between the two groups of violins; the flutes, hautboys, clarinets, horns, and bassoons behind the first violins; a double rank of violoncellos and double-basses behind the second violins; the trumpets, cornets, trombones, and tubas behind the violas; the rest of the violoncellos and double-basses behind the wooden wind instruments; the harps in the foreground; close to the orchestral conductor; the kettle-drums, and other instruments of percussion behind or in the centre of the brass instruments; the orchestral conductor, turning his back to the public, at the base of the orchestra, and near to the foremost desks of the first and second violins.

There should be a horizontal flooring, or stage, more or less wide, extending in front of the first rows of the amphitheatre. On this flooring the chorus-

singers should be placed, in form of a fan, turned three-quarters towards the public, so that all shall be able easily to see the motions of the orchestral conductor. The grouping of the chorus-singers in consonance with their respective order of voice, will differ, according as the author has written in three, four, or six parts. At any rate, the women—sopranos and contraltos—should be in front, seated; the tenors standing behind the contraltos; and the basses standing behind the sopranos.

The solo-singers should occupy the centre, and foremost part of the front stage; and should always place themselves in such a way as to be able, by slightly turning the head, to see the conducting-stick.

For the rest, I repeat, these indications can be but approximative; they may be, for many reasons, modified in various ways.

At the Conservatoire, in Paris, where the amphitheatre is composed of only four or five rows, not circular, and cannot consequently contain the whole orchestra, the violins and violas are on the stage; while the basses and wind instruments alone occupy the rows; the chorus is seated on the front of the stage, facing the public, and the women sopranos and contraltos, turning their backs directly upon the orchestral conductor, are under an impossibility of ever seeing his motions. Such an arrangement is very inconvenient for this portion of the chorus.

It is everywhere of the greatest consequence that the chorus-singers placed on the front of the stage, shall occupy a plane somewhat lower than that of the violins; otherwise they would considerably deaden the sound of these latter.

For the same reasons, if, in front of the orchestra, there are not other rows for the choir, it is absolutely needful that the women should be seated, and the men remain standing up; in order that the voices of the tenors and basses, proceeding from a more elevated point than those of the sopranos and contraltos, may come forth freely, and be neither stifled nor intercepted.

When the presence of the chorus-singers in front of the orchestra is not necessary, the conductor will take care to send them away; since this large number of human bodies injures the sonorousness of the instruments. A symphony, performed by an orchestra thus more or less stifled, loses much of its effect.

[*President.*].—The question is still open for discussion.

[*Scientific Gentleman.*].—Mr. President, to all the learning upon the subject of tone-waves and laws of acoustics of the Unfortunate Individual, and to his arguments and conclusions, I say *ditto*. But I wish to touch upon an additional point or two.

We hear that the organ is contracted for; that it is to be a really grand, a very large and expensive instrument. It will then of necessity require a large space for its accommodation. Now if the instrument be constructed in a compact, square form, as is commonly the case, it must project towards the centre of the stage in such a manner as to leave two large spaces on each side, and remove our last hope of finding standing room for the orchestra behind the chorus.

It is quite the fashion, I find, to shut up organs in large closets; hardly a new church is built now-a-days in which this is not the case; so that it makes little difference whether an organ be good or bad, it has no chance to display its qualities. The first speaker mentions the tone-waves or pulses of the air, which give us the sensation of sound. If these waves or pulses follow at regular intervals, and amount in number to sixteen in the second, the sound conveyed to the ear is musical. The greater the number to the second, the higher the pitch. Now, precisely as a wave in a sheet of water diffuses itself from the point where a stone strikes, so does a tone-wave diffuse itself in the air. An open organ pipe, standing in the centre of a hall, throws these waves upward, and they diffuse themselves equally in all directions. If the pipe be placed at one extremity of the hall, the wave can only expand outward from the wall. If the pipe be in a

closet, the expansion of the tone-wave can only take place after it has passed out of the confined space in which it is produced. If, now, an entire organ be compressed and jammed into a small space, you find its power and sweetness greatly injured by the want of room for the tone-waves to rise and expand unimpeded. When the full organ is playing, the jar of conflicting sounds, the mixing up and breaking of the tone-waves, is a natural consequence. The peculiar effects produced by the swell of an organ we all know, but who would have an organ all swell? No—we want the great organ to send forth its tones in their utmost fulness and beauty. Well, then, we want the arrangement of the new instrument such as will give it "ample verge and scope," and at the same time not encumber the stage, and prevent the best arrangement of our choral and orchestral forces.

Who has not noticed the difference of effect when a choir in one of our churches has happened to sing standing on the main floor, instead of being perched up in a lofty gallery? It is equally true of all music that it produces most effect when least elevated. Hence I would have the organ rest as near the main floor as possible. Again, to avoid disagreeable echoes, reverberations, and foci of sound, it is important that the surface behind the vocal force should be as nearly plane as possible. Hence it follows, that while, by spreading the organ as much as possible laterally, you give its pipes the best opportunity to speak, you get the greatest possible extent of plain surface behind the chorus. As, however, the greatest portion of this surface will consist of cylindrical pipes, with interstices between, it becomes of less importance to have the front of the organ a straight line. If, therefore, it should prove practicable to spread it widely, it might assume a slightly curvilinear form, say somewhat like our musical character, the brace, for the sake of attaining greater elegance of form. Thus:

or

[*President.*].—Does any other gentleman wish to speak upon this question? A. W. T.

CONCERTS.

The Complimentary Concert to Mrs. J. H. LONG took place at Chickering's last Saturday evening. The room was filled with the most respectable and appreciative listeners, who seemed to take a friendly interest in a singer, who has made such marked and constant improvement of her powers, and who has served so faithfully and so ably alike in the church service and in most of our more important concerts. Indeed she has for some time occupied the position of our foremost soprano. Her programme was excellent:

- PART I.
 1—Quartet in A flat, No. 5, op. 13.....Beethoven.
 Allegro—Scherzo—Tema con variazioni.
 2—Romanza from William Tell: "Selva opaca,".....Rossini.
 Mrs. Long.
 3—Adagio and Scherzo from the posthumous Quartet in E minor.....Mendelssohn.
 4—Duetto: "Mira bianca luna,".....Rossini.
 Mrs. Long and Sig. Corelli.
 PART II.
 5—Ballade, for Piano and Violoncello.....Moscheles.
 Messrs. Parker and W. Fries.
 6—Aria: "Parto, ma tu ben mio,".....Mozart.
 With Clarinet obligato, by Mr. T. Ryan,
 Mrs. Long.
 7—Andante and Scherzo from the 34th Quintet,.....Onslow.

Mrs. LONG sang the romanza from "Tell" more beautifully than ever, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER accompanying at the piano with his usual delicacy of taste. The Air by Mozart exhibited her dra-

matic style to good advantage, and is an effective concert piece; the running bravura passage at the end was neatly executed, but in itself the least interesting part of the music. The clarinet obligato, in so small a room, finely as Mr. RYAN always plays it, stood out in rather too bold relief before the quartet of strings, as compared with the voice. But the great point of interest was the Duet, from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, in which Mrs. Long was joined by her teacher, Signor CORELLI, one of the very best tenors we have had in this country, whenever he has command of his voice. The uncertainty of that led him some years ago to quit the stage and devote himself to teaching, in which capacity he has been of incalculable service to the many voices that have been entrusted to his culture. It was long since he had been heard in public, and the pleasure that he gave was very great. A little hoarse in the lower tones, he sang, as he cannot but do, like an artist, with style and fervor; and on both parts the duet was capital and had to be repeated.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who kindly volunteered their services, performed the fine old Beethoven Quartet, with the famous Andante and variations, and the other classical selections most acceptably. The Ballade by Moscheles is one of the most fresh and piquant things that we have heard from that composer, and was interpreted to a charm. The whole affair passed off with spirit and was of just the right length to make all enjoyable.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS gave her concert (unfortunately for her own success and for many who would fain have heard her) on the same evening, at the Music Hall. The hall was hardly one third full. Yet had she the attraction of a nice little orchestra, under ZERRAÏN, who played Reissiger's Overture to "Yelva," and a very popular Concert overture by Kalliwoda, with fine precision (at least the latter piece); of Mr. SATTER, the pianist, who produced a new Quartet of his own (for piano, and violin &c), founded on Goethe's "Mignon" (he turns all the poets to account), and a fantasia on *Robert*; of Signor GUIDI, who sang a couple of tenor airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*; of Mr. ADAMS, the tenor, and of Messrs. RIBAS and KOPFITZ, who played the English horn and flute solos in the Romanza from *L'Eclair*.

We were in time to hear the last piece of the first part, the duet from *Tancredi*, sung by Miss PHILLIPS and Mr. ADAMS, which was an excellent performance. Our fair contralto looked and sang even more charmingly than in her last visit home. In the Recitative and Air: *Che farò*, from Gluck's "Orpheus," she evinced more taste, more finish and more fervor than on former occasions, so that her audience were delighted. Her voice is remarkably fresh, rich, musical and powerful, and has gained in flexibility and smooth, free delivery. We earnestly hope that we may soon hear her under better auspices. The success of a concert depends on management as well as music. This one was ill-managed, ill-timed, too long and confused in programme, and tediously delayed in execution. Miss P.'s other pieces, which we did not hear, were *Ah, non credea* (Bellini), an English Ballad: "My heart is breaking," and *Prende per me* (Donizetti).

Good organ playing is one of the things which rarely come to public hearing in this country.

Still rarer are the opportunities of listening to great organ music, the real classics of the instrument. The latter sentence perhaps states the want more correctly; for we have not a few skilful organists; and what is lacking is the chance to hear them where they have sufficient scope to make old Bach and Handel and the other masters live to us. Stated concerts of organ music, where only or chiefly the best, the legitimate organ music should be heard, we have long felt to be desirable and practicable. Let an hour or two each week be set apart; let the place be wherever there is a fine organ (perhaps going from one to another in rotation); let there be a very small fee of admittance; and let the best organists in the city combine, or take their turns, in playing to us these noble compositions, until we begin to find out what great organ music is.

Meanwhile we think it a chance too good to be missed, when such an organist as Mr. MORGAN, of New York, makes us a flying visit, to play in public on the great Tremont Temple organ. To be sure there is a little more of the *organ virtuoso* character about him than we care for, and the display of his own remarkable executive agility in putting the many-voiced monster through its paces in all sorts of music, occupies a large place amid his more sober classical interpretations. He plays in one moment a grand Fugue of Bach, and in the next "extemporizes" on the "Anvil Chorus," illustrating the clap-trap tendency of the times, which does not allow one place or instrument to be sacred from the invasion of the most hacknied triviality. But that Mr. Morgan is a most admirable performer and a good musician we do not need to say. We do not know his equal, taking all things together, in this country. He is master of all the resources of the instrument, and when he comes he gives us not a few good fugues and choruses, besides the overtures, fantasias, variations, &c., that catch the ear of those who go to wonder and to be amused.

His two concerts at the Temple on Tuesday afternoon and evening were excellent, although the programmes would not have suffered by some pruning. We only regretted to see so very small an audience; people knew not what they lost. More clearly than ever were we impressed by the fact that the effect of the full organ suffers from its muffled position behind that screen, as perhaps also by the want of a larger space in which to vibrate. In crowded harmonies, as in that Mendelssohn Sonata, the sound was confused; all was more clear and intelligible in the Bach Fugue in G minor.

The ORCHESTRAL UNION gave us for the eighth Afternoon Concert Beethoven's delicious, joyous, imaginative Eighth Symphony. It was highly enjoyed no doubt by many of the crowd present; but for the first time in our recollection the Allegretto failed to command a repetition. That, however, was the fault of the audience, and not of the symphony or orchestra. The well-known Allegretto from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the overture to *Zanetta*, Waltzes, &c., filled out the programme. The Afternoon Concerts are decidedly popular.

Musical Chat-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN's Philharmonic Concerts make a brilliant finale this evening. The mere fact that this last one will be in the Music Hall, and not the Melo-

deon, adds a great attraction. But, besides that, he offers us a programme worthy of the Music Hall. We are to hear that glorious Symphony in C, by Schubert, once more, after a couple of years rest; we could anticipate nothing with more satisfaction. Then there will be a new Fest-Overture, by Julius Rietz; the *Tannhäuser* Pilgrim Chorus again, and the overture to "Tell." Besides which, we are to listen for the first time to the distinguished prima donna of the late German Opera in New York, Mme. JOHANNSEN, who will sing the Scena from *Freyschütz*, which it is said she does better than anybody who has sung it here since Jenny Lind; also a song of Schubert's, *Volkslied*, and a *Waltz di bravura*, by Benzano. The *Transcript* tells us, that this lady is the daughter of a distinguished clergyman in the Dutchy of Holstein, where she was born.

She travelled in Germany four years as a concert singer, and was received with immense enthusiasm. She also sang at the Royal Theatre of Berlin, where she met with the greatest success. In the general style of her singing she is more like Jenny Lind than any other artiste now before the public; at least, such is the opinion of the best European critics. The compass of her voice is very large, and the ease with which she manages it prevents the attention of the hearer from being directed to the execution rather than to the expression.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB in their concert next Tuesday (the last of the eight!) will have the aid of Mr. KREISSMANN, who will sing songs by Schubert and Robert Franz. Mr. HAMANN, too, will play in a Beethoven Trio....The German "ORPHEUS" will sing again next Saturday evening, when they will give the old *Vaterlands* hymn, and when Miss DOANE will sing an Aria from Mozart, new to Boston audiences, and with Mr. Kreissmann a duet from *Fidelio*. We have heard the wish expressed by not a few, that the "Orpheus" would take a larger hall; others would like to share the pleasure....Mozart's *Requiem*, with a selection of other Catholic music, will soon be performed in the Tremont Temple, by the choir of the Cathedral in Franklin street, assisted by other Catholic choirs, under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER. Particulars hereafter....A general resort of all the musical people for the week past has been the magnificent new store of our old friends RUSSELL & RICHARDSON, of which a description will be found below. It is the largest, most elegant, and most completely furnished establishment of the kind in America, if not in the world. The union of the stocks of the two old firms makes a collection of music and instruments, in which almost every one can find his want supplied. Promptness, obliging courtesy and good order are the rule and habit of the place. Success to them! Such enterprise deserves it.

Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was read in her inimitable manner by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, before a private audience at Chickering's, on Thursday Evening, with Mendelssohn's music, under the direction of OTTO DRESEL. The overture and other instrumental parts were played upon a Chickering Grand by Messrs. Dresel and Trenkle, and the fairy choruses were sung by a Club of lady amateurs. It was indeed a most rare and delightful entertainment; but private as it was, we cannot help alluding to one gross disturbance, which exemplifies the manners of "fine society." Several times the commencement of the music proved a signal for quite loud and general talking. The unconscious insult to the music, the performers, and to those who wished to listen and enjoy poem and music as one whole, (according to the intention of Mrs. Kemble's invitation,) was unworthy of a well-bred audience. The same feast is to be given publicly in the Music Hall, Saturday evening, the 21st, before the Mercantile Library Association, and with an orchestra directed by CARL ZERRAHN.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's EIGHTH (and last) CONCERT

Will take place on Tuesday Evening, March 10th, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms, assisted by Messrs. AUGUST KREISSMANN, Vocalist, and AUGUST HAMANN, Pianist.

A fine programme will be given. Half package of four Tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$2.50; Single tickets \$1 each, may be found at the music stores.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

THE FIFTH AND LAST OF THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,

Will be given on Saturday Evening, March 7th, 1857, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, On which occasion

Madame BERTHA JOHANNSEN, The Great Prima Donna,

Will make her FIRST appearance in Boston.

A limited number of single tickets, at \$1 each, may be had at the principal music stores. Packages of 4 tickets, \$3. Doors open at 6½—Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock. CARL ZERRAHN, Director and Conductor.

NOTICE.

The THIRD (and last) SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB

Will take place at the

MELODEON,

On Saturday Evening, March 14th, 1857,

With the kind assistance of

Miss LUCY A. DOANE, and the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

AUGUST KREISSMANN,.....Director.

Tickets Fifty cents each. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

The above Society respectfully inform the musical public that they will give a Series of

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS,

At the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, commencing on Wednesday, the 14th of January, 1857. There will be a large Orchestra, composed of the best resident musicians.

CARL ZERRAHN,.....Conductor.

For programme, see papers of the day.

Packages containing Six Tickets, \$1; Single Tickets, 25 cts. To be had at the music stores of E. H. Wade, Russell & Richardson, Tolman, and at the door.

Doors open at 2; Concert to commence at 3 o'clock.

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A Description of RUSSELL & RICHARDSON'S New Musical Establishment, copied from the editorial columns of the BOSTON MORNING POST, Feb. 23.

"The well known music publishers, Russell & Richardson, have removed from No. 17 Tremont Row and 232 Washington Street, to a new store at No. 291 Washington Street, in the granite building recently erected by Mr. Burnett. Their new quarters, it is generally admitted, exceed in size and completeness of detail any similar establishment in the world. The store is 161 feet deep and 20 in width, 77 of the former being devoted to the retail business of the firm, and 75 to the whole sale. The intervening space is occupied for counting room purposes. On one side of the retail department are classed the foreign publications, while on the other those of American origin. In the wholesale department are their own publications and musical instruments of all descriptions. Admirable arrangements have been made for the sale of opera and concert tickets. The walls are finely ornamented, and the store throughout has been adapted with much taste to the comfort and convenience of visitors. An ample passage connects with Winter Street for the entrance of merchandise, and above are the rooms devoted to printing operations. A fine cellar extends for the same length of the store above, and here are kept the "heavy goods"—consisting principally of Prince & Co's Melodeons, for which Russell & Richardson are the New England agents. There is one excellent feature that should not go unnoticed—a large fire-proof safe under the sidewalk, and connecting with the cellar, in which plates of all their own music are secured against damage. The pecuniary value of this to the firm must be very great. We have thus called the attention of our readers to Messrs. Russell & Richardson's new store, for we deem an enterprise of this character a matter of public interest, reflecting credit upon the musical reputation of our city, and nothing tends more to a proper cultivation of the fine arts than encouragement to those who with a just appreciation of its beauties make it a means of livelihood. They are both young men of energy and experience, and their exertions entitle them to brilliant success."

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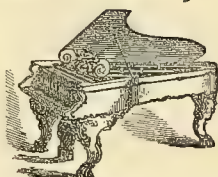
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Susan Bedloe.

(From the Brown papers.)

Her face—that is, in its features—was only pretty, not handsome, and yet it was lovely; but then she had the neatest little figure, the prettiest hand and arm, the beautifullest springy foot and ankle, that came of a Sunday into any of the meeting houses in all Hildale. Her father, the doctor, when she was an infant, used to declare that little foot a model of perfection in form; and who should judge rightly on this if the doctor could not? He did not live to see the promise of infancy fulfilled, poor man! But little Susan grew up, the hope and pride and joy of Widow Bedloe. Her boys went off into the world, but her daughter remained, her staff and comfort.

How different she was from all the other girls of the place! John Hath incurred the resentment of all the women in the town when he said that it was strange how all the education, intelligence and refinement of Hildale were confined to the Bedloes and the Norvals. This was long before little Susan was born, but as she inherited all the refinement and grace of the family before her, it brought John H.'s unlucky speech to mind. She was surrounded by such an atmosphere of delicacy and had so much of that charm which we express by the term "lady-like," as to attract the notice of every stranger who saw her at school or in the singing meeting. She was always cheerful and merry, and yet the most modest little creature you could find in a thousand. She never put herself forward, never had a thought of attracting admiration, but somehow all the best young men in the place were sure to surround her at the village parties and "sings,"

leaving for her the more showy girls, who sought to attract them.

She had, too, a quiet dignity, which was conspicuous through all the ease and playfulness of her manners—perhaps too much of it, for the young men not only were thereby deterred from any improper freedom in her presence, but seemed to be impressed with a feeling that she did not quite belong to their sphere, and sought elsewhere, among girls whom they did not admire and love half as well, for helps, meet for them. The neighbors thought farmer Lendle's son, over the hill, would marry her. I think he would have proposed and been accepted if he had not shared in that feeling, and felt a sort of awe mingled with his evident fancy (a Shakespearean word) for her. But I can only judge from appearances, like the other neighbors.

Let me tell you about Susan and Mrs. Smith, it was so like Susan.

Widow Bedloe's means were small; so Susan, when she was old enough, opened a private school for the village little ones.

Speaking of schools reminds me of a letter the widow once received, which she read and re-read with tears of joy. She had sent Susan to a school for young ladies a few miles from Boston, and kept her there until circumstances forbade her longer stay. But at the close of her vacation, after Susan's return home, came a letter from the principal, offering to take Susan again, free of cost to the widow, because of her excellent influence upon the other pupils! But there were reasons, honorable to the mother, why this offer must be declined.

So Susan opened her school, which was of course mostly composed of children of special genius for tormenting everybody, and such as belonged to parents who neither could nor would pay the tuition. This is quite the general rule with such private schools in country villages, or used to be.

Folks wondered how little Susan Bedloe could keep order, and shook their heads, but sent their young ones. But she did keep order, and I believe as much because she loved so to laugh with them and make them happy. Still she had her trials.

Now Mrs. Smith was a great, stout woman, with a face like a November day and a voice like a November nor'wester, who patronized the victim to the extent of two offshoots of the Smith family tree—bullet-headed, snubby-nosed little animals, always showing a variety of bumps on their crania, gotten from their mother, though not by way of birth or inheritance. These were sticks of a crooked sort, quite past being reduced to order and symmetry by Susan's usual gentle

means; and at length the occasion came, when, with bitter tears, she applied what she really supposed to be corporeal punishment. The young ones, as in duty bound, exerted their nascent nor'westers to such extent as in them lay, and next day the poor little mistress received a visit from the awful Mrs. Smith.

Afterwards Mrs. Smith reported progress to Miss Jenkins.

"I gin it to her good, though," says mighty Mrs. Smith.

"Sarved her right, little stuck-up thing!" remarks Miss Jenkins. "What did she have to say for herself?"

"Oh, she didn't say much—believed it hurt her more than it did the children to 'inflict the punishment,' as she called giving 'em the lickin'; that she was obliged to do it for the good of the school, and all that. I told her, if my children needed anything of the sort, I wasn't afraid nor unwilling to give it, but that I wasn't going to have any little chit, to whom I am paying my money, slappin' my 'Dolphus and Dorindy. I got the steam well up, I tell you; but when the meachin' little thing began to cry and never said a mad word, I declare I couldn't say nothing more, only that I shouldn't send 'Dolphus and Dorindy any longer."

And so on and so forth.

As for Susan, she went home, and the faint flush upon her cheek looked a little as if she was provoked. But simply saying that she had had a scene with Mrs. Smith, which rather roused the good widow and almost called out a bitter remark or two, Susan went to her own chamber and sat down to a favorite book, in which she found something about a soft answer turning away wrath, and other matters of that sort, to be found in the said book. Then she came down again, with a face as smiling as a June day.

A week afterward, and tap, tap, tap on the door of Susan's school-room.

"Open the door, Johnny."

Little Johnny opened the door, and Susan's heart sank within her to see Mrs. November Smith enter with all her might and bluster.

"Arter what has passed between us," began Mrs. Smith, "as I told Mr. Smith last night, I ought to settle up with you for what time 'Dolphus and Dorindy did come. So here's the money. I guess you'll find it right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith. I wish you would not think hardly of me. I thought I was doing right when I punished the children. I don't think I spoke an angry word to them, and I am very sure I did not act in anger."

"Well, I guess on the whole you haven't done no harm. I jest come from your mother's, and

she tells me she hasn't seen you mad for ten years, and that you go up stairs and read the Bible when you find yourself getting that way."

"Oh, Mrs. Smith!" exclaimed Susan deprecatingly.

"Now, Susan, the fact is, as I told your mother, that 'Dolphus and Dorindy are crying to come back again, and so I guess I'll send 'em again to-morrow. I told your mother too—she does look poorly, I vow!—that if you'd step up this evenin' to my house I'd send her a couple of quarts of new milk and some eggs; I guess she needs that sort of thing."

And so the Northwester got round and was succeeded by

—"the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

Mrs. Smith called in upon Miss Jenkins on her way home.

"What a queer little bit of a thing Susan is!" said the mighty lady. "She cried when I blowed her up last week, and she up and cried again to-day just because I made all up with her."

And so soft, sweet, gentle Miss June conquered hard, rough, stormy Mrs. November.

Susan had just such a voice as one would expect from her—just that "excellent thing in woman," of which Lear speaks; and it was a delight to hear her talk, her gentle eyes interpreting all she said, now earnest, now sad, and now brimming full of fun. And her voice in singing was the same; not powerful, but "tuned to every merry note," or "bathed in tears," according to occasion and matter. When Hobson taught the singing school, his ear soon began to distinguish a delicate, sweet voice, generally "drowned out" by half a dozen other rough, untutored ones, but which did more than his violin to keep the rest somewhere nearly in tune, so true and unfailing was it; and this voice he at length traced to quiet, unpretending little Susan, who sat quite in the background and devoted herself to making the most of his instructions. Like a Cremona violin in an orchestra, such a voice is not conspicuous at first, but if you sit at a distance it soon makes itself felt through all and above all in its quiet beauty—a golden thread in a web of ruder material.

Village politics and petty quarrels are the breezes which keep little country towns from stagnating. They amount to nothing, and when the occasion is past all is forgotten, and the Smiths, Joneses, Bacons and Browns are as friendly as ever. The singing school and the singers' seats in the meeting-house are almost invariably the scenes of discord in more senses than one. Now, what on earth anybody could find against little Susan that winter as a means of picking a quarrel, I declare I cannot imagine; but so it was.

Hobson was to close his school by a grand concert in the meeting-house, and, with the rest, Susan had a song allotted to her. When the others were supplied, and her favorite piece was still left, she of course chose that—something, I forget what, that just suited her voice, and to which she gave all the charm arising from her native refinement of taste and her thorough appreciation of the poetry. At the first rehearsal she sang so beautifully that half a dozen other girls were provoked that they had not selected the same song.

The queen bee of the hive, after proper con-

sideration, concluded that it was just adapted to her powers, and Hobson was finally forced to transfer it to her, and select another for little Susan, which was in no way adapted to her voice, and which was in other respects unsuitable. Hobson, poor fellow, had to look to the favor of the powers that were, and Widow Bedloe and Susan were not of them. So the queen bee sang the song in a brass voice, to the universal hilarity of the neighborhood. Susan's brother, the college boy, stormed, but she did not. She simply but firmly refused to sing an unsuitable piece. As the brother and sister were walking home after a "sing" at which she had been shabbily treated, he broke out in no measured terms. At length he noticed that she was weeping.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you have some spirit left. Don't go near them again."

"It is not they; I cry to hear you talk so."

This was a damper on him. At the concert she sang no song, but exerted herself to the utmost to make the treble go off well; and everybody knew in their hearts that she was the sweetest singer there.

Widow Bedloe was member of a church in the other part of Hildale, and when Susan was old enough she joined the choir. It was a long and weary walk thither, up the back road and over the hills; but the storm must be severe and the mud or snow very deep which prevented her from being in her place upon the Sabbath morning. She attracted no attention, singing her appointed part with the rest without display, in her own quiet manner, doing all the good she could and making no pretensions. But as time passed on, and one treble married, another left the seats in a huff, another moved away, and the like, David, the leader and sweet singer, began to find out what a treasure he possessed in that modest little lady. He could depend upon her. He knew she sat with him from a sense of duty; that it was a part of her religion to cultivate the talent given her, and use it in the praise of the great congregation. His ear seemed to follow the golden thread of her gentle voice, and to rejoice in its unfailing certainty. Could he have had his way—but his choir was composed of volunteers, and he could not—she should have stood next to him, as the leader of his girls. But she never sought this, and there were others who did, and so she still sat in a lower place, and exalted herself by her very humility. The congregation, too, felt the difference when Susan was unavoidably absent, though unable to define in what it consisted.

Our choir had its stormy times as well as others. Differences and quarrels between the singers, ambitious strivings to be chosen to the leadership on the part of some of the village Brahms and Rubinis, questions of first and second places among the girls, and other important matters, often seemed to bring the choir to the brink of dissolution. Once or twice the trebles left the seats in a body, save Susan, who to the surprise of everybody, carried the soprano part through two Sundays, not very powerfully perhaps, but triumphantly. She would have nothing to do with any of their quarrels. She took no side in any of the troubles, but came to meeting, went to her place, and sang to the best of her ability.

Now all this was a great source of annoyance to Miss Apse, a girl of strong will, strong voice, and rather strong auditory nerve, judging from

the tones she could sometimes make and bear without flinching. But as the ears of the congregation were not very nice, she was esteemed a great singer and ruled with quite an imperial sway. But Susan thought lightly of her authority, and did her duty, whether Miss Apse did hers or not. And so she became the Mordecai of this Miss Haman. There are many ways in which the Miss Apse of a choir can annoy one against whom she thinks she is bound to exert her power. I need not specify them. She bore all patiently; had her kind smile ever ready when Miss Apse thought fit to greet her, and no one knew from her that any other discord existed between them than those which were made by the "head singer" in the exercise of her vocal powers. Such matters seem trivial, and indeed in themselves are so; but trivialities, after all, make up the most of the good and ill of our condition, and Susan felt these things keenly. But as she had hitherto lived down petty jealousies, envyings and strifes, and had become the thread around which all that was good in her companions crystalized; as the influence of her example was already powerful among them, and her character morally was producing the effect upon their feelings and manners which her sweet, unerring voice produced upon their singing; so she patiently waited for the opportunity of conquering Miss Apse, in unwavering faith that it would come.

Well, on a warm Sunday towards the end of summer little Susan was in her place. She sang sweetly as usual, but with difficulty, and when she reached the end of her long and weary walk home, she was greatly exhausted. The next Sabbath afternoon she was buried. I don't know when I have had such a touch of the heart-break as then. The bell tolled mournfully as the little procession moved into our graveyard, poor widow Bedloe leaning upon the arm of her son, the college boy, and his brother supporting the feeble steps of another widow, his mother's sister. All the neighbors were there and wept. Great Mrs. November Smith vowed it was "too bad in Providence to—" and here she broke down, and began to sob in such a manner that Miss Jenkins felt the influence and cried like a baby. The children cried for poor little Susan Bedloe, and the grown up people wept with the bereaved mother; but she and her two boys—their grief was too deep for tears. A cold storm of autumn was raging, and the widow stood at the window. The thought of Susan, as exposed to all its chill and cheerlessness, came over her, and then for the first time she wept bitterly—bitterly.

They told me that on the following Sabbath, when the choir rose to sing the hymn—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,"

previous to the funeral discourse, Miss Apse's voice first faltered, then stopped, and finally that she sank back into her seat, utterly unable to go on. One after another followed her example, and after a couple of stanzas the attempt to sing was given up. Whether this statement is literally correct I do not know; I was not there. I do know that never was a truer thing said than the remark of Mrs. Smith when she heard of the inscription which is placed on the white marble slab that points out little Susan's grave: "I vow, that 'ere text was made for that gal!" for it is this:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

[From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.]

The Piano-Forte Compositions of J. S. Bach.

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER.

This new collection of Johann Sebastian Bach's pianoforte compositions, of which the first volume is now lying before us, forms part of the cheap stereotyped edition of the Classical Composers, published by L. Holle, in Wolfenbüttel.

This edition is intended to pave the way for a knowledge and appreciation of Bach, even among those who have hitherto been strangers to his art. It naturally does not interfere with the existing good and complete editions of his works, but it may assist in causing many of the incorrect editions, distinguished for the uncertainty of their authorities, and the want of knowledge displayed in them, to lose more and more of the estimation in which they are held.

We greet this edition with real delight, and tender our best thanks to the editor and publisher, since it was only by sacrifices on their part that they could offer the public so beautiful and correct an edition at such a price, one thaler and eight silver groschen* for a volume of 110 folio pages, printed on vellum paper, in large clear characters.

The pre-dominating intention of the arrangement in which the pieces follow one another (with the exception of the *capriccio* in B major, on the departure of a brother), is an educational one: the pieces proceed gradually from the easier to the more difficult, from the simple to the more artistic. We doubt, however, whether this very judicious arrangement can be carried out in the subsequent volumes. In the first volume begin the twelve small Preludes, intended by Bach himself for "Anfänger" (beginners). These are followed by the six small (French) *Suites*, and the fifteen *Inventions*, with the symphonies belonging to them. The latter are here, for the first time, so arranged that each *Invention* is followed by the symphony in the same key. These pieces thus form the best introduction to the *Clavier bien tempéré*. The *Invention*, that is to say, according to ourselves, a thought, stands in about the same relation to the symphony that the prelude does to the fugue.

The *Capriccio sopra la Lontananza del suo Fratello dilettissimo* is a curiosity for the history of programme-music, which is almost as old as instrumental music generally, although, in former times, intended to be more humorous than serious. It attained its greatest height in the "Battles of Austerlitz," etc., at the commencement of the present century, whereby it became ridiculous, precisely because it was meant to be serious. For the modern school, its revival was reserved by the doctrine of the purport of music, and whether this doctrine leads we have seen by lamentable examples. If the real masters of former times, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and even Beethoven, employed titles now and then, it was merely in order to intimate, generally, either the peculiar frame of mind by which the composition was suggested, or that which it was intended to inspire in the hearers. For this purpose, they selected a musical motive which struck them as suitable, but this was all; for this motive and its thematic treatment constituted the real and proper substance of the composition, which substance can never be aught but musical, founded on, and developed by, tone, and not on and by words and objects, or events. Despite the titles:—"1.—Flattering of the Friends to prevent him leaving; 2.—Description of various accidents which may befall him, when away; 3.—A general Lament; 4.—The Friends arrive, since they perceive that it cannot be otherwise and take leave," old Bach departs so little from the contrapuntal—that is, the genuine musical—style, that he actually concludes with a fugue of two and a-half pages, *all' Imitazione della Cornetta di Postiglione*.

The cheapness of this edition will now enable hundreds, nay, thousands, who could not pay the high price of the former editions, and were obliged to put up with the *Clavier bien Tempéré*, incorrectly printed and costing five thalers, to possess

the works of the immortal Bach. Let us but diffuse all the magnificent creations of the two last centuries, pure, unadulterated, with intelligible explanation, and in a form within the reach of every one, and the stupid dragon of the Music of the Future and Poetry-Music, which behaves so strangely, will be overcome without a struggle. We must, therefore, seize the opportunity, as we have so often done before, to make a most earnest appeal to teachers of music. The expense, that the compositions in question are difficult to be obtained and cost a high price, exists no longer. The inexhaustibly rich Bach; the ever fresh Haydn; the thoughtful, and, oftentimes daring Clementi; the entrancing Mozart—are, at present, one and all, to be procured in cheap editions, just like the classic authors of German poetry. And when parents or fair pupils come and say, "Give us a very pretty piece to play in company, if you please," sit down at the piano, and play them something of the above masters. If you yourselves can play such a piece, your pupils will direct their minds to it of their own accord.

The editor—with the thankworthy assistance of Herr R. Zimmer, of Berlin—has given some very suitable explanations of the appropriate style in which Bach's pieces should be performed, as well as of the so-called "Manieren," and shown, in twenty-six examples, contained in notes written in full, how they should be carried out. This imparts a special value to his edition.

On account of their general interest, we conclude by appending the editor's remarks on the names, characters, and time of Bach's compositions, as the kinds of instrumental-pieces usual in those days have become almost entirely strange to us.

"1.—The *Allemande* possesses, as a dance, a joyous character; in *Suites* and *Partitas* for the piano, its movement is more serious and the harmony full. It begins the dance (or comes immediately after the Prelude) and is followed by *Courante*, *Sarabande*, *Gigue*, etc., in an order which is seldom disturbed. It enjoys the place of honor as being a German invention.

"2.—The *Anglaise*, an English kind of dance, is lively in character, varied and more or less quick in its movement.

"3.—The *Aria* is principally a vocal piece. Applied to an instrument composition, the name signifies what we, at present, call a 'Lied ohne Worte.' The style of playing it must be melodious, and the time throughout slow. Mattheson says:—'It finds a place on the piano as well as on every other kind of instrument, and is, commonly, a plain, short, singable melody, divided into two parts, and one which mostly appears so simple, because the player can embellish and change it in innumerable ways, in order to display his manual dexterity, although retaining the fundamental passages,' (*Kern mel. Wissenschaft*, p. 122). In the aria with 30 changes (vol. II., pp. 147—187), Bach displays something more than manual dexterity, just as, generally, in all that he undertook, he surpassed everything previously done.

"4.—The *Bourrée* is a French dance-melody, of a gay and choice character, in two-two time. It requires the execution to be light and round, not too quick. Flowing, smooth, gliding and closely connected. (Mattheson.)

"5.—The *Chaconne* (*Ciaccone*) is an Italian dance, in three-four time, and moderately slow in its movement. For further particulars, see *Passecaille*.

"6.—*Concerto*. Bach's concerto, vol. II., p. 102, is a pianoforte sonata, in three movements; the tempo of the last two is given; the first should be taken *allegro moderato*.

"7.—The *Courante*, in *Suites* and *Partitas*, always follows the *Allemande*. It requires to be performed in a serious style, the notes being played more *staccato* than slurred (Koch, *Lex.* 398). This, also, is a dance-melody.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

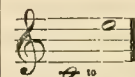
Music in the Public Schools.

II.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will now do as I intimated at the close of my first commu-

nication, and will speak of the adaptedness of boys' voices to the music of the Church.

"It is not true that every blockhead can be trained successfully as a Chorister." So says the learned Dr. Hodges. It is true however, that boys, selected with strict reference to musical aptitude, and subjected at an early age to thorough discipline in the science, may, and often do, attain, while yet boys, to a degree of skill hardly conceivable to persons unacquainted with the subject. Entire oratorios, solos and all, have been repeatedly performed in the English cathedrals by men and boys; the latter sustaining in a most efficient manner the part usually assigned to females in this country. In the music of the legitimate old church school, *alla Palestrina*, the voices of boy choristers are absolutely essential. The same may be said of the works of all the great cathedral composers, like Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Croft, and Purcell, all of whom, and many more, were choir boys in their younger days, and wrote for voices like their own. As an indication of this, we find that all correct Church musicians, even down to the present day, have avoided the extreme high notes of the staff and have confined themselves mainly to the range best suited to the voices of boys; that is from



a compass certainly ample for all needful effects in church. The few musicians who have had experience in the matter, find that in point of flexibility and purity of tone these voices are unsurpassed.

In the European cities, schools are established and supported by government, with special reference to the encouragement of those youth, who, being naturally gifted, desire to become proficient in music. From these schools, the church singers are selected. The boys connected with the world-renowned cathedral choir (*Dom Chor*) at Berlin, are educated in a school of this sort. Music of the highest character is performed by them with matchless skill. If we trace the history of the most eminent musicians the world ever knew, we find that they began their career as choristers. Such was the case with Palestrina, Tallis, Purcell, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Boyce and a host of others.

The project of employing such trebles in the place of female voices, has of late been made the subject of animated and, at times, acrimonious discussion. With the question of propriety simply, this article, has nothing to do. Its settlement clearly belongs to the clergy. The questions for the musician to settle are such as these:—Have we not among us much youthful talent which, if encouraged and brought out, might be turned to great advantage in the choral service of the Episcopal Church? Has not the adaptedness of boys' voices to the performance of true church music (not psalm-tunes) been to a great extent overlooked in this country? Are not the most efficient choirs in Europe those in which the treble is sung in part or wholly by boys? Now in replying affirmatively to these inquiries, we do by no means seek to exclude the many excellent female voices to be found in our choirs. Such voices are indeed quite sufficient for choir purposes, where no liturgical form of service is adopted. But in the service of the Episcopal Church, where the psalms as well as the canticles are chanted, a double choir of boys is a desideratum. When the *Te Deum* is sung anthem-wise, as set to music by correct Church writers, the

* About ninety-five cents.

treble cannot be properly sustained by women; for it should be remembered that English cathedral composers, when they write for the church, never write for other than male voices. The absurdity of attempting the performance of these sublime compositions with a single quartet I cannot better illustrate, than by relating the following incident from "real life" in one of our choirs. The worthy organist (a true church musician in theory at least) undertook to lay aside for a season a modern and flimsy production known as "Jackson in F," to substitute one of greater merit. The quartet soon found the ponderous harmonies of old Gibbons too much for them. The sturdy old composition was not to be "taken" by *portamentos*, sentimental turns, or by any other species of modern attack. The prima donna at last turns round to the organist in disgust and exclaims—"Oh, horrid!" The organist in his indignation demands—"Why, Madam, what is horrid, the music or the performance?"

Boys are now employed quite successfully in many of the New York and Philadelphia churches. Among the number may be mentioned Trinity and the Church of the Holy Communion in the former, and St. Mark's in the latter city. The double choir, connected with an Episcopal church in our own city, furnishes a notable instance of the proficiency which boys are capable of making, with moderate application. These choristers assemble for practice daily for about one hour. They are not only competent to sustain the music of the church, but are able to sing, even at sight, anthems of a difficult character, and this too, without accompaniment; an achievement which but few experienced singers would choose to undertake. This, with a multitude of facts which might be stated as bearing upon the subject, proves the assertion made in my first communication, viz: that the ability to read music "at sight" is an accomplishment which boys acquire much more readily than adults.

It is true that a great degree of indifference exists with the public in reference to this matter. Many persons entertain the notion that such voices can never be made available in a style of music requiring finished execution. The stubborn facts I have just quoted, about choirs in the Old World and in our own country, will perhaps have a tendency to remove this prejudice in some degree. That such prejudice does exist, is not remarkable when we come to consider the specimens occasionally given to the public in the shape of juvenile exhibitions, where a motley assembly of two or three hundred children are taught to shriek temperance songs and juvenile oratorios (!) Whatever may be the moral effect of such affairs, the musical effect must be deplorable. And the time will surely come when a discerning public will consign to their proper rank those teachers who, by getting up such displays, degrade the standard of science to a level with their own abilities. Every science has its "professors," who seem to have no higher ambition than to popularize themselves with the uneducated masses. Such "professors" sooner or later fall to a level with the uncultivated tastes to which they pander. However, the standard from which they fall is not very high, and the damage to themselves from the concussion is but trifling.

PRECENTOR.

The Musical Critic of the London Times.

[From the London Correspond. of the N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 20.]

The *London Times* is generally looked upon as the highest authority in matters concerning public opinion—in fact, for the majority of the Britons, *The Times* is public opinion itself. That it does not direct this opinion in politics, but simply reflect it, in accordance with the ideas and the material interest of a few capitalists, is a well-known fact. The writers are, individually, allowed to express no convictions, however serious may be the topic on which they are called upon to provide articles. They form a staff, obeying blindly the word of command. I will quote an instance illustrating the state of things which I am discussing. The musical reporter of *The Times*, Mr. Davison, is undoubtedly a man of great ability, and possesses extraordinary literary accomplishments. His style is fluent and charming, such indeed as can be expected only from the most brilliant feuilletonist. His pen was unquestionably a profitable acquisition for Printing-house Square. But on what conditions were his services procured? The Catholic legend relates that the venerable Bishop Saint Remi, who received the barbarous founder of the French monarchy, King Clovis, into the bosom of the church, while in the act of baptizing the royal neophyte, exclaimed, "Proud Sicander, kneel down; henceforth, burn what you have worshiped, and worship what you burnt." *The Times*, *mutatis mutandis*, is the Saint Remi of modern times, calling upon its reporters to burn, or, at least, to bite with the sharp tooth of criticism, whatever they previously held most sacred.

Before his conversion, Mr. Davison wrote in *The Musical Examiner* a number of essays which deservedly attracted the attention of all artistic circles. He was, at that time, a fervent partisan of the new romantic and the old classic school. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Frederic Chopin were the gods of music, and Davison their faithful prophet. Armed cap-à-pie, in due Don Quixote fashion, he went to war, not against imaginary wind-mills, but against the "wealthy" Meyerbeer, of whom he said that "his celebrity was a paradox," against "the oily fatness of Rossini's green maturity," against the "ponderous Thalberg, whose musical position was a riddle for an *Cedipus* to solve," and a host of composers of the French and Italian school. He wrote for Wessel & Co., the music sellers in Regent street, "an essay on the works of Frederic Chopin," "the mighty poet and subtle-souled psychologist," in which he called Messrs. Thalberg, Döhler and their "detestable tribe of empty followers," "harmonic knife-swallowers" and "crotchety turners of summersets." In one word, he then bestowed his admiration on composers of decided and individual genius, and did not spare his attack against the self-conceited children of mediocrity. The German school of music had at last found a devoted adept in Great Britain.

One day, however, or rather one evening, the tempter appeared in the person of a gentleman living somewhere in Queen square, and connected in some way or other with *The Times*. We are assured on good authority that the following language was held by the enticer to the gifted critic:

"You are a man of talent, and your musical reports would do honor to the columns of the great paper; but as Meyerbeer is in favor with the public, you must not attack Meyerbeer; as the Italian Opera is in vogue, you must sing the praises of the Italian Opera; last, but not least, *The Times* being an English and not a German paper, you must prove that Germany is declining and that Great Britain is about to shine as the brightest star in the musical sky. Are you now prepared to write on these conditions?"

Alas! Mr. Davison did not refuse, and is now worshipping what he formerly burnt with an inquisitorial zeal and fervor.

Here is what the French would call the *secret de Polichinelle*. This is the reason why the ingenious critic, who had declared Beethoven and Mendelssohn to be the most accomplished piano-forte composers that ever existed, who called Frederic Chopin one of the greatest musicians, rails now at the artistic claims of Paris and asserts that the decline of Germany is at hand. Great Britain forever and in all things, even in music. To parody Mr. Davison's own words, he is, in obedience to the proprietors of *The Times*, "a self-opinionated Englishman, who ejaculates, 'I am a Briton,' and is satisfied that to be a Briton is to be all that to be is worth." If, as he formerly complained, "the prevailing tone of the most popular music of the present day is unhealthy and vicious in the extreme," are we not entitled to attribute it to those numerous critics who, like himself, ever go with the tide? *Ab uno disce omnes*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—The Philharmonic Concert Saturday Evening attracted an immense audience, as usual, the Academy of Music being crowded to overflowing. The concert was singularly uninteresting, the following being the programme:

PART I.
Second Symphony, in C, Op. 61, (2nd time). R. Schumann.
1. Lento—Allegro con energia. 2. Larghetto.
3. Scherzo—Molto vivace. 4. Allegro, Molto vivace.
Aria, from the Oratorio "Creation," (On Mighty Pens)
Mademoiselle Marie de Ronde. Haydn.
Solo for the Violin, "Rondo Papageno" H. W. Ernst.
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer.

PART II.
Concert Overture, in A, Op. 7, (first time). I. Rietz.
Scena ed Aria, from the Opera "Oberon" C. M. Von Weber.
Mademoiselle Marie de Ronde.
Solo for the Violin, "La Sylphide," [by request]
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer. Mollenhauer.
Overture to "Egmont," in F minor. L. Van Beethoven.

The Symphony received very little applause, and it was my impression that it deserved no more than it received. But when I consider to how great an extent trifling extraneous circumstances affect one's enjoyment of music, I hesitate to give you any decided opinion. A close atmosphere, a slight pain in the tooth, a crowded uncomfortable seat, a chattering neighbor, even mere bodily fatigue—any of these is sufficient to turn a symphony into a suffering, or a musical Paradise into a musical Pandemonium. Consequently I have nothing to say about Schumann's Op. 61, excepting that it put my next neighbor to sleep, and that its somniferous effect upon myself was with difficulty resisted. Of course, I could not thus appreciate it, for Music is such a delicate, ethereal spirit, that we must have all our faculties about us, to grasp it, and I often wonder how any one can talk of listening to its harmonies, (as some persons do,) merely as a rest from active occupation, and because it gives them such a quiet sensual delight, as to enable them to think composedly on other subjects. The same persons would think it highly absurd to visit a picture or piece of statuary, without expecting to devote some special attention to its examination, and yet they will saunter into a concert room, and let the sweet sounds glide over their ear without actually taking the trouble to enjoy them. These same persons frequently fall asleep, and a sleepy man at a concert not only makes himself highly uncomfortable in endeavoring to resist the allurements of Morpheus, but also makes himself slightly ridiculous by falling a victim, (as is almost invariably the case) to these same somniferous allurements.

Miss DE ROODE did not come up to my expectations. She does not seem able to sing an air like Haydn's "On mighty pens"—her voice is not majestic enough to satisfy the hearer, and the composition allows no display of that dramatic expression, which is her peculiar forte. In Weber's aria, she sang much better, but was coldly received.

EDWARD MOLLENHAUER played as exquisitely as usual, exhibiting wonderful command over his difficult instrument, and holding the audience rapt with delight. The other instrumental selections presented nothing new of interest. On the whole the Concert was a weak one—such was the opinion of my sleepy neighbor, in which I concurred with as much heartiness as one sleepy individual can be expected to manifest to another still more sleepy individual.

The "American Music Association" has given a concert recently, consisting chiefly of original compositions, the only one of special merit being a "Consecration Anthem" by Dr. HODGES, Organist of Trinity Church. It is a solid composition, in strict Ecclesiastical style, and was extremely well performed by a quartet, consisting of Mrs. E. G. BOSTWICK, Miss ROBERTSON, Mr. A. JOHNSON, and Mr. CHARLES GUILMETTE, and by the chorus of the society, Dr. Hodges himself presiding at the Piano-forte. The other contributions to American musical

art, were a few common-place ballads, and a duet for piano-forte and clarinet, by J. N. PUCHOWSKI, played by Mr. CANDIDE BERTI, and Mr. XEIPER. Mr. BERTI and Mr. WILLIAM MASON performed Liszt's Preludes, for two pianos, in splendid style. Miss C. M. SHEPPARD made her debut as a soprano, with tolerable success.

THALBERG has leased our Academy of Music for one year, commencing next September, for the purpose of giving a series of grand concerts, to be varied by occasional operatic performances. No one could assume the management of the opera, who could be more acceptable to our public. Mr. Thalberg's personal popularity is very great here, and will certainly have considerable effect in ensuring the success of his speculation. Mr. ULLMAN, his agent, will sail shortly for Europe, to obtain fresh artists, and it is even rumored that BALFE will be engaged as Conductor. In the meantime MARETZKE will give a short operatic season at Niblo's with Mme GAZZANIGA as prima donna, and Mme. PAEZ, who recently failed so ignominiously at the Philadelphia Opera House, may also appear.

Nobody knows how STRAKOSCH's operatic speculation succeeds, but were he losing to any great extent, it is not very probable he would continue the season. There was a splendid house present Friday night to hear CORA DE WILHORST in *Lucia*. She sings to-night in the "Child of the Regiment," and on Wednesday takes a benefit, before leaving for Europe to pursue her much needed musical studies. Her performance on Friday evening was, by far, the most successful she has yet given.

The "Old Folks," from Boston, gave a couple of Concerts at the Tabernacle, last week, but owing to inefficient management, they were not prominently before notice, and the usual courtesies were not extended to the press, who consequently treated the "Old Folks" with silent contempt—and the press is everything here.

OLE BULL gave a concert Friday evening, at Dodworth's Saloon, and for the first time I could appreciate the wild enthusiasm which Paganini once excited. Ole Bull is wonderful—marvellous—and what increases the interest with which we listen to his performances, is the marked individuality of his character, observable in his countenance, and the workings of his features, as he so visibly enters into the spirit of his music. His performance of Paganini's Variations on the air "Hope told a flattering tale," was one of those astonishing feats which knock criticism quite speechless with amazement. It scarcely seemed possible that a man could produce so distinctly with one violin, the effect of several instruments, by simultaneously playing a *pizzicato* accompaniment with one hand, and a flowing melody with harmonic chords, with the other. Yet this is what Ole Bull does. Those who have heard him in his youth say he has lost none of his former power and spirit, and by declaring him to be the most astonishing violinist since Paganini, fully endorse the otherwise unimportant opinion of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10.—A slight indisposition prevents me from giving you more than a hurried account of our third Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening. The audience was not quite so large as on previous occasions, the programme being perhaps not quite as attractive to the general public. The Symphony was Schumann's, in C, op. 61, and the Overtures Goethe's *Egmont*, and a Concert-Overture by Rietz. These were all very well played; in the Symphony particularly the first and last movements. The composition by Rietz was brilliant and well instrumented, but rather common-place, and full of reminiscences. The instrumental soloist was EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who showed his usual mastery of the violin in the old "Sylphide," by himself, and a "Rondo Papa-

geno," pretty, effective, and apparently exceedingly difficult, by Ernst. Miss DE ROODE was the vocalist of the evening, and was, I am very sorry to say, only prevented from making a complete failure by the extreme good nature of the public, who, in view of her evident agitation, applauded generously. Her voice, which in a medium-sized room, and with the piano, appears full and strong, was entirely too weak for the immense Academy, and even, it seemed to me, for an orchestral accompaniment. And to this natural disadvantage, she had added another of her own creating, in the unfortunate choice of her pieces. They were the extremely difficult arias, "On mighty pens," from the "Creation," and *Ocean, du Ungeheuer*, from Weber's "Oberon." These are both compositions which none but a very great singer should undertake; the chief beauty and interest of the first lying in the perfect representation of the many tone-pictures it contains, and the last requiring the utmost dramatic force to make it appear to advantage, when robbed of the stage accessions which it originally requires. It is very high, and very fatiguing, and Miss De Roode was not by any means equal to an artistic rendering of it. I could not but pity her, and wish that she had been contented with simpler means of showing her powers.

OLE BULL is giving a series of concerts, assisted by various artists, which are said to fill Dodworth's Saloon very well. Thalberg's Matinées are drawing themselves out into an endless chain—the first series of three was followed, or rather *dove-tailed* by a second of two, that again by a third, and in among these again came sundry single ones. Last night the maestro gave a grand concert, with the assistance of the Harmonic Society, who performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and for next week new attractions are promised.

CINCINNATI, O. MARCH 4.—Our city has recently taken quite a start in musical matters and our progress deserves to be noticed in your Journal. During the past weeks we have enjoyed some important performances by home societies. Our new "Philharmonic Society," which is organized upon the plan of the New York Philharmonic, thus far has given two Concerts and three afternoon Rehearsals. In the last Concert, which was the first of three Subscription Concerts, they treated us to the superb "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven. The audience numbered nearly 500 (living) heads. They seemed spell-bound in listening to the heavenly strains of the greatest of all musical masters; there was not a whisper, hardly a breath. This audience, we suppose, was not exactly after the New York pattern. The afternoon Rehearsals have also been well and silently attended; as yet the latest New York fashion of handing round chocolate and ice cream has not been adopted. The Orchestra has about 30 members and is well proportioned: two double Basses and 7 violins give a very fine basis to it, and in this respect it is a good deal more satisfactory than the transient Orchestras, the old "Germanians" and Jullien's, we have had here. Our leader, Mr. L. RITTER, is a man of thorough musical knowledge, of a wide interest in old, new and "future" Music, and of the purest intentions. He leads also our new Vocal "St. Cecilia" Society, which a few days ago performed the whole of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with the German text, with a chorus of 70 or 80 singers and an Orchestra of about 30; in all, over 100 performers. It was a very creditable performance. The writer a few months ago heard in New York "Eli" by the Mendelssohn Society, and has no hesitation in asserting, that ours can boast of a good deal more precision and promptness. It was probably the first performance in the States of an Oratorio with the original German text by so large a Society. Think of the "Pastoral Symphony" and the whole of "St. Paul" in the Western back woods!

DRESDEN, FEB. 11.—(Concluded from last week.)—As I think it must interest you and perhaps give you a more accurate notion of the condition of musical taste in this capital, (which is certainly a very controlling capital in this department of Art,) I will give you a catalogue of some of the music I have heard here, omitting, of course, that which I have already mentioned. In opera, *Oberon*, four times; *Così fan tutte*, twice; *Der Freischütz*, twice; the *Zauberflöte*; Meyerbeer's "North Star," (which I cannot admire); *Fra Diavolo*; the "Templar and Jewess," of Capellmeister Marschner, very fine and effective; "Don Juan," very finely given; *Euryanthe*, *Lucia*, &c. The company is very good. Madame BÜRDE-NEX, the soprano, probably one of the first now on the continent, is a fixture here, under a year's engagement, and appears in every opera. Fraulein KRALL is a pleasing second soprano, arch and pretty; a charming voice, but not a great singer. In the alto line, KREBS-MICHALES is the best, tho' not great, but makes the best Elvira I have seen since I was in Paris in 1840. TICHATSCHECK, the tenor, has been a great singer. He is said to be over 60, but manages to look and act like 40, and still sings extremely well. They have a very good buffo bass singer and actor in Herr ABIGER. The choruses are much better than with us, or at the Italian Opera in Paris, and the old Hunter's Chorus in the *Freischütz* was given as I had never heard it before. The fairy groupings in "Oberon" are really exquisite, and that opening chorus brought D's Club vividly before my imagination. The *Così fan tutte* is a lovely little piece, with the most meagre and insignificant plot, and seems to me as well played as possible. But the great reputation of the Opera here rests mainly on the Orchestra, which is also said to be the best in Europe. I care not whether it be or not; it is certainly the best I ever heard, and I have been lately (three months ago) sitting behind those soaplocks of BOTTESINI, at the Italians, in Paris, where he is now conductor. This remarkable orchestra is presided over by Herr KREBS, Kapellmeister of the King of Saxony, who has a genius for his department of work.

Of the less pretentious Quartet-vereins, there are many. I belong to one, the "Musikalischer," where they give just such a programme, once a fortnight, as our Mendelssohn Quintette Club in Boston, but they do not play as well. Here, as in most meetings of the kind, the ladies sit together, filling the floor of the principal room, the gentlemen standing under and outside of the arches which generally separate the room into two parts, a few getting seats on the *outskirts*, (literally, sometimes.) Three or four times during the winter, these Vereins give what they call a "Thée dansant" to their members. We attended one of these. A band of one of the regiments plays Polkas, Waltzes and Quadrilles, and dancing is kept up briskly, and with an energy unknown out of Germany, from 7 till 10 or 10½, when the supper is announced. And this important element in German social life must not go undescribed. In a large suit of rooms, adjoining every dancing or concert hall in Dresden, tables are set out, quite plainly, but very clean; a *carte de restaurant*, with the prices of the dishes marked against them, is upon each table. The tables are of various sizes, from eight to twenty seats. Parties of intimates take a table or an end of a table and call for what they please, paying therefor at the time.

We were almost completely strangers at the first of these parties, but the President of the association put us into pleasant company at a table of eight, and as we sat down, introduced me as follows in German: Herr —, I have the pleasure to introduce you to Fraulein MARIA WIECK, (and aside, sister of CLARA SCHUMANN, the first pianist in Dresden,) Herr Wieck, her father, Herr Wieck, her brother, and so with Mrs. —; then to several officers

in uniform, and we commenced our supper. My friend—strive to imagine us—a party of eight—in ball dress—sitting down to a hot supper of veal cutlets and *stewed string beans*, Rhine wine, &c. But we had a very pleasant time. Marie Wieck is pleasing, rather pretty, and speaks tolerable English, and intimated a desire to go to the U. S. if she could feel assured of success. I have not yet heard her play. Herr BLASSMANN is the best pianist here,—a young man, and member of the Tonkünstler, as are all the best artists of the place.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 14, 1857.

CONCERTS.

The last PHILHARMONIC CONCERT was a grand one. The Music Hall presented an inspiring show of audience, although not full, and we congratulate Mr. ZERRAIN upon this satisfactory, though late, response to his brave efforts in the cause of orchestral music, as heartily as we thank him for the good things he has given us, and above all for that ever-glorious Symphony by Schubert. But first let us record the programme:

- PART I.
1.—Grand Symphony, in C major,.....Schubert.
I. Andante con moto, Allegro ma non troppo.—II. Andante.
III. Scherzo, Allegro.—IV. Allegro vivace.
2.—Serenade and Aria: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer,"
from the opera *Der Freischütz*,.....Weber.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
PART II.
3.—Festival Overture,.....Julius Rietz.
[First time in Boston]
4.—a. Morgen Ständchen,.....Schubert.
b. Volkslied,.....Kücken.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
5.—Chorus of Pilgrims, from *Tannhäuser*,.....Wagner.
Sung by a Select Choir of Male Voices.
6.—Waltz di Bravura,.....Benzano.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
7.—Overture: "William Tell",.....Rossini.

That Symphony was the richest feast of instrumental music we have heard this winter. We do not say of course that it surpasses Beethoven's C minor; but, considering its greater novelty, we listen to it just now with a fresher interest. Intrinsicly it is a work of genius, a truly inspired creation, from beginning to end; as truly so as any Symphony by Beethoven or Mozart. Indeed outside of Beethoven (and with a full recognition of the merits of his predecessors and of Mendelssohn in this line) we know no work of instrumental music that appears to us so great, that so exalts and fills the listener. It tingles with imaginative life and ecstasy in every bar; it teems with beautiful and glorious ideas, which are wrought up and carried through with logical consistency and vigor; it is equally remarkable for melodies of startling individuality and beauty as for the wildest wealth of modulation and the richest instrumental coloring; it is full of solemnity and full of joy, and with its buoyant rhythm treads on air like one caught up by the divine afflatus. And then, as Schumann says of it, "its heavenly length, like a thick novel in four volumes by Jean Paul!" Ah, there's the rub! we fear many of the audience thought only of the length and found it very tedious. Certainly that was the case with some of the newspaper critics. We think it may be curious and not altogether uninteresting to string together some of these critical opinions which appeared in Monday's papers. If they do not show the worth of Schubert's Symphony, they show its length. It will be seen that witnesses differ, not only as to "melody," but even as to effect on the audience.

The orchestral performances and Pilgrim Chorus by a select choir of male voices were acceptable generally, though Schubert's Symphony wearied by its excessive length—55 minutes—and Rietz's Festival overture wasted the energy of this orchestra and much valuable time for no good purpose. There was too great a slice of "Young Germany" in this programme for general enjoyment or satisfaction, but the performers gave their best care and skill to make it palatable.—*Evening Gazette*.

As to the symphony by Schubert, with which the performances commenced, we cannot say that we think it worth an hour's time of two thousand people, so long as we have compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn or Mozart that are not worn out. The songs of Schubert are unrivalled, but he does not wield the wand which, in the hands of the illustrious four, has enchanted the world. The symphony has beautiful passages, and, as it seemed to us, they were fairly brought out; but pretty passages will not make a symphony, any more than pleasing fancies or lyrical strains will make an epic poem.—*Atlas*.

Nearly an hour elapsed during the performance of the first piece, but notwithstanding its great length it is not wearisome when treated in the masterly manner of Saturday evening. It is a beautiful work. Schubert as a melodist, is unrivalled, and this peculiarity of his permeates the entire composition. It was heard with rapt attention, and at the end of each movement the audience expressed the pleasure they were experiencing.—*Traveller*.

A second hearing of Schubert's Symphony (in C major) does not amend the feeling of tediousness and ennui which ensued from the former. With the exception of a portion of the Andante, there is no evidence of any symphonic form, certainly not as much as in the overture to *William Tell*, which has distinct themes. Forty-five minutes attention to "broken crockery" and forty horse brass power does not elucidate a great degree of pleasure, or at the best, the ten minutes enjoyment of one movement does not "pay" for the other infliction. The new overture ("Festival," by Julius Rietz,) is a pleasing production of the Young German School, but it displays no feature of originality or great genius. The *William Tell* overture is a standard composition, always agreeable and piquant, and the best known to the public of any of Rossini's compositions. It was needed after the surfeit of braying and crashing instrumentals which the audience had sat through, that something should be given to soothe the perturbed mind, and the graceful vocalism of Madame Johannsen smoothed the way to receive the final strains of the orchestra in the delightful overture which closed the evening's entertainments.—*Journal*.

The Symphony, new to much of the audience, prolix in its construction and its themes elaborated to the exhaustion of instrumental resources, failed to make an impression. Its full groundwork of harmony, dignified treatment and gleams of melodic beauty, scarcely compensated for a want of directness of leading motive, a rounded symmetry of figures, and that picturesque grouping of musical fancies which in Beethoven's works of the kind so immediately fill the mind's eye and catch the dainty musical ear.—*Transcript*.

Schubert's glorious symphony (in C Major) it was indeed delightful to hear again. We hardly know any composition of this kind so interesting. It is more Beethovenish even, than some of Beethoven's own. Without imitation of any master, it seems free from mannerism of any kind, and thoroughly original, the work of a master, most evidently, in conception and logical treatment. The themes are most beautiful and their development admirable. The solemn and magnificent andante of the second movement, is to us the most remarkable part and is as the similar movement in Beethoven's "Heroica," or the grand funeral march of Chopin, which it much resembles. The symphony was wonderfully well played.—*Telegraph*.

Poor Schubert! Out of the six but two who recognize a decent Symphony in this thy greatest work, which Mendelssohn and Schumann, when they exhumed it from the immense mass of thy posthumous manuscripts, rejoiced over as having saved to the world a pearl of inestimable price! Bo'h Mendelssohn and Schumann, the two men whom the haters of the "New School" pit against each other, making the first the type of all that approved, lasting excellence, against which the "men of the Future" so offend! They thought, and all Germany thinks with them, that Schubert, whose genius for song-writing surpassed all others, was even greater in his instrumental music, and particularly in this his Seventh Symphony. (It was written in March, 1828; he died the November following. Schumann found seven of his Symphonies; it is since said that there are twelve.

This one alone is published.) No young composer of his day so interested Beethoven.

This date shows, (only one year after the death of Beethoven), that the work is by no means to be classed with the "music of the future." And as to "broken crockery," absence of the "symphonic form," and all that, the criticism deals in catch-words, and not genuine perceptions or ideas. Will the writer perhaps inform us in what the symphonic form consists? If Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's symphonies are models of it, we must assure him that Schubert's follows, throughout, the same general plan of structure. For a first movement, we have a slow Introduction, the religious theme of which is first, as it were, intoned by the horn, and then worked up by the orchestra, with a Beethoven-like sublimity; and then starts off the Allegro, which has a leading and an answering theme, the first bold, heroic, full of nerve, the second of an exquisite gaiety, and these are stated, contrasted, blended, discussed, illustrated in the usual symphonic manner, with perfect directness and consistency, yet with endless variety and beauty of outline and coloring, until near the end the religious horn theme, or a phrase of it, sounds in from one part or another of the orchestra, and rounds off the whole to still completer unity. The Andante is marvellously beautiful, with a pervading melody, in form like other Andantes, and only growing to such length, because its thoughts are so inspired, so pregnant, that they haunt and tempt the mind along, and seem too beautiful, and too significant to end. The Scherzo, strong and jovial and riotous, is the usual quick three-four movement in two parts; followed by the usual Trio, which in this case is very long. (Schubert loved to keep up the Scherzo mood), but is built on a buoyant, triumphant, glorious theme, worthy to be so prolonged. The Finale has the usual Rondo form, and is elated with ideas such as come only to the mind in its happiest moments, and must not be dismissed hastily. After listening to so much before, (and music, which, if it speaks to one at all, has been most exciting), the fulness of this last movement may possibly cloy one whose appetite may not be in its best state as to keenness and endurance. But hundreds listened, and drank in joy and inspiration through the whole four movements. Now that a large part of a miscellaneous audience, hearing such a work, perhaps for the first time, should find it lengthy and fatiguing, is not to be wondered at, and no one can blame them. But that "critics," they who are supposed to be more appreciative than the many, and to be the leaders of opinion, should simply follow in the wake of the most common tastes and prejudices, flatter the popular ignorance, reduce all to the standard of amusement and success with idle listeners, and find nothing in a great work of genius to report of but its length, is something droll and lamentable. Such criticisms, to borrow a luminous phrase from one of them, do not "elucidate a great deal of pleasure."

Is, then, the popularity of a symphony, on the first hearing, the true criterion of merit? And is great length, (a thing to be avoided as a general rule, all will admit), a sin that cancels every merit in a work of genius? "Hamlet" is very long; yet we never heard it called a poor play. The "Messiah" is long; yet it passes for a pretty fair Oratorio. So of the "Choral Symphony."

We should tremble for the fate of all of these, were they on trial, as new works, before such judges. This Symphony is long, but can you find a *weak* spot in it?

But we have not room for a chapter upon musical criticism. To return to the concert. The symphony was better played than we have before heard it, (in the summer of 1852, by a small orchestra under Mr. Suck, and in the winters of '53 and '54, by the Germanians). It was one of the best orchestral performances we have yet had. The Overture by Rietz, written for the Düsseldorf Festival, (too early, too, for "music of the future"), is quite a musician-like and pleasing serious composition, not at all outré and singular, but such as might have come, apparently, from any clever follower of Mendelssohn. The only "Zukunft's" music in the programme, therefore, (critics to the contrary), was the *Tannhäuser* chorus, which is popular enough for our critics, and was sung by a fine band of male voices.

The vocal part of the entertainment was eminently satisfactory. MME. JOHANNSEN fully justified the good report that came before her. Since Jenny Lind, we have not, verily, heard the scena from the *Freyschütz* sung so satisfactorily by any one. To be sure, here was not by any means the consummate execution of a Sontag; but there was very superior execution, a voice far more rich and telling, and a magnetic quality, a soul and fervor in the whole delivery, which there was no mistaking. Schubert's "Hark the lark!" was sung in the true spirit, charmingly, but the lady did not play the piano accompaniment so delicately as might be. The *Volkslied* was naive and bright, and in the Waltz she showed remarkable skill in bravura singing (far less of course than Sontag or Lagrange) and put a deal of energy into the concluding cadence. It cost her a little time to get "acclimated" to the hall and to the high pitch of the orchestra; and she labored under a cold, which accounted for an occasional thin or worn tone, but in spite of all she triumphed, and her singing grew, and will grow, should we hear her again, upon her audience.

MR. ZERRAHN has toiled severely that we might have good music. The last concert saved him from loss of money, but not from loss of time; the series has yielded him but door-keeper's wages. Yet it is clear that the appetite of the public has only awakened at the eleventh hour, and really craves more. Why then should we not have another concert—a Benefit concert to Mr. CARL ZERRAHN?

Music in Europe.

In Germany, the interest in the New School Music seems to be increasing; at all events, its leading creators, or manufacturers—whichever we may choose to call them—show no signs of relaxing their activity. RICHARD WAGNER, who writes his own librettos, on the theory that the poem and the music should be one birth, one whole, and who regards his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* as but experiments, is at work on his intended masterpiece, *Die Nibelungen*. This musical drama will be composed of four parts: *Rheingold*, *Wallkure*, *Siegfried* and *Siegfried's Tod*. The representation will take four evenings. Wagner is building a theatre on purpose, at Zurich, his place of exile, and the best singers in Europe will be engaged for the occasion. The first two parts are already composed, but the whole will not be ready under a year or two. There is an absurd report that LISZT has entered the religious order of Franciscan Monks at

Pesth. It is, very likely, a joke on the part of his enemies, based on the religious subjects of his recent compositions. A Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post says of him:

Letters dated 10th inst., have been received from him in Paris, in which he speaks a good deal of music, but not a single word of any intention of becoming a monk. At the request of Liszt, the poet Otto Roquette has just written a legend in six scenes on the life of St. Elizabeth, which is destined for the inauguration of the Salle de Wartburg, recently completed in the palace of the Landgrave of Thuringen. Liszt, moreover, proposes to compose a symphony on the battle of the Huns, from the picture of Kaulbach, as soon as he has terminated his Schiller symphony, entitled "The Ideal." This is not all. When he has finished the new mass on which he is now occupied, he intends to write an ecclesiastical cantata, which will poetically and musically illustrate the eight beatitudes of the "Sermon on the Mount," and an oratorio, "The Christ," the text of which will be by Frederick Rückert.

There is a suspicious report that Herr Lachner is about to finish Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, of which opera he has left only fragments. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" Cantata has just reached the Concerts of the Conservatoire at Paris. The German musical papers are a long time in reaching us, and we have seen no programmes of the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts for a long time. Concerts and operas go on there, and in all the German cities, as usual, but with uncommon barrenness of novelty, although it were worth an American's while to hear what our correspondent has heard in Dresden this winter. In Berlin, the opera given at the Royal Opera House on Mozart's birth day was Donizetti's *L'Elisir*! At Leipzig the reigning opera, by last accounts, was M. Auber's *Gustave*. At Vienna the art languishes.

At Paris the long expected opera, *Psyche*, by M. Aubroise Thomas, has come out at the Opera Comique some say successfully. MME. Ugalde was Cupid, Mlle. Lefevre, Psyche, and M. Bataille, Mercury. At the Opera, we read of little besides Verdi, chiefly the *Traviata*, or the *Trovatore* done into French, and hence less successful than usual. But there are various symptoms of a classical turn in Paris. The *Société des Jeunes Artistes* have produced fragments of Gluck's *Aleste*,—a failure, because Gluck's music cannot well be separated from the stage. MME. Viardot has been singing Handel's "Return O Lord of Hosts," in English; and the Count de Stainlein has started a new Quartet Club, to give chamber concerts, at which, besides his own works, those of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Weber are to be performed.

In London the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, still go on. Mozart's G minor Symphony, the overture to *Fidelio*, and Horsley's to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," formed the orchestral portion of the last programmes. The Sacred Harmonic Society have been performing Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* for one concert; for another Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; for others, "Elijah," "Eli," and so on. The great topic now is the approaching HANDEL Festival to be held in May at the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabeus," are to be given by 2300 really efficient performers, the Sacred Harmonic Society taking the lead. It appears from the records of this Society that, of its 344 performances at Exeter Hall, exactly one half have been entire oratorios of Handel, including, besides the three above named, "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athalie," and "Belshazzar." Miss Arabella Goddard has been adding to her laurels, by playing another of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, the op. 109, in E major.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—We called attention some weeks since to the prospectus of the "Boston Musical School," issued by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, L. P. HOMER, and J. C. D. PARKER, who constitute its Board of Instruction. In answer to inquiries, we can state that it will commence its operations on the first Monday in April; that there will be two terms each year, of twelve weeks each; that the complete course will extend through three years; and that a new class will be formed at the opening of each term.

We trust the hopes of its conductors will be fully realized, and that it will grow (why should it not?) to be a true school of musicians. They tell us it will be conducted on principles similar to those of the "Conservatoires" of Europe; and like those, its object will be to furnish an ample and complete musical education, chiefly to those who intend pursuing the art as a profession, though amateurs can also avail themselves of its instruction, provided they are sincerely bent upon a serious and earnest study of the art. One great advantage which such an institution promises, is a system of perfect discipline, which in any pursuit will always have its solid effects. All students will be compelled to ground themselves in the fundamental principles of music, theoretically as well as practically.

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Certain evenings in the week will be devoted to the practice of music by the whole in a body, and also to performances, by such as shall be deemed prepared, in the presence of invited friends.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Notices of the last Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—an excellent one—the concert, not the notice—and of the ninth Afternoon Concert, must lie over to next week.... Our friend, "A. W. T." last week, speaking of the best location for a choir in the Music Hall, remarked that "it is true of all music, that it produces most effect when it is *least elevated*"—a truth fully apprehended by our modern composers of effect music, and heartily confirmed, too, by newspaper critics.

This is the season of "last concerts." To-night the German "ORPHEUS" give theirs, in the Melodeon, and with an exceedingly rich programme, Miss DOANE, HERR KREISSMANN, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisting.... SIG. CORELLI gave a delightful private concert, with his pupils, past and present, to the number of some fifteen ladies and a dozen gentlemen, at Chickering's on Thursday evening. For amateurs there was a great deal of fine, artistic singing; and choruses by such a body of pure, fresh voices are never heard in public. But we can only mention it this week.... Preparations for the great Music Festival in Boston (of which we spoke last week) are going on in earnest. The Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are now rehearsing "Elijah" with a view to it. It is now contemplated that it will take place during the three or four days immediately preceding the May Anniversaries, so that the crowds of strangers who visit our city at that time may include this also in their programme of a grand week. Three oratorios will probably be given: two on Friday and Saturday, one on Sunday evening, and for Saturday evening Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The chorus to be increased to at least 600; the solos to be sung by the best talent in the country; the orchestra to consist of at least 50 performers, under the conductorship of Carl Zerrahn. To ensure the Festival a guaranty fund of \$1,000 is required, and we are happy to learn that over \$3,000 is already subscribed.

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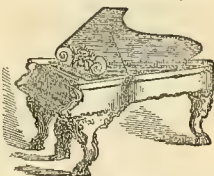
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A Letter from an Old Contributor.

MY ROOM, SPRING THE 1ST, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:—It snows again. March is coming in lion-like, though hardly like a lion. Since church I have been out for a walk—with the storm in going, breasting it in returning. After leaving my room, I soon turned into the street which leads from Harvard College to Brighton, and crossing the river, went on directly to Brookline, to that beautiful hill which you see beyond the Milldam from Boston Common. Speaking of this street, reminds me of the feelings with which, a whole generation ago nearly, I used to come from the country and cross the bridge into Cambridge. Then as I came up the slightly ascending way, and caught sight of the old houses on either side—among them, Porter's, famous for flip! and the small square on which then stood the old Court House, Wiswall's Den, old Massachusetts just beyond, and other relics of American antiquity, I was carried back into ancient times, and enjoyed the feeling of the past, with emotions which, in Nuremberg itself, have hardly been stronger or more filled with the indefinite longing for the olden time, which sheds such a delicious half-sadness into the soul. You remember how quiet Cambridge used to be. Then, to my country boy's mind, the old College buildings were the seats of awful wisdom, and here science brooded with fostering wings—an incubation under which no egg could addle. I seemed to smell literature and science in the very air. I looked with reverence upon old Lennox, and felt an abiding confidence that the sententious apothegm of Venerabilis Snow, "Ysters is 'ysters when they is 'ysters, and when they isn't they isn't!" contained unsounded depths of scholarship. I met young men in their Sunday clothes of a week day, and their trim outer man did but impress me more profoundly with an idea of the grandeur of their mental achievements. The Latin and Greek books, once my father's, but then stored in the attic at home, would be but child's play to these favored

mortals, and even to some the dark rows of the Hebrew letters, to be read backwards, must be not devoid of meaning! In those days, Plato, Demosthenes, Diodorus Siculus, Xenophon, Livy and all those hard names so profusely quoted by Rollin—then my classic—had a much more familiar sound to my ears than now—and these I could see imprinted in the faces I met. On one occasion the author of "Classology," a prodigy of learning as I then thought, took me into Harvard Hall, then the Library, and showed me the 40,000 volumes there congregated. Would that I could have that feeling again!

But at this rate I shall not take my walk. I will only add that my four years since that time, within the college walls, have made sad havoc of the romance!

As I said, I crossed the river, and went out to the Cambridge crossing of the Worcester Railroad; thence keeping the same course, I fell into the main road that leads to Brookline village, and finally turned into a field, beyond which, I ascended the hill.

Through the air, murky with the fine snow flakes of the incipient storm, I saw, as through a glass, darkly. But superbly beautiful was the view. Behind, to the West, lies the hilly and broken country, extending away beyond Nonantum and Natick, even into the Nipnet and Nipmuck country of Colonial times. But save the scattered clumps of pine and fir, the trees, garmentless, were asleep—hibernating—and the earth was white in broad patches, like a frost-bitten face. But from the high hills of Waltham, all around the semicircle as far as the Blue hills of Milton, the picture was wintry but perfect. My eye luxuriates in varied form and color, as does my ear in full and powerfully modulated harmonies. The blossoming time of Spring, and the deep hues of brilliant Autumn, are my visual carnivals. And yet, though the background was filled in with but the colors of winter, patches of snow for white, the blackness of leafless groves, and the dull brown and buff of fields and pasture land, there was my beloved beauty of color. At this distance and elevation, the thousand and one hues of the buildings of the villages and cities, which lie upon the plain, or nestle along the foot of the ridges, that limit the prospect, now seen distinctly through the leafless trees, come out marked objects to the eye, and blend in one grand mass of infinite variety of detail. The river was a pathway of light along the broad valley below, and from its bosom rose a few tapering spars of schooner and sloop, hinting at summer and ocean perils. From beyond Mount Auburn, all round to the point where the river divides the peninsula of Shawmut from the main, the low lands are bordered by a continuous city, in summer time half buried in foliage. At the point of separation, the masts of a great naval and mercantile marine cluster, and then comes the dark brown mass of dome-crowned Boston, rising from the waters below me, and allowing glimpses of the island-dotted bay beyond. Onward, and the eye passes over a range of hills, at the foot

of which lie Roxbury and South Boston, and beyond opens a country of exquisite beauty, even to the Blue Hills. Looking directly down, I have the palace-like country seats of Boston millionaires, beautiful homes of business men in moderate circumstances, the white farm house with its green blinds, neat cottages of every style and form—all in orderly disorder, all mingled with orchards, groves, gardens and fields. Long, straight lines cross the marshes and waters in all directions; they are roads and iron ways, bridges and causeways, and on another day would be alive with the vehicles of business men and pleasure-seekers. But to-day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and all is still.

How thoroughly American is the entire scene! All these fields and pastures divided by walls of stone; the houses scattered all over the land, each upon the possessions of its owner; every one built how and where its owner will; no where else, England perhaps excepted, would these plains present any other appearance than an open, hedgeless, fenceless extent of field and meadow, with villages rising here and there like islands from its surface. The scene would be treeless, save long lines bordering the public ways, possibly groves upon the barren hill tops, and the fruit trees which rise in and about the villages. The outlines of the view would be the same, but its *physiognomy* would be utterly changed. Here and there would be a park, with palace and lodge; but most of our view now is park-like, with innumerable seats and lodges. This beautiful hill top, now bare, would in the old world be crowned with a ruin, a convent, a chapel, or a tower, and on every warm, pleasant day, men and women—of all classes, of every rank—would come hither and drink in spiritual life from the beauty around.

You have heard of the Porta Westphalica? The Westphalian gate! It is the spot where the Weser, coming down from the highlands of Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, breaks through the Wiehen Gebirge, as the Mohawk breaks a passage through the ridges of New York, not far from Little Falls. The city of Minden, famous in history is near the Porta, and in this region Hermann, the Arminius of the Latin Historians, said to the Romans, "thus far and no farther!" The passage cut by the Weser is narrow, and on either side rises abruptly the lofty ridge, and extends far away. On the height—upon the Northern side—the taste of the people for beautiful scenery has led to the erection of a tower. In the autumn of 1854 I walked thither from the hospitable house of those dear Minden friends, with Wilson. We made our way slowly up the Eastern slope, through the thick woods, and came out at length upon the cleared space by the tower. The Eastern declivity is very steep, and as my companion came to the brow of the height, and the lovely Weser valley opened at a glance to his eye, in all its superb beauty, dotted with villages, and bordered with "hills rising over hills," the river winding peacefully along, bearing the tall-masted boats of German inland commerce, his countenance flushed up with emotion, and for the moment he was speechless! So last summer,

a true and gentle woman, with heart to feel, fancy to enliven, and taste to appreciate the scene from Corey's hill, after taking me in various directions through Brookline, the most beautiful of suburban towns on earth, as I verily believe—whose only drawbacks are its dust in summer, want of sidewalks, and of some public promenade or park, such as this hill would afford—brought me by a winding way, ascending from the rear, to this spot. As we came out upon the summit, and my eye glanced over the view I have been trying to describe, then all glorious in its summer garments, and at that moment glorified by the brilliancy of the setting sun, as it sent its rays aslant through our transparent atmosphere, touching tower and steeple and dome, causing distant windows to flame as with unearthly fire, seats and farm-houses sleeping in thickening shadows around the base of the hill—the emotions of my friend at the Porta Westphalica became my own. How does the psychologist explain them?

I have looked down upon London from Primrose hill; upon Berlin from the Kreuzberg; upon Vienna from the Kahlenberg; upon Salzburg from the Mönchsberg; upon many a city and town from the spots which the tastes and culture of the people or of the governments have consecrated to the spirit of beauty, as an inheritance to the public forever, and yet, though more grandeur and sublimity has been presented to my eye, I can tell of no spot where the elements of beauty have so abounded as to give rise to deeper emotions than those which stir me as I get this unrivalled view of Boston and its surrounding country.

This hill is in the very centre of the panorama. How happens it that, when every point which might be thought to vie with this has been snatched away forever from the public, by the crushing tread of the march of improvement—has been cut up into lots and sold by speculators—that this should have escaped? Grant, oh Fate, that this exemption from the common lot may last until I shall no more be able, at the call of "incense breathing morn," or when "dewy eve" begins to brood over the landscape, thither to wend my way.

But who know this spot? Who care for it? who visit it? The "appreciative few" are few indeed. Misses Simple and Mincing know nothing of it. They have climbed the heights, and sought the views, and gone into raptures, and talk still, as of divine things, of all the spots to which Murray's Guide Books have sent them in the tour of Europe. But they have not seen Boston, nor New York, nor Albany, nor any other American city from any neighboring elevation. They have ascended the weary steps of old cathedral towers in European cities, and felt a new feeling as they looked down upon the streets and squares, and markets, and habitations, and pleasure grounds, below and around. But from our State House balcony or lantern they have never looked—that view is for the common people and country folks! I crossed the Common the other day with a Man of Fancy. Our eyes followed the straight, level line of the milldam, and rested upon Corey's hill.

"Does it not rise," said he, "with a curve as graceful and soft as the breast of a Venus? I suppose it will be bought by and by to fill up the back bay—for there is nothing like putting things to use, and there it stands, just in the right position for this purpose. I see now at least five hundred modern Greeks armed and equipped for the attack! When the spring time comes again, and its slopes have their garment of green, come here and mark how refreshing to the eye, how soft and lovely a termination to the view from this spot, that hill affords. Could I have an opinion which should carry weight into the public counsels, or could I exert an influence upon the millionaires who dwell in its vicinity, I would never cease from my labor until that place

was made the Primrose hill of Boston, and secured as a pendant to the Common forever. I would have its slopes waving with trees. Clumps of pines and firs and hemlocks should be scattered upon its surface. The maple, the ash, the hickory, the chesnut—all our native forest trees should be there. Winding roads and circuitous pathways should lead to its top. Openings in the groves should offer points whence the eye should drink in the views. The Kalmia and other flowering shrubs of our forests and hillsides, should be naturalized in its soil. Some irregular but picturesque edifice should crown its top, with platforms and towers, whence, over all, the visitor should take in at a glance the complete panorama. Here should dwell a forester with his assistants, armed with the terrors of the law, both to nourish and cherish the members of his vegetable republic, and see that it suffer no detriment from occasional attacks from Goths and Vandals. It should be another Mount Auburn, but devoted to the living. And in after years, when this one spot should come to stand alone as the representative of the gentle, forest-covered hills, which once limited the view from Beacon hill or the State House dome, then would thousands and thousands look back and join in the praises of the Man of Fancy, who wrought out the salvation of Corey's hill from the ruthless hand of speculation. Then too, when the open fields had become covered with the lofty forest, and autumn came on, and the Great Painter would put all other artists to the blush, he would find a spot of canvass here, hard by the city, upon which to lay his colors, and would delight to exhibit annually a painting, to us Bostonians, the like of which no other large, sea coast city on earth could boast."

Here the Man of Fancy looked round to see that no millionaire was near, and putting his mouth to my ear, added:

"This would cost money—and money, you know, is needed to buy copper stocks, build Vermont railroads, explore the Amazon, secure the Southern trade, and save the Union." A. W. T.

The Piano-Forte Compositions of J. S. Bach.

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER.

[Concluded.]

"8.—The *Fantasias* and *Preludes* (likewise the *Capricci*, *Toccate*, and *Ritornelli*) have one quality in common, namely, that they are not subjected to any fixed form, and commonly serve as an introduction to a serious, "elaborate" piece. Mattheson calls them musical whims. As everything about them is so uncertain, the *tempo* cannot be so generally defined; every one must, therefore, see how, in doubtful cases, he can set himself right. Bach, however, treated the whims more seriously, and created a perfectly new and more classical branch of art, especially out of the *Prelude*. His *Preludes*, too, are so characteristic, pithy, and peculiar, that the proper mode of playing them is self-evident.

"9.—The *Gavotte*.—Its emotion is thorough, exultant joy. A frisking character is a special peculiarity of this kind of melody, and, by no means, a running one. For the pianoforte, certain *Gavottes* are set, which are characterized by great license, but still are not so bad as those on the fiddle." (Mattheson). The movement must not be too quick. This species of dance possesses, moreover, the peculiarity of being always in two-two time.

"10.—The *Gigue* (*Gigue*, *Giga*) is a dance in six-eight time, merry and gay. Mattheson subdivides the *Gigue* into several kinds, which he describes in his droll and lively manner. 'The ordinary, or English *Gigues*,' (he says, *Kern mel. Wissen*, p. 115), 'have, as their peculiar emotion, a fiery and flighty ardour; a passion which speedily evaporates. The *Loures*, or slow and punctuated ones, exhibit a proud, puffed-up character; for which reason they are very popular with the Spaniards. The *Canaries* must be

accompanied by great eagerness and activity, but must still be somewhat simple. The French *Gigues*, finally, which are not used for dancing, but for fiddling (whence, perhaps, they are thus denominated) are wound up, as it were, to a pitch of extreme quickness or fleetness, but mostly in a flowing and by no means impetuous manner, something like the current of a brook.' It is with the last kind that we have here to do.

"11.—The *Minuet*, a dance characterized by 'moderate merriment,' as Mattheson asserts. In former times, it regularly began all dances in society. Introduced in the *Suites* and *Partitas*, the *Minuet* is no longer subjected, in time, rhythm, and movement, to the fixed dance-form. It was still more expanded in instrumental music after Bach; but whether Bach's *Minuets* ought to be played altogether as fast as the later *Quartet-Minuets* is still doubtful.

"12.—With Bach, the *Overture* takes the place of the *Prelude*, when he wishes to introduce a grand piece, and be somewhat more important than usual. Like Handel, he held to the French *Overture*, to which Lulli gave its form; a *largo* movement with *roulades* (which were always played more in a *staccato* than sustained style) is followed by a fugued piece, *allegro*. The magnificent *Overture* at the commencement of the fourth *Partita*, vol. II, pp. 44–50, is a model. Bach clung to the old custom of repeating the first slow movement only when his composition allowed it; see B. vol. II, p. 122; in other cases he by no means did so.

"13.—Both the *Partita* (*Partie*) and the *Suite* indicate an assemblage of melodies, but are somewhat distinct. The *Suite* consists only of dance-melodies, in which merry company the *Allemande*, as a German production, had, for the honor of the thing, the first place, while the others, differing in time and rhythm, followed and thus, as it were, belonged to its suite. Of this kind are the small (so-called French) *Suites* in the first volume. The grand (so-called English) *Suites* in the fourth volume have, on the other hand, a rather important *Prelude* as an introduction, and must, therefore, properly be called *Partitas*, for, in addition to the dance-group, the *Partita* possesses other movements of separate invention, and, consequently, forms the transition to the *Sonata*, and other independent piano-forte music.

"14.—The *Passecaïlle* (in Italian, the *Passacaglio*) is, likewise, a dance. All commentators assert that it is similar to the *Chaconne*; but the difference between the two is rather variously laid down. Koch (*Lex.*, 1139) says: 'The real difference between the *Chaconne* and the *Passecaïlle* is as follows:—the latter must be played with a somewhat slower movement, while the melody must be more agreeable than the former.' Mattheson, however, asserts the direct contrary when he says:—'The *Chaconne* moves along more slowly and deliberately than the *Passecaïlle*, and not *vice versa* (*Kern mel. Wissen*, 123, and, also, in the *Vollk. Capellmeister*, II, chap. 13). I must agree with Mattheson, and look upon Koch's explanation simply as the result of his having mistaken the one for the other. The *tempo* of both dances is rather slow and quick.

"15.—The *Passcopied* agrees with the *Minuet*, but is more nimble in its movement. *Allegro*.

"16.—The *Polonaise*; a Polish dance, in three-four time, of a solemn, grave character, and the movement of which is about equidistant between the *Allegro* and the *Andante*.

"17.—The *Rigaudon* is a merry, joyous dance in alla-breve time, the melody of which, in my opinion, is the prettiest of any; its quality consists in an agreeable and somewhat dallying plesantry. The *Rigaudon*, however, is a mongrel, made up of the *Gavotte* and *Bourrée*, and may not improperly be a triple or quadruple *Bourrée*? (Mattheson).

"18.—The *Rondo* (*Rondeau*) is marked by an unconstrained, naïve style, and a tolerably lively *tempo*, when the contrary is not expressly stated.

"16.—The *Sarabande*. 'This contains no other emotion of the mind than ambition; its species are, however, distinguished by the fact that the dance-sarabande is comprised in a narrow, and yet, at the same time, more haughty form

than the rest of the race; that it admits no roudades, because its grandeur cannot suffer them, but clings, stiffly and firmly, to its seriousness. For playing on the pianoforte and the lute, a person somewhat lowers himself with this kind of melody, employs greater license, nay, even makes *doubles* or broken work out of it, which we call *Variationes* (Mattheson, *Kern mel. Wiss.*, 119). The movement, according to this, is slow, even slower than in the Allemande, to which, also, in the rich embellishment by grace notes and ornaments, it possesses the greatest similarity.

"20.—The *Sinfonia* is, properly speaking, a composition for several instruments, and similar to the *Concerto Grosso*. It generally was employed as an introduction to important vocal pieces, or was played in the intermediate pauses. With regard to the latter case, I could point out in Bach's music many symphonies which are not even four bars long. When Bach composes a *Sinfonia* for the pianoforte, his intention is to give us a sonorous piece of music similar to the Overture. If it consists of one movement, a moderate tempo must be taken. When it possesses several movements, it generally agrees in tempo with the Overture; thus, for instance, it will be easily perceived that the *Sinfonia*, vol. ii., p. 15, must, from the 30th bar, be played *allegro*.

"21.—The *Toccata*, together with the then very immature pianoforte-sonata, was regarded as belonging to that kind of music in which the fingers were moved more than the heart, as Mattheson assures us. Let any one see whether this is true of Bach's *Toccatas*; let him look at the grand artistic movements in F sharp and C minor, vol. ii., p. 80, part 6, and vol. iv.

"The remaining designations, such as *Burlesca*, *Duetto*, *Echo*, *Inventio*, *Præambulum*, *Scherzo*, *Variatio*, etc., which Bach employs in other places, require no explanation.

"Whoever has endeavored, according to the above instructions, to seize the character of the various pieces, and the proper manner of playing them, will proceed with tolerable certainty in the study of Bach; with more certainty than those who bind themselves down to a prescribed tempo, to prescribed signs of expression, and to a prescribed mode of fingering. With a few exceptions, the tempo is evident from the name of the piece, and so, likewise, is the appropriate manner of playing; for there is more in the name than the modern signs can convey. In these strictly contrapuntal compositions, let all dallying and affected ornament, all coquettish changing from *pp* to *ff*, and the like flowery effects, be most especially eschewed; these compositions must be played calmly, clearly, sonorously, and uniformly from beginning to end. In the dance-like and concerted pieces, a greater variety of coloring is appropriate; it is allowable to go as far as the stream of tone allows, or as far as waggishness and humor will extend. For the sake of example, I have included, in the French Suites, the time as fixed by Griepenkerl in Peters's excellent edition (vol. vii.); it may serve beginners as a guide, but, as we do not get it from Bach, but only from a connoisseur (though, certainly, a celebrated one) of his works, it cannot be absolutely binding on anybody. Lastly, the *fingering* offers the least difficulty, if the learner only sets about it in a sensible manner—that is to say, if he begins with what is simple and, comparatively, easy, and and proceeds gradually. Hitherto, the *Clavier bien tempéré*, was the sum total with which people began and with which they left off. It thus came to pass that many burnt their fingers, and experienced a desire for external means of assistance. In the present edition I have exerted myself to restore the natural state of things, such as was undoubtedly intended by Bach himself.

"With regard to the playing, Czerny once gave (in Peters's edition, vol. i., preface) an excellent piece of advice, namely, that the performer should, firstly, even in the most intricate passages, keep his hands as quiet as possible, and secondly, execute every separate part independently of the other, strictly connected and consistently. 'The player,' he adds, 'will then find the trouble required for this, on the piano as well as on the organ, rewarded by the valuable effect produced

by a full-toned and flowing style of execution.' Where the above directions are not sufficient, as far as the time is concerned, the following rules may be borne in mind: If the performer, when playing, finds that the counterpoint is obscured, and the series of parts not clear, but entangled in one another, he should take the time slower; if, however, pervading dissonant tones are too prominent and hard, he must play more quickly. The observance of these two rules will prove of great service, especially in all more strictly contrapuntal compositions—such as the Symphonies, in the first; the Variations, in the second; and the Fugues, in the third and fourth volume."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Complaint from the Country.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your Journal ever since its first appearance, and through its columns have become acquainted with many things in Art of which I had had no glimpse before.

I live in the country, away up in Hampshire, in a village not visited by a railroad, and seldom by a stage coach. My profession (I sell my own medicines), does not require me to visit Boston, and I know but little of it except through the newspapers. I have, however, from my long acquaintance with your columns, become familiar with great names, and at least with the titles of famed classical compositions.

Indeed, I have often formed a very definite conception of music which I have never heard, and I read the programmes of those most delightful concerts, which have become an established institution in your good city, with an avidity and relish almost equal to the pleasure of actually listening to them. Listening, did I say? I have listened, with the aid of your own interpretation, and my conception, to the *Sinfonie Eroica*, played by a most wonderful orchestra, in a concert hall, the magnificence of which would cause the brilliancy of the Music Hall to pale and shrink into insignificance beside it.

I have heard and seen an imaginary Lagrange, with a superb troupe of visionary artists, perform the *Don Giovanni*, in a way to give it new vividness even to Mr. Oulibichiff, and so that it seemed as if the real, once-existent personages had themselves re-visited the earth, and gone through their allotted parts at my bidding.

I know, intimately, most of the resident musicians of your city, and I welcome them with outstretched hand, at each return from their seven-days absence. I take a personal pride, as a countryman, in the praises showered upon William Mason, and the names of Dresel, Satter, Jaell and the "Germanians," have become "household words" to me.

With this preamble, I will relate a recent history, in which some of the above names were actors:

Through the enterprise of some scheming entrepreneur, out-Barnuming Barnum, a bundle of show-bills arrived at our post office, containing a romantic account of the life and adventures of the beautiful "Kirmazinga," an Eastern Princess. This absurd "woolly-horse" story would only have attracted the laugh it merited, but for the accompanying programme, in which the names of Mr. Satter, pianist, and of several gentlemen connected with the Germania Serenade Band, figured largely.

"Surely," says Deacon E——, our chorister, to whom I always lend my paper after reading it

myself, "there must be something in this; these names are a sufficient guarantee of the genuineness of this affair." "No, indeed," exclaims little Miss M——, who is going to Boston to take lessons, when the branch railroad through our town is built, "Mr. Satter would not engage in anything beneath his character as an artist." "No, indeed," echo the other readers of your Journal, who take the paper in turn, after the Deacon and myself are done with it.

Full of these considerations—with the Deacon's wagon, (it will carry more than my chaise), and my horse, we set out for the city of M——. Arrived there, we found a large audience awaiting the presence of the performers.

I shall not trouble you with a detailed description of the shabby appearance of this so-called Princess, nor of the smiles which would not be restrained from spreading over the countenances of the players from Boston, as she struggled through the translation of "Ah, non giunge," and "Robert, toi que j'aime."

I had thought I knew something of what was possible upon the piano-forte, but the playing of Mr. Satter was, to me, a wonderful revelation of the art in which Thalberg, Jaell, and our Mason have reaped such high honors. Although my astonishment and delight were such that, upon any other occasion, I would gladly have paid the largest sum my purse could afford, to listen to such a performance, at this time, I could not a moment forget that it formed a part of one of the most shallow impostures that ever made the name of a showman infamous.

My surprise at the finger-feats of the pianist did not equal the astonishment produced by the sudden overturn of all my previous notions of an artist. Could this be a man with that sublime and holy love for his Art, that would cause him sooner to commit a sacrilege, than mutilate the work of a master, or introduce an "unclean thing" in a classical programme? Was this the pure mind to which all clap-trap and humbug were pollution? This, the worthy follower and interpreter of Mozart and Beethoven, and himself a composer of no small pretensions also? Above all, could this be he who, in various letters, "open" and otherwise, has claimed so much from the community as an artist and composer? I need not say that my ideas concerning artists have greatly fallen; that the symphony performances in my halls on a Sunday eve, must be done by artists of my own creation, which shall be "sans reproche," and that I shall revel in a world of tones by myself, unenvying your more favored readers, to whom the appearance of great artists is as familiar as the wax-figures in the Museum, and untroubled by any Delhi Princess, with Barnum-like programme.

Deacon E—— was rather disappointed with the "Orchestra," perhaps not so much from any deficiency on the part of the players, as from the utter inadequacy of six instruments to perform the music promised in the programme. I once heard the Mendelssohn Quintette Club attempt a familiar overture, which failed of its effect from the same cause.

In conclusion, I would recommend to Mr. Satter that, in imitation of many other performers, who endeavor to forestall the public opinion by arraying themselves in long self-imposed titles, he should hereafter announce himself as "the Pianist of the Kirmazinga Troupe."

P. S.—Everything depicted in the above, actually occurred in Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester. If it had been in Boston, you would doubtless have felt called upon to have fully rebuked the actors. We, here in a country place, are almost totally debarred from hearing great artists or great music, and when the only persons capable of giving us really good music, in a *respectable* manner, stoop to degrade their art by such companionship, it is not only our right but our duty to complain.

Yours Respectfully,
AN UP COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A Letter from Liszt.

[The Pesth papers publish the following extract from a private letter written by Liszt, at Zurich, to Franz Erkel:]

"A wearisome illness kept me a fortnight in bed.—During that period, I conceived the first notions of the '*Symphonische Dichtung*,' which is to form the continuation of the *Hungaria*, and to which your beautiful 'Prayer,' which has grown on me so much, was the inducement. I shall probably bring you the bantling, quite completed, next summer. I must first, however, set about working out my Schiller's *Ideale*. The four movements, instead of two, are fashioned according to your good advice. By Easter, I will send you the score of the Mass, which is being printed at the Imperial Printing Office. This work, with the improvements, additions, and final fugue in the 'Gloria,' which I wrote out on my arrival here, will please you pretty well. I spent some glorious days with Wagner. His *Niebelungen* (which he has half finished) is a whole sublime world of which no one has a conception. The four operas are to be ready for production in two years. In truth, my dear friend, you must see and hear them. How does your 'Hunyadi' translation for Weimar get on? I think of being back there in about three weeks, and, if you do not delay too long sending in the score, the work may, as I wish, be still studied in the course of the present season.—When I am once delivered of my 'Hungarian Opera,' I shall beg Count Ráday to be a sort of godfather to it."

MENDELSSOHN AND BERLIOZ.—We find in the London *Musical World* the following reference to a gossip letter about Berlioz, which we copied from the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*).—Sir: I have read, in more than one memoir of the celebrated critic and composer, M. Berlioz, something to the same purport, more or less, of the following extracts from a very lovely translated essay and biography, which has recently appeared in *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*:

"In 1841 he went to Germany, where he had great success; he is far more popular there than he is here. During his tour he gave concerts with Mendelssohn. They would invariably be called out; and at a grand festival given by them, they embraced each other on the stage, and exchanged their *bâtons* amid loud applause."

I am able to give to the above statement, as a personal friend of the late Felix Mendelssohn, an unqualified denial, which I shall feel obliged by your allowing me to do in your widely-spread columns.

Your obedient servant,
ANTI-PUFF.

P. S.—I enclose my name and address.

WHO WROTE THE NEGRO SONGS.—The principal writer is Stephen C. Foster, author of "Uncle Ned," "O, Susannah," &c. Mr. Foster resides near Pittsburg, where he occupies a moderate clerkship, upon which, and a per centage on the sale of his songs, he depends for a living. He writes the music of his songs, as well as the poetry. These are sung wherever the English language is spoken, while the music is sung

wherever men sing. In the cotton fields of the South, among the mines of California and Australia, in the sea-coast cities of China, in Paris, in the London prison, everywhere in fact, his melodies are heard. "Uncle Ned" was the first. This was published in 1845, and reached a sale unknown till then in the music publishing business. Of "The Old Folks at Home," 100,000 copies have been sold in this country, and as many more in England. "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Dog Tray," each had a sale of about 70,000. All his other songs have had a great run. All his compositions are simple, but they are natural, and find their way to the popular heart.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17.—At THALBERG'S Concerts last week, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, performed by the New York Harmonic Society, with the Opera troupe and orchestra from the Academy of Music, was the chief attraction. The concert took place in Niblo's Theatre, and on the stage were picturesquely grouped the chorus singers, the players upon the instruments, and the vocal soloists. In the centre sat the four prime donne, PARODI, ANGRI, PATTI and JOHANNSEN, each arrayed in a different style—Parodi, like an angel all in white; Angri, magnificent as a dahlia in dark red; Patti, like a fresh, pretty buttercup, in yellow brocade; and Johannsen, like a moss rose, in delicate pink. At either end of the row of prime donne, sat TIBERINI and MORELLI, looking as faultless and uncomfortable, as gentlemen dressed in elaborate coats and painfully tight white kids, are usually apt to look.

The Oratorio was but indifferently performed. Tiberini seemed, off the stage, quite out of his element, and his *Cujus animam* was poorly done. The only really fine performances were the *Pro peccatis* by Morelli, and that divine strain, the *Inflammatus*, which Parodi rendered with true feeling and appreciation. Some of the singers, even the soloists, appeared to pay no regard to the sacred character of the music they were singing, laughing and whispering to each other during the pauses in their parts, in a manner positively disgraceful. But this was not all. A miscellaneous Concert followed the sublime Oratorio, in which Angri pandered to the commonest musical tastes by introducing as repulsive a style of music as could be allowed in a concert room. Think of the sacrilege! To perform at the same concert the solemn *Stabat Mater dolorosa* and a coarse *R-r-r-r-ataplan* song;—to have the holy strains of *Quando corpus morietur* followed by "Yankee Doodle, with variations!"

Yet such was the taste of the crowded and fashionable audience, that the "Yankee Doodle" was received with bursts of delighted enthusiasm, and encored, while Rossini's glorious music elicited only the conventional award of a few lazy claps.

I called the other day on OLE BULL, who is lying sick at the Prescott House. He had announced a concert at Dodworth's Saloon, and a large number of tickets had been disposed of, when, a few hours before the time appointed for the concert, he was suddenly taken ill with an attack of Chagres fever; his anxiety to play in the evening of course increased his illness, and though at present much better, it is still impossible to say when he will be able to appear in public. On seeing him, almost his first words he uttered were about our trying climate—"unfit for any civilized man." He intends speedily returning to Norway with his son, a young man about twenty, also an accomplished violinist, but who is suffering with very poor health, apparently the effect of our changeable climate. Ole Bull hopes, by giving a series of concerts previous to his departure, to in a degree repair his ruined fortunes, ruined by his unfortunate colonizing speculation. That he may be

restored to health and competence, is the earnest wish of many sympathizing friends.

The "American Music Association," which I have previously had an opportunity of writing to you about, is progressing favorably, and has recently appointed as conductor, Dr. CHARLES GUILMETTE, late of the Pyne and Harrison Opera troupe, and now a resident of this city. Several new compositions have been handed in for the next concert, and it is to be hoped that the Society will be successful. It has for its chief aim the encouragement of native musical Art, and though at present young and feeble, may be the nucleus of an American Conservatory of Music, that will in a few years be an honor to the country.

CORA DE WILHORST has given us a most successful rendition of Marie, in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*. Though she learned the rôle in about two weeks, her performance exhibits but little lack of study. Her action is very spirited and easy, and the singing lesson is given with considerable effect, though of course she can introduce none of those brilliant showers of vocalization with which poor Sontag, in the same part, so electrified her audiences. Madame De Wilhorst took a benefit last Wednesday evening, which netted her about \$3,000. She will shortly proceed to Italy to study.

There is a prospect of quite an exciting Operatic war. STRAKOSCH will remain entrenched at the Academy of Music with his present troupe, reinforced by valuable additions, while MARETZKE will take his stand at Niblo's, with the Philadelphia Opera Company. The operas will be given at the respective establishments on the same evenings, thus throwing the managers and artists into direct competition. Strakosch vs. Maretzek—Parodi vs. Gazzaniga—Tiberini vs. Brignoli—Morelli vs. Amodio—Patti vs. Aldini—and so on to the end of the chapter. The interest already excited, is intense among the opera-goers, but they may be after all disappointed of the pleasurable excitement of the War of the Operas, by a rumored fusion of the belligerent parties. This is, however, at the present time, doubtful.

TROVATOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY., FEB. 23.—Our "Orpheus" (Männer-Chor) can boast of some really fine voices, and the members possess, what few American Music Societies have, a large amount of perseverance and industry. Mr. E. W. GUNTER is their Conductor. At their last Concert, they rendered some of Mendelssohn's, Abt's, and Zöllner's four-part songs in excellent style. They also gave, what I perceive is frequently sung by our namesake in Boston, Mozart's *O Isis und Osiris*, and gave it well. One cantata especially, *Das Gebet der Erde*, by Zöllner, a fine composition, full of effective harmony, and requiring much attention to be bestowed on the light and shade, to render successfully the meaning of the composer, they performed admirably, and in really artistic style. Besides the Choruses, we had the Sextuor from *Lucia, Largo al Factotum*, and other Solos by our best amateurs. The Concert proved successful, and gave general satisfaction.

To show that I do not exaggerate the merits of the "Orpheus," I will mention that at the last Musical Festival, held in Cincinnati last June, they carried the palm of victory over all their sister associations. Louisville has sufficient material to produce the "Creation," "Messiah," *Stabat Mater*, &c., with credit. Four years ago we had an excellent Society, the "Mozart," but alas! after two seasons of success, want of union proved their ruin. Now and then, on especial occasions, and with great labor on the part of the zealous ones, a Concert is given for some church or charitable association, and whatever is thus attempted, is generally successful. Recently the *Stabat Mater*, by Rossini, was produced by the old members of the Mozart, the Solos all being sus-

tained by amateurs. *Quis est homo, Fac ut portem*, and the Quartet were rendered beautifully; and the Choruses, as usual, were sung well, in excellent time, and with good effect, the parts all being well balanced. I trust we may again resuscitate the Society, but at present the Orpheus is our only permanent institution; the members of the same know the importance of harmony and discipline much better than their American brethren, as their 7th anniversary has recently been celebrated.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEB. 28.—The second of the "Mozart Series," on the 18th, was an excellent concert. The quartet was assisted by a chorus of amateur musicians. Mrs. MOZART was enthusiastically received in "I'm a Merry Zingara," which was charmingly rendered. A Scene from "Elijah"—Mrs. Mozart as the youth, Mr. Mozart as Elijah, amateurs as the people—was rather imperfectly delivered. The part of Elijah was heavy, and the chorus, "Thanks be to God," not half as powerful or distinct as when sung at the concerts of the "Institute." "Dreams," by Mrs. WELLS, of this city, was given with much perfection. We do not agree with one of our critics that Mr. FITZHUGH's accompaniment was heavy. Our friend Jones was remarking that it was well conceived and executed.

The "third and last concert" of the series, on the 20th, introduced the "German Trio," of Boston. Their first piece was a "Grand Trio of Beethoven's." It was given with much expression and effect. The lights and shades were well worked up, and the ear drank deep at this new fountain of sound so suddenly opened. Jones sat quietly through the Trio. He seemed in a sort of dream. Some few seconds after the applause at the close of the Trio had subsided, he suddenly turned and remarked: "How I love Beethoven! his music sets a chord vibrating in my heart whenever I hear it. I recollect the first work of his that I ever heard publicly performed, was the 'Allegretto in B flat, from the Symphony in F,' by an orchestra in a neighboring city. I then began to appreciate Beethoven. I had only recognized him as the author of 'Beethoven's favorite waltz,' (so named to make it sell), or some light sentimentality for the piano, but now that I had heard him in a higher sphere, I found that the void in my soul, left untouched by inspirations of other authors, was filled to repletion by the sympathetic breathings of Beethoven's noble spirit."

"You speak my sentiments," said a friend at our left, who had listened to the conversation. "Beethoven is too little appreciated. We seldom find his name among familiar authors on our programmes of concerts here in the country. I think your remark true, that too many only think of him as the author (?) of sentimental waltzes! Why are his Sonatas, his Concertos, &c., left unsung by our amateur pianists?"

"They are left unsung, because to perform them satisfactorily, one must appreciate the feeling of that great master, as the music grew under his inspired pen. In his lighter moods he pleases and attracts, but as his own mysterious soul of harmony bursts on the ear, or wails out as a broken spirit, we can only listen, and by listening learn to hear understandingly."

The Solo Violoncello, "Swiss Boy," by Mr. JUNGnickel, was well executed, and showed to advantage the gentleman's dexterity as a solo performer, but after the trio the music was weak in idea.

Mr. GAERTNER, in the "Third Concerto by De Beriot," for Violin, gave great satisfaction to the audience, by his masterly rendering.

The programme announced a "fantasia for piano, Listz," by Mr. HAUSE. It was an indifferent thing, calculated to show "agility in fingering," rather than one's capability to translate ideas, (of which the

fantasia had but few). We strongly suspect the piece was an impromptu!

The "Skylark," Comer, sung by Mrs. Mozart, was the gem of the solos of the evening, and received a hearty encore. The concert was every way successful, and a fit close to the series. Mr. FITZHUGH, our best resident pianist, performed his accompaniments admirably.

Our concert season this winter closed with a concert by the "Old Folks from Reading," in big coats, little coats; high dresses, low dresses; puffed wigs and knee breeches.

AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 21, 1857.

NOTICE.

NEW VOLUME.—With one more number our Journal will complete its *fifth year*. During these five years it has never once failed to make its appearance punctually every Saturday, and has earned, we think, a right not only to continue to live, but to begin to remunerate much better than it has done the incessant, anxious care and brain-work which have thus far kept it up to its first promise. It *will* live on, if *we* live. It has always paid its own way, if it has only half paid its editor. Its prospects are improving, and were all its subscribers and advertisers as faithful to their very small obligation as we have been to our great one, we should even now have but little reason to complain.

The sixth year, and eleventh volume of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will commence on Saturday, April 4th. We trust we shall have to part company with very few of our present subscribers, many of whom have been with us, warmly and strongly, from the first. We hope, too, to have to add many new names to our list. Let it be understood our terms are *payment in advance*; for we are weary of serving those who (in some instances for two or three years) have made us not the slightest return, and we can no longer afford to take such risks, or, as experience proves, to bear such certain loss.

Renewals of subscription, and new subscriptions for the sixth year are now in order.

CONCERTS.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The closing concert of the series (Tuesday evening of last week) leaves the best impression. The Chickering Saloon was actually crowded, and by the most attentive and delighted audience of the season. Here is the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet in A, No. 5, Mozart.
Allegro—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro.
- 2—Piano Trio, in B flat, for Piano, Clarinet and Violoncello, Beethoven.
Messrs. Hamann, Ryan and W. Fries.

PART II.

- 3—Tema con Variazioni and Finale from the Posthumous Quartet in D minor, Schubert.
a. "Frühlings-lied," Franz.
b. "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai."
c. "Willkommen mein Wald."
Mr. Kreissmann.
- 5—Second Quintet in B flat, op. 87, Mendelssohn.
Allegro vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro vivace.

The novelty here was the Beethoven Trio, with Clarinet, one of his early works, (op. 11.) It consists of the usual Allegro and Adagio, which are quite fresh and buoyant, in the master's happy mood, with passages of deeper feeling, and for a finale takes a popular Italian melody, very bright and piquant, as a theme for variations such as only Beethoven could write. The reed tones add great brightness to the whole, and blended finely with the strings. The pianist evinced progress, but had not overcome the stiffness of comparatively a beginner. The Mozart Quartet is

a thing to wile away all feeling of constraint, care, or common-place. Its Andante is a memorable one, by the magical effect of that throbbing rhythm kept up by way of accompaniment in the violoncello, until one by one the other instruments become possessed with it. Of that mysterious sad march, with variations, by Schubert, and the inspired finale, we can only say that we never enjoyed it more, and never felt so clearly before, except when listening to his Symphony, the poetic soul and genius of the man. The second Quintet is one of the strongest and most impassioned works of Mendelssohn, and only grows on one by repetition. The quaint, wild ballad-like melody of the Scherzando is quite captivating.

Mr. KREISSMANN, with the admirable accompaniment of OTTO DRESEL, gave very great pleasure by his truly expressive singing of the finely imaginative songs of Robert Franz.

In congratulating the Club on their eighth season, so successfully closed, we are happily reminded that there still remains their Annual Benefit Concert, which will take place shortly.

The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB gave, on Saturday evening, the last of their three delightful concerts. Their success, decided at the outset, has gone on *crescendo*. Forced by the overflowing audience to go to the Melodeon, which holds at least 1,200, they found that also filled. And a more intelligent and truly music-loving audience of that number, has not been seen at any Boston concert. The entire programme passed off with the greatest zest.

It is a rare treat to hear thirty or forty good male voices, blended so perfectly, sing with such precision, spirit, careful light and shade, as these have been trained to do by Mr. KREISSMANN. If we should question any point of style in their performance, it would be a slightly excessive tendency to the *staccato*, a cutting off of notes too short, sometimes. They gave us six of their German part-songs. The first, by Gade, called *Waldlied*, or "Forest Song," is full of bright early morning jubilation, and lively sympathy with Nature.

The next was Mendelssohn's "Turkish Drinking Song," a Bacchanalian, in an Oriental, minor strain, at once quaintly jovial, sentimental and superstitious, and of a choice vinous flavor, brightening into the major at the fifth line, where tenor solo, (Kreissmann), alternates with chorus:

Out with thee! hence with thy face so blue!
No wine from a grim looking menial,
Let him who wine brings be jovial too,
And vex not the wine elf so genial;
O come pretty maiden, hither to me,
Why stand there timid and fearful,
Thou shalt my cup bearer henceforth be,
Then the wine shall be sparkling and cheerful.
O prithee come, O prithee come.
Out with thee! hence with thy face so blue, &c.

"The Voyage," also by Mendelssohn, to words by HEINE, woos one irresistibly to its own mood, by its rich sombre harmony, and dreamy melancholy measure.

The other part-songs were *Das Kirchlein*, (The Chapel), a singularly rich and sombre piece of tone-coloring, in the latter part of which a portion of the deep basses, answered by tenors, make a sort of tolling accompaniment to the rest; a beautiful piece of slow and tranquil harmony, introduced for an encore; and for a finale to the concert, the German National Hymn: *Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* composed by Reichardt.

This was sung with real patriotic fire, and made a great impression. Perhaps it was taken a little too rapidly than is the custom, but it touched the right chord, and that strongly.

Mr. Kreissmann had arranged his beautiful Serenade, published some years since as a solo: *Komm heraus*, for four male voices, and it sounded finely so, although the singing seemed a little timid.

Miss DOANE never looked or sang better, and her selections were excellent. That lovely melody from Mozart's "Figaro," *Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella*, which was one of the things in which Jenny Lind's singing was most heavenly, has never since been sung to us so satisfactorily as by Miss Doane. She was true to the exquisite purity, the simplicity and heart-felt tenderness and rapture of the melody. Sontag injured it by ornament. Miss Doane's voice only lacked one or two good low tones in a single passage; otherwise her fresh, sympathetic, pure soprano was well suited to the song, and she had carefully studied the intention of the music till she made it her own, and sang it with true fervor. OTTO DRESEL kindly volunteered the piano accompaniment, which he had taken the pains to arrange expressly from the orchestral score, reproducing its essential beauties with consummate skill and taste. A repetition was inevitable. In the duet from "Fidelio," which she sang with Mr. Kreissmann: *O namenlose Freude*—the rapturous duet in which the long separated wife and husband recognize each other in the prison of the latter, an orchestra was much more needed; the piano, admirably as it was played, failed to convey the whole idea; although the effect was bettered by a change of position when the duet was repeated. It is glorious music, and was finely sung. Miss Doane sang also, most acceptably, the song, *Die Lotos Blume*, by Robert Franz, in German, and a bright little Rhenish *Volkslied* by Mendelssohn, in English: "Of all the pretty darlings," &c.

Quite an enjoyable item in the programme was the duet from "Don Giovanni": *Eh via, buffone*, (from the beginning of the second act, where Leporello threatens to leave the service of the Don, and gets laughed at by him), sung by Herren LANGERFELD and SCHRAUBSTAEDTER. It is a buffo piece, in the Italian rapid *parlando* style. Oulibicheff says: "Let none but Italians sing it; translate it and it ceases to exist." Nevertheless it was sung with *gusto* and we enjoyed it much, although the German *nein, nein, nein*, for *no, no, no*, and other syllabic iterations did indeed sound a little awkwardly. The MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB contributed the quaint Scherzo Allegretto, preceded by the Adagio, from Mendelssohn's second Quintet, and a scena from *Robert le Diable*, in which the flute and clarinet took part quite effectively.

Long as the concert was, we think all went away reluctantly, and it was a common remark that, were the Orpheus to give three more concerts, all would wish to go to them. The announcement of another Concert by the Orpheus, in compliment to Miss DOANE and to Mr. KREISSMANN, to take place next Wednesday evening, will of course be gladly hailed by all who owe so much pleasure to these genuine artists.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. In the two last Afternoon Concerts, we have had another hearing of Schubert's

glorious Symphony, by two instalments: at the first, the first and third movements; at the last, the second and fourth, i. e. the Andante, and that marvellously inspired and exciting Finale. We are sure the Symphony won many new admirers. Our friend, who writes of music in the *Atlas*, and who generally writes so well that it is a pleasure to find ourselves agreeing with him far oftener than we differ, makes a good-humored allusion to our comments on his condemnation, or rather faint praise, of this Schubert Symphony. He says:

"We beg to suggest that a man can never be reasoned out of an impression which he has received while in a candid state of mind. If a musical work seems to him merely pretty and lyrical, no amount of argument will make it grand in his recollection."

The object of our writing was not at all to alter his impression, which was doubtless honest; but to do justice to a noble work, so strangely unappreciated by many who are regarded as in some sense leaders of opinion by the readers of newspaper criticisms. It was to show our public that there are also other impressions about this matter, and that the weight of impressions is mainly with the Symphony, as one of the noblest works of genius in that form.

The two concerts were also enriched by Weber's Overture to "Oberon," and Rossini's to the "Siege of Corinth," and by a plenty of bright dance music, operatic arrangements, &c., ending with Mr. ZERRAHN's "Carnival." The audiences do not begin to fall off, but evince more and more interest in the music.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" MUSIC.—My attention was called to an article in one of the evening papers, a few days since, alluding to a performance in our city of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," wherein it was stated that the music to this play was composed by MENDELSSOHN, at the age of sixteen. Now as far as the overture is concerned, this is indeed true, it having been completed in the latter part of the year 1826. It was during the summer of 1843 that Mendelssohn found himself nearly prostrated, mentally and physically, from the almost incessant toil and anxiety which his professional labors had brought upon him—and at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he consented to retire for a time to Switzerland, there hoping to obtain the repose which he so much needed. It was here, while sojourning on the banks of Lake Geneva, that he took upon himself the task of completing the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the overture to which had been given to the world seventeen years before. Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, was performed for the first time at Potsdam, (a short distance from Berlin), on the 12th of October, 1843, in the private theatre connected with the summer residence of Frederic William, King of Prussia. N. B. C.

New Music.

(From Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington St.)

S. THALBERG. *Compositions Célèbres*. No. 3. Op. 66. Introduction and Variations on the Barcarolle of the Opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, of DONIZETTI. 23 pp. price \$1.
No. 5. Op. 67. *Grande Fantaisie* on motives from the Opera, *Don Pasquale*, of DONIZETTI. 29 pp. price \$1.25.

Two more of Thalberg's most popular, most graceful and most difficult concert pieces. It is useless to speak of them; you must hear him play them. Most of our readers have heard him; many will like to possess a fair authentic copy and remainder of the music, though comparatively few (and yet a goodly number) will undertake to master it in some measure with their own fingers. His *Don Pasquale* Serenade is a great favorite, and never has that melody seemed so fresh to us as in Thalberg's treatment. As to Messrs. R. & R's editions, they present altogether the most clear and beautiful specimens of music

engraving, that have made their appearance in this country. The ornamental title pages (differing in style with each number) are tasteful and elegant enough to suggest comparison with the best foreign publications.

FERDINAND BEYER. Op. 134. *Les Plaisirs de la Jeunesse*. A collection of very easy modern Dances for Piano. No. 1. *La Polka*; 2. *La Valse*; 3. *La Schottisch*; 6. *Le Quadrille*. Each 5 pages, price 20 cts.

C. ZERRAHN. *Traviata Quadrille*, for Piano, on themes from VERDI's new Opera. Pp. 7, price 30 cts.

2. *Concordia Quadrille*, pp. 7. 25 cts.

Brilliant and taking; with a true dance accent. The *Concordia* has a couple of *ad libitum* flute-parts to one of its movements.

F. BURGMUELLER. Grand Waltz from *Le Prophète*. Being No. 11 of "The Varieties," a series of 12 pieces. Pp. 11. 50 cts.

An introduction, consisting of the pastoral Andantino, followed by the second motive of the *March du sacre*, leads to some of the graceful dances of the skating scene.

TH. OESTEN. *Elegant Impromptu on Pepita's March*. 30 cts.

G. BEMIS. *Kitty Clyde*. Song with Guitar. 3 pages. Being No. 23 of the "Guitarist's Repertoire."

(From C. Breusing, New York.)

S. THALBERG. Op. 72. "Home, sweet Home," *varié pour le Piano*. Pp. 14. Price \$1 00.

Souvenir d'Amerique: Valses brillantes, for Piano. pp. 17. \$1.

Two of Thalberg's latest works, composed here in America. His exquisite treatment of "Sweet Home" has given delight wherever he has played, and will be much sought for. His Waltzes have a fascinating grace and brilliancy, that places them along with those of Strauss, Labitzky and Lanner. They are difficult for waltzes, but not difficult for Thalberg music.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THALBERG is with us again, accompanied by Madame D'ANGRI, Madame JOHANNSEN, and Herr SCHREIBER. He gives his first evening concert on Tuesday, at the Music Hall; the second on Thursday. For the pieces to be played, or sung, see advertisement. Also, three Matinées, at Chickering's, are announced, for Wednesday, Friday and Monday, at 1 P. M., when he will play some of his own choicest pieces, with selections from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., to a select audience, paying \$5 for the series. Particulars below. . . . We are happy to see the suggestion of a benefit concert to CARL ZERRAHN very generally and warmly responded to. . . . The musical "uccelli," "sweet faces, belli, belli," who sang for "poor CORELLI," at that charming private concert, were as many as *fifty*, and not *fifteen*, as our treacherous types made it.

Those who would find a rich supply of Easter music, are referred to Novello's advertisement in another column. . . . A new military band has been organized in this city, under the name of the "Germania Band," composed of members of the Germania Serenade Band, and other excellent musicians. They will make their *debut* at a grand Military Concert, in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the "Boston City Guard," next Saturday evening. . . . By the way, leaders of bands will find something to their purpose in the announcement of Messrs. Boosey & Co., of London, in another column.

The STRAKOSCH Troupe, in New York, performed *Don Giovanni* last night, with PARODI as Donna Anna, and Mme. WILHORST as Zerlina. . . . THALBERG, with the German Opera Troupe, the United Sängerbund, and others, gave this week a concert and opera combined, in aid of the German Society. The programme included two acts of *Fidelio*, the Conspiracy chorus from "Tell," the *Tamhaüser*

overture, &c., &c. . . At the splendid new Academy of Music in Philadelphia, the operas have been: March 11th, *Il Trovatore*; 13th, *La Traviata*; 14th, *Traviata*; 16th, *Traviata*. The bust of MOZART surmounts the stage! The prima donna, Mme. GAZZANIGA, seems to gain favor. . . A new pianist is reported in New York, as just from Germany, who "combines the strength of Gottschalk, the grace of Timm, and the delicacy of Thalberg." His name is SCHMEISSER.

The Charlestown Academy of Music, an amateur association, under the direction of Mr. Wm. M. BYRNES, gave a good private performance, week before last, of Rombert's "Transient and Eternal," Mozart's 12th Mass, and Neukomm's Chorus from the "Hymn of the Night." . . They have builded them a noble hall in Worcester, Mass.—that is, the Worcester Mechanics' Association have done it, to illustrate their art and handicraft, and make a hall for their own and other exhibitions and great meetings, which is also to serve for a splendid music hall. It is said to be larger than any music hall in the United States. It was inaugurated musically, with Miss PHILLIPS and an orchestra from Boston, on the 19th inst. . . Haydn's "Seasons" has been performed by the Musical Institute, at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. F. N. CROUCH, as he now modestly calls himself, and no longer the portentous "Professor F. Nicholls Crouch," seems to be very active in the good cause at Washington, D. C., his present abiding place, where he gives "Historical, Biographical Sketches and readings on the Science and Progress of Music, and the works of early masters, copiously illustrated," at his Academy of Music. The programme to the fourth of the course, (Feb. 26), contains songs, &c., from Handel, Pergolesi, Purcell, Schubert, Shield, Dr. Arne, Storace, Balfe, old English and Irish melodies, &c. Mr. C. will devote one of these evenings to "the portraiture of his own MSS. work, 'Life in the West.'" . . Fitzgerald's *City Item*, (Philadelphia), seconds our suggestion of regular Organ Concerts, and promises a series of articles on Organs and Organists in Philadelphia.

The quid-nuncs do not seem quite to have settled it among them whether Liszt shall come to America, or turn monk in a Hungarian convent. We fancy he will keep his own counsel and remain very well contented where he is, in Weimar. It is said he thinks something of gaining money, but not everything—and "will not play," as he says, "where he may be stared at as a *rara avis*, but not understood or appreciated as an artist." This is an idea which very few *virtuosi* endorse in our day. Liszt is an artist of rare sensitiveness, and no man is less mercenary; his generous disposition, above all, to his brother artists, is proverbial. . . FELICIEN DAVID, who composed the "Desert," announces "The End of the World" as nearly ready. . . VERDI has gone to Italy, to bring out his "Simone Boccanera."

The Havana correspondent of the New York *Express*, after speaking in terms of praises of Mme. Lagrange, tells the following entertaining story of Brignoli:—

"Brignoli, too, has done wonders. Think of it.—Brignoli the *insouciant*, has been found to sing,—as he can sing,—well. He really exerted, himself stopped flirting and took to study; par consequence, he has learned two good things, how to study and to behave himself. On his first appearance before the discriminating Creole and Spanish audience of Havana in the rôle of Edgardo, he sang no better than he would have done on the stage of the Academy of Music. What was the consequence? No expression of disapprobation was given, for a hiss is *mauvaise ton* in Havana, but, one by one, the Spaniard and Cuban, left the theatre, until, in the last thrilling scene, Brignoli found he had to sing to empty boxes. Annoyed and mortified at such an exhibition of want of appreciation, he flew to a sympathizing friend for an explanation. It was given in four words:—

"Mon ami, you sing false—you have no heart in your notes—you do not exert yourself—you are passionless, and my compatriots do not pardon such faults a second time."

"Mais, ce n'est pas ma faute—La Grange—she is cold—she freezes me. I cannot sing with her—she is not passionnée." [!]

"Ah! ça—bien, nous verrons." And the sympathizing friend seeks La Grange, advises her of Brignoli's complaint of her, which caused the fair cantatrice much amusement. She determines to be very ardent the followins evening to prove to Brignoli that his bad singing was not to be laid to her charge. Brignoli meantime had arrived at a similar conclusion. It is needless to tell how well Sonnambula was given that night, when the tenor and prima donna were striving to rival each other, both in voice and spirit. There were no empty benches that night and the stage was completely carpeted with flowers, while the theatre rang again with the repeated bravos.

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Mme. D'ANGRI

Will sing Arias: Betty—Fille du Regiment—the Ricci Valtz, and the Kataplan.

Mme. JOHANNSEN

Will sing Aria: Robert le Diable—Gumpelt's Valtz—The Swallows, and Kücken's Volkslied.

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[P] Particulars hereafter.

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There will be two terms each year, commencing on the first Mondays of April and October, and continuing twelve weeks. A pupil may be admitted at any stage of his musical progress, and commence with whichever class the board of Instruction may deem him qualified to enter.

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The price of a Subscription Ticket (the room holding but 250 persons) has been fixed at \$5 each, which will admit the subscribers to all the three Matinées.

[P] The Piano being placed in a manner that all seats are equally desirable for hearing and seeing, it has been thought advisable not to reserve seats.

Hour of Commencement, 1 o'clock P. M. The Doors will be opened precisely at half past 12.

The sale of the subscription tickets will commence on Saturday, March 21st, at Russell & Richardson's, No. 291 Washington Street. No tickets to be had at the door.

Scheme of the Three Matinées.

FIRST MATINÉE. 1—Fantasia Sonnambula; 2—Andante; 3—Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp, minor; 4—M'serere, from *Il Trovatore*, on the Alexandre Organ; 5—Chopin's Marche Funebre; 6—Home, sweet Home; 7—Elisir d'Amore

SECOND MATINÉE. 1—Fantasia Don Giovanni; 2—Etude (Repeated Notes); 3—Tarantella; 4—Finale (Puritani) on the Alexandre Organ; 5—Semiramis; 6—Concert Waltzes; 7—Lucresia Borgia.

THIRD MATINÉE. 1—Prayer of Moses; 2—Etude La Legerte; 3—Barcarole; 4—Airs Russes; 5—Two of Mendelssohn's Songs without words; 6—The Last Rose of Summer; 7—Masaniello.

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NOTICE.

The sixth year, and eleventh volume of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will commence on Saturday, April 4th. We trust we shall have to part company with very few of our present subscribers, many of whom have been with us, warmly and strongly, from the first. We hope, too, to have to add many new names to our list. Let it be understood our terms are *payment in advance*; for we are weary of serving those who (in some instances for two or three years) have made us not the slightest return, and we can no longer afford to take such risks, or, as experience proves, to bear such certain loss.

Renewals of subscription, and new subscriptions for the sixth year are now in order.

Garrick, Kean, Booth, Rachel, Mrs. Kemble.

Mr. Verplanck's interesting article upon GARRICK, in the last *Crayon*, induces us to say a few words of actors and acting. Some general distinctions became indispensable in assigning a place to RACHEL, as it is evident that they must again in the case of Miss HERON, whom we hope shortly to see, and of whom the very able critics of the *N. Y. Courier* and *Evening Post* express such diverse opinions. It seems strange that when less than a century has passed since Garrick died, and when he was the first eminent English actor whose name will be forever associated with the great statesmen, artists and men of letters of his own time, we should really know nothing of the secret of his power and the characteristics of his genius. Such friends as Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke have left nothing but general expressions of admiration, and whether he had creative and interpretative genius as an actor of Shakspeare, or whether he was what Macaulay (in his late life of Dr. Johnson) would make him—only the most incomparable and versatile of mimics—no one can determine. Mr. Verplanck's interesting article throws no new light upon this question. No Wil-

liam Hazlitt or Richard H. Dana (senior) of Garrick's time has (as they have in the case of the elder Kean) given us his genius re-presented imaginatively and distinctively. That kind of criticism did not then exist in England. It is only necessary to turn to John Philip Kemble and Macready to see that Macaulay may be substantially right, and that Garrick, like them, may have done for Shakspeare all that full and graceful appreciation and rendering of details, intelligent and elaborate study and admirable elocution can do, without that genius which in the elder KEAN and BOOTH struck, with true imaginative conception, intuitively and directly to the centre of the natures of Shakspeare's creations, and embodied them with such truth and with such complete abandonment and merging of the actor's own individuality, that he was lost in transformation.

The first method is analytic, and the actor studies a part superficially, and *plays the inference*, so that characters become little better than generalities; the latter is synthetic and creative, and the conceptions as played become concrete embodiments. Actors of the first class, like almost all of our summer painters among the White Mountains, are mere copyists of nature; this is their merit, and when they attempt more, it is very clearly their limitation; those of the latter, like Turner, give imaginative realizations. When we hear actors of consummate talent, like Kemble and Macready, we can admire grace of gesture, beauty of tone, exquisite rendering of particular passages, and can come from the theatre to talk of an admirable "reading" of Hamlet or Othello, and to gather up golden fragments for memory; when we hear actors of consummate genius, like the elder Kean and Booth, we see face to face Hamlet or Othello as an overpowering presence and fearful reality; we are too much lost in the awful problems and trials of the man before us, whose life and struggles of thought and passion are realized visibly to our senses and imaginatively to our sympathies, to be able coolly to criticize and admire details, though full of the "unbought grace" of nature, and we come away forgetful of the actor and overcome by Shakspeare as brought home to us by the actor's embodiment, forgetful of details, in that we have "plucked out the heart of the mystery" to which details, however exquisite, are trifles—and, instead of trying from fragmentary suggestions to construct a consistent Hamlet or Othello, we have one, grasped and embodied intuitively, imaginatively and with unerring reference to the central laws of his nature, by which to reconcile old critical difficulties and symmetrize seeming disproportions. Booth's acting of Hamlet gave one more insight into his nature than all criticisms of

Hamlet from Dr. Johnson up to Schlegel and Coleridge. It gave him at once unity and reality, though of course we do not mean to say that it conclusively settled those great questions as to Hamlet which have been the puzzles of great thinkers. These must remain open forever.

We have used the word "intuitively" in no vague sense. To make our meaning plain, we shall refer to that kind of creative genius in which or near which no actor can ever be classed. We believe in "instantaneousness of conception"—but to have any clear idea of Shakspeare creating Hamlet, of Napoleon flashing out the most marvellous combinations in the exigencies of battle, of Turner seeing in his mind, before he painted, sky and cloud greater than the temple of Paestum, over which he hung them, one must fully recognize precedent labor, mastery of detail, assimilation of resources into mind and character—vast, rapid, and as impossible to mere talent as the completed creations themselves. No such man was ever the mere "vehicle of inspiration." Newton or Leibnitz could no more have swept to or foreseen conclusions with a rapidity baffling every mind's power to follow but one of equal genius, without a swift and complete precedent mastery of processes, than one can be a great pianist, whatever his genius, without first mastering his instrument. Acceleration and rapidity are of the essence of genius, and one of its invariable accompaniments is that the details and processes are as much more complete as they are more rapid than the elaborations of talent. Shakspeare's little things are as much greater than the little things of men of great talent, as his conceptions are greater than their constructions. Napoleon, just surrendered, showing the marine on board the Bellerophon the French "Exercise," Turner found alone in a boat which he was gently moving from side to side, while he was taking down in a kind of short-hand, inexplicable to others, the ripples which would be ready for use years after, in some great picture, are instructive specimens of the universal truth to detail—as distinct from slavery to it—of men of genius.

These suggestions imperfectly cover and express the simpler and more important laws and distinctions to be applied in estimating the relative positions of actors. It is much more easy to state them in themselves than to apply them justly to players—for there is such a thing as partial genius, and such a thing as high genius with expression limited or modified by some personal idiosyncrasy or peculiarity, or by some national type of character. We are quite ready to concede that Rachel is inferior to Mrs. Siddons, and that she may be inferior to Ristori, in queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of nature. We can see that

she is rather intellectual than emotional, and that she cannot, like them, give magnetism to goodness—but that because of these, and because she always acts the same play in the same way, to the last detail, it follows, as some maintain, that she is not an imaginative artist, we confidently deny. The real question is behind all these—whether her characters, as she plays them, do not, because of their artistic integrity and unity, as judged from a central and not an external point of view, necessarily presuppose high imaginative conception of character. If so, then these objections are trivial. Had not the world already decided this in her favor, it would be a labor of love to demonstrate it. We cannot regard it as an open question. Some one said of Michel Angelo that he was so purely imaginative that fancy was excluded; it may be a question whether this is not her limitation, explaining her exact repetition of details. At any rate, it is as inconsequential in relation to an estimate of her genius, as it is, with Macready, illustrative of his want of imaginative conception and embodiment. Booth was almost Protean in his transformations, and we recall with admiration and delight how completely the whole character of his looks, tones, gestures, and all the smallest details were naturally and necessarily marked by as absolute a line of separation in his acting Shylock, Iago, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, as were his conceptions of the characters themselves. Inferior in this respect as was Rachel, we should have been violently unjust to her capacity for perfect loss of her own personality in embodiment, had we not seen her transformation in the "Marseillaise," which was as fearful as it was unexpected, in which she seemed half sybil and half Cassandra, and prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of revolution.

Of Garrick it is too late, and of Miss Heron it is too early for us to attempt to decide the question whether, with either or both, it has been imaginative realization or merely literal representation of character. When we see Miss Heron, and especially if she will submit herself to the severe test of acting Ophelia, Desdemona or Juliet, it will not be difficult to form an opinion. We hope, in a future article, to speak somewhat at length of Mrs. KEMBLE's eminent merits, and of what we conceive to be her limitations. We shall only say now that, to our minds, she has not sufficiently high, delicate and subtle imagination and insight to grasp Shakspeare's characters, vitally, and to give them that ideal power and grace which sets them high and apart from all other English dramatic creations, and that, consequently, (for instance), her conceptions of Imogen and Perdita are not imaginatively distinguished in respects most vital to their characters; her Richard III. and Macbeth are *mannish*, like harsh contralto voices; her distinctiveness of characterization external and general instead of true and characteristic, and her rendering of those passages of imagination, which have no resting place in all literature but in his works, wanting apprehension of the ecstasy which they embody. We find this view entirely confirmed by reading her poetry, which has spirit, fire and directness, but is bleak from subjectivity, from want of poetic atmosphere, and of subtle, ideal and "majestic and airy" grace and repose of movement. In other words, it seems clear to us that she has versatility as distinguished from variety—that she has neither the delicacy and depth of na-

ture, nor the power and subtlety of imagination to act or read Shakspeare interpretatively, and that her powers would be tasked to their full capacity in reading Ben. Jonson and Massinger. But we have applied the severest of tests, and it must be remembered that very few English actresses have ever lived to whose claims to the highest honors the application of such a test would not be fatal. We turn with admiration and gratitude to what Mrs. Kemble's readings have done. Her apprehension and conception of Shakspeare are superior to those of a large majority of her audience, and she has filled the thinking mind of this city full of Shakspeare; many who cannot read him without effort, and many who scarcely read him at all, have learned through her with delight; and many have had these fountains of inspiration, as immortal as the soul, opened upon them like a new life. Never in this country, on any stage, have the plays of Shakspeare been given with such general and uniform fullness and completeness. In the many cases where she gives the conceptions and general rendering of the characters in which her father, uncles and others were famous, she shows imitative ability of the highest order, and calls up the great "Kemble family," on which she has reflected such lustre. And then what wonderful compass, power, variety and modulation of voice, what power of transition of passion and face, how honestly and earnestly attempting to do full justice to the author, and how absolutely true to her own thought! To be sure, such as we have described them, we have no doubt are the limitations of her power, but when we think of her, we forget these, to marvel that one strong, earnest and impulsive woman can have placed before us, with such general impressiveness and distinctiveness, so many and such diverse creations of the greatest of men.

As we have made Mr. Verplanck's article upon Garrick the occasion of these remarks, we cannot better close them than with Charles Lamb's justly indignant language, referring to the nonsense, as common now as it was then, of making the genius of the actor of character the same in kind with that of its creator.

"Taking a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which, upon examination, proved to be a whole-length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines:

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose; then to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day;
And till Eternity with pow'r sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understanding to attempt anything like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and nonsense. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's*; how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words; or what connection that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those tricks

upon the eye and ear, which a player by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c., usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic* recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davis, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise Lost* better than any man in England in his day, was therefore by his friends set upon a level with Milton. Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining in every drawing tragedy that his wretched day produced, and shall he have that honor to dwell in our minds forever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting Sonnet of Shakspeare, which alludes to his profession as a player:—

Oh for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public custom breeds—
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in like the dyer's hand.

Or that other confession:—

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear.

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and an actor like Garrick? W.

☞ A correspondent in Dwight's Journal favors the exclusive employment of boys in church choirs. Whatever may be the temporary charm of childish voices, we think that the banishment of women from choral performances is a step back towards barbarism. The practice had its origin in an age which we are accustomed to call dark and ignorant, when false views of the relations of the sexes prevailed, and when the celibate monk was revered as the highest style of man. The voice of woman was never heard in the music of the church; it was considered as profane as an organ is now in Scotland. When one reads of such atrocious rules as were enacted at the Jeronimite Convent at Yuste, where Charles V. ended his days—ordering that women found within a certain distance from the gate should be flogged—it would seem that it would be but a short step for such people to the Mussulman doctrine, which barred woman out of Paradise.

Neither sex can express the whole of human thought and emotion; each is the necessary complement of the other. So neither sex can express the whole of music; the two voices united form but one instrument. In this, as in all things that concern the race, the plain dictates of the Creator cannot be overlooked: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."—*Boston Atlas*.

We fully coincide with the above, which now reminds us that we accidentally omitted to accompany the two articles of our correspondent (on "Music in the Public Schools,") with a few words of editorial comment. Some of the views expressed by "Precentor," and those which seemed to us to touch the most important issues, had our hearty sympathy; to others we were simply hospitable. The main question was—first started and mooted in the *Transcript*—how and how far should Music be taught in our public schools. In his first article "Precentor" argued that it was not enough to teach all the children in a school *en masse* to sing by rote a few trivial and taking tunes; that those who have really a talent and a voice for music should be separated from those who have not, and should have that talent recognized and made the subject of thorough and far-seeing culture to some practicable extent. We cannot but agree in principle with this. In

principle, *all* education, beyond a few common indispensables, like reading, writing and arithmetic, should be the development of special talents. Each child demands, by the individuality of his nature, a training different from other children. Society, in taking charge of education at all, acknowledges, *in principle*, the duty of complete, true education to its rising members. But principles must needs be modified in practice; social ideals are in the far future; what we do and can do is but a pitiful shadow of what we would and one day shall do; and the duty of society to the young in this matter of education thus far necessarily limits itself to a very distantly approximative and Procrustean provision.

Some say, and perhaps rightly, that it is not in the spirit of our Democratic institutions to provide special education; that all should be general and common, all should be taught alike, and only with reference to qualifying them for voters, &c. If our system, if our schools *can* do no more, these reasoners are right. But *any* slightest attempt at education involves progress, and the list of the indispensables gets to be greater and greater, and the very idea of "freedom and equality" is found more and more to involve the protection and consequently the education of individuality, of special gifts and uses. Now with regard to music, it was one great step gained (and we should be grateful to those by whose continued efforts it *was* gained) to have music at all recognized and admitted, as it now is generally, into our schools. Here is a point established. And now comes up a further question: How shall we make that teaching most efficient and most useful? And here we think our correspondent's views, whether immediately practicable or not, are to the point, and worthy to be seriously weighed.

Now for "Precentor's" second article. Here he points out *one* among other openings which present society affords to boys who shall have been trained in schools to be good singers of sacred music: namely the choirs of certain Episcopal churches. Here the writer gets upon the ground of his own speciality, with which of course we and most of our readers are not specially concerned. But we do not understand him to maintain that Music was created for the special benefit of the Episcopal church of England. For the purposes of his general argument regarding the public schools, it was enough for him to suggest that here would be *one* field for musical talent trained in the manner he had before suggested. Whether the English church music should employ boys' voices for the soprano, is a question for that Church, and not for us, general advocates and lovers of the Art of Music. It was "Precentor's" general view of the importance of thorough training, that commended his articles to the hospitality of our columns. With their Episcopalianism, their boy soprano theory, we have nothing to do. But we do think there is a great deal of truth in what he said about the "juvenile oratorios," and about "Professors" making it their only care to *popularize* themselves.

The question of music in the schools demands and shall receive our attention at more length.

M. Thalberg's Return.

The great pianist is with us again, and is stirring up the musical activities of Boston in all its various channels. He has already given us two concerts in the Music Hall, before great audiences. The first

was on Tuesday evening. He played only pieces made familiar by his former visit, namely: his Fantasias on *Don Giovanni*, the Prayer from *Moses*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, his Tarantella, and, for an encore, "Sweet Home." These gave the same measure and quality of delight as before, approving him still the most elegant and brilliant of pianists; cool, gentlemanly, quiet in the execution of wondrous difficulties; faultless in taste, in command of form and characteristic treatment; neither exciting nor excited, but giving the enjoyment of most finished beauty in the present moment. The *Tarantella* interested us the most. He plays two; one from *Masaniello*; but this is his own, and is one of his most graceful and individual works.

The programme generally was of a "popular" and hacknied character, and there was rather an excess of accessory attractions. Herr SCHREIBER opened each part with a long piece of variations on the trumpet, as tedious, flute-like and sentimental as they were skilful in execution. We do not see but he plays quite as well as Koenig, but what is it all worth? Mme. D'ANGRI's rich and luscious Contralto charmed as much as ever, when she did not trench too closely on the soprano or indulge in mannish *very* low tones. She sang the air from *Betty*, from the *Fille du Regiment*, and the "Ricci Waltz" with much skill and effect, all hacknied pieces. The coarseness of the *R-r-r-r-rataplán* and the Spanish song could well have been spared; and her swaggering delivery of the *Borgia* Brindisi was not of the most refined. Mme. JOHANNSEN was really an attraction, but suffered with such an inflammation of the throat as fully justified the apology upon the programme, and made it a cruelty to herself to sing the everlasting *Robert*, in which, however, she won much applause. In the little German songs, sung at the piano, she triumphed over physical drawbacks and gave rare delight. These were: "The Swallows," by Abt, the arch and bright little *Volkslied*, by Kücken, and for an encore what seemed to us a wild snatch of Hungarian melody.

On Thursday evening Thalberg played his *Norma*, *Masaniello* and *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasias, and "Home, Sweet Home;" Herr Schreiber a fantasia and "Katy Darling;" Mme. Johannsen sang the Romance from "Tell," a waltz, and a duet from *Semiramide* with D'Angri; and the latter sang airs from the *Huguenots* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and the Rondo from *Cenerentola*.

The first Matinée at 1 P. M., on Wednesday, drew about as many listeners as Chickering's Saloon would hold. It was not in any poor sense a "fashionable" audience, (as the very odd card of the management, in some of the papers, since prudently retracted, had led many to fear it would be), but as intelligent, refined and musical an assemblage as one would wish to see. The great majority were ladies, and the scene beautiful and social. Here is the programme:

- 1—Fantasia. "Sonnambula".....Thalberg.
- 2—Andante.....Thalberg.
- 3—Sonata in C sharp minor.....Beethoven.
- INTERMISSION.
- 4—The Miserere. "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.
On the Alexandre Organ.
- INTERMISSION.
- 5—Marche Funebre.....Chopin.
- 6—Home, Sweet Home.....Thalberg.
- 7—Fantasia. "L'Elisir d'Amore".....Thalberg.

We have no room for critical detail. Of course Thalberg's own pieces were played as he only can play them. His *Andante* we enjoyed most. In his *Sonnambula* fantasia he happily touches at the outset, in two consecutive phrases, and afterwards expands, the two finest ideas in that opera. The Beethoven Sonata, (the "Moonlight"), was played rather with exquisite grace and beauty than with that Beethoven-like depth and earnestness of feeling, which we have been wont to find, especially in the slow first movement. Was it not a trifle too fast, and were the triplets of the accompaniment made significant

enough? But we had rather think the fault was in our own listening mood. The Orgue Alexandre is one of the finest, perhaps the finest, of reed organs, and was handled with artistic skill; the stops used for solos in the *Miserere* were of beautiful quality, but the full organ has still the something that we cannot quite abide in all reed organs. We were obliged to lose the third part. The piano, made upon a new scale, by the Chickering's, was one of most rare excellence.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The Complimentary Concert given by this band of German singers to Miss LUCY A. DOANE, whose fine soprano songs have added such charm to their three subscription concerts, and to Herr AUGUST KREISSMANN, their conductor and sweet singer, filled the Melodeon on Wednesday evening with an enthusiastic audience. It was in all respects an admirable and an inspiring concert; indeed each concert of the "Orpheus" has seemed better than the last. No concert *as a whole* have we enjoyed more this winter:—all was so genial and so genuine; no empty commonplace or clap-trap; nothing to overlay and spoil a good impression. The part songs sounded even better than before. They were the gems out of the past collection, to-wit: *Die jungen Musikanten*, by Kücken, with Kreissmann's tenor solo: "Sleep, sweetest maiden," &c.; Marschner's old Minnesinger Serenade: "Why art thou from me so far, O my love," &c., one of the most deep and tender pieces of harmony imaginable; the exhilarating "Hunter's Joy," by Astholz; "The Cheerful Wanderer," and the strange "Turkish Drinking Song," by Mendelssohn; "The Bard," by Silcher, and that rich, cool, tranquil *Wanderers Nachtlied* of Goethe, by Lenz.

Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN sang beautifully the duet from *Idomeneo*; and the lady added new freshness to her laurels in the *Dove sono* of Mozart, and the "Spring Song," by Mendelssohn,—OTTO DRESEL again kindly playing the accompaniments. Miss Doane was recalled every time, and the last time responded with "Comin' thro' the rye," which we have not heard sung with such winning grace and archness since Jenny Lind. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB played the Adagio and Finale from Mozart's charming Quintet, with clarinet, and repeated the scene from *Robert le Diable*. Decidedly these concerts have been left off with an appetite.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The *eleventh* Afternoon Concert was rich with the Symphony in C (the "Jupiter") by Mozart, the Allegretto from Beethoven's eight Symphony, and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Siege of Corinth." Mr. Ribas played very finely a "Theme and variations" on that by no means brilliant, but quaint and honest sounding uncle of the hautboy, the English Horn; and there was bright store of dance music.

Chat from Paris.

(From the *Indépendance Belge*.)

ROSSINI.—A few days since, the author of *Le Comte Ory*, happening to pass along the Boulevards, stopped before a bill promising a concert of fifteen hundred musicians. On seeing this, the *maestro*, with that Italian mimicry, so comic in its demonstration, began to groan, and indulge in small suppressed sighs, begging for pity and mercy from this terrible bill.

You are aware that Rossini is quite one of ourselves. He is no longer a stranger passing through Paris, but a Parisian who has returned to his home; only you must not talk to him about music: he will tell you: "He has forgotten all that." Last summer, he met, at Wildbad, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who lavished on him all the most delicate touches of imperial coquetry. She had the audacity to ask him for a simple *brindisi*. Rossini replied that Germany was a

beautiful country. One day, however, the Empress thought she had induced him to accompany on the piano a young lady of her suite, who is rather fond of singing. Rossini sat down resignedly to the instrument, struck two or three chords, and then, giving way to that nervous irritation that has detached him from the art to which he owes his immortality, said, as he rose from his chair, "You see, Madame, I know nothing about it—nothing—I have forgotten it all!"

A few weeks later I met him at Baden, where I witnessed a touching exhibition. A select audience was assembled at the Théâtre de la Conversation for the first performance of the French company. Rossini was in the house. The orchestra executed the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. At the very first bars, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the ladies about her, rose and turned in mute, but profoundly expressed, homage towards the author of that immortal masterpiece. Ceding to an electric impulse, the entire assembly imitated this movement, and it was in this attitude, standing up, that they listened to the most wonderful melodies to which the human brain ever gave birth. I watched Rossini, who was leaning on his stick, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Not the slightest emotion flitted across his impassible physiognomy. He appeared to be resigned to his glory, as he would be to the consequences of some act of youthful indiscretion.

Guillaume Tell is, however, still the breach by which he is accessible. When the person talking to him is neither a frequenter of the green-room nor a speculator in *cafés-chantants*, Rossini will support being told that *Guillaume Tell* is "a fine thing." But the speaker must not dwell upon the subject, or rise to the lyric height of enthusiasm, for Rossini will immediately begin talking about macaroni, or something equally relevant.

Rossini resides in the Rue Basse du Rempart. Whenever a ray of sunshine lights up and warms our foggy sky, he is fond of going out on the Boulevard and walking two hours arm-in-arm with a friend. In the evening he receives a very limited number of intimate acquaintances: Carafa, the composer; Henri Blaze, who published a notice full of charming and delicate touches about the *maestro*; Vivier, the horn-player; Antoni Deschamps, the poet; and Madame D., a lady of fashion, and a distinguished amateur singer. The lamp, sobered down by a shade, only doubtfully illuminates the apartment, for the *maestro* cannot bear a strong light. His guests chat, while he walks up and down, to calm his nerves, which are in a constant state of irritation. Despite all that has been said, there is a piano in the room; it is, however, true that this piece of furniture makes but little noise and does but little work. It would be altogether useless to ask Rossini to go near it. This would be the very way to drive him from it, and, consequently, no one thinks of such a thing, but sometimes, when people least expect it, he suddenly places his fingers on the keys, and evokes some piece or other of celestial harmony, for instance, most frequently, the Septet from *Don Juan*. "All music is contained in that," said Rossini, one day; "the rest is useless." This decision is somewhat discouraging for *young composers*, but we may appeal against it, and it is lucky this admiration for Mozart did not prevent Rossini from writing *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza*, *Otello*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Guillaume Tell*, and other *useless* works.

People long clung to the hope that Rossini's silence was simply a whim, but that illusion is no longer admissible. It seems pretty certain that no consideration could ever prevail on the *maestro* to face a public who appear to him perverted, not to say brutalized, by the systems of music. After his decease, an attempt will probably be made to collect some scattered leaves, and something called a posthumous opera of Rossini will be produced, but as long as he lives he will never authorize any such proceeding.

Rossini still suffers from that rather imaginary disease called a nervous affection—that is to say, that the illness is more especially in the brain, which is attacked by a thousand imaginary phantoms. Invalids of this class—who have something of the child about them—groan a great deal,

eat very well, are always afraid of being shivered, by coming in contact with a piece of furniture, and pass their time in arranging their funerals, which fortunately are very distant, and which they see pass before them while living, like Charles V. But the peculiar feature of such a state is to deprive the patient of all interest in labor and glory. Rossini is in this state, and this is the reason why his music is dumb.

PORTRAIT OF HANDEL.—An interesting portrait of Handel—the one by Denner, "painted in 1736 or 1737," and engraved for Cox's "Anecdotes" of Handel and Smith in 1799—has just been presented by Lady Rivers to the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. The head, though timidly painted and dry in its coloring, is nevertheless full of character and expression. We have there something of the inspiration of the Poet, who when he wrote the Messiah 'Hallelujah' fancied that he beheld the heavens with their ineffable glories opened above him,—something of the passion of the man who held the refractory prima donna out of the window till she consented to sing as he bade her,—and who called Janson, the Chester chorister, "scoundrel," because, having undertaken to sing at "sight," he proved unable to sing at "first sight." Grandeur, fire, and humor are in the face. The accessories have been less carefully studied,—the ambrosial curls of the *perruque* are confused and dusty,—the robe, instead of coming to a hem, dies away like a dream. Can any friend tell us whether there were more Denners than one who painted portraits? This interesting contribution to the museum of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* can surely not be from the hand of Balthazar Denner, whose over-finished heads, like so many colored compounds of marrow and marble, with every pore and eyelash discernible, are familiar to all who know foreign galleries.—*London Athenæum*.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 22.—Last Thursday our Philharmonic Society gave their third Concert to a pretty good and apparently much delighted audience. The greater part of our most musical amateurs have been in their day New England boys and girls, and have their relatives and friends spread all over New England, from which fact it may be inferred that the majority of the readers of your Journal will be somewhat interested in our musical doings, and so I venture to send you a few more lines regarding them. The above concert was made up of the following programme:—

| PART I. | |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------|
| Overture—"Echoes of Ossian"..... | Gade. |
| Fantasia—Caprice for the Violin..... | Vieuxtemps. |
| M. H. De Clercq. | |
| Symphony, No. 8, in E flat..... | Haydn. |
| PART II. | |
| Concerto for the Piano, in C major..... | Beethoven. |
| Mr. Fr. Werner. | |
| Fantasia—Burlesque for the Violin..... | De Clercq. |
| Overture—"Egmont"..... | Beethoven. |

The Orchestra played a good deal better than in any of the preceding concerts. There was precision in some of their former performances, but there is now, as it were, more unity, more blending of the different instruments. The general character of their manner of rendering the above compositions deserved, I think, considerable praise, and in a few respects would seem superior to some performances of Orchestras in New York and Boston under the popular leaders, which I have heard, although the latter of course excel ours in most details. In those Orchestras I have been sometimes led to find fault, in a small measure, with rather too much drill, with too military an expression, with too much of a business air about them. The most gifted leader, when he assumes this business air, fails in some important points. Artistic performances should always have at least the semblance of spontaneity. Musical performers, when on a travelling tour, and

when giving concerts nearly every night, are very apt to appear with an air of routine, which is very unfavorable to the highest results of our artistic performances. It is similar with leaders in large cities, who swing their baton every night. In this respect, for instance, the celebrated Gungl's Band might be somewhat blamed, it having been drilled in Berlin, which is reputed to be the most military looking city in all Europe; and on the other hand an absence of that marshaling spirit, and an easy southern "abandon" constitutes the charm of the Viennese orchestras of a similar character. We do not mean to claim the high merits alluded to for our orchestra. I rather suggested those discriminations as a matter of general application, and would merely say that a laudable characteristic of our late performances has been a certain degree of that spontaneity in the expression and execution. For the audiences, also, these first Philharmonic Concerts in this hemisphere, have been a matter of entire novelty, and of the most spontaneous interest, and therefore, in both respects these concerts have been very delightful, and bore a somewhat rare character.

All the compositions on the programme are familiar to the Boston public, and need not be dwelled upon. Gade's Poetical Ossian Overture seemed to be taking with many, and impressed me anew as exceedingly characteristic and high-toned. It is gratifying to have the form of an Overture differ slightly from others, which as a general thing are, to my taste, made rather too much after the same pattern, viz.: first Andante and then Allegro. Gade's Overture has some sympathetic characteristics, and these make it doubly interesting.

Our pianist, Mr. WERNER, is a genuine pupil of Chopin—geniality all over, but little Beethoven pathos and force. The former makes his playing taking with the ladies, and in fact with the greater part of the audience, who value the sweets in music the highest. His sweets, however, differ from others in this, that they are chaste and real graces. Mr. De Clercq is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, and a thoroughly educated musician; he possesses considerable execution on the violin, and has a fine "tone," but his performance as yet is somewhat unripe, and lacks in fineness. He, however, is a young man yet, and has no doubt a great deal of talent.

I will add a few words regarding an amusing "pen-war," in our daily papers, which occurred last week. The owners of our best Music Hall, which seats some 2,000 persons, announced in a most bland and suave card to the musical public, (the dear people), that as there had lately been "such a dearth of first class music in our city," they were glad to have been able to make an arrangement with Miss Pyne and Troupe, for some concerts, and so forth. This card excited some hot replies, charging those gentlemen with deviation from the truth, and unfairness towards our excellent home societies, some one adding, that as a usual thing, travelling troupes "gave us little else but trashy music, blew their trumpets and humbugged the public." The gentlemen then explained in another card, that "a dearth of first class music" meant, in English, "a scarcity of concerts," that they certainly "appreciated the quality of our home performances, but were not satisfied with the quantity." There is nothing like a discussion in the papers, and this one no doubt has helped the cause of good music in these parts, for by reiterated assertions of connoisseurs in the papers, the general public has been made aware that never before, has so much *first class music* been offered to our musical public, as this winter.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream," read by Mrs. FRANCES ANN KEMBLE, and enriched with the entire music by MENDELSSOHN, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association, made an occasion of rare interest at the Music Hall last Saturday evening. The scene was extremely beautiful. The superb vases of flowers on each side of

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A Prima Donna's Triumph in "Fidelio."

(From an unpublished story in the "Brown Papers.")

Descriptions of the ovations paid to the prim donne of the Opera, are too familiar to the readers of Operatic annals, to require me to fill up my pages with any particular account of Julia's success in Vienna. Whatever had clouded her mind, it was now completely banished. The story of Sontag, of Malibran, or Jenny Lind, would but be repeated. She lived during this period for Art, and gave herself up to the delights of success. The critics at length could find no new superlatives, by which to describe the grandeur of her tragedy, the depth of her pathos, the archness of her comedy, her marvellous execution, the purity, compass, power and delicacy of her voice, and the beauty of her person. When she sang Donna Anna, they reprinted Hoffmann's fantasy-piece, as the best description of her in the part, congratulating the public that its tragical close was not true of the new songstress. Never was there such a "Daughter of the Regiment;" Rossini's sensuous, golden-hued music had never before had an interpreter, and this they held to be her native language, until the severe simplicity of Gluck showed her to belong to a higher sphere. The critics knew not the unspeakable woe, which had opened all her fountains of feeling, until not a chord in the human heart could vibrate without finding an echo in her own. Hence her power of identifying herself with every character she sustained. They knew not that the intense brightness of her comedy arose from the shadows, so dark and deep, which so long had laid upon her soul. The reckless gaiety of the scherzo, which so often succeeds the darkest and gloomiest of Beethoven's adagios, gives a true picture of that phase of our mental constitution, by which in our heaviest afflictions

come moments of extravagant mirth. Every deeply sensitive nature, which has passed through the fire, will understand what I would say, will see how much Julia's greatness as an artist was due to her trials as a woman. One man may have lived, who can read the heart, and whose power was not based upon his own experience; but if so, we may well call William Shakspeare superhuman. Hence it was that while in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," or Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage," Julia convulsed her audience with laughter, she held the strings of every heart in her terrible pictures of the outraged womanhood and lacerated heart of Donna Anna, or of the awful grief of Clytemnestra.

The six weeks of her engagement were at an end. She was to appear once more for her own benefit, and for this evening she chose the part of Fidelio. She had hitherto refrained from singing in this opera, that it might be her crowning effort. In few operas is the heroine so from first to last the prominent character. The music may be less adapted to vocal display, but how is each and every note the language of the heart! The music, from the first note of the overture to the last note of the final chorus, is an integral whole—the singer and the auditor are alike borne along by it as upon a resistless current. The plot, though simple, is one of intense interest, and the passions represented are admirably contrasted—the hate and revenge of a bad man, with the patient endurance, heroic courage, the hopes and fears and the boundless love of a perfect wife. Whether with good reason or not, the part of Fidelio held in the mind of Julia the highest rank; and when she saw it announced for her benefit, she almost trembled at the task she had undertaken. * * *

The overture and the scene between Marcelina and Jacquino were over, and the latter at length opened the gate of the prison, and Fidelio came forward in a suit of black velvet, her face somewhat pale, and her dark eyes lighted up with an emotion visible even beyond the foot-lights, and exciting at the outset the sympathies of the audience. As she stood at the front of the stage with her post-bag and the chains she had purchased, the vast audience, which occupied every spot where the actors could be seen, rose as one man. The presence of royalty was forgotten, and the theatre rang with cheers.

At length silence was restored.

In the spoken dialogue with old Rocco, Julia at first could hardly sustain her part, but gaining her self-command as she proceeded, she joined in the exquisite canon: *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, her glorious mezzo soprano notes lending it a beauty and sweetness until then unknown. Her com-

plete identification with her part was felt by the other actors, and they, borne away by their sympathy with her, gave a unity of effect to the performance, which carried the force of illusion to its farthest limits. The orchestra and the audience caught the spirit. Old play-goers renewed the delights of childhood in their complete abandonment to the feeling of the reality of the history acting before them. As she, during the chorus of prisoners, sought in their faces, one by one, the features of her husband, and at length in despair threw herself at the foot of a column, a thrill of compassion ran through the house. Had the audience known her real feelings, they might well have had pity for her. She was but acting the part of a devoted wife. Yet in the feelings, which the part inspired, she saw mirrored the boundless capacity for domestic love and happiness, which existed within her heart. During her engagement, she had banished all thought of the future from her mind, and enjoyed with the keenest zest her successes and triumphs. She had lived for the present, and no artist ever drank with sweeter relish of the intoxicating cup of applause. This night, for its triumph and its complete realization of her artistic hopes and aims, was to have had the loftiest place in future years, among the pleasant recollections of the past. She *did* remember it only for its agony.

For as she assumed, and identified herself with, a character, which could never, never be hers in reality, and, in the parquette, her eye caught a face, which in spite of herself *would* haunt her dreams sleeping and waking, and the thought of what must be, in contrast to what might have been, came over her, it was too much.

As she sat in her dressing-room between the acts, all the sad thoughts and feelings, which she had for weeks so successfully kept at bay, came crowding unimpeded into her mind, and gained complete control. The past was there. The future was there. The present was there. Each brought its current into the overwhelming flood of her woe.

But the overture to Leonore, which was played as an introduction to the second act, now was heard veiled and indistinct, before the curtain, and soothed and calmed her. The notes of the trumpet, which speak hope and joy and safety to Florestan and Leonora, are introduced into this overture, and are given behind the scenes; when they came they spoke to her heart of a higher joy and a nobler salvation than even those depicted in Beethoven's Opera. But still though she regained her self-command, the agony was there.

In the scene where she assists in digging the grave for the prisoner, whose face she cannot

see—and whose identity with Florestan she cannot certainly determine, there was a terrible force of truth imparted to her acting by the struggle within her, which was actually painful to the audience. She was playing as to an audience of statues. Rocco went for Pizarro. He drew near. He examined the grave. He ordered Fidelio to retire, and then made himself known to his victim. What passed between him and the prisoner was scarcely heeded by the spectators, for all eyes were fixed upon Julia, who, concealed from Pizarro, stood aside waiting for the moment to attempt the rescue, pale as death and leaning for support upon a projection of the scenery. The savage aria, in which hate and triumph are so awfully expressed, ended, and the dagger was raised to be plunged into the breast of the victim. As Julia rushed between the two actors, the astonishment and recoil of Pizarro were not acting. To him, too, the scenes had long since lost their unreality, and as he caught and hurled her from him, it was with a violence from which her arm long felt the effects. Again Pizarro rushed upon the prisoner. She again interposed and pointed the pistol to his breast. The trumpet was heard in the distance, and Florestan was saved.

As Pizarro, with his face muffled in his cloak, left the dungeon with old Rocco, Julia followed a short distance, then dropping the pistol, she stood as if bewildered. She looked wildly round, as if asking, is this all unreal? She pressed her hands to her eyes for a moment, and then rushing into the arms of Florestan, would have fallen but for his support. The audience was too much excited for applause. The few hands which applauded were immediately hushed, and all waited in profound silence for the ritornel of the duet. It was played but there was no response from the stage. A burst of tears relieved the actress, and she gave the signal for the orchestra to repeat it. Then and there was heard Beethoven's immortal duet: *Oh namenlose Freude*, (Oh joy beyond expression). I cannot describe it. Some, who find in music the almost articulate speech of the heart, may perhaps imagine the depths of expression which the divine tones of her voice conveyed. And yet through all the torrent of "joy unspeakable," which was expressed, was felt a something which told too truly of the woe of the singer. The singers retired. The tears of the audience were wiped away, and a few hands began hesitatingly to applaud. The spell was broken. The audience rose. How many times Florestan assisted her to appear and bow her acknowledgments, while wreaths, bouquets and presents of value were showered upon the stage, I have forgotten. It was long before the machinists could prepare for the closing scene.

The opera was at last over. And Julia had left the stage forever! Her triumphs were at an end.

A Splendid Hall in Worcester, Mass.

The Worcester *Palladium* has an account of the new "Mechanics' Hall" inaugurated recently, from which we take the following description:

The building is 105 feet wide on Main street, 145 feet long and three stories high. The view on Main street is of the Corinthian order of Architecture, with a heavy projecting cornice and entablature resting upon twelve fluted columns standing in pairs or couples, each pair resting on

one pedestal. Those supporting the corners are square, while those in the centre are round. The entablature and cornices are ornamented with appropriate mouldings and brackets, the contours of which are embellished with a profusion of sculptured enrichments. The soffit of the corona is broken into panels, between the brackets, with appropriate mouldings in the sinkage. The ovolo, torus, scotia, cavetto, fillet, bead, cymarecta and cyma reversa are the elements from which the mouldings and ornaments have been designed. A great portion of the front is made with iron, while the remainder is built with brick and covered with mastic. The surface is finished with paint and sand so as to imitate the Jersey sandstone, laid in courses. The front view presents a grand and imposing effect as the eye glances over its outlines, from the side walk to the peak of the roof. The relief produced by the light and shade of the various indentations and projections, exhibits a deep but pleasing contrast to the surrounding scenery.

The first story is arranged for stores in connection with a broad entrance to the main corridor that leads to the halls above. * * * After passing through the front door you enter a vestibule which is connected with the corridor by glass doors. A passage way 12 feet wide extends the entire length of the building from Main to Waldo street. On the east end two flights of stairs ascend to the upper stories. On the west end also, two flights of stairs ascend upward, which, for solidity, beauty of design and thorough workmanship are worthy of a passing remark. The grade of these stairs is remarkably easy, being composed of 30 steps of 6 1-2 inches rise and 14 1-2 inches tread. The newel post, rail and ballusters, are of a new and novel pattern, of massive size and solid materials. The hand rail is about 4 by 8 inches, with a mahogany cap on top and ogee moulding on the sides. The ballusters are of oak, 4 1-2 inches square, top and bottom, and the middle is turned to a graceful pattern. The treads are of southern hard pine 1 1-2 inches thick. These stairs land in a transverse corridor 20 feet wide, from which you can enter all the rooms on the second story. There are eight rooms upon this floor, including a Hall, 50 by 80, with permanent circular seats, a platform, desk and two ante-rooms adjoining. This Hall is well adapted for concerts, lectures and social assemblies. Upon this floor, the Association will probably reserve two spacious rooms for its library and for holding the monthly meetings of the board of trustees, and the remainder will be rented for offices or other purposes.

From each end of the transverse passage at the head of the main street way, a flight of stairs ascends upwards to a broad stair, 6 by 10 feet, thence branching to the right and left, reaches the large Hall above at four different points, making, with other entrances, 8 places of ingress and egress to the main Hall. The hand rails, newel posts, ballusters, risers and treads of all these stairs correspond with those before described, and they certainly present one of the most attractive features about the building.

The great Hall is on the third floor and is 130 feet long and 80 feet wide, with galleries on each side and across one end, extending over three of the ante rooms. There are seven rooms upon this floor, either one or all of which may be used as drawing rooms in connection with the Hall. On the east end, an organ case of great beauty and richness has been constructed and it was confidently hoped that an organ would have been procured and placed within it, in season for the dedication, but, we are sorry to say, in this particular, with many others, we are doomed to be disappointed. The Hall itself independent of its surroundings, is a curiosity of rare excellence and of great beauty. As a work of art it is not surpassed by any thing in the country, if it has an equal. The gallery front is a very beautiful feature of the hall, with its salmon colored damask curtain stretched behind an ornate railing of little columns. The scroll brackets, underneath the galleries, of beautiful design but of mammoth dimensions and sculptured exterior, give solidity

and grace to what might have been otherwise deemed defective in point of strength as well as offensive to the eye. The ceiling is the great point of attraction to persons visiting the Hall. It derives its chief beauty from the chaste design and happy combination of colors with which it is decorated. It is thrown into panels, both square and parallelograms, with about 12 inches recess from the face of the margin which separates them. These panels are painted in fresco so as to present one of the most rich and mellow tinted shading of colors imaginable. The ornaments upon the margin of the panels, representing flowers of various tints, give a bold relief to the whole picture. The numerous fret work pendants, through which the gas fixtures are suspended, are got up with such taste that they are considered ornaments rather than blemishes. At the angle of the ceiling with the walls there is a beautiful dentil cornice and freize with sculptured mouldings and brackets, the whole entablature resting upon graceful arches which are supported by pilasters extending down to the gallery floor. Over the stage, in front of the organ case, are several mechanical fixtures or diagrams, painted in fresco, representing the genius of mechanism in the act of demonstrating the theories and problems of philosophy which mark the age in which we live.

The whole establishment is lighted with gas, and warmed by steam generated by a furnace outside of the building.

OPENING ADDRESS

FOR THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

Written by the Hon. Robert T. Conrad.

SPOKEN BY MISS CAROLINE M. RICHINGS.

When Time was young, and Music's spell, 'tis said,
Moved stones and trees, and e'en recalled the dead,
Then, (when the poet's dreams were sooth,) the lyre
Once bade a city's prostrate walls aspire:
Quick throbs the granite rock—a living thing;
The ruins tremble with the trembling string;
They move, respective to the lyre's command;
They form—they rise—a towery wall they stand!
Such power had Music's self. But, lo! a thought—
Her shadow here a mightier work hath wrought;
Spoils of the Past here bade the walls arise,
While listening Hope leaned o'er, with glad surprise;
Soon towers the dome—the temple soon expands;
For thousand needs quick meet a thousand hands;
The purpose plann'd, 'tis jostled by the deed;
And wonder, wonder crowds with eager speed.
'Tis done, and nobly done! Exulting Art
Smiles o'er the pile so perfect in each part.
Wide and harmonious as bright music's reign,
Her newest triumph lights her noblest fane.
Long may it stand! Loud yield the tribute due
To Art, to joys reproachless—and to you!
Music! whose hymn the Stars of Morning sung,
Ere the sweet spheres by Discord's hand were wrung;
Whose rules great Kepler in the planets saw,*
And knew, in them, the Universal Law—
The law by which the stars their orbits sweep,
And 'quiring worlds their course in concert keep;
Music! whose code by bright Ægea's tide,
(So Plato tells), o'eruled all codes beside; †
For Athens trembled o'er the Lydian lute,
And Sparta battled to the soft-voiced flute;
Music! whose boundless wealth, like day can give
At large, unlesse'd, unto all who live
Costless, yet priceless, free as Ocean's wave,
Alike to Fortune's darling or her slave;
The peasant's joy—it thrilled Arcadia's sky;
The poet's bliss—it lighted Milton's eye;
The courtier's grace—'twas gallant Raleigh's pride;
The lover's voice—so burning Sappho sigh'd;
The warrior's summons, when, 'mid Alpine snows,
Gaul's quick strength falter'd and her hot blood froze.
When squadrons fainting paused, or stark and stiff,
Topped to gulfy death, far down the cliff,
Sudden, Napoleon bids the war-charge sound,

* See Kepler's *Harmonices Mundi*—afterwards confirmed by Newton's discoveries.

† Plato said that Demon's music could not be changed without changing the constitution of the state itself.

And wild and high the glaciers echo round;
They start—they burn—their nerves are fire again—
They win the height—to conquer on the plain!
Music! which sins not—cannot fail or fade—
Exalter, Friend, Consoler, Soother, Aid—
Here, in her temple, we her altars rear,
And service meet—hearts—hopes—all—offer here!

Nor sole, though regnant, here our sovereign's sway!
The *Drama*, too, shall know its better day;
Bright in the splendor of immortal youth,
Rich in rare Wisdom, Poetry and Truth—
What though her mirror darkling mists distain;
Clear but its surface, it will shine again;
Shine with the wild and weird-like glory shed
By Poet-seers, the myriad-minded dead.
In such a home, where ardent service tends,
Where wealth is zealous and where worth befriends,
No more shall scenes unmeet the stage profane,
Nor Vice nor Folly steal into her train.
Afar, the tastes that with her Genius war;
The sullyng jest, the sordid taint, afar;
The *Drama* here in vestal fame shall live,
And crave no triumph virtue cannot give!
As when the morn on Memnon's marble shone,
The marble warm'd, breath'd Music's sweetest tone,
So, in your kindling smiles our dawn will break,
And music here, in grateful witchery wake;
The buskin'd muse with solemn step descend,
And their sweet spells the Arts and Graces lend.
We, of our temple proud, our triumph too,
Proud of our cause, and, patrons, proud of you,
Will call up words of Fancy, pure and bright,
With Genius, Wit, Mirth, Melody, Delight;
While white-rob'd Virtue, from her sacred throne,
Smiles o'er the Scene, and claims it as her own!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"G. M. F." writes as follows to the Boston Journal:

Master Paine's School in Berry street, (now Channing street), was one of the prominent schools of Boston. Many of our public men were educated by Master Paine. His school, his teaching, and his great care of his scholars, will ever be remembered by those who were under his tuition. He was the father of John Howard Paine, who in his youth was called the young "Roscius" of America, and the old "Boston Theatre" was often filled with Boston folks to witness the histrionic powers of the young "Boston Boy." He was the author of some fine plays, which have contributed to the pleasure of Boston audiences.

John Howard Paine was the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the sweetest song, embracing the purest sentiments, ever penned by man. How many sweet homes are cheered by this song, and how many turn to home and its fond remembrances as they hear it when absent! I have heard it in the far West—in the sunny South, and never without feelings of deep sympathy for its author, for *he had no home*. He was for years a wanderer in foreign lands. I knew him well, and when he was first appointed Consul at Tunis, he was a constant visitor at my house. He was poor, and complained of neglect. I have often been with him when he would speak of what he had done for the amusement and pleasure of the world, and how poorly he had been paid. I well remember of an evening's walk in New York, when we heard voices singing "Home, Sweet Home." We stopped under a window, and at the conclusion he gave a hearty sigh, and remarked, "how little they know of the author who has no sweet home."

John Howard Paine died in a foreign land, and there is no monument at home to his memory. Mount Auburn does not contain a more interesting memorial, than one which should be erected to the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

I appeal to every lady who has ever sang or played this sacred song, and to every man who has listened to its melody—and to every *Bostonian* who values the credit of his native city—to unite in placing some memorial at Mount Auburn to the memory of

JOHN HOWARD PAINE,
THE AUTHOR OF
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

One evening at the house of Mr. Vroom, the American minister at Berlin, *Home, sweet Home*,

was sung, and I innocently remarked, that it was creditable to American literature that this very popular song was written by an American. The remark excited some surprise, and on the part of an Englishman present was received with no little incredulity. The fact is however so, notwithstanding. In Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," vol. ii. p. 140, *et seq.*, is a sketch of Payne, drawn from two articles by T. S. Fay, now minister to Switzerland, contributed many years since to the old N. Y. *Mirror*. The reader will find there that this song was sung by Miss M. Tree, (elder sister of Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Chas. Kemble,) and that she gained a rich husband by it, &c. &c. It was in one of those mixed plays, called operas in England, entitled "Clari," which was changed from a comedy to the operatic (English) form, at the request of Charles Kemble, who had just succeeded Henry Harris in the management of Covent Garden Theatre. My purpose now is to give some account of "Clari."

The opera is in three acts, music composed by Bishop, then a young man, and becoming very popular.

"Clari, or the Maid of Milan," was acted for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 1823, with the following cast:

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Duke Vivaldi..... | Abbott. |
| Rolamo, a farmer, father of Clari..... | Fawcett. |
| Jocoso, Duke's valet, in love with Vespina..... | Pearman. |
| Nimpedo, a villager, about to be married to Ninetta..... | Meadows. |
| Nicolo, Ninetta's father..... | J. Isaacs. |
| Geronio, a drunken actor..... | Keeley. |
| Clari..... | Miss M. Tree. |
| Vespina, domestic in the Duke's family, in love with Jocoso..... | Miss Love. |
| Fidolina, Clari's mother..... | Mrs. Vining. |
| Ninetta..... | Miss Hallande. |
| In the Episode, | |
| Nobleman..... | Baker. |
| Pelgrino, a farmer..... | Chapman. |
| Leoda, his daughter..... | Miss Beaumont. |
| Pelgrino's Wife..... | Mrs. Pearce. |

The story is this.—The Duke falling in love with Clari, has at length persuaded her to leave her lowly home, the "thatched cottage," and take up her abode in his house, under a solemn promise of marriage, which, though sincerely in love with her, he does not intend to keep. Clari, however, is looking forward with full confidence to the marriage, meantime preserving her innocence. Her eyes are opened to her situation and danger by the performance of a play at the chateau, the subject of which is similar to her own history. The Duke happening to be called away at the time of the performance to answer letters, he does not know the drift of the piece until it is too late to prevent its effects upon the mind of his intended victim. She is deeply affected by the mirror thus held up to her, and making her escape, returns from the splendor which "dazzles in vain" to the humble home of her father. Her mother believes in her innocence and forgives her; her father refuses forgiveness. The duke, unable to live without her, visits Rolamo, who levels a gun at him; Clari springs before the duke, and her father drops the weapon. The duke now makes honorable proposals of marriage, which are accepted, and the farmer places his daughter's hand in that of her high-born lover.

The play ran twelve nights. It was revived in the autumn of 1824, and again produced Nov. 26, 1825, when Miss Paton—the Mrs. Wood whom we all remember—took the part of Clari. It was given again in November, 1826, again in Nov. 1829, Miss Foote as Clari, and beyond this deponent saith not.

A. W. T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27.—Who can dispute the supremacy of humbug in this country, when even THALBERG finally succumbed to it? The Brown and lunch movement, mentioned in a former letter, was only the beginning of the maestro's homage to this American god, of the nineteenth century; during the past week his influence has grown more and more sure, until at last, with the aid of STRAKOSCH and the Academy, he was brought out triumphant, in all his glory. A history of the last rapid strides of this divinity will interest you. On Monday, the 16th inst., Mr. Thalberg gave a "grand Combination Festival," nominally for the benefit of the German Society. But it was so well understood that *only half the profits* were to be applied to this object, while the other half were to fill certain private pockets, that many persons would not countenance the proceeding at all, who would otherwise have contributed largely. Nevertheless, the house was crowded, and the performances, consisting of a miscellaneous concert by the orchestra, Thalberg, d'Angri, and various German singing societies, (the best of which, however, had withdrawn their services in view of the above-mentioned condition), and the first act of *Fidelio*. At the foot of the programme it was announced that on Saturday the concert would be repeated, with various alterations, and the second act of *Fidelio*! The newspaper advertisements, however, for several succeeding days, promised the *whole* of the Opera; but when Saturday came, behold the following change: The concert was transferred to the Academy, and the aid of the functionaries of that institution announced: "Mr. Thalberg—*prime donne*—German and Italian Opera, etc., etc." The programme was literally as follows: the first act of *Norma*; a miscellaneous concert by Thalberg and d'Angri; the second act of *Don Giovanni*; the second act of *Fidelio*, and (*finis coronat opus*) the last act of *Trovatore*!!! "On account of the length of the programme," the performances commenced at 7 1-2; when they were to end, no one could know. Perhaps the remark of one of our dailies, concerning Manager Stuart's speech, at the first representation of Mrs. Howe's play, might apply to them also: "If he gets through in time, the piece will be repeated to morrow evening." In the end, *Fidelio* was left out, after all.

After all this humbug, it was a great relief to see one of EISELDE's unpretending, sober, sterling soirées announced, which could remind one that there are still some earnest, striving musicians in existence. We had a lovely Quartet, in G, by Mozart, and Beethoven's Quintet in C, for stringed instruments, in which Mr. BURKE played the first violin, with his usual sweetness. The Trio was the one in G minor, by Rubinstein, the piano part of which fell to Mr. MASON. It is the same that he played at two of his own Matinées last winter; but he has improved exceedingly since then, and played with much more spirit. The Trio itself I did not like as well as last year; they did not seem to me to be so much in it as I then thought.

The singer of the evening was a Mme. HENRIETTE SIMON, a young French lady, who has a pure, clear, but rather thin voice, with very little flexibility, and who sang her two pieces: *Va, dit-elle*, from *Robert*, and Cherubini's *Ave Maria* so apathetically, almost stonily, as to waken no sympathy at all in her hearers. The effect of the last piece was much improved by an accompaniment on the Viola, by Mr. L. SIMON, a relative of the singer.

On this same evening, Mme. EUGENIE DE ROODE, sister to the singer of the same name, gave a concert at Niblo's, assisted by her sister and the three brothers MOLLENHAUER. The first-mentioned very young lady, (she is hardly more than a child), is

said to play the piano exceedingly well, and to have acquitted herself admirably in a concerto of Chopin—immensely difficult—and some smaller pieces. It is said that she received a medal from the Conservatoire in Paris, for reading music. The concert, the tickets to which were mostly disposed of by the wealthy and fashionable patrons of the young sisters, is said to have been poorly attended, to a lamentable degree.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28.—A visit to the new Opera House is one of the most unmistakable duties of every stranger at present visiting the Quaker City. On every side he will hear its praise resounding, and the interest taken in it by all classes of citizens is really astonishing. They are quite convinced that there never was such another opera house in the world—that at Milan may be somewhat larger, but it is otherwise far inferior; and as to that at New York—it is a pigeon-house beside their own.

This very gratifying self-satisfaction is impregnable to all attempts at argument. It is true, many of them have never seen the New York Opera House, or indeed any other; but at the same time they are perfectly convinced, that in Philadelphia *must* of necessity be the largest and best in this hemisphere, if not in the world. Why, they cannot exactly tell, excepting from the simple fact of its location—it is in Philadelphia, and must therefore surpass any of its species, located in less favorable quarters of the globe.

And it is indeed a house to be proud of. Though lacking in the gorgeous decorations that add such a splendor to our Opera House in New York, and about one-third smaller in size, it yet appears to me to be the most complete and perfect I have ever seen. I would like to give you some idea of the architectural elegance of the proscenium, the comfortable arrangements of the seats, the great conveniences of egress, the magnificent effect of the princely stair-ways, &c.; but no mere word-description and collocation of figures would give a correct notion of the reality. I felt an impotent desire to be transmuted into a Philadelphian, and thus have as my prerogative the right of crowing with delight over my new Opera House, clapping my hands with joy, and skipping about like a young lamb upon the mountains—all of which the Philadelphians seem inclined to do, whenever they think of their new lyric establishment, the "American Academy of Music."

As to the scenic attractions, they far surpass anything of the kind I have ever yet seen. The banqueting scene in *La Traviata* was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed within a theatre. The stage represents a handsome apartment, with frescoed walls and ceiling, with corridors leading off in the back ground, and illuminated by real chandeliers. Rich furniture adorns the room, and the banqueting tables are profusely decorated with flowers. Nothing is spared to make the illusion complete; and the *tout ensemble* forms a splendid contrast to the conventional banqueting scenes on the stage.

Having a splendid house, a spacious stage, all necessary scenic requirements, and an enthusiastic audience, the "American Academy of Music" of Philadelphia next requires a good opera troupe, and this they also have, under the supervision of the "indefatigable Max," as the newspaper critics invariably call MAREZEK. The company comprises names familiar to Boston opera-goers. BRIGNOLI is the tenor, AMODIO the baritone, COLETTI the basso, and ALDINI the contralto, though I understand the place of the latter has been taken by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. The prima donna is Mme. GAZZANIGA, and the seconda Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS.

Mme. Gazzaniga, as a stranger, and the bright particular star of this company, demands the first notice. I witnessed her performance in two operas—*Norma* and *Traviata*, and as it was in the latter

she achieved her greatest triumphs, it is to her wonderful rendition of the role of Violetta that I would chiefly confine my remarks.

Mme. Gazzaniga is not handsome; her voice is not at all remarkable for either compass or tone; her execution is very mediocre, and yet withal she is a lyric vocalist, that can arouse into a wild enthusiasm the most blasé of opera habitués. In the *Traviata*, an opera generally considered as one of the weakest Verdi has ever written, she achieves triumphs, that are due more to the singer than the composer. Verdi merely gives the foundation, upon which Gazzaniga builds a glorious operatic fabric.

When she first appears upon the stage, it is as Violetta, the fashionable mistress of a brilliant establishment, in all the bloom of youth, and revelling in the delights of gay society. It is true we all know that her assumed happiness is but a mask to hide her sorrows; but for the moment, she appears to have forgotten them herself, and carols the drinking song with all the spirit of bacchanalian glee. This is the "point" of the first act, the remainder of the music being such as to tax a singer's powers of vocal execution, rather than her dramatic ability, and it is only in the latter that Gazzaniga excels. In the second act, Violetta is visited by old Germont, who implores her to forsake his son. In this fine scene, Gazzaniga sings and acts wonderfully, making more out of the comparatively insignificant music, than one would suppose possible. It is truly thrilling, the intense passion she throws into her performance, as she repeats the words:

"Morro! La mia memoria
Non fia ch'ei maledica,
Se le mie pene orribili
Vo sia che almen gli dica.
Conosca il sacrificio
Ch'io consumai d'amor
Che sarà son fin l'oltimo
Sospiro del mio cor."

But it is in the last act that Gazzaniga excites the greatest *furor*. Throughout the whole of this portion of the opera, where Violetta is struggling with consumption, the sympathies of the audience are excited to a degree that is almost painful. The short cough, the pale cheek, and the symptoms of bodily pain, are heightened by the expression of mental anguish, which in the aria: *Addio del passato*, finds vent in agonized cries, that, though written in the music, produced, as sung by Gazzaniga, an effect entirely different from that which would be given to it by any other singer. And then, after Violetta is rejoined and forgiven by her lover, and about to be happy in his love, she is suddenly struck by the thought that she must die—that fell thought that "hangs like a slimy snail on the rich rose of love"—and in a wail of anguish her breaking heart pours forth its misery—then it is that Gazzaniga throws an intensity of passion into her performance that is almost awful. I have never heard anything on the stage to surpass it, and can never again think of *La Traviata* without Gazzaniga's agonized—

"Gran Dio! morir si giovane,"

ringing in my ears.

A cold, conscientious critic might find fault with this prima donna's lack of vocal cultivation. She cannot sing a chromatic scale with clearness, and is deficient in many of the graces of vocalization. But then her every tone is replete with deep feeling, and when required, she can portray with thrilling effect the most intense passion. In this she surpasses any singer I have ever heard, not excepting Grisi herself, though the latter is of course a much more finished artist in other respects.

So much for Gazzaniga. She appears in New York next month, and will probably shortly visit Boston, where you can judge her for yourself.

Miss RICHINGS, the seconda donna, whom I heard sing the role of Adalgisa in *Norma*, has recently debuted on the lyric stage. Though favorably

known as a vocalist and actress, I believe her Adalgisa is her first essay as a singer in Italian Opera, and as far as I can judge, she promises well. Her voice is clear, and tolerably well cultivated, but cold and unsympathetic. She appears to be a great favorite with the Philadelphians, and in a more prominent role her dramatic as well as vocal abilities will appear to better advantage. The Adalgisa is a stupid character at the best—a passive nonentity, who can in her action express no emotion beyond an occasional lachrymose demonstration, and in whom both passion and gayety are out of place. Miss Richings will shortly appear as Amina in the *Sonnambula*.

That was a shocking accident that occurred the other night at the Philadelphia Opera House, just before the curtain rose on the first act of *Linda*. One of the chorus women, the Signora LOCATELLA, was suddenly taken ill of disease of the heart, and in a few moments expired. She was a large woman, always took a prominent position among the chorus singers, and her familiar form was an inevitable fraction, and no small one either, of every opera troupe we have had for years. Poor woman! it is all over with her now, and if it do no good, it may do no harm, to let out a bit of green-room gossip, and tell that some time ago she had a quarrel with another lady of the chorus, who, in a fit of spleen, applied to her the epithet, "cow." The name was immediately taken up by her associates, and as "the cow" was she known in the green-room until the night of her death. This event did not, however, stop the performance. The opera, after a short delay, was played with unusual success, but few of the audience being aware that, directly behind the gay scene, lay the dead body of the unfortunate opera singer. She had for the last time taken her place in the stiff row of awkward chorus women—for the last time made those angular gestures so suggestive of the pump-handle—for the last time had tripped forward in peasant costume to welcome the young Amina—for the last time had sailed majestically in the train of the guilty Lucrezia—for the last time had shuffled about the stage in the clumsy robes of the nuns in *Trovatore*, and for the last time had wandered in a huge blue cloak through the masquerade scene of *Ernani*. Her troubles and her triumphs were now forever past; she had trodden the boards for the last time.

Among the musical celebrities of Philadelphia, is the pianist, Mr. GEORGE F. BENKERT, whom I had the pleasure of hearing. He performed several of his own compositions, among them a quaint "Marche Chinois" and a highly colored fantasia, suggested by the fourth act of King Lear. Mr. Benkert is quite a young man, but has composed extensively, over thirty of his piano pieces having been published in Europe. At present he devotes himself chiefly to orchestral works, of which he has whole mountains of manuscript scores. For the past five years he has been pursuing his musical studies in Germany, under LINDBAINTNER, of whom he has written a biographical article that appeared in the last number of *Fitzgerald's City Item*. Mr. Benkert has given several concerts in his native city with success, and now conducts one of the best musical societies that Philadelphia can boast. He has taken up his permanent residence in the Quaker City, in which he was born and brought up, and where his family reside.

My time in Philadelphia was limited, and consequently I was unable to attend an organ exhibition, advertised to take place in one of the city churches, at which Mr. Benkert and a number of other organists were to perform. Philadelphia can boast some very superior organists, and among its church musicians whose names are familiar all over the country, are HOMMANN, CROSS, B. CARR, DARLEY, EMERICK, STANBRIDGE, and others. TROVATOR.

SALEM, MASS., MARCH 26.—We look to your Journal, Mr. Editor, for musical news from all parts of the world, and doubtless it will please many of your readers to hear from the good old city of Salem, as we are by no means the hindmost in musical matters. Although we send a large delegation to attend every good concert which you announce in Boston, we are not without such entertainments occasionally at home. We have not heard from the "Salem Academy of Music" nor from the "Choral Society" during the past winter, although the previous season the latter society brought out Mozart's Twelfth Mass and Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," under the able conductorship of Mr. M. FENOLLOSA, a gentleman of thorough knowledge and judgment, whose labors have done much to improve the taste and ear of our community. He has now under his charge a private class of some thirty or more good voices, whose exquisite rendering of many classical selections reflects the highest credit upon Mr. F. We are much indebted to the "Young Mens' Union," who have treated us to some good lectures and concerts during the past winter, the gem of which was an evening's entertainment from the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club." It was a delightful performance, and gave extreme pleasure to the large audience. The last of the series took place on Monday evening, the 23d inst., when a very attractive programme was presented, including the names of Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mr. B. J. LANG, &c. The lady sang even better than ever before, and received hearty applause from all parts of the house. Every piece she sang was encored, and some pieces were reëncored. Mr. Lang fairly surprised the audience; he has made a remarkable improvement within a short time, which we in a great measure attribute to his attention to the Thalberg concerts. His mind's eye and ear have been wide open to the performance of that great artist, and we could not but admire how prominent he kept his subject throughout the performance of his highly embroidered selections. He is our townsman, and we feel truly proud of him.

Speaking of THALBERG, on his first visit to Boston, he gave us an evening, and indeed it was such an evening as your humble servant never expected to enjoy in Salem. We shall go to Boston to every performance that he announces, and we shall go everywhere we can to hear such wonderful performances. Our churches cannot boast of very superior choirs, but we shall review them at another time. We have two Brass Bands, who produce some fine music, for the enjoyment of those who are fond of the *fortissimo* of such instruments—it sounds better to us in the distance. CARL HAUSE is very popular here. He is very industrious and attentive to his profession. His many pupils speak of him as being a most obliging, patient and conscientious teacher, adding this to his fame as a performer of the first school. After his day's labor, he may retire to bed with a happy heart. His pupils are among the best families here, and some of them have become excellent performers under his careful tuition. The "Old Folks," from Chelsea, gave us a concert this week, and considering that the profits went to the benefit of one of our benevolent institutions, we shall not speak a word against them. PRESTO.

CINCINNATI, O., MARCH 27.—You see by the following programme, that not only your enumeration of our public musical attractions, found in the Journal a few weeks ago, is just, but that we really have promise of a high musical taste in our city, such as shall penetrate the social life:

FIRST SOIREE OF THE PHILHARMONIC QUARTET CLUB.

PART I.

- 1—Overture Don Giovanni.
- 2—Quartet by Mozart No. 2.
- 3—A. Ligia. Haydn, op. 54. Theme from "The Creation."
- 4—Solo for the Violin. De Clercq.

PART II.

- 1—Overture Zampa.
- 2—Beethoven's Quartet No. 1, Adagio.
- 3—Andante with Variations.
(God save Francis, the Emperor.)
- 4—Sounds from Home.
De Clercq, 1st Violin; Weber, 2d Violin; Biesing, Viola; Juukerman, Violoncello.

This private concert was attended by a company of some seventy or eighty persons, who sat in breathless enjoyment throughout all the pieces. Our artists here are very fine, equal to anything perhaps you have in Boston; which is no marvel, when you remember that nearly a half of Cincinnati is a completely German city; the German manners, customs and speech prevailing exclusively. Prof. CLERCQ of New York, has taken up his residence in this city, and has given a new impulse to music. He is a very superior violinist, and is fresh from the tuition of F. Dœwit, (David?) of Leipsic. Our friend WILLIS, of the *Musical World*, was present on this occasion, and expressed his admiration.

We have here an admirable St. Cæcilia-Verein, which has given us the *Paulus*, and next week is to give us Romberg's music of Schiller's "Bell," and the 42d Psalm of Mendelssohn. Our Philharmonic Society is busy also in rehearsal of Beethoven's beautiful 2d Symphony, and some of the music of the *Sommernachtsraum* for their fourth Subscription Concert. Let Boston look to her laurels. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1857.

"Fidelio" at the Boston Theatre.

We had both rejoicings and misgivings when we saw Beethoven's only opera—a work which has taken its place by the side of *Don Giovanni* as one of the two greatest lyric dramas yet presented to the world—suddenly announced for performance at the Boston Theatre, on Wednesday night. We had never heard the opera, but from what we had heard and read about it, from a profound interest and faith in the genius of BEETHOVEN, and from such imperfect glimpses of its glories as we could get from frequent study of the music in a mere piano and vocal score, we were prepared to welcome any opportunity of hearing it and seeing it upon the stage as a most particular God-send. Hence the rejoicings—not unmingled with thanks to the management of Mr. Thalberg, to whose enterprise we owe this opportunity. But then were these misgivings: *Fidelio*, as the highest specimen of purely German opera, is also the most difficult of operas, and needs to be exceedingly well done to speak for what it really is. Will this first, almost extempore attempt, by an indifferent German Company from New York, with almost no rehearsal here, the chorus of prisoners supplied by our "Orpheus" Club, who, good singers as they are, were never in their lives upon the stage, with no female chorus at all, and an orchestra essaying almost at first sight music of the greatest difficulty—will it exert a desirable influence upon the unformed taste of our semi-musical public? Will it help to prepare the way for a gracious and appreciative reception of German Opera, of which much has been said, but of which no specimen was ever yet produced in Boston?

Since the performance our rejoicings and misgivings both remain with equal force. It was in truth, considered as a whole, a very bad perform-

ance of the very best of music. To us, and to a few like us, who have made some study of the music, it was a rare privilege to hear the music and the drama put together audibly and bodily for once, though the performance had been twice as bad. We found out what *Fidelio* was, and shall know how to receive it and appreciate it, unconfused by novelty, when the time shall come for hearing it presented as it should be.

But with the mass of the audience the case was different. Coming to it with no musical preparation, and even with a contrary bias in favor of their familiar, darling Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini; accustomed too, in every case, to think more of the singer than the music, what notion did they, could they get of German Opera, and of *Fidelio* especially, curtailed as it was, not half rehearsed, sung out of tune by mostly coarse or ineffectual voices, and without even the usual assistance of a libretto? Surely the Italians had their triumph—they relished the performance marvellously well! Surely there is no shaking off a fear that German opera has gained but little foothold in the musical love of Boston, by this rash experiment; that its establishment among our musical institutions or habits is only the more postponed.

And yet we do not lose faith or hope. With some of that same hope which in Beethoven's drama lights the heroine and the victim on through glooms and disappointment to the triumph of the good and true, we have but to remember how in all our experiences of Art, we have had to grope our way through most imperfect, miserable first representations, and almost perversions, to at last a clear presentment of the thing. So we came to the great Symphonies, now so generally loved; so to *Don Juan*, which suffered worse the first times given here than did *Fidelio*; so to nearly all great compositions. Attention to the roughest, most bewildering rehearsal, helps one immensely to appreciate a work in clear performance. The work of understanding great things, and learning to enjoy and feel them perfectly, is, like every other work of value, one beset with difficulties, doubts and disappointments. We are thankful to begin with seeing through a glass darkly, so we only may begin, and afterwards keep on. But it is useless to expect an opera audience to listen with this spirit, and we have no reproaches for any one who found himself disappointed Wednesday night.

But do not let us give too dark an impression of that experiment. We shall have to give credit, when we come to details, for good intentions generally, and in some parts felicitous achievement. Mme. JOHANNSEN is certainly in many respects an excellent artist, Mr. BERGMANN an excellent conductor, and the acting was generally good. The mistake was the not making a more serious business of introducing Beethoven's great work, or any German opera, in Boston. Instead of a hasty, slovenly preparation for one night, it should have been thoroughly prepared and studied for a run of several nights, with great care to present it whole and perfect in its every part; taking plenty of time for that, and also to prepare the public. This would have resulted very differently, as the marked appreciation of many points of the opera, even as it was, assured us.

In the absence of librettos, the history and plot

of the opera were thus briefly sketched upon the bills:

Beethoven's Opera, "Fidelio," was produced in November, 1805, at the Imperial House at Vienna, under the title of "Leonora." In 1814, it was revised throughout, and put upon the stage, under its present title; since which time, no work has been a greater favorite upon the German stage. The plot is simple: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, and intimate friend of the Prime Minister, has, in some manner fallen into the power of his arch enemy, Pizarro, Governor of one of the castles of the kingdom, used as a prison, who has thrust him into one of the lowest dungeons, and is reducing his portion of bread and water daily, to destroy him with all the horrors of slow starvation. Leonora, the wife of Florestan, seeking her husband in all directions, at length has her suspicions aroused that he is in this prison, assumes male attire, and enters the service of Rocco, the head jailor.

In the opening scene, we have some by-play between Jacquino, another servant, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, in which the girl breaks off her engagement of marriage with Jacquino, in favor of the elegant and cultivated Fidelio. The latter comes in from the city with chains purchased for Rocco, and with letters for Pizarro. Marcellina announces her desire to marry Fidelio; old Rocco consents and blesses the union. Pizarro enters; Rocco requests him to appoint the future son-in-law his assistant, which is granted. Among the letters is one sent by a friend to the Governor, informing him that the Minister is secretly on his way to examine the prison and that he must prepare to meet him that day. Pizarro sees that his only means of escape is in the death of the prisoner, and tempts Rocco to murder him. He refuses utterly. He then orders him to clear out an old cistern in the dungeon for a grave, and will commit the deed himself. After he retires, Fidelio persuades Rocco to allow the prisoners to come out of their dungeons into the court of the castle to inhale the fresh air, and enjoy the sunshine. They appear and she scrutinizes their faces, in hope of finding Florestan, in vain. Pizarro appearing again, is enraged to find the prisoners out of their cells, and Rocco excuses it as a custom upon the King's birthday, and reminds him that one is dying in the deep vaults beneath the castle.

In Act Second, we follow Rocco and his new assistant into the vaults, whither they come to dig the grave. Florestan, chained to his hard couch, is seen lying in the dim obscurity of the dungeon. The grave is dug; Fidelio, trying in vain to catch a sight of the prisoner's features. She persuades Rocco to give the dying man the piece of bread and the pitcher of water they have brought with them for their refreshment. When all is ready, Pizarro is called. In the first act, the Governor has ordered a watch in the tower of the castle, to give a signal upon a trumpet, the moment the Minister appears. Now the monster approaches the prisoner, ordering Fidelio to retire. She has at length seen the features of her husband, and in an agony of suspense, hides herself behind a neighboring pillar. Ordering Florestan to be loosed from his confinement, he addresses him in an aria expressive of hate, satiated vengeance, and infernal triumph—an aria, in the mouth of a competent singer, and before an audience whose knowledge of the German language enables them to feel its truthfulness, which is a masterpiece of unbridled rage and passion. He raises his dagger, and Fidelio rushes between them. "Slay first his wife!" she cries. Throwing her violently aside he raises the weapon, but she again springs before him and points a pistol to his breast. At this instant the trumpet comes faintly sounding down from the ramparts, and Florestan is saved. Pizarro baffled retires, and leaves the husband and wife to the joy, too great for words, which can only find vent in the sweetest sounds of music.

Here was a subject after Beethoven's own heart. No dramatic story could better embody the sentiment that burns in all his music. The struggle of the soul with destiny, of light with

darkness; Joy ("Choral Symphony"), Freedom, Truth, Humanity, bright ideals, natural rights and objects of the soul, postponed by human wrong and error; darkness, confinement and long suffering for the present, but glorious delivery at last by heavenly, all-conquering, human Love. The deliverance of the prisoner, made so because he "dared to utter Truth," through the high faith and persevering heroism of a devoted wife! The moral sublimity of this inspired him to his task. The fortune of his effort was alike characteristic. The first production was a failure. Vienna then, (in 1805), was occupied by the French army; the theatres were deserted; an audience of unmusical French soldiers, with but a sprinkling of friends of the true sort, found it tedious. He had written more for Art, than for the convenience of singers, and these important personages murmured at the difficulty of the music; he had enemies besides; the German libretto, adapted by Sonnleithner from an earlier one in French, was not altogether well managed; it was badly divided in three acts; the composer had not studied popular effect sufficiently, and was persuaded into endless bother of altering and re-altering. Peace restored in 1814, it was again brought out in Vienna, wisely compressed into two acts, and with many parts omitted or re-written; and in this form we have it now.

Beethoven wrote for his opera four overtures. The first did not satisfy. The third, known in our concerts as the "Leonora" overture, in C, is a different treatment of ideas found in No. 2. This is by far the finest of the four, as well as by far the fittest introduction to the opera, since it is a resumé of its leading themes and incidents, and conceived in the lofty tone and spirit of the whole. Beethoven much preferred the overture in C; but many thought it too long and too great a work for the commencement, and hence he substituted the lighter and brighter overture in E, now commonly played before *Fidelio*. This borrows nothing from the opera itself; has on the contrary a lively and *Don Juan*-like expression, and only connects itself as a natural prelude to the lighter and half-comic situations with which the play commences. There is only this advantage about it, that it conforms to the remarkable *crescendo* of the entire music, beginning with the lightest and least exciting, and growing more and more intensely tragical and grand until the climax where the prisoner is saved. The composition consists of sixteen numbers.

No. 1 is a gay and charming, half-comically serious duet, (in A), between Marcellina and Jacquino, who presses her to name the happy day; but she, poor simpleton, is all in love with the supposed youth Fidelio. The music is Mozartish, clear and sparkling. Knocks at the door keep interrupting the luckless lover just as he thinks he is getting on so famously in his suit. Mme. BERKELE makes a pretty little Marcellina; her voice is flexible and bright, and runs glibly through her high and often florid role; but it is hard, thin, unsympathetic, and very often out of tune. Herr NEUMANN acted and sang respectably.

No. 2, in C minor, commencing Andante, is a sentimental Aria by Marcellina, in which she sighs and dreams of union with Fidelio, and then as the richly sombre instrumentation, "growing to a point," dashes down a scale of triplets and quickens to a livelier movement, she gives utter-

ance to the inspirations of hope. Mozartish still, beautifully and truly so, except in the Beethoven climax and change just mentioned.

No. 3 is unmistakably Beethoven, a few bars of his mystical and deeply shaded introduction leading into the Quartet in G, (Andante): *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, between Marcellina, Leonora, Jacquino and Rocco. This Canon is so exquisite, the characters so set apart in their answering and imitative phrases, (Marcellina longing and hoping for Fidelio; Leonora painfully conscious of it, yet countenancing the illusion, intent on her great purpose and its dangers; Rocco, too, noticing it and liking the idea well; Jacquino, his "hair on end" at sight of his poor prospects), that it was greatly relished and encored, in spite of an execrable rendering, the voices being harsh and out of tune; even Mme. JOHANNSEN sang with so rough an edge that, had we heard her then for the first time, we should have thought her a tenth-rate singer. She looked and acted the part of Fidelio charmingly throughout, and the inflections of her voice in spoken dialogue, (with which the music alternates in this as other German operas), were beautiful and natural.

No. 4. Rocco, (Herr OEHREIN), a person stout enough for a jailor, with a bass voice of uncertain truth, but a fair singer), sings a song in praise of money;—the least important number in a musical point of view, though it might pay the best.

The music waxes in warmth and inspiration, and in richness of ideas, in No. 5, a Trio, full of life and movement, in which Rocco applauds Fidelio's courageous determination to enter the prison service, tells him (her) he will succeed by perseverance, that the heart gets hardened by familiarity with horrors; she trusts in God and her heart's pure purpose; Marcellina hints that love, too, is a motive worth consideration.

Nos. 6 and 7. A quick march heralds the entrance of Pizarro, who sings an Aria, (D minor), with chorus, a terrific outburst of vengeful rage and hatred, in which he gloats with fiendish delight upon the thought that he shall soon have the heart's blood of Florestan, his fallen enemy and prisoner. The orchestra is lashed into a tempest, and we have the Beethoven energy under its most fearful aspect. The effect is marvellously enhanced, where, as the song thunders along in D major, a low whispered chorus of the guards in B flat comes in: "He talks of death, &c." But of the chorus not a note was uttered on our stage; the guards were dumb show. Herr WEINLICH has an energetic action, and a strong, hard, telling kind of basso, better suited to such declamatory music than to most other kinds; yet his tones were dry and rattling, and his rage somewhat too blustering. Nor was he free from the prevailing distemper with regard to pitch.

No. 8. Duet of basses, in which Pizarro proposes to Rocco to make way with the prisoner, but, he refusing, declares his intention to do the dark deed himself; so his revenge will taste the sweeter; but Rocco must prepare a grave by the old cistern in the cell. The contrasted feelings of the two men are powerfully and wonderfully depicted in the music, which, with Beethoven's dark and mysterious modulations, is singularly suggestive and exciting.

No. 9 is the great recitative and Aria of Leonora, who has overheard the plot: *Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?* (Monster! to what deed art thou hastening?) It is a piece constructed like the scena in the *Freyschütz*: first a recitative, in which the orchestra, (Allegro agitato), depicts her horror and alarm at the thought of his cruel "tiger sense," but yielding to the rainbow of hope which rises in her mind at the thought that she may save her husband; then a heavenly Adagio, (in E), with prelude and accompaniment of mellow horn and bassoon tones: "Come Hope, let not the last star of the weary pale; however distant the goal, Love will reach it," &c.; then an Allegro of immense fire and energy: "I follow the inward impulse!" with rapid running accompaniments of horns and reeds in full chords, exceedingly effective and inspiring when well done, but nearly spoiled by

the orchestra that night. Mme. JOHANNSEN, if in no sense a *great* singer, is one who has the true feeling of such music, and who rises with the occasion. With the wonderful dramatic and musical climax of Beethoven's opera, her power grew, and she sang this scena, though not in perfect voice, nor always in perfect tune, with fine effect. For orchestra and singer it is the most difficult, as well as perhaps the grandest scena of the kind in any opera.

No. 10. Finale of the first act, Chorus of the prisoners, who are let out to greet the light. A wonderfully beautiful piece of music, pervaded by an orchestral figure which indicates the light and buoyant sense of "breathing the free air;" the strain alternates with dark allusions to the prison cells; it is full of answering phrases of the voices; and one, a tenor, sings a strain of gratitude and trust in God; then all unite again in a thrilling climax upon the word *Freiheit*, (freedom)! Then come whispered cautions: we are watched; then voice after voice again, as at first, fall into the original strain: "O what delight, in the free air, &c." As the prisoners withdraw, there is a dialogue between Fidelio and Rocco. Her desire to go down into the cells with him is granted. This in spoken dialogue, followed by recitative; then in an *Allegro molto* movement he informs her of their first task, to dig that grave, alludes to the poor half-starved prisoner, &c. She hopes to see her husband, and so does not shrink. Then the duet assumes a flowing Andante movement in six-eight rhythm, beautiful and strange, in which the ear is charmed, but your soul shudders: "We must straight to work." "I follow, were it to my death," &c. Then Marcellina and Jacquino rush in and give the alarm: Pizarro comes in a great rage that the prisoners are out. The jailor's excuses are quite touching: "The coming in of Spring..... the cheerful warm sunlight.....and then (a touch of patriotism) it is the king's *Namens-fest*." The poor prisoners are ordered back, and their exquisitely pathetic chorus: "Farewell, thou warm sunlight," with expressive orchestral accompaniment, and with the quintet of principal characters, (each characteristic: Marcellina and Jacquino commiserating, Fidelio full of his purpose, Pizarro urging on the jailor, the latter lamenting his cruel duty), brings the act to a grand musical and dramatic conclusion. Nothing could be finer than this Finale, which is thoroughly original and Beethovenesque; but our "Orpheus" friends, who had never been upon a stage, nor sung with orchestra before, and who had had but one rehearsal, made but sorry work of many parts of it.

Between the acts we would gladly have heard the *Leonora* overture, (No. 3) which is quite often given in this way abroad; but there was no lack of instrumental prelude without it. The second act is preceded by a very slow, dark, mysterious and sublime orchestral introduction, shadowing forth the gloom and silence of the dungeon in which Florestan is pining, and on which the curtain rises. But we have left ourselves no room to go through the opera at this rate, and must postpone the remainder.

We can only add that the second Act, every moment of which is of intensest interest, musical and dramatic, was much less poorly rendered than the first, and did produce a deep impression; that Herr BEUTLER, although his tenor is weak, and required transposition, sang the touching soliloquy of Florestan with much true expression; that the grave-digging scene was finely done, and that Mme. JOHANNSEN revealed high lyric power and feeling throughout the scene, particularly in the startling climax: "Kill first his wife!" It was a great pity to omit the duet of recognition between wife and husband: *O namenlose Freude*, and the magnificent choral Finale, in which the stage should be flooded with people, and which Beethoven has wrought up in the spirit of the Choral Symphony, even borrowing here as there a verse from Schiller's Hymn to Joy: that one, namely, which begins: "Who a lovely wife holds dear, mingle in our Jubilee," and in which Beethoven's peculiar longings for the joys of domesticity found utterance as earnestly as his great

life ideals, of Freedom, Joy and Harmony!—Another time we hope to have *Fidelio* whole and thoroughly rehearsed.

CONCERTS.

Great things, pretty things and poor things have so jostled each other in this crowded musical week of Boston, that there has been scarcely time for hearing and digesting, to say nothing of reporting. But verily it is a rich week which gives us in its seven days the *Requiem* of Mozart, Beethoven's *Fidelio* for the first time, Beethoven's fourth Symphony, parts of his C minor and one of Mozart's Symphonies, Beethoven's B flat Trio (THALBERG at the piano), the overtures to *Oberon* and *Tannhäuser*, and the hosts of smaller things which we shall mention, if memory serve us. The fourth Symphony and *Tannhäuser* overture were played at the Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION. Nearly all the rest has revolved ostensibly or really about the THALBERG centre.

And first (in order of memory) the delightful Soirée at Chickering's on Saturday evening, when we enjoyed Thalberg more than at any time before or since, and when he played this extra choice selection:

- 1—Trio. (B flat).....Beethoven
- Mr. Thalberg, Carl Bergmann, Theodore Thomas.
- 2—Fantasia, "The Huguenots".....Thalberg
- 3—a Ave Maria—b. Serenade.....Schubert
- 4—Marche Funèbre.....Chopin
- 5—Etude. (Repeated Notes).....Thalberg
- 6—Adelide.....Beethoven
- 7—Airs Russes.....Thalberg

Thalberg played the Trio admirably, especially the Scherzo, which we never heard come out with such energy and clearness, such effectiveness in all its points. Mr. THOMAS is an excellent violinist, firm and true, and our old friend BERGMANN's violoncello it did one good to hear again. The *Huguenots* is the most grandiose and interesting of all Thalberg's fantasias, and we were more than ever astonished by the mass of pure tone which he rolled out in those *fortissimo* full chords of the religious theme, and his inimitable climaxes. Chopin's March was rather hurried; but the transcriptions from Schubert's and Beethoven's melodies sang themselves most exquisitely. Thalberg was evidently inspired that night by the new Chickering instrument, which combined such even purity and sympathetic quality of tone, with such power and brilliancy, and such perfection of touch, as made it a delight for him to play, as for his audience to hear.

He has also given two more Matinées; one on Friday, March 27, when he played his fantasias on *Don Giovanni*, *Semiramide* and *Lucrezia Borgia*; his *Etude* with repeated notes, and *Tarantella*, (two of his most delicate bits,) his Concert Waltzes; and on the Alexandre Organ the finale from *I Puritani*, which showed the instrument to better advantage than before.

Of the third Matinée, on Monday, this was the Scheme:

- 1—Fantasia. "Prayer of Moses".....Thalberg
- 2—Etude.....Thalberg
- 3—Bacchante.....Thalberg
- 4—Fantasia. "Airs Russes".....Thalberg
- 5—Songs without words.....Mendelssohn
- A. Volkslied. B. Frühlinglied.
- 6—The Last Rose of Summer.....Thalberg
- 7—Fantasia. "Masaniello".....Thalberg

Mozart's *Requiem*, sung for the second time by the HANDEL and HAYDN Chorus, with quartet of solo by Mrs. LONG, Mme. D'ANGRI, Mr. ARTHURSON and Herr WEINLICH, deepened its impression on a large audience Sunday evening. The German basso made sad work with *Tuba mirum*, but his voice told well in concerted pieces. A so-called "Sacred Concert" followed the *Requiem*, in which THALBERG played his *Huguenots*, Prayer from *Moïse*, his Andante, and his *Marcia Funèbre*, which we thought insignificant. JOHANNSEN sang the old church air: *Pietà, Signore*, by Stradella, admirably; D'ANGRI the *Ah! mon fils* in very perfect style, almost atoning for her vile *R-r-r-ataplans*; and the *Hallelujah* Chorus closed the whole.

Tuesday evening Thalberg gave a "grand Festival Concert," with an orchestra, led by BERGMANN. The overture to *Oberon*, first movement of Beethoven's C minor Concerto, extracts from two Symphonies, five or six fantasias by Thalberg, five or six pieces by Mme. D'Angri, made a very rich, but overloaded programme, which was increased by the senseless "encore swindle" to some seventeen in all. It was an enthusiastic audience.

During the week, also, the GERMAN TRIO have given their sixth and last Concert, and the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY a private Concert, at

which copious selections from Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Haydn's "Passion" were sung, and which we regretted to lose.

☞ This No. 1 of Volume XI. commences the sixth year of our Journal. We had hoped to make it a specimen number, as to variety of contents, &c, by which its future might be judged. But, besides the pressure of *clerkly* added to editorial cares, *Fidelio* has come upon us, at an unlucky time for us, and quite pre-occupied our columns to the exclusion of news domestic and foreign, reviews, discussions of church and school music, and even advertisements. The number therefore is no specimen, and but an accident. We shall try again.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of C. M. von Weber.

By Dr. HERMANN ZOPFF, of Berlin.

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In this regard unquestionably WEBER and MENDELSSOHN, those two leading representatives of musical Romanticism, have much in common, in spite of the great difference in outward manifestation, and especially in the outward relations amid which they wrought.

C. M. VON WEBER, so far as Art was concerned, spent his youth in rather a wild and irregular manner, as his youthful compositions clearly show. Not until he studied, in company with MEYERBEER, under the Abbé VÖGLER, was there more intelligence and clearness in his efforts, and here he received at least a genuine impulse in regard to contrapuntal studies.

It is well known that Meyerbeer learned here, so to speak, as much again as Weber, in whom the consequences of a, not to be sure careless, but yet not well regulated education were very clearly manifested in his want of perseverance. In short he was, in this respect, to the regret of Vogler, totally outstripped by the tough pertinacity of Meyerbeer, and never could attain to the same eminent dexterity in harmony and polyphonic composition.*

* For instance, the attempt at fugue in the overture to *Euryanthe*, which is splendid in invention, but lame in execution.

Weber was, like Mendelssohn, of a feeble constitution, sickly, sensitive, and irritable. The consequence was mistrust towards himself and others, so that, much as his otherwise large and noble character strove to suppress it, he was not entirely free from envy.

But being on the other hand, as we have said, full of a deep, noble and essentially true German feeling, he exhibited this latter very early in the urgent way in which he repeatedly conjured Meyerbeer—who in his first period inclined to the Italian taste and manner—and, when he met him in Dresden on his return from Italy, besought him with tears in his eyes to become German again in his compositions, and to remain so, and no longer deny his nationality—not considering at all, that he was here appealing more to Oriental than to German blood. But what was most remarkable about it, some peculiar fatality, or chain of harsh experiences, led this same glowing advocate of the pure German, this same Weber, in his later years, to lean to the Italian music more than any other native German composer.

I but allude in passing to the real triumph which Weber celebrated with his *Freyschütz*, as a genuine German national opera, which he was obliged to conduct at Berlin, (where he had become the king of Prussia's kapellmeister,) fifty times within one year, and by the publication of which the house of Schlesinger in Berlin acquired the name of "the *Freyschütz* house." Various circumstances, to be sure, conspired to produce this most remarkable success. Besides his good fortune in a text precisely suited to his nature, which gave him an opportunity to provide a lasting place for his favorite *people's melodies*, collected in Bohemia and Hungary, there was the excitement of the times, the period of the war of liberation; there was the awakening of the Prussian, the German people, to a livelier national feeling than has been shown since; these greeted this romantic opera as their own possession, all the more gladly, since a people inspired with the thought of self-emancipation, and consciously living in a heroic period, always inclines to the romantic.

In short, Romanticism had acquired a various foothold in this opera; it even went so far, not reckoning some downright absurdities, as to lift up and adorn all the more the purely popular and purely natural element. But Weber, at the same time engaged in the composition of Körner's Songs of Freedom, felt here in his element, and grew more and more at home in it; he revelled in it, like every tender nature, unconcerned about the causes of the success in this one case.

All the more bitterly therefore was he soon undeceived and taught to recognize that he had

been in a great measure led and borne along by circumstances, instead of (what is indispensable to a great artist) standing above them and controlling them. In a distinguished Berlin circle, —I am not sure whether it was at Mendelssohn's or at Fouqué's,—he made the acquaintance of the authoress, Helmine von Chezy, who read there in his presence her opera poem, "*Euryanthe*." No spark could kindle up more quickly than this poem in the mind of Weber, so susceptible to all that was noble and ethereal. Those tender, ethereal, womanly rhymes, with their almond bloom, their chivalrous romance, their mystical demonic element, their splendid and darkly brooding intrigue! What a rich field for description, for revelling in all the shades of sentiment, for melting melodies and awe-inspiring harmonies!

There moved at that time in those circles a small reviewer, (*Refendarius*), in whom we meet soon after one of the sharpest musical heads, now world-famous as a theorist,* who shook his head and prophesied no good result from an opera text so full of faults, and especially upon the ground that the people's first enthusiasm had passed, and that this middle age chivalrous romance was already too remote from all our sympathies, to take a lasting hold on many minds. But Weber listened to him with distrust; he was outvoted by Fouqué and Tieck, and finally ignored by all. In short *Euryanthe* was swallowed whole in this *concio in pleno*. Weber, naturally at the head, heard and saw nothing. They saw the lameness and the want of action, saw the obscurity and the unsatisfactoriness of the catastrophe, saw above all that a successful lyric poetess was far from being equal to a drama. At the first representation in Vienna, these defects obscured the beauties of Weber's music. The Viennese, who in connection with the failure of important operas, such as the *Idomeneo* of Mozart, his *Don Juan*, and furthermore the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, had earned a proverbial fame, not only let the *Euryanthe* fall completely through, in spite of the most carefully prepared performance, in which the first and most distinguished singers did their utmost to produce it in a worthy and successful manner, but the popular wit of the Viennese took compassion only too soon on the fatal title, *Euryanthe*, and changed it into *Ennuyante*. Indeed, when Weber made the trial of a second performance at Berlin, this witicism pursued him there on wings, like a fate, in spite of the then extremely slow and difficult communication. Besides, the *Euryanthe*, at its first production in Vienna, was half as long again as in its present dress; for Mme. Von Chezy in her lyrical effusion could not find an end; and

* The celebrated Professor, Dr. A. B. Marx.

so it happened that the greatest beauties of the composition were overlooked and found fatiguing by the superficial pleasure-seeking public of Vienna, who had expected a second *Freyschütz*, only with even more, if possible, of people's music. Criticism chimed prudently in, and even among learned musicians this noble work found small response. Even Beethoven himself, at least at first, pronounced a rather hard judgment on it, although in the justest manner. He missed decision, firm carrying through of characters, found fault with the composer's revelling in soft and sweetish melodies, and his ever ready "back doors," as he called those transitions with the so-called *superfluous sixth** chord, which had become one of Weber's hobbies, and characterized his overtures as *potpourris* and epilogues, faulty in as much as they might serve for postface better than for preface.

[To be continued.]

Weber's "Oberon" in Paris.

Translated from Le Ménestrel.

Till very lately the Carvalho management had proved its skill and success—two excellent elements, no doubt, for carrying on a theatre. To day it has a new claim on us, and has acquired a right to the gratitude of the musical world and of true artists. Its revelation of *Oberon* will be accounted as a real mark of honor for it. *Oberon*, that last chef-d'œuvre of Weber, was known to the public of Paris only by a few fragments executed at concerts, and by the overture, a majestic preface, stamped with that fantastic poetry of which Weber's genius seemed to have concentrated the essence. A few musicians alone were initiated in the treasures of the score, and hoarded them up in their souls. We are speaking of the musicians of Paris, for London has enjoyed the good fortune of hearing the entire work by the light of the float. London had the first fruits of *Oberon*—a melancholy piece of good fortune, alas! since it was, also, Carl Maria's dying strain of the swan.

We know under what circumstances the immortal author of *Der Freischütz* composed *Oberon*. After the success of *Preciosa*, the German managers, anxious to bring out the new works of this master, besieged his door to obtain operas. *Euryanthe* followed very closely the score of *Preciosa*. This time success was counteracted by the complete nullity of the poem, to which it was impossible to listen without being wearied. The libretto killed the music.

Weber, who had become the spoilt child of the public, felt this failure very sensitively. His melancholy character was affected by it, and, consequently, when asked to write a work for Covent Garden Theatre, London, he began by refusing. The perseverance of the envoy triumphed, however, over Weber's will.

"When shall you be ready?" inquired the envoy.

"In eighteen months," was the reply.

The ambassador cried out at this; the time named struck him as too long.

"I shall require three months to read the book of *Oberon*; three months more will be necessary for me to understand the plot of it, and I shall take twelve to write the score."

At the epoch named, he was ready.

On the 2d of March, 1826, he embarked for England, already suffering from the first attacks of a complaint of the chest, which was destined to allow him no repose till his death. On the 12th of April, an eager crowd were awaiting the rising of the curtain at Covent Garden Theatre.

Oberon obtained only a success d'estime, which has since increased.

This blow to his amour-propre proved fatal to

* For instance: (from B flat major to D major) with the chord: b flat, d, f, g sharp to a, d, f sharp, a; a very striking, softly sweet harmonic succession, of genuine romantic coloring.

Weber. From that day, the progress of the disease which was consuming him became fearful. On the 2d of June, before the performance of *Der Freischütz*, which he was directing, he wrote his wife a touching letter, in which he described his sad presentiments as to his approaching end.

Three days afterwards, he had ceased to live.

Oberon is the work of a master, and has never left the repertory of the German theatres. But almost everywhere, in Germany as in England, the execution is defective, as far as the vocal part of it is concerned. In assimilating this work to the French stage, the first and ruling idea was to present it to the public in a becoming and complete manner. Nothing could be more legitimate than such ambition, and the entire audience, ravished and enthusiastic, sanctioned the hardihood of the enterprise.

But before paying each person the tribute of praise due to him in this revelation of *Oberon*, we must mention the valuable services and laborious efforts of the conductor, M. Deloffre. This excellent artist, during his long sojourn in England, had frequent occasions of hearing and executing himself Weber's entire score, fragments of which he had previously interpreted under the direction of Habeneck. No one could, therefore, be better calculated for the task, with reference to an exact acquaintance with the traditions, the secret of the details, and the organization of the whole. Assisted by his recollections, M. Deloffre set to work, and has succeeded in accomplishing a formidable task—a triple collaboration; he was obliged to help the writers of the libretto in the appropriation of the words; to consult and compare the German score, the original English score, and that of the library of the Conservatoire, in order to become completely imbued with the intention of the author, and to remain true to the text, to the music, to the various nuances and varieties of expression: he undertook this work by degrees. When all these materials had been well combined, there was still another task to be accomplished: the vocal and instrumental study, the labor of the rehearsals, and the direction of the orchestra. Incessant toil for three months and indefatigable solicitude—such are the bonds by which M. Deloffre is associated with the fitting production of *Oberon*. The theatre will not forget, and the artistic world will recollect it.

The subject of *Oberon* is as naïve as that of *Die Zauberflöte*. What do we care about the king of the fairies separated from his wife by an incompatibility of temper, or about the puerile love of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, for the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad? Let us devote our attention to Weber's music, and enter on the consideration of a score which all Paris will wish to know. Let us listen to the splendid overture, commencing with the mysterious summons of Oberon's magic horn; a fine phrase of the violoncello comes to lend a coloring to this introduction; it terminates by a chord fortissimo, which seems to separate us abruptly from the domain of fancy, and bring us back to the actual world. The allegro is full of spirit and grace. A melodious song of the clarinet, a phrase of violins taken from the body of the score, a return to the principal subject, and, lastly, the vigorous peroration of the violins, complete this admirable overture—which was encored, a thing unheard of on the stage.

The introduction of the first act, (the chorus of fairies), corresponds in coloring with the commencement of the overture. It is the same instrumental design. Oberon's air, which follows, affects the form of a recitative, except a single phrase with a melodic turn. The vision of Rezia is formulated by a simple recital ad libitum, with a harp accompaniment. After this, there is a great scene between Huon, Oberon and the fairies, the finale of which is most energetic; it requires a real tenor de force—a singer who can give the high B flat from the chest to resist the masses which accompany him. Huon's air which succeeds this scene is of a chivalrous character. The first part of it appears to be transposed half a tone lower. The andante, restored in the original mode, calls to mind the phrase announced by the clarinet in the overture. There is a great

charm about this andante. The return of the subject is effected by a crescendo, and takes place in E flat, ending in a coda, quasi à l'italienne. As for the finale, it has been frequently executed at the Société des Concerts of the Conservatory. Nothing can be more original than the commencement of hautbois and bassoons. The duet between Rezia and Fatima is delightfully spirited, and the march of the "Guardians of the Harem," executed on the stage, in combination with the choruses and the vocalisés of Rezia, forms a most pungent whole.

A march which, in the original score, forms part of the finale of the work, is now introduced between the acts. Weber here gives us, fortissimo, the introduction of his overture, a curious repetition, which will escape more than one hearer. The chorus of the harem, which, in the second act is linked with this piece, is highly characteristic. Fatima's arietta strikes us as somewhat vague in the first part, but the termination is charming. It is followed by a quartet commencing as a duet in a very graceful manner, and ending in an ensemble borrowed from the principal motive of the overture. This quartet is succeeded by the invocation of Puck, a grand and admirable scene. The morceau of the tempest is simply a master-piece of genre, and may be compared to that in the overture of *Guillaume Tell* and the *Pastoral Symphony*. Another master-piece, in a more tender style, is Huon's prayer. This piece, accompanied only by the tenors and violoncellos divided, produces most strikingly the effect of an organ. What a model, and what an example for many modern composers, who seek their effects in the number of notes! We then have Rezia's scene and air, a worthy counterpart of the great air in *Der Freischütz*. The finale of the second act is well known to concert-goers, who will recollect the charming little duet between Puck and Oberon, with a violin solo, to which is linked the chorus of sea nymphs, a combination which imparts to the end of this act a most mysterious coloring.

The third act differs greatly from the first two, as far as the musical character and type are concerned. It seems as if all we hear now is merely light music, and pieces in the comic opera style. Fatima's arietta and the following duet partake of this character; the duet terminates in a 6-5 movement, written altogether in the happy spirit of Weber's rondos. The following trio forms one of the finest pages of the work. We will say as much for the seduction scene, the principal motive of which is remarkable for its grace and freshness. Lastly, a most original waltz, and the final chorus on the apotheosis of Oberon complete this magnificent score.

We said just now that a tenor de force was requisite to resist the vocal and instrumental masses in *Oberon*. Such a tenor has been found: his name is Michot. The public were as much surprised as charmed at the vigorous manner in which Michot, a pupil of M. Guillot, acquitted himself of the part of Huon of Bordeaux. In his air of the first act, so difficult to sing, the finale, and all the concerted pieces, he was most warmly applauded. Madame Rossi-Caccia, formerly one of the stars of Favart, represented very conscientiously the character, rather young for her, of Rezia, the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad. She sang her air in the second act with a great deal of animation.

Fromart is an unsatisfactory Oberon, but we know that this king of the fairies who gives his name to the work, plays a very secondary part in it. To Mme. Borghese, (Puck), and to Mme. Girard, (Fatima), we offer the most sincere praise. Both excellently accomplished their task. Mme. Girard sang her air of the second act with real expression. Her charming aria in the third act was encored; the suave and celebrated romance of Puck, (Mme. Borghese), was also encored. Girardot undertook to enliven the audience under the rather trivial type of Aliboufar.

But to the orchestra belong the honors of the evening, for it truly distinguished itself. It reaped the largest share of the bravos of the audience, and it was but right it should.

The mise-en-scène, likewise, enjoyed its ova-

tions; the scenery, the costumes, the tempest in the second act, the final tableau, the amusing scene in the compulsory dance, and the apotheosis, form a most attractive sight. The magnificent score of *Oberon* has, we see, been surrounded with all theatrical splendor. Honor to the Théâtre-Lyrique!

J. LOVY.

Operatic Composers and their Works.

(From Fitzgerald's City Item).

Some musicians compose at such a rate, as if to give the world assurance of a "plentiful season;" and as though to provide against the inevitable "dearth" of original talent, the "barren years" in the annals of musical art.

There are others again who employ a lifetime with one single work, that is to make their reputation for evermore. Examples of certain composers of the dramatic art will prove very entertaining. We will only cite the most celebrated of these names. The earliest and at the same time most productive composer of renown was Scarlatti, (1650-1725,) who managed to bring forth nearly 200 Operas; certainly none equal in length to the present grand Operas, yet very amazing to consider when we think of his 200 Masses, 400 Cantatas, and so on to infinity! Such examples are, however, rare, although the Italian school has ever been remarkably productive. Witness the labors of Piccini, (1728-1800,) and of Paisiello, (1741-1816), two celebrated composers who have had their day; the former is credited to the amount of 175 Operas, while the latter was contented with the modest sum of 150! However, such fertility was due to the good old times. Handel composed no less than 42 Operas, and not one of them has outlived him. His immortality is contained in 23 Oratorios, the brightest stars of which, "The Messiah," "Judas Macabæus," "Israel in Egypt," will long yet illumine the firmament. It is not generally known that Haydn composed 25 Operas, whose "tongues are mute" to this day. Still, had he never written anything else but "The Creation," this alone would furnish him with a passport to immortality. The great reformer of dramatic music, Gluck, had composed over 40 Operas in the "douce far niente" style of his predecessors before he opened his eyes to the fact—that he had done nothing yet for posterity. What a gigantic step in the history of dramatic art! The next ten of Gluck's Operas were of a kind that will forever hand down his name and deeds to future generations. What Gluck had originated was then carried out and brought to the highest point of perfection by Mozart, who has perpetuated his name and fame in the pages of "Don Juan," "Figaro" and "Zauberflöte." Next to Mozart should Beethoven be mentioned. His single Opera "Fidelio" is worthy a niche in the temple of Fame. The genial Weber has created an Opera in "Der Freyschütz" that will never die as long as Music is endowed with heart and soul. The Italian school was in the beginning of this century enriched by the illustrious name of Rossini, who contributed 50 Operas to the stage of his native country. "The Barber of Seville," and "William Tell" are his master-pieces. His success brought forth a host of imitators; of whom, only Bellini and Donizetti were the most remarkable. Of the two, Bellini had cultivated the Sentimental school with most success. Of his ten Operas (for he died in the flower of his life) "Norma," "Sonnambula," and "I Puritani," were most successful. The latter opera gave great promise of coming excellence. The productiveness of Donizetti was extraordinary. In a space of 30 years he had composed 63 Operas, which is an almost herculean task in our days. Of these Operas some 30 were successful, and many gave evidence of remarkable talent.

The composers of the French school of the present day are headed by Auber, who has composed some 40 operas. His "Masaniello" is a work of great dramatic excellence. Among the English composers, Sir Henry Bishop was the best and most prolific. About 75 musical dramas claim him as author; the best of them are: "Maid of the Mill," "Clari," and the "Miller

and his Men." Among the living, Meyerbeer stands lofty and unapproachable as Olympus, in the grandeur and variety of his operas. He favors no particular school, but combines the chief excellencies of each. His reputation commenced with "Il Crociato in Egitto," (in 1825), and reached the highest point with "Robert le Diable," (in 1831) and "Les Huguenots," (in 1836). But it must be remembered that Meyerbeer takes a period of five years to compose an Opera, and is besides the most careful of composers in keeping back every new Opera for some years longer, until a fitting occasion presents itself to have it produced with the greatest possible *eclat*. With Meyerbeer we close our list of remarkable men. Verdi is still a young composer who has much to do yet for posterity. At another time we will resume the subject. In the meantime we subjoin a list of the principal composers with their works:

Auber, 40 operas; Adam, 30; Balfe, 16; Bellini, 10; Bishop, 75; Boildieu, 31; Carafa, 31; Cherubini, 31; Cimarosa, 76; Donizetti, 63; Fioravanti, 25; Galuppi, 52; Gluck, 50; Gretry, 60; Guglielmi, 80; Halevy, 31; Handel, 42; Haydn, 25; Herold, 26; Isouard, 39; Jomelli, 40; Kreutzer, 30; Leo, 28; Lindpaintner, 26; Lulli, 45; Marschner, 20; Mehul, 49; Mercadante, 47; Meyerbeer, 18; Mozart, 18; Pacini, 60; Paer, 60; Paisiello, 150; Piccini, 175; Porpora, 24; Ricci (brothers) 26; Rossini, 50; Scarlatti, 200; Spohr, 12; Spontini, 25; Verdi, 20; Wagner, 8; Weber, 11; Weigl, 46; Winter, 54.

Monster Organs.

The following table of comparative sizes of some of the largest organs yet built, will be of interest. The number of stops given is intended in every case to represent the *speaking* stops only.

| | Manuals. | Stops. | Pipes. |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------|--------|--------|
| St. George's Hall, Liverpool, England..... | 4 | 100 | 8,000 |
| Cathedral, Ulm..... | 4 | 100 | 7,000 |
| Marien Kirche, Lubec..... | 3 | 82 | 4,700 |
| York Minster, England..... | 3 | 80 | 4,000 |
| Cathedral, Rotterdam, (incomplete)..... | 4 | 76 | 5,700 |
| do do (when completed)..... | 4 | 92 | 7,000 |
| Cathedral, Merseburg..... | 4 | 75 | 3,000 |
| St. Paul's, Frankfurt..... | 3 | 74 | 5,000 |
| Cathedral, Halberstadt..... | 3 | 74 | 5,400 |
| St. Domenico, Prague..... | 4 | 71 | 5,050 |
| Cathedral, Seville..... | 3 | 71 | 5,300 |
| St. Michael's, Hamburg..... | 4 | 70 | 5,150 |
| St. Dennis, Paris..... | 4 | 70 | 4,500 |
| St. Eustache, Paris..... | 4 | 67 | 4,110 |
| St. Sulpice, Paris..... | 4 | 66 | 5,000 |
| Abbey of Weingarten..... | 4 | 66 | 6,775 |
| Church Halbenstadt..... | 4 | 65 | 4,250 |
| Cathedral, Beauvais..... | 5 | 64 | 3,200 |
| Church, Gröningen..... | — | 60 | 3,000 |
| Haarlem..... | 3 | 60 | 4,088 |
| Panopticon..... | 4 | 60 | 4,114 |
| St. Catherine, Hamburg..... | 4 | 54 | 4,000 |
| Bremen Cathedral..... | 3 | 59 | 3,672 |
| Temple, Boston..... | 4 | 56 | 3,518 |
| Ashton, Under Lyne, England..... | 3 | 55 | 3,000 |
| Great George st. Chapel, Liverpool, England..... | 4 | 52 | 4,000 |
| Town Hall, Birmingham, England..... | 4 | 52 | 4,000 |
| Concert Hall, Chester, England..... | 4 | 52 | 2,500 |
| Doncaster Church, England..... | 3 | 50 | 3,556 |
| Madeline, Paris..... | 4 | 48 | 3,000 |
| Metropolitan Church, Paris..... | 4 | 43 | 3,992 |
| Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Georgia..... | 3 | 45 | 3,300 |
| Collegiate Institute, Liverpool, England..... | 3 | 40 | 3,600 |

THE "ORGUE ALEXANDRE."—This instrument, played by THALBERG in his Matinées, and recently introduced with effect by Mr. G. W. WARREN, the popular teacher and organist, in concerts at Albany, N. Y. is thus described in the "Crotchets and Quavers" of the Albany Times:

The "Alexandre Organ" is destined to be as popular and useful an instrument in America as it is now in Europe. For small Churches and Chapels it is the best thing to take the place of a good organ that can be obtained, (and much better than any small organ,) and in such places will produce all the grand effects of a large organ. Thalberg has just introduced them at his Matinées in New York, and with the greatest success. The critics call it a small *Orchestra*, and under his magic fingers it can be nothing less. As it has been lately heard in our city, a little description of its capabilities cannot be amiss. The Alexandre Organ (or Harmonium) is made in size from one stop to fifteen, and varies in price from \$35 to \$600. The one used by Mr. Warren at the Concert just spoken of has twelve stops, which successfully imitate the tones of the Flute, Hautboy, Clarinet, Bassoon, English Horn,

Piccolo and Organ Diapason. The bass runs down to what is termed 16 ft. C, and all the effects of light and shade depend upon the blowing, which takes more skill than strength. A very ingenious thing, called the Percussion Action, is attached to the "Flute Stop," and with it the most brilliant passages can be executed with all the promptness and elasticity of a pianoforte action. The highest priced instruments have other like ingenious arrangements for prolonging tones, etc., and some have an extra key-board with an excellent piano attached, (all in the same case,) and one was made for Liszt with "Grand Piano" combined, that cost several thousand dollars. The tones are all produced by what is called flat reeds, which take very little room, and a pipe organ of the same power would occupy six times the space and would also cost three times as much as one of these fine little instruments. Alexandre & Sons, of Paris, the makers, have the greatest of European reputations and their circulars contain high testimonials from such men as Auber, Adam, Liszt, Berlioz, Thalberg and others. The same style of instruments, under the name of "Harmonium," are now made in this country, but the quality of tone does not compare with the *Alexandre* Organs, which are received direct from the factory by Mr. Bernard, of New York, the sole importer, who has appointed Firth, Pond & Co. agents for New York, who will attend to any order or inquiry on the subject.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Note to "An Up-Country Doctor."

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Since the publication of your letter complaining of the management of a certain concert in Manchester, I have been waiting for some friend of Mr. Satter's to come out and relieve him from the blame you attach to him in the affair. But as no one seems inclined to reply, I have taken it upon myself to say a word or two, premising that I do it only as an act of justice; for I do not know Mr. Satter, except as I have seen him in the concert-room, and have no personal interest whatever in the matter.

In your letter, you take it for granted that Mr. Satter had a hand in getting up this humbug of an Eastern Princess, that he lent his name to give some prestige to her sham royalty, and that he deserves the castigation due for whatever insult might have been offered to Art on each repetition of the exhibition.

My Dear Doctor, you make a great mistake; in the city we understand these things better. Let me tell you the facts which seem to have eluded your observation, and then I think you will restore our pianist's image to the pedestal on which it was wont to stand, and from which I conceive you deposed it.

Some weeks since a person—to all appearance a gentleman—called upon Mr. Satter and inquired if he was free from engagements on three nights which were mentioned. On receiving an affirmative answer, he stated that on those nights he wished to give concerts in Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester, and would be glad to have Mr. Satter perform; adding that Pinter, Stein, Heinicke and others would assist. *Not a word was said of any "Princess Kirmazinga."* He then offered Mr. Satter his own price, and the bargain was struck. Doubtless a similar management induced the other gentlemen to join the troupe. And it was only when the day of performance was at hand, that Mr. Satter knew that there was another name on the programme. He had but two alternatives: to play in the company of the "Delhi Princess," or throw up his contract, at a forfeiture.

A pianist must live, you know, Doctor, and that not on air. The sum to be received for three nights' playing is not so inconsiderable as to be rashly lost. So Mr. Satter went and played; you tell us that he played well. If, now, he played so finely, did such justice to the authors whose compositions he undertook, and in no way slighted his share of the even-

ing's performances, why should you charge him with a loss of feeling for true Art, with descending to "clap-trap," and disgracing his high position? If you were repaid for your attendance, why should you deduct from the sum of your real enjoyment because of a humbugging manager? Why not charitably think that the man who could deceive an audience, might possibly deceive the performers?

At least, it seems to me that you might have delayed your letter until you had learned the facts, on both sides.

Hoping that your equanimity will not again be disturbed by a similar combination of incongruous material, and that I have succeeded in restoring Mr. Satter to the honorable estimation in which you formerly held him,

I am, my Dear Doctor,
Very truly yours,
ADVOCATUS.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6.—With the exception of OLE BULL's Concerts, there has been no musical event whatever, during the past week, to record. The Norwegian violinist has but partially recovered from his recent illness, and did not play with his usual brilliancy and effect; yet his concerts were fully attended, and gave general satisfaction. By the way, everybody may not be aware that the dazzling diamond set in the end of his bow, and which flashes upon the eyes of his audience with every movement of the bow across the strings, is a present from the Duke of Devonshire, and is valued at quite a fabulous amount of money. Indeed, the market value of Ole Bull's three favorite violins is estimated at three thousand dollars!

Our bovine violinist is assisted at his concerts by Signors GASPARI and GIANONI, second-class Italian vocalists, and by Miss VICTORIA GILLER, a young lady of this city, who has been attacked with an ambition to become a public singer. The lady is young, exceedingly prepossessing in appearance, but her style of singing is better adapted for the parlor than the concert-room. Her execution is very good, and she sings with some taste, but her greatest fault is that, (owing most probably to timidity), she refuses to emit her notes with clearness. If you shut your eyes, you would think from the tones of her voice, that she was a musical Desdemona, whom some unseen Othello was trying to smother. Until this fault be remedied, it is impossible to form a correct estimate of the lady's abilities.

The Harmonic Society give a concert to night, at which Dr. Loewe's Cantata, "The Seven Sleepers," will be produced, Miss MARIA BRAINERD taking the principal soprano part. A *Jubilate* and *Te Deum*, by GEORGE BRISTOW, will also be performed. Mrs. ELLIOT, so well known in Boston as Miss ANNA STONE, singing the solos.

The New York American Music Association, to which I have already several times alluded, is progressing favorably, and has received quite an impetus in the accession to its ranks of Dr. CHARLES GUILLMETTE as conductor. The next concert takes place on the 27th inst., when several new compositions, among them an elaborate Anthem by W. H. WALTER, organist of Trinity Chapel, will be produced. This society is composed entirely of resident musicians, and has for its chief aim the development of native talent; and I am glad to hear that it has every prospect of ultimate success. It is, in my opinion, the most deserving of success of any of our musical societies.

Mr. SCHMEISSER, a pianist who appears to rate his own abilities very highly, and announces himself as the only pianist able to extemporize on any given air, that has ever visited this country, will give a

concert on the 13th, assisted by CORA DE WILHORST, Signor MORELLI and others.

MAX MARETZKE commences his opera season at Niblo's on Monday next, with GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, that very estimable young lady, and highly promising singer, who has never received, even in her native city, the credit as a vocalist, to which she is so justly entitled.

TOVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1857.

Beethoven's "Fidelio."

(Conclusion.)

We proceed briefly to describe the contents of the second Act.

No. 11. It opens with a remarkable instrumental introduction of some thirty measures, very slow, (*Grave*), in F minor, and sublime in its suggestion of a high soul languishing in chains, in dreary solitude and darkness. The loud, long bursts of the wind instruments in full chords answering to the low monotone of the strings; the plaintive exclamations of the 'celli, echoed by violins and oboes; the symphonic accompaniment of the drums (in minor fifths) to the wild diminished seventh chords, &c., lend a singular impressiveness to this prelude to the gloom of Florestan's cell, and to the prisoner's touching recitative: "God, what darkness! O heavy trial!" and with a change of key, (to E major): "I murmur not, God's will is just." A beautiful modulation to A flat introduces the exquisite tenor melody, (*Adagio cantabile*), which forms a leading feature in the "Leonora" overture, (No. 3). In this song all the tenderness and sweetness of Beethoven's heart flow out. The words are:

In the Spring time of my life,
I dared to boldly speak the truth,
And chains are my reward.
Willingly I suffer every pain,
And an ignominious end,
With the sweet consolation in my heart,
That I have done my duty.

The music quickens to an Allegro, (in F), as in a sort of "tranquil inspiration bordering on delirium," the prisoner thinks he feels a softer air about him, and sees as it were an angel of deliverance, in the form of Leonora! Such a scene demands the very best of tenors.

No. 12 opens with a piece of "Melodrama," short, expressive bits of instrumentation preluding to the brief sentences of spoken dialogue between Rocco and his new assistant, Fidelio, (Leonora), "who have come down into the cell to dig the grave. Leonora: "How cold it is here in this subterranean vault!" Rocco, (pointing to the prisoner), "There he is!" L. "God stand by me, if it is he!" &c. Then follows the marvellous duet in A minor, *Andante con moto*, in which they proceed to dig, she watching the prisoner, as Rocco's back is bent during the prelude. The orchestral part, in dull, ponderous triplets, is descriptive of their work, and the contrast of their voices, (the old jailor exhorting to fresh efforts, Fidelio brave, but almost fainting), is wonderfully expressive. At length, with a struggling, upward roulade of the double basses, a great stone is heaved up, and on goes the work again to the same movement, she more and more overcome by fatigue and terror, but still anxiously scrutinizing

the poor prisoner. This duet, not difficult for orchestra or singers, is such as only Beethoven's imagination could have invented, and cannot but be heard with thrilling interest. Indeed how the spell of this tragic music deepens and grows upon you with more and more intensity, as the dark drama proceeds! Musically and dramatically, nothing in the whole range of opera is more exciting than this whole Act.

No. 13. A most lovely Terzetto, between Florestan, Leonora and Rocco; a sweet, flowing Allegro, in A major, smooth and melodious enough for Mozart, and yet the tenderness and depth are Beethoven's. The prisoner asks heaven's blessing on the youth who shows such humane interest; Leonora, now persuaded that it is her husband, is agitated by heavenliest hopes, and fears; she has a bit of bread which she would give him; the jailer is touched, but hints it will not do, it is forbidden. Wonderful is the modulation just here, as Fidelio coaxingly suggests: It can do no harm, it is so soon all over with him! The bread is given, and the Trio kindles to a brighter blaze of feeling. This Trio would be exquisite without the action, sung as a concert piece, if well accompanied; but with true, fervent, natural action, it is as pure a fusion of situation, character and music, as purely lyrical a moment, as any in *Don Juan*.

No. 14. Quartet, Allegro con brio, in D. Pizarro steals in, throws off his dark mantle and reveals himself to the prisoner: "Pizarro, whom thou wouldst have overthrown, Pizarro, the avenger, stands before thee!" The agitated music yields for a moment to a heroic, measured strain of horns and trumpets, as Florestan with composure replies: "A murderer stands before me." He lifts the dagger, when Leonora throws herself before her husband. He flings the rash youth back; she covers him again: *Tödt' erst sein Weib!* (kill first his wife!) she screams upon a high note—the climax of the opera. "His wife!" "My wife!" exclaim Pizarro, Rocco, Florestan; the swift quartet proceeds, until Pizarro seeks to kill them both, when she presents a pistol to his breast, and just then in a changed key (B flat) resounds faintly from behind the scenes the trumpet announcing the arrival, (so dreaded by Pizarro) of the Minister. It is the well known trumpet passage of the "Leonora" overture. A few wonderfully expressive bars, in which the wild delight of Leonora and Florestan: "Thou art (I am) saved!" the mortification and curses of Pizarro, and the joyful astonishment of the old jailor find utterance, and again the trumpet strain rings nearer and louder. The quartet closes with a breathless Allegro, like clouds flying before the wind, that sweeps the dull skies clear which is the only piece of music that ever reminded us at all of the quick part of the Sextet in *Don Juan*.

Here our Boston Theatre performance closed—a mere dramatic, or rather, melodramatic close. But not so Beethoven; he never slights the end of a great work; he is too much in earnest.

No. 15. Duet between Leonora and Florestan, expressing the joy of meeting after long separation: *O namen—namenlose Freude!* (O joy beyond expression!) It is a rapturous Allegro vivace movement of indescrivable beauty, and the true Beethoven inspiration. Its animated rhythm, its alternate mingling and separation of voices, (which, now by short ecstatic responses, and now

flowing together, seem literally to rush into each other's arms, and then to hold each other off as if to realize the union with distinct assurance), the directness, simplicity and earnestness of the main melody, and then the delicious strangeness of the modulation with each new flash of thought or new shade of emotion; all is full of joy and love and gratitude and wonder, of sense of trial past and heavenly reward, a whole eternity in one miraculous and glorious moment.

No. 16. Finale. Scene the court yard of the prison. A quick and buoyant march, (in C), accompanies the entrance of the Minister and his train. The stage fills with men and women. Pizarro, as governor of the prison, accompanies the Minister; on the other side the prisoners come forth, with Marcellina and Jacquino. The march becomes accompaniment to a grand burst of full chorus: "Hail to the day, the much longed for, yet unexpected, when Justice and Mercy appear before the door of our prison grave!" Fernando, the Minister, (basso), announces the royal mercy and deliverance to the prisoners, (they are supposed to be political prisoners). Again a snatch of chorus: "Hail to the day!" Old Rocco comes in, leading Leonora and Florestan. The Minister, astounded, recognizes his dear, his noble friend, whom he had supposed dead. Rocco relates the plot and the deliverance; Pizarro is denounced. "And Leonora," adds old Rocco. "Leonora?" "Yes, the ornament of womanhood I lead before you!" Pizarro would interpose "two words," but is silenced. The prisoner's chains are taken off; it is the wife's privilege to do it. In all this hurried recitative, the orchestra keeps up a continuous movement, full of life and complex beauty; and finally the key gets back to the broad sunlight of C major, (the key of the Leonora overture which Beethoven intended to commence the work), and the whole concludes with a grand ensemble of chorus, with quintet of principals, in praise of Leonora and of Woman's high devotion, borrowing the first lines from Schiller's "Hymn to Joy:"

"Who a gentle wife has won,
Join he in our jubilee! &c."

The Italians (musically speaking).

We find the following in the *Transcript* of last Monday:

MUSICAL FANATICISM.—*Mr. Editor*: Allow me a small space in your paper to make a few observations upon a passage in Dwight's *Journal of Music* of April 4th, in which it says: "Surely the Italians had their triumph—they relished the performance marvellously well!" I wish to inquire of the Editor of that paper, what right or reason he has to suppose that the Italians should relish the complete *fiasco* of that evening's performance? or to believe that they are so frantic and narrow-minded as to consider their music exclusively good, and all others "mean," "superficial," "secular," and "showy," epithets used by that same Editor on Rossini's *Stabat Mater*? The Editor shows himself utterly ignorant of Italy and Italian minds. If he will take trouble to study the nature of the Italians a little, he will soon perceive his error. The Italians are cosmopolitan in their taste, and love the beautiful and good wherever they find it; and although they may have a preference for their own style of music, they do not for this consider all others worthless, nor do they insult every foreign composer because they may not like his style of writing!

I wish also to remind the said editor, that the Germans themselves (at least in Germany) have more respect and appreciation of Italian talents; and as I do not feel competent to give examples in musical matters, as I am not a musical man, I will only mention that the Germans are more learned in Italian literature and fine arts than any other nation; and there cannot be found a single German scholar who is not only acquainted with all the great authors, not only the ancient, but also the modern ones of Italy;

and they are more just and liberal in their criticism and appreciation of Italian talent than either the French or English, to say nothing of the Americans, to whom, with some rare exceptions, the knowledge of Italian modern authors of eminent merit, such as Gioberti, Romagnosi, Rossini, Leopardi, and many others, is utterly unknown.

Excuse me, *Mr. Editor*, if I diverge from my subject, but I could not in any other way prove the fact of the German's appreciation of the Italian's mind, than by the examples of literature; for I am fully convinced that no German of any education would use towards Italian authors such epithets as the Editor of the *Journal of Music*, who is not a German, has used towards the greatest musical genius of modern times. Besides I consider it unfair to assail those who have not the means of defending themselves, who have neither newspaper nor men competent to do it; and if I have written these few words it is merely to defend my own country, so shamelessly slandered, and perhaps to induce some person, competent in musical matters, to defend that country which has always stood as the palladium of the Fine Arts, even in the gloomiest days of her political degradation. Finally, I cannot comprehend why the Editor above named should have used those words in that article: but I suppose that, as he has continually endeavored to drag into the mud the Italian music, perceiving the sad *fiasco* in the execution of that really beautiful composition which has elicited his criticisms, (for I do myself consider it a work of superior merit!) he, in his inflamed imagination, mistook all the foreign physiognomies which filled the theatre that evening, to be Italians sneering at him. But I assure him that he was mistaken, for they were Germans excepting two, a popular teacher of singing, and your humble servant, who is *not* a

MUSICIAN.

Did anybody but this writer once suppose that by "Italians" we meant those born in Italy? We used the term in a quite usual colloquial sense. The "Italians" in our mind's eye that night were partly Italians, partly French and even Germans, but principally Yankees. We meant that numerous class of music-lovers, who think there is no music except opera, and no opera except Italian; and by Italian even then they mean the Donizettis, Verdis, that now occupy the foreground, with Rossini quoted occasionally for glory's sake, but kept quite willingly in the background; for what chance does the ruling taste allow the "Barber" or the "William Tell" in comparison with *Il Trovatore* and *La Favorita*?

If there were but two Italians in the theatre (personally we could not vouch that there was one), it is the less likely that we should have referred to them. That would have been entirely too personal. And had we seen them, we were too deeply occupied in cultivating acquaintance with Beethoven's music at first hand, to be studying its reflection in their faces. But let no one tell us that the numerous class of exclusive, partisan admirers of the Italian *Trovatore* school of music did not enjoy their triumph that night over the *fiasco* of *Fidelio*! There is no denying that there are those (who talk in private and who write in public) who habitually sneer at all things German and especially at works of genius supposed to be too good to be popular.

We assure our friend that we have the greatest respect for the Italian Art and literature, for Italian scholarship like his own (if he be whom we suspect), and the warmest sympathy with that Italian patriotism which we have unwittingly wounded in his own sensitive person. There is, or has been rather, an Italian music, too, which has our admiration. To go back no further than Rossini, we would that our Italian opera troupes, and their peculiar publics to whose tastes they cater, showed practically half as much regard for that great master as we feel. If the general report be true, Italy to-day has fallen below herself in the respect of music; Verdi has usurped the seat of her Palestras, even in the churches; music has become so much a matter of mere

temperament, that it has run out into a certain common-place trick of melody, florid cadenzas and effects, which are but the ringing of perpetual seeming changes on the same essential story. Rossini, who had ten times more genius, more invention than all his followers put together, (although he left off as soon he had once showed that he could be really in earnest, in his "Tell"), is far less often heard than any of them.

As to Rossini, our own readers do not need to be reminded that no journal in this city has said so much in praise of him as we have; although we have not been blind to the fact, which he himself confesses, that he rarely wrote sufficiently in earnest, and compromised his brilliant talent for the most part to the syren of success. No one has done more to persuade an unbelieving public of the beauties of *Il Barbiere*, of the truly noble character, as a work of Art, of "William Tell." No one has oftener pleaded, and in vain, for repetition of such few performances as we have had of these. We assure our friend that that same "German" taste, which leads one to love Beethoven and Mozart, listens with keen appetite to "Tell" and to "The Barber," when our "Italians" *par excellence* declare them tedious, and cry out for *Trovatore*.

And this brings us to Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. We are quoted as having applied disparaging epithets to that so-called sacred and, we admit, beautiful composition. Would it not be more thoughtful and more fair to quote the circumstances with the words? We were reporting of a performance of Mozart's sublime and solemn *Requiem*, followed immediately by the leading themes of the *Stabat Mater*, hashed up in the shape of an overture by Mercadante. Then it was we felt and wrote: "After the Mozart's *Requiem*, how mean, superficial, secular, &c., seemed that *Stabat Mater* business!" Had it been the *Stabat* itself, opening with chorus, and all, we probably should not have called it *mean*. After the *Requiem*, what we heard was so *in comparison*. It was a great descent from one tone of feeling to another. The terms "secular," "superficial," &c., (in spite of our perception of the great beauties and occasional grandeurs of the work), are not unfitly applied to it at any time. It is the general European opinion, the opinion of most musicians and appreciative publics everywhere, that the prevailing style of this *Stabat* is more operative than sacred; and that in many parts, as for instance, the *Cujus animam*, the music makes its own sparkling plaything of the solemn words. But that there may be no further question about it, we have the testimony of Rossini himself, who in a conversation with Ferdinand Hiller, at a watering place the summer before last, confessed that he never meant it for publication, and that he only wrote it "*mezzo serio*," in a half-serious style. Here is the passage from the conversations as reported by Hiller:

"But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I do so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill, and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi would have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

GERMAN OPERA.—*Fidelio* was followed last week at the Boston theatre by two operatic medleys. On Friday evening a small audience were very agreeably entertained by extracts from four operas. First came the scene from the first Act of *Der Freyschütz*, in which Max, (tenor), sings the air: *Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen*, the wild music darkening and brightening as the evil genius Zamiel creeps behind or leaves him; and then Caspar, (bass), sings his drinking song, and tempts Max to go with him to the Wolf's Glen. Herr BEUTLER was Max, and WEINLICH, Caspar; and both quite inadequate. Then came that Minna and Brenda duet between Agatha and gay Annchen, (Mmes. JOHANNSEN and VON BERKEL). The latter lady acted in a very sprightly, pretty manner, and sang more true than in *Fidelio*; the voice, however, is thin and hard. Agatha's recitative, prayer and aria: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, closed the scene. Johannsen sang it with true feeling, and with fine abandon in the spirited finale.

Herr OERTLEIN, in the character of the Burgomaster, sang a comic solo from Lortzing's *Czar and Zimmermann*, (one of the many operas founded on the story of Peter the Great's apprenticeship in the ship yards). The subject of the song was the burgomaster's importance, and the music as much like Rossini's Figaro, (*Largo al factotum*), as a burgomaster could be supposed to sing. It was quite amusing. Lortzing's music is more Italian than German.

For part third was announced the second Act of *Fidelio*, with the *Leonora* overture, No. 3. But instead of No. 3, we again had the No. 4, in E, and the Act this time was curtailed of the beginning as well as of the end. The extract commenced with the grave-digging music.

The best performance of the evening was a sparkling comic duet from Auber's "Mason and Locksmith," sung by Mmes. Johannsen and Von Berkel. It is clear that this company are better suited to such light opera, than to *Fidelio*.

On Saturday afternoon the same programme was represented, with the omission of the *Fidelio* extract; and so ended this first and most imperfect experience of German Opera in Boston.

CONCERTS.—For the third week the field has been almost wholly THALBERG'S. Last Saturday evening the Music Hall was filled, even upon the stage, with audience to his "last." The bill contained the names of Mmes. D'ANGRI, JOHANNSEN, VON BERKEL, the principals of the German Opera troupe, Mrs. BARROW, (who recited Gray's Elegy), Herr SCHREIBER, the trumpeter, and CARL BERGMANN with an orchestra. The programme was one of the lengthy sort, embracing various kinds. The orchestra gave the overture to "Egmont," and that to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai—not a bad overture, but about as suggestive of the "Merry Wives" as it was of "Waverley," for the overture to which by Berlioz we found it substituted at the very last moment; also a march from *Tannhäuser*. THALBERG played with orchestra, and with masterly power and beauty, the first movement of Beethoven's E flat Concerto; also his "Home" and Concert Waltzes, his *Norma* fantasia, and the *Volkslied* and *Frühlingslied* of Mendelssohn. The Quartet from *Fidelio*: *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, was sung almost as badly as in the opera; and the Trio from *Don Juan*, we are told, fared not much better. Mme. JOHANNSEN sang again the scena from *Freyschütz*, and Mme. D'ANGRI an air from the "Barber of Seville" and *Ah! mon fils*.

A theme of much talk, wonder and amusement at this "last" concert, was a Card of the Management, scattered over the seats, announcing, with grave reasons and gracious revelations of the mysteries of management, a series of three "Half Dollar Con-

certs." Two of these took place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, of this week, before large audiences, with D'Angri, Johannsen and Schreiber as assistants, and the usual selection of pieces. The third will be to-night. But the last of the last, and Thalberg's "positively last" appearance in Boston, is proclaimed for next Tuesday afternoon.

The interest in the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION deepens, if the audience does not increase, as they approach their close. Last Wednesday's was the thirteenth and last but one. The performances were excellent, and the programme a particularly good one, as follows:

- 1—Symphony, (E flat).....Mozart
- 2—Aria from "Zanetta".....Auber
- With solos for Clarinet by I. Schultz,
- 3—Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn
- 4—Waltz: "Vorstadler,".....Lanner
- 5—Andante from Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven
- 6—Concordia Quadrille.....Zerrahn
- 7—Finale from "Lohengrin,".....R. Wagner

Next Wednesday will be the last—and then we shall begin, when it is too late, to miss our orchestral privileges. May we not suggest, for one item of the programme, that *Leonora* overture, the No. 3, which was promised us and not given in the German opera, and which has not been heard in any concert here this winter. It was always a favorite, and the recent performance of *Fidelio* will clothe it with fresh interest, and make its motives more intelligible.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR:—There is a remark in the criticism of last Saturday's "Journal of Music," on the performance of *Fidelio*, which I cannot let pass without a few words. It is as follows: "We have had to grope our way through most imperfect, miserable first representations, and almost perversions, to at last a clear presentment of the thing. So we came to the great symphonies now so generally loved." Here is a trifling difference to be noticed, viz.: the "first representations" of the great symphonies, as given by our old Boston Academy, with somewhat limited means and far from perfection, were equally far from being miserable representations; they were liked—enjoyed—and created a taste and desire for repetitions. I think it will generally be found that first representations of classical compositions, imperfectly and miserably given, are not likely to produce that effect—as was the case last week with *Fidelio*.

Yours truly, WM. KEYZER.
Boston, April 6, 1857.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The days fixed for the great Musical Festival here are Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 21st, 22d and 23d of May, immediately preceding "Anniversary week." There will be an oratorio each morning, a concert with Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" on Saturday evening, and possibly some oratorio or sacred concert also on Sunday evening....THALBERG gives us the fourteenth concert, (to say nothing of Matinées), of this his second visit, this evening, and his very last on Tuesday afternoon. After that he will re-visit Hartford, Albany, &c., and in the latter part of the month he will join STRAKOSCH and Company, under whose agency he will make a two months' concert tour of the West. Mme. D'ANGRI in the meantime will go South....Mr. ULLMAN, we understand, expects to import HECTOR BERLIOZ and a grand orchestra, for concerts in the New York Academy during the coming year. Among his thousand and one great plans, too, it is said, he contemplates a series of twelve oratorios in that same Academy. Query: Can these be possibly the twelve unwritten oratorios which one of our American composers wanted to contract with a Boston music publisher to bring out at the rate of one a month?....The MARETZKE-GAZZANIGA troupe, fresh from their Philadelphia triumphs, open in New York next Monday, with *La Traviata*.

Something new in the way of concerts is announced at the Tremont Temple for next Wednesday evening. Mr. H. S. CUTLER, organist at the Church of the Advent, and a zealous advocate of English Cathedral music, as sung autiphonally, by answering choirs of boys, is to give us some specimens of that style of music. He will be aided by historical and critical explanations by Mr. A. W. THAYER, our well known "Diarist" and correspondent. The programme will be found below...Master ERNST PERABO, a youth of eleven years old, of German parentage, but reared in New England, is well known among our Boston musicians as possessing decided talent for music. He already plays upon the piano and the organ, and knows by heart difficult fugues, by Bach, &c. He also plays the violin. He is full of native intelligence. All he needs is thorough education in a musical sphere, where humbug has not entered, and we are happy to hear that an effort will be made by subscription among our liberal friends of music, to send him to the Conservatoire at Leipzig. It is really due to such decided indications of the true gift....We have received a most capital photographic likeness of THALBERG from Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case.

The following, from a foreign paper, will interest those who are curious to know about Beethoven's only opera:

As I have already taken up the pen for *Fidelio*, another not so well known notice of the other forms in which the same subject was treated may be here appropriate. In the year 1798, there was produced in Paris *Leonore; ou, l'Amour Conjugal, opéra en trois actes, paroles de J. N. Bouilly, musique de Gaveaux*. It was successful, and, some years afterwards, the text was translated for Beethoven into German by the then secretary of the Theatre Royal, Joseph Sonnleithner, and into Italian for Fernando Paer, by some one unknown. Paer's opera, *Leonora, ossia l'Amore Conjugale*, was produced at Dresden in the year 1805, (simultaneously, therefore, with Beethoven's *Leonore*), and subsequently, translated into German, produced on the 8th of February, 1809, at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna. Paer's music was not unsuccessful (after Beethoven's) even in Vienna, for it was given some few times in 1810. From that period, however, *Leonore* disappeared entirely from the stage, while, it is to be hoped, *Fidelio* will long maintain its ground.

Musical Intelligence.

LONDON.—The concerts of Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, the pianist, and her performance of some of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, (op. 109, 110, and 111,) are the theme of general and unqualified laudation with the London press. Some papers speak as if the difficulties of these sonatas had proved insurmountable, and as if their beauties had been a sealed book; but we believe they are pretty well known among the best pianists in Germany, where the Beethoven of the latter or third period is no stranger....The great Handel Festival stands postponed to the 15th, 17th and 19th of June....Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ has gone to Paris to engage an orchestra for a series of concerts to take place during the great Art exhibition at Manchester.

The *Musical World* is very severe upon the Philharmonic Society, which, at a recent election of new members, black-balled such musicians as Mr. Henry Smart and Charles Hallé in favor of candidates of little note. The *World* ceases "to attach any artistic importance to that Society and its doings."....Mr. Charles Salaman has been delivering three lectures at the Marylebone Institution on "Music and the Dance," with illustrations of the dance music of various times and nations....Ella's "Musical Union" concerts, for some time suspended, are resumed. The first programme was as follows:

- Quartet, B flat, No. 78 (Pleyel Ed.).....Haydn
Trio in D, Op. 70, Piano, &c.....Beethoven
Part Song—"Departure".....Mendelssohn
Quartet in E, Op. 43.....Spohr
Elegy—"Peaceful Reposing"—MS.....Strauss
Gigue, 6-8, in G; Fantasia Melodique, MS.....Mozart & Derfel
Madrigal—"Hard by a fountain".....Waelrent

The quartets were played by Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Goffie and Piatti. The Herr Derffel, whose name is so oddly coupled with Mozart's, was commended on Mr. Ella's programme as a wonderful pianist. "With the exception of Liszt," he says, "few pianists more graphically transcribe on the piano-forte the elaborate score of great orchestral works,"—whereat the *Musical World* is funny.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.—We take from *The London Daily News* the following account of the performances to be given at the Queen's Theatre during the approaching season:

"The following are the company engaged: Madame Alboni; Mlle. Maria Spezia, of La Scala, Milan &c. (her first appearance); Mlle. Angiola Ortolani of La Scala, &c. (her first appearance); Mlle. Baillou, Mme. Franchi, Mlle. Berti, Mlle. Poma; Mlle. Treneta Ramos, from Turin (her first appearance); and Mlle. Piccolomini. The tenors and basses are: Signor Antonio Giuglini, of La Scala, &c. (his first appearance); Signor Jacopi, Signor Mercuriali, Signor Luigi Bottardi (his first appearance), Signor Belletti, Signor Beneventano, Signor Napoleone Rossi Signor Giovanni Corsi (his first appearance), Signor Baillou, Signor de Soros, Signor Gariboldi, and Signor Filippo Vialetti (his first appearance).

"This list, beside the principal favorites of last year, contains several new names of great Continental fame, particularly Mlle. Spezia, Mlle. Ortolani, Signor Giuglini, the most celebrated tenor in Italy, and Signor Vialetti, a basso profondo of renown. For the ballet we are to have our old favorites, Marie Taghioni, Rosati, Paul Taghioni, &c., beside a number of others whose names are as yet unknown in England.

"The theatre is to open on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *La Favorita* in which the new stars Mlle. Spezia, Signor Vialetti, and Signor Giuglini, will appear, and with the ballet *La Esmeralda* (for the first time these ten years), in which the heroine will be represented by Mlle. Pocchini, described as a *dansuse* of the highest order. Soon after the opening of the theatre, Mlle. Ortolani will appear, with Giuglini, in the *Puritani*. Mlle. Piccolomini will arrive early in April, and will appear in a number of new characters beside those which she performed last season. Mme. Alboni is to arrive before the 1st of May, and will make her first appearance this season as Azucena (the gipsy), in the *Trovatore*. *Don Giovanni* is promised, with a cast of unprecedented strength, including Spezia, Ortolani, and Piccolomini, in the characters of Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Zerlina. Nothing is said about the production of any new opera; but two new ballets are announced, the one for Marie Taghioni, the other for Rosati. The subscription for the season will consist of thirty nights."

PARIS.—The immediate hopes of the Grand-Opera are founded on the new ballet of MM. Scribe and Auber, to be called *Marco Spada*, doubtless taken from the opera of the same name, by the same authors, produced last year at the Opera-Comique. Mesdames Rosati and Ferraris will both sustain principal parts. Some expectations are also entertained of a new two-act opera, *Francois Villon*, by M. Membree. The indisposition of Madame Steffanone has led to the postponement of *I Puritani*, at the Italiens, which theatre is announced to be closed on the 31st instant. The success of *Oberon* at the Theatre-Lyrique increases nightly. The Bouffes-Parisiens has produced a new operetta in one act, entitled *Après l'Orage*, the words by M. Boisseaux, music by M. Galibert, which promises to have a run. On Monday week Mozart's *Requiem* was executed by the Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire in the Church of the Madeleine, under the direction of M. Padeloup. M. Calzado intends having a new repertoire for the Theatre-Italien next year. His son has gone to Italy for the purpose of negotiating with Mercadante. M. Calzado wishes to produce in the Salle-Ventadour, several of the works of this celebrated composer, who is admired everywhere but in Paris. It is, however, desirable, indeed important, that the illustrious composer should superintend their production himself. Mercadante, (says M. de Rovray, in his last feuilleton in the *Moniteur*), is the intimate friend of Rossini, and perhaps this fact may triumph over his natural idleness; for nothing in the world has yet induced him to leave Naples, where he is perfectly contented, greatly esteemed, and enjoys the same position as Auber in Paris. At this moment Mercadante has a new opera in rehearsal at the San Carlo. If the work succeeds as every one expects, M. Calzado will produce it in Paris. M. Calzado's troupe will be strengthened by the addition of new talent, worthy of being placed at the side of Mario, Alboni, Graziani, and other distinguished artists. Everybody is speaking about Giulini, one of the best tenors in Italy.

At the Opera Comique the *reprise* of M. Halévy's *L'Eclair* proved a great success. The principal characters were sustained by Madame Duprex-Vandenheuvel, Mlle. Boulart, MM. Barbot and Jordan.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini took her benefit on Monday the 26th ult, at the Italiens, when *La Traviata* was given with a concert. The Salle Ventadour was crowded to excess, and the lady recalled several times in the course of the performance. M. Calzado has

re-engaged Mademoiselle Piccolomini for three supplementary representations of *La Traviata*. When these are given, Verdi's opera will have been performed sixteen times at the Italiens. Signor Mario and Graziani have appeared on each occasion in the *Traviata* with Mademoiselle Piccolomini.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Fitzgerald* gives us the following report of opera at the new Academy of Music during the last week of March:

Wednesday, March 25th.....*La Traviata*.
Friday, " 27th....*Barbiere di Seviglia*.
Saturday, " 28th.....*Lucrezia Borgia*.
Monday, " 30th....*Linda di Chamounix*.
Wednesday, April 1st.....*Barbiere di Seviglia*.

Friday night witnessed the *début* of Miss Adelaide Phillips, from Boston, in the sparkling rôle of Rosina. This lady has been successful latterly in Havana, and comes to us heralded with no mean reputation as an American Prima Donna. Miss Phillips is good looking, has a volubrious form, and with more animation might show off to better advantage. Nevertheless, she has a fine voice, and is to all appearances an excellent musician. As Rosina, she lacked the vivacity but not the musical education of that young lady. She has studied in a good school, and we think she deserves great credit as an artiste of the Divine Art. The Music Lesson, in Act 2nd, was remarkable in point of execution; there Miss Phillips displayed the resources of her voice to great advantage. And so in the Finale, where she introduced *Non più mesta*, from *Cenerentola*, very effectively. Next in importance comes Figaro, the merry barber, with a not very fitting representative in Assoni. Amodio seemed to us the most successful in his rôle of Friar Basil, which he rendered with exceeding gusto. Brignoli, poor Signor, was incorrigible. *Count Almogiva* was missing from the scene; we only saw and heard Brignoli, with his sweet, tender, bewitching, ravishing voice. The orchestra wanted nicety, of execution, it was all too noisy and unpractised, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of the handsome and indomitable Max to control it.

On Saturday night was repeated "Lucrezia Borgia," with Miss Phillips in the rôle of Orsini. She gave much satisfaction in this character, and on the whole was better liked than on the first night.

"Linda di Chamounix" was repeated on Monday night to a fine house, with even greater *éclat* than the first night. Miss Adelaide Phillips pleased very much in the rôle of Pierotto. Signor Arnoldi, unfortunately, did not and could not please.

Mme. Gazzaniga's benefit took place on Friday of last week in Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, which has since been repeated several times. The rôle of Luisa Miller, it is said, was written for her.

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- 1—Venite,.....Chanted to Gregorian Tone VIII.
- 2—Te Deum,.....Tallis, 1556.
This composition is written in the Dorian key, D minor, without the B flat.
- 3—Full Anthem (without Organ),.....Farrant.
"Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake."
- 4—Full Anthem,.....S. Webbe, Sen.
"His glory with perpetual hymns proclaim."
- 5—Psalm 74,.....To an Anglican Chant.
- 6—Trio (Three Trebles),.....From "Elijah."
"Lift up thine eyes unto the mountains."
- To be sung by three Boys, without accompaniment.
- 7—The Nicene Creed,.....Dr. Benjamin Rogers.
"I believe in one God."
- 8—Te Deum (in F),.....Travers.
- 9—Verse Anthem,.....Boyce.
"For the Lord shall comfort Zion."

PART II.

- 1—Solo,.....From the "Messiah."
"Every valley shall be exalted."
Sung by Mr. C. R. Adams.
- 2—Chorus,....."Messiah."
"And the glory of the Lord."
- 3—Solo,....."Messiah."
"Come unto him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."
Sung by Master Fred. White.
- 4—Solo,....."Elijah."
"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me."
Sung by Master Loring.
- 5—Chorus,.....From "Samson."
"O first created beam, and thou great word, 'Let there be light,' and light was over all."

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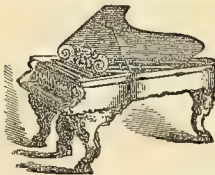
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of C. M. von Weber.

By Dr. HERMANN ZOPFF, of Berlin.

(Concluded from page 10.)

Weber, apart from the judgment of Beethoven and others, (on his *Euryanthe*), had much to suffer from criticism, for the very reason that men knew he took it all too much at heart. What did he do in his distress, when he heard the judgment of Beethoven, but lay the score, with tears, at the great master's feet! The latter suggested one principal improvement, soon undertaken by Weber, in these words: "Do with it as I did with my *Fidelio*; cut out a third of it." Beethoven, it is said, had not fared much better with his own opera.

In Berlin *Euryanthe*, on its first appearance, had not such poor success as in Vienna; for here the above named party of the Romantic school, which had given Weber the first impulse and encouragement, had prepared beforehand juster expectations. But even here such success as the *Freyschütz* had had, was out of the question; it was only a *succes d'estime*, won by the exertions of his friends. Weber found himself not particularly elated by this ambiguous success, when the next morning he received a visit in his chamber from that young lawyer,* who with such true perception of the spirit of the times, had predicted all this. When Marx, after the first greetings, proceeded to congratulate Weber on the success obtained in Berlin, the latter could make no reply but: "You too!" For pain and mistrust pressed tears from his eyes. But although there lay so open a confession in this outright utterance of

* *Referendarius*: a small lawyer who practices in the courts without emolument, and not a *reviewer*, as it was wrongly translated in our last.—Ed.

his noble, much deceived heart; although he felt the force of criticism and all too candidly perceived and owned the errors which he had committed to his own harm, still his declining health, and the neglect of thorough critical self-studies in his youth, interfered with that classical aspiration, to which he felt an ever livelier impulse, and of which he more and more recognized the necessity. The rusty, homely *rococo* critics of the time tormented Weber after his *Freyschütz* with their learned objections: that it was too much *people's music*; that it had nothing which betrayed the educated musician, who had learned something; that it was tasteless, horribly trivial, &c. Weber consequently set about it in earnest to meet these objections, and, as he said, to satisfy "the learned" also. But already this remark betrayed that what he wished to do was something altogether strange to him, something that lay beyond him; and the result was that in the *Euryanthe*, which he was moved to compose for the very reason that he found in it material for "learned music," the critical gentry wholly overlooked or purposely ignored these efforts he had made to stop their cry; while on the other hand the public, for whom the melodious passages and pieces of this opera were intended, had their impression obliterated by these very efforts of the composer, and pronounced the opera unintelligible and "too learned."

Weber's natural tendency to the romantic-sentimental is sufficiently impressed upon the one side on his youthful compositions, and on the other on his strongest work, the *Freyschütz*. Unfortunately, too, with velvet glove, it often drew him down again into a less justifiable sentimentality, at times when his genius sought to gather itself up as for a grander and more lasting effort. This sentimental relapse is all the more perceptible, when some nobler characteristic trait has unfolded itself the moment before, and when the music has been on the point of transporting the audience in the most vivid manner to the situation represented.

A striking instance, among many others, in which, owing to less decided situations, this fault does not stand so sharply out, is the great aria of Caspar in the first Act. With genial abandon Weber unfolds a true portrait of this mysterious, malicious, misanthropic character, this creature of despair, and enchains our interest in a high degree by the closeness of the music to the subject. All at once Herr Caspar falls entirely out of his rôle and becomes as tender as a woman; and with this sentimentality our deeper interest begins to cool, and there is nothing left us but mere musical delectation in its graceful and attractive turns. In the same way Weber loses

himself many a time in the character of Agatha, which certainly for a composer of his nature was one of the most inveigling. On the other hand all that pertained to the popular, the purely natural element, as almost the entire part of Aennchen, (little Anna), is everywhere carried out in a wholesome, natural, fresh and life-like manner, without any halfnesses or too great tendency to darling turns. On the other hand, a genius like Weber's alone was able to protect the childish "Wolf's Glen" for any length of time against just ridicule; and his characteristic tone-pictures are too well known and celebrated, to require that anything should be said about them.

But I cannot refrain from one remark about his very rich and fascinating overtures. With instrumental works without text, the larger public fare in about the same way that they do with paintings; those are their favorites which offer them an effective treatment either of something that lies near to actual life, so that they are charmed with its naturalness, as in a picture of "still life;" or, on the contrary, of objects lifted to the clouds, etherialized, wherein one may sweetly revel in the heaven of his own fancy. Intermediate objects seldom captivate the greater multitude. The public *think* too little in things, which, from want of culture, excite in them no deeper interest beyond mere sensuous *delectation* (whence the term *dilettante*); they do not think, and do not enjoy from the standpoint where the intention of the artist seeks to place us; they enjoy absolutely, simply. Hence historical paintings, taken from a past age remote from our own interests, charm the least, unless they be mere tinsel for the eye.

An overture should prepare the hearer, by a concise description, for the situations, for the passions of the opera; yet without presupposing any sort of acquaintance with the drama that is to follow. But for such a preparation those ideas alone are proper, which will serve for the unfolding of such a description; that is, such as make only this impression, are readily apprehended and do not lead the mind off. Thus the overtures of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and not less those of Mendelssohn, at least in this respect, present a rounded and complete preface, without presupposing any acquaintance with the melodies of the opera. Weber, on the contrary, turned off into a path, which has been variously travelled since him with unavoidably the greatest aberrations, when he used for main themes to his overtures the taking melodies from the opera itself—melodies based often upon some situation which contributes nothing to the *denouement*, and which, being without text, lose all hold upon a deeper understanding. By this means certainly he ca-

tered better for the thoughtless crowd of absolute dilettanti, and perhaps exercised more attraction on the masses; but as an artist he prejudiced beforehand their understanding of the matter he had undertaken to present. Mozart, Beethoven and Gluck also interweave thoughts from the opera into their overtures; but they are very careful to take only those of such decided stamp, that they help to prepare the mind correctly; and then they employ them only as introduction or as episode, as in the overtures to *Don Juan*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Leonora*, (in C major). Weber's overtures, on the contrary, especially in the second theme, fall off into the Potpourri style; this is true of the *Freyschütz*, as of the *Euryanthe*, the *Preciosa*, &c., and most strikingly true of the *Oberon*. At this point Weber violently breaks the spell of his life-like description, so full of character and so faithful often to the truth; makes far too great a concession to the multitude, and all the beautifully germinating devotion is over; the audience is simply amused and longingly waits, after the return of the first more tedious thought, for the repetition of that tempting sugar work, which does not keep them waiting long, and now dazzles them with all the greater splendor. By this turn Weber gave the signal for a whole host of similarly put together, but not equally inspired overtures; they had learned of a revered master, both for themselves and for the pleasure-loving public, to take life easily.

Rossini was already peeping in here like a rogue, who had just then begun completely to turn the heads of the best and bravest people. When the composer had cooked up enough to furnish forth his splendidly and daintily set tables, then, like a prudent and experienced cook, he never omitted to stimulate the appetite by the nicely prepared ragout of his overtures.

Precisely at the time when Weber's fame, that had been kindled by the *Freyschütz*, was threatened with extinction by the sad fate of the *Euryanthe*, did Rossini reap his first dazzling triumphs. This was not without its injurious influence upon Weber's mind, which more and more opened itself to bitterness; it so excited him and dazzled him, that this same Weber, who had once so earnestly conjured Meyerbeer to remain German, now unfaithful to these principles, frequently in his *Oberon* strayed off after Rossini, and studied effect by an arbitrary mixture of German and Italian turns.

Nevertheless *Oberon* contains still glorious treasures of true German music, and what is far more important, true description; as for example in the elfin scenes, which even Mendelssohn has not surpassed; in the overture too, there is a brave essay of polyphony. But Weber was, alas! too sick to exercise the necessary self-control. Outward impressions gained ever more a stronger influence over him, and challenged him as to a formal conflict with the hostile elements. His enfeebled body yielded to this soul struggle, and to the chicanes to which he was exposed in England, in a foreign language, on the part of narrow-minded singers, arising from the bad translation of the *Oberon*. Weber was, as we have said, in spite of all there was new, invaluable, popular, and thus far unsurpassable in his works, too specific a musician, too much a man of feeling, to soar up to that summit of the arch of Reason, whence the classical musician, standing above his impressions, overlooks, controls and regulates himself and his emotions.

The Italians in Russia.—Mme. Bosio.

(Correspondence Lond. Mus. World.)

All your readers who profess an unbounded admiration for Madame Bosio (and I address myself to no others) will be glad to hear how she has been occupied during her recent sojourn in Russia. In the first place, I must hasten to say that the liquidity of her tones has not been interfered with by the congealing power of the Russian frost. In the second, I must chronicle her almost unprecedented success at St. Petersburg, and her altogether unprecedented success at Moscow—where no first-rate Italian singer, properly supported, ever appeared before the epoch of the coronation of the present emperor. I am aware that many persons will laugh at the idea of a Russian reputation, and sneer at the notion of a success achieved in Moscow. In truth, when so accomplished a singer as Madame Bosio makes her appearance before a new public, the principal honor involved in her success is that which reflects upon the discernment and taste of her audiences. But it should be remembered at the same time, that almost all the great Italian singers, who have been heard in London and Paris for the last twenty-five years, have found their way to St. Petersburg, and that the representations of the Italian Opera and the concerts of the Philharmonic Society are attended with so much eagerness, that it is difficult to find a place on the subscription list of the former, and almost impossible to obtain a season ticket for the latter. In short, the Russian amateurs really love music; they have been accustomed to hear music of the first kind, and the excellence of their orchestras, composed, for the most part, of native instrumentalists, proves that the nation can execute as well as appreciate. I speak especially of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, which consists of only forty performers (about the number of Mr. Alfred Mellon's band of the Orchestral Union), and which, by long and continuous practice, has attained almost the perfection of *ensemble*. The orchestra at the Italian Opera, numbering twice the number of executants, owes its completeness to the fact that the performers take rank in the Government service, to preserve which it is necessary they should remain in the band of the Government theatre. After a certain number of years' service, each performer is entitled to a pension, like any other Government officer; and when, in addition to this, it is considered that the musical reputation of the St. Petersburg Italian Opera is considerably higher than that of any other theatre in Russia, it will be at once understood that its musicians are not in the habit of quitting it for any slight reasons, but that on the contrary, most of them remain in it during the whole of their professional lifetime. This "permanency," so much admired by Mr. Carlyle, of course produces its usual results in music as in all other things, and the orchestra of the St. Petersburg Italian Opera exhibits an excellence which, under another system, might never have been attained.

All this is intended to show that Bosio's success in Russia is a success not to be despised; indeed she has nowhere been more thoroughly and more warmly appreciated, from her appearance in Moscow at the State representation, when her brilliant vocalization in *Norina* was received in involuntary silence by an audience which had been invited by the Emperor to hear *L'Elisir d'Amore* without being permitted to laugh at Lablache!—down to her last appearance in the *Traviata*, when her pathetic acting and her charming execution of music, which with all its original insipidity becomes touching as "interpreted" by her, caused her to be "recalled" some dozen times, and with an enthusiasm which I had imagined was not to be found out of Italy. It will be remembered that Bosio was advertised to appear last season in the *Traviata*, at the Lyceum, but Piccolomini having forestalled her in the part at Her Majesty's, and the public moreover appearing satisfied with that young lady's style of singing, it of course became unbecoming on the part of the former vocalist to enter into a competition from which nothing was to be gained.

This summer, however, in case of Piccolomini's non-appearance, it will be profitable to her late admirers to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the part of Marguerite Gauthier, executed without "piquancy" or *accroche-cœurs*, by the most accomplished soprano of the present day. A low-minded realist might object in Madame Bosio's performance of the part to her lady-like demeanor. She, in fact, looks like a young girl accidentally living in the region of the *Dames aux Camélias*, where she appears quite *depaycée*. But it seems to me that the *Dame aux Camélias*—on the stage as in real life—is tolerable under no other circumstances, and that in order not to be offensive, it is necessary, in the first instance, that she should not look like what she is. It has always been my conviction that the original representative of the part in Dumas' drama (or comedy as it ought to be called,—its chief merit being that it gives us a lively representation of manners in the *quartier Bréda*) owed a large part of her success to the lamentable fact that she "looked the part." And in support of the truth of this assertion, it may be mentioned that in the provinces where the public are not familiar with the dress, manners, and bearing of the first-class *lorette*, Madame Doche failed. But the *Dame aux Camélias* at the Vaudeville, to a more pure-minded person than an habitual theatre-goer is likely to be, was doubtless a very offensive exhibition. At all events there is a great contrast between the performance of the French actress and that of the Italian singer in the same part, and one that cannot be entirely ascribed to the purifying influence of the music, although the air of the last act is angelic as executed by Madame Bosio.

Calzolari was Madame Bosio's tenor, of whom it is unnecessary to speak, as the public of London have already heard and applauded the feeble gentleman in the ungrateful character of the *amant de cœur*. Do not think, however, that we had no tenor but Calzolari at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The "robust" parts were taken by Bettini (the big one), and his performance with Bosio and the contralto, de Méric (who has vastly improved), in the *Trovatore*, was especially successful. The principal baritone was de Bassini. The *seconda donna* (appearing sometimes as *prima donna*—in the *Norina* of *Don Pasquale*, for instance) was the interesting Marai.

Boarding School Music.

(From "Music and Education," by Dr. MAINZER. London, 1848.)

Whence does music receive its greatest injury, its deepest wounds? From those who should be its natural guardians, and the most jealous defenders of its beauty and purity—the parents of children and the managers of schools, especially schools for female education. To study music is, to them, nothing but to learn to *play the piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours *daily* before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyze a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or, have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a *sonata*, perhaps a *concerto*; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call *accomplishment*, a *refined education*: and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they

have devoted themselves, is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who, generally, are clear-sighted enough to make it an important *item* of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet?

If, in musical education, great errors are committed by teachers, the greatest of all arises from their submitting to the tyranny of these matrons, and their complacency in satisfying the wishes and the vanities of the parents. Unacquainted with music, its loftier purposes, and even with its mechanical department, the latter are over-anxious, in their paternal solicitude, to hear their offspring play or sing great pieces. The day is fixed beforehand, when, at a certain party, the young prodigy should take the whole company by surprise. The teacher, or governess, are alone initiated into the secret; and these poor martyrs of ignorance try every means to show the star in all its magnitude. The day, the great day arrives; the company begin to gather; the grand-papa has taken his arm-chair, and now, O misery! begins the musical entertainment. Papa feels quite uneasy; mama is in a fever; and the juvenile Corinna is all but fainting. However, the glorious moment has come when the sun is to rise and dazzle every eye. We all have heard such prodigious performances. One bar after the other makes slowly its appearance, and is, as it were, forced out; when she sings, it is in stammering notes that she produces the eloquent *A te o cara*, or *Una furtiva lagrima*. Often overcome with fear and emotion, not of the music, but of the heads and candles around her, she stops short, goes on again, but, alas! the black and white keys begin to melt into each other, and to interchange colors, until—all is darkness and confusion. So ends the first musical entertainment, and so begins the musical career of young persons in general: each party-day is a new disappointment for the family and visitors, and a day of deep distress for the poor victim of such vanities and follies.

It is very certain that music, so acquired, must become irksome and tedious, that it can offer no enjoyment for the moment, no nourishment for the mind, and throughout a whole lifetime, no compensation for the time, the money, and the tears it has cost. In going directly against the purpose, it would be unreasonable to expect to attain it. We would wish to learn and love music; but you teach us to dread and hate it:—a system which resembles that of the night police, who carry lanterns, that the thieves may see them from a distance. Well may we say to those parents, and boarding-school Minervas, that music is a dangerous art, if thus it becomes, in their unholy hands, an instrument of torment to the young, or if it has to pass as a blighting blast, over the happy days of youth, and is, thanks to them, a handmaid of vanity, an empty, idle, stupid show, on the one side, and a greedy, cunning speculation, a vile, contemptible trade on the other. Well may we say to the musician, who thus sacrifices his dignity, betrays the art, and, as a sordid usurer, sells it to the highest bidder, what Schiller said to the literary tradesman: "Unhappy mortal! who, with science and art, the noblest of all instruments, effectest and attemptest nothing more than the day-drudge with the meanest; who, in the domain of perfect freedom, bearest about thee the spirit of a slave."

"But," continues he, "how is the artist to guard himself from the corruption of his time? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his comforts and his wants."

As we do not expect to change this degrading system of musical education, unless the parents show a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the art, it is to them we expose the necessity of a total reform in musical tuition, and say, either release the child entirely from this odious, mechanical and stupifying study, good only for nourishing ostentation and self-conceit, or make it a rational, intellectual and noble agent of moral education and mental refinement. The

more solid, the more elementary the beginning, the sooner the end is attained. All those who learn music with the view to shine, will never learn it to satisfy the better judge. They will find the general road too long, and, unlike common mortals, begin where others finish; fly without wings. They learn, by heart, like a bird, a *Cavatina* and a great *Aria*, and display their science in drawing-rooms, turning henceforth—a living hurdy-gurdy—in endless rotation from the *Cavatina* to the *Aria*, and from the *Aria* to the *Cavatina*. How different those who have learned thoroughly the principles of music! they sing every choral or solo composition, though never seen before.

(From the Home Journal, Dec. 1852.)

A TRIBUTE TO BOOTH.

The veteran actor, whose recent death brought a heartfelt "Alas! poor Yorick" to many a lip, is kindly treated in the verses below, by an esteemed contributor. Booth was not an ordinary man; and we are glad that his decease has called forth so worthy though inadequate a tribute to his memory:

BOOTH.

Just now it came into my head,

I know not how it came,

That somewhere I have heard or read,

That Junius Brutus Booth was dead,

An actor of great fame.

In Richard he was really great,

Though Kean's was lauded higher:

All parts, when not in tipsy state,

He played with judgment accurate,

With spirit, force and fire.

His tragic powers high praise bespeak—

His comic claims as high;

Profound in the absurd or weak,

He made you laugh at Jerry Sneak,

And almost made you cry.

For to his sense with feeling rife,

The "fun" was not the best—

That tragedy of common life,

The loving fool, the tyrant wife,

He deemed a serious jest.

He was a scholar deeply versed

In old and modern lore;

A poet, too, and not the worst;

His lines, when by himself rehearsed,

Were seldom thought a bore.

At Holland's lodgings once we met—

Our speech on trifles ran—

The nothings that we soon forget,

But leaves me an impression yet

Of "wit and gentleman."

A bard, the humblest of our times,

While sauntering down the street,

Together strung these careless rhymes,

And thought how oft ambition climbs

As poor reward to meet!

What lasts of Booth?—a paragraph

Some flippant paper gives;

A lie, or only true by half,

To set on barren fools to laugh—

And thus his "glory" lives!

Green boy, who seest on the stage

Some bully foam and roar,

Thinkest it glorious to engage

Applause, by shamming grief or rage,

Go—be a fool no more!

Few idols of the box or pit

Might well with Booth compare:

A genius, scholar, poet, wit,

For every range of talent fit—

And Booth is—what?—and where?

In vain his mind was heaven-inspired,

By study, too, refined—

All nature gave, or art acquired,

Was only for the hour admired,

And then it passed from mind.

The next German Festival.

To the last number of Fitzgerald's *City Item*, Philadelphia, we are indebted for the following:—

SEVENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE GERMAN VOCAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNION.—Coming summer, our city will be witness of one of those grand celebrations for which our song-loving Germans have of late years become so famed, and which promises to surpass all others of the same kind, whether held in New York, Baltimore, or in this City of Brotherly Love. These festivals have been justly considered as possessing an eminently national character, and displaying in a remarkable degree the social elements of German public spirit and life, in the midst of American conventionalism, and have won encomiums of admiration from all classes of our society.

The preliminary proceedings were commenced last May, and the preparations are of the most complete kind, no expense or pains being spared to give eclat to this celebration. The following is the order of proceedings:—

- 1—Saturday (June 13th) Eve of the Festival. Reception of the Societies, and Torch light procession; Salutation by the President of the Delegation; Supper at the Head Quarters; Escort to the lodgings of the Guests.
- 2—Sunday Morning, at 8; Introduction and Rehearsal. In the Evening, Oratorio at the Festive Hall, by the Vocal Societies of Philadelphia.
- 3—Monday Morning, at 8, General Rehearsal for the Festive Concert; then Procession and Reception in Independence Square; Evening, at 7, Concert.
- 4—Tuesday, Pic Nic in the usual manner; Evening, Opera and Ball.
- 5—Wednesday Morning, at 10; Meeting of the Delegation; Afternoon, Chorus-Singing of the different Societies; Conclusion of the Festival, Grand Banquet.
- 6—Departure of Guests.

The Direction of the Music has been placed in the hands of Mr. P. M. WOLSIEFFER, Conductor of the Oratorio on Sunday Evening; and GEORGE FELIX BENKERT, Conductor of the Monday Concert.—Both gentlemen have been long and favorably known in the musical world.

The Officers of the Delegation are:

M. Rosenthal, President.

M. Kaiser, Vice-President.

A. Langguth, Recording Secretary.

P. Rohr, Corresponding Secretary.

A. Saxe, Secretary of Finance.

The programme of the two Concerts is as follows:

- PART I.
- Oratorio of "The Brazen Serpent,".....Loewe.
- PART II.
- 1—Credo, from Twelfth Mass,.....Mozart.
 - 2—Solo, (vocal).
 - 3—Chorus: "The Heavens are Telling," (Creation), Haydn.
 - 4—Solo.
 - 5—Hallelujah Chorus, (Messiah),.....Handel.
- The principal celebration will, however, be on Monday. The festive procession will be magnificent, and will take place after the Rehearsal.
- Second Concert, on Monday evening:—
- PART I.
- 1—Grand Overture,.....Orchestra.
 - 2—Chorale: Eine feste Burg, (United Societies), Luther.
 - 3—(Baltimore Societies).
 - 4—The 67th Psalm, (United Societies),.....F. Otto.
 - 5—(New York Societies).
 - 6—Battle Chorus, from "The Prophet," (United Societies),.....Meyerbeer.
- PART II.
- 1—Grand Overture (National),.....Benkert.
 - 2—Double Chorus: Wine and Water Drinkers, (United Societies),.....Zoellner.
 - 3—Concerted Piece.
 - 4—Scena and Chorus, from "Euryanthe," (Philadelphia Societies),.....Weber.
 - 5—"The American Revolutionary Hero," Wolsieffer.
 - 6—Pilgrim Chorus, from "Tannhäuser," (United Societies),.....Wagner.

Both Concerts will be held at our Academy of Music, and will be arranged in a manner commensurate with the magnitude and splendor of the Festival. The following Societies have accepted the invitation and will attend:—New York, eighteen Societies, with eight hundred members; Baltimore, six Societies; Philadelphia eleven Societies; Richmond, Va., two Societies; Newark, two Societies; Norwich, New Haven, Poughkeepsie, Hartford, Easton, Buffalo, Rochester, Williamsburg, Hoboken, Trenton, Reading, Harrisburg, Wilmington, Petersburg, Washington city. Together, fifty-six societies, with fifteen hundred members, a force sufficient to

shake the walls of the Academy, and which will create a lasting impression on our citizens by the almighty power of song.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Diary at Home.

A New York paper says:

"Signor Jacopsi, (Charles Jacobs of New York), has been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, London."

Signor Jacopsi, of course, can sing better than Mr. Jacobs. Are not Italian singers best?

Two hundred years ago Alexander Stradl went from Germany to Italy, and as Alessandro Stradella, won imperishable renown. The books all say he was a Neapolitan by birth, but he was born in Suabia. From that day to this, few people become great singers until their names are changed.

Sophie Cruvel, after she became Signora Cruvelli, was worthy of the first place in the grand opera at Paris.

Fräulein Deutsch, after she became Signora Tedesco, turned the Havana and Boston musical public topsy-turvy.

Miss Jennings, after becoming Signora Fiorentini, played a great part at London and Paris. Fräulein Ungher of Vienna, having become Madame Sabbatier, was a great Italian contralto.

Possibly the name of Signora Canzi, who thirty years ago was the great singer at La Scala, and on other Italian stages, and then shared the triumphs of Pasta in London and Paris, may be known to some readers. Well, she was Fräulein Canzi, born of German parents, at Baden, near Vienna. But the notices of her at that time of course made her of Italian birth.

The name of Madame Fodor-Mainvielle, the so long ruling spirit at the grand opera at Paris, may also be familiar. She was Fräulein Fodor originally, the daughter of a German pianist, who about 1795 settled in Amsterdam.

Musical history, however, does give us some instances, in which singers have attained a reasonable degree of fame, without sailing under false national colors.

As instances, these names occur to us: Maria and Pauline Garcia, Mrs. Billington, a certain Fräulein Sontag, and a Miss Lind, Caecilia Davies, Mara, Clara Novello, Johanna Wagner, Cinti-Damoreau, Miss Paton, the original Rezia in Weber's *Oberon*, with whom he was delighted, (we know her as Mrs. Wood), and too many others to be cited here.

Of these some never saw Italy, and others only went there after their fame had brought them engagements at Naples, Florence or Venice.

When the next manager brings us an opera troupe from sunny Italy, and engages Zacariah Smith, Habakuk Townsend, Pelatiah Jones, Abigail Barnes, Lois Bigelow and Hepzibah Bacon—how the—ahem!—will he Italianize their names? For certainly, under such every-day cognomens, no human being could sing!

Musical Intelligence.

PORTLAND, ME.—A new sacred Music Society has been formed here, under the title of "The Haydn Association." It is said to embrace the best musical talent of the city; and the following is the list of officers:

President, Francis Blake; Vice-President, Albert P. Pennell; First Conductor, George A. Churchill;

Second Conductor, Samuel Thurston; Secretary, Charles P. Carlton; Treasurer, Parmenio W. Neal; Librarian, Cyrus Staples; Investigating Committee, John L. Shaw, Arthur M. Ilsley, George M. Howe.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Mr. G. W. STRATTON's first Soirée took place at his Piano-forte rooms, March 29th. In the programme we notice Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; the overture to *Tancredi*, (for violin, clarinet and piano); a "Lament," by Schubert, (for two clarinets); Variations by Mozart, for clarinet solo; a fantasia for piano, by Strakosch; and in the vocal portion a sacred Quartet by Kreissmann, a Quartet and a Trio by Stratton, the Trio from *Belisario*, songs from Donizetti, Auber, &c. The Manchester paper says the Soirée was a complete success.

"The performers were all natives. The vocal parts were by Mrs. Wm. Reynolds, Mrs. H. B. Carter, Mr. J. R. Dudley, Mr. David Alden and Mr. Stratton, who performed some Trios and Quartets in a superior manner. Mrs. Reynolds sang two songs with much taste and expression. Stratton's Trio and Quartet were much liked, and appeared quite original compared with the general run of this kind of music. The instrumental parts were performed by Miss S. A. Osgood, Pianist, Mr. E. K. Foss, Violinist, Mr. J. S. Hucks, Clarinetist, Mr. Stratton, Pianist and Clarinetist. Miss Osgood's Fantasia was played in a neat and finished style, which did credit to herself and teacher, Mr. Stratton. The clarinet pieces were much admired."

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mrs. Wentworth, have been in our city for two or three days, delighting our citizens with their performances and playing to all classes of music lovers. On Friday evening they performed at Washburn Hall, (a fine place, it is said, for chamber concerts), giving a programme of light music. On Saturday afternoon they gave in the Mechanics' Hall a concert for the school-children and others, suiting the performances to their tastes. It was advertised as a "ten-cent concert," packages of five tickets being sold for fifty cents. Had the tickets been sold singly, for a dime, the hall would have been crowded.

But the crowning glory of the Club's visit among us was reserved for Saturday evening, at which time they gave a soirée of classical music in the parlors of the Bay State House, which was an occasion of unalloyed enjoyment. The programme was well chosen, and, throughout, well performed. It opened with Haydn's Quartet in G, No. 75, which the strings gave with delicate grace and perfect appreciation throughout. We have never heard the Club play better than in this quartet. The Introduction and Allegro movement of the Beethoven quintet in E flat was characteristic and interesting; and the canonet from Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, proved to be one of the gems of the evening. Ryan's quintet arrangement of one of the simplest yet most charming of the Songs without Words, was very acceptable; and the clarinet quintet in A, No. 6, op. 198, was a fitting close for so fine an evening's entertainment, being in Mozart's best vein, and, most excellently played withal. The programme was interspersed with singing by Mrs. Wentworth, who gave, with her accustomed taste, Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and the air *Come unto Him*; and solos by Krebs and August Fries—accomplished players of the flute and violin.

The performance, on Fast evening, of the oratorio of the Creation, by the Mozart Society, should fill our Mechanics' Hall to overflowing.—*Palladium*.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—(From the Berkshire Co. Eagle, April 10.)—The winter session of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute closed on Tuesday evening last, with a soirée given by the Young Ladies, under the direction of the principal, Prof. E. B. Oliver. The occasion was a pleasant one to all, and especially to those who, like ourselves, with some idea of the designs of the founder, have watched the progress of the Institute from its beginning. The novelty and boldness of the undertaking, and the singular fitness of Mr. Oliver and his associates for giving it success, early gave us a lively interest in it. A passionate devotee of high art and an enthusiastic believer that music—designed to express all the finer feelings of the soul, and all the more delicate fancies of the mind, could only be perfectly cultivated in proportion as the heart, the taste and the judgment are cultivated, and only perfectly expressed by the most thorough artistic skill, Mr. Oliver undertook to establish a school of classic music upon a basis corresponding with his theories. In the system established, music is, of course, made the central point of instruction. The course pursued is extremely thorough, and the favorite style taught is of the severe classic school of Germany. At the soirée on Tuesday evening, the programme contained fifteen pieces, from the following brilliant constellation of authors, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Von Weber and Concone, an unusual combination at least to be found in the

programme of an evening performance by young ladies, and one characteristic of the school. That something more of music must have been learned by them than is often taught, was evident to those who listened to them. And aside from the general musical skill acquired, it was well remarked by a gentleman present, that these pieces now learned were, like the works of Milton and Shakespeare in poetry, always fresh, and would as much delight the hearer if the performers repeated them twenty years hence, as they do now—perhaps the truest test of classic music as distinguished from the fashionable.

So much for the central point of the school. Accessory to this, the sister art of painting and drawing is taught with great skill, by Miss Merrill, and French, German, Latin and some branches of English studies are pursued under teachers of the first class. The primary object of Mr. Oliver in selecting these studies, is that variety which the mind of the student must have, and especially to give that cultivation which he believes essential to the character of the true artist.

By an advertisement it will be seen that a new term of Mr. Oliver's Institute has just commenced.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The "Beethoven Orchestra" gave their third concert on the 23d ult., assisted by "a resident lady singer, of excellent talent," and by the "Providence Flute Club." The programme was:

PART I.
March—Mein Gruss an Berlin.....Gung'l.
Overture—Calife de Bagdad.....Boieldieu.
Song—Kathleen Mavourneen.....Crouch.
Quintet—Andante.....Reicha.
By Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Viola and Violoncello.
Duet Concertante.....Schneider.
By Flute and Clarinet, with Orchestral Accompaniments.

PART II.
Second Overture.....Kalliwoda.
Andante, Moderato and Allegro.....Rossini.
By the Flute Club Adapted for six Flutes, by W. F. Marshall.
Waltzer—Nur Leben.....Strauss.
Song—Eulogy of Tears.....Schubert.
Graceful Polka.....Gung'l.

From the Committee of Management's card to the public, we extract the following paragraphs:

The Orchestra was formed and commenced its rehearsals in March, 1856, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Marshall, and is now composed of the following instruments: 8 violins, 3 violas, 4 violoncellos, 2 double basses, 3 flutes, 1 oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 1 horn, 2 trombones, 1 basso tuba, large and small drums, triangle, cymbals, and kettle drums. Their object, principally, is to encourage and develop, in a large form, the instrumental talent of this city.

They hope that the citizens generally will take an interest in the establishment of a first class Orchestra in this city, and be induced to give such encouragement to the efforts they are now making as will have the effect to increase the numbers and strengthen the efficiency of the Orchestra, thus enabling them to perform music of a higher and more classical character, and perhaps stimulate them to the performance of the grand instrumental compositions of the immortal composer whose name the Association have assumed—BEETHOVEN!

NEW YORK.—Maretzek and company commenced a season of Italian Opera at Niblo's on Monday evening, when Mme. GAZZANIGA made her New York debut in *La Traviata*, with BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c. The *Courier & Enquirer* says:

Madame Gazzaniga, to be so poor a vocalist, is one of the most remarkable artists we have had upon our lyric stage. Her merits are her own peculiar gifts; her faults are in the form of defective acquirement. She possesses that rarity in music, a truly sympathetic soprano voice. No mezzo-soprano, no tenor, is more penetrating in quality, more pathetic in tone; and to this it adds a peculiarly feminine expression which, strange to say, does not always accompany a female voice. She has a great range, quite two octaves and a half, we should say, and more power than any soprano we have heard, except Jenny Lind. Her volume of voice, too, seems to be all music; very little of it runs to waste in mere noise. These merits she in a measure counterbalances by certain defects, which, though they are not fatal, still limit her range, and we fear, unless they are remedied, will prevent her from attaining the rank of a prima donna of the first class. She vocalizes very badly; and in fact cannot sing scale passages or arpeggios, or the ordinary figures of rapid melody, in a manner which would do credit to a pupil of a year's standing under a good master. If we may judge by her performance last evening, her intonation is not reliable; and in passages which require her either to force or to subdue her voice she sings sharp; this however may be the temporary effect of illness or agitation. She delivers her voice with great freedom and purity, but seems to lack elasticity of spirit or of utterance, to a degree which almost reaches monotony; and, consequently she is never brilliant.

Madame Gazzaniga's style is the purely declamatory dramatic style which has been brought into vogue by the later compositions of Donizetti and by those with which Verdi alternately delights and offends us. As

a musical declaimer she has few superiors; and the unusual richness and fullness of the lower register of her voice, gave her great advantages in this respect. As an actress she has much merit; and her person—she is a blonde and has a very pretty figure—wins her favor before she sings.

The illness of Mme. Gazzaniga prevented a repetition until Friday.... The PYNE and HARRISON troupe are giving six nights of English Opera at Burton's theatre with W. V. WALLACE as conductor;—their farewell before returning to England.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A very beautiful "musical soirée" was given by Mr. Corcoran, in behalf of Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, for the purpose of introducing him to some of our most influential families as a pianist and artist of great merit, previous to his giving a public concert here. Though he comes unheralded, yet with the strong introduction he brings from Baron Humboldt and other distinguished European friends of his, we cannot for a moment doubt of his future success in this country, where, we believe, he intends to take up a permanent residence, having already met with marked favor in New York, where he has established himself. But now, to return to Mr. Corcoran's Soirée, where the guests were accomplished in music; we understand that Mr. Goldbeck delighted and astonished his audience. The neatness and precision of his playing cannot well be surpassed, and his classical performances of Beethoven's celebrated Sonata in A flat could not fail to stamp him as an artist of true merit. In short, he gave most entire satisfaction to all who had the pleasure of hearing him.—*Intelligencer*.

SAVANNAH, GA.—We have received a copy of the Constitution of the "Mozart Club," which has existed in this city since 1855. Its object is "the performance of instrumental and vocal music, and the cultivation of correct musical taste." It has active members, (professional and amateur), who pay \$5 a year, the professional excepted, and associate members, who pay \$10; and all members are privileged to attend rehearsals and concerts. The rehearsals take place every Wednesday evening from October into March, and at least four concerts are given during the season. The number of active members for 1856-7 is: Professors 6, Amateurs 14; of associate members, about 60. Of the programmes of the four concerts given this past season, that of the last, (March 4th), may serve as a specimen:

- PART I.
1. Overture—La Muette—Orchestra..... Auber
 2. Song—Como é bella Lucrezia..... Donizetti.
 3. Duet—March Brillant..... Auber.
 4. Song—Una Voce, de Barbieri..... Rossini.
 5. Quintet—Adagio ma non troppo, and Finale..... Kuhlau.
- PART II.
1. Overture—Le Maçon—Orchestra..... Auber.
 2. Grand Fantasia—Cello and Piano..... Kummer.
 3. Song—Romance, Lied de Chamounix..... Donizetti.
 4. Quartet—Variations, two Violins, Viola, Cello..... Haydn.
 5. Song—Barcarole, with Violin obligato..... Schubert.
 6. German Singer March—Orchestra..... arr. by Scherzer.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—Since our last concert report was written, there has been a performance of the *Creation*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and one of *St. Paul*, at St. Martin's Hall, under Mr. Hullah's direction. There has been one of the Concerts for the People, at which Miss Dolby was advertised as giving her aid: this is one of the contributions which, coming naturally from an artist, are graceful and commendable. There has been, also, Mr. Howard Glover's monster concert at Drury Lane.

The programme of Mr. Ella's second Soirée was interesting. It was made up of Herr Molique's Quartet in B flat, a work full of ideas, which, if not very new, are distinct, and of contrivances excellent in their ingenuity; of Mendelssohn's Second Trio, very finely played by Herren Molique and Halle and Signor Piatti, and Dr. Spohr's elegant Sestetto, op. 146, the first movement of which is one of its master's most graceful compositions. Then there were glees—one of them so excellently led by Mr. Foster, the best male counter-tenor we have ever heard, and so evenly sung as to deserve an encore—a glee, by the way, when well sung, makes a variety in better proportion with concerted instrumental chamber music than nine-tenths of the songs to be named, and singers attainable could make.—*Athenæum*, March 21.

The music selected to open the Art-Treasures Exhibition in Manchester will probably be the National Anthem, the Old Hundredth Psalm, and the final chorus to Handel's Cæcilian Ode—since we cannot imagine our contemporaries correct in announcing the entire work for performance on the occasion. Madame Novello is engaged. There is also to be a grand concert on the evening of the opening day—but this, we imagine will not be held in the building. *Ibid*.

PARIS.—Mme. De Staudach's concert, in Erard's Rooms, was fashionably attended. She played a

sonata by Searlatti, and some compositions by Chopin, Schumann, Litolf and Heller. M. Reichardt was the vocalist. He sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," a romance by Donizetti, and Blumenthal's "Chemin de Paradis." The Parisian press are prodigal in their eulogiums on the singing of M. Reichardt.

The London *Athenæum*, (March 21), has the following items:

"Madame Steffanone seems not to have contented her public in *I Puritani*—Signor Mario having been the real star of the Italian season there about to close. When music has ended in the Theatre Ventadour, Madame Ristori will begin her two months' season.

We are glad to see M. Stephen Heller's third Sonata, (the best modern piano-forte Sonata we know), keeping its place in the chamber programmes of the Paris season. Further, there is good hope in the promise of another three-act opera by M. Reber, to come out at the Opera Comique. Lastly, we may note that M. Sax, whose inventions in brass instruments need no epithet, and who has long been vexed by the piratical proceedings of other instrument-makers, has, after ten years of law, gained his cause against the counterfeiters of Paris, whose further operations are henceforward prohibited, and who are sentenced to heavy costs and to retrospective reimbursements."

ITALY.—The *Athenæum* gives the following list of new Italian operas:

Lida da Carcano, by Signor Taddei, produced at Milan; *Il Conte di San Germano*, by Signor Traversari, at Novara; *Guzmano il Prode*, by Signor Sanelli, at Parma. Somewhat more important than the above may be *La Punizione*, by Signor Pacini, given at Rome with Madame Albertini and Signor Baucarde as principal singers.

LEIPZIG, March 3.—The London *Musical World* translates from the New Vienna *Musikzeitung* thus:

On Thursday was Liszt the hero of the day, and to-morrow he will be so again. We shall see Wagner's *Tannhäuser* brought upon the stage under his direction; the Weimar singers, Milde, Wife, and Caspary, as well as the harp-virtuosa, Mme. Pahl, are at his orders. The performances are for the benefit of the operatic stage-manager, Behr.

Liszt was made much of, Thursday; he was received with bravos and welcomed with sturdy applause. His two symphonies are the essence of the whole matter. Both were listened to with approbation by the audience. The "Préludes" must be pronounced as indisputably the most successful; *Mazeppa* was but faintly applauded. After hearing both of these much-talked-of works with our own ears, we, also, are cured of the erroneous idea that they are something special, something we never heard before, something immense. They may be listened to very well with other things. Berlioz has made my head ache much more. People, however, must not allow themselves to be persuaded that they are music with any claims to importance, or destined to enjoy a great future. We have discovered one important peculiarity about them, it is true. But Dr. Franz Liszt will not be exactly proud of it. We mean the great poverty of ideas, and the want of melody and harmony distinguishing them.

In addition to this poverty of ideas and monotony of form, the No. 1, or E flat major concerto, for the pianoforte, played, and in a most masterly manner, by Hans von Bülow, is most unrefreshing. As the artist was honored with too much applause, there were some very audible hissings, to mark the worthlessness of the composition. The bary-tone Milde sang a very pleasing romance by Liszt, which pleased ourselves and the public very well. So much for Liszt. Milde and his wife sang also a duet out of the *Holländer*; they sang it magnificently, and were rewarded accordingly with hearty applause. Wagner's music reminds us of Weber, Meyerbeer, Marschner, and *Tannhäuser*, which was born at a later period. The first part, under Rietz, introduced us, unfortunately, to a not very valuable posthumous work of R. Schumann, a "Singspiel Overture," to a poem in the style of *Hermann und Dorothea*. It was nearly damned. Mme. von Milde rehabilitated Schumann by singing the prayer of "Genoveva" with great feeling and artistic finish.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1857.

The Handel and Haydn Society's Festival.

The great musical event of this year, 1857, will undoubtedly be the Festival in May, for which preparations are now making. Besides all the other reasons for our anticipating much gratification and enjoyment during the successive performances in prospect, we feel no small inter-

est in the success of the project, from the fact that it is another effort of our finest and oldest musical association—we believe the oldest in the country—to give a new impulse to music in the right direction.

We think the public generally is unaware how much has been done in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society, for the cause of music. We are unable to go very deeply into this subject now, but shall in this article direct the attention of the reader to a few topics in point. Previous to 1813, occasional concerts of sacred music, called Oratorios—as grand concerts of vocal and instrumental music in Vienna went by the name of *Academies*—had been given, some by a man named BAILEY, (of whom we should be glad if any correspondent would tell us more), and others under the direction of Dr. G. K. JACKSON. This gentleman, a noted music teacher of his day, was an Englishman, and during the war of 1812, as an alien, was sent away from Boston. It was at this time, that many of the leading singers of the town—some of whom still survive, and whose reminiscences we would gladly have given insertion in the *Journal of Music*—formed themselves into a choral association, under the name of the "Handel and Haydn Society." The society cast away at once the miserable music which was then the staple of popular performance, and devoted its time and labor to conquering the difficulties, then formidable, of the highest class of vocal music—that of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and others of their schools.

Within ten years after the formation of the society, it had published several volumes of choruses and other sacred music at its risk, we may perhaps say expense, for we doubt if any of those volumes sold to any good extent out of the society. The credit belongs to it of having set an example and adhering to it, of singing none but music of the highest order, and of giving a new impulse and direction to public taste by its publications. Though not in due order, we will speak of its collection of psalmody here.

The "Bridgewater Collection," the "Village Harmony," and perhaps other collections, had made some advance from what is now called "old folks' music," but no editor had dared to confront popular prejudice and taste, with a work which should be free from all trace of Billings, Holden, Stephenson, Kimball and the like.

In 1821, Dr. LOWELL MASON, then a young man, and resident in Savannah, came North with the manuscript of a collection of music, which was something as new and out of the common course then, as ZEUNER'S "Harp" was twenty years later. His book was made up from the best English sources, discarded all the old fugging tunes, contained many arrangements from the noble Adagios and Andantes of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Pleyel, &c., and above all was harmonized under the eye and instruction of ABEL, a thorough German musician. This manuscript had been offered in Philadelphia, and to booksellers in other cities freely, save on condition of his receiving such copies as he needed gratis.

No bookseller would touch it. At length, when there seemed to be no hope, the Handel and Haydn Society took it, placed their name upon the title page, printed it, and thus began the greatest revolution we have yet had in psalmody.

To the Handel and Haydn Society, so far as

we have been able to learn, our country owes the credit of having first given an oratorio entire. During the first four years of its existence, it gave a number of concerts of miscellaneous sacred music. For instance, at Christmas, 1815, it engaged the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society,* and gave: Part I, the "Creation," as far as the chorus: "The Heavens are telling;" and for Parts II. and III. miscellaneous selections, mostly from Handel.

The performers were about one hundred, says the *Centinel*, and appeared to embrace all the musical excellence of the town and the vicinity. The performances—the concert was in the Stone Chapel—drew a crowded house, at a dollar for a single ticket, five for \$4, and eight for \$6, and pleased so much that the concert was repeated on the 18th of January.

But the Society determined to do something more than as yet had been accomplished, and on the 22d of March, 1817, they announced a series of concerts which, considering the extent of Boston at that time—not so large as several other New England cities are now—the condition of the community still suffering from the effects of the war, and the small advance which a true taste for music had then made, we think shows a determination and spirit which might well be a model for imitation at this day. All honor to the few that still remain, that took part in that musical enterprise!

The announcement was as follows:

SACRED ORATORIOS.

The Handel and Haydn Society propose to perform in King's Chapel, on the first week in April ensuing, those two celebrated musical compositions, the "Messiah," by Handel, and the "Creation," by Haydn.

The first performance, which will be on Tuesday evening, the first of April, will consist of the first part of the "Messiah" and the first part of the "Creation," together with an intermediate selection. The second performance, on Thursday the third of April, will consist of the second part of the "Creation" and the second part of the "Messiah," with an intermediate selection.

The third performance, on the fourth of April, will consist of the third part of the "Messiah" and the third part of the "Creation," with an intermediate selection.

Books containing the words of the oratorios, and the order of the performances, may be obtained at the several places where tickets are for sale. Tickets for admission to the three performances for \$2, and tickets for performances separately at \$1 each, may be obtained at the bookstore of O. C. Greenleaf, Court street; West & Richardson and Monroe & Francis, Cornhill; S. H. Parker's circulating library, No. 1 Water street; Franklin Musical Warehouse, Milk street; G. Graupner's, Franklin street, and David Francis's bookstore and library, Newbury street.

It appears from a notice of a rehearsal, that the Philharmonic orchestra was engaged for these concerts; and from another source we have learned that an organist was brought from New York, owing to some difficulty in relation to the pecuniary consideration demanded by Dr. Jackson. (?)

As a specimen of the "intermediate selections," the following is a list of the pieces in Part II. of the second concert:

Chorus—From Handel's "Joshua": "The Great Jehovah is an awful theme."

Solo—Oliver Shaw, ("Blind Shaw" of Providence): "This world is all a fleeting show."

Chorus—"Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord."—Handel.

Recitation—Handel: "He measureth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

Solo—"Thou dost blow with Thy wind."

Chorus—"He gave them hail-stones for rain."

Three months later, when President Monroe came to Boston, the Society was invited by "the committee of arrangements of the town of Boston," to give a select oratorio in his presence. It

took place July 5th, at 5 P. M., in Chauncy Place church. Some of the pieces sung were the choruses: "Hail Judea, happy land," "The horse and his rider," "Hailstone," "Welcome, welcome, mighty King," "Achieved is the glorious work," &c., &c. Among the solos was Shaw's sweet song: "Were not the sinful Mary's tears."

Another fact which will ever stand in honor of the Society, is that some of its members sent an order to Vienna, to have BEETHOVEN compose an oratorio for it, without limiting him in any manner as to price, subject or style—and this only from the specimens of the master, which they had sung from the "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

The society, like other musical associations, has at times had its firmament clouded, but a large-minded and generous policy will, we sincerely trust, be followed at length by an appreciation on the part of the public, which shall enable it to remain as it now is, one of the institutions of Boston.

We have other things to say in this connection, but our article is already long enough. If musical taste be higher in Boston than in other American cities, as is sometimes claimed, we do not hesitate to attribute it to the long and well-directed influence of our noble old Choral Society.

CONCERTS.

THALBERG has gone! The last of the half-dollar concerts, being the fifteenth and last of his second visit to Boston, took place in the Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The storm thinned the audience. The character of the entertainment was such as we have many times described, and with the usual assistants, D'ANGRI, JOHANNSEN and HERR SCHREIBER. With all their names and shapes Protean—Thalberg's concerts simple, Thalberg's concerts grand, Thalberg's oratorios, festivals, children's concerts, matinées, soirées, piano recitals, &c., &c.—they are all over now. They always had delighted audiences; they have given us a great variety of fine music, and a great deal of pleasure, in which a very large part of the community have been participators.

The AFTERNOON CONCERTS, too, are over. The last, on Wednesday, drew a crowd, and programme and performance were particularly good. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—in more than one sense one of his *happiest* efforts, was a delicious treat. The *Tannhäuser* overture told well, too, for a conclusion; though we would rather have heard the *Leonora* just at this time. There was a fine set of Waltzes by Lumbye, a spirited Gallop by Zerrahn, and an elaborate Fantasia for clarinet, composed by Reissiger and played by RYAN. Much interest was created by the remarkable piano-forte playing of Master ERNST PERABO, a lad only eleven years and three months old. The motive for this single public exhibition of his talent was a good one: it was simply to show that he has talent such as should not be allowed to run to waste, and to interest our music-lovers if possible enough to give him the means of seeking solid education in Germany. Of course the child did not do his best; and yet what he did was evidence enough of most decided musical talent. He played the first Song without Words, by Mendelssohn, clearly, (but of course without the expression which such pieces require); a florid *melodie variée*, by Döhler, in the modern style; a *Souvenir de Mendelssohn*, by Krug, in which he made the melody stand distinctly out amid a wealth of accompaniment; and finally a composition of his own, a sort of minor church air, of not a little beauty, followed by half a dozen variations, astonishingly clever for a boy. His musical memory is remarkable; and so is his power

of reading music. We have heard him play correctly and clearly at sight a pretty difficult prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn; and from memory various fugues of Bach, Mozart, &c., of which he carries some thirty in his head and fingers.

The Afternoon Concerts have been a success. We have no doubt they might go on successfully for a month more.

BOSTON CHORISTERS' SCHOOL—To nothing for some time have we listened with more fresh and peculiar interest than to the concert given by Mr. H. S. CUTLER, on Wednesday evening, at the Tremont Temple. Its objects were to give the audience some idea of English Cathedral Music, and to exhibit the practicability and proper use of boy choirs in the Episcopal service. The pieces of the first part were prefaced and interspersed with very instructive and interesting explanations and historical notices by Mr. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, who won the warm thanks of the audience. We hope to give our readers his entire lecture in our next.

We have no room now to do much justice to the concert, or to treat, as we hope some time to be able to do, several important questions which it raised anew in our mind. Of the real artistic worth, or creative genius, of this old English music, we are still unprepared to judge with confidence. But as a ritual, as a branch of a church service, it has at least the merit of uniform dignity, and freedom from poor triviality and sentimentality. Some of the pieces sung that evening impressed us very deeply. We are no believer in the old Church Modes as *absolute and permanent types*; we see in them only rude, imperfect efforts to get at the only complete Scale yet in their very limitations there is a certain quaint grandeur of effect, which no one will deny. We felt it and enjoyed it in the two first pieces, the Gregorian *Venite*, and the *Te Deum* by Tallis. Both these and the quite elaborate fugged *Te Deums* and anthems of later date (by Farrant, Webbe, Rogers, Travers and Boyce), seemed (to judge from that experiment) to be most fitly rendered by choirs in which the soprano part is sung by boys.

But leaving for the present all discussion of the compositions, we would simply bear our testimony to the rare charm and perfection of the execution of the entire programme. The two choirs were arranged antiphonally at opposite ends of the stage, each consisting of six boys (or choristers), two counter-tenors, two tenors and two basses. The boys were from the Church of the Advent; among the older singers, called in for the purpose, we noticed Messrs. MOZART and GARRETT, basses, Messrs. HOWARD and ADAMS, tenors, &c. The choirs had been marvellously well drilled, and sang, sometimes without accompaniment, long and difficult anthems, with such perfect truth and clearness as we rarely hear in any concert. The boys' voices were all pure, sweet and musical, always in time and tune, and they sang with an earnestness and an unaffected joy in what they did, free from all sign of vanity or individual self-consciousness, that was refreshing to witness. The whole behavior of these young gentlemen was as commendable as their musical accomplishment.—Three of them sang the Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, without aid of instrument, with delightful sweetness and silvery purity of harmony.

The song from Handel: *Come unto Him*, by young Master WHITE, was so beautiful as to elicit an encore. In the place of another lad, who was unwell, Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang: *If with all your hearts*, very finely. Choruses from the "Messiah" and from "Samson" were sung by the two little choirs united, and with an effect and volume of tone that surprised us. Mr. Cutler, who is one of our best organists, accompanied. He is plainly quite in earnest in his devotion to this school of church music; he modestly and simply merged himself in his work; whatever might be our doubts and prejudices about the English music, here was a genuine opportunity to learn about it, and all who embraced it could not but feel rewarded and grateful to Mr. Cutler and to Mr. Thayer.

* Who can give us any account of this society?

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 8th.—(From a private letter.)—I have just been looking through a book, which perhaps has not come under your notice—"BEETHOVEN, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs, par OULIBICHEFF." It does not strike me as a very valuable work; but noteworthy are the criticisms which he has therein collected; for instance, what Wagner and Berlioz have said upon the Ninth Symphony.

Oulibicheff divides Beethoven's works into three periods, and is of opinion that during the third Beethoven was already so deaf, that he no longer retained fully in his memory the separate tones, with the good and bad effects which they may produce, and hence composed and combined things, which, if he could have heard them, he would have avoided. Oulibicheff even gives some passages from the Ninth Symphony as proofs of this point. But he seems to me, to use a German phrase, "to be quite in a bye-way"; for how is it possible that Beethoven should have so missed filling his soul with music and its effects, that he needed to hear his compositions with the physical ear?

On the other hand I believe that he only can fully understand these later compositions, who has first made himself master of the earlier works, and who is thus enabled to follow Beethoven into his thoughts and feelings.

We have not been this season, as in so many winters past, overwhelmed with too many concerts, and (what is especially worthy of honorable notice) all mediocre talent has been so prudent as to turn its back upon our city and bless other places with its presence.

Herr STERN [Star], the conductor of the great choral association, [*Singverein*], has done honor to his name, and has caused a star of the first magnitude to appear to us—the Grand Mass of Beethoven, which was also given last year. This work is so effective and mighty that one is completely carried away by it, and never thinks of passing judgment upon it; as when one enters the cathedral at Cologne and feels as if it was not built, but had stood so from the beginning of things, and that every stone must from necessity lie just so; so it is with this mass of Beethoven's. The parallel with the cathedral is also carried out in this, that it is so perfectly catholic. For instance, introducing the *Dona nobis pacem*, [the prayer for peace.] suddenly are heard the bright notes of the horns, which impresses the hearer with the idea that Beethoven intended to convey the idea of war instead of peace. I had opportunity to attend one of the rehearsals. In this way, through the frequent repetitions of the separate parts, one is enabled to get an idea of their full beauty. And this is the work, which twenty years ago it was said must have been composed by a crazy man!

The Singakademie has performed another work of Handel, "Saul," which is far less important than the "Messiah," "Alexander's Feast," &c. At Easter, as has been done I believe for twenty-five years, that society will sing Bach's *Passions-musik*. That is music to which the auditor needs to bring only his heart; no need of musical knowledge there; and therefore I am always sorry, that it is not sung in a church.

CLARA NOVELLO is singing here with *éclat*, as she did many years ago. She has a voice of great compass, which it is true fails in many points, but many of its tones are of truly wonderful beauty, real flute tones, and neither the Lind nor our Johanna Wagner can produce such. And then her style is in the highest degree graceful and pleasing; she also knows the weak points of a gradually failing voice, and so well how to cover them that the hearer hardly notices them. She sings for the most part Handel's music, and in English, being English by birth. Also, airs

from Haydn. I heard the air from the "Creation," *With verdure clad*. It is not possible to imagine it better, so pure and simple was its style. The king, who eighteen years ago had her often come to the palace to sing Handel's music, attends her concerts, which she may consider as a high honor, (if she was an American, not, perhaps?) as he now goes to no concerts but those of the Dom Chor.

We have had no new operas but DORN's "Day in Russia," which has not given satisfaction, and is no longer repeated. A kapellmeister who is continually directing operas, thinks too easily, "Such an opera you can also compose;" but the public has often more judgment than it has credit for, and does not allow itself to be dazzled by beautiful decorations.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Bound volumes of our Journal, for the past year, will soon be ready. . . . Mrs. MOZART deserves a large attendance at her concert this evening. She has one of the richest soprano voices, and is one of our best singers. The concert is prior to her departure for Europe, where she will seek musical improvement in the best schools of Paris, Italy and Germany. She will have excellent assistance to-night, and the programme will be rich and varied. . . . We have just had a good specimen of English church music, and now we are invited, by Mr. WERNER, to a concert of purely Catholic music, including Mozart's *Requiem*, to be sung by Catholic choirs, Sunday evening, May 3d. . . . Read NOVELLO's advertisement, if you would find choice, abundant and cheap supplies of Madrigal and Glee music, both of the English and the German schools.

FRY, of the *Tribune*, says of Mme. GAZZANIGA, that "her voice is an absolute soprano—rich, full, loud, potent, true, steady, tearful, passionate, heroic," and that although deficient in some respects, she is in others "the greatest singer that has ever been in America." . . . A "Grand Verdi Festival," at Exeter Hall, London, was announced for Easter Monday, at which all the choicest music of *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata* was to be performed "in a more perfect manner than ever before attempted;" the list of distinguished artists includes Mr. MILLARDI, besides CLARA NOVELLO, Miss DOLBY, SIMS REEVES, &c. . . . "Dr. MARK and his little men," is the title of a juvenile orchestra, of 30 instrumental performers and 40 singers, composed of little English, Scotch and Irish boys, from five to fifteen years of age, whom Dr. Mark has taught gratuitously, to illustrate his new system, and with whom he is giving concerts in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, &c.

They have what is called a "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" in London, which was to hold a Choral Meeting in Exeter Hall, March 31st, when the chair would be taken by W. E. HICKSON, Esq., author of "The Singing Master," and an essay on "The Use of Singing," and when a choir of 800 voices, entirely without the aid of any instrumental accompaniment, would sing selections from Mendelssohn, Nægeli, Becker, Spofforth, Webbe, and other eminent composers. . . . BALFE has composed a song to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud," and SIMS REEVES sings it. . . . Our old friend BADIALI, baritone superbo, sang last month in Paris at a concert given by HENRI HERZ, who brought out some new piano pieces of his own; namely, a fantasia on *La Favorita*, a *Galop brillant*, and *Le Chant du Pelerin*. Mme. VIARDOT GARCIA sang at the same concert two of Chopin's Mazurkas, set to English words, and an antique air or recitative by Lulli. BOTTESINI was there, too, without his double bass, but as conductor. Verily not a few of the names that figure now-a-days in European operas and concerts have a look of "old acquaintance" to Bostonians and New Yorkers. . . . LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the "lion-pianist," has arrived in Paris, where he proposes to

remain some months. He has been playing at the Hague and Brussels, and before the king of Holland.

Among the notices of new books abroad, we read: "Germany has sent us a thick octavo treatise on Beethoven, his critics and glossators, and a new biography, (six vols.!), of Mozart, with an analysis of his principal works, by A. OULIBICHEFF, both written in French." We wonder if the new biography of Mozart, in six volumes, is anything more than a new (perhaps enlarged) edition of his old one, in three volumes, a work with which the readers of this Journal should by this time be somewhat familiar. Few composers ever found so appreciative a biographer; but now that M. Oulibicheff has taken Beethoven in hand, we trust that he has found out how to appreciate him better than he did when Mozart filled his whole horizon. . . . New York papers mention the death in that city of WILLIAM H. REEVES, the English tenor, who came to this country with Mme. Anna Bishop. He leaves a wife and children in a state of destitution. He was a brother of the famous SIMS REEVES.

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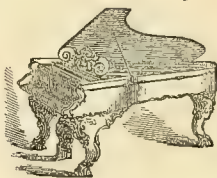
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sunday in Florence—A Visit to the Villa Catalani.

Translated from "Les Nuits Italiennes," by Méry.

Sunday is indeed a beautiful day in Florence. The indolent city enjoys it with the calm delight of reflective happiness. When I recall my memories of Tuscany, it seems to me that Florence reserves for her Sundays a peculiar sunshine, a softer light, a river of deeper blue, a more luxurious shade in the walks of "the Cascine." In other cities, the people pass their Sundays in coarse pleasures abroad, or in idleness at home, that they may forget the toils of the week. At Florence, the people walk about, quietly; they have an appearance of wealth, dignity, comfort and respectability. It is, doubtless, the only city in the world, where there are no rags to be seen among the lower classes. What an excellent argument in favor of the happiness of the masses can be drawn from the fact that the peasant women wear feathers in their bonnets, while their husbands wear kid gloves! I believe that no where else but in Florence do the country people wear gloves.

The first impression made on the mind on entering a new city, is always the deepest. I was fortunate in entering Florence on Saturday evening. The next morning the city appeared to me under an aspect of strange beauty. Never did the sun shed a more brilliant light.

I prefer "the Cascine" to the gardens of the Tuileries. The trees of the Tuileries seem to look down upon you with a patronizing air, like the oak in the fable. One feels almost inclined to wipe his feet at the gate, as if at the entrance of a richly-furnished drawing-room. Cincinnatus and Spartacus would hardly be admitted there;

there is an aristocratic air about it which embarrasses the humble citizen. But the garden of the *Cascine* belongs to everybody. In the first place, there are no iron gates. Wherever there are gates, the place is nothing but a prison; if sentinels are placed before them, the prison is complete. At the *Cascine* there are neither soldiers nor iron barriers; it is a delightful wood, beginning at the outskirts of the city, in which a few straight walks have been laid out; but it still remains almost wholly untouched by art. The Arno borders the *Cascine* as the Seine does the Tuileries, but with this difference, that there is no rampart, strong enough to maintain a siege, between the garden and the river. A strip of fresh greensward leads the visitor along the bank of the Arno.

A visit to the garden of the *Cascine*, on Sunday, is a charming Italian recreation. It is a weekly *Long champs*. Two long rows of vehicles, mingled with parties of equestrians, move through the principal avenue, while those on foot wander among the side-walks of the wood. The whole scene forms a quiet picture, elegant and graceful, like everything in Florence. There is no shouting among this peaceable crowd; the liquid and silvery Italian of beautiful Tuscany falls melodiously from every mouth, forming harmony delightful to the ear. There is no strife, no quarrelling, no rude language. This is not from the absence of passion in these people; they are passionate enough when they are aroused. They are a truly artistic race, who do not think it proper to waste their energies in street riots. They walk so peaceably in the garden of the *Cascine*, because they are unwilling to create a disturbance in the open street. But see them at the theatre. There they weep—laugh—stamp their feet. They encore a song, twenty times, with all the frenzy of the South. Or watch them listening to a sermon at the *Duomo*, where one of those eloquent monks, such as I have often heard, preaches in Advent, or during Lent. Every phrase of the preacher tells upon the expressive faces of the immense audience. They clasp their hands tighter together to keep from applauding. After the sermon, the preacher is prudently placed in a covered litter, for the people, in their zeal, would carry him off in triumph. They are obliged to guard the priest against this ovation.

One fine Sunday in spring, I went out of Florence by the *Porta San Gallo*, to answer an urgent invitation, that I had received the evening before; I was going to hear the "Litany of the Virgin," in the chapel in the village of Loggia. Madame CATALANI was to sing with her daughter, Madame DUVIVIER. The country-seat, which by the command of the Grand Duke, bears

the name of the illustrious singer, is in the neighborhood of Loggia.

I know of nothing in the world more touching than the services of the Catholic church, performed in an humble village chapel. In Italy especially, as in the south of France, we feel, in spite of ourselves, touched with pious emotion, among these quiet villagers, with their simple faith, and, by a sudden transition, the mind reverts once more to the sweet monitions of childhood.

Mass was performed by a venerable octogenarian priest. The chapel was filled with peasants, all kneeling in careless attitudes, but joining fervently in the prayers at the altar. In the chancel were a few invited guests, among them Madame GAETANO MURAT and a noble Polish exile, Count POTOCKI.

Madame Catalani chanted the Litany with that magnificent voice which all Europe has heard and admired. She had on this occasion, for an audience, neither the pit of *La Scala* nor the boxes of *San Carlo*; neither an assembly of Parisians, Russians and English, nor a congress of kings. Only poor peasants were listening to her, open-mouthed; their faces were expressive of enchantment—ecstasy. I have rarely seen a picture so touching. The celebrated singer, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was as beautiful and majestic as we had so often seen her at the Italian opera, in Paris; her eyes as brilliant, and her face trembling with emotion. It was beautiful to see Semiramis thus abandoning the Babylonian people to give pleasure to a whole village, by her Prayer to the Virgin, pouring forth the solemn notes of the Christian invocation. It was delightful to me to hear those earnest prayers which burst forth in their rich, sonorous Latin from Italian lips. The simple village chapel had never thrilled to such sounds before. To those sublime invocations, "Mystical Rose," "Tower of Ivory," "Comforter of the Afflicted," the village choir responded, "Pray for us." The harmonious "Ora pro Nobis" was sung with wonderful effect, and with that natural precision of note and perfect harmony which belongs to every Italian ear. The arrangement of the chants and responses was severe and simple, just as it was written by St. Bernard, the great servant of Mary. The singer did not alter the original simplicity of the hymns, but she uttered each address with an inspired ardor and deep enthusiasm, that gave an unexpected beauty to the delicate poetry of the prayer. Her divine voice seemed to rise to Heaven, full of faith and hope, and then descend to earth to be lost amidst the full response of the congregation; these alternate chants were not broken by a pause, agreeably to the written law

which declares that "the prayer of the Church shall never fall to the ground," and that the silent mouth shall receive the last pious sound from the lips that have just closed.

I have heard many concerts in Italy, but I have never heard anything that would compare with this village service. In the Sixtine Chapel, at Rome, during the performance of the divine *Miserere* before the frescoes of Michael Angelo, I have recalled with emotion the Litany of Loggia. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Sacred College, even Michael Angelo himself, more imposing than all the Court of Rome, never caused me to forget that quiet audience of villagers, responding to Madame Catalani, in that poor, dilapidated chapel. While I was thinking of the Litany, I was moved by the *Miserere*; and if God listens to the prayer of assembled men, He may have lent a favorable ear to the peasants of Loggia, which would be closed against the Soprani of the Chapel of the Vatican.

After service, Madame Catalani invited us to her villa. Artistic Europe has built this splendid residence. Florence cannot boast a more beautiful country-seat. The Villa Catalani is surrounded by a belt of lemon and orange trees. It is built on a plain, its winter front facing the sun, its summer front the woods. It has a court-yard, surrounded by a colonnade, where are displayed four pieces of sculpture, by Luca della Robbia, the great artist, who might have worked upon the Panathenaic procession of the Parthenon, from the scaffold of a Phidias.

One feels a thrill of pleasure as he enters this perfumed villa; an air of unostentatious luxury refreshes the eye; amidst the heat of the South, one feels as if in a marble bath; in every direction are marble and rich pavements of Mosaic. On all sides is seen Italian elegance, artistically disposed to repel the heat of summer. Venetian blinds in a hundred windows wave in the breeze from the Arno, and carry fresh, cool air into the galleries and staircases. Graceful arabesques cover the walls, lemon trees perfume the corridors, sweet odors from the gardens fill every alcove. We seem transported into one of those palaces that painters love to build upon their canvass, as if to console themselves for never finding them upon earth, while the frame of this picture is the Campagna of Florence. From every balcony can be seen that luminous expanse of azure, crowned with deep blue mountains, bathed by its caressing river.

Beautiful Florence is seen thus under the hills of the Villa Strossi and San Miniato. It seems to rest luxuriously on the banks of the Arno, with its Duomo and two colossal towers, like an indolent woman, stretching out her arms as she goes to sleep.

A sumptuous breakfast was prepared for us in a beautiful hall adjoining the orangery. The priest who had said Mass, had been invited to breakfast. He came, but begged to be excused for not sitting at the table with the other guests. Madame Catalani urged him, warmly, in her beautiful Tuscan, which can hardly be resisted, but the priest smilingly persisted in his determination. He would take nothing but a cup of chocolate, which was served in another room. These scruples seemed to me appropriate and right in the old man.

The conversation at table turned upon Music, and especially upon the French Operas that are

unknown in Italy. They spoke of "Robert," which had never yet crossed the Appennines. The Italians look upon this as a serious misfortune. Some have even gone from Florence to Paris to see it represented, and have paid a thousand crowns for their balcony tickets. In music, the Florentines know no narrow system—no exclusiveness. They are passionate lovers of anything beautiful, and do not ask whence it comes. I was present at the first representation of the Symphonies of Beethoven at Florence. "The Heroic" and "the Pastoral" were received with a perfect ecstasy of delight. At the first hearing these masterpieces were thoroughly understood, appreciated and adopted. In the evening, the same people who had already admired Beethoven, went into raptures at *La Pergola*, over Donizetti, the maestro of the season. I inquired if the opera of *Robert* would never be brought out at *La Pergola*. The company at that theatre might execute it with success. They had a French tenor, Dupré, whose voice was deliciously sweet; an excellent basso, whose name I have forgotten, and two talented singers of great merit, Persiani and Delsere. I was told that *Robert* would always be excluded from their stage on account of the scene in the church at Palermo, in which nuns, monks and priests appear. These scruples were too ill-founded to give me a moment's hesitation.

"It is astonishing to me," I replied, "that difficulties so slight should not have been removed, since there is so strong a desire to hear *Robert*. It is not necessary to be strictly confined to the French libretto; a few alterations, which would not injure the effect of the music as a whole, would give you an expurgated *Robert*, which would not offend even the most fastidious and exacting of Tuscans."

"We should like nothing better—but how would you do all this?" "Instead of nuns, bring other ghosts on to the stage, (there is no reason why these ghosts should have a large cross on their breasts), and let them dance before the tomb of Saint Rosalie. Then, in the fifth act, you will all admit that the Church of Palermo plays only the part of a decoration, like the Vesuvius in the *Muette*. If you leave out the church scene and finish the opera with the Trio, you will lose nothing of importance. With true lovers of music the spectacle is always subordinate to Art. Monks, priests, nuns, cathedral and silver lamps might all be dispensed with, without the sacrifice of a single note of this masterpiece, amidst the destruction of scenery. When I return to Paris, I will ask Herr Meyerbeer if he approves of my idea, and if the composer does not object to this mutilation, I will procure for you an orthodox libretto, even if you have to take such apparitions as you have at hand in the Castle of Udolpho, between Sienna and Poggibonzi.

My reasoning convinced the most incredulous, and I have no doubt that my idea will be carried out, some day, on the Italian stage.

Our breakfast ended according to the precepts of the ancient philosophers. In that brilliant, perfumed hall, adorned with Tuscan grace, in the midst of the orange groves, glowing with life, where the air of the Florentine spring seemed almost to inspire us with immortality, a solemn funeral chant began, forming a strange contrast with the scene around us, which threw the listen-

ers into a delicious reverie. Madame Catalani sang the *Dies Irae* of the English Church, a hymn which embraces all the terrible poetry of the Puritans. This grand chant might have been written upon sepulchral marble, with a branch of cypress. The slow notes of the English horn accompanied the hymn; they resounded like the knell of the archangel's trump. Never was there a more unexpected pleasure. How ingenious and inventive is the hospitality of the Villa Catalani! An exquisite repast, served between the singing of the Hymn to the Virgin and the *Dies Irae*. At dessert, vulgar ostentation introduces songs in praise of wine and love; while here, on the banks of the Arno, our glasses filled with French wines, seated between beautiful women of France and Italy, we listened with delight to a funeral hymn. The breeze played among the orange-trees upon the terrace; noon came on with its strange Italian languor; a soft light shone through the windows; transparent shadows floated over the frescoes; it was a scene like that in the triclinium at Tibur, when Horace says to Sextius: "Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae. Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres. O beate Sexti, Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam."

This whole day was one long concert. The days in Florence are made up of music, and they often last late into the night. The piano was seized upon, the audience filled the couches of the saloon, the music books were arranged upon the stands. Madame Duvivier, Madame Catalani's daughter, has one of the finest contralto voices ever heard in Italy. She sang duets with her mother, and they exhausted *Norma*, *La Donna del Lago* and *Semiramide*. The elegant and artistic Parisian "Salon" was worthily represented, at the piano, by Madame Gaetano Murat, the daughter of M. de Méneval, who was the friend of the Emperor. Visitors arrived constantly from Florence; but neither the sound of wheels nor the stamping of horses on the flag-stones of the court-yard, nor the pompous announcement of the illustrious names of the Tuscan nobility, interrupted the music for a moment; nothing could stop the excitement of musical execution. The mistress of the mansion was *Norma* or *Semiramide* and we, her guests, here at Babylon or in the forest of Irminsul. No one noticed what was going on outside of the hall. It was the passion for Art, in all its divine ecstasy, of which I had so often dreamed. There was none of the condescension of the artist or singer; no effort to escape dullness or fatigue by the diversion of music; no intervals, during which people exchanged compliments and congratulations. No programme had laid out the order of our entertainment; no time was lost in unmeaning preludes, or in pretended unwillingness. No: everything floated on with vigor and true passion—cavatina, cantilena, polonaise, duet, trio, romanza. The singer was always ready and the audience were not detained in long anticipation; they would have prolonged the concert forever! The parts were promptly executed, and the piano gave no rest to the voice, nor the voice to the piano. This is the way a concert is given at the Villa Catalani.

THE AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—delight of gay young Boston and especial consolation of desolate suburbans,—are now discontinued, their glory has departed, and the Music Hall shall know them no more—at least, for a season. The last of the

course was given yesterday afternoon, and young Boston, touched by the solemnity of the occasion, kept up a respectable appearance of decorum throughout, which, we trust, did them no harm. And now, the afternoon concerts being over, what will become of the promising embryo musical cognoscenti of the city, who patronized them with such appreciative enthusiasm, going into epileptics of ecstasy over the Anvil Chorus, with or without the anvils, and rushing into the corridors or a lively conversation whenever the serener spirits of Mozart or Mendelssohn claimed a hearing! What will become of that long line of eager eyeglasses, with weak-minded young men attached, who, at the close of each concert would organize themselves into a phalanx in Winter Place, making themselves ridiculous, and everybody else uncomfortable, staring at the faces and figures passing out? What shall become of that stream of youthful humanity that, just before five o'clock each Wednesday afternoon, oozed from the hall, and flowing through Winter street, flooded for hours the popular thoroughfare, sweeping all before it with its magnificent swell; engulfing all intruders in its amplitudes of crinoline; bewildering, and almost carrying off his slender legs, as he "works with his sinuosities along," the feeble young man adjusting his glass for a critical examination of the beauty whose circumference forbids his near approach! What will become of all these? Their occupation's gone. No more for them the orchestra shall form, nor Zerrahn ply his baton in the air; Heinicke's shrill clarion nor the echoing horn, no more for sweet sounds shall their ears prepare. The Music Hall will no more o' Wednesday afternoon be lighted up with bright eyes, pink bonnets, and many-colored ribbons. The corridors will no longer be a trysting-place for maidens and their sweethearts, and the pat of gentle feet will no more echo through the dark labyrinth of the passages, distracting the listeners within. Rather hard for young Boston, but even young Boston must take its share of the woes of this world.

The afternoon concerts have been very well patronized this season, although their success has not been equal to that of those given by the Germanians a few years ago, which was so great that it really induced the delusion that Bostonians must be an intensely musical people. The popularity of these well remembered "rehearsals," and the subsequent rapid decline of interest in entertainments of this character, form a striking example of the unreliability of the great public, and the utter vanity of all earthly glory. "Afternoon concerts" first came into favor in the time of the Musical Fund Society, whose "rehearsals" did good work in their day. The good old Musical Fund fulfilled its mission and departed, yielding, rather reluctantly, to the march of musical improvement, and making a few glorious struggles before giving up the ghost. The Germanians, handsome fellows, had won the hearts of the Boston maidens, and their triumph followed as a matter of course. For two years, with little Jaell, they carried themselves bravely, but, as their success was not based upon any real sound Art-enthusiasm, they, in their turn, were obliged to dissolve and disperse. A number of them came to Boston, their first love, and through their exertions we have had occasional returns of the merry old times. The other members of the society migrated to different portions of the United States, where, with one exception, we believe they are all prospering. The exception is Mr. Louis Hehl, of whose death we were grieved to hear a few days since. Mr. Hehl was well known as a violinist and an admirable pianist, whose opportunities of establishing himself in an honorable position in this city were very great. He, however, thought his interests would be benefitted by visiting the West. He lived for a while at Detroit, without meeting the success he had anticipated, and died a short time since in New Orleans.

Commencing with the intention merely to jestingly announce the demise of a series of concerts, we have almost involuntarily recorded the actual death of one who was in former times intimately associated with similar concerts. The

allusion, however, is not wholly inappropriate, and a word of regret is due the memory of a gentleman once so well known and so warmly regarded in our musical circles.—*Courier*, 16th.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

From the German of KOERNER.

I.

Father, I call on Thee!
Round me is roaring the smoke of the battle,
Hissing and flashing, the lightning-bolts rattle;
Ruler of battles! I cry to Thee!
Father, O lead Thou me!

II.

Father, O lead Thou me!
Lead me to victory—death—if Thy will be;
Lord, my commander, Thou, Thou shalt still be;
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me.
God, I acknowledge Thee!

III.

God, I acknowledge Thee!
As in the woodland's autumnal moaning,
So in the battle-thunder's groaning,
Fountain of mercy, I'm near to Thee!
Father, O bless Thou me!

IV.

Father, O bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand my life I surrender,
Thou art its Author, Disposer, Defender;
O, living or dying, bless Thou me.
Father, all praise to Thee!

V.

Father, all praise to Thee!
Not for the goods of the world we're contending,
All that is holy our swords are defending;
Then, falling, and conquering, praise I Thee!
God, be Thou nigh to me!

VI.

God, be Thou nigh to me!
When death shall come with his thunder-greeting,
When the last pulses of life are fleeting,
Then, O God, be Thou nigh to me!
Father! I call on Thee!

C. T. B.

An Actor upon Audiences.

[In Fitzgerald's paper the behavior of Philadelphia audiences is thus shown up by an actor. We fear there are few places, in this land at least, where the portrait, even if a little caricatured, will not suit.]

EDITORS OF THE CITY ITEM—Gentlemen:—To abuse a public upon whose kindness my success depends, and of whose appreciation I have received so many tokens, would seem ungrateful and impolite. Yet to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and to abuse our best friends is often to most oblige them. The public have been kind to me, and so I shall be kind to the public.

An audience, sirs, whether operative or theatrical, is a great overgrown, ignorant, peevish, whimsical baby. Having no respect for others, and none for itself, it supplies the vacuum with an overplus of self-esteem. All it seeks is its own gratification. Its very applause is not so much a tribute to the merits of an actor, as a declaration of its own discrimination.

It puts in its thumb

And pulls out a plum,

And says, "What a good boy am I!"

It sees upon the stage the reflection of its own intelligence, and smiles benignly on the mirror. It reduces all beauty to its own distorted standard, and breaks all the statues not cast in its own model. But in reality this universal censor is the most ignorant and superficial of dilettanti.

In its ignorance of the very objects it admires, it applauds at the very moment it should listen, and rapturously demands an encore in the middle of a Brindisi. To hear Thalberg play four fantasias, it crowds a concert room, and after insisting upon his playing a dozen, finally in the very middle of the last piece encores, puts on its overcoat and goes home. It enters late to show its superiority to forms, and goes out early to show

its contempt for courtesy. It is a poor compliment to grant it the supremacy it asserts.

To me, Messrs. Editors, it appears that in some unknown delusion, the audience consider themselves the actors, and the ladies and gentlemen on the stage, spectators. It is under this impression that they perform those astonishing farces and burlesques upon politeness which have gained them the honor of being better clowns than any who tumble in the sawdust.

But is their conscience so poor a call boy that they cannot better time their entrances and exits?

In conclusion, I hope I may not be accused of stepping beyond my proper sphere, for if the audience insist on being actors, what wonder that the actor should become

A CRITIC.

English Cathedral Music.

[From the Remarks read by A. W. TRAYER at the Concert of the Boston Choristers' School, April 15.]

The object of the present Concert is three-fold: to give the audience some idea of English Cathedral Music, and its principal composers; to exhibit the practicability and proper use of boy choirs in the Episcopal service; and finally, to show experimentally, what such choirs can accomplish with a little careful training.

In the older English cathedral music there are many peculiarities, some of which at first grate rather harshly upon our ears. But as the ear in modern instrumental music soon delights in combinations of sounds at first unpleasing; as the eye learns to forget violations of perspective and laws of color, in contemplating the deep religious sentiment oftentimes expressed in old paintings, so we learn to love the peculiar effects of old sacred music.

The peculiarities mentioned are traceable directly to the music of the middle ages, and thence back to the days of the primitive churches.

What the vocal music of the ancient Greeks and Hebrews, from whom the primitive Christians derived theirs, really was, has been for some centuries a subject of vast research and speculation on the part of musical writers. But as modern discoveries in astronomy have thrown a flood of light upon history and chronology, so recent discoveries in relation to laws of sound relieve us at once of many of the difficulties which old musical writers met. We know that the laws of nature are uniform and unchanging. When the fiat went forth, "Be light!" and light was! the white sunbeam then as now was a compound of the seven colors of the spectrum; and from the vibrations of a sonorous body then as now could be drawn the seven sounds of the scale.

A tone with its third and fifth, *must* have always been included in some manner in all forms of music. The great difference, then, between ancient and modern music is a difference in Mode. In modern music we have two modes, which we call Major and Minor, the one cheerful and noble, the other sad and melancholy. We all know that in our octave or scale of eight notes we have five musical intervals known as whole tones or steps, and two intervals known as semi tones or half steps. The *mode* depends entirely upon the order of succession of these tones and semi-tones. If you run an octave on the white keys of the piano-forte, from C to c, the semi-tones occur between 3, 4, and 7, 8, and we have the Major mode. If you run from A to a, the semi-tones come between 2, 3, and 5, 6, which is the old imperfect form of our Minor mode. If you run from D to d, the semi-tones come between 2, 3, and 6, 7, which gives another mode. And thus each note taken as the basis of the octave, leads to some particular position of the semi-tones, which gives us a new mode.

Many of these modes are found to be imperfect as soon as we attempt to put harmonies to them. But where no harmony is employed in the services of the church, the melodies founded upon them continue down to our own times, and the traveller can hear

now in the Greek convents of Asia Minor, such chants as St. Ambrose heard and studied more than 1500 years ago.

To our ears, which are accustomed to only two modes, music in any other is at first repugnant; but in some of them it soon becomes delightful.

The Greeks gave particular names to their various modes: as, Lydian, Myxolydian, Æolic, &c. One of these, the Æolic, improperly called Lydian, was adopted by Beethoven in one of his last stringed quartets, in an adagio, which he calls "Prayer of thanksgiving by a Convalescent," as being peculiarly appropriate for the expression of religious gratitude.

About the middle of the fourth century, just about 1500 years ago, St. Ambrose passed from Antioch into Italy, and settled at Milan. Here he introduced four of the modes, used in the music of the Greek Christians, taking such as seemed to him most devout, and caused the psalms to be chanted to them.

Two hundred and thirty years later, about the year 600, Gregory the Great reformed the musical services of the church, restoring the simplicity of Ambrose's chants, and introducing four new Modes or Tones—for the terms Mode and Tone in this connection are synonymous—which he called *plagal*, or collateral tones. Every singer of psalmody has seen tunes which are said to be arranged from the Gregorian tones, and has probably been led to suppose that the eight tones are eight tunes, used by Gregory in the church service. This is a mistake; for as *tone* in this case means *mode*, you may write as many tunes in our sense of the word to each mode as you please.

It so happens that not one of the modes adopted by Ambrose corresponds either to our major or minor scale. Hence every tune written in those modes in their original form, would sound imperfect to our modern ears. To confirm what I have said about these tones, allow me to quote half a dozen lines from Dr. Burney:

"As it is," says he, "no one scale or key of the eight Ecclesiastical Modes is complete: for the first and second of these modes [i. e. the first of the Ambrosian modes, with the corresponding Gregorian or plagal,] being regarded according to the modern rules of modulation, in the key of D minor, want a flat upon B; the third and fourth, having their termination in E, want a sharp upon F; the fifth and sixth modes, being in F, want a flat upon B; and the seventh and eighth, generally beginning and ending in G major, want an F sharp."

* * * * *

Pope Gregory the Great was consecrated to that high office in 590, when 40 years of age. He was a man of extraordinary energy of character, but of a very feeble physical constitution. Maimbourg says in his history of his pontificate: "Though he had upon his hands all the affairs of the universal church, and was still more burdened with distempers than with that multitude of business which he was necessarily to take care of in all parts of the world, yet he took time to examine with what tunes the psalms, hymns, oraisons, verses, responses, canticles, lessons, epistles, the Gospel, the prefaces and the Lord's prayer, were to be sung; what were the tones, measures, notes, modes, most suitable to the majesty of the church, and most proper to inspire devotion; and he formed that ecclesiastical music, so grave and edifying, which at present is called the Gregorian music." He instituted singing academies, and though Pope, taught himself.

It was during this pontificate that the mission to Great Britain was sent, and our Saxon ancestors converted to Christianity. Doubtless the story, as told by Bede in his Ecclesiastical History, is familiar to you. In few words, it is this: A few years before his elevation to the papal see he visited the slave market in Rome, and was struck by the beauty of three boys of fair hair and fair complexion. He was

told that they were from Britain. Asking of what nation, he was told they were Angles. "Right," said he, "for they have an angelical face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven." Being told that the name of their king was Elle, "Ellelujah," said he, "the praise of God must be sung in those parts."

With the deacons or preachers sent to England, were also sent teachers of singing; and in becoming Christians the inhabitants became singers of Gregorian music. A couple of centuries later, when the musical service had become corrupted, famous singers were sent from Rome to restore the music to its purity, and the introduction of the ancient organ was a means of preserving it.

Down to the era of the Reformation, there was one church, one ritual, one language of the clergy, one music. During the century or two preceding that era, secular music was greatly developed, and its influence had entered the church. With the revival of learning came a revival of Art. Raphael, Palestrina, Michael Angelo, Martin Luther, Thomas Tallis, Clement Marot, lived at the same time.

Music, painting and architecture, during the 14th and 15th centuries were very much cultivated; the two latter reached their highest development; the former has only come to its culminating point within our own era.

Henry VIII. and Charles V. the Emperor, and Thibaut, King of Navarre, are memorable proofs of the attention paid to music. Henry VIII. wrote music for the church, and an anthem ascribed to him is to be found in Boyce's Collection. When he travelled, six singing boys and six gentlemen of the choir formed part of his retinue. To sing a part in the anthem in church was a necessary accomplishment of a prince in those days. Henry's children, Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, were all accomplished musicians, and all labored to have the musical service of the church as perfect as possible.

To the student of musical history, the interval between 1520 and 1600 is as interesting as to him who studies the history of religion during that period. It was then that Luther, with his friend George Rhau and others, gave form and comeliness to the choral, which has been developed to perfection in the works of Bach, and of which the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn is a legitimate fruit. Calvin and his disciples at the same time were the fathers of our psalmody. Palestrina improved and saved the music of the mass, and led in the way since followed by Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, and in England were laid broad and deep the foundations of that Cathedral Music, which inspired Handel, and has in our own days given us Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The only change which at first occurred in the musical service of the English church, after the rupture of Henry VIII. with the Pope, was the adaptation of an English text to the old music. In September, 1547, the Litany was first chanted to English words in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1550 the "Boke of Common Prayer," noted by John Marbeck, made its appearance, and his notation to the suffrages and responses is widely used, even to the present day.

During the short reign of Edward VI. the service was improved, and the books of the Roman Ritual, of all kinds, were ordered to be collected and destroyed. Then came the reign of Bloody Mary, when the Latin service was again adopted, and the books of the English service in their turn were destroyed.

Then came the long and prosperous reign of Elizabeth, whose zeal for Protestantism and for music, led to the firm establishment of the English service, and to the rise of a new school of music.

The works of this school being founded upon the severe style of the old church, retain a certain nobleness and grandeur, which the experience and invention of ten centuries had introduced into sacred mu-

sic; at the same time, the change of text from a dead to a living language, necessarily led to a greater infusion of the sentiment of the text into the music. Innovations were sparingly admitted, and yet the great progress in secular music could not but have its effect in the new style of composition. The more distinguished composers of that school were Marbeck, Tye, Tallis, Bird, Morley, Gibbons, Parsons and Farrant. * * * * *

During the long reign of Elizabeth, the quarrel between Protestantism and Episcopacy in relation to church music, was kept up. The former would banish all music from the church service, save the singing of psalms, as allowed by Calvin. Hence Shakspeare's allusion to the psalm-singing Puritans. But the queen, herself a musician, refused to abolish the boy choirs and musical services of the cathedrals and chapels, and confirmed by special decrees, the statutes which provided for and sustained the Ecclesiastical music schools. * * * * *

It was the mistake and misfortune of the Puritans that they carried their dislike for, and opposition to, the high-handed ecclesiastical tyranny, under which they had been imprisoned and burnt at the stake, in the days of Mary, to everything which could remind them of Roman Catholicism. Hence such petitions as the following, copied from a pamphlet dated 1586: "That all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another, with the singing of chanting choristers in white surplices; some in corner caps, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist, the Pope, that man of sin and child of perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings."

In spite of this and immense masses more of such fanatical cant, Elizabeth and James I. sustained the music of the cathedral, and the science and practice of the divine Art flourished. But the old school fell at last under the increasing power and influence of Puritanism, and we may say ended with Dr. William Child, who died at the age of 90, in 1697, after holding the office of organist at St. George's Chapel the extraordinary period of sixty-five years. (Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church Music.

BY A CHORISTER.

After hearing the lecture of Mr. A. W. THAYER at the concert of Cathedral Music, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, April 15th, the question: Have we a strict style of church music in our religious service? naturally suggested itself.

It is evident, from attempts made here and there to break up the present system of singing for display, that the people are not fully satisfied. They choose their committee on music; and a leader is made responsible for the music throughout the year. He may be a communicant; ten to one he is not. His selections are to his own taste, *not to the advancement of the service of God!* That he has good *singing* is his only care—not for a moment does the thought occupy his attention, that perhaps this solemn strain may lead one to a realizing sense of his own responsibility to God and man. It is with a desire of reaching this want that the present article is written. It shall be our duty first, to glance at the two opposite styles predominant in the church service throughout the country.

First. Simple music, as used in the country churches. A choir of volunteers readily seize on this style, from its being easy of execution,

requiring little practice, and quickly comprehended. "Tunes" having but the harmonies of the tonic, dominant, sub-dominant with added sixth, is all they require, and Sunday after Sunday a listening congregation are satiated with selections in which the trebles run in thirds or sixths—tenors harping on fifths or octaves; basses changing now and then to perfect a cadence. Such music is stupid and insipid; it neither suggests worship, nor fills the heart with an intense longing to be "pure as God is pure." Is it strange that a congregation should tire of such monotony and aspire to higher forms of sacred song, as given in the tone poems of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn and Mozart?

Second. The elaborate, or "opera style," as some have designated it, is mostly sung by a well-drilled and well-paid quartet, with an obligato accompaniment by an organist, prolific with harmonies! The moral of the anecdote related by Mr. Thayer of Dr. Boyce, in regard to organ-playing, would apply here. As the fault of the former style is extreme simplicity, this errs as far the other way. A melody, however simple, is so elaborated by embellishments, startling harmonies, interrupted cadences, that it fatigues the ear, and often the final cadence is so unsatisfactory, that a nervous disquiet is kept up through a whole congregation. The music is mostly taken from secular operas, or composed by writers with scarcely ideas enough to warrant a half-phrase being original. The style is superficial, it speaks only to the sense, tickles the ear with delicate ornaments, and though a crowded audience is the result, as soon as the model quartet and the splendid music leaves off, how suddenly are well-filled seats made vacant!

It is evident that neither of the above styles is in itself adapted to a strict church service; the former lacks in conception, the latter is superficial, sensual! A quotation from Dr. Marx is to the point. He writes: "Shall the Evangelical Church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the Catholic Church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from Rossini's and Bellini's operas, and Auber's overtures disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain, where, in recent times, church music is dumb even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object."

Having thus briefly considered two opposite styles of music in our churches, a few inquiries as to the purpose of music in the church, should occupy our attention. It is a powerful auxiliary to the service of God. The united voice of a whole congregation, joining in the strains of a solemn choral, cannot but strike the heart of a careless observer with awe, that theoretical sermons have failed to create. The littleness of his own perverse will is in striking contrast with the majestic strains of a hymn inviting to repentance. The object being a high and holy one, the character of the music is of the greatest importance. Arrangements of frivolous melodies but call attention to a sweet voice—a studied rendering—a thorough knowledge of vocalization. Simplicity begets indifference. Albrechtsberger truthfully

says: "The principal object of a religious composition is to express, in notes, the true sense of the words, which ought to be deeply felt, studied with pious faith and rendered with serious dignity." Such a style is between the simple and the superficial; choral forms, fugue imitations in well conceived anthems, enter largely into its composition. The same author says: "Every church composer should give his principal attention to the sense of the words to be set—should work the four-voice parts in flowing harmony and ingenious interweavings, and consider all else as embellishing additions!"

The music sung at the concert in question, was eminently in the church style. It was not a display of individuals, but a conscientious rendering of tone forms set to solemn words. Suspensions, imitations, prolonged cadences invite the attentive mind to examine more closely the sentiment thus made more emphatic by the said suspensions, etc. The music was truly devotional; no trifling melodic phrase drew one's attention from the sacred solemnity of the words; the mind felt lifted up—ennobled. He, who after hearing such, could go into busy life without one better thought to study upon, must be past redemption.

A careful study of the masses, oratorios, &c., of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and hosts of others, will furnish models worthy of imitation by our young church composers. The flooding of our choirs with sentimental, wish-wash, "*do, mi, sol, do*" music, is extremely hurtful to the service of the church; enfeebls the comprehension of good music; and only nourishes a morbid appetite.

It is to be hoped that these attempts to introduce a more solid system of church music may be successful. It is a great and noble work. God speed it!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1857.

Music in Boston—Review of the Season.

The concerts are over. With the exception of a few straggling performances, we shall have no more music in public before the great Festival, about the end of May. It is a good time therefore to look back and see what we have had, count up our garnered sheaves, and see how well the harvest compares with past years, and whether we have made any progress. Four years ago, about this time, we made a famous count, and showed a list of compositions of the best masters that Boston had enjoyed that winter, which excited some astonishment abroad. That big wave onward and upward did not prove to be a faithful measure of our continuous, habitual musical life. The sea subsided somewhat in the following winters. Either there was too much of accident, or fashion, or chance epidemic in the musical excitement of that season, or the distracting, dazzling influence of the Jullien concerts came in just then at the wrong time, or what increase of taste and culture there has been among us has naturally sought more genuine or private channels of enjoyment and grown indifferent to public exhibitions;—whatever be the causes, no winter since the one alluded to has given us anything like the same addition to our stock of musical treasures laid up in the memory of hearing.

Naturally, too, the confession and complaint of this has gone on growing, until we have got to see the case much worse than it really is. Throughout the winter past, it has been quite the fashion to lament the falling off of musical appreciation and appetite, the paucity of good concerts, the poor remuneration of concert-goers, &c., &c. Repeatedly have we been asked, even near the end of the season: "Well, pray when are we going to have some music in Boston? How little we do get!" The answer should be to present a list of some hundred or two concerts and operas that have actually been performed here this same barren winter. The operas, however, have been few, fewer than usual, and the question in most cases comes from individuals who ignore all music *but* Italian Opera. As a matter of curiosity, and as one fixed note of progress, we propose to show, (as nearly as we can without much time and without all the materials at hand), what quantities of valuable music, in the various departments, orchestral, chamber music, oratorio, opera, &c., have been publicly performed in Boston since October to this time.

We shall begin with music for grand Orchestra.

1. SYMPHONIES.—We have not, to be sure, had all the nine of Beethoven, as we did four years since; but we have had a goodly share of them. In the five Philharmonic Concerts of Carl Zerrahn and the fourteen Afternoon Concerts we have had:

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Beethoven, No. 2, in D..... | 2 times. |
| " " 4, in B flat..... | 3 " |
| " " 5, in C minor..... | 3 " |
| " " 8, in F..... | 3 " |
| Mozart, in C, ("Jupiter"),..... | 2 " |
| " " in G minor..... | 1 " |
| " " in E flat..... | 1 " |
| Haydn, "Surprise"..... | 1 " |
| " No. 9..... | 1 " |
| Schubert, in C..... | 2 " |
| Schumann, No. 4, (D minor)..... | 1 " |

To which add, single movements from all these, the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's No. 3, the Allegretto from his Symphony-Cantata, (Song of Praise,) repeatedly, &c. We have not yet had the "Choral Symphony," which we only half had last year, but it is promised for the May Festival. We have had no whole Symphony of Mendelssohn, and nothing new of Mozart or of Haydn. The substantial gain upon last year has been the Symphonies of Schubert and of Schumann—though only the latter was quite new to us.

2. OVERTURES.—Our list is probably not quite complete, and of course does not include the regular business of the theatres. It is rather singular that it does not contain one of the well-known and ever favorite ones of Mozart; nor the *Leonora*, No. 3, though we have had the opera; nor one of Cherubini's, nor more than two of Mendelssohn's. The list is meagre in the best of the old masterpieces, but on the other hand the *Faust* of Wagner, the *Carnival* of Berlioz, the *Manfred* of Schumann, and the one by Rietz, have helped to extend our knowledge into the compositions of to-day. We have had the overtures to—

| | |
|--------------------------------------------|----------|
| Freyschütz (Weber)..... | 4 times. |
| Oberon "..... | 4 " |
| Egmont (Beethoven)..... | 2 " |
| Fidelio, in E, "..... | 2 " |
| Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn)..... | 3 " |
| St. Paul "..... | 1 " |
| Tell (Rossini)..... | 3 " |
| Semiramide (Rossini)..... | 1 " |
| Seige of Corinth (Rossini)..... | 2 " |
| Tannhäuser (R. Wagner)..... | 1 " |
| Faust "..... | 2 " |
| Carnival Romain (Berlioz)..... | 1 " |
| Manfred (Schumann)..... | 1 " |

Raphael. With an organ and a larger orchestra, the concert would have been a complete success. May we yet hear the "Creation" with those advantages! Mr. Hamilton's excellence as a conductor was never more apparent than on Thursday evening, several circumstances combining to make the occasion somewhat trying to his skill, which, however, overcame all difficulties.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We have received the programme of the musical service performed by St. Matthew's Choir, on Easter Sunday, under the direction of F. NICHOLS CROUCH, who is said to have established here one of the finest choirs existing in America. Here it is, signed and "approved:"

MORNING SERVICE.

1. Corale. Hummel.
"Hoc quod in Orbe."
Orchestra.
2. Mass, No. 3. Haydn.
Full Orchestra.
3. Before the Sermon. Duet.
Soprano and Bass.—Weiss,
Mrs. Young and Mr. Crouch.
4. For the Offertory. "Jubilate."
Chorus and Full Orchestra.
Mrs. Young.

VESPER.

1. Psalms.
 2. Hymn before the Magnificat. Handel.
"Thou didst not leave."
Mrs. Young.
 3. Magnificat. Webb.
 4. Anthem for Season. "Regina Celi"
 5. "Tantum Ergo" Bach.
- The following are the names of the principals:
- Conductor. F. N. Crouch.
Organist. John B. Canfield.
First Soprano. Mrs. C. Young of Baltimore.
Basso. F. N. Crouch.
Leader Orchestra, (24 instruments). W. Wagner.
Vocal Corps. 46 Voices.
Total Strength. 70 Persons.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus for a new season of the Royal Italian Opera, commencing April 14th, (the same night with Lumley's), at the Lyceum, Covent Garden being not yet rebuilt. The *Daily News* says:

Like Mr. Lumley, Mr. Gye makes no promise of absolute novelty in the production of operas. The nearest approach to it is an Italian version of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, "with entirely new recitatives, and additional poetry and music," written expressly for the Royal Italian Opera by Scribe and Auber themselves. Several revivals are promised: Herold's *Zampa*, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* and Mercadante's *Giuramento*. The promise of the *Matrimonio Segreto* is especially welcome. Of course we are to have the *Traviata*, with Madame Bosio as the frail heroine, a part in which she has had immense success during the last season at St. Petersburg.

All the principal members of last year's company will re-appear: Grisi, Bosio, Marai, Didié, Mario, Tamberlik, Ronconi, Graziani, Tagliafico, Polonini, Zelger and Formes. There will also be Lablache, (after two years' absence) and Gardoni. Mme. Victorine Balfe, (the daughter of our popular composer), is to make her first appearance on the stage. Great expectations are entertained of the *debut* of this young lady, whose gifts of nature have been cultivated by a thorough musical education under her father's care. Another novelty is Mme. Eufrosyne Parepa, a young singer who has lately gained a high continental reputation. She is related to a well-known English musical family; is a charming comedian and an accomplished singer.

Costa, of course, is the musical director. Mr. Smythson is the chorus master, and Signor Maggioni the poet. Mr. A. Harris is stage manager, Mr. W. Beverley scene painter, and Mr. Alfred Mellon leader of the ballet. The subscription will be for forty nights, commencing on the 14th of April.

This is the substance of Mr. Gye's arrangements for the opera. But another very important circumstance is to be added: the reëngagement at the Lyceum of Madame Ristori, with her Italian dramatic company. She is to give fifteen performances, commencing in the first week in June.

The NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its concerts for the season April 1st, with Dr. Wyldé as sole conductor and a fine performance of the following pieces:

- Overture (Ruy Blas) Mendelssohn
Air: "Fatti, fatti, fatti" Mozart
Serenade for 13 instruments. Mozart
Sinfonia Eroica, No. 3. Beethoven
Concerto in G minor (piano-forte) Mr. Barnett. Mendelssohn
Carnival de Venise (with variations) Mme. Gassier. Benedict
Overture (The Ruler of the Spirits) Weber

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance of *Israel in Egypt* this season has conferred the highest possible credit upon the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society and their accomplished conductor. As this is to constitute one of the three

oratorios to be given during the great festival in honor of Handel at the Crystal Palace, it has no doubt enjoyed the advantage of more than usually careful preparation. Nevertheless, whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that an execution so generally effective of *Israel in Egypt* was never accomplished before in Exeter Hall, or probably anywhere else. So satisfactory, indeed, was the result, that even the impracticable chorus, "The people shall hear," went well, and was sung in almost irreproachable tune throughout. The whole of the first part—which includes the sufferings of the hardly-burdened Israelites under the dominion of that Pharaoh "which knew not Joseph," the plagues brought upon the Egyptians by Divine power through the interposition of Moses, and the miraculous passage through the depths of the Red Sea—was marvellously rendered. Every chorus told, and the encore elicited by "He gave them hail-stones," thoroughly well deserved as it was, must, nevertheless, be regarded rather as a tribute to the immediately recognized beauties of a familiar masterpiece than as an acknowledgement of the execution having been superior to that of any other chorus in this portion of the oratorio. The second part—from the overpowered "Horse and his rider" to the conclusion, where that sublime hymn of exultation and worship is repeated—was almost equally gratifying. Some exceptions might be made, it is true; but in so admirable a performance it would be mere hypercriticism to insist upon a few minor defects which alone prevented the whole from being apostrophized as blameless. The audience were evidently impressed in the highest degree, and many previously incredulous, were heard to avow that *Israel in Egypt*, if not greater than *The Messiah*, was at least quite as great—a proposition which, with those competent to form an opinion, is incontrovertible.

The solo singers—Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Thomas—all exerted themselves in such a manner as to win unanimous approval. The purest Handelian singing of the evening was demonstrated in the two contralto airs, "Their land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," both of which were given to perfection by Miss Dolby. The duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," declaimed with great animation by Mr. Thomas and Signor Belletti, was honored by the stereotyped encore—by no means favorable, by the way, to the general effect of the performance, since the duet itself is very long, and, one or two passages excepted, not one of Handel's most remarkable compositions. At the termination of the oratorio Mr. Costa was loudly applauded, and the compliment was well deserved.—*Times*.

MUSICAL UNION.—The third and last of the *soirées* intended to precede the regular series took place on Tuesday, in presence of a fashionable assembly. The great point of interest was the first appearance of Ernst, who was perhaps never in finer play, and this was exhibited, among other things, in his "*cheval de bataille*"—the quartet, No. 4, of Mendelssohn. We subjoin the programme:—

- Quartet, in D. (No. 10). Mozart
Trio, in A (Op. 27). Silis
Glee—"By Celia's arbor" H. Schles
Quartet—E minor. Mendelssohn
Glee—"Discord, dire sister" Webbe
Duet—piano-forte and violoncello—in F (Op. 5). Beethoven
Madrigal—"Come, let us join the roundelay" Beale

Musical Chat-Chat.

We are now ready to furnish *bound volumes* of the past year of our JOURNAL.... We heartily share in the general wish, which we have heard expressed, that Mr. CUTLER should repeat that interesting concert of English Cathedral Music; and we learn that he will be happy soon to do so, unless the illness of one of the most important members of the boy choir should continue to prevent.... We are glad to see announced a benefit concert to Mr. HENRI JUNGNICKEL, the excellent violoncellist, to take place at Mercantile Hall tomorrow evening. The German Orpheus, led by Mr. Kreissmann, German Trio, Mr. Satter, Mrs. Mozart and Miss Twichell will assist.

The Annual Complimentary Benefit Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club is announced for Thursday evening next, with an excellent programme.

LISZT appears to have had a great time in Leipsic, where, besides his own new works before mentioned, he conducted a brilliant performance of the *Tannhäuser*. On the next day, (March 5th), at the nineteenth of the Gewandhaus concerts, were performed Handel's "Alexander's Feast" and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. Another Leipzig Society, the Euterpe, gave Cherubini's *Requiem*, (for mixed chorus), and Beethoven's fourth Symphony.

Mons. JULLIEN contemplates a month's tour with his orchestra in Holland.... Mr. ELLA's "Analy-

tical Programmes" to his classical soirées are the theme of much animadversion and amusement with the London critics. It seems he not only puffs, but criticizes, his own wares, his artists and performances, and fights the critics of the newspapers in said "Analytics." Other funny things he furnishes there; for instance:

Julien, the favored child of the muses Euterpe and Terpsichore, honored the first *soirée* with his presence, and was seen in earnest conversation with Professor Owen! Ominous event! Orpheus moved stones by the charm of his lyre, and who knows but Julien has learned the secret from Professor Owen, to charm away those monsters of the muddy deep at the Crystal Palace, to assist at the inauguration of a mammoth pot-pourri at the Surrey Zoological Gardens? Seriously, we own to feeling gratified with M. Julien's visit to our classical temple of art, where, to use his own words, 'on respire l'atmosphère pure de l'art.' His attempts to instil into the minds of the people a taste for classical orchestral music, are most praiseworthy &c.

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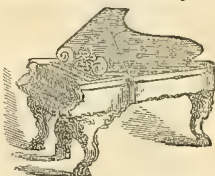
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Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was born on the 31st of January, 1797, in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where his father lived as a schoolmaster. At the age of seven years he received his first instruction in music from Michael Holzer, cantor in the parish church of the neighboring village; he recognized the fine gifts of the boy, and procured his admission into the Imperial school. Schubert was then, (1808), eleven years old, and received at once the title of a court singer. Then he became solo singer in the imperial chapel, and took lessons on the piano and the violin. His progress was so rapid that, at the orchestra rehearsals, where he played first violin, he used to conduct in the absence of the director.

The imperial court organist, Ruzicka, gave him good lessons in general bass, and afterwards the imperial Kapellmeister, the famous SALIERI, instructed him in composition. Finally he owed, as he himself confessed, the completion of his musical education to the finest and most admired master-works of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. Yet he never gave up his own habits of severe study, and even in the last months of his life he still applied himself diligently to counterpoint under the direction of his friend, the court organist Simon S..... After he had spent five years in the imperial school, his voice changed, and as his calling for musical science grew more and more pronounced, he left this preparatory school in the year 1813, and devoted himself entirely to composition. From this time he lived in the paternal house, and afterwards alone, supporting himself by giving lessons and the sale of his works. With the exception of a few excursions to Hungary, Styria and upper Austria, he remained

constantly in Vienna, partly in the city itself, partly in the country, where the finest influences inspired his fruitful genius. His life was in no way eventful, and so he could devote himself in perfect quiet to his art. Unhappily, and all too early his labors were forever interrupted; for a fever snatched him from the world on the 19th of November, 1828, at the age of two and thirty years.

His death was felt most painfully not only by his friends, but by every one in Germany who took an interest in Art. A great number of artists and lovers of Art accompanied him to the last resting place; solemn masses for the dead were performed in honor of him in Vienna and some other large cities. His career, though short, was rich in distinguished works.

Schubert was endowed with such powerful creative faculty, that he could write down the most sterling compositions with inconceivable rapidity. While still a child he wrote many Quatuors, several Symphonies and other productions; but his greatest satisfaction consisted in setting to music little pieces by the most famous poets, and in composing ballads; in this department he surpassed nearly all his predecessors. In his melodies we meet the following peculiarities in rare perfection: first of all, great originality; then deep poetic feeling, surprising truth in expression, novel rhythm, delicate apprehension of the allusions of the poet, fiery force of imagination, subdued however by a certain tendency to melancholy and by a sort of religious unction; graceful and simple turns, careless elegance of modulation, and an inexhaustible novelty of accompaniment. The character of Schubert's music is for the most part impetuous, excited; his style warm, richly colored, full of motion. It is a fiery soul, which seeks its joy in surrounding objects, but which, not satisfied by these, turns of its own accord to heaven. It moves to be sure in the finite, but always the infinite gleams through.

Schubert set more than three hundred ballads, (little poems), to music, and prepared a great multitude of waltzes, marches, airs with variations, sonatas, fantasias, rondos, overtures, trios and other two and four-hand pieces for the piano, with or without accompaniment; besides many concerted pieces, psalms, choruses, cantatas, among which his *Prometheus* deserves especial mention; many Quartets, an Octet and three grand Symphonies.* For the Church he wrote several Masses, among which three great ones, several offertories, graduals, and two *Stabats*. The following is a list of his Operas and musical farces:

1. *Der Spiegelritter*, (Knight of the Mirror.)

* Some say he has left twelve Symphonies.

2. *Das Teufelslustschloss*, (Devil's Pleasure Castle). These two little operas are by Kotzebue.

3. *Claudine von Villa Bella*, in three acts. By Goethe.

4. *Die Freunde von Salamanca*, (the Friends of Salamanca), in two acts. By Meyerhofer.

5. *Don Fernand*. One act.

6. *Der vierjährige Posten*, musical farce in one act. By Körner.

7. *Die Zwillinge*, (the Twins), performed for the first time at the court theatre on the 14th of June, 1820.

8. *Die Zauberharfe*, (the magic harp), melodrama with choruses and songs, three acts. Vienna, 19th August, 1820.

9. *Alphons und Estrella*, grand heroic-romantic opera, three acts. Composed 1822.

10. *Rosamunde*, Drama with choruses, three acts. Performed Dec. 20, 1823.

11. *Die Verschworenen*, (the conspirators), comic opera in one act. By Castelli, (1824.)

12. *Fierabras*, grand opera in three acts, (1824.)

Besides these, he left unfinished: *Die Bürgschaft*, the *Adrastes* of Meyerhofer, and the *Sakontala* of Naumann. Moreover he composed two numbers for Herold's *La Clochette*, which was produced at the court theatre. Of all his lyrical works, Schubert regarded *Alphons und Estrella* and *Fierabras* as the most successful, and the best adapted for performance. If the greater part of them never appeared upon the stage, it must be ascribed to the decided talent of the composer, which on the one side excited the envy and jealousy of artists, and on the other was not understood by the mass of the great public.

Schubert possessed a quiet, frank and upright character.

Full of inspired enthusiasm for his art, he never ceased to be a tender son, a faithful friend and a respectful pupil. He was fond of bright, merry, open-hearted company, and loved to talk with his friends, over a glass of beer, of music, poetry and Art. Then he warmed up, and he had but to read a poem over once, to improvise a music to it, and to compose wonderful melodies. Some maintain that addiction to strong drink was not entirely guiltless in the matter of his death. With child-like naiveté, he united a great partiality for solitary hours; then he would fly to the country to indulge his melancholy reveries, and return a cheerful man again. If he had money, he hastened to get rid of it, and either gave it to the poor or spent it in the jovial company of friends.

Quite conscious of his talent, and praised immoderately by some enthusiasts, he was never proud or vain, and had so little appetite for

praise, that he frequently concealed himself when a new work of his appeared. If it happened that he worked upon the same subject with other artists, he was sure to be the last who brought his work out. Some of his friends, touched by his disinterestedness and carelessness about himself, conceived the idea of publishing twelve of his works, without his coöperation, but for his advantage; Schubert, when he learned this, gave at last his consent, and from this time the fame of his creations grew at such a rate, that from February, 1812, to about the end of 1828, when he died, a hundred of his compositions were brought out by different publishers. Reserved and modest when his own works were spoken of, he judged the works of others with the greatest impartiality. He always paid the deepest reverence to the classical music of the great masters, old and new, and did full justice to Rossini's talent.

Schubert was a member of the great Music Society of the Austrian States; the musical societies of Grätz and Insbruck made him an honorary member. Such distinctions flattered him much; his answer was the composition of several important works for those societies. Among the men who very early recognized his talent and encouraged it, must first of all be named the court singer, Vogl, who by his delivery of Schubert's melodies, alike contributed to their favorable reception, and stimulated him to write more. The applause of Salieri and his friend Anselm Hutten-Brenner, excited him still more, so that he bravely overcome the obstacles that loomed before him in the beginning of his career. His efforts were richly rewarded by the laudatory recognitions of many other eminent persons, among whom I may mention the celebrated JEAN PAUL, who always thought of Schubert with great admiration. When the poet was deprived of sight, Schubert's ballads afforded him great comfort, and when death knocked at his door at last, he wanted to hear once more his favorite ballad. Such distinguished recognition must of course have made the artist indifferent to many small attacks that were directed against him.

Much has been said of the peculiar talent of Schubert, which enabled him with the greatest ease to master and compose in strange forms. He had written two pieces for Herold's *Clochette*, and an aria for one of Auber's operas; at the performance the German artists could not distinguish what belonged to the French musician and what had been interpolated by their countryman. His Masses, in point of religious feeling and of deep devotion, were placed by connoisseurs above the Masses of Cherubini; and, without having heard them, one can readily believe this, who has acquired only a general acquaintance with Schubert's music. For the same reason one must greatly lament that his dramatic works have been so much neglected; for Schubert, endowed with so much melody and with such searching expression, must necessarily have furnished masterpieces for the stage. Let us hope that this portion of his works too, is destined to a brilliant revival; but above all, let us not forget that he, in spite of his mild and gentle character, was yet an object of great envy with a crowd of artists. One envied his fullness of melody, another his expression, and a third his new and original harmonic combinations; all acknowledged in him only a certain cleverness. At the moment of his death was he first recognized as a great artist; then

everybody wanted to have his creations, and publishers fought for his manuscripts.

Such was Schubert. Prepared with all the sacraments of the Church, he died in Christian resignation. His life was indeed short, but it was well spent, and long will his name be named in future times. His mortal remains rest by the side of Beethoven, in whom he revered the highest ideal of musical Art.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Dr. Gustavus Schilling.

MR. DWIGHT:—It is only a few weeks since your correspondent heard of the arrival of Dr. Gustavus Schilling in New York. The intention of the gentleman is to stay in this country, and to open a school of music similar to those existing on the continent of Europe, and known as Conservatories. It may be known to you or perhaps some of your readers, that he was the principal of a musical institute at Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, which was frequented by ninety or one hundred pupils annually, not only children "of the first families" of the land, but also pupils from distant cities and countries. In 1845, after his work on Musical Didactics had appeared and been translated into English, Dutch and French, he opened, in addition to his institute for musical students, an academy for teachers, at the same place, (in Stuttgart). This academy was frequented by Germans from all parts of the country, by students from France, England, Holland; and the name and fame which Mr. Schilling enjoyed as a teacher, was fully sustained by the success of this "teachers' normal institute."

It cannot be my intention to enter minutely into a biography of Dr. Schilling. But a few facts, illustrative of German life, may not be uninteresting to you. The only son of a schoolmaster, in a place in Hanover, called Schwiegershausen, it was the fond hope of the father to have him become a preacher. Thus he instructed him or had him taught in the classical languages, at the same time teaching him to play on all the instruments used in the orchestra, and on the piano. The boy profited from instruction and such practice; and when he entered the gymnasium, (high school), at Clausthal, and afterwards that at Osterode, both in the Hartz mountains, he became the centre of the dilettanti of those places, among the students and inhabitants. Although the director of the gymnasium wished to check his musical tendencies, and took occasion quite frequently to vent his wrath against the boy, thundering down from his seat: "I do intend to educate you for thorough philologists and theologians, but not for musicians," it was of no avail. The boy would give concerts and would have regular musical evenings with his friends for practice, under him as leader.

At fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had as much to do as he could find time for in giving music lessons. In his seventeenth year he graduated at the gymnasium and went to Göttingen to study Theology. Here and in Halle, where he studied for a few years, he likewise became the centre of the musical talent among the students, and soon academical concerts, quartet clubs, singing societies, sprang up under his direction. Even oratorios he ventured to bring out, in which he was aided by the city musicians. Here he was again in the full tide of success as a teacher of music, especially after Professor Wendt,

famous as teacher of Aesthetics and as a great lover of music, selected Schilling from among the number of teachers in Göttingen for his daughter.

Such a life as a student and as a practical and theoretical musician, is a thing altogether unknown in any country except Germany. Just think of one of our Harvard students giving music lessons, leading concerts, and yet being a good student withal. There is no student so diligent and industrious, all over the world, as the diligent German student. And with all his musical activity, he was a good scholar, and scarcely had he finished his course of theological studies, when he was made second preacher, (then a young man of 23 years of age), to the university. The way in which he lost his position may not be uninteresting to Americans. One Whitsuntide, 1829, he took the liberty to select his own text, wherefrom to preach; for which offence he was called to defend himself before the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the kingdom. Preferring his independence, he abdicated, and soon removed to Stuttgart, where he began a life of didactic and literary musical activity, such as seldom has been witnessed. His avowed principle and object has always been to popularize musical knowledge among the masses, to give the ordinary musician the means of adding to his musical mechanical ability and theoretic knowledge. His numerous works on musical theory and the science of teaching, (some seventy or eighty volumes in all), carry out each one of them this same idea. Every musician knows his greatest work, the only authentic and complete musical Lexicon, in seven large quarto volumes. Fétis made very extensive use of this book in a similar work. His numerous works are circulated in many large editions all over Europe, and have done and are doing a great deal for the instruction of music-loving people, who would otherwise have been unable to procure a musical education.

One peculiarity about the man is his ability and good luck everywhere to surround himself with the musical strength of the place where he lives. And a musician richly gifted, deeply read and thorough bred as he is, he, if anybody, would be able to try successfully the experiment, and see if America has yet musical interest enough to sustain a first-class music school, such as he proposes to open in Boston.

And although your correspondent has his humble doubts about the point, (*if there be musical interest enough in America*), yet he has a great deal of confidence in Dr. Schilling's attractive powers, and the liveliest wish for his success. And as a Bostonian, (if only by adoption), he feels considerable interest in the Doctor's beginning his work here in Boston. Will Boston, will New England maintain him? S.

English Cathedral Music.

[From the Remarks read by A. W. TRAYER at the Concert of the Boston Choristers' School, April 15.]

(Conclusion.)

It would be useless to speculate upon the place which England might have held in musical history, had nothing occurred to interrupt the progress making in the era of Shakspeare. But the weak, irresolute, vain and false Stuarts ascended the throne of Elizabeth, and the stern spirit which she had restrained with her strong arm, was but aroused and strengthened by the folly of her successors. The Puritans gained the ascendancy. In 1643 the total suppression of Catholic music was determined upon.

In 1644 a new form of divine worship was ordained by the House of Lords, allowing no music but psalm singing. Organs were to be removed from the churches, as well as the altars and all "vain ornaments." The choral books were to be destroyed, and in short every step was to be taken to reduce the beautiful English church to the bare plainness of the conventicle and meeting house.

The parliamentary armies, drawn in great measure from the ignorant and bigoted lower classes, were not slow in carrying out the views of the houses. Two companies, quartered in Westminster Abbey, tore the organs to pieces, and pawned the metallic pipes at the ale-houses. At Exeter, the soldiery tramped the streets, making hideous noises with the pipes of the cathedral organs, and jeering some of the chorus boys whom they met: "Boys, we have spoiled your trade; you must go and sing hot puddings and pies." So at Chichester, they dashed the organs to pieces with pole axes, and utterly ruined the fine instruments in the cathedral at Peterborough.

Here and there an organ, secretly removed from the churches, was protected from their fury, and the books of the service saved from destruction. But sixteen years passed away before music could again raise her head, and during so long a space of time the old musicians dropped away one after another, and the traditions of the boy choirs were in great measure lost. Where, in the chapel of some stout cavalier, who adhered still to his king and his church, the Episcopal service still lingered, the musician, in the words of Milton:

"Tuned his harp to notes of wo,"

and we can easily imagine how often in secret the 7th Psalm which follows, would be chanted in sadness and tears, to cadences which should give utterance to the feelings of the heart.

With the restoration of monarchy, in 1660, came also that of the church and its choral music. To place the music of the cathedral upon its old footing at once, was not possible. A few old musicians were drawn from their places of retreat, but so many years of want of study and practice would necessarily tell upon their powers. Choirs were to be formed anew, and men with falsetto voices had to be sought out to supply the place of boys. Organs were wanting, and Smith and Harris were invited over from the continent to establish themselves as organ-builders, as the art had been lost in England. The old music had in so great a measure been destroyed, that many inferior hands were called upon to furnish new compositions. In short, for some years all sorts of makeshifts were necessarily resorted to, to sustain the service.

It is true that Tallis and Byrd were regarded as the standards; but their severe style, based upon the old Gregorian music, was not to the mind of such a prince as Charles II., and thus the influence of the court was thrown into the scale in favor of a new style, and one borrowing more largely from the secular music of the day.

With the lapse of time, the evils which beset the restoration of music gradually were removed, and again a noble school worthy of the church arose. Several of the boys of Charles' Chapel possessed true musical genius, and there are anthems and services still in use composed by those boys, at the ages of fourteen or fifteen.

The music of the Second Cathedral School appeals perhaps more directly to our feelings and possesses more of melody. But that it causes the hearer to feel himself in the divine presence, separate and apart from the every-day concourse of secular life, as do the works of Tallis and his contemporaries, may be doubted.

Of the new school, we may specify Wise, King, Clarke, Aldrich, Croft, Blow, Rogers, Jeffries, Purcell and Boyce.

Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was a remarkable instance of an amateur musician. While distinguishing himself as a scholar, critic, theologian and architect, both as a man of fine judgment and sound taste, in art, science and literature, he became so skillful and profound a musician, that his compositions for the church equal in number and excellence those of the greatest masters of his time. He died in 1710.

* * * * *

Henry Purcell, a great composer and worthy predecessor of Handel, was born in 1658, and educated in the royal chapel, where he remained until his voice broke, when being now 18 years of age, he was appointed organist at the Westminster Abbey. He has by general consent, both as composer of opera songs and sacred music, the first rank among English musicians. His works are in quantity prodigious, in quality most excellent. Like Mozart, he died at the age of 37.

* * * * *

John Travers, who died in 1758, was, like Rogers, a boy of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and subsequently of St. Paul's, London, becoming successively organist at St. Paul's, Covent Garden and of the King's Chapel. His early compositions are very ornate and brilliant, abounding in fugue and imitation. In later years he followed the school of N. Pepusch and, says Burney, "confined his studies solely to the correct, dry and fanciless style of that master." The "Te Deum" by him, now to be sung, is one of the most difficult as well as pleasing of English Cathedral compositions. Its characteristics of the modern school render it strikingly in contrast to the severe style of Tallis.

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William Boyce, Dr. of Music, ranks at the head of the English Cathedral composers of the last century. He was born in 1710, and became very early one of the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral, receiving his musical education from Dr. Greene. At the age of 24 he was elected organist at St. Michael's Church in London, and organist and composer of the King's Chapel. In his musical attainments he had already surpassed his famous master, Dr. Greene, and soon became known throughout England, even while Handel still lived, for his compositions, operatic, for the concert-room and for the church. "Dr. Boyce," says Burney, "with all due reverence for the abilities of Handel, was one of the few of our church composers who neither pillaged nor servilely imitated him. There is an original and sterling merit in his productions, founded as much on the study of our own old masters, as on the best models of other centuries, that gives to all his works a peculiar stamp and character of his own, for strength, clearness and facility, without any mixture of style or extraneous or heterogeneous ornament." He died in 1779.

During the period when Boyce was in his prime, it was quite the mode for organists to introduce into their voluntaries light, frivolous and popular airs, played upon the trumpet, fifteenth, flute and other fancy stops. Dr. Boyce took a decided stand against the practice, rarely using himself any other than the Diapasons, and performing only music of a dignity and solemnity suited to a place of worship. Do we not need a few Dr. Boyce's in our own churches? His publications are very voluminous and of acknowledged excellence. His anthems, of which the name is Legion, are mostly long and difficult, and require skillful singers.

Boyce was one, who not only as a musician, but as a man of noblest character, added lustre to the English school of cathedral music of the last century.

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A few words in relation to the second part of this concert, and my task will be done.

Handel came to London in 1702.

For 25 years he was the Rossini of his era. As Rossini, under the influence of the fickle goddess,

Public Taste, gave way in his full strength to the lesser lights, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, so Handel found his opera house deserted by those whom, for a whole generation, he had charmed, and who now turned from him, to men whose names are now forgotten. Unlike Rossini, Handel sought a new field. He had become English in his feelings, and his pride and self-respect determined him to conquer again the place in public esteem which he had so long held. He turned from his Italian operatic texts and drew his inspiration from the English scriptures. The splendid old Cathedral service gave him the hint for a style which should, in sacred Oratorio, gain him the triumphs he had so long achieved in the opera house.

For an hundred and seventy-five years the English language had been sung in the church, and during all this time its musical capacity had been gradually developing from the confined scale of the Gregorian chant, as we have seen, to the freedom of movement and the depths of feeling, which have been shown you in this concert.

Handel was familiar with all the resources of the then existing Italian and German music, secular and sacred. But he was now to trust himself to the native taste of a public with whom these would not be sufficient. The true old English Cathedral spirit was the key to the hearts of the people. He saw this, and his "Messiah," his "Samson," his "Judas Maccabeus," his "Israel in Egypt" are not only monuments more enduring than brass to his fame, but testimonies of the splendor and musical excellence of a school of music, of which many of you have this evening, probably for the first time, had opportunity to gain some clear idea. So far as my reading extends, Handel's indebtedness to the English school of Cathedral music, is now for the first time publicly asserted; but I fear no contradiction from any one, who will pore over the music Italian, German, French and English of his age. For no such student can fail to see that a new element entered into his oratorios, and that this element was English.

The Cathedral services were written for choirs of boys and men, and sung as you have heard this evening. Handel wrote for mixed choirs, and this gave him room for greater freedom of treatment. Still the spirit is there.

Beethoven's Last Sonatas—Miss Arabella Goddard.

(From the London Times, March 11.)

All who are acquainted with the biography of the author of *Fidelio* must be aware that among his many contributions to the repertory of the pianoforte—which, besides elevating the character of the instrument, and placing it in a position only second to that which by unanimous consent belongs to the orchestra, have extorted the unbounded admiration of musicians—there are some few pieces so far beyond the grasp of common intelligence and common manual dexterity as to have exposed them to very general, if not entire, neglect. We allude to the solo sonatas produced by Beethoven at a period of his career, when having long abandoned playing, he gave the reins to his imagination and forgot to study the convenience of executants. Under these circumstances he wrote a series of compositions which, though considered by himself superior to whatever had preceded them (as experience has shown, with reason) were, for very many years after his death, not only avoided by the most expert and practised players, but condemned by critics of standing and authority, as rhapsodical in form and mechanically impracticable. The departure of the great musician, however, from the scene of his earthly labors was followed by a sudden and vast increase of renown. As in the instance of Mozart, it was found easier to apotheosize him after death than to minister to his necessities while living. By quick degrees the fame of Beethoven reached a pinnacle to which, perhaps, the most

ardent dreams of his youth and manhood had scarcely ever aspired. Germany christened him "Tone-poet," and enthroned him king of her harmonious children. At length it became a grave question whether anything Beethoven had written ought to remain unheard; and, one by one, those works that, except by rare and zealous partisans, had been altogether overlooked, were brought to light, and at once started in the race for popularity with their more familiar and accommodating predecessors. The Ninth Symphony, the Second Mass, and the Posthumous Quartets for stringed instruments began to engross the attention of the world, and were speedily classed so high that the earlier works of Beethoven incurred, in their turn, the chance of being underestimated by comparison. Time, nevertheless, has reduced everything to its proper level, and the last compositions of Beethoven are now rated at their just value, without prejudice to those genial inspirations that belong to the middle and (in respect of absolute invention) perhaps the most fertile epoch of his career. Unlike Mozart and Mendelssohn, Beethoven lived long enough to scatter all the riches of his genius, and thus to fulfill the mission with which he was intrusted. He died precisely when the mine was well-nigh being exhausted—as Bach, and Handel, and Haydn had done before him. The last of the Posthumous Quartets, we think, sufficiently proves that the *melodic* invention of Beethoven was on the wane; and (though it may possibly seem to argue a lack of reverence towards one who, in his particular manner, was the greatest and most original of all musicians) we are somewhat inclined to doubt whether his colossal reputation would have been materially augmented by the 10th symphony, with its interminable plan, or the projected music to Goethe's *Faust*.

The pianoforte sonatas, from Op. 101 to Op. 111, were composed in the brightest period of their author's maturity. True, they are occasionally instinct with a restlessness, a feverish caprice, a defiance of accepted standards, and a sombreness of character, which plainly manifest that Beethoven—whose immediate tone of mind was almost invariably reflected in his music—was not exactly on the best terms with the world when he produced them. But this, from a certain point of view, endows the last sonatas with an interest apart, and heightens the attraction derived from their striking individuality and beauty. At all events, they cannot fail to be ranked, by competent judges, with the most extraordinary of Beethoven's instrumental compositions; and the art is no little indebted to that necessarily small number of pianists who have devoted themselves with faith and perseverance to conquer the mechanical difficulties they present, and to rescue them from what would otherwise be their inevitable fate—of contributing to the exclusive delight and instruction of students. In England, although the opportunities of hearing the last sonatas well executed are rare, they have probably been more frequent of recent years than in countries which lay claim (justly or unjustly) to a more refined musical taste. MM. Charles Hallé and Alexandre Billet (both classical performers of the highest rank) have played more than one of them in public; and it must be owned that their laudable ambition has never gone unrewarded. But the pianist who has most often braved the ordeal of proving to attentive listeners that the late sonatas were not the offspring of a period when the master was barren, but, on the contrary, wealthiest in ideas, and that, in the midst of their striking originality, they are as clear in design and as symmetrically developed as any of his earlier pianoforte works, is Miss Arabella Goddard—the youngest, though by no means the least eminently distinguished *virtuosa* of the present day. Four years ago Miss Goddard won her first laurels by a masterly performance of the most elaborate and difficult of all—Op. 106, in B flat. Since then she has played that, and others of the same family, on several occasions; and last night she concluded a series of concerts at which the last sonatas of Beethoven have been the prominent features. At the first there was Op. 109, in E; at the second, Op. 111, in C minor; and at the third,

Op. 110, in A flat. Each of these sonatas is a veritable poem; and the fact of their not offering a point of resemblance to each other, or to anything of Beethoven that preceded them, only tends to establish (if proof were wanting) the fact of his almost inexhaustible invention. Those acquainted with Miss Goddard's talent, and who have heard her play the Ops. 101 and 106 (for she has performed every one of Beethoven's last sonatas in public) will easily believe that her execution of these remarkable compositions was worthy of the music (more cannot be said) and excited the utmost enthusiasm. The one introduced last night—in A flat, Op. 110—difficult as it is, taxes the feeling and sensibility, even more than the manual dexterity of the performer. Miss Goddard, however, is as thorough a mistress of expression as of execution, and her reading of this wonderful sonata was such as must have amply satisfied the most fastidious of connoisseurs. Beauties, indeed, unobserved before, may be said to have been disclosed, especially in the last movements, where the alternation of pathetic *adagio* with complex and intricate *fugue* seems to indicate a poetical intention on the part of Beethoven to suggest in fitting music the consolation which a true love and earnest pursuit of Art are calculated to afford under circumstances of the utmost despondency. The whole performance was rewarded by applause of the heartiest and most genuine description. Beethoven's design had been rendered plain and intelligible; and the poetical thought which guided him in the composition of his sonata had been thoroughly appreciated.

"SACRED" CONCERTS.—Mr. "Paul Potter," the witty and delightful New York correspondent of the *Courier*, relates the following among his adventures of a Sunday evening:

Still bent upon research, I pushed on. The sun was almost down, and the gas-lamps were beginning to shine. I came to the proud temple in which "Buckley's Serenaders" nightly discourse Ethiopian music. Their posters were out, announcing a "Sacred Concert" and hoping that the serious and respectable public in that quarter of the town would rally to the support of a religious entertainment. I cast my eye curiously down to the programme, and found the music selected from those eminently cathedral compositions, "The Czar and the Carpenter," "William Tell," and "The Barber of Seville." The only extract of a religious cast was a song from Haydn's "Creation." Whether or not respectability wished to sustain this new form of worship, I am not informed; but Mr. Potter declined to disburse his quarter.

Wandering again down Broadway, I came to a spot where two great flaring lamps and a flood of light coming from the subterranean recess, like the beams of a rising sun, illuminated a placard, which announced "A Free Sacred Concert." This was quite in accordance with the state of my finances, and I descended. The apartment was long and low, but very well lighted. The floor was filled with little tables, after the usual fashion. Upon one side was the glittering bar, behind which, in a small cave of beer barrels, with a galaxy of glasses and decanters overhead, was seated the plump, respectable matron of the establishment. At one end a small stage was erected, with a faint attempt at scenery. The company began to drop in—old soakers of the Costigan class, beardless boys with the money from their masters' tills in their pockets, two or three decent German women, and one or two philosophers, like myself. Two staring placards met my view. The first was, "Gentlemen are requested not to applaud on Sunday evening," and the second, "Gentlemen who frequent this establishment are expected to patronize the bar." The first mandate I was in no danger of disregarding, the second I obeyed by ordering a flagon of lager beer, which proved to be excellent. A pretty little innocent looking girl, and a short, stubby, sucking Boniface of a boy, ran about receiving our orders. When we were all primed, a bell tinkled and the devotions commenced.

The first piece was a waltz of Labitzky, arranged for a piano and violin, and very well played, although not heretofore recognized as a sacred composition. Next came a comic song by the funny man, in which he relates that he had been out upon a sleighing party and had been pitched into a snow bank, with his tural-lural-lural-loo. This was so droll that the law against applause was by general consent abrogated, and there was an immense thumping of beer pots upon the table. More waltzes by Strauss—more comic songs by the funny man—orders pouring in fast and furious for "two lagers," "one brandy and water," "one London gin,"—the stunted youth flushed with his exertions to supply the tippie, and the little girl quite wearied, the poor Hebe of the cellar!—so the "Free Sacred Concert" goes on. I soon had enough of it, and walked home to my pipe and Mrs. Potter.

PERGOLESI.

By W. W. CALDWELL.*

Now at last, his work he endeth,
And the pious Master sendeth
Grateful thanks to Heaven's throne;
Then break forth in glorious pealing,
Through the temple's lofty ceiling,
Holy hymn and organ tone!

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam ac dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

And the virgin mother's anguish
Makes each heart with sorrow languish,
While the organ louder swells,—
Till in music's heavenly tide,
Grief itself is satisfied,
And the tear of pity wells.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Holy fear and earnest longing
O'er the Master's soul come thronging,
Preluding that death is nigh;
Then with faith ecstatic burning,
See him to the altar turning,
To the Virgin thronéd high.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis ego sortem
Et plagas recolere.

Hark! seraphic voices singing,
From the heavenly regions bringing
Wondrous music down to men;
Holy spirits earthward fly,
Bear the Master's soul on high,
And the song ascends again.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paridisi gloria.

Maria Spezia.

Mlle. Maria Spezia is at present known to the English public by the rumors which her beauty and talent have created at Milan. After a triumphant season at the Imperial Theatre of La Cannobiana, her services were secured for the stage of La Scala during the visit of the Emperor

* Poems, original and translated, by William W. Caldwell: Boston and Cambridge, James Munroe & Co. 1857.

of Austria in conjunction with the tenor Giuglini, with whom she will make her *début* in England on the opening night of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mlle. Spezia achieved her greatest success in the *Huguenots*, and the *Pavorita*, and, but for her engagement for the London Opera, would have continued to reign *prima donna* at the magnificent establishment of La Scala. Notwithstanding her youth she has already established her fame at Verona, Turin, Venice, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Lisbon. The versatility of her talents is suggested by the characters which she has sustained. Desdemona, Norma, Valentine, Rosina, and Leonora, the heroines of the *Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*, are included in her repertoire. It is curious that the *Traviata*, which, in the hands of Mlles. Piccolomini and Spezia, has exercised so great a fascination, was, on its first representation, a complete failure. Sig. Verdi was in despair until Maria Spezia came to the rescue, and secured the success of the opera, which was repeated for twenty-six consecutive nights. Mlle. Spezia furnishes another example of the influence of musical art upon Italian natures. Born of a noble family at Vienna, her passion for the stage manifested itself at an early age with so much intensity, that her relations found it impossible to resist her inclinations, and wisely allowed her to pursue the bent of her genius under the guidance of the most celebrated masters of her art.

Lond. Mus. World.

Antonio Giuglini.

The new tenor whose advent in England is so eagerly expected, has hitherto contented himself with monopolizing the plaudits of Italian audiences. Signor Giuglini was not originally destined for the stage. His earliest public performances were in the choir of the Metropolitan Church of Fermo, where first, as a treble, and afterwards as a tenor, he attracted the attention of connoisseurs by his perfect vocalization and expression, no less than by the purity and sweetness of his voice. Constant practice in the highest class of music gave to the young tenor the elevation of style so essential to dramatic success, and so seldom acquired by a purely theatrical training. For some time Signor Giuglini resisted all the offers made to tempt him to the stage, and the direction of his talents to opera was at last given by an accident. A member of the orchestra at the Theatre of Fermo fell ill at the most critical period of the season, and Sig. Giuglini undertook to supply his place at a moment's notice. Scarcely was he established within the walls of the theatre, than Fortune provided another occasion for the display of his powers. The principal tenor was unable to appear, and the manager was so urgent on Sig. Giuglini to come to his aid, that the hesitation of the young artist was at length overcome, and with scarcely any previous preparation, he assumed the tenor part in *I due Foscari*, and acquitted himself with so much success, that he was thenceforth recognized as the principal tenor of the establishment. Once placed in the situation for which nature intended him, his career became a continued ovation, and all the theatres of Italy sought to engage him. His last and greatest triumph was won at the Scala in Milan, where his performances in *La Favorita* and other parts so gratified the Emperor, that he was at once nominated chamber-singer at the Court of Vienna, and the most strenuous efforts were made to secure his services at the Viennese opera. Mr. Lumley, however, had been beforehand in the market, and had made an engagement with Signor Giuglini for three years. Signor Giuglini was immediately retained to perform at the Imperial Theatre, in the season of 1860, after the termination of the English engagement. The frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as the artist is announced to appear, together with Mlle. Spezia, in the same opera in which they first established their reputation with the brilliant Court of Austria.

—*Ibid.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29.—Our Philharmonic season closed with great *clat* last Saturday night. The immense Academy, (which had put on a new yellow outside dress for the occasion), was filled from top to bottom, and already a few minutes after seven, it was impossible to obtain a seat any lower than the second tier. For the orchestral pieces, indeed, this is decidedly the best place; but the piano, and any but a very powerful voice, loses too much by the immense distance. The Symphony, Beethoven's grand *Eroica*, was exceedingly well played, and I can only hope that all enjoyed it as much as I did. There was a strange contrast between this mighty, almost overwhelming work, and the light, airy, graceful, fairy music, the jubilant, festival-strains of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Nor was Litolff's Overture, *Le Chant des Belges*, exactly a fit transition from the one to the other. Far-fetched, with quaint, odd melodies, and very noisily instrumented, even a repeated hearing of it could not waken any interest in it. Miss BRAINERD sang: "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*, and an aria: *In vano il futo*, from *Robert le Diable*, and acquitted herself exceedingly well. Her voice, however, is not strong enough to fill so large a space—a trying ordeal for any singer. Mr. TIMM's neat, but quaint and not very powerful playing of an *Introduction and Allegro Appassionato* of Schumann, was almost entirely lost, and overpowered by the orchestra, to all but those who sat near the stage. This was a pity, as the composition was very beautiful.

The Harmonic Society have made another change in their plans. "The Seven Sleepers" was not given on Monday, but is now announced for the 15th of May, with grand orchestra, at the City Assembly Rooms. I hope that then we shall at last hear it given in the best manner.

Last evening no less than four grand concerts were given; three in New York, and one in Brooklyn. The latter was for the benefit of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, and had the aid of the Harmonic Society, an Orchestra from the Philharmonic, Wm. Mason, and various other soloists, both vocal and instrumental. Here we had Madame PATANIA, and sundry assistants at Niblo's, I believe; Mr. MILLET, and other artists at Dodworth's, (who combined to produce the composition of the former gentleman, to me, I regret to say, an unknown greatness); and the Liederkrantz at the Assembly Rooms. As the concert of the latter was for a charitable object, and presented the greatest attraction of the three, in the shape of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," I made my choice in its favor. The very tasteful hall was entirely filled, though not crowded, and though the music of the first part was not very attractive, all seemed to enjoy themselves. The first number was an Overture, by AUG. BERTHOLD; rather finely instrumented, particularly at the end where the Russian popular Hymn came in. Then we had two Solos, for baritone and tenor, by Messrs. GILSA and BEUTLER; the former a very insignificant composition, but sung very well indeed, and with a true, pleasing voice. Mr. Beutler gave us Curschmann's "Thine is my heart." I have never heard his voice sound nor him sing better. The former is of itself very sweet and beautiful, but he generally spoils it by forcing and straining. There was none of this last night, however, and he was rapturously *encored*, to which he replied by a pretty little *Volkslied*, apparently. Mr. GOLDBECK, who had most kindly volunteered his services, played a Rondo of Weber, and his own: *Venezia, Scène de Lagunes*, with his usual excellence. He also was deservedly *encored*, and gave us his "Cavalcade." The remaining number of the first part was a "Hymn to Hertha," sung by the male chorus of the

Liederkrantz. The "Walpurgis Night" rather disappointed me. The beginning, where the opening of Spring is portrayed, is very beautiful, but the remainder did not fulfill the promise it gave. The words are by Goethe, but constitute one of his inferior poems, representing the origin of the legend which describes the meeting of witches on the Brocken in the Walpurgis night: i. e. the night before the 1st of May. I will only add, that the choruses were exceedingly well sung, as also some of the solos, and express my hope that the results of the concert will prove satisfactory to the Society for whose benefit it was given.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1857.

Music in Boston—Review of the Season.

[Concluded.]

We gave last week a list of the principal instrumental works: Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, Quintets, Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c., which have been publicly performed in Boston during the past season. Quite an anomalous and curious list it was, with frightful gaps in it to one who looks for the best standard works under each kind and author, yet rich in the aggregate, and chiefly remarkable for introducing us to many new works and new authors. Now for the repertoire of vocal compositions.

5. ORATORIOS, MASSES, &c.—Of the three Choral Societies, two have retired from the glories and the risks of concert-giving, leaving the entire field to the old Handel and Haydn Society; yet this has occupied comparatively little of it, or the field has shrunk; it has given fewer oratorios than in past years. Of Handel we have had only the "Messiah" once. This and two performances of Costa's "Eli," and two of Mozart's "Requiem," (both new to Boston,) complete the winter's work of the Handel and Haydn, who, however, have yet in store for us a three days' Festival, when they will produce the "Creation," "Elijah," and the "Messiah," on a grander scale than we have heard before.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society have sung in semi-private concerts Haydn's "Passion" music, and large portions of "Elijah," "St. Paul," and Spohr's "Last Judgment." The *Christus* and *Athalie* of Mendelssohn, too, have been heard in Chickering's Saloon; and to-morrow night we get the *Requiem* for a third time, sung by the Catholic choirs.

6. OPERAS.—Here too the account is unusually small. A couple of weeks of Mlle. Lagrange, Miss Phillips, Brignoli, Amodio, &c., early in the autumn, and one poor performance of *Fidelio* under the Thalberg auspices, is all we have to boast of. The operas were these:

Bellini: I Puritani.
Sonnambula.
Norma.
Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor.
Lucrezia Borgia.
Verdi: Il Trovatore, *twice*.
Ernani, *twice*.
Auber: Masaniello.
Meyerbeer: L'Etoile du Nord.
Beethoven: Fidelio.

From all this it appears that the more expensive kinds of musical performances upon a grand scale have been somewhat less numerous than in past years. But on the other hand, there has been an unusual activity in smaller concerts,

chamber concerts and the like; and what is really a good sign, the prevailing character of the programmes in these has let itself insensibly be governed by a more classical standard. There has been less of clap-trap instrumental music than for many years past, and more of such compositions as we have set down under the head of Chamber Music. To be sure, the Thalberg fantasias have had a prominent place; but it was no small satisfaction to hear these played by the master's own hands; being the perfection of their kind, their influence has been naturally to flood out of sight inferior imitators. In nothing has this improved taste in selections been so noticeable as in

7. SONGS, QUARTETS, &c.—Looking over a pile of programmes of all sorts of concerts during the winter, and taking them as they come along, without care to be very complete, we find the names of leading German and Italian composers occurring in the following proportions:

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| Mozart..... | 19 times, in 14 pieces. |
| Handel..... | 2 " 2 " |
| Haydn..... | 2 " 1 " |
| Meyerbeer..... | 6 " 3 " |
| Schubert..... | 4 " 3 " |
| Beethoven..... | 3 " 3 " |
| Gluck..... | 1 " 1 " |
| Mendelssohn..... | 18 " 13 " |
| Weber..... | 3 " 1 " |
| Robert Franz..... | 4 " 4 " |
| Stradella..... | 1 " 1 " |
| Rossini..... | 20 " 14 " |
| Mercadante..... | 3 " 3 " |
| Bellini..... | 3 " 3 " |
| Donizetti..... | 14 " 10 " |
| Verdi..... | 15 " 12 " |

This list is significant; if not complete, it very closely indicates the truth, and shows that the German has at least kept pace with the Italian in the vocal portion of our concerts, and that it has been found safe and necessary by singers, with their quick feeling of the public taste, to draw more largely than ever before from the great masters. Our list does not include all the little hacknied English songs and ballads, which of course always have their place, but which have kept less in the foreground than hitherto. On the other hand, we have of course overlooked many instances where Handel and the like have figured, and we have taken no account of the part-songs of Mendelssohn and others, which have been made such a feature of the season by our German Orpheus and other societies.

So much for the facts; comments hereafter.

CONCERTS.

The annual Benefit Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB assembled a large audience at Chickering's, on Thursday evening. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
- 1—Quintet in G minor, No. 4.....Mozart
Allegro moderato—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Allegro Vivace.
 - 2—Cavatina from *La Focaccia*, with the Finale by Bottesini: "O mio Fernando,".....Donizetti
Mrs. J. H. Long.
 - 3—Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, First Part.....Beethoven
Hugo Leonhard.
 - 4—"Der Frohe Wandersmann," (The Merry Wanderer,).....Mendelssohn
Orpheus Club.
- PART II.
- 5—Eighth Quartet, No. 2, op. 59, Second and Fourth Parts, (First time,).....Beethoven
Molto Adagio—Finale, Presto.
 - 6—Songs: No. 1, A Catholic Chant from Percy's Masque. No. 2, Words by Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Music by T. Ryan. Mrs. J. H. Long. (first time)
 - 7—"Wasserfahrt," (Water Excursion,).....Mendelssohn
Orpheus Club.
 - 8—Ballade for Piano, op. 47.....Chopin
Hugo Leonhard.
 - 9—Andante and Finale from the Violin Concerto in E minor, op. 64.....Mendelssohn
August Fries.

The Quintet by Mozart was for the most part nicely played, and very sweet and comforting to hear. There

is great depth of tenderness in the Adagio. But why could we not have the whole of that Quartet by Beethoven? The Adagio movement is in the broadest, grandest manner, and in the most profound and earnest mood of Beethoven; it was the noblest feature of the concert; the Presto is quaint and full of life. We have not had our usual allowance of Beethoven's Quartet music this season. The Violin Concerto, by Mendelssohn, is one of the most poetic and noble compositions of the kind, especially the Andante, and was finely played by Mr. FRIES, with quartet and piano accompaniment, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER being the pianist. Mr. LEONHARD played the first movement (why not the whole?) of that fiery and exciting *Sonata Appassionata*, with bold, clear outline and the startling emphasis which it demands, and made so fine an impression in the *Ballade* of Chopin that it had to be repeated.

Mrs. LONG seemed to have gained in power and fullness of voice; indeed it was sometimes too powerful for the room. Her execution of *O mio Fernando*, and the difficult finale by Bottesini, was remarkably perfect, and placed her in not unfavorable comparison with some of the admired Italian *prime donne*. Mr. RYAN's two songs were pleasingly contrasted; the first chaste and solemn, the second a graceful little conceit, like the poem itself, but perhaps a little too florid. The accompaniments are in quite a German style. The German Orpheus, (reduced to sixteen voices), led by Mr. KREISSMANN, sang with their usual precision, but a little too loud for the room, and in the first piece not always entirely true. The concert as a whole was one of the most interesting, and we shall all rejoice when the ninth season of the Club comes round.

Mrs. MOZART's CONCERT, Saturday last week, prior to her departure for Europe, was an excellent one, and well attended. A pretty large delegation from the Mendelssohn Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. SOUTHARD, sang acceptably four choruses: one from Lindpaintner's "Widow of Nain," and "He, watching over Israel," "Be not afraid," and "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah." Mr. SATTEN, the pianist, with Messrs. GAERTNER and JUNGnickel, executed one of Beethoven's earlier Trios very perfectly, and with all the effect possible in so large a hall as the Tremont Temple. Rossini's *Quinto corpus*, the gem of the *Stabat Mater*, was sung without accompaniment by Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART, with a perfection never approached by any of the Italian troupes who have attempted it here; but they slight such things, while our little Quartet has made them a constant study. The Duet and Trio from the *Trovatore* were so well done that we almost forgot the music in the singing; the sweet and musical tenor of Mr. ADAMS seems to ripen apace, confirming all past promises; and his style improves artistically. We did not hear his solo, from the same opera.

Miss TWICHELL did herself great credit in the contralto cavatina from *Donna Caritea*, by Mercadante, as well as in the concerted pieces. Mrs. MOZART sang the great Aria from *Elijah*: "Be not afraid," which we did not hear, and the very elaborate and difficult Cavatina: *Vivi ingrata*, from *Roberto Devereux*, which we did hear. In execution, in firmness and evenness of voice, and in expression, verve and energy, she has gained very much. She was compelled to repeat the *cabaletta*, which, as it proved, was asking too much. Mrs. Mozart is already a delightful singer, and in no mean degree an artist with her voice. With the advantage she is now to seek of European schools and musical influences, provided they be not *alone* Italian, we doubt not she will take a high position; and all who have enjoyed her singing here at home must wish her all success.

Musical Intelligence.

LEIPZIG.—The twentieth and last of the Gewandhaus Concerts took place on the 26th of March. The pianist DREYSHOCK was the "star" of the occasion, and played four times: viz. Weber's *Concertstück*, a Rondo of his own with orchestra, a *Notturmo* of

Chopin's, and a characteristic piece of his own called *Rastlose Liebe*. Mlle. Valentine Bianchi sang a concert aria by Carl Vollweiler, and Rossini's *Nacqui all' affanno*, &c. The orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's third Symphony and the *Zauberflöte* overture.

PARIS.—We take the following from the Correspondence of the New York *Evening Post*, April 9:

The closing nights of the season at the Italiens have been brilliant in the extreme. On Monday Mario's benefit took place, at double prices, and drew a crowded audience. The opera was *Il Trovatore*, with Mme. Grisi, as Leonora, who gave the fourth act very finely. On Tuesday, *Rigoletto* closed the season for the subscribers, but on Wednesday the theatre was opened for the benefit of M. Alary, who, with the aid of Mmes. Grisi, Alboni, Frezzolini, Steffanone, MM. Mario, Graziani, Corsi, Zucchini and Bottesini, on his double bass, had a splendid house. During the season fifteen operas have been performed, of which the *Rigoletto* of Verdi was the only one played for the first time in Paris. Of the eighty-four representations of this winter, fifty-four have been devoted to the works of Verdi, to wit: thirteen to *Rigoletto*, fifteen to *Traviata*, and twenty-three to *Trovatore*. Rossini's *Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, have occupied but six evenings, and *Don Giovanni*, of Mozart, only four. If this is to be taken as an evidence of taste in the audience, some apprehensions may be entertained for the future of Italian music; but one must consider the great difficulties which the execution of some of the old master-pieces present to young singers, who are not enough acquainted with the indispensable traditions to be able to interpret the works.

Among the rising stars at the *Theatre Lyrique* is a young lady—Mlle. Pennetrat—whose musical career promises to be brilliant, although the stage can scarcely be considered the most suitable place for the display of her remarkable powers, which seem better adapted for sacred melodies than the opera. Mlle. Pennetrat is attached to the Imperial Chapel, where she frequently sings the "*Salutaris*," to which she imparts a fervor and deep religious feeling which produce a profound impression on every hearer. As already announced, Madame Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne, re-appeared on Thursday night when the *Theatre Italien*, the opera season being over, again opened its doors for Italian plays, which are to continue until the end of next month, after which the company proceeds to London. Mme. Ristori was received with great enthusiasm, and played the part of Maria in Alfieri's tragedy of *Maria Stuarda*, with all her customary power over the feelings of her audience.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian opera season came to a termination with the Carnival week. The last novelty was Rossini's *Semiramide*, produced for the benefit of Madame Bosio, who personated the Babylonian Queen. The performance does not appear to have come up to general expectation. The *ensemble* was by no means satisfactory. Madame Bosio sang the music with great brilliancy, but did not exhibit the grandeur and tragic power indispensable to such an assumption. Madame Marie Lablache was still less effective as Arsace; and Signor Bartolini, though possessed of a fine voice, and not deficient in energy and passion, signally failed in the arduous part of Assur.

Il Bravo of Mercadante had been previously given with much success, owing principally to the singing of Mlle. Lotti. Still more favorable seems to have been the reception awarded to Donizetti's *Betty*, the principal parts being sustained with great effect by Madame Bosio, Signor Calzolari and De Bassini. The *Huguenots* and *Il Trovatore* were the operas played most frequently during the season. Next year the Italian troupe will lose the services of Mlle. Marai, Signors Bettini and Tagliafico. Signor Tambrlik, however, is expected, and will make amends for many losses. Madame Bosio had left for London, and Signors Calzolari and Marini for Milan.

MILAN.—The theatre of La Scala, this season, has proved but a sorry affair. Operas promised—put in rehearsal—abandoned from the inefficiency of the artists—other singers engaged—operas again rehearsed—and again, and finally withdrawn. This has been the order of the course at the "*Unico*" Temple of Apollo—the pride and boast of musical Italy. We have, therefore, had nothing even tolerable, excepting the *Trovatore* and the *Huguenots*, in the first of which Giuglini's part is, perhaps, not one of his best, and in the latter, neither he nor Spezia (who was specially engaged for the opera) possesses voice of sufficient power to do justice to the music. Giuglini, Spezia, and the "Star of the Ballet," the delightful—the incomparable Pochini—leave here forthwith to fulfil their engagement with Mr. Lumley. Giuglini, I have no doubt, will be a great favorite in London.

The new tenor, Mazzolini, has only just made his debut in *I Lombardi*, and, though very badly supported, met with very great success. The second new opera of the Scala, *Pergolesi*, like its predecessor, was an awful fiasco.

The masquerade balls at the Scala have this year been unusually splendid, and honored nearly every

night by the presence of the emperor and empress. At these, a new polka by Alessandro Spinsio has been quite the rage, and received with the most clamorous applause. It is called the "Champagne Polka," and by the introduction of an imitation of the jingling of the glasses, and the drawing of the corks, which is very cleverly managed, an excellent effect is produced.

I have to record the complete success of an English barytone during the past Carnival. His name is Albert Lawrence. His debut as Carlo Quinto in *Ernani* made quite a furor. He has a voice of great power, sings with taste and feeling, and it will be his own fault if, with the advantages he possesses, he do not take a high position in his profession. He has been educated in the best school of Milan, that of the Maestro Prati.

You will doubtless have received some account, before my letter reaches you, of the reception of Verdi's new opera at Venice, written expressly for the Teatro della Fenice; Verdi to receive 100,000 lire. In case you may not, suffice it for the present to say, that it is entitled *Simon Boccanegra*, that on its first representation it was coldly received—a *mezzo-fiasco*—but, on the second, all was enthusiasm and delight, Verdi being called before the curtain (says the telegraphic despatch) *nineteen times*!—*Lon. Mus. World.*

Musical Chat-Chat.

The candle flickers up ere it goes out; and so with our Concert season;—behold a sudden blaze of announcements when we thought all was over. This evening Miss TWICHELL tempts us with fine singing by herself and others, and an orchestra of thirty-six instruments, led by CARL ZERRAHN. It is her benefit, for she too goes to Europe, whither all the native singing birds seem on the point of emigrating. She has voice and talent worthy of such culture..... Tomorrow evening the Catholic Choirs, with orchestra and organ, under the direction of that very earnest musician, Mr. A. WERNER, will perform Mozart's *Requiem* in the Music Hall, together with excellent selections from masses by Haydn, Hummel and Beethoven, solos, duets, &c. from the church compositions of Cherubini, Lambillotte and others. There will be great eagerness to hear such noble music sung by those who thoroughly believe in it..... The Boston Choristers' School, under the direction of Mr. CUTLER, will repeat their Concert of English Cathedral and Oratoria music at the Temple next Wednesday evening, with a partial change of programme. We are sure the interest of the first concert has awakened a very general demand for this. What we have published of Mr. THAYER'S remarks on that occasion, will only add to the interest of what he will have to say on Wednesday..... The many friends and admirers of OLE BULL will welcome him again after a long absence, and the more warmly that he has been of late so great a sufferer by sickness and ill turns of fortune. Ole is a man of genius, a magnetizer of men; and if his virtuoso life has been as injurious to him as to all other artists who have followed it, he is still one of the greatest violinists living, and his instrument retains its spell over audiences. It is said that he has studied much of late, and plays better than ever. His present concert tour is a Farewell before his return to Norway. He announces his concert here for Saturday evening next, when he will be assisted by the English tenor, Mr. GEORGE HARRISON—not the Harrison, whom we all know too well—and Mr. HORNCastle, who has a gift for the John Parry style of comic song and extravaganza.

The great Musical Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, for the three days preceding "Anniversary Week," is now formally announced below. Mr. ZERRAHN has been to New York and engaged musicians, swelling the orchestra to *seventy-five*. The Chorus, increased to *six hundred* voices, will be a noble one indeed. They are already devoting three nights of the week to rehearsals, and we have never heard so glorious a mass of vocal harmony. Among the solo singers engaged is Mrs. ELIOT, (formerly Miss ANNA STONE), of New York; and efforts will be made to secure LA GRANGE; nothing better could be wished than her soprano for the "Choral Symphony." Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who takes great interest in musical and all artistic matters, has accepted an invitation to inaugurate the festival with an Address. So far all things promise well; pecuniarily the Society are guaranteed to twice the amount

they asked for, namely \$8,000, and expectation is on tip-toe all about us. We do not expect a festival to equal those of Birmingham or Düsseldorf, but we shall make a grand beginning for America, an earnest of great things to come.

The "private correspondence" of the *Home Journal* furnishes some bits of musical news; for instance:

Stoeckel tells me he has finished his symphonies of "Hiawatha," and, with the choruses, etc., they form a piece similar to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." He is uncertain whether he shall bring it out at the Academy of Music or at Wallack's Theatre. It is to be produced in London, also, early in the autumn.... Wallace, the composer, a creature brimful of geniality and genius, as you well know, has just finished his fourth Opera, "The Amber Witch." It is sold (for production) in New York, London and Paris. He tells me he has written also a piece of music which he calls "Idlewild Rapids," and which he means shall express the music of the cascades as he sat with you on the bridge over the upper ravine.... Matinée Concerts are the *want*, at this moment. A nice scream and an ice cream go very well together, say all the belles.

Mme. LAGRANGE, at her benefit in New Orleans, played the two characters, Isabelle and Alice, in *Robert le Diable*. She has since sung in St. Louis, and is announced presently at Chicago. There is a hope that we shall have her at our Festival in May, to sing the chief part in the Choral Symphony and in other things.... THALBERG left New York last week on his tour through the West with Strakosch.... Mme. GAZZANIGA has been gaining in interest and drawing larger audiences in New York. This week she has played Lucrezia Borgia, Norma and Linda. But three more nights remain of her engagement.... The PYNE and HARRISON opera troupe made their "last appearance" in America last night, in a concert in aid of the widows' and orphans' fund of the New York Fire Department.

Advertisements.

MISS JENNY TWICHELL

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LAST CONCERT

In Boston, (prior to her departure for Europe,) at the
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Will be performed (for the first time in public by a Catholic Choir,) at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
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Accompanied by a Full Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER.
Masters THOMAS HODGES and EUGENE HENRY, (pupils of Mr. Werner,) will preside at the Organ.

Part I. MOZART'S GRAND REQUIEM MASS.

Part II.
SELECTIONS from some of the most distinguished Catholic Composers: I. e. Haydn, Hummel, Cherubini and Beethoven.

☞ Tickets 50 cents. Family tickets, admitting three persons, \$1. To be had at the Music Stores, Catholic Bookstores, of the Ticket committee, and at the door.—Programmes with Latin and English words to be had at the hall.
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Organist.....Henry Stephen Cutler.
☞ Brief historic and explanatory notices will be given by
Alex. W. Thayer, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Choral: "Grates nunc omnes," Gregory the Great, A. D. 600.
Choral (in unison): "Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott."
Martin Luther, 1521.
Deus Misereatur.....Gregorian Tone III.
Anthem (without Organ): "Lord, for thy tender mercies sake," Farrant.
Anthem: "His glory with perpetual hymns proclaim," S. Webbe, Sen.
Psalm 74.....Anglican Chant.
Trio: "Lift thine eyes unto the mountains," "Elijah."
(To be sung by three boys without accompaniment.)
Nicene Creed.....Dr. Benjamin Rogers.
Anthem: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion," Dr. Boyce.

PART II.

Te Deum (in A).....Dr. Boyce.
Solo: "Brighter scenes I seek above," Handel's "Jephtha."
To be sung by Master Fred. White.
Chorus (Choral and Fugue): "We worship God, and God alone," "Judas Maccabæus."
Solo....."Samson."
Mr. C. R. Adams.
Chorus: "Then round about the starry throne," "Samson."

Single tickets 50 cts., or three for \$1, to be had at the music stores and at the Temple.

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Notice to the Public.

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Further particulars will be given in future advertisements.
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Beethoven, Rossini, Verdi.

[From the Traveller, May 1.]

We have received the following lively pieces of musical criticism, from our Paris correspondent, SPIRIDION. They are compiled from a number of musical articles, translated from the Paris journals, for the *Traveller*.

Beethoven, says M. d'Ortigue, is the universal musician. He has excelled in every species of composition. Do not say that Beethoven was not endowed with dramatic genius, because he did not write *Don Juan*, nor *La Vestale*, nor the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, nor *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. He wrote *Fidelio*, and the music of the *intermedes* of the *Comte d'Egmont*, of *Prometheus*, and the *Ruins of Athens*; and had he not composed all these works he would be none the less one of the first dramatic musicians, for he merged all the elements of the drama into instrumental music, in *sonatas* and *quatuors* even more than in symphonies. What is the importance of a frame if the picture exists? What imports the absence of *dramatis personae* if passion rumbles and grows? Although it is true he wrote *Fidelio*, whose prison scene in the third act is one of the most moving scenes on the stage, Beethoven's genius was averse from these vulgar themes, these conventionalities which spring by the dozen from the prolific brains of our manufacturers of *libretti*, and which so many great composers have repented the evil hour in which they accepted them as themes. The originality and independence of his ideas could not suit themselves with the tricks of play-wrights. He had but to descend into his own heart, and there, at the source of those different passions which multiply man's life while they consume it, he loved to take no other confidant, no other interpreter than the ideal and vague language of music alone—language the more powerful and penetrating, as it is without auxiliary, without accessory, without foreign glitter. He did so, not with the wild hope of subjugating a numerous, elegant and frivolous audience, but to communicate to a few select hearers, assembled around a piano and four music stands, the various anguish,

the combats, the noble aspirations, the vehemence of a soul which moans its earthly captivity. Do not frame a miserable idea of this universality, and measure it by a "table of contents." It is a universality which includes all orders of ideas and sentiments, which supposes all gifts and every faculty, which assumes all tones and forms, which knows the secret of all the chords of the human heart, of all the voices of nature. Homer, though he wrote only the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; Dante, though he had written only the *Divine Comedy*, (I speak not of his *canzone*); Shakespeare, though he had written only his tragedies, are none the less universal geniuses, and there is something of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare in Beethoven.

See what takes place at the concerts of the Conservatory, and at the *sonata*, *trio*, *quatuor* and *quintette* concerts, which now begin to be so numerous, to the great honor of our musical education, and to the great satisfaction of those wisely exclusive amateurs who adore true art, classic art, pure art, with as much passion as they disdain false art, fashionable art, smirking and stiff art. After Beethoven, the others are listened to, but not with such ardent enthusiasm, such profound emotion. And yet these others are, no less than Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Weber, all of them, especially the two first, inimitable models of that style where all the delicacy and the elegance of art are mingled with the most scientific combinations, where secret reverie, light coquetry, dispute the victory with subdued energy, and where (especially with the last) passion overflows in profound accents, in vibrating melodies, in abrupt and bold harmony. But it is Beethoven who takes supreme possession of us. He transports us into ideal spheres, and above the terrestrial and tumultuous region where the human passions toss, he exhibits to us the pure light of intellect.

Haydn and Mozart! Let no critic's breath cloud that halo of purity that glitters around their glorious brows! Let no word ever escape my lips which may in any wise diminish the admiration due to those immortal creators of exquisite forms who have thrown over their works all the splendor of unity, all the beauty of proportion, all the connection of drawing, all the grace of outline and detail, all the affluence and freshness of imagination, which form finished, complete works! Let this justice, this gratitude, these homages, be rendered to them by those who, with us, hold that the sphere of Art is not confined to the mere exhibition of that which these masters have expressed with such disheartening perfection. It is perfection, but relative perfection, which, as we think, does not exclude a grander, higher, more complete order of beauty, in a vaster frame. Let us confess it—Beethoven is, perhaps, less perfect as an artist than they, but he is greater than they. He opened immeasurable horizons in Art; he introduced into Art orders of ideas and sentiments which the limits of Art seemed incapable of containing. Others depicted man, nature, and sometimes the marvellous, which is only the personification of the hidden forces of nature. Mozart found the supernatural in *Don Juan*. Weber found the terribly fantastic in *Der Freyschütz*, and the sportively fantastic in *Oberon*, whose sudden appearance at the Theatre Lyrique

has been a revelation, some say a revolution. Beethoven opened heaven and revealed infinity to mortal sight. He has not done *differently* from Haydn and Mozart. He has done *more*. He contains in himself all of Haydn and all of Mozart. He has, as it were, absorbed them. We see them float and dilate in the transparency of his harmonious substance. He has made them his, and he is greater than they, because he contains them.

When one of Beethoven's last *quatuors*, interpreted by cunning hands, vibrates in your ear, if you find at first your sense of hearing embarrassed, if you feel as if enveloped by sonorous clouds, and find difficulty in catching the clue of the mysterious labyrinth, beware of exclaiming too soon: "'Tis unintelligible, 'tis obscure." Obscurity really exists; but be patient; wait for the coming light, which will throw a retrospective effulgence over the dark shades through which you have passed. Suspend your judgment and take good heed that you do not repeat the absurdities which were current some years ago: that Beethoven in his last works merely doated, that his thoughts were hid in clouds, that his deafness had blunted the internal perception of sounds. Avoid, too, applying to that music the common laws of proportion, plot, construction and development, by which you appreciate the works of other composers, and of another epoch; or rather apply these laws, but in vaster dimensions than you apply them to other works. It is evident that ordinary limits are too narrow to contain this, his torrent of thought, sentiments, expressions, forms, coordinated into a conception whose entirety and details belong to the highest aesthetics. Wait, then, until light appears, until Beethoven has pronounced his "*fiat lux*." Do not be obstinate; do not resist with all your judgment and all your will the *maestro's* idea, for then you will see nothing, you will distinguish nothing—and all by your own fault, by your own obstinacy. Light? Behold it! It bursts forth suddenly, in full effulgence, and dissipates all clouds. Hereafter, all is visible, everything assumes its proper form and possesses its proper relief. Intermittent light and shade are necessary, that the sight (for, as M. Victor Hugo says, the ear as well as the mind hath its eye), may sustain unblinded this dazzling effulgence. Besides, even the shades now are penetrated by light. If we find ourselves surrounded by twilight, certain it is we are never enveloped by night. We feel as if some superhuman being were leading us from world to world—some worlds being effulgent as of themselves, and others shining with a borrowed light. How pure is the atmosphere into which we are transported! How easy is respiration! How keen and subtle the air is at these heights! What delicate, eloquent, sublime, ingenious and serene whisperings doth genius pour into our ravished ear! This is not my personal impression. The miracle of this music, only yesterday hooted as incomprehensible, is that all who hear it, whether they be musicians or not, feel the same impression. It speaks the same language to all, great and little, whether it depicts the human passions with its supremest energy, or whether it lifts the soul to contemplation and to ecstasy. The ear of the musician, the ear of him for whom Art has no secret unrevealed, is perhaps even

oftener puzzled than the ear of the amateur. Do not think in this entirety there is no place for grace, airy grace, for playfulness, for genial and capricious gaiety. One of the most singular traits of Beethoven's genius, is that he is never more sublime than when he seems determined upon airy grace. What wonders does he not produce, with the most insignificant fragment detached from a leading theme?

Such are the last *quatuors* and the last *sonatas* of Beethoven. We may, it is true, prefer the works which by a common consent are classed as being of the "second manner" of the composer. We may examine them through the microscope and discover strange associations of accords, hard expressions proceeding from "prolongations," though more commonly from "anticipations." I admit all these criticisms, which in no wise diminish my praises.

ROSSINI.

It is all-important that these works be executed in certain conditions, not only of rigorous exactness and fidelity, but also of room and resonance. To have them executed, for instance, by all the violins, all the altos, all the bass viols of an orchestra, would be to disfigure them, to efface their peculiar mark—I had almost said, to bereave them of their chastity and virginal character. These last *quatuors* must be heard at the concerts of MM. Maurin, Chevillard, Mas, and Sabatier. It was indeed a red-letter day for these young men, the day when the author of *Guillaume Tell* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (it was three weeks ago) walked alone to the room where they rehearse, and asked them to be good enough to play him one of their favorite *quatuors*.

The surprise, delight, pride, and gratitude of these young men at this unexpected visit may be conceived. The famous *quatuor* in *ut* *diese minor* was executed; this single listener was no other than Rossini. He suggested this *quatuor*, not because he had heard it before, but because he had heard it spoken of as one of those which best condensed and exhibited that period of independence, poetry, and unrestrained genius by which Beethoven terminated his glorious career. Never did the four instruments resound with more vibratory and pathetic accents; never did bows move with more enthusiasm and fire; never did soldiers, animated by the presence of a general-in-chief, march with more order and promptness. When the piece was ended, rest assured that the great *maestro* was in no wise embarrassed to express in simple and charming language, how highly he appreciated this admirable execution and the traits of genius so numerous in the work; and when he told them of the visit he, Rossini, paid Beethoven at Vienna in 1822, he spoke in the most feeling manner of the poverty, the want, the wretchedness in which he saw the great man, and the painful impression he retained of the visit.

Since I am speaking of Rossini, let me say that those are greatly mistaken who imagine that Rossini, after having voluntarily abandoned his career at the age of thirty-nine, closing it with no less a production than *Guillaume Tell*, remains indifferent to musical art and its progress in Italy, France, and Germany. No one, on the contrary, observes with livelier solicitude the march of institutions and men likely to be of service to the art. Rossini is the Classic. He daily meditates upon the works of Jean Sebastian Bach. Haydn, and especially Mozart, are in his eyes the eternal models. He admires too the works of Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. His judgments are equitable, full of good feeling, and altogether without personal vanity. I have just said that Rossini is the Classic. I add that he has always been so.

When he was eleven years old he led at Bologna the oratorio of "The Seasons." His fellow pupils observed his predilection for Haydn and Mozart, and he is fond of telling how his master, Mattei, never called him by any other name than *il piccolo Tedesco*. As for Beethoven, he holds him in almost religious veneration: "Beethoven is complete (*tout entier*) in his *sonatas*," he frequently says. By which I understand him to mean that those who know Beethoven only in one of his symphonies do not know him

completely. In the symphony Beethoven addresses himself to a large audience, such an audience as an orchestra would assemble. In the *sonata*, in the *quatuor*, he is more familiar; he comes near us, although his idea always appears in a grand form. Melodies are also in it, and if they are not more abundant, at least they are more apparent, and more free from the attendance of instrumental resonance and combinations.

VERDI.

I hope you are not fatigued, and that I still command your attention sufficiently to read with interest M. Fiorentini's criticism on Verdi, which I have long kept by me, waiting the propitious moment which would allow me to send it you.

Rigoletto, antecedent in date to the *Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, marks, together with these two last works, a new phase in M. Verdi's talents, which may be called his "second manner." The first compositions of the young *maestro* breathed something *grandiose*, heroic, and virile, which made an impression on Italian imaginations, enervated and blunted to disgust by the old formulas of melody, which had been incredibly abused. The new comer aimed at higher destinies, and was animated by a noble ambition, to found in his turn a new school. No subject seemed vast of lofty enough for him; the Crusades, Palestine and Egypt, Italy and Spain in the Middle Ages, the intoxicated pride of Nebuchadnezzar, and the punishment which fell upon him at the foot of his broken idol, the sand of the desert watered with Lombard blood, the implacable vengeance of old Sylva, and the soliloquy of Charles V.: *O sommo Carlo*,—all these but half satisfied him. He would have called to his aid Homer and Dante, David and his Psalms, Solomon and his Canticles, Sophocles, Corneille, and Shakspeare, that he might make "books" out of their dramas and immortal poems. But if the idea was great, and the inspiration generous, the *afflatus* often failed the young composer, and his powers betrayed him when he deemed himself nearest the goal he would reach. His hand was not yet sure enough to fill out the lines it had traced without deviation. In a word, the execution did not always correspond with the design. His phrases were short and abrupt; his musical period was neither large enough nor clear enough for the development of his ideas; his noisy and hard instrumentation went by hops and jumps, and seemed to drive melody away before it, *à grands coups de pied dans les reins*. He was reproached with abusing the *crescendo* and with employing the *unison*, not only several times in the same work, but in the same act, and in the same scene. He had, too, the reputation of being without pity for voices. They said nobody would use altos and trombones as he used singers. These accusations, whether just or unjust, certainly were made from every quarter.

Two or three works which followed *I Lombardi*, *Nabucco*, and *Ernani*, had not the success of the first compositions. A profounder and calmer study of the resources of art and of the taste of the public then inspired M. Verdi with serious reflections. He varied his style, and moderated, while at the same time he studied more attentively, his harmony. He voluntarily descended from the flight on which he had soared with a fortunate, but sometimes unequal and dangerous wing, to walk with a firm and confident step upon a verdant lawn. He abandoned his pretension of being always sublime, to express more true, more human sentiments, to speak a simple, a more touching language, which every body could comprehend. He quitted the epic and the historical painting, for familiar and domestic drama, for cabinet pictures of smaller dimensions but of a more delicate, correct, and finished touch.

We need only glance at the last scores written by M. Verdi to see how much he has modified his manner, and put, so to speak, the "soft pedal" to his orchestra. He has now melodies of exquisite grace and freshness, which once he would have rejected as being too ingenuous or too popular. He has delightful details of accompaniment, flowers of harmony so delicate and so pure that,

certes, he would not crush them then with his own hand beneath the brutal pressure of brass instruments and gongs. I know that I may be reminded of the anvils of *Il Trovatore*; but that is only an exception. This cadenced sound of the forge, which has found admirers among us, only accompanies two couplets sung by gipsies, the words of which are not very important. M. Verdi has always been master of the science of contrasts and stage effects, the secret of grouping voices on the front or at the back of the stage, of relieving a melody without novelty or any salient point by a syllabic chorus, a slower or more rapid measure, a sound which is broken off or prolonged, which increases or is extinguished.

Nobody better than he can make the most of a dramatic situation; but then it must appeal to the eyes as well as to the soul; all the accessories, all the illusions of theatrical optics must aid the effect; the day must fade away and the moon rise; the bell must chime, the organ wail, the storm burst in all its strength, and the thunder roll, peal after peal. See how he carries away the public! A woman weeps, a prisoner sobs, invisible voices sing the passing prayer;—and you have the finest piece of the *Trovatore*! Conspirators menace in the shade and murmur threats of vengeance and death, while a brilliant barque filled with handsome women and noble young lords, floats over the dark blue sea, basking in sunlight, and sing to the breeze the gay burden of a ballad;—and you have the best scene of the *Vepres Siciliennes*!

Two voices laugh on one side, two voices weep on the other, and in the background of this sinister scene a knife is uplifted to spare the guilty and immolate the innocent—and you have the most admirable page of *Rigoletto*! Doubtless this is not everything; when the situation has once been found, the talent of the composer consists in choosing the melody and rhythm well, in disposing and combining the voices, and placing them together and in relief by the skilful opposition of a counter-point. I am far from wishing to disparage, in any respect, the talents and merits of the illustrious *maestro*; I explain the method he most commonly employs, and which he would do wrong to change, for he has invariably been successful with it.

Louisa Miller was a great progress. It exhibited the new path the composer was endeavoring to find. It is written with infinitely more care than his preceding scores. It contains general pieces in perfect harmony, and which do not owe all their effect to unison, that method which tells on the crowd, but which masters of the art disdain as being too vulgar and too monotonous. Nevertheless *Louisa Miller*, despite its numerous beauties, had only a passable success at the Italian Opera in Paris. It failed completely at the Grand Opera, although an excellent artist, Mme. Bosio, filled the chief rôle. Because as yet fashion had taken under its protection neither the composer nor the lyric actress, the tide did not serve them. Mark this well, and never regret too much the lukewarmness and the repugnance of the public; never reckon too confidently on its caprices and its favor.

Of the three works instanced at the beginning of this article, *La Traviata* is certainly the feeblest. *Il Trovatore* has more character, more unity, more elevation: *Rigoletto* has more charm, more tenderness, a nobler and purer sentiment, and (what the other operas have not) a well drawn, distinct character, master of the plot, almost always on the stage, and filling the four acts of the drama with his grief, his irony, his anger, his vengeance and his despair. The instrumentation of *Rigoletto* seems to me the best M. Verdi has yet dictated. It contains the greatest beauties. Many musicians prefer the *quatuor* of the last act to the famous *Misereere*. Perhaps they are right. Let that be as it may, the three last scenes of M. Verdi have a family likeness which cannot be mistaken; which is proper enough in sisters, children of the same father:

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen," etc.

VERDI IN EXETER HALL.—The London *Times* of April 14th, has the following:

A musical entertainment of a novel and varied character took place last night, under the title of the "Grand Verdi Festival," which attracted an immense concourse of people to Exeter Hall. For the admirers of Verdi, the popular representative of Young Italy, the concert provided was a real treat, since it comprised a selection of favorite *morceaux* from his three more successful operas—*Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. The means of execution, vocal and instrumental, moreover, were on a scale of the highest efficiency. The band was chosen from among the members of the Orchestral Union, and directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Weiss, Millardi and Sims Reeves. The chorus was from the Royal Italian Opera. Thus everything had been done to give the utmost effect to the music, and the result was in all respects satisfactory.

Some curiosity was excited about the programmes, which on such occasions generally contain the words of all the vocal pieces; and it was very naturally apprehended that the Exeter Hall committee, who were so straight-laced about the *Stabat Mater* and the *Requiem*, would entertain strong objections to the text of the notorious *Traviata*. The committee, however, had, in vulgar parlance, taken the bull by the horns; and instead of authorizing the distribution of such a carefully edited bill as might have been appropriately styled "Beauties of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*," condemned all three, by insinuation, as unfit for the sanctified precincts of that edifice which has been pleasantly denominated "the architectural glory of the Strand." To quote the paragraph conveying the intimation, they "interdicted the publication of an English translation of the programme in the form of a book of words." The naughty sentences were allowed to be breathed and uttered by the "singing men and women," but forbidden to be printed; they may be heard, but not seen. *N'importe*; the whole was delivered in the Italian tongue, which "soft bastard Latin" is probably regarded by the Exeter Hall authorities as something akin to hieroglyphy.

With regard to the enormous audience that assembled last night at the call of Verdi, it was surmised that three-fourths consisted of persons who would on no account have been tempted to visit a theatre, and yet thought it quite legitimate to listen to the words and music of *La Traviata* in Exeter Hall. Whether this was or was not the case, some poetical wag must have considered the theme a good one, since a lyrical squib was circulated in the hall through some mysterious agency, which caused no little speculation and merriment.

The performances gave great satisfaction, and there would have been no end of encores had Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Novello, who were first honored by a redemand—in the scene of the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore*—displayed the courage and good taste to resist it, satisfied to acknowledge the compliment by returning to the platform and bowing to the audience. The malcontents continued obstreperous for a long time, however; and when at last Mr. Weiss came on to sing "Il balen," he was saluted, amid considerable applause, with a tolerable amount of sibilation. The good feeling of the majority, nevertheless, soon stifled these uncourteous sounds, and Mr. Weiss was allowed to wade through that somniferous air in peace. Another boisterous call for repetition followed Miss Louisa Vinning's execution of the cavatina, *Tacea la Notte*; but she, with commendable spirit, imitated the example so wisely set by Madame Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves. The storm raised by this second disappointment, and kept up with great obstinacy, wore itself gradually out till it was lost in the still more potent clamor of Mr. Alfred Mellon's orchestra, which brought the first part to an end with some of the most vociferous of the Verdian harmonies and unisons, gathered from the "Selection" so well known to the patrons of the

Surrey Gardens. With a portion of the same *olla podrida* the concert had been imposingly inaugurated. The other pieces from the *Trovatore* were the duet between Leonora and Count de Luna and the *canzone* of Azucena, the gipsy—*Stride la campe*—the first of which was intrusted to Miss Vinning and Mr. Weiss, the last to Miss Dolby.

Strange to say, the *morceaux* from *La Traviata* produced scarcely any effect, although the grand aria of the heroine: "Ah forse lui," was admirably sung by Madame Novello, and the *brindisi*, "Libiamo, libiamo," (which almost "fell dead"), enjoyed every chance of success in the hands of Miss Vinning and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lengthy mock-sentimental duo between the lovers, in the final and most physical scene of the opera, ("Parigi o cara"), essayed by Miss Vinning and Mr. Millardi, went for nothing, nor did the lachrymose apostrophe of Alfredo's easily affected parent—"Di Provenza"—with all the good will that Mr. Weiss exhibited in its performance, appear to strike the audience with any greater degree of amazement. Probably Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn may have wrapped the interior of Exeter Hall in an atmosphere unfavorable to Verdi. At any rate the only piece in the *Traviata* which afforded the least gratification was the aria of Madame Novello, above mentioned; and that, we make bold to say, was caused rather by the singing than the music.

The *Rigoletto* selection began with the introduction and ball scene, and terminated with the *polonaise*, (for orchestra), the interval between the two being filled up by five of the most admired vocal pieces, allotted to the singers we have named. After all, notwithstanding its diffuseness and the trivialities in which it abounds, *Rigoletto* is the best of Verdi's operas, and the quartet, "Bella Figlia," the best of Verdi's compositions. If only he could always write in this manner, or in the manner of some parts of the *Trovatore*, he would perhaps neither be so rich, so prosperous, nor so eagerly idolized by the untutored and listless crowd, but he would stand a better chance of outliving himself in his music.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Festival—Arrangement of the Stage.

The rehearsals for the Festival are going on very successfully indeed. On Tuesday evening about four hundred persons took part in the "Creation," which after the very difficult music of "Elijah," was taken up with great energy and success.

It is evident now that some important changes must be made in the arrangement of the stage, as its present capacity will not be sufficient to receive the great number of performers who are to take part. What shall the change be?

Some propose extending the stage forward into the hall. By this of course many seats upon the lower floor would be lost to the audience. Can this loss not be avoided? If seats are to be sacrificed—and they clearly must be—why not sacrifice those which are in the stage ends of the lower gallery? For my part, as a member of the choir, it would be a great gratification to me if the public was excluded from those seats at all choral performances. We want the audience before us, and it is no very pleasant thing to have fifty or a hundred strangers just at your elbows, who, being so placed that they can only hear one or two parts in a chorus with distinctness, have nothing to do but talk and laugh, and criticize the imperfections of the unlucky individuals, shouting for dear life, who happen to stand hard by the gallery. But how will the sacrifice of the seats in the ends of the lower gallery help the matter?

Simply, Sir, by allowing the removal of the railing in front, and building a temporary structure of seats, rising amphitheatrically, from near the conductor's stand to the gallery. What is there to hinder turning the end of the music hall into nearly the form of the lecture room below? If this should be done, every person who has ever had experience in chorus singing, will see how much easier it will be for the singers to perform their parts, than if, after having learned them below, when they come to sing in public the

whole effect of the music to their—the singers'—ears, is changed, by a quite different arrangement of the choral pieces. The best singers in the world must rehearse together if they will sing well in concert. They must moreover rehearse where the influences acting upon them shall be about the same as in the public performance. Let me illustrate. In opera, a concerted piece is studied, with the singers in the same relative position to each other that they are to hold when they sing in public. Certain tones come to their ears and guide them in coming in, in proper time, tune and rhythm. If this be an important matter in such a case, how much more important in the case of a huge chorus of five or six hundred voices, most of whom never sang in concert before, and many of whom, however good singers they may be in other music, cannot in so short a time as three or four weeks learn to feel at home in the music of "Elijah," the "Messiah" and "Creation?"

If the only change made be to extend the present stage, how, under heaven, is it going to be possible for all to stand in such a position as to read their music and watch the conductor's baton at the same time? I do not know in whose hands this matter rests, but in the name of all of us, who are not great singers and capable of going along blindfolded, I pray that the wishes of Mr. Zerrahn as leader, and of us his subjects, be consulted. Let us sit at the performance as we do at the rehearsals, and then if we break down, we will bear the blame cheerfully. At the rehearsals, the semicircular position of our seats enables us to hear the other parts, and we can always tell where we are. At the performances in the music hall this past winter, this was not possible in the case of many who occupied the rear rows of seats.

Then as to the improved effect which the choirs thus arranged will produce, that has been previously discussed in your Journal, and I will only add, that I heard men express their utter astonishment at the volume and fullness of Mr. Werner's chorus last Sunday evening, which, as you know, numbered in all not more than the tenors or the basses of the Handel and Haydn Society, but which by means of a temporary platform, was brought into a compact body in the centre of the stage, with all the orchestra behind.

If our arrangement at the rehearsals be broken up at the performance, a single rehearsal in a new position will hardly be sufficient to do away with the ill effects of such a measure; and I for one should desire to be excused from attempting those enormously difficult choruses in "Elijah."

A MEMBER OF THE CHORUS.

Diary.

APRIL 15th.—Looking into the "American Notes and Queries" for this month. I suppose such periodicals are to be considered as authorities. If so, I am greatly indebted to the first article in this number for the following pieces of information:

1. That J. J. Heidegger's name should be Heidegger, and that Hawkins, Burney, Hogarth, the Encyclopedias, &c., are wrong in their spelling.
2. That Handel's name is George William.
3. That "Heidegger did not relish the opposition which Handel caused, and resorted to many things to injure the character of Handel."

Queer, is it not, that so independent a fellow as was Handel, should have entered into an engagement with this Heidegger in 1729, to carry on the musical Drama at their own risk! In order to save time, Handel, in the autumn of 1728, set off for Italy, where he engaged a new band of singers. July 2d, 1729, the following announcement appeared in the *London Daily Courant*:

"Mr. Handel, who is just returned from Italy, has contracted with the following persons to perform in the Italian Operas: Signor Bernacchi, who is esteemed the best singer in Italy; Signora Merighi, a woman of a very fine presence, an excellent actress and a very good singer with a counter-tenor voice; Signora Strada, who hath a very fine treble voice, a person of singular merit; Signor Annibale Pio

Fabri, a most excellent tenor and a fine voice; his wife, who performs a man's part exceedingly well; Signora Bertoldi, who has a very fine treble voice; she is also a very genteel actress both in men and women's parts; a base voice from Hamburg, there being none worth engaging in Italy."

This base voice was John Gottfried Reimschneider. May 18th, 1734, Handel's *Pastor Fido* was revived, ran thirteen nights, "and terminated the season July 6th, and Handel's contract with Heidegger."

APRIL 29.—How easy it is to get a glimpse of real musical enjoyment! Last evening our little Society at Cambridge gave a concert, under the direction of Mr. L. H. Southard, of which the "roast beef" of the bill of fare was the 16th Mass by Haydn, followed by a selection of lighter music.

The affair was quite successful. Now why is it that in our smaller cities, we can so seldom hear anything of this kind, and that about all the staple concert music (!) is made up of Negro melodies and "old folks'" psalmody?

Two things only are necessary, namely: patience and perseverance on the part of the members of the musical society, and a conductor who knows what he is about. So far as my observation extends, in our country towns, there is not one of four or five thousand inhabitants, where there is not musical talent sufficient for just such a concert as this of last evening. With a few choruses, a few songs, part of a mass, and a piece or two of organ or piano-forte music, I can enjoy an evening in Yankee land, though not in the same manner, as well as in the grand opera houses and music halls of Europe. Try it, good people of the country!

MAY 2.—A writer in the *Independent*, speaking of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, says:

"It will not detract from our love of Beethoven to know that when Napoleon was made emperor, the Symphony was not finished; and he was so much disappointed at the supposed change in the great man whom he had honored, that he threw it aside in disgust, and did not finish it for years afterwards."

Very pretty—but unluckily the symphony was finished.

MAY 4.—A typographical error in the remarks of Mr. Thayer, in *Dwight's Journal* last week, makes Handel come to London in 1702. His first visit thither was 1710. He settled there in 1712.

MAY 6.—Looking through a pamphlet printed at Wittemberg in 1528, containing Luther's instructions to the parish clergy of Saxony, my eye fell upon a passage, which strikes me as not inapplicable at the present day, changing the word *German* to *English*. He says, being translated: "On high festivals, as Christ day, Easter, Ascension day, Pentacost, and the like, it may be well that some pieces of music in Latin be sung during the mass, using such as are biblical. For it is folly always to sing the same music. And although some will make German music, not every one has the talent and grace thereto."

Here is a passage from another pamphlet of Luther. It is an address upon the subject of schools, to the various city governments of Germany. The copy from which I translate was printed at Wittemberg in 1524, while the author was still a monk:

"People take so much time and pains to teach their children to play cards, to sing and dance, why do they not take as much time to teach them reading and other arts, while they are young and have nothing else to do, and can learn easily and with pleasure? For my part, had I children or could I have them, they should not only study languages and history, but singing also, and music and mathematics. For what is all this, (for them), but mere child's play?"

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., APRIL 22. During the past four weeks we have had quite a number of concerts, and some pretty fair performances of most excellent music. The St. Cecilia Choral Society gave us

Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," by Romberg, and Mendelssohn's beautiful 42d Psalm. What glorious music in the latter composition! We wonder that Eastern societies do not perform it more frequently than according to public accounts they seem to do. The opening chorus to those inspiring words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" is as fine, we think, as anything Mendelssohn has written in that style.

The Philharmonic Society, for their last concert, had the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony, No. 2, in D. Beethoven
Aria from the Opera, "Charles VI." Halevy
Miss Fanny Raymond
"Concert Militaire," for the Violin. Lipinsky
Mr. H. De Clercq.

PART II.
Overture—"Echoes of Ossian" Gade
Cavatina, from the Opera "Betty" Donizetti
Miss Raymond
Overture—"The Marriage of Figaro" Mozart

We need not hide a little pride in giving our programmes repeatedly to publicity; it is truly refreshing for us musical people, after years of panting for some good orchestral performances in this thus far musically benighted city, to have heard this winter three Symphonies of Beethoven and one of Haydn, besides many fine overtures. We certainly have accomplished a great deal for only one season, and yet we look upon this as merely a beginning, and have strong hopes of much better performances and of more good music during the next winter. The Philharmonic Society are already seeking to obtain subscriptions for six concerts, to be given next winter; they are for striking the iron whilst it is hot, and their many generous friends give them a liberal assistance. We want for our orchestra some good performers on the horn, violoncello, oboe and trumpet, and well educated musicians, who play on these instruments, would be gladly welcomed and could probably make a tolerably good living here next winter. Many very able German musicians, when emigrating to this country, seem to remain in New York, and there to be lost in the crowd and among the many temptations of a great metropolis; whereas, should they come to the Western cities, we doubt not they would in a short time secure a much better position and find more solid friends than in the Broadway beer saloons.

Our Quartet Club continues to give soirées in private parlors, and to perform Quartets by Haydn, Beethoven, Kreutzer, etc. To-morrow the Cecilia and Philharmonic Societies give jointly a grand Benefit Concert for their excellent friend and leader, Mr. RITTER. In a week or two we shall have the opportunity of hearing the lion, Thalberg and his antiquated Fantasias; we see his prosaic face now in nearly every shop-window. X.

BERLIN, APRIL 1.—The Royal Opera opened the new year with Weber's genial creation, *Euryanthe*. The representation was in part very successful, made so chiefly by JOHANNA WAGNER as Eglantine, and FRAN KOESTER as Euryanthe. Both are among the best and finest rôles of these two singers, and the public, warmly alive to the high artistic enjoyment, could not applaud enough to express its enthusiasm after the great aria of Eglantine and the following pieces.

The management saw fit to celebrate the birth-day of Mozart, (Jan. 27), by Donizetti's *Liebestrank*, (Elixir of Love)! Not till two days afterwards was Mozart's "Titus" produced, and that too as—the first carnival opera! Although this opera, (composed by Mozart for the coronation of Leopold I, in 1791, immediately after the *Zauberflöte* and before the *Requiem*), is over-rich in musical beauties, yet it cannot be denied that, with the exception of the grand and powerful Finale in E flat, the music does not rise to that dramatic life, that inspiration, which we admire in other operas of the immortal master.

In the concert room one would find incomparably more pleasure in the wealth of splendid arias and duets with which Mozart lets his *four* (!) female singers alternate. Köster and Johanna Wagner distinguished themselves. The former caused rapturous delight by her classical rendering of the arias in G F, in which we disliked only the often too protracted *ritardando*, by which she more than once in the great duet placed Wagner in the most painful predicament, weakening still more the already lifeless action. Fräulein Wagner excelled particularly in her recitatives and in the Rondo in A, whereas her execution of the passages in triplets in the Aria in B flat, left much to be desired.

Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music, was revived at the court theatre; but it suffered greatly in the orchestra through lack of energy in the conductor, the concert-master, RIES, who never will be competent to seize the intentions of Beethoven and infuse them into the performers.

Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, (*Deux Journées*), worthily takes rank with the best operas of our German masters. We find the grace and sincerity of Haydn in the melodies, the strength and significance of Mozart in the harmonies and the ingenious treatment of the orchestra by this Florentine. With his eminent talent, and his fresh and glowing power of invention, he has striven to equal these German models. In all his creations he shows originality, depth and nobleness of thought, and shines as a worthy scholar of Sarti not less by his dexterous treatment of the voice-parts, than by the fine painting in his instrumentation, which lends quite a peculiar charm to his works. As in the music of the church he has won an immortal name by his *Missa solennis* and his *Requiem*, so do his *Medea*, his *Lodoiska*, and especially his "Water-Carriers" secure for him a place of honor among the classical opera composers. The overture, as well as the two finales in E flat and in E, are rich in the most beautiful effects, and full sounded right well; which cannot be said of the of character and life. The air of the Savoyard, which was satisfactorily rendered by Herr KRAUSE, denotes the character admirably. The introductory motive appears again very expressively in the melodrama of the second act. We see that the art of musical *signalization*, which our modern opera reformers claim, as they do much else, as their own invention, was used already then; and I recall a happy example in Gluck, who repeats the sweet sounds which greet Iphigenia at her reception in Aulis, again on the occasion of her banishment in Tauris, as a painful reminiscence of long-fled, rosy youth. The performance of the *Wasserträger* suffered on the part of the singers in the first act from a certain lifeless monotony of manner, only relieved by occasional flashes from Mme. Köster and Herr Krause. The choruses of soldiers in the second act female voices which introduced the wedding congratulations in the last act; these made an unpleasant impression by the sharp and cutting distinctness of their tones. The voice of Fräulein GEY sounded very prettily, while that of Fräulein SIEBER was almost inaudible.

The Kapelle, under the direction of Kapellmeister DORN, has done excellent things. Dorn has produced a new comic opera: "A Day in Russia." The first act alone is interesting; hence it was well for the total impression, that the composer shortened it after the first representations. The greatest applause followed the extremely lovely representation of Johanna Wagner, who in this opera showed not only that she is remarkable in the tragic and heroic sphere, but that she also possesses a rich vein of the most surprising and delightful humor. The part of Kalikoff needed, so long as it fell into no finer hands than those of Herr Bosr, still further shortening.

Iphigenia in Aulis, and *Orpheus*, those two master-

works of Gluck, have by their last performance, in spite of many faults, especially on the part of the director, rekindled in thousands of hearts that enthusiasm with which the operas of Gluck's last period must always fill the soul that is at all susceptible to the true and the beautiful. It is well known that Gluck, after he had already written more than forty operas in the conventional style of the day, first made in his *Orpheus* the beginning of that radical reform which laid the foundation of a new era of operatic style. That opera was first brought out in 1764, in Vienna, and had even then a decided success, without being comprehended in all its majesty and grandeur by a public completely prepossessed by the petrified manner of the then prevailing bravura opera. Gluck then turned to Paris, where he found an altogether greater field for his efforts. At length the *Iphigenia in Aulis* was performed on the 19th of April, 1774, at the express command of Queen Maria Antoinette, and in spite of all sorts of chicanery, with a success scarcely equalled in the history of opera. In two years it was performed two hundred times. Gluck, not without justice, has been called the Aeschylus among dramatic composers. No one understood, better than he did, how to portray great passion, antique heroic shapes, in music. The sharpness of his characterization, the intelligent reproduction of all the details of the poem, the wonderful truth displayed in his use of the then existing orchestral forces, the sublimity of his choruses; to which add the highest and noblest simplicity, which so often leads him to the song form, weaving the sweetest spell around us—these are a small part of the excellencies of this great master, by which he completely overcame the immense favorite, Piccini, and laid the foundation of an entirely new operatic style, in which Mozart and others recognized a glorious model.

Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" did not draw a very numerous audience, and the performance lacked the usual dignity and unction. The part of the Countess was taken by Fräulein STORK, from Brunswick, who, beyond the purity and correctness of her vocal method and the distinctness of her utterance, lacks the qualities for appearing on the first operatic stage of Germany in this part after Mme. Köster. Her voice is full and round, not without compass, but the registers are not well connected. There was no trace of the fine graces which Mme. Köster wins from the principal arias; only in the last aria did she find applause, and that not without opposition. Frau TRIERSCH was well disposed and gave the Page skilfully and aptly. Herr KRAUSE counts the Figaro among his best parts, and gave satisfaction, if he did not come up to his previous achievements. Herr SALOMON sang the "Count" with a chivalric ease and certainty, but frequently fell short of the requisite strength to maintain herself above the orchestra. The pearl of the evening was Mme. HERRENBERG-TUCZEK, who in voice and action is so much at home in the part of Susanna, that to her belongs the prize among our German singers in this opera. Especially, she sang Susanna's aria, which is so full of longing, with so much soul, so much devotion, in such mystically sweet *piano*, that she was most deservedly called out. In our Kapelle almost every player is not only a virtuoso on his instrument, but a *knower* of the Mozart music. From the instrumental ensemble the solo oboist stood out in a masterly light in his frequently interspersed little solos. The conclusion of the opera would certainly have gained by more repose in tempo. The director seemed to have forgotten that rapid tempi, even in Presto, were formerly reckoned a monstrosity. In many of Mozart's pieces we have proof that the Presto of that time was scarcely faster than our ordinary *Allegro*.

On the 20th Fräulein STORK sang in *Tannhäuser* before only a moderately full house.... In the latter

part of March, Verdi's *Trovatore* was got up with great expenditure of forces. Verdi, in a little more than fifteen years, has produced upwards of thirty operas, nearly all of which have excited a real fanaticism in Italy, but only a few of which, and those with small success, except *Ernani*, have found their way into Germany. The success of the *Trovatore* is striking, since Verdi has written far better operas. Great poverty, nay barrenness of invention indeed is its chief want. Those moments which impress the ear agreeably, contain only happy reminiscences, and more than palpable allusions to the works of his predecessors. But in our present poverty in melody, one is so comforted and grateful, if a pleasing cantilena of the singer interrupts for once the orchestral *spectacle*, that such melodic passages always kindle up enthusiasm. Sharply pointed rhythms, often worse than grotesque, syncopations, *staccati*, and retarded passages, must give a new aspect to the old measure:—add a mysterious instrumental accompaniment, a gigantic cadence, and the effect is certain. Effect, and only effect, is the spur to all the deeds of Verdi, and you may trust him that he will reach it for the most part in a very cheap way. He expended the greatest labor upon a refined, and to the Italians almost entirely new treatment of the orchestra; sought to make the rhythmical part as piquant as possible; no matter what the subject of an aria, introduced sharply accented triplet passages into the voice part; set, in place of the cadenzas formerly sung upon one vowel, declamatory passages with words on every note; wove in many, in some respects original, but to our ear extremely comical choruses, and, to strengthen the effect of the cantilena, accompanied almost all the melodies with the necessary brass. And to what good account did he not turn his Parisian experience with regard to the choice of libretti! The *Dame aux Camelias*, of Dumas, and similar moral stories, afforded him the most appropriate stuff for his musical dramas; besides which he also cultivated classic ground, translating into music Schiller's "Robbers," "Maid of Orleans" and "Cabal and Love," as well as Shakespeare's "Macbeth," "Lear," &c. A wilder, more repulsive subject than the *Trovatore* probably was never treated in an opera. Poison, daggers, curses, madness are the elements that lie at the foundation and find their expression frequently in long chains of trills.

A word about the execution. All Italian song requires a peculiar sort of rendering and interpretation, in which our German singers are not at all well versed. Much is altogether lost with us; and so this opera must necessarily express less than it otherwise would, since it, more than those of other Italians, is built upon such presumptions on the part of the performers. Herr KRAUSE could not succeed in giving his voice the sombre and mysterious tone which his part requires. Herr FORMES, with his powerful voice, had most effect in the more energetic passages; but the Verdi accents would be far more effective if the voice would not persist always in the same degree of force, but would employ frequently and rapidly the *sforzando*. Moreover his vocal method is not free from un-noble elements, which ill beseeem a Troubadour, and the faulty roll of the *r* is very annoying. Fräulein WAGNER played admirably, but has to sing too much in those deep tones, that have grown intolerable to our ear, to leave an agreeable impression. Mme. KÖSTER distinguished herself in the more grateful but exacting part of Leonora; she played and sung alike admirably, and came nearest to the Italian manner of delivery. Herr FRICKE's voice sounded often finely, but is not yet quite sure and free in the attacks. The *unison* choruses, so uninspiringly comical to our German ears, and which but rarely make way for singing in two or three parts, were well executed. The opera was quite well received by the very numerous public, and the individual artists were richly applauded and call-

ed out for their severely taxing efforts.—So much for the last three months of Opera in Berlin. Next week we will review the concerts. *Jf.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 9, 1857.

CONCERTS.

THE CATHOLIC CHOIRS.—Mozart's *Requiem*, besides other Catholic music, was performed on Sunday evening in the Music Hall by the Choir of the Cathedral in Franklin Street, assisted by members of the Choirs of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, St. Patrick's, Northampton Street, and of the Holy Trinity, Suffolk Street, together with full orchestra and organ, all under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER, musical conductor at the Cathedral. The united choir was small, numbering about sixty voices all told, so that the great choruses of the *Requiem* could not be expected to roll forth with the majestic volume that they did from the two or three hundred voices of the Handel and Haydn Society. Yet the effect was far greater than we could have anticipated; indeed at times the sublimity of the music was fully realized and felt. And this was owing partly to the earnestness and heartiness with which the choral duty was discharged by those believers in such music as a part of their religion; partly to the thorough manner in which their conductor had drilled them, considering the short period, to sing in a strange place; and partly, we are inclined to think, very largely, to the novel and improved arrangement of the forces, which was neither more nor less than that suggested by our correspondent in these columns a few weeks since, and based on the hints of Berlioz. The instruments were placed behind the choir; it would have been better had not this also placed them *above* the choir; but this was partly remedied by bringing the singers compactly together upon a raised platform in the middle of the stage, (the Beethoven statue meanwhile had been moved back to the organ); the tenors and basses stood behind the sopranos and contraltos, who in most of the choruses remained seated. The effect fully justified the change, and to most listeners was surprising.

The concert opened with a Fugue in G minor, for four hands, very clearly and satisfactorily played upon the organ by two young lads, Masters HENRY and HODGES, pupils of Mr. Werner. It was lost, however, upon the great mass of the audience, who would not listen, nor allow those who would to hear much. An unwonted crowd that, for the Music Hall! composed of course very largely of the Irish Catholic population, who listened to not a little with reverence and wonder, but who had a singularly naive and frank way of showing when they were interested and when they were weary. The concert, to be sure, was too long, and one could not wonder that so many seats were vacated before the end. Then came the *Requiem*. The choruses, as we have said, were most of them sung quite effectively, and admirably helped out by the orchestra. The best parts were the solemn opening: *Requiem æternam*, with its fugue *Kyrie*, and the finale: *Lux æterna*, to the same notes; the tremendous *Dies iræ*, and *Rex tremendæ*, the beautiful *Lacrymosa*, (sung

here, as it should be, as chorus and not quartet,) the *Sanctus*, and the *Agnus Dei*. The *Confutatio* was not badly done, but needs especially broader masses of voices to give the full contrast between the dark and stormy opening and the heavenly sunshine of soprano in the last line: *Voca me cum benedictis*. The movements of the *Offertorium* are too difficult and too trying to the strength and the endurance of any ordinary choir.

The quartet of soli fared not so well. The voices were not at home in the hall, perhaps over-exerted themselves in their imagination of its difficulties, and not trained to concert singing, and the consequence was that some of the concerted pieces were badly out of tune and others ineffective, especially the *Recordare*, which is very difficult as well as very beautiful. We must make an exception, however, in favor of the soprano, Mrs. WERNER, who began feebly on the first bit of solo: *Te decet hymnus*, &c., but the beauty of whose voice, and the sincere and hearty style of whose singing grew upon us steadily from that moment. The others too succeeded well in parts. It would be unfair to criticize. Criticism was disarmed by the beautiful spirit in which all entered into the common work. There was but one object, in which each coöperated as he best could, and that was to bring out Mozart's *Requiem*. The individual forgot herself or himself in the work. It was truly refreshing, and in contrast with most concerts, (*sacred oratorios* included), to see the production of a great work not made wholly dependent upon and subordinate to the chances of individual display in solo singers. Here each solo was taken as a duty, as a sacrifice if you please, by the person who could do it best, even if there was no glory to be gained by it; and in that spirit would we see all noble music brought before the public. We are sure we speak the general feeling of the audience when we say, that whatever was wanting in the solo-singing was more than made up by the unction thus lent to the whole. They did their best, heartily and humbly, and thereby did themselves much credit.

The second part of the concert commenced with a very long, elaborate, and splendid *Gloria*, from Hummel's Mass, No. 2, in E flat. A portion of this was confused and discordant, but for the most part it was effectively sung. A duet for tenor and soprano, *Panem de Cælo*, by Terziani, a piece of smooth, flowing, rather operatic melody, was very sweetly sung. The *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, from Haydn's Imperial Mass, (No. 3, if we remember rightly), sounded truly imposing. The soprano solo in the *Benedictus* has a strong family likeness with something in the "Creation." A very quaint and singular piece of harmony is the: *Adjutor et susceptor meus*, by Cherubini; a piece which, like everything by that great master, we would gladly hear more than once. Mrs. Werner sang with much expression, and great flexibility and florid execution, a very operatic solo by Lambillote: *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua*. The *Credo*, from the first of Beethoven's two masses, the one in C, is a magnificent composition, in all points a most eloquent setting of the text, and worthy to close a concert commencing with the *Requiem*. How gloriously buoyant the expression of the orchestral figure which accompanies the first sentence! how startling the announcement: *Deum de Deo; Lumen de Lumine*, &c. What profound pathos and

solemnity in the *Crucifixus*; and what inspiring life in *Et resurrexit*! It was finely rendered, even to the elaborate and very jubilant concluding fugue: *Et vitam venturi*, &c. Yet the impression was weakened by its coming so late in the evening, and by the noise of satiated people going out.

The concert as a whole must be regarded as a success, and we would gladly hail it as an earnest of many more of the same kind. Our opportunities of hearing the noble compositions in the Mass form are entirely too few.

BOSTON CHORISTERS' SCHOOL.—We were surprised on entering the Tremont Temple Wednesday evening, to see so small an audience at the repetition of Mr. CUTLER's concert of English Cathedral and Oratorio Music. The rare pleasure experienced at the first by everybody present, seemed a sure guaranty of a hall quite full the second time. It was an audience, however, whose approbation was well worth having, and the performances gave a satisfaction quite as general and more lively than before. Mr. A. W. THAYER repeated his historical and explanatory remarks, with variations and additions, most acceptably to all. There was a partial change of programme.

The first piece was an ancient Choral, or plain-song, believed to have been composed by Gregory the Great, about the year 600. It was of course sung in unison, by men's voices only. The effect was strange and solemn; in spite of its quaint and shapeless form, with nothing that seemed like a final cadence to set the mind at rest, the effect was edifying. Next was sung by boys and men, still in unison, Luther's well known Choral: *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, which has rhythmical form and balance, and with the figural organ accompaniment filling the pauses between the lines, played in true German style by Mr. CUTLER, it sounded nobly. It would have been instructive to the audience to have heard it repeated also in harmony, by Bach, or some good master. The *Deus misereatur*, upon the third Gregorian tone, illustrated the rhythmical modification of the old plain-song by the English church.

The great Elizabethan period of English church composers, the age of Tallis, Tye, Morley, Farrant, &c., was exemplified by a single specimen, the Anthem: "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake," by Farrant. This was finely sung, with perfect truth and balance of parts, by boys and men, without organ. It is a clear, round, solid, English sounding composition, full of robust health and free from affectation. The anthem of a later period, by the older Webbe, seemed a more elaborate development of the same style, and was highly applauded. This was followed by an account of the suppression of the church music by the Puritans, with a touching picture of the manner in which it was here and there cherished in secret, apropos of which the 74th Psalm, to a wild minor Anglican chant was sung, antiphonally, with a saddening effect, although, like most chanting, it was a perpetual repetition of one short harmonic phrase and cadence.

By way of variety before proceeding to the music of the second English school, after the Restoration, the Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, was again sung by three boys, without accompaniment. The effect was indescribably beautiful; their voices were singularly pure and fresh and innocent, well contrasted and well blended, and the silvery clearness and sweetness of the first soprano sounded almost angelic. We never heard the Trio sung so perfectly; it received an unanimous encore. How fine would be the effect of this Trio so sung when "Elijah" is performed at the forth-coming Festival!

Of the second English school were sung the Nicene Creed from a service by Dr. Benjamin Rog-

ers, which interested us by a certain peculiar depth and strangeness of harmonic coloring, and a something dramatic in its startling responses; an Anthem by Dr. Boyce: *For the Lord shall comfort Zion*, and his *Te Deum* in A, which was sung before. These are highly elaborate, fugued compositions, exceedingly impressive, and were admirably sung.

The oratorio selections were four from Handel, English by adoption, and whom the lecturer's remarks made to be equally a debtor and a benefactor to the English music. We must think about that.

The simple, innocent and child-like aspiration of the air: "Brighter scenes I seek above," from "Jephtha," was beautifully sung by Master FRED. WHITE, the silvery soprano of that angelic Trio, and had to be repeated. A very noble chorus from "Judas Maccabeus": *We worship God and God alone*, in which this steadfast simplicity of faith is constantly kept up through the freer soarings of the fugue by a pervading choral, impressed us deeply. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang the recitative and air: *Total Eclipse, no sun! no moon!* &c., from "Samson," with rare and touching beauty. His tenor grows continually in power and sweetness; and in this most affecting song, he showed that he is acquiring a mastery of the fine shades of expression. It is really the most encouraging tenor that has sprung up among us. In this, and in all the Handelian selections, the organ accompaniment was beautifully played by Mr. Cutler. The chorus from "Samson": *Then round about the starry throne*, fitly closed the concert. It was delightful to observe with what ease and certainty the boy's voices thrived the tangled maze of fugue.

We trust that by these concerts a beginning has been made which shall lead to oft renewed and complete public expositions of the merits of this English school of music.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The eleventh season was inaugurated at the Lyceum on the 14th, with Bellini's *Puritani*: Grisi as Elvira, Sig. Gardoni as Arthur, Graziani as Ricardo, and the other parts by Mme. Borgaro, Signors Tagliafico, Soldi and Polonini. Costa, as conductor, was loudly welcomed. *The Times* says:

It is not possible to witness Grisi's Elvira, even at the present time, without a certain emotion. For example, the mezza voce, (of which Grisi was always an accomplished mistress), in the theme of the polacca, ("Son vergin"), which more than compensated for a certain timidity accompanying the execution of the florid variation of the coda; the sotto voce with which the opening of the mad scena, ("Qui la voce") was delivered; the dramatic ebullition of passion that gave life and reality to Elvira's appeal to Giorgio:

"O toglietemi la vita,
O rendetemi il mio amor!"

the genuine feeling and rich quality of the middle tones of the voice in the well known "Vien, diletto"—these and other excellencies deserve to be chronicled as proofs that if Grisi is not the Elvira so many of us can remember, she is still, viewing the part historically and vocally as a whole, without a competent successor. The audience received their old favorite last night with their accustomed warmth; she was twice recalled, and continually applauded, just as if she had never taken leave of the public in 1854.

As Signor Gardoni and Signo Graziani were both afflicted, more or less, with hoarseness, we need not criticize their performances. In the case of the latter this contretemps necessitated the omission of the obstreperous duet, "Suoni la tromba," between Giorgio (Signor Tagliafico) and Ricardo, of which Rossini, when writing to a friend at Bologna an account of the production of *I Puritani* in Paris, said: "The duet for the basses I need not describe—you must have heard it." On the whole, however, in spite of many drawbacks, the opera, as we have hinted, was well performed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was opened the same night. We copy from the *Times* again:

The aspect the house last night presented, when the doors were opened for the season of 1857, gave evidence of continued prosperity.

Respecting the new tenor, Signor Giuglini, who made his first appearance last night in *La Favorita*, the greatest curiosity prevailed. The very first aria

convinced his auditors that he was not one of those vocalists who look so large in the columns of an Italian or Spanish newspaper and sound so small when they reach a London or Parisian stage. The compass of the voice was evidently extensive, and, moreover, even throughout, without any breaks in the high or low places; the notes all came from the chest, the intonation was faultless, and the tender emotions of earlier scenes were expressed with genuine feeling. But when, discovering that his King has fobbed him off with an unworthy marriage, the newly made noble dashes his order upon the ground and breaks his sword across his knee, there was a spirit in Signor Giuglini's action and a force in his voice from which it was easy to be seen that the gentle lover of the first act had given slight hints rather than full demonstrations of his strength.

The beautiful aria, "Spirito Gentil," in which the solitary Fernando abstracts himself from the vices of his lost bride and indulges in mystical contemplation of her beauty, is revealed to his mind's eye, was given with the most exquisite feeling imaginable, the voice being thoroughly subdued down to all the humility of hopeless misery, but fully sonorous and distinct throughout. It was a lyrical wail, kept within the bounds of the best taste, and the falsetto notes—which the vocalist now introduced for the first time—seemed wondrously accordant with the anguish assumed. A unanimous demand for an *encore* immediately followed the conclusion of the aria, and consideration for the singer alone prevented the honor from being repeated. There is nothing very extraordinary in applause at the song, but the entranced manner in which the audience hung upon the notes of this aria, as they were so softly and smoothly poured forth by Signor Giuglini, and the sudden change from rapt attention into noisy enthusiasm made up a compound effect that is only witnessed on the occasion of genuine triumphs. From this moment the vocalist seemed inspired, and when the lady of his thoughts became bodily present, and he reproached her with the incorrectness of her position at Court, he reached the perfection of musical declamation. The voice, in which power had hitherto seemed the least remarkable quality, now reverberated through the house, gaining volume from the assumed rage of the singer. When the curtain fell three enthusiastic calls brought Signor Giuglini and Mademoiselle Spezia as many times to the lamps, and then the *habitués*, having first summoned Mr. Lumley into their presence and honored him with a thunder of congratulations, retired into the lobby to discuss the events of the evening. The success of the new tenor was on every tongue, and the only question was, how far we must look back to find a like triumphant *début* of the same class of voice.

Mademoiselle Spezia, who played the frail but lovely Leonora, is an actress of great energy, and made a considerable sensation by the details of the dying scene in the last act. Her voice, most extensive in its register, is not remarkable for flexibility, and her attention has probably been directed more to dramatic expression than to the mere effects of vocalization. The spirit with which she interpreted the character completely gained for her the sympathies of the audience, and, though Signor Giuglini was the "lion" of the evening, she had every reason to be satisfied with her reception. The important character of Baldassarre was played by a third *débutant*, Signor Vialetti, a *basso profundo*, endowed with extraordinary power in the lower region of his voice. Signor Benvenuto, the *père noble* of last year, was an august Alfonso XI.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Preparations, (says the *Advertiser*), are already making at the Crystal Palace in England, for the celebration of the centenary anniversary of Handel's death in 1759. In aid of these preparations a preliminary essay was gotten up for the celebration of the ninety-eighth anniversary, (on the 15th, 17th and 19th of this coming June.) In the London *Times* of the 13th, we have an account of two rehearsals which had already been had, viz.: of "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah." "Judas Maccabæus" was to follow on the 15th. Several weeks had been occupied by "the Metropolitan division of the chorus," aided by competent professional advisers, in making a selection of 1100 "picked voices." They were selected individually, upon a trial of each at the piano-forte, practising the compass and quality of voice, proficiency at sight reading, and other essential gifts, all of which were registered so as to guarantee the ultimate choice of the most efficient. The effect at the two recitations above mentioned, was pronounced "more than satisfactory." Of the arrangements for that of Wednesday, the 15th, we have the following account. They are on a scale nearly equal to that of fitting out a first class ship of war:

The provincial branches of the chorus are forming in the principal cities and towns of Great Britain under the guidance of professors and amateurs of acknowledged ability.

The numbers and distribution of the orchestra are already determined on. There will be 76 first violins, 74 second violins, 50 violas, 50 violoncellos, and 50 double-basses, (in all 300 stringed instruments); 9 flutes, 9 oboes, 9 clarionets, 9 bassoons, 12 horns, 12 trumpets and cornets, 9 trombones, 3 ophicleides, 9 serpents and bass-horns, 3 drums, and 6 side-drums, (90 wind instruments)—a force hitherto unprecedented.

The organ, constructed expressly for the occasion by Messrs. Gray and Davison, will be one of great power and on an appropriately gigantic scale. The instrument being nearly in a state of completion, the swell and great organs were recently tried in the manufactory; but, as there was not space enough even in the very extensive premises of the makers to put up the pedal organ, it could not be heard on that occasion. What was tested, however, was unanimously approved by the connoisseurs present. The organ will occupy a platform in the Crystal Palace of 40 feet wide by 24 deep. * * * The weight of the new instrument will be somewhere about twenty tons, which, as it is to remain a fixture, will demand a platform of the most solid and durable nature. The orchestra, already completed, occupies a space of 168 feet in width, (just 38 feet wider than Exeter Hall), and 90 feet in depth. The seats for the performers are gradually raised, one above another, so that every instrumentalist and vocalist can have a full view of their conductor. The band will be in front, the chorus at the back. The aspect presented by this gigantic superstructure, when crowded from roof to base with singers and players, can hardly fail to be one of the most imposing description. The whole is contrived on the most approved principles for the insuring strength and resistance. The beams of timber, screwed and bolted together, (there are no nails), with their stage and struts and bearings, present the appearance of a complete forest of wood-work. The two upper rows, allotted to the instrumental department of the orchestra, will be consigned to the double-basses, &c. Between these and the seats intended for the chorus there is a broad avenue for passage to and fro. In short, the accommodation is so judiciously arranged that every singer and player will be thoroughly at ease, and thus better able to give to the ensemble the benefit of his talents.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The preparations for the Festival go on bravely—three rehearsals weekly. The time grows short, hardly a fortnight, yet we hear of no rehearsal of the "Choral" Symphony. To let that fall through again, would be worse failure than all the other promised glories could offset. Shall so great a work go without a hearing merely for want of some self-sacrificing solo tenor or soprano! Is the great end of the Festival to show forth this, that and the other solo singer in the most flattering light! Pray let us have the Symphony, if the solos can be done but passably. May our good stars yet send us LAGRANGE, and all will be right. Speaking of the Festival, we are reminded of a suggestion, urged in the *Traveller* and the *Courier*, that the miscellaneous concerts should be used to some extent for the production of new works by American composers. We would we had room to copy the *Traveller's* article; as it is, we can only add our hearty commendation of the plan. There should be room, in those three days, without much sacrifice of classic works, for introducing at least one native work per day.

OLE BULL draws his magic bow again to-night before a Boston audience, and will no doubt be warmly welcomed. His programme is altogether popular. He will play a fantasia on Bellini's *Romeo*, another on American airs, his well known "Mother's Prayer," and "Carnival of Venice." The singing will be wholly English: Mr. HARRISON will do the serious (ballad), and Mr. Horncastle the comic extravaganza part... Sig. BENDELARI, the accomplished maestro of singing, gave a brilliant soirée at Chickering's on Thursday evening, with his pupils and classes, to the number of some sixty ladies and twenty gentlemen. About twenty of the best Italian airs, cavatinas, duets, quartets and choruses were sung, the maestro himself playing all the piano accompaniments with great taste and skill. We have only room now to say that there was some of the finest chorus-singing, by the whole eighty voices, that we ever listened to, and that the beauty and culture

of voice, style and execution of difficult airs and cavatinas, displayed by quite a number of young ladies, was truly remarkable.... We were sorry to be out of town on the evening of Miss TWICHELL's concert. The *Traveller* says: "It is very seldom that a concert is given in which the critic finds so much to commend," and this seems to be the general impression.

Read our Berlin letter, lovers of opera. Think of such a bill of fare for three months, embracing every style and school of opera: Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Donizetti, Verdi, Wagner—not one of these varieties, but *all* in a single season. Were our opportunities as various, our tastes would be more cosmopolitan and just; there would be less quarrelling about German and Italian, and each kind would take its place and pass for what it is worth.

The exhibition of Sculpture and Paintings at the Athenæum Gallery this season is one of unusual interest. Never before have we had so rich and choice a collection of paintings, or one (thanks to the zeal and taste of the Boston Art Club) so well arranged. The ALLSTON works alone, especially his "Beatrice" and those wonderful Italian landscapes, which have not been seen in public since the Allston exhibition twenty years ago, are worth a long journey to behold. Then there is the DOWSE collection of Water Colors, the finest in the country, some of the best works of PAGE, capital specimens of the last efforts of our young Boston artists, such as HUNT, AMES, CHAMPNEY, GAY, WIGHT, WILDE, GERRY, Miss CLARKE, &c. &c. and all those venerable old inhabitants of the Athenæum, some of the largest of which are happily made to line the walls as you ascend the staircase.

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Notice to the Public.

The Manager of these Concerts takes great pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Boston and the public generally, that (in consequence of OLE BULL having decided upon returning to Norway the ensuing summer for the benefit of his health,) he has been induced to fix the price of admission to these (his last) Concerts at 50 cents, which will give an opportunity for every person to hear the greatest Violinist living before his final departure from this country.

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Further particulars will be given in future advertisements.

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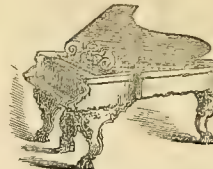
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THE ORATORIOS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—Naturally all the musical interest for the coming week will concentrate upon the Festival of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. As many persons then will listen perhaps for the first time to Oratorios by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, it seems fit that our Journal should contain some aids to the understanding of these noble works; and therefore we take the liberty to reprint portions of the synopses which we wrote of them some years ago; not that we flatter ourselves that they are of any great intrinsic value, but because any such description in detail of a great musical work helps to fasten the attention of the hearer upon its real beauties. This week we give "Elijah" and the "Creation;" next week we shall add the "Messiah."

I. Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The figure of the prophet is stationed, at once, boldly in the foreground. Even the overture is prefaced by a brief recitative, in which, with firm, deep voice, he declares that "there shall not be dew nor rain these years." Had Mendelssohn composed expressly for an American audience, who never begin to settle down into the listening state until they hear the human voice,—we might have suspected him of an innocent manoeuvre here, to procure silence and a hearing for the overture. In this overture, there is a sort of sul- len, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged; an obdurate wilfulness seems depicted,—a desperate impulse continually trying itself over again, only to find the same fatal limitations; it is the mood of an unrepenting criminal in his cell. The music is all of very short fibre, woven into the toughest, knottiest sort of texture; full of movement, but no progress. One or two little short starts of melody, constantly repeated, are its themes; and, though these are woven into a consistent and artistic whole, you hear nothing else from first to last. This is in the appropriate key of D minor, and sheds the right murky coloring over all that is to follow, helping imagination to realize the state of Israel under Ahab. Drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance; starved impulses, which, getting no expansion, only murmur of them-

selves, are the alternate changes of one figure on this monotonous web of tones.

And now the suffering finds a voice. There is a chorus of the people—"Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?"—still in D minor, 4-4 time, Andante. First a loud cry, "Help, Lord!" upon the minor common chord of D, the accompaniments traversing downwards and upwards through all its inversions for two bars; then, as the air climbs one note higher, the same process is repeated on the crying chord of the Diminished Seventh, which, through the dominant Seventh upon C, would fain force its way out into the bright major key of F, and find relief; but while the bass tends boldly that way, the chord of D minor returning in the upper parts smother the tendency, producing a discordant mixture of tonics which is peculiarly expressive on the words: "Wilt thou quite destroy us?" Out of this massive and compact beginning the tenors lead the way in a freer movement, chanting the two plaintive phrases: "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and "And yet no power cometh to help us," which are duly taken up by the other voices and passed round as the themes of a very beautiful and graceful Fugue, which works itself up by degrees into the right chord for a transition to the key of E major, when the Fugue is quelled for a while into a uniform movement: "Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion?" with a fitful, tremulous accompaniment; but it soon breaks loose again, and, amid renewals of the cry, "Help, Lord!" from single voices, terminates the chorus. A remarkable choral recitative succeeds, in which the complaints of famine come up in distinct, successive fragments of melody from one mass of voices after another:—"The deep affords no water,"—"The infant children ask for bread," &c.,—exceedingly expressive, if the voices start the theme with perfect concert. Next we have a plaintive duet for sopranos, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid,"—one of those wild and tender melodies (each part a melody, however,) in which we get the genuine aroma of Mendelssohn's peculiar genius, as in his "*Lieder*." There are several such in "Elijah." In the pauses of the duet, which is in A minor, and forming a sort of background to it, is constantly heard the burden (an old Jewish Chant,) alternately of the entire female and of the entire male chorus, in unison, on the words "Lord, bow thine ear to our prayer." The effect is as poetic as it is original. At first it was the popular complaint of the short harvest; then, in the recitative, it was the children hungering at home; now it is youthful loveliness and beauty interceding as by special affinity with heaven;—remark this fine touch of the delicate and feminine side of the composer's genius!—had this duet been left out, it would hardly have been Mendelssohn.

So much in description of the drought. Now comes the appeal of Obadiah to the consciences of the people,—a tenor recitative: "Render your hearts," &c., followed by the exquisitely tender and consoling tenor song. (Andante in E flat:) "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." If you compare it with Handel's "Comfort ye, my people," you have the whole difference of complexion between these two deeply religious natures. In that, it is the perfect sanguine buoy-

ancy and confident announcement of hope; in this, it is hope tinged with sadness,—more of reflective yearning, and less of the child's unquestioning acceptance and assurance. It would compare more closely, however, with "He shall feed his flock;" only that is an alto song, and this a tenor, as befits the difference of sentiment; for in that, the feminine element, or Love, is all in all; whereas in this, the masculine element of Justice tempers Love. In this song, as in the duet before, and as throughout the oratorio, Mendelssohn displays his rare poetic invention in accompaniment; in every bar at first it takes, as if unconsciously, the form of "seek and find,"—a climbing *arpeggio* answered by a full chord; when it reaches the words, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him," the whole air pulses to the heart-beat of the melody, as the violins divide the measure into crystal and precise vibrations. Then breaks out the turbulent chorus in C minor, "Yet doth the Lord see it not. His wrath will pursue us," &c.; full of diminished sevenths and of discords from bold overlapping of one chord upon another. Its vehement and angry motion is suddenly arrested on a discord of this sort, (dominant 7th upon the tonic,) in the words: "till he destroys us;" and after the pause, follows the grave, massive, psalm-like, solid piece of counterpoint, all in long half-notes: "FOR HE, THE LORD OUR GOD, HE IS A JEALOUS GOD," &c., thrown up like a mountain range of the primeval granite in the midst of this great musical creation; yet its solemnity is not all barren, for ere long its sides wave with the forests sprung from the accumulated soil of ages, and the solemn procession of the clouds in heaven passes in shadows over their surface; the key shifts to the major; the accompaniments acquire a freer movement; rich, refreshing modulations succeed each other smoothly, and the vocal parts diverge in separate streams of perfect harmony, at the thought; "HIS MERCIES ON THOUSANDS FALL," &c. Fit prelude to the voice of angels! An alto voice, in recitative, bids Elijah "hence to Cherith's brook," telling of the "ravens" who will feed him. Then a remarkable double quartet (four male and four female voices) follows with the words: "For He shall give his angels charge," &c. The very simplicity, together with the animated movement of this, requiring perfect precision and blending of the eight distinct parts, makes it difficult to convey its beauty in a performance. Again the angel warns him to "Zarephath," to the "widow woman"; and the homely images of the "barrel of meal" and the "cruise of oil" do not "fail," or fall in any wise short of dignity and beauty in Mendelssohn's pure recitative, which quite transcends the usual common-place.

We have now reached the first in the series of dramatic sketches, of which the body of the oratorio is mainly composed: the miracle of raising the widow's son. The sentiment of the marvellous is first raised by the accompaniments, which, confined chiefly to the violins and treble wood instruments, keep up a light tremolo, to a melody, full of sad, sweet humility, (E minor, 6-8,) which introduces the lamentation of the woman over her son. The answer of the prophet, and his prayer, "Turn unto her," are in the major of the key, in grave, four-fold measure. The return of the tremolo, in the still more mystical key of F

sharp major—swelling and diminishing, raises expectation to the height, and makes natural the woman's question of surprise, "*Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?*" The prayer is renewed, and so too the woman's exclamation, striking a higher note in her growing earnestness. Yet a third time the prophet prays, amid crashing, measured peals of harmony, announcing that the miraculous agency is at work restoring life. The joy and devout thankfulness of the mother, prompting the question: "*What shall I render to the Lord?*" are followed by the brief, but beautiful duet between her and the prophet: "*Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,*" which is in broad four-fold measure, and glides directly into the chorus: "*Blessed are the men who fear him,*" which is distinguished by the soft, rippling flow of the accompaniments, the violoncellos keeping up one uniformly varied and continuous figure in sixteenths through the whole of it, while the vocal parts steal in one after another with the same whispered melody, which, with that multitude of voices, is like the soft rustle of the bending grass before successive breathings of the west wind,—until the words: "*Through darkness riseth light to the upright,*" where the sopranos shout forth a clarion call, climbing through the harmonic intervals of the fifth of the key as far as its tenth, and closing with a cadence upon B, which note the basses take for a starting-point, and thence repeat nearly the same figure, ending in A, where it is taken up by the altos, and again echoed ere it is half out of their mouths by the tenors, until all come unitedly upon the words: "*He is gracious, compassionate, righteous.*" These words are treated somewhat after the manner of, "*And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,*" &c., in Handel's sublime chorus, though no such stupendous effects are here attempted. The original whispered melody flows in again with mingled fragments of the second theme, and the chorus ends with echoing, retreating calls of "*Blessed!*" while that rippling accompaniment floats sky-ward and is lost.

Now comes the appearance of Elijah before Ahab, and the second dramatic scene, the challenge of the priests of Baal. The several proposals of Elijah (in bold recitative) are echoed in choral bursts from the people, "*Then we shall see whose God is the Lord,*" &c. The invocation of the priests of Baal is very effective musically, however fruitless for their purpose, and the music of it is in striking contrast with the severe and spiritual tone of the rest of the Oratorio. Noisy, impetuous, full of accent and of animal life, it befits the worshippers of natural things; and it commences in the key of nature, or F major. First, it is in 4-4 time, a double chorus, with a sort of bacchanalian energy: *Baal, we cry to thee;*" then sets in an Allegro 3-4 movement, with arpeggio accompaniment in thirds, in single chorus, basses and altos in unison crying: "*Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God,*" and sopranos and tenors in unison more earnestly following: "*Baal, O answer us; let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe,*" &c. In vain; no help for them! In long loud cadences, (the *minor third* so loved by Mendelssohn), with hopeless pauses between, their "*Hear us!*" floats away upon the empty air. The prophet taunts them: "*Call him louder.*" Again they raise their cry, this time in F sharp minor, in hurried 4-4 time, the full force of the orchestra reiterating quick, short, angry notes, as if they were all instruments of percussion, and trying restless and discordant modulations, as the voices with agonized impatience repeat: "*Now arise; wherefore slumber?*" Again the prophet taunts, and again they call on Baal, still in the same wild key, but with the most furious presto movement, in 6-8, ending as before in fruitless cadences: "*Hear and answer,*" succeeded by unbroken pauses.

It is now Elijah's turn. In a solemn Adagio air, expressive of sublimest faith and feeling of the Right, and even with a tenderness which you cannot help contrasting afterwards with his ruthless slaughter of his defeated rivals, he offers up his prayer to the "*God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel.*" This is followed by a short and simple quartet: "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*" All

this was in the confident key of E flat major. In his invocation: "*O Thou, who makest thine angels Spirits; Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; let them now descend!*" the prophet's voice, unaccompanied, rises a minor third in uttering the first clause, followed by the full minor chord *pianissimo* from the instruments; in the second clause it ascends (through the minor third again) to the fifth, again more loudly answered by the instruments; and in the third clause it reaches the octave, when bursts forth the wild descriptive chorus: "*The fire descends from heaven!*" This change to the minor in the invocation makes a presentiment of miracle, as surely as a preternatural change of daylight, or the noon-day darkening of eclipse. The Fire-chorus, with its imitative accompaniments, we will not attempt to describe; it is fearfully grand and terminates in a massive Choral: "*THE LORD IS GOD,*" &c.; the earth quakes as it rolls away, with the prolonged tremolo of the double basses, during which Elijah dooms the prophets of Baal.

This scene closes with two remarkable songs. First, a bass solo by Elijah: "*Is not his word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?*" Here the composer evidently had in mind a similar great solo in Handel's "*Messiah.*" Both song and accompaniment are cast in the same iron mould, requiring a gigantic voice to execute it. Indeed, it is almost too great to be sung, as some parts are too great to be acted. Next, the exquisite alto solo: "*Woe unto them who forsake him!*" which is again of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" order, having that characteristic wild-flower beauty, so indescribable in the melodies of Mendelssohn.

Finally, we have the coming of rain, prepared in a dialogue between the people, the prophet and the youth whom he sends forth to "*look toward the sea.*" There is a gradual mellowing of the instruments, so that you seem almost to snuff rain in the parched air. The responses of the youth, clear, trumpet-toned, in the major chord of C, as he declares: "*there is nothing,*" each time with the enhanced effect of the mellow, continuous high monotone from the orchestra, and finally announcing, amid the mysterious thrilling of the air with violin thirds, "*a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand;*" then the "*blackening the heavens with clouds and with wind;*" and then the loud rushing of the storm, are wrought up to an admirable climax, and the chorus breaks forth like a perfect flood of joy, refreshing and reviving all things: "*Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather: they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty; but the Lord is above them and Almighty!*" This Rain-chorus, (which is in E flat major), is in perfect contrast with that Fire-chorus. The music itself is as welcome as showers after long drought; as tears of joy and reconciliation after years of barren, obstinate self-will and coldness; as the revisiting of inspired thoughts to the dry, dull, jaded, unsuggestive brain;—and that not the less because all the music which precedes is rich and various. The voices seem to launch themselves along rejoicing, like the copious billows of a torrent, while the instruments, by a well-chosen figure, imitate the sound of dripping streams. You feel the changing temperature of the air in some of those modulations. What a *gusto*, what a sense of coolness in some of those *flat sevenths* in the bass! there are certain chords there which we would call *barometrical* or *atmospheric*, if the extravagance of fancy might be allowed to keep pace with the fullness of delight in listening to this translation into tones of one of the inexhaustible phenomena of nature.

The Second Part has for its subject-matter the reaction of the popular sentiment against Elijah, at the instigation of the queen, his sojourn in the wilderness, and his translation to heaven. This is prefaced by a song of warning to Israel: "*Hear ye, Israel,*" for a soprano voice, in B minor, 3-8 time:—one of those quaint little wild flowers of melody again, which seem to have dropped so often from another planet at the feet of Mendelssohn. The short-breathed, syncopated

form of the accompaniment, and the continual cadence of the voice through a third give it an expression of singularly childlike innocence and seriousness. Then follows, in the major of the key, in statelier 3-4 measure, and with trumpet *obligato*, a cheering air, which differs from the last as a bracing October morning from a soft summer Sabbath evening: "*Thus saith the Lord, I am he that comforteth,*" &c., leading into the very spirited chorus in G major: "*Be not afraid, saith God the Lord.*" This has a full, broad, generous, Handelian flow, like a great river "rolling rapidly;" and as your ear detects the mingling separate currents when you heed the river's general roar more closely, so, hurrying, pursuing, mingling, go the voices of the fugue: "*Though thousands languish,*" which gives the chorus a more thoughtful character for a moment, before they are all merged again in the grand whole of that first strain, "*Be not afraid!*"

One cannot conceive how the scene which follows could have been wrought into music with a more dramatic effect. The prophet denounces Ahab; then the queen in the low tones of deepest excitement, in angry and emphatic sentences of recitative, demands: "*Hath he not prophesied against all Israel?*" "*Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?*" "*Hath he not closed the heavens?*" &c.; and to each question comes an ominous, brief choral response: "*We heard it with our ears,*" &c.; and finally the furious chorus: "*Woe to him, he shall perish,*" in which the quick, short, petulant notes of the orchestra seem to crackle and boil with rage.

Yielding to Obadiah's friendly warning, the prophet journeys to the wilderness; and here we have the tenderest and deepest portions of all this music; here we approach Elijah in his solitary communings and his sufferings; here we feel a more human interest and sympathy for the mighty man of miracle; we forget the terrible denouncer of God's enemies, and love his human heart, all melting to the loveliness of justice, and mourning over Israel's insane separation of herself from God, more than over his own trials. Follow him there! good guides stand ready to your imagination's bidding: first, the grand old words of the brief and simple Hebrew narrative; then the befitting and congenial music of this modern descendant of the Hebrews, this artist *son of Mendel*. Listen to that grand, deep song which he has put here into the mouth of Elijah: "*It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers,*" &c. What resignation! His great soul, bowed to that unselfish sadness, gives you a nobler, more colossal image than the fallen Saturn in the "*Hyperion*" of Keats. The grave and measured movement of the orchestra marks well his weary, thoughtful, heavy steps. But his soul summons a new energy, the smouldering music blazes up, as he remembers: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord.*"

Follow him! Fatigue brings sleep, and sleep brings angel voices. Let that sweet tenor recitative interpret his wanderings and his whereabouts, and the angelic voices interpret the heaven in his heart. "*Under a juniper tree in the wilderness!*" Mark the quaint simplicity of the words, and how heartily the musical vein in Mendelssohn adapts itself to such child's narrative. And now hear, as the composer heard, the heavenly voices floating down. It is a scene almost as beautiful as that portrayed in Handel's music for the nativity of the Messiah. First a Trio, (female voices*), without accompaniments: "*Lift thine eyes to the mountains,*" pure and chaste as starlight; then the lovely chorus (for all four parts): "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps.*" If the Trio was like heaven descending, this is like the peacefulness of earth encompassed with heaven; it has a gentle, soothing, pastoral character, like "There were shepherds watching their flocks by night." The universal bosom seems to heave with the serene feeling of protection, and the heart to throb most joyously, most gently, with the equal and continuous rise and fall of those softly modulated trip-

* In Friday's performance this Trio will be sung, and with peculiar effect, by boys.

lets in the accompaniments. Voice after voice breathes out the melody; and what unspeakable tenderness in the new theme which the tenors introduce: "*Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.*"

Again follow him! *Forty days and forty nights*: so sings the angel (alto recitative); and again the noble recitative of the prophet, "wrestling with the Lord in prayer;" "*Oh, Lord, I have labored in vain; . . . O that I now might die!*" This is relieved by the profoundly beautiful alto song, in the natural key, four-fold measure: "*O rest in the Lord;*" and he resumes: "*Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be thou not far from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land;*" which last suggestion the instruments accompany with a reminiscence from that first chorus, descriptive of the drought: "*The harvest now is over,*" &c.

And now he stands upon the mount, and "*Behold! God, the Lord passed by!*" We are too weary with fruitless attempts to convey a notion of the different portions of this oratorio by words, to undertake the same thing with this most descriptive and effective chorus. One cannot but remark the multitude of subjects which the story of Elijah offers for every variety of musical effects. The orchestra preludes the coming of the "*mighty wind.*" Voices, accompanied in loud high unison, proclaim: "*The Lord passed by!*" the storm swells up amid the voices, wave on wave, with brief fury and subsides, and again the voices in whispered harmony pronounce: "*yet the Lord was not in the tempest.*" The same order of treatment is repeated with regard to the "earthquake," and with regard to the "fire." All this is in E minor; the key opens into the major, into the moist, mild, spring-like atmosphere of E major, and the voices in a very low, sweet chorus, in long notes, whisper the coming of the "*still, small voice,*" while the liquid, stroking divisions of the accompaniment seem "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." The Seraphim are heard in double chorus, chanting: "*Holy, holy,*" &c., marked by sublime simplicity. One more recitative from the prophet: "*I go on my way in the strength of the Lord,*" with the air: "*For the mountain shall depart,*" during which the instruments tread on with stately, solid steps, in notes of uniform length, in 4-4 measure;—and we have the marvellously descriptive, awe-inspiring chorus which describes his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot. There is no mistaking the sound of the swift revolving fiery wheels, suggested by the accompaniment.

Another beautiful tenor song: "*Then shall the righteous shine,*" and a fit conclusion to the whole is made by two grand choruses, foreshadowing the consummation of all prophecy in the God-Man, just leaving off where Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio of oratorios, began. The first: "*Behold, my servant, and mine elect,*" has much of the grandeur, but not the simplicity of Handel. It is separated from the last by an exquisite quartet: "*Come, every one that thirsteth,*" which is wholly in the vein of Mendelssohn. And the whole closes with a solid, massive fugue, in the grand old style: "*Lord, our Creator, how excellent thy name!*"

II. Haydn and his "Creation."

Haydn is remarkable for the perfection of style; for neatness and elegance in all the details, happy arrangement, and perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. He is the Addison of music, only a great deal more. He is the most genial, popular, least strange of all composers. All those who enjoy clear writing, who love to see everything accomplished within the limits of graceful certainty, feel as safe with Haydn as the scholar with his Cicero and Virgil. We say of him, "*that is music,*" in the sense in which we say "*that's English.*" Whatever thought he had, (and he had many), it came out whole and clear, it suffered nothing in the statement. He understood the natures of instruments so well, that they blended as unobtrusively in his symphonies as individuals in the best-bred company. Haydn's music is easily understood. It keeps the mind awake, like lively, easy conversation; but does not task the brain, does not excite any longing which it cannot satisfy. Hence it is per-

fection itself to those who want nothing deeper; and it can never be otherwise than agreeable to those who do. Its charm is infallible as far as it goes.

What we next remark is its sunny, healthful, cheerful character. It is the happy warbling of the bird building its nest. It is not the deepest of music; but it is welcome to every one as the morning carol of the lark. It has not the tragic pathos of Mozart and Bellini; nor the yearnings and uncontainable rhapsodies of Beethoven. But it is good for the deep-minded sometimes to leave brooding and speculating, and for the sentimental to flee the close air of their sad sympathies, and rising with the lark some bright, cool morning, go forth and become all sensation, and enjoy the world like a child. Such a morning walk is an emblem of Haydn. The world is fresh and glittering with dew, and there is no time but morning, no season but spring to the feelings which answer to his music. He delivers us from ourselves into the hands of Nature; and restores us to that fresh sense of things we had before we had thought too long. He sings always one tune, let him vary it as he will, namely, the worth and beauty of the moment, the charm of reality, the admirable fitness and harmony of things. Not what the soul aspires after, but what it finds, he celebrates; not our insatiable capacities, but our present wealth. Surprise and gratitude and lively appreciation for ever new beauties and blessings—a mild and healthful exhilaration—just the state of his own Adam and Eve in Paradise! * * * *

Is not his great work, then, the true exponent of his genius? Was he not the very man to compose the music of the "Creation;" to carry us back to the morning of the world, and recount the wonders which surround us, with a childlike spirit? Is it not his art to brighten up the faded miracle of common things; to bathe our wearied senses, and restore the fevered nerve of sight for us, so that we may see things fresh and wonderful, and a "*new-created world*" may rise amid the "*despairing and cursing*" of the falling evil spirits that confuse and blind us, (to borrow a thought from one of the first choruses)?

The "Creation" consists of three parts, taking for its text the Mosaic account. In the first part is described the emerging of order from chaos; the creation of light; the separation of the firmament, of sea and land; the springing up of vegetation, and the setting of the sun and moon and stars; and ends with the magnificent chorus: "*The heavens are telling.*"

The second part contains the creation of animated nature; the animals, and lastly Man; and ends with the more elaborate chorus: "*Achieved is the glorious work.*"

The third part represents Adam and Eve in Paradise, admiring each other, and the beautiful world around, and praising the Creator; and ending with the still more elaborate and rapturous fugue: "*The Lord is great.*"

The characters in the two first parts are three angels, Raphael, Uriel and Gabriel, (bass, tenor and soprano). After the symphony or overture, which represents chaos and the elements struggling to disengage themselves, one part after another rising a little way and falling back into confusion, till finally the ethereal flutes and the more soaring instruments escape into air, and the dark sounds are precipitated, and everything sounds like preparation, the discord almost resolved—an angel recites the words: "*In the beginning God created,*" &c., but "*darkness was upon the face of the deep.*" To represent the "*Spirit of God,*" now, "*moving upon the face of the waters,*" a soft, spray-like chorus of voices steals in; and after the command, "*Let there be light,*" the instruments are unmuted and all the discords are resolved into the full chord of the natural key, and "the audience is lost in the effulgence of the harmony." To represent light by loudness, some may think a poor device. But music does not seek to represent the light, but the surprise produced by its sudden appearance. What greater shock could be given to all our senses, than the sudden admission of light into total darkness? Then Uriel, (angel of light), in a descriptive song, develops the idea, shows us the flight of the spirits of darkness, and in a subterranean chorus we hear their mingling, falling voices, wildly modulated by the depth they traverse, on the words: "*Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall;*" and in a fresher, brighter key the first day is celebrated, and "*a new created world appears at God's command.*" The same order is pursued with each of the other days. First, the angel recites the words from Scripture; then in a song describes the phenomena; and then a chorus celebrates the new day.

Throughout the whole the instrumental parts are principal—the voice but gives the interpretation. Thus after the angel has recited: "*And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under*

the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament," all the phenomena of the air, the blast, the thunder, the soft rain, the beating hail, the flaky snow, are described in so many little passages of symphony, and after each the voice supplies the interpretation. Then bursts forth the choral hymn: "*Again the eternal vaults resound the praise of God, and of the second day.*" In like manner another song describes the separation of land and water, the rolling and heaving of ocean, the emerging of mountain tops, the rivers winding through wide plains, the purling brooks. And another, the flight or song (whichever is most characteristic) of the birds, the mounting eagle, the lark, the cooing of the doves, the song of the nightingale; another, the roar of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the contented browsing of the cattle, the sporting of the great leviathan. All this is so exquisitely executed, and presents such a variety of beautiful novelties, even without regard to the meaning intended to be conveyed, that we almost forget that it is treason against the true spirit of the art, and a playing of tricks with music.

We cannot enter into all the beautiful details of this great work; nor shall we speak particularly of the surpassing sweetness and melody of its songs; nor its joyous choruses, which are wonderful in their way, but without the grandeur, or the simplicity, or the progress of those of Handel; the chorus which closes the first part—"The heavens are telling," being decidedly greater than any which follow. But the truth is, the chorus does not bring out the genius of Haydn. The orchestra and the symphony are his sphere; and it is as an orchestral, descriptive work, and not as an oratorio in the high religious sense, that we are most interested in the "Creation."

How far music may imitate or describe outward nature, is a question which must always be left open. That sounds do suggest scenes is unquestionable. It is natural when hearing an orchestra, to think of the harmony of colors. Some sounds in nature are actually musical, like the notes of birds, and the fall of water. All sounds in nature make music, when heard at a sufficient distance to allow them to become well blended. Thus motion is one of the essential elements of music; we speak of a rushing, gliding, falling, rolling passage of music. Add to this all the associations with feelings and states of mind which the qualities of different instruments possess, and it is evident what an orchestra can do in this way. If it is not allowable to describe outward objects by music, it is often necessary to bring up outward objects in order to describe music.

A piece of music never suggests the same precise train of thought to any two hearers. It only awakens the same feelings, wins them to its mood. If then, incidentally, all these little descriptive means concur to confirm the associations which naturally arise with every feeling, it is well. But to aim first to paint a picture, or to tell a story, is to leave the true and glorious function of the art, to make it do what it was never meant to do, and excite the same kind of admiration which a mountebank would by walking on his head. Literal description of objects is not the province of music. Music has all the vagueness of the feelings of which it is the natural language; but through an appeal to the feelings may suggest more than words can tell.

Thus, when we are told that Haydn, in composing a symphony, always had some little history or picture in his mind, we must not suppose that we are to look for such a story or picture in it, when we hear it; but only that he wrote it under the influence of such emotions as the imagining the story would inspire.

It is only, however, in some few details that the "Creation" is liable to the objection of too literal imitation. We can pardon some few freaks and injurious conceits, when they are so exquisitely done. But in its whole style and spirit the "Creation" is an expression of feelings, an expression of childlike wonder and joy and gratitude and love. It expresses the exhilaration of calm, creative activity. It refreshes the mind to that degree that all sounds become music to it. It inspires us with all the grateful sensations of morning and spring. And we go away from it feeling the same gratitude for it that we do for nature.

HANDEL wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the Oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifested his pleasure or satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor.—*Dr. Burney.*

HANDEL's general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.—*Ibid.*

Great Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester, England.

(Correspondence of the London Times, April 14.)

The collection of ancient pictures, which is very large and valuable, will be exhibited in the south gallery. It has been placed under the charge of Mr. Scharf, jun., who has adopted a somewhat novel plan in its arrangement. He has proceeded upon the broad principle of devoting one entire wall to the works of the Italian and Spanish masters, and the other to the productions of Germany, Flanders, England, and all countries foreign to Spain and Italy. But that is not all. The pictures on both sides of the gallery are arranged in chronological order, so that the works of each master of Italy or Spain are placed opposite those of a painter belonging to some other country who lived in the same period. Angelico da Fiesole, for example, is opposed to John Van Eyck, Rubens to Guido, and Vandyke to Velasquez. The lesser divisions of schools, which are those of Tuscany, Sienna, Naples, Umbria, Cologne, Flanders, Saxony, and Nuremberg are marked by being kept in distinct groups, and arranged for the most part in parallel lines one over the other. With a few exceptions, which will presently be specified, the pictures exhibited are those of masters who flourished between the years 1400 and 1700, a period of three centuries. The latest painting in the gallery almost corresponds in point of date with the commencement of the modern English school, and consequently no place is given here to the productions of Hudson, Hogarth, Thornhill, Richardson, or any of the English masters who lived at the beginning of the 18th century.

The gallery is divided into three main halls, the first, next the transept, being devoted to the earlier period of Art. The centre of the end wall is occupied by a picture which created some sensation in the Royal Academy two years ago, and which is now the property of the Queen. It is the work of Leighton, and represents the triumphal procession in which Cimabue's picture of the Madonna was carried through the streets of Florence. On either side of it are displayed specimens of Italian art, from the classic fresco paintings of the Baths of Titus and the Catacombs down through the feeble attempts of Cimabue and the bold and inventive pieces of Giotto to the productions of the 14th century and the dawn of Art in Germany and Flanders. Mr. Scharf commences his series of German, Flemish, and English pictures with the works of Van Eyck, which are followed by many fine specimens of Grunewald, Mabuse, Matsys, Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, and other well-known masters, closing at the end of the third or last hall with paintings belonging to the latter part of the 17th century. The contributions of Prince Albert to this branch of the exhibition are very extensive and important, for his Royal Highness possesses an almost unbroken series of examples of early German art. The illustrations of Italian and Spanish art commence with the works of Angelico da Fiesole, and include a great number of pieces by Botticelli, Perugino, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, and other eminent masters, ending, like the pictures on the opposite side, with the year 1700. The magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles I., from Windsor Castle, by Vandyke, occupies a position at the bottom of the gallery corresponding to that of Leighton's picture at the top.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the great value and beauty of the Italian and Spanish collection. Such a display of masterpieces has probably never before been witnessed in England, and it convincingly proves the statement of Dr. Waagen that we possess art treasures far surpassing those of any other country. The series begins with a head of Christ by Angelico da Fiesole, which originally formed part of a fresco representing the crucifixion. Fiesole is represented by another picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin"—which was formerly called a Giotto, and as such was engraved by D'Agincourt. His works are followed by specimens of

Sandro Botticelli, with his wildness of form and pedantic display of Greek learning. Perugino, the master of Raphael, is present in five predella pictures, contributed by Mr. Barker, and in a superb altar-piece—the Virgin and Child enthroned, with St. Jerome and St. Peter on either side—exhibited by Lord Northwick. One of the earliest specimens of Raphael is the "Crucifixion," taken from Citta di Castello, painted in 1500. Mr. Fuller Maithland contributes the "Agony in the Garden," mentioned by Vasari in his *Lives of Painters*. Two celebrated Madonnas are furnished by Lord Cowper; Miss Burdett Coutts exhibits the "Madonna and Child," which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Samuel Rogers, together with another picture, representing the "Agony in the Garden;" and Lord Warwick sends a duplicate of the "Joanna of Aragon" in the Louvre. Near the works of Raphael is placed a "Holy Family"—*Il Reposo*—by Bartolomeo, the finest specimen of that master in England. Of Michael Angelo we have the picture representing "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," which was formerly in the collection of Otley, and a "Holy Family," unfinished, belonging to Mr. Labouchere. Michael Angelo is followed by specimens of the early Venetian school, represented by Andrea Bellini and others, and by the works of Francia, the friend and correspondent of Raphael. Further on the glories of Venice present themselves to view, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and their contemporaries. The "Europa" of Titian has been exhibited by Lord Darnley, and here also is his original sketch of the celebrated "Gloria," or apotheosis of Charles V., still in Spain. The "Nine Muses," by Tintoretto, has been lent from Hampton Court, and there are no fewer than five large allegorical subjects by Paul Veronese. The Bolognese school is represented by Caracci and others. A splendid "St. Agnes," by Domenichino, has been obtained from Windsor Castle. Velasquez and the Spanish masters are also well represented. The portraits of Velasquez are hung exactly opposite those by Vandyke, so that the productions of the two great masters of portrait painting may be studied together, an advantage for which the visitors ought to be thankful to Mr. Scharf. The Duke of Bedford, Mr. Farrer, and Mr. Hoskins have contributed some fine specimens of Velasquez. Several magnificent Murillos have been furnished by Sir Culling Eardley, the Rev. Thomas Stanniforth, and Mr. William Sterling. Among the specimens of the academic and decorative style of painting may be mentioned some frescos taken from a palace at Milan. They represent the contest between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, were painted by Gambara, and have been contributed to the exhibition by Prince Albert. Below Murillo are some of the later masters—the naturalists, as they are called—of Italy; and the series closes with some vigorous pieces by Salvator Rosa.

The collection of pictures belonging to Germany, Flanders, England, and other countries foreign to Italy and Spain is very extensive, and embraces some splendid specimens of art. It begins with an old copy of a famous altar-piece, representing the "Adoration of the Lamb," by Hubert and John Van Eyck, formerly in the chapel of the town-hall at Ghent. The curious Orford picture, by Grunewald, now the property of Prince Albert, is a striking feature in the collection; but, admirable as it is, it must yield the palm to the celebrated Mabuse, representing the "Adoration of the Kings," from Castle Howard—a picture formidable to the pre-Raphaelites on account of its exquisite finish and its selection of the more refined objects in nature. Flanking the Mabuse are two fine pictures from Hampton Court, representing James IV. of Scotland and his Queen. Lower down the gallery is the "Misers," by Quentin Matsys. Rubens is represented by several of his most splendid productions. The Queen has contributed his "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a Beggar," and Mr. Mathew Wyatt exhibits the magnificent picture of "Juno setting the Eyes of Argus in a Peacock's Tail." Here also is Tomyris ordering the head of Cyrus to be bathed in human blood,

and among a number of other pictures are portraits of himself, his wife, and the Bishop of Antwerp. Several excellent specimens of Snyders have been contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Derby, and Sir Philip Egerton. They consist for the most part of marketpieces with fish, fruit, and flowers, but there are also one or two boar and wolf hunts. Of Poussin there are some admirable specimens from the galleries of the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Yarborough, and Mr. Mox. In addition to the "Triumph of Bacchus" and a "Holy Family" there is a small repetition recently found in Dorsetshire of a picture called the "Testament of Eudamidas," by Poussin, which, after being engraved with great care in France, was brought to England and lost. The Vandykes form, in number and value, an important part of the collection. One of his finest portraits is that of Snyders, the painter, contributed by the Earl of Carlisle. The companion portrait—that of Snyder's wife—is exhibited by Lord Warwick. It is said that the grandfather of the present Lord Warwick proposed to the then Earl of Carlisle that they should toss for the possession of the two pictures. Whether the latter nobleman was willing to entertain the proposition is not related, but it was never carried out, and "Snyders and his wife" were doomed to remain separate for some time longer. They are now reunited for a time at Manchester. Her Majesty has contributed several Vandykes—among others the splendid equestrian portrait of Charles I., already noticed. The "Children of Charles I." have likewise been obtained from the Long Room in Windsor Castle. Lord de Gray is also an important contributor of Vandykes. One, a superb picture, represents three children (name unknown) standing on the steps of a portico; painted by Vandyke in the style of his Genoese period. The "St. Jerome," with the angel holding a pen—*L'Ange à la plume*, as it is called in France—from the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, has been contributed by Mr. Lucy, of Charlcote-park. The works of Vandyke are followed by those of Sir Anthony More and other foreign artists who visited England in the 17th century. We then come to specimens of the Dutch school, in which the collection is particularly rich. George IV. was a great admirer of Dutch artists, and made a large collection of their works, of which a considerable number have been contributed to the exhibition by the Queen. Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Henry Hope, and Miss Berdel have furnished numerous specimens of Rembrandt, Vanderveldt, De Koning, Jan Steen, Teniers, and other Dutch masters. One of the most striking pictures at the close of the series is a portrait of Peter the Great, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Such are a few of the more prominent pictures in the ancient gallery. Many most interesting specimens have necessarily been omitted. We have not mentioned, for example, a fragment of a curious fresco representing the "Fall of the Angels," by Spinello Aretino. It belongs to Mr. Layard, who rescued it from destruction some time ago in Italy. Vasari relates that the devil was painted so hideously ugly that he appeared to Aretino in his sleep and demanded the reason of such uncivil treatment. The answer of Aretino is not recorded, but the story runs that the interview made such an impression upon his mind that he fell into a melancholy which lasted the rest of his life. Perhaps it is improper to add that the provoking researches of modern critics—Lord Lindsay and others—have proved that Aretino lived far beyond the period stated by Vasari, and that he painted some of his best works after his alleged colloquy with the Prince of Darkness. The figure of his Majesty, unfortunately, is not in the fragment contributed by Mr. Layard to the exhibition.

One of the objects aimed at by Mr. Scharf in the formation of the gallery has been to reunite, as far as possible, the scattered fragments of the Orleans, the Solly, and the Rogers collections. He has succeeded in doing so to a great extent, and the visitor will have an opportunity of viewing, re-collected in these galleries, collections which are renowned throughout the world.

From my Diary, No. 2.

MAY 9.—I am told that Mr. Zerrahn has secured an orchestra of seventy-five members for the Festival. Excellent. But as yet no intimation has been given to the public, that I have noticed, of the character of the programmes which they are to execute at the miscellaneous concerts. Now, in consideration of the hope that a large portion of the concert audiences, will consist of people from the country of musical tastes, but who have never had opportunity to hear grand instrumental performances, can anything be more attractive than the performance of some of the best symphonies, of which they have read and heard so much? Doubtless this is intended. Nor can there be any doubt that some of the best overtures, not only by Beethoven, Mozart and Weber, but of Auber and Rossini, will be given.

But I wish to ask something more; and as the Handel and Haydn Society has the honor of the conception and the responsibility of the execution of the affair, the appeal can be made with special propriety to it. It has been shown in the Journal of Music recently, that when the Society was young, it pursued a bold policy; such that members of it ventured to send an order to Vienna, to the greatest of then living composers, for an Oratorio, though his works seem to have been known in Boston only from portions of his Cantata, "Christ, on the Mount of Olives." The old programmes show that it had no fear of producing music of composers unknown to the public, and more than that, of music produced at home. Shaw's compositions were stereotyped features of its early concerts, and John Bray's "Child of Mortality," text by Mrs. Rawson, the actress, and afterward famous school teacher, was another great attraction.

What I would ask then, is that the same policy be now followed up, and that at the orchestral concerts specimens, each evening, be given of what our men, who are working for fame—pecuniary profit is out of the question—are doing in this department of composition.

If I subscribe to a series of concerts where "classical" music—that is, music whose reputation is fixed—is promised me, I consider myself cheated, if instead of Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart, the works of Balfe, Wallace, Verdi, &c., are placed upon the programme, or if waltzes, polkas and quadrilles drive out symphony and overture. But if I do not subscribe, and am free to take a ticket or not, the case is very different. I can stay away without losing my money or temper; there having been no promise made or implied.

The concerts at the Festival, save the oratorios, come into this latter category, and there is no implied contract, as to the music to be performed, between the managers and the audience. Here is a legitimate opportunity then to give us some specimens of our own music.

How many composers of orchestral music we have in our midst I know not. I only know of Southard; but ever since I read the notices of the production of two overtures by him, at a time when I was absent from Boston, I have had a great desire to hear them. But would the public care to hear them? Not easy to decide, that. But what piece could be put upon the programme which would be more likely to interest an audience than his overture to the "Scarlet Letter?" Who does not know the wondrous romance of Hawthorne? Who has not felt its mystery, its awful power; who has not shuddered at the manner in which the human soul is dissected alive, as it were, every nerve quivering? Who that knows aught of orchestral music, but would gladly have an opportunity to see whether the musician has caught the spirit of the work, and interpreted it in the language of the orchestra? What a field there for the composer! Let us see how he has occupied it.

Again, why not bring out something which, while perfectly novel, could not fail to be of great interest both to the musician and the general public? Why not give the large audiences, which will undoubtedly be present, the chance to judge of what boys are capable? Could there be any objection to allowing the Choristers' School to sing a piece or two, written originally for choirs of boys and men? There is music enough at hand, both sacred and secular, from Allegri's "Miserere," or "Summer is a comin' in," which Hawkins says "is the most ancient English song with the musical notes attached; perhaps anywhere extant," down to the pieces written by Mendelssohn and others for similiar choirs, in London, Berlin or Leipzig.

The Handel and Haydn Society, originally organized, as I believe its constitution says, to improve the public taste in music, and forward the art in general among us, has here opportunity of adding materially to the number of its good works in the cause.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 9.—MR. EISELDE gave us a rich programme at his last soirée, as far, at least, as the instrumental portion was concerned. It contained Mozart's beautiful Quartet, in E flat; the first of the two op. 70 Trios of Beethoven; and four movements from the great master's Septuor. The Quartet of Mozart is one of his very best, with all his characteristic grace, freshness, and full of beauty and soul. The first two movements were very indifferently played, I regret to say. The night was warm, and the strings of the first violin particularly, were very unruly. But later this deficiency was mended, and in the rendering of the Septuor, (minus the minuet and variations), there was nothing to be wished for. Mr. RYCHOWSKI played the piano-part of the Trio very finely indeed. He is unquestionably one of our first and truest artists. The singer of the evening was Miss HENRIETTA BEREND. She has improved vastly since last winter, when I heard her at one of Mason and Bergmann's concerts; but she seemed on this occasion to be suffering from a cold, or some other indisposition, as it appeared to be quite an effort for her to sing. Altogether, however, the whole concert was a very pleasing one, and gave general satisfaction to the very good audience assembled.

The Mendelssohn Union, at their third concert, last Thursday, sang Mozart's *Requiem*, and a *Magnificat*, by Mr. BERGE, their pianist. I regretted very much that an unavoidable engagement prevented my attending, as I wished very much to hear the *Requiem* once more, particularly after the interesting articles upon it which have lately appeared in your paper.

I met recently with an interesting little book, which has made so great a sensation in Germany that the first edition was very quickly exhausted. It is entitled: "Beethoven's Piano-Forte Sonatas, analyzed for friends of music, by Ernst V. Elterstein," who also calls himself the author of "Beethoven's Symphonies considered according to their ideal value." There are many very good and new ideas in the book, and I should think that, if translated, it might be very useful towards rendering the masterpieces of which it treats, more appreciated and better understood by our public.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY 12.—Our Spring season has been well filled with concerts. THALBERG, OLE BULL and others, have sung and gone. Last Sunday evening we had the first Sunday concert in Springfield. It was given by Mr. MOZART, of Boston, with the assistance of Messrs. FITZHUGH and KIMBERLY, of this city. The concert was excellent, and the music of a high order. Mrs. MOZART sang her solos with great skill and expression. Miss

TWICHELL in "He was despised," from the "Messiah," did herself great credit. We admire her voice the more we listen to it. Some eighteen hundred persons were present, as the concert was a free one.

A new concert troupe is now occupying the attention of our curious people. A band of negroes, owned by a planter in Alabama, showed some talent for music; their master gave them an instructor; they excelled so much, (so the story goes), that he gave them permission to concertize about the country, and thus buy their freedom. He then secured the services of Mr. J. G. Shaw, of this city, to take charge of them; and they now are singing nightly to full houses about the States. Last week they sang in the City Hall, in this place. As musicians, the slaves are lacking. Their ears are imperfect; yet for ignorant persons they do remarkably well.

The "Springfield Musical Institute" has adjourned rehearsals till October next.

Another association has been organized among the armorers at the U. S. Arsenal, under the name of the "Armorer's Musical Institute." It has an orchestra of sixteen pieces, and a chorus of some seventy. The enterprise was started and brought into successful operation by Mr. ALBERT ALLIN, Mr. GEORGE HUBBARD and others, and bids fair to become a permanent institution among the armorers. They propose giving a concert early in the Fall.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE gave a reading of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," last evening, in Hampden Hall, to a large and highly appreciative audience. Her reading, like Thalberg's playing, is as near perfection as can be conceived.

AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 16, 1857.

NOTICE.—A FESTIVAL PAPER.

The next number of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will be issued two days in advance, viz., on Thursday, immediately after the first morning concert of the Festival. This special edition will be increased in size by at least four pages, and will probably contain MR. WINTHROP'S Inaugural Address, entire, from copy kindly furnished by the author; together with descriptive analyses of the three Oratorios to be performed, brief notices of the instrumental music, some history of Musical Festivals, and such other matter of special interest during that week as shall make it properly a FESTIVAL NUMBER of the Journal.

For sale at the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, and at the periodical stores, &c. Price Five cents.

The Journal of the week following will contain a full description and review of the Festival.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The increased circulation of the Journal during the Festival week and the week following, make it a desirable medium for the advertising of musical and other artistic matters.

THE FESTIVAL.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the great musical event of next week. Those three days in the Boston Music Hall will, if we mistake not, inaugurate the custom of grand Oratorio Festivals, after the manner of the English, in this country. We say Oratorio festivals, because out of Oratorios, and that means essentially the oratorios of Handel, and out of the necessity of grand combinations of forces for the

realization of their sublime effects, the whole thing grew. Oratorios, in England and in Germany, ever since the great Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, have formed the back-bone of such entertainments. But of course they offer motive opportunity and at the same time, for mixed performances of orchestral and vocal music. The gathering of artists and great audiences, and all the excitement kindled up by such an occasion, cannot but give an impulse to the love of noble music and to the high religious, social and artistic sentiments to which it speaks.

In England, where such Festivals originated, (the annual meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford date back to 1724, and that of St. Paul's for the benefit of the sons of the clergy, to 1712, two years before Handel went to England—but then there were no oratorios), they have always been for charitable objects. Handel's inspirations have been there the bond of union between music and charity. Here, with us, it is first necessary to see if music can sustain itself; here it will be public blessing and charity enough if, by a festival, we can put great performances of music upon a safe and self-supporting footing, and enable our societies of amateurs and artists to practice it and keep themselves in a condition to supply us with it.

Of course we are not yet in a state to do anything that can bear comparison musically with what is done in England. But we can make a good beginning. Our Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are pretty much the only permanent nucleus we have for such an enterprise; whereas in England, choirs and orchestras, in constant practice, are ready at a moment's call, and all the greatest solo artists of the world are within easy reach—through the electric telegraph of a long purse. The whole business of Festivals is there organized into a system; their preparations are begun at least a year beforehand. Here the time is short; it was necessary, to avail ourselves of so good a season as the annual May Anniversaries, to press matters somewhat, and do the best that could be done in a short time. We apprehend our friends, not only from the country, but at home, will be surprised to find what good things can be done. The managers will make no rash adventure; they have wisely chosen for this first festival the most familiar, sterling oratorios, which most of our singers know by heart, the incomparable "Messiah" of Handel, and the "Creation," to which add "Elijah," which will have the charm of novelty to many.

For the miscellaneous concerts of Thursday and Friday afternoons, and Saturday morning, the programmes are not yet fully determined; but we can name the orchestral pieces. The "Choral Symphony," as we had presentiment, has to be abandoned, because all our solo singers shrink from it. But, no mean substitute has been provided for Saturday morning in Beethoven's glorious No. 7, which like all the pieces, will be played by an orchestra really outnumbering the seventy-five instruments announced. Other features of that same morning will be Beethoven's *Leonora* overture (No. 3), Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" overture, and the Scherzo from his "Scotch" Symphony. In Thursday's concert we are to have Beethoven's overture to

"Coriolanus" (!), the Allegretto to his 8th Symphony, and the *Tannhäuser* and "Tell" overtures. Friday afternoon: Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the overture to *Euryanthe*, March from *Lohengrin*, &c. &c. Besides solos, vocal and instrumental, each time.

The choir will number about 600 voices, and the orchestra some 80 instruments. For the accommodation of this great body the stage will be brought forward, and seats run up into the side galleries, presenting the choir in an amphitheatrical form. The sight thereof, with the statue of Beethoven above and behind all, will be truly imposing; but sight and sound!—of that hereafter.

As to the solo singers, negotiations still pending with one or two famous artists, make it impossible to announce the list definitively at present. Among those, who will surely take part more or less in all the oratorios, we may mention: *Soprano*, Mrs. ELLIOT (ANNA STONE), of New York, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. MOZART and Mrs. HILL; *Alti*, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, (in the "Messiah" and "Elijah,") and Miss J. TWICHELL; *Tenors*, Mr. SIMPSON, of New York, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS; *Basses*, Mr. LEACH and Dr. GUILMETTE, of New York, (the latter is said to be very fine in the part of Elijah.) The Double Quartet in Elijah will be sung by the "Mozart" and the "Ball" Quartets; and the Angel Trio by the three boys of Mr. Cutler's Cathedral choir.

On Thursday we shall have more to tell. The gathering will undoubtedly be great, and our friends should lose no time in going to the music store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and selecting their seats for the three days.

The Pianists Classified.

There is a German newspaper published in New York, called the *New Yorker Criminal Zeitung*, which we take to be a sort of "Police Gazette," or journal of the courts, the prisons and the scenes of crime. It appears that it is also not without its corner for Art criticisms; and this congenial organ has some rare musical adventurer chosen for the following article, signed "Dr. A. Bernt," under the title: "*Brief Catalogue of the greatest living Pianists and Composers for the Piano-Forte, with notices of their special qualification.*" The *Musical Review* translates it, mentioning at the same time the rumor that the signature, as given above, is a *nom de plume*, and that the author's actual name may easily be divined from the article itself:

A. *Stars of the First Magnitude*: Franz Liszt, born in Hungary; GUSTAV SATTER, born in Vienna; Henry Litolf, of Mecklenburg; Sigismund Thalberg, of Geneva; Alfred Jaell, of Trieste; Leopold de Meyer, of Vienna.

B. *Stars of the Second Magnitude*: Clara Schumann, Caroline Pleyel, Anton Rubinstein, Alexander Dreyschok, Adolph Henselt, Carl Meyer.

C. *Stars of the Third Magnitude*: L. M. Gottschalk, William Mason, Julius Schulhoff, Richard Hoffman, Hans von Bulow, Maurice Strakosch. (Hans von Bulow and Maurice Strakosch!)

Geniality in Playing: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Litolf.

Conception: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Clara Schumann.

Finished Technicals: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Dreyschok.

Touch and Clearness: 1, Thalberg; 1, Jaell; 3, SATTER.

Classical Players: 1, SATTER (unsurpassed as a player of Beethoven.) 2, Liszt; 3, Clara Schumann; 4, Jaell.

Universality of Talent: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

Sight-Reading: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

Endurance: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

Individual Superiorities: Thalberg, runs and passages, singing tone; Dreyschok, octaves, sixths, and jumps; De Meyer, powerful harmonies; SATTER, orchestral imitations (what are they?); Rubinstein, flexibility of wrists; Mason, runs with alternate hands.

First in every thing: (!) 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER.

Of the Old School: 1, Thalberg; 2, Jaell; 3, Schulhoff; 4, Pleyel; 5, Strakosch; 6, Mason, (although a pupil of Liszt's.)

Of the New School: 1, Liszt, 2, Litolf; 3, De Meyer; 4, Henselt; 5, Clara Schumann; 6, Rubinstein; 7, Bulow.

Of the Newest School: (!) GUSTAV SATTER.

COMPOSERS.

1. *Original*: Liszt, De Meyer, Thalberg, SATTER, Gottschalk, Henselt.

2. *Equally happy in Modern and Classical Music*: SATTER, Litolf.

3. *Of the Broad, Grand Style*: SATTER, Liszt.

4. *Of the Small Style*: Gottschalk, Mason.

5. *Of Spirit and carrying out, (Durchführung)*: Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, De Meyer.

6. *Of Sweetness*: Henselt, Thalberg, and sometimes Mason.

7. *Difficulty in Technicals*: Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, Dreyschok, Thalberg, De Meyer, Litolf.

8. *Difficulty in Conception*: Liszt, SATTER.

9. *Founders of Schools*: Liszt, SATTER, (!) Thalberg.

THE THREE GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD:

1. Franz Liszt, in every respect.

2. GUSTAV SATTER, in every respect.

3. Sigismund Thalberg, in his own style.

This *criminal* classification is delightfully audacious and in some points laughably ingenious. What a sly thrust that contrast, for example, between composers of the "broad, grand," and the "small style!" The list is most remarkable for its omissions; to say nothing of some pianists and composers in this country, of no mean reputation, where are the names of Sterndale Bennett, Charles Halle, Wilhelmina Clauss, (now Mme. Szavady), Arabella Goddard, Willmers, Prudent, Stephen Heller, Herz, &c.? All such may perhaps thank their stars, of whatsoever magnitude, that they do not shine in the *criminal* firmament.

OLE BULL'S CONCERTS.—A very large and very enthusiastic audience were attracted to the Tremont Temple last Saturday evening, by the announcement of a farewell concert by the Norwegian master of that most sympathetic and eloquent of instruments, the violin. Indeed there was something like a rekindling of the old interest and excitement which attended his first visit to this country, when we had heard no other great violinist and when the now very common phenomena of dazzling virtuosity were new to us. With Ole Bull it was always in a great degree a personal charm; the look and air of genius, a certain taking eccentricity, the magnetism of the man, his remarkable sympathy with his instrument, and the free, fantastic, *quasi* extempore structure of his music, full of singular conceits, effects and variations, which were astonishing then, but which we have since found to be in great measure the common property and trick of solo-players. It was pleasant to find the fascination of the man not gone; indeed the very sight of him enlisted a new yet saddened interest; his manly form bent by the weight of trouble, his head grown grey with care and trial rather than age, his face pale and serious, yet the same fire beaming from his great eyes. He was evidently inspired by the warmth of his reception.

He played much better (especially in better tune) than when we heard him last, a few years ago. His tone, through the whole compass, is surpassingly rich and beautiful; indeed we find about the chief charm of his playing in the pure beauty of the tone as tone. And although he plays you nothing new, although he always brings you the same concert pieces, and all his arts and figures are as stereotyped as those of others, yet there is no denying a certain fervor in his giving voice to them, a certain close sympathy of his own heart strings with the strings of his instrument, peculiarly his own. Of his technical excellencies the most remarkable are, as heretofore, his perfect staccato runs, the purity of his harmonics, the fine connection and shading of the tones, and above all, an art which he possesses in the most eminent degree, that of playing quartet passages in harmony, with distinct individualizing of the parts, the middle parts often moving. This was exemplified in the intro-

duction to his "Mother's Prayer," the best of the pieces which he reproduced to us that evening. For the rest his selections were hacknied and commonplace; it is for much smaller men than Ole Bull to write and keep repeating variations upon the "Carnival," upon "Yankee Doodle" and "Pop goes the Weasel," or even upon Bellini's "Romeo." As musical composition, whether in the technical, or the poetic and creative sense, all this must pass for naught, for child's play. But what a pleasure it would be to hear such talent of expression, as this that dwells in Ole Bull, exhibiting itself in glowing interpretations of noble works, like the violin Concertos of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn! or, best of all, to hear a Beethoven Quartet, with him for leading violin!

As to the other attractions of the concert, Mr. DRESSLER is a pianist of fair routine ability; Mr. GEORGE HARRISON has a delicate tenor, and sings an English ballad agreeably; and Mr. HORNCastle's comic extravaganzas, *a la* Hatton, (only in costume, and not playing his own accompaniments, which was the charm of Hatton), might be called either amusing, or ludicrous, as one's mood inclined him.

To-night OLE BULL takes his last leave of Boston, in a concert at the Music Hall, when his own selection of pieces will be much better, including his *Polacca guerriera*, the variations on *Nel cor piu*, his Pastoral Concerto, &c., &c.

☞ The Festival crowds all else out this week.

Advertisements.

OLE BULL'S GRAND FAREWELL CONCERTS.

OLE BULL respectfully announces that, at the request of numerous friends, he will give his SECOND and positively LAST

GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On Saturday Evening, May 16th, 1857,

Which will be in English—assisted by the following talent:

Mr. George Harrison,

The celebrated English Ballad Singer,

Mr. Horncastle, the great English Buffo Singer,
(Of the Pyne and Harrison Opera troupe) and

Mr. William Dressler,

The talented Pianist and Composer.

Tickets, 50 cents, may be had at Russell & Richardson's, where seats may be secured without extra charge,—also at the door. Ushers will be in attendance to show visitors their seats.
☞ Doors open at 7—Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FAREWELL CONCERT OF MISS LOUISA PYNE.

The Committee of Management beg to announce that Miss LOUISA PYNE will give her Last Concert in America at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on

Monday Evening, May 18, 1857,
having engaged passage in the Steamer Europa, which leaves Boston for Liverpool on the 20th inst.

Miss LOUISA PYNE

Will be assisted by

Miss SUSAN PYNE,

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON,

And other Eminent Artists.

The following Letter, with the names of the Committee, is submitted to the Musical Public:

To Miss LOUISA PYNE, New York.

Madam: The undersigned, learning that you are to sail from this port for England on the 20th inst., ask for ourselves, and in behalf of your many friends in this city, that you will give a Farewell Concert at the Music Hall, on Monday Evening, the 18th inst. We will appoint a Committee of Arrangements for the Concert, and have everything in readiness on your arrival here, which we understand will be on Monday morning next. Boston, 11th of May, 1857.

To this letter Miss Louisa Pyne has returned an answer of acceptance, couched in the most grateful and amiable terms.

The following are the names of the Acting Committee:

| | | |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Edward C. Bates, | Henry Lee, Jr., | Theron J. Dale, |
| John E. Thayer, | A. Tucker, Jr., | H. Harris, |
| John H. Eastburn, | Ives G. Bates, | Charles Larkin, |
| Francis Welch, | George B. Blake, | George Bacon, |
| Thomas Wetmore, | Joseph N. Howe, | John Foster, |
| Elijah Williams, | Albert Glover, | E. D. Brigham, |
| Henry W. Pickering, | David Nevins, | Charles Hale. |

The Committee have fixed the price of tickets at FIFTY CENTS, to be had at music stores of Russell & Richardson, E. H. Wade, and Oliver Ditson, Washington street, also at the Hotels and at the Hall in the evening.

No more tickets will be issued than can be comfortably accommodated.

The Programme, with particulars, will be issued as soon as possible; and it is presumed that this concert will be one of the most attractive and interesting that has ever been offered to the musical public.

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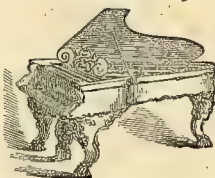
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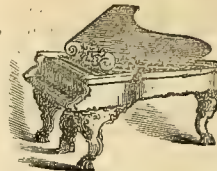
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WHOLE No. 268.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

VOL. XI. No. 8.

THE ORATORIOS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—We have room to reprint but the purely descriptive part of what we whilome wrote of—

III. Handel's "Messiah."

* * * The overture, (a critic suggests), is purposely dull. First, a slow movement in a minor key, significant of nothing but emptiness and weariness; then a quick, nervous fugue, a struggling as of many forces to disengage themselves and find relief; each, however, set against the other; a strife which ends in nothing; a helpless, hopeless, passionate impatience. This is the night of sinful and suffering humanity, and it is the background on which the radiant form of Prophecy alights. * * *

And now steal in those fresh, Spring-like notes, from the instruments, in the major of the key, (which happens to be that warmest and sunniest of all the keys, E major—the same in which the sunny Haydn so delighted, the same in which he wrote the sunrise symphony in his "Creation"), and a clear, consoling, manly voice is heard: "*Comfort ye, my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, for her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned;*" and rising to a tone of more eloquent and authoritative assurance, adds: "*The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" But observe, the music here is not dramatic. It does not impersonate the prophet and the voice in the wilderness; it hears them; or remembers them and muses on them. It is Israel with a heavy heart, when her need is the sorest, bethinking herself of her prophets and her precious holy sentences. And in this musing mood how naturally comes up the memory of other sentences, more minutely figurative, the "dear images" (as Rochlitz says), which are dwelt upon and imitated in the song: "*Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain;*" a species of imitation so literal and out of the province of true art, that it would require excuse in any other case, where feeling did not justify the fondling over trifles. And now comes the fugued chorus of joy, leaping forth as if it could not contain itself. The first phrase, "*And the glory of the Lord,*" is begun by the alto, and then immediately resounded by all the parts; then a second phrase, "*shall be revealed,*" with a more flowing rhythm, starts with the tenor, is pursued by the bass, then the alto, then the soprano, till all are whirled away in a swift and graceful play of hide-and-seek; and again a third phrase, begun and repeated in the same way, on the words: "*And all flesh shall see it together,*" comes in to increase the harmonious confusion. And so, buoyantly, wave upon wave rolls in and falls back upon others coming after, while the bass, in long loud notes—holding upon the words: "*For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it*"—seems like the boundless reservoir of Ocean behind all.

This completes the first sketch, or introduction of the Oratorio. It is all fresh and Spring-like, and full of what is now given in more detail.

A bass voice recites the words: "*Thus saith the Lord: Yet once a little, and I will shake the earth, &c. and the desire of all nations shall come,*" &c. But the confidence inspired by these words yields to a momentary misgiving in that most beautiful bass song, in the minor: "*But who may abide the day of his coming;*" which rises to a wild terror at the thought: "*For he is like a refiner's fire.*" Then begins a single high voice in a musing, half involuntary tone, as if struck with the thought that there is hope in the words, "*And he shall purify,*" and then again, more confidently and with a prolonged and florid melody, "*And he shall purify the sons of Levi.*" The bass takes up the suggestion, and one part after another, till all grow enthusiastic with the thought, and the kindling fugue becomes one blended, heavenward soaring flame; when all the voices unite: "*That*

they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness." The chorus dies away; and again we are introduced into the solitude of the believing heart, feeding upon its delicious secret, the hopes of prophecy. The deep, tender, full-hearted, innocent contralto sings over to itself the promise: "*Behold, a virgin shall conceive,*" and then gives way, (like a child talking to herself, so in earnest with her own sweet thoughts, that she forgets she is alone), to a rapturous, ever varied, fondly repeated melody: "*O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion,*" &c., so steeped in feeling! so heavily drooping with excess of love, and faith, and piety! so confident of the sympathy of all and everything! so much so, that all the sweetness and majesty of the skies seem to blend in it with the accompaniments! Trustful, happy child, to whose devout thought it is all smiles and sunshine, even in the midst of darkness! When she reaches the words: "*And the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee,*" the accompaniments cease, and the voice sinks slowly down, as in a swoon of delight, through almost an octave, and there our souls hang poised in the magical sphere of the flat seventh, when all manner of sweet dreamy imaginations, "children of the air," swim up round us in figures of the violins, and seem to balance themselves upon our shoulders, and cling round our necks. And now from this blissful inner world of faith, from the holy recesses of the pious heart, we are led by a descriptive bass recitative to the world without: "*For behold, darkness shall cover the earth.*" But to us, prepared as we have been, it is a darkness big with expectation, and wondrously the music swells and brightens with the words: "*But the Lord shall arise, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light,*" &c. And in the song that follows, we see the people groping their way in darkness—darkness without and within. Here is no fine shading; no harmony of colors; for there is no light to see by; the harmony is all absorbed into dark unison; we feel our way along; the rhythm, the movement alone intimates what is passing in the dark; in stately, gloomy octaves, voice and instruments move on together.

Enough of these visions! the mind is over-full and must find vent. We are come to another of those grand halting-places, where the gathering crowd of thoughts, as they hurry on towards the consummation, must pause, as it were, and turn round and shout; another of those mighty choruses, each mightier than the last, which seem to sum up all that goes before, and measure the progress of the piece; or shall we call them periodical inundations, in which the silent depths of emotion and enthusiasm, which have been all this time secretly feeding the springs of the heart, rise and testify their fullness? It is the chorus: "*Unto us a child is born!*" Zelter says that in the original it was not intended to come in until after the "Annunciation." "After the shepherds," he says, "have heard the words of the angel in the field by night, and recovered from the fright, one party begins: '*Unto us a child is born,*' and toys innocently with the thought; then follows another in the same way; then the third, then the fourth, till at the words, '*Wonderful, Counsellor,*' &c., all unite: the flocks of the field, the hosts of stars of the whole heavens, all awake and stir with life and gladness." But in Mozart's arrangement, which is always used, this chorus, (for what reason I cannot tell), comes first. I could not describe it better than in the words of Rochlitz:—

"Six—not more than six measures of *Ritornel* (instrumental symphony) contain at the outset all the musical ideas, of which this very long chorus is woven, with the exception of a single one, which Handel, for a good reason (as we shall soon hear), could not betray till its time came. These ideas are here plainly, but powerfully stated. They are so characteristic and expressive, that I have never yet been to a performance, without remarking, how every face, however

serious and clouded over during the last passage, brightened up at the first sound of the instruments, before a single voice began. The soprano voice begins alone, in the principal theme of the music, announcing the glad tidings, '*Unto us a child is born, a son is given,*' while the instruments alternating with a second thought play on softly by themselves. Then the tenor takes up the same words with the same melody; but before it has half announced the message, the first, as if it could not contain itself, falls in again with the same tones, and carries it out with more spirit (while the tenor finishes) and with a richer figure (the third musical idea), in which joyous movement the instruments are almost hushed. Now the alto takes up the words to the first melody; that is interrupted by the bass, as the tenor was by the soprano; till the tenor, without instruments (except the continued bass), and in majestic solemn style, adds: "*And the government shall be upon his shoulders:*" the others, as if timid, merely say it over after; especially the vocal bass, slowly and stately coming up from the deep, as if thinking and doubting still. Then all, as if by inspiration, suddenly exclaim: "*And his name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE;*" and with that word "WONDERFUL!" all the fullness of the choir and of the orchestra, hitherto kept back, rushes together like many mountain torrents into one flood, and all souls bow entranced before the power of this single accord, which Handel could not betray before, that it might surprise. The voices and instruments all together (except the trumpets and drums, reserved for still greater use), simply exclaim one of those lofty names—pause awhile, that it may have time to echo far and wide—and then exclaim another, still in the same chord, and pause again, and another, and so on—while the violins take up that first joyous figure of the soprano, soar up into the sky with it, and there in warbling thirds bind those single exclamations together. Handel in this chorus works over these same ideas, in essentially the same manner, and yet with the greatest variety, twice more; till all the voices, and all the instruments, and all the ideas unite at length, and at the climax of their inspiration proclaim the whole glad tidings yet again. A *ritornel* plays over once more the principal themes, and lets the soul down gently and gradually from the ever-gaining and by this time too intense excitement."

And now comes the Christmas spectacle of the Nativity, an exquisite piece of picture music. It has been well likened to one of those altar pieces by the old painters on the same subject, exceedingly simple in its means, yet beautiful and full of feeling. First is the "Pastoral Symphony," a Siciliano movement, soft and flowing, confined to a very few of the simplest chords, the melody flowing in thirds (that first harmony which natural, untaught singers discover for themselves,) and all by the few unaided stringed instruments, which form the heart of the orchestra. To these Mozart has added flutes, and the effect is an all-pervading streaming up of sweetest sounds, as if they exhaled from the leaves and flowers, from all the pores of the earth. The air teems with melody, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." As Zelter says, "you feel the starlight." This forms the overture.

Then comes the recitative, "There were Shepherds abiding in the fields," &c. Then there is a waving of wings in the air, nearer and nearer, as the approach of the angel of the Lord is recited; and then a clear, crystal, bell-toned voice, calm and without passion, announces the birth of the Saviour to the shepherds; and the violins fill the air full of wings at the words: "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." In the song of the angels, which is composed of high and silvery chords, there is exquisite music, such as only floats down our thoughts some clear night from the skies, when the boundless firmament above mirrors the spiritual firmament within, and nature and we are one thought. At the words, "Peace on earth!" proclaimed in long full tones, there is a pause while the echo rolls away amid short, full, measured pulses of the instruments, which

seems like the throbbing of all nature's sympathetic joy. And playfully are the words passed about among the multitudinous voices in the air, in broken fugue: "Good will towards men!"

This scenic interlude, or play within play, over, the grand business of the oratorio proceeds; namely, contemplation and celebration of the great event with all its consequences. A soprano voice soars up like a lark into the blue of heaven, and pours down floods of rapturous, flowery melody in the song: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!"—Joy uncontaminable—that cannot fly high enough, in the very excess of its joyfulness, feeling more than ever the chains of earth, so that in despair of utterance it yields at last to a sweet melancholy, and sinks so full of feeling in the serious, almost condoling passage: "He is the righteous Saviour." Then follows: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened," &c., and that most heavenly air (again in the pastoral Siciliano rhythm) "He shall feed his flocks," &c., so full of consolation, inspiring one with that holy sweet content, which sermons only make us feel the want of. Some one said of it: "God grant that this song may float before my mind, when I rest upon my death-bed. Gladly must the eyes close upon all that is left behind and that was dear to the heart, in the fullness of such hope." Then comes the chorus: "His yoke is easy," &c., closing the first part. * * *

The second portion, consisting of some dozen choruses and airs, describes the Passion, and constitutes, as we said, the body of the piece. For it is "the divine depths of sorrow," out of which the whole mysterious work of redemption is perfected. The music grows very deep here. You are reminded of the earnest business of life, of the serious price, the toil and study and long-suffering, by which all good must be earned. * * * Most perfect type of this universal fact in human life was the suffering of Jesus. The first chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," with its dark minor chords, brings threatening clouds over us, which hang so low, as almost to suffocate; we are weighed down with intensity of gloom. Its rhythm, too, is that of the great restless heaving ocean, each swell thundering on the shore with a more ominous sound. This chorus is not so much the voice of the multitude; it is not as if you heard persons singing; but rather as if you saw them looking each other in the face in the stony silence of stifled woe. It is rather a descriptive symphony, performed by a great choir of voices, instead of instruments, for the sake of the greater mass of sound; a sort of vocal overture. And now comes the sweet relief of tears; now grief finds a voice in that most pathetic song ever written: "He was despised and rejected." It is said that a friend, calling upon Handel while in the act of setting these pathetic words, found him actually sobbing. We must pass over the choruses and songs, which describe his persecution and the taunts of the multitude, only casting behind one lingering look of awe and admiration upon the sacred form who rises before us, mild, majestic, eloquently silent, as we hear the recitative: "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;" and "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow." It is the apotheosis of grief. The whole part Zelter characterizes thus: "Suffering and death: brief, but not crowded; great, still, affecting; no torments, no crucifying, and that sort of thing; the sorrow of the just over the degradation of the good and beautiful."

I cannot leave this part, however, without remarking upon the singular chorus: "All we like sheep have gone astray," whose wild, mirthful, almost comic style, breaking in in the midst of so much sadness, has puzzled many critics. The most of an apology which Rochlitz has been able to make for it, is to suppose it necessary for variety. But genius never stoops to so low a reason. The smallest part of its work stands by the like inward necessity with the greatest, with the whole. To me this chorus does not seem to break the moral and poetic unity of the work, but rather to strengthen and complete it. The tramping, truant, reckless motion with which it sets out, the voices running away in all directions, each with a phrase: "We have turned," and "every one to his own way,"—this is but sin glorying in its shame, and making the most of its hard case by getting up a little alcoholic exhilaration for the time. But the weight of the chorus lies not here. This is but the introduction and preparation by contrast for the main theme which follows. With what unerring fatality all this drunken furor subsides into reflection on the dread, retributive, *other side* of the matter, in the profoundly solemn adagio at the close: "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

We must not stop to notice the many admirable things in the third part, which, beginning with the resurrection of Christ, and the great chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," (forming a finale to all this

last), goes on to celebrate the fruits of his death, and describe the sending forth of preachers, and the triumphant conflict of the Word with the powers of darkness. This part, too, has its grand finale. Enthusiasm has reached the acme, and breaks forth in the celebrated "Hallelujah Chorus." Handel confessed, in his later years, that when he composed this chorus "he knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body." The simplicity and grandeur of its massive structure, and the universality of its sentiment, make it one of those works which never can be represented on too vast a scale. No multitude of voices can overdo it. There is no bloating or exaggerating, by any representation, these great granite ranges in the world of musical art. In England, their traditional associations with the "Hallelujah Chorus," as performed at the great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, form a part of the national treasure. Dr. Burney closes his account of it thus:

"Dante, in his 'Paradiso,' imagines nine circles, or choirs of cherubs, seraphs, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, saints, angels, and archangels, who, with hand and voice, are eternally praising and glorifying the Supreme Being, whom he places in the centre, taking the idea from the 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.' Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend into the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain, during the performance of the 'Alleluiah,' to imagine that this orchestra, so admirably constructed, filled and employed, was a point or segment of one of those celestial circles. And perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more respectable appearance to the eye, or afforded a more ecstatic and affecting sound to the ear than this."

"So sang they, and the empyrean rang
With allelujahs."

The last part celebrates the great truth of immortality, opening with the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which it is well that we must hurry over, for no words are worthy of it. Who is not a believer while he gives himself up to that song? And who soon forgets it? In the doubts and fears of weaker moments; that will surely come to thee, recall its heavenly sound, and wait in peace till thou shalt be thyself again!

One thing here we would remark. What a mystery is this matter of the keys in music! Each seems a separate sphere or element. Here we are again in the clear, blue, sunny, upper air of E major, the heaven of prophecy, where those first tones of hope came upon us in "Comfort ye, my people." Then it was sweet dependence on a heavenly promise; now it is the very sense and inward realization of Immortality, "for now is Christ risen." It is too much to feel: too much for a poor child of circumstances; the miracle and glory of it must be celebrated in the thrilling trumpet-song, "Behold I tell you a mystery."

And what can we say of the triple accumulation of choruses at the end? First, "Worthy the Lamb," then, "Blessing and honor be unto him," which, if not more sublime, are at least more elaborate than the "Hallelujah;" and then, when the hearer thinks there can be no more, the vocal torrent bursts the shackles of words, and on the two syllables of "Amen," revels with all the freedom of an orchestra in the most magnificent of Fugues. * * *

Hon. R. C. Winthrop's Address

AT THE OPENING OF THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

I am here, Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of my friend, Mr. Charles Francis Chickering,—the worthy successor of an honored father in the Presidency of the Handel and Haydn Society,—and by the invitation of the gentlemen associated with him in the government of that Institution,—of which it becomes me to remember most gratefully to-day, that, by their unmerited favor, I have myself enjoyed the privileges of an Honorary Member for nearly twenty years,—to inaugurate the Festival which is now about to commence, by some introductory words of commemoration and of welcome.

I am not unmindful of the difficulty of the service to which I have thus been called. I am deeply sensible how thin and meagre any single, unaccompanied human voice must sound, in this spacious Hall and to this expecting audience, when brought, even by anticipation, into such immediate contrast with the multitudinous choral and instrumental power and grandeur which may

be seen arrayed behind me and around me, and which are presently to break upon us in a glorious flood of mingled harmony and light.

More than one of the great Masters, whose genius is to be illustrated during the progress of this Festival, have found their highest powers tasked to the utmost, if I mistake not, in preparing an adequate and appropriate Overture, even for a single one of the great compositions to which they have owed their fame; and some of them, I believe, have abandoned the effort altogether. How hopeless, then, is it for me to attempt to say any thing, which shall constitute a worthy prelude to all the magnificent Oratorios and Symphonies with which this Hall is now successively to resound! Well, well, may I recall the opening of that memorable musical competition, so forcibly depicted in the celebrated Ode on the Passions:—

"First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made."

But I shall hardly succeed in rendering the formidable Solo I have undertaken, either more easy to myself or more acceptable to others, by indulging too much in the fashionable *tremolo* of the hour; and I turn, therefore, without further preamble or apology, to a simple discharge of the service which I have promised to perform;—not, indeed, altogether without notes, for that would be quite out of keeping with the occasion; but not without a due remembrance, I trust, of the apt and excellent wisdom of the ancient Son of Sirach: "Speak, thou that art the elder, for it becometh thee, but with sound judgment; and hinder not the music. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words."*

It has sometimes been made a matter of reproach upon us New Englanders, my friends, that we are too ready to imitate the fashions, and even to ape the follies, of the old world; and I think we must all admit that there have been periods in our history, when the charge was not altogether without foundation. We come to-day, however, to borrow a leaf out of the book of our brethren of Old England, which we need not be ashamed to copy,—which is eminently worthy of being copied,—and which I trust is destined to be reproduced,—in enlarged and improved editions,—frequently if not statedly, in the future history of this community.

For many years past,—I know not exactly how many,—the great Musical Festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, of Liverpool, and Manchester, and York, have been among the most cherished and delightful holidays of our mother country. They have done much for the cause of musical improvement, and they have done much, too, for the innocent entertainment and wholesome recreation of the people. The most eminent living composers and performers of Europe have been proud to take a part in them, and the most distinguished lovers and patrons of Art have been eager to attend them.

At this very moment, as you know, arrangements are in progress for holding one of them, on a grander scale than ever before, at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and the presence and patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert,—whose musical skill and science,—it has been said upon the best authority,—would alone have won for them no ordinary distinction, had they been in a condition of life to admit of the full development and public display of such accomplishments,—have been promised and accepted for the occasion.

We have no Queenly presence or Princely patronage, my friends, to rely upon, for lending grace or dignity to such an occasion,—though forms and features which would add brilliancy to a diadem are never wanting to our public assemblies;—but we have the fullest confidence that Republican ears are not insensible to "the concord of sweet sounds," and that Republican hearts are neither closed nor callous to the impression,

* This intimation was fulfilled, in the delivery of the Address, by the omission of many passages which are included in the printed copy.

whether of the softer melodies or the sublimer harmonies of the divine art. And in that confidence we are assembled here to-day, to inaugurate the first Musical Festival, which will have been organized and conducted in New England, or, I believe I may say, in all America, after the precise pattern of the great Festivals of Europe,—hailing it as the commencement of a series of Festivals, which may not be less distinguished in future years, perhaps, than those from whose example it has been borrowed,—and welcoming it, especially, as another advance towards that general education of the heart, the tastes and the affections, of which Heaven knows how much we stand in need, and which is to be carried on and conducted, in no small part at least, through refined and elevated appeals to the eye and to the ear, under the guidance and inspiration of Christian faith and fear and love, by every department of human Art.

The public performance of sacred or of secular Music is, indeed,—I need hardly say,—by no means a new thing, or a thing of recent introduction, in this community. I know not exactly how early musical entertainments commenced in the old town of Boston. It is not to be doubted that the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, like those of Plymouth, in the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans, “shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.”

“Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the Free.”

They sang the psalms of David as versified by Sternhold and Hopkins, or by Henry Ainsworth, the eminent Brownist, adapting them sometimes, perhaps, to the tunes arranged by that ancient “Bachelor of Music,” Thomas Ravenscroft;—and sometimes, I doubt not, they sang the hymns and songs of simple old George Wither, to the plain and plaintive two-part melodies of Orlando Gibbons. And, by and by, they made a Psalm-Book for themselves, and published it among the cherished first-fruits of a New England free press.*

But the Fine Arts, of which Music is eminently one, can find no soil or sky for growth or culture in a new country and amid unsettled institutions. They are at once the fruit and the ornament of peace, civilization and refinement. We have authentic history for the fact that in 1676 “there were no musicians by trade” on this peninsula. Yet more than a hundred years ago, certainly, the largest hall in the place was known by the name of Concert Hall,—and as early as the second of January, 1755, “a Concert of Music” was advertised there,—“Tickets to be had at the place of performance in Queen Street, (now Court Street,) at four shillings each.” For a long series of years, doubtless, that now venerable Hall fulfilled the peculiar purpose which was designated by its name. In casually turning over the columns of the Boston News Letter of a few years’ later date, I observed an advertisement of a Grand Concert on the twenty-eighth of December, 1769, (which was postponed, however, on account of the weather, to the following week,) for the benefit of a Mr. Hartley, with a Solo on the violin,—probably not quite equal to the one which Ole Bull gave us last week, or one of the brothers Mollenhauer a few weeks ago,—but still “by a gentleman lately arrived.” So early did we begin to manifest that indebtedness to foreign musical talent, which no young and industrious country need be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge, and which we recognize with satisfaction and gratitude, not only in more than one of our most popular and successful professors and instructors, but in so many of the admirable Orchestra and in the skillful Conductor of this occasion.

In the Boston Gazette for 1782, I have met with the advertisements of at least two other

* Governor Endicott’s copy of ‘Ravenscroft’s Psalms’ is in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society,—where, also, is a copy of Wither’s Hymns and Songs, with the autograph of Martha Winthrop, who came over to New England in 1631, and died soon afterwards. The Bay Psalm Book was published in 1640.

Concerts—both of them given for that best and worthiest of all objects, “the benefit of the Poor;”—one of them at King’s Chapel on the 23d of April, where a Mr. Selby was announced to preside at the organ; the other at Trinity Church, where the organ was played by a Mr. Bellsted—no match, I venture to say, for the portly Jackson or the accomplished Hayter of later days,—and where the vocal music was performed by an association of singers rejoicing in the name of the Aretinian Society. I have observed a notice, too, of at least one Instrumental Concert, given on the 28th of January, 1783, by the Band of the Massachusetts Regiment of Artillery, whose instruments were at length just about to be happily released from the harsh and horrid service of Revolutionary battle-fields, and which may have been the original pioneer of the numerous Military Bands, whose music has given brilliancy to so many of the volunteer parades of succeeding years.

But a more memorable Concert than either of those to which I have alluded, has come down to us on the pages of history—a Concert of Sacred Music—called, at the time, an Oratorio, though in fact somewhat miscellaneous in its character, and given at King’s Chapel on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston, as the first President of the United States.

Washington had been received and escorted into the town, by a grand civil and military procession, on Saturday, the 24th of October; and on his reaching the front of the Old State House, and entering the colonnade of that time-honored building, (which I wish could be once more restored to its old appearance and to some worthy department of the public service,) a select choir of singers, stationed upon a Triumphal Arch erected in the immediate vicinity, with DANIEL REA, the most famous vocalist of Boston in that day, at their head, had welcomed him by the performance of an original Ode, of whose quality a very few lines may, perhaps, afford a sufficient specimen. It commenced as follows:—

“Great Washington, the Hero’s come,
Each heart exulting hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud, Great Washington.”

I doubt not that the air and execution of this performance were at least equal to the poetry—though that is not saying much. But the musical talent of our metropolis was not satisfied with a single exhibition of itself in honor of the Father of his Country. A more formal Concert of Sacred Music had, indeed, been previously arranged for an earlier day, with a view to raise funds for finishing the portico of the Chapel; but it had been postponed on account of the weather, or for some want of preparation. It was now fixed for the week of Washington’s visit, and the programme is still extant in the papers of that period.

After an original Anthem, composed by the organist, Mr. Selby,—for, it seems, that native compositions were not altogether discarded on that occasion,—the beautiful airs of Handel—“Comfort ye my people” and “Let the bright Seraphim”—were to be sung by Mr. Rea;—while the Second Part was to consist of a short but entire Oratorio, of which I have seen no account either before or since, founded on the story of Jonah.—The choruses were to be performed by the Independent Musical Society, and the instrumental parts by a Society of gentlemen, aided by the Band of His Most Christian Majesty’s Fleet, then lying in our harbor.

It seems, however, that owing to the indisposition of several of the best performers,—who were suffering from a prevailing cold which afterwards, I believe, acquired the name of the Washington Influenza,—a portion of this programme was again postponed. But the occasion was still a brilliant and memorable one. The ladies of Boston attended in great numbers,—many of them with sashes bearing “the bald eagle of the Union and the G. W. in conspicuous places,” while the Marchioness of Traversay, (the wife of one of the

officers of the French fleet,) exhibited on this occasion, we are told, the G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants, on a black velvet ground, on the bandeau of her hat.

Washington himself was of course there, and another original Ode in his honor was performed in the place of some of the omitted pieces;—an Ode of which I may confidently venture to give more than a single verse, and which, I am sure, will find a ready echo in all our hearts:—

“Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,
Where once thy conquering banners wav’d,
O never be thy praise forgot,
By those thy matchless valor sav’d.

Thy glory beams to Eastern skies,
See! Europe shares the sacred flame—
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,
To emulate thy glorious name.

Labor awhile suspends his toil,
His debt of gratitude to pay;
And Friendship wears a brighter smile,
And Music breathes a sweeter lay.

May health and joy a wreath entwine,
And guard thee thro’ this scene of strife,
Till Seraphs shall to thee assign
A wreath of everlasting life.”

Of all the Oratorios or Concerts which Boston has ever witnessed, I think this is the one we should all have preferred the privilege of attending.—Who does not envy our grandfathers and grandmothers the satisfaction of thus uniting,—even at the expense of an influenza,—in the homage which was so justly paid to the transcendent character and incomparable services of Washington, and of enjoying a personal view of his majestic form and features? It is a fact of no little interest, and not perhaps generally known, that a young German Artist of that day, then settled in Boston, by the name of Gulligher, seated himself, under the protection of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, in a pew in the chapel, where he could observe and sketch those features and that form, and that having followed up his opportunities afterwards,—not without the knowledge and sanction of Washington himself,—he completed a portrait which is still in the possession of Dr. Belknap’s family, and which, though it may never be allowed to supersede the likeness which has become classical on the glowing canvas of the gifted Stuart, may still have something of peculiar interest in the musical world, as the Boston Oratorio portrait of Washington.

But I must not detain you longer, my friends, with these historical reminiscences of the music of Boston in its earlier days,—interesting as I am sure they must be to us all. I pass at once, and without a word of comment, over a period of a full quarter of a century. Washington has now completed his two terms of civil administration, with a brilliancy of success by no means inferior to that which had distinguished his military career. Death has at length set its seal upon the surpassing love in which he was held by the whole American Nation, and he has gone down to a grave, which,—rescued from all danger of desecration by the loyalty of Virginia women and the eloquence of at least one Northern Statesman,—is destined to be more and more a place of devout pilgrimage and reverent resort for the friends of civil liberty and free government, from all climes and in all generations. The Country, meanwhile, which owed him so inestimable a debt, has gone through with many vicissitudes of condition since his death—all, as we believe, providentially arranged or permitted to discipline our youthful vigor, and to develop the institutions and consolidate the Union which it had cost so much blood and treasure to establish. A second war with Great Britain has been waged,—sometimes called the second War of Independence,—and now at length the bow of peace and promise is once more seen spanning “the wide arch of our ranged empire.” Beneath its genial radiance we are about to enter upon a period of prosperity and progress such as the world had never before witnessed.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1814, the Treaty of Peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent,—a worthy commemoration of that blessed event when the Her-

ald Angels were heard singing to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem—'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' But that Treaty was not known on this side of the ocean for six or seven weeks after its date. The great battle of New Orleans, as you well know, was fought at least two weeks after that Treaty of Peace was signed. Our modern system of railroads and steamers and telegraphs might have saved that effusion of fraternal blood—might have deprived individual heroes—might have deprived our country and its history—of all the glory which belonged to that really great victory. If that gigantic Ocean Harp, which is at this moment in process of being strung,—whose deep diapason is destined to produce a more magical music on the sea than old mythology or modern fable ever ascribed to siren, mermaid or Arion,—if the mysterious gamut of that profound submarine chord had been in successful operation then, as we hope it soon will be, between St. John's and Valentin Bay,—those cotton-bag ramparts at New Orleans might never have been celebrated in history;—while, of those who so gallantly defended them, many would not have been laid so low, and some, perhaps, would hardly have risen so high.

The news of Peace, however, at length reached New York on the 11th of February, 1815, and was brought on to Boston by express, with what was then called unexampled despatch,—in about thirty-two hours. The celebration of the event, under the auspices of the State Legislature, which was then in session, and under the immediate direction of our venerable Fellow-Citizen, JOSIAH QUINCY, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, took place on the 22d of February following. And never was Washington's birthday more appropriately and nobly celebrated. I have myself a vivid remembrance of the brilliancy and sparkle of the illumination and fireworks in the evening, and my maturer eyes have often sought in vain for their match in all the dazzling demonstrations of later holidays. But the full heart of Boston could find no adequate utterance for itself but in music. Nothing but a "Te Deum Laudamus" could satisfy the emotions of that hour, and the great feature of the occasion was a Service of thanksgiving and praise,—without orations or sermons,—in the old Stone Chapel, where, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, then the aged and respected pastor of the Second Church, the Duet of "Lovely Peace" was sung by Col. Webb and Miss Graupner, and a part of the Dettingen Te Deum and the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel were executed by nearly two hundred and fifty vocal and instrumental performers. The newspapers of the day,—not yet inured to anything of indiscriminate or venal puffing,—pronounce it, by all admission, the very best music ever heard in Boston.

And now, my friends, it can hardly be doubted that the impressive musical services of that Peace Jubilee gave the primary impulse to the establishment of the Association, which is signaling to-day the forty-second year of its active existence by the Festival we are assembled to inaugurate. Its echoes had hardly died away,—four weeks, indeed, had scarcely elapsed since it was held, before a notice was issued by Gottlieb Graupner, Thomas Smith Webb and Asa Peabody, for a meeting of those interested in the subject "of cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of sacred music." In that meeting, held on the 30th of March, 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society originated. On the 20th of April, their Constitution was adopted. The following May-Day witnessed their first private practicing from the old Lock Hospital Collection,—and on the succeeding Christmas Evening, at the same consecrated Chapel, where Washington attended that memorable Public Concert a quarter of a century before, and where that solemn Jubilee of Peace had been so recently celebrated, their first Grand Oratorio was given, to a delighted audience of nine hundred and forty-five persons, with the Russian Consul, the well-remembered Mr. Eustaphie, assisting as one of the performers in the Orchestra.

From that day to this, the Handel and Haydn

Society has been one of the recognized and cherished institutions of Boston. Their progress is illustrated by the signal improvement which has been witnessed in the musical services of all our churches, and in the growing taste and skill which have rendered the singing of sacred music one of the most familiar and delightful recreations of the domestic circle. Their history is written, still more conspicuously, in the records of the nearly five hundred public Oratorios, besides almost as many less formal Concerts, which the Society have performed, and of the numerous civic and religious ceremonials at which they have assisted. To them we have owed one of the most effective and attractive features of not a few of our grandest Anniversary Festivals—our first centennial celebration of Washington's Birthday, and our second centennial celebration of the Birthday of Boston. To them we have owed one of the most grateful and graceful compliments which have been paid to the distinguished guests who from time to time have visited our city,—to Presidents Munroe and Jackson and Tyler, and to Henry Clay,—all of whom have accepted their invitations and attended their Oratorios. By them, too, have been performed the Funeral Dirges for our illustrious dead. It was to their swelling peal that our own Webster alluded at Faneuil Hall, in his magnificent eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, when he said: "I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph—'their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.'" And their funeral chant was heard again, when Faneuil Hall was once more shrouded in black, and when that matchless orator was himself the subject of heart-felt lamentation and eulogy. To them we have been indebted for the first production in our country of not a few of the sublimest compositions of the great Masters of Europe, and to them we have owed the opportunity of hearing the most exquisite and inspiring airs of those compositions, executed by an Incledon or a Phillips, a Horn, a Braham, or a Caradori Allan. I may not attempt to name the more recent vocalists, foreign or domestic, whom they have successively brought forward, and some of whom are here to add brilliancy to the present occasion. Incited by their example, too, other Associations have been organized in our own city and in the neighboring towns, as well as in various other parts of our Commonwealth and country,—the Academy of Music, the Musical Education Society, the Mendelssohn Choral Society, and many others,—which have rendered efficient service in a common cause, and which deserve the grateful remembrance of every lover of harmony.

When this Society was originally instituted, the music of Boston, of New England, and I may say of all America,—both sacred and secular,—was in a most crude and disorganized condition. Aretinian Societies and Independent Musical Societies had done a little for it, and then died out. Occasional Concerts, like those to which I have alluded, may be found scattered at long and dreary intervals along the previous half century. A worthy son of the Old Colony, too, whence so many good things have sprung, had already commenced the publication of "the Bridgewater Collection."* But there was no systematic and permanent organization for the improvement of musical taste, skill, or science, in any of our large communities; and there was but little of either taste, skill or science to be improved. I have heard the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,—an intense lover of music himself, and whose comprehensive acquirements embraced a knowledge of this particular subject which would have been extraordinary in any body else,—tell a story, which may serve as an illustration of the state of American music at that precise period. During the negotiation, at Ghent, of that Treaty of Peace to which I have just alluded, a Festival or Banquet, or it may have been a Ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the Sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The Sovereign People of the United States,—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay,

* The late Hon. Nahum Mitchell.

Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin,—were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the Musical Conductor or Band Master of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the Conductor, What is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have scores of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's, who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The Band Master jotted down the air, as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America. Whether that boy was bond or free, I know not, but I think both South and North would agree, that he earned his liberty and his citizenship, too, on that occasion.

I would not disparage Yankee Doodle, my friends. It has associations which must always render its simple and homely melody dearer to the hearts of the American People than the most elaborate compositions of ancient or modern science. Should our free institutions ever again be in danger, whether from 'malice domestic or foreign levy,' that will still be the tune to which American patriotism will keep step. We must always preserve it, and never be ashamed of it;—though I do venture to hope that a day may come, when, like England and Austria and Russia,—to name no other lands,—we may have something fit to be entitled a National Anthem, which shall combine an acknowledgment of God with the glorious memories of wise and brave men;—which shall blend the emotions of piety and patriotism, uniting in sweet accord the praises of the Divine Author of our Freedom and Independence, with those of his chosen and commissioned human instruments, in a strain worthy to commemorate the rise and progress of our Great Republic.

But this little anecdote of what happened at Ghent, furnishes no bad illustration, certainly, of the condition of American music at the precise period when this Society first took it in hand, and when it might almost be said that Yankee Doodle and the lips of a whistling boy were the prevailing airs and instruments of our land.

What a contrast does this occasion suggest! This noble Hall itself,—second to none in the world in its adaptation to the purposes to which it has been dedicated,—the pride of our whole community, and which reflects so much credit on the liberal enterprise and persevering energy of those who were immediately concerned in its erection,—what a monument it stands of the musical taste and zeal to which the old Handel and Haydn Society gave the original impulse! For myself, I cannot but feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to an Association, whose performances and whose publications, through a period of more than forty years,—under the Presidency of such men as the earlier and the later Webb, of Lowell Mason, of Zeuner, and Chickering and Perkins,—have exercised so important an influence in refining and elevating the musical taste of New England;—and more especially in improving the character of our Sacred Music, and affording us an opportunity of enjoying the glorious airs and anthems and choruses which have been composed to the praise and honor of God. And I am glad of an opportunity of testifying my own individual obligation to them.

This is not the occasion, nor am I the person, for any scientific analysis or comparison of styles

or of masters. Every thing of this sort may be safely left to our excellent Music Journal and its accomplished editor and contributors. Nor will I venture to detain you with any elaborate periods or swelling common-places about the importance and influence of music in general. The poets, philosophers and moralists of all ages are full of them. The music of the Church, the Cathedral and the Camp-meeting,—of the Concert-room, the Academy and the Opera,—of the fireside, the serenade, the festival, and the battle-field,—the songs of the Troubadours, the psalms of the Covenanters, the hymns of Luther, Wesley and Watts,—Old Hundred,—the Cotter's Saturday Night, Elgin and Dundee,—Auld Lang Syne, Home, sweet Home, the Ranz des Vaches, Hail Columbia, God save the King, the Marseillaise, the Red Fox of Erin, which the exquisite songster of Ireland tells us made the patriot Emmet start to his feet and exclaim, 'Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!'—why, my friends, what a continued and crowded record does the history of the world's great heart present, of the noble sympathies which have been stirred, of the heroic impulses which have been awakened, of the devotional fires which have been kindled, of the love to God and love to man and love to country,—not always, alas, unattended by excess,—to which animation and utterance have been given, by the magic power of music! To how many individual hearts, too, here and everywhere, has the story of David charming away the gloomy moods of the Jewish Monarch, or, more likely it may be, of Annot Lyle chasing the mists from the spirit of the Highland Chief, seemed only like a transcript of some cherished experience of their own! But I pass over all the science and almost all the sentiment for which the occasion might give opportunity. You are here to enjoy the thing itself, which will be far better than any flights of descriptive rhetoric or rhapsody of which I am capable.

I must be permitted, however, to congratulate you, before closing, that the growing worldliness of the age we live in, has not quite yet diverted the divine and solemn harmonies of this glorious art from their original and rightful allegiance. The Fine Arts in every department,—Architecture and Sculpture, Painting and Music, alike,—have owed their best inspirations and their noblest opportunities to religion. The Bible has always supplied them with their most effective themes. Its matchless diction, its magnificent imagery, its exquisite poetry, its glorious promises, its stupendous miracles, its sublime revelations and realities have constituted an exhaustless magazine of material for them all,—and more especially for Music.

HANDEL, foremost, in merit as in time, among the little company of world-renowned Composers,*—and whose Statue might well claim no second place in this very Hall, as one of the supporters of that gigantic Organ which we are soon to welcome,—Handel, one of the last touches of whose trembling fingers may haply have rested on the keys of an organ, erected just one hundred years ago last August, and still doing most acceptable service, in our own city, which tradition tells us that this favorite musician of George the Second, infirm and blind as he was, selected for His Majesty's Chapel in New England, only two years before his death.—"the giant Handel," as Pope called him—"the more than Homer of his age," as Cowper did not scruple to add,—could find no story but that of Redeeming Love, no career or character but that of the Messiah, for the full development and display of his unrivalled power and pathos.

That mysterious demand for a *Requiem* which haunted the sleeping and the waking hours of the dying MOZART—the immediate successor of Handel upon the musical throne—might almost seem,—to a superstitious mind, perhaps,—to have been only, after all, the compunctions visitings of a breast, which was aroused too late to the consciousness of having prostituted so many of its

best emotions upon the "foolery of so scandalous a subject"* as that of Don Giovanni, and which could find no requiem or repose for itself, till it had made that last and grandest effort in the service of God.

When HAYDN,—next entitled to the sceptre,—was giving an account of his own Oratorio of the Seasons, he is related to have said, "It is not another Creation,—and the reason is this: In that Oratorio the actors are angels—in the four seasons they are but peasants."

BEETHOVEN,—whom the munificent liberality and consummate skill of kindred spirits in our own land have united in enthroning as the presiding genius of this Hall,—in the wonderful instrumentation of his Symphonies and Sonatas and Quatuors and Trios, seem always aspiring to a strain,—and often reaching it, too,—which has less of earth in it than of heaven. "I well know," said he, 'that God is nearer me in my Art than others—I commune with him without fear—evermore have I acknowledged and understood him.' And when dealing with any thing more articulate than the fancied language of the skies, he too sought his best inspiration at the Mount of Olives, and found it at least in his Hallelujahs.

MENDELSSOHN'S ominous and insatiate yearning for the spirit-world displayed itself first, indeed, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*;—but it was only in depicting the wonderful ways and works of the greatest of Prophets and the greatest of Apostles,—of an Elijah and a St. Paul,—that his genius found its full play and won its noblest triumphs.

I shall not soon forget the emotions with which, just ten years ago, in London, I first listened to the "Elijah." I shall not soon forget the person and presence of the young and brilliant Composer, as he stood in Exeter Hall conducting a choir and band of six or seven hundred voices and instruments in the performance of that most impressive Oratorio. Less than six months were to expire—nobody dreamed it then—before he himself was to disappear from these earthly scenes almost as suddenly as the great Prophet whom he was portraying,—and one might almost imagine that the first faint glories of the celestial world were gleaming upon his soul—that he had caught a passing glimpse of those chariots of fire, whose rushing sound and sparkling track were the fit accompaniments of that miraculous translation to the skies,—as he stood trembling with transport at his own magnificent harmonies.

Nor can I fail to call up, in this connection, the image of another most accomplished and distinguished person, in whose company I was privileged to listen to this sublime performance—the late Lord Ellesmere,—who represented Great Britain so acceptably at the opening of our Crystal Palace in New York, who delighted Boston, too, by his genial eloquence at our School Festival soon afterwards, and whose recent death has occasioned so much of sincere and just regret among the friends of Art in all its departments and in both hemispheres.

And now I rejoice that these noble Oratorios of these greatest composers are to form the main feature of this occasion. I rejoice that, at this first New England Musical Festival, the divine Art is so distinctly to recognize its rightful relation to Divinity, as the privileged handmaid of Religion. Without feeling called upon to pronounce any opinion upon other amusements and festivals for which other voices in other places are pleading, I am glad that this veteran Association of New England, faithful to its first love, true to the keynote of its earliest organization,—at a moment too when so many influences are alluring us away from whatever is pure and lovely and of good report,—has instituted a series of Holidays, not only combining morality and innocence with the most refined and elevating enjoyment, but blending so nobly and so worthily the praises of God with the recreation of man.

I do not forget that a severe religious casuistry has sometimes raised a question, how far it is fit

* These are the words of Beethoven, who said of Mozart's great Opera: "The sacred art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject."

to employ sacred themes and sacred words for the mere purpose of entertainment. But it is a great mistake to suppose that mere entertainment is all that is imparted, or all that is intended, by such performances. The man must indeed be "deaf as the dead to harmony," who can listen to the story of the Creation or of the Redemption, as told in the lofty strains which are presently to be heard here, without being kindled into something of fresh admiration and adoration towards the great Author and Finisher of both. Yes, deaf as the dead to harmony must he have been born, and with a soul sealed up to at least one of the highest sources of inspiration, who feels no glow of grateful awe as the Light flashes forth in audible coruscations upon that new-created world, and no thrill of holy joy as the Heavens are heard telling the glory of God;—whose belief in the miraculous incarnation of "One mighty to save" is not quickened, as the majestic titles by which he was to be called come pealing forth so triumphantly in the very words of prophecy—"Wonderful—Counsellor—the Mighty God;"—who is not conscious of a more vivid faith in the great doctrine of the resurrection, as the sublime declaration of the patient old Patriarch is again and again so exquisitely reiterated—"I know—I know that my Redeemer liveth;"—and who does not catch a deeper sense of the mystery and the glory of that blessed consummation, when "the Kingdoms of the earth shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," while the air around him is ringing and reverberating with the ecstasy of those transcendent and exulting Hallelujahs!

No, it is not entertainment alone which this occasion will have communicated to some at least of the souls which shall vibrate to these sublime and solemn strains. I know that the fervors and raptures which result from mere musical susceptibility are no safe substitute for the prayer and praise which belong to the true idea of religious worship, and I am not altogether without sympathy with those, who would be glad to see this ancient Society returning to its original practice during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, by giving some of its public performances, as they are now doing, at times when they may be attended and enjoyed by those to whom the domestic circle or the services of the Sanctuary are the chosen and cherished occupations of a Sunday evening. But it will be an evil day for the best interest of mankind, when the noblest and most impressive varieties of music shall be utterly discarded and divorced from the service of religion, and given finally over to the meretricious uses of sensuality or superstition. The sacred Chronicler has told us how it was under the old dispensation—that it was only "when the singers and the trumpeters were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music and praised the Lord—saying, 'For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever;'"—that it was only then, at the outpouring of that grand vocal and instrumental unison of thanksgiving and praise, that the visible glory of the Lord came down, filling and overshadowing the house of God. And though the Gospel does undoubtedly point to a purer and more spiritual worship, yet from that most memorable and solemn hour, of which the simple record runs concerning the Savior and his disciples—"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives,"—from that most memorable and solemn hour, Music has been recognized as a consecrated handmaid of Christianity; and those which Christ himself has thus joined together, it is not for any man to put asunder.

And may God grant that the performances which are now about to begin, may be endued with a double power over the hearts of all who hear them;—that these resounding anthems may do something to purge and purify the corrupted currents of the air we breathe;—that these lofty enunciations and reiterations of the great truths of the Bible may aid in arresting and driving back the tide of delusion, infidelity and crime which is raging and swelling so fearfully around

* Unless SEBASTIAN BACH, his contemporary, of whose works so many are lost, and so few are familiarly known in this country, may be his equal.

us;—and that these Hosannahs and Hallelujahs may combine with the Prayers and Alms of the approaching Anniversary Week, in calling down a fresh blessing on our beloved city and upon us who dwell in it;—so that when at last that hour shall come, which can neither be hastened nor postponed by the idle calculations of learned astrologers, or the idle conjurations of diviners and sorcerers,—when the trumpet of the Archangel shall be heard sounding through the sky and summoning us, in God's own time, from our destined sleep of death,—our hearts and voices may not be wholly unattuned for uniting with Cherubim and Seraphim and all the Company of Heaven in that sublime Trisagion,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!”

It only remains for me, Ladies and Gentlemen, in behalf of this oldest existing Musical Society of Boston,—older, if I mistake not, than almost any of its kind in London, since the Institution of the Ancient Concerts has passed away with the Iron Duke, one of their principal Directors,—to pronounce the single word of ‘welcome’ to you all. But while offering you this welcome in their name, as I now most respectfully and cordially do, I feel that my duty to-day would be but half performed, if I did not, also, in your name, and as the self-commissioned organ of the vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, by whom this noble Hall will day by day be thronged,—if I did not, in your name and in theirs, assure the members of this old pioneer Association, of the sincere and grateful appreciation, which is entertained by our whole community, of their unwearied and honorable efforts in the cause of musical improvement, and of their signal success in giving a worthier and more impressive utterance to the praise of God ‘in the great congregation.’ And may the favor of Heaven and the patronage of a generous public never be wanting to their future career.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Boston, Thursday Noon, May 21, 1857.

THE THREE DAYS' MUSICAL FESTIVAL—the first ever celebrated in America—commenced at 10 o'clock this morning, and is now in progress. The Orator has spoken, and the inspiring harmonies of the ‘Creation’ are yet resounding in the Music Hall amid delighted crowds of listeners. We are there listening, and we pity any of our readers whom we do not see there also. And that we may be there, as well as that our paper may be of some aid to those who shall attend the Festival, we issue the present number two days in advance of its usual date, by which means we are enabled to present the admirable Address of Mr. WINTHROP, *entire, from his own notes*, containing all the parts omitted in the delivery for want of time, besides various other matters that have interest in connection with the Festival.

The length of these documents necessarily excludes most of our usual summary of musical news, concert criticisms, &c., and makes this purely a FESTIVAL PAPER.

Our next number will contain a FULL REPORT of the three days' performances, and will be of equal interest with the present, so that we shall again issue a large edition, for the Anniversary week.

We would modestly suggest the present week of Musical Jubilee as a good time for those who have been without a Musical paper to subscribe for *Dwight's Journal of Music*. We think we can safely promise those who do so their full money's worth.

ADVERTISERS also should not omit the rare opportunity here offered of bringing their musical commodities before the notice of crowds of musical people.

THE FESTIVAL.—We write the day before the opening, (it being essential to our purposes above stated to go to press on Wednesday,) and therefore dare not say with what auspicious light the heavens will smile upon the long expected feast of harmony. Now the

weather is most ominous; a fierce storm rages; and the evil spirit of the East Wind hangs around us now for many days, darkening sweet Nature's opening festival of buds and flowers, as Weber's Zamiel clouds and chills the sunshine and the music in his weird German opera. We hope the clouds will break away; but if they do not, it will be but the usual lot of the beginnings of great things, that grow up into permanent importance in this world; and such importance surely we may ascribe to the commencement of great Musical Festivals, destined in spite of storms and obstacles to become a custom and an institution in the land, kindling the love of lofty music, suspending for sweet periods the hot haste and strife of all-consuming business competition, and aiding noble charities, as in our mother country, England.

The arrangements have all been happily perfected, on an ample and (to us) unprecedented scale. The Directors of the Handel and Haydn Society have planned and labored to an extent that few can appreciate, to bring this thing about; choir and orchestra and solo artists have entered into it with hearty zeal; rehearsals have been continual and thorough; the worthy conductor, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, has displayed throughout a cool-headed and indefatigable energy, enough to conquer a new country; and the result will be, if this first Festival succeeds as it now promises, the conquering indeed of a new field henceforth for Art and Harmony out of the wide waste of our utilitarian, scrambling life.

The arrangements of the Festival are now all set forth in the advertisements, with the exception of the programmes of the three miscellaneous concerts. Of these the features will be two grand Symphonies by Beethoven, the No. 7, in A, and the No. 5, in C minor, also the charming Allegretto from the No. 8; Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*—the third and grandest of the four he wrote for his only opera,—and to Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, which the Germans class with his *Egmont* under the head of *character overtures*, that is, works which convey in music the idea of a character, a historical person,—and in this intense and fiery music the life of the proud Roman storms itself away most characteristically, not unrelieved by little episodic themes of tenderest and sweetest melody. To these add Mendelssohn's “Fingal's Cave” overture,—a marvellous piece of cool, wild sea-shore picture music,—and the Scherzo, (much in the same vein), of his so-called “Scotch” Symphony; Wagner's exciting overture to *Tannhäuser*, Rossini's brilliant and ever popular one to “William Tell;” Weber's Concert-piece for piano and orchestra, to be played by WILLIAM MASON, &c., &c. The rest will be vocal selections, in which the principal solo singers will take part. The programme for Saturday morning, particularly, is one of rare excellence, including the 7th Symphony, the Mendelssohn Scherzo, the overtures to “Fingal's Cave” and “Leonora,” and an aria from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, to be sung by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS.

As for the oratorios, we heard the full rehearsal of “Elijah” Sunday evening, and the effect of orchestra and chorus was in truth magnificent. The solo parts will be for the most part capitally done. Mr. SIMPSON, from New York, has a delightful tenor, if not all the fine shading of our own Mr. ADAMS, who shares the tenor solos with him. Dr. GUILMETTE has a noble bass, and sings the part of Elijah in a more musician-like and telling manner than we have heard before. Mrs. ELIOT, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. MOZART, Mrs. HILL, Miss PHILLIPS and Miss TWICHELL, in this and the other oratorios, will do good justice to their several parts. A beautiful and novel feature in “Elijah” will be the singing of the Angel Trio by three boys. On Saturday night the grand and ever fresh “Messiah” will probably assemble an immense crowd for a solemn and fit finale.

The orchestra will be superb. We counted at the rehearsal 78 instruments. There are 8 double basses, 10 violoncellos, 9 violas, giving an uncommon richness to the bass and to the middle parts of the stringed quartet; 12 first violins, 12 second do, 4 clarinets, 4 oboes, 4 horns, &c., &c. Among the first violins we noticed some of the best players from New York, as Mollinshauer, Besig, Noll, and others. With these

names to lend due effect to the great oratorios, symphonies and overtures, many will feel their power and beauty, who may have been dull listeners before, complaining that they were “too scientific” and all that! The scene itself, too, in that noble Hall, with the brilliant and eager audience, the vast choir of 600 singers grouped amphitheatrically upon the stage, the wings extending into the galleries on either side, the orchestra in the middle, rising back to the organ, and poor CRAWFORD's god-like statue of BEETHOVEN looking down serenely upon all, will not be the least element of interest in the occasion.

Musical Festivals—Their Rise in England.

Musical Festivals, upon a grand scale, with Oratorio, may properly be said to have begun with the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. Dr. BURNLEY, who chronicles the events of those five days (May 26th, 27th, 29th, and June 3d and 5th) in a sumptuous quarto volume, with all his glowing enthusiasm, and his elegant and scholarly garrulity, (the book is now rare,) took great pains to ascertain if there were any record of an earlier musical feast in any country, in which as many as 500 performers were united, and could discover none. A few instances are named of gatherings of two or three hundred singers and musicians on some royal or national occasions in Paris, Rome, or Venice, but the elements of a grand organic musical festival scarcely existed before Handel. There was no orchestra, upon which all must centre; and even Handel's orchestra, and such as they had at this centennial of his birth, was but a rude and imperfect agglomeration compared with the grand orchestra of our day. Several of the periodical Festivals, now celebrated on so vast a scale in England, had their small beginnings earlier than the Handel Commemoration. The Annual Meeting of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced in 1724; the Birmingham Triennial Festival (now the most famous), in 1778. But the Commemoration of Handel brought together 525 musicians—a moderate number for our day, (smaller perhaps than we shall see and hear this week at the first Festival in Boston)—but then a musical event eclipsing all before.

Nothing but the influence of Handel's music, and the general love and reverence especially for his “Messiah,” made such an occasion possible. “Handel's Church music had been kept alive, and had supported life in thousands, by its performance for charitable purposes.” The hospitals and infirmaries throughout the kingdom were “indebted to the art of music, and to Handel's works in particular, for their support.” His “Messiah” alone, as performed under his own direction in the last ten years of his life, (1749–59,) yielded about £7,000 to the Foundling Hospital, which was increased by subsequent performances until the year 1777 to over £10,000. This very Westminster Abbey Festival gave £1,000 to the Westminster Hospital, and £6,000 to the Society for Decayed Musicians, to which Handel had already bequeathed £1,000 at his death. Thus, besides its direct influence on the hearts and minds of men, the music of Handel has been one of the world's great charities; for charity is still the end of all the great festivals, at Birmingham and elsewhere, into which his music breathed the breath of life.

From Burnley's book we glean some curious particulars about the Commemoration in Westminster Abbey. The proportions of choir and orchestra were singular; there were 250 instruments to 275 singers.

The orchestra itself was strangely composed; he gives a list of 26 players of the hautboy, and of 26 bassoons and one *double bassoon*! These instruments were much cultivated in Handel's time. There were no clarinets. The other elements were: 48 first violins, 47 second violins, 26 tenors, 21 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 6 flutes, 12 trumpets, 6 “trombones or sacbuts,” 12 horns, 3 kettle-drums, 1 double kettle-drum.

The Choir consisted of 60 *Trebles*, most of whom were boys, (thus the list includes “three Master Ashleys,” “ten Chapel boys,” “Master Latter,” “Master Loader,” “Mrs. Love,” “ten St. Paul's boys,” “Master Piper,” &c., &c.); 48 *Counter Ten-*

ors, (men), instead of our contralti; 83 Tenors; 84 Basses. The famous German prima donna, Madame MARA, sang the great soprano airs in the "Messiah." The conductor was JOAH BATES, Esq., who played the organ, seated at a key-board nineteen feet in front of the organ itself, in the middle, and in full view of the performers; he was aided by two violin "leaders," but there was *no beating of time*; the whole "moved like clock-work," without such aid. The scene must have been magnificent; Dr. Burney says:

All the preparations for receiving their Majesties, and the first personages in the kingdom, at the east end; upwards of five hundred musicians at the west; and the public in general, to the number of between three and four thousand persons, in the area and galleries, so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building, and which may not, metaphorically, have been said to be in *perfect tune* with it. But, besides the wonderful manner in which this construction exhibited the band to the spectators, the Orchestra was so judiciously contrived, that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader; which accounts in some measure, for the uncommon ease with which the performers confess they executed their parts.

The whole preparations for these grand performances were comprised within the western part of the building, or broad aisle; and some excellent judges declared, that, apart from their beauty, they never had seen so wonderful a piece of carpentry, as the orchestra and galleries, after Mr. Wyatt's models.

At the east end of the aisle, just before the back of the choir-organ, some of the pipes of which were visible below, a throne was erected in a beautiful Gothic style, corresponding with that of the Abbey, and a center box, richly decorated and furnished with crimson satin, fringed with gold, for the reception of their Majesties and the Royal Family; on the right hand of which was a box for the Bishops, and, on the left, one for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; immediately below these two boxes were two others, one, on the right, for the families and friends of the Directors, and the other for those of the prebendaries of Westminster. Immediately below the King's-box was placed one for the Directors themselves; who were all distinguished by white wands tipped with gold, and gold medals, struck on the occasion, appended from white ribbands. These their Majesties likewise condescended to wear, at each performance. Behind, and on each side of the throne, there were seats for their Majesty's suite, maids of honor, grooms of the bedchamber, pages, &c.

The Orchestra was built at the opposite extremity, ascending regularly from the height of seven feet from the floor, to upwards of forty, from the base of the pillars; and extending from the centre to the top of the side aisle.

The intermediate space below was filled up with level benches, and appropriated to the early subscribers. The side aisles were formed into long galleries, ranging with the orchestra, and ascending, so as to contain twelve rows on each side: the fronts of which projected before the pillars, and were ornamented with festoons of crimson moiré.

At the top of the orchestra was placed the occasional organ, in a Gothic frame, mounting to, and mingling with, the saints and martyrs represented in the painted glass on the west window. On each side of the organ, close to the window, were placed the kettle-drums. The choral bands were principally placed in view of Mr. Bates, on steps, seemingly ascending into the clouds, in each of the side aisles, as their termination was invisible to the audience. The principal singers were ranged in the front of the orchestra, as at oratorios, accompanied by the choirs of St. Paul, the Abbey, Winsor, and the Chapel Royal.

The accounts of the perfect unity, precision and splendid effect of the performances in Westminster Abbey, are somewhat hard for us to reconcile with such arrangement of the forces. The music performed was all by Handel, and consisted, besides the "Messiah" twice, of the Dettingen "Te Deum," and miscellaneous selections from his vocal and instrumental works, arias from his operas, hautboy concertos, organ fugues, overtures to other oratorios, &c. This so set the example of miscellaneous programmes, that we find that, in all the English festivals from that time until the Sacred Harmonic Society was established in 1832, there is scarcely an instance of a complete oratorio of Handel being given, with the exception of the "Messiah."

The influence of such festivals in England may be judged by the following table of all that have been held to this date, with estimates of the aggregate attendance upon each. We find it in a pamphlet lately issued with regard to the coming Handel festival:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 4 York Minster..... | 1823 to 1835..... | 90,000 |
| 4 Edinburgh..... | 1813 to 1843..... | 32,000 |
| 11 Norwich..... | 1824 to 1854..... | 88,000 |
| 17 Birmingham..... | 1769 to 1829..... | 180,000 |
| 8 ditto in Town Hall..... | 1834 to 1855..... | |
| 4 Chester..... | 1806 to 1829..... | |
| 7 Derby..... | 1810 to 1831..... | |
| 1 Dublin..... | 1831..... | |
| 8 Liverpool..... | 1813 to 1848..... | say 160,000 |
| 2 Manchester..... | 1828 & 1829..... | |
| 2 Bradford..... | 1853 & 1856..... | |
| 132 Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, &c.,..... | 1724-1856..... | say 370,000 |

This makes a total of 1,000,000 persons as the entire numbers present upon all these occasions. The Sacred Harmonic Society, in 1832, originated a regular series of performances of Handel's Oratorios in London, on a scale equal to that of the Festivals of former years. Between June 1836 and June 1856 this Society has given 344 performances in Exeter Hall, which, it is estimated, have been attended in the aggregate by 650,000 persons. One half of these 344 performances have consisted of entire Oratorios of Handel, embracing the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athaliah" and "Belshazzar." Very justly therefore does this Sacred Harmonic Society take the lead in the great Handel Festival to take place next month.

Thus England has been the cradle and the chief seat of these monster musical Festivals, and Handel's music has been as the breath of life to them.

Next to Handel's oratorios, there have figured at the festivals such works of course as Haydn's "Creation," Mozart's "Requiem," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and only very recently the "Passion" of Bach, Handel's great contemporary, who never went abroad from his own Germany. Then came the day of Mendelssohn; a great day was that for England's music when the composer himself conducted the first performance of "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, on the 26th of August, 1846. The influence of his music upon English writers soon became as visible as Handel's had been, and a large crop of English oratorios soon sprang up, plainly inspired at second hand by Mendelssohn. The most successful of these imitations, several of which have had their turn at festivals, was Mr. Costa's "Eli," the filial relationship of which to the "Elijah," those who heard it performed here last winter by the Handel and Haydn Society, and who shall be so fortunate as to listen to the grand performance of "Elijah" in our Music Hall to-morrow, can hardly fail to recognize.

We begun with the first Handel Festival. We conclude with simply alluding to the preparations for the second, which is to take place next month in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Festivals have grown somewhat since 1784. This will be on a far grander scale than any heretofore, and is but preliminary to a still grander one projected for the second centenary of Handel's birth, in 1859. Think of a chorus of 2,000 singers, 500 to each of the four vocal parts, with an orchestra of 390 instruments, and the most powerful organ that can be built! This mighty force, if not unmanageable, must lend an effect never before dreamed of to the great choruses of the "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," and above all the "Israel in Egypt."

Of Festivals in Germany and other parts of Europe we must take another opportunity to speak.

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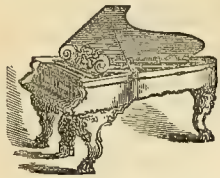
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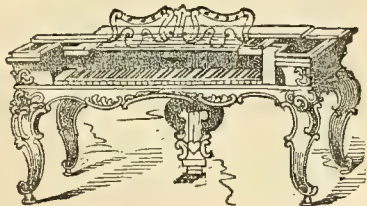
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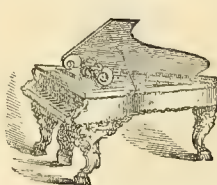
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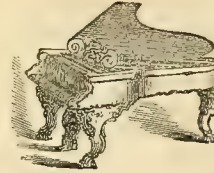
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We said, before the concerts, that we pitied any of our musical friends who should be willing or obliged to lose them; we must now put it more strongly, and say: We envy not their feelings when they learn that they have missed undoubtedly the grandest, the most important and most genuine musical or artistic occasion that has yet occurred upon this continent. But leaving general reflections for the present, we proceed to chronicle each day's proceedings.

FIRST DAY: THURSDAY, MAY 21.

Rain, rain, rain! For three days before the opening it has rained continually, and for nearly ten days we have all been under the chilling, gloomy influences of an ugly, pertinacious Easterly storm, that has hung around us latent or developed, now searching with treacherous, icy fingers to the marrow of our sensibilities, to the sore trial of all faith and weakening of all will, now bursting out in drenching floods and tempest, as in the last three days, and adding outward to the inward disability—fit type, our East Wind, of the old Puritan spirit, foe of all things genial!

The worst thing about one of these long New England storms, is its discouraging influence upon people's minds; under its spell we give up and become indifferent to cherished plans and purposes; we lose all enthusiasm, and take no pains and spend no money to avail ourselves of even the rarest and grandest invitations. Of

course it was a serious damper on the sale of season tickets. The price, to be sure, \$5.00, though moderate and necessary for an entertainment so excellent and so costly, must have been one ground of hesitation to many whose means are not commensurate with their love of music; and then in very many faith was wanting; music for two years past had been comparatively under a cloud with us; there were few that believed in the possibility of great things; from giving ourselves too great credit we had sunk to giving ourselves too little, and men's minds had not got wrought up to a due sense of what now was coming. Could the feast but have begun where it left off, we should have seen a very different state of appetite.—We speak of the public. Not so with the givers of the feast, its managers, and all who took a part in it. Neither managers, conductor, singers or orchestra ever faltered in their preparations; everything was carried out to the letter on the scale first contemplated; the conductor and the business managers were instant in season and out of season; the rehearsals went on, thrice a week for oratorio, and twice a week for orchestra, and the choir, surprised and charmed at the effect of its own numbers in rehearsal, grew continually both in numbers and in spirit. All was sure to be right, at least alive, at the stage end of the Hall, however it might be in the auditorium.

Ten o'clock, the hour of opening, came. It still rained in torrents, and continued so almost all day. Yet it was a milder and more genial rain, not out of harmony with the young buds and springing grass, and with the Oratorio of the "Creation." There were, as nearly as we could estimate, a thousand persons in the audience, leaving about 1500 seats vacant. Yet the Music Hall presented a superb spectacle, especially at the stage end. The chorus seats, well-filled, rising back in tiers to the organ screen, and side-wise into the first galleries; the orchestra filling the main space in the middle, with chorus crowding round it; the dais for principal singers, and part of the female choir built out in front; the statue of Beethoven overlooking all, was truly a sight to shame—not the audience who were there, but those who were not. In a few moments the government of the Handel and Haydn Society took their seats in the semi-circle in front of the stage, and the President, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS CHICKERING, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who was received with warm applause. His Address has been already given to our readers in full, and speaks for itself. It was exceedingly happy in conception, execution and delivery, and struck the true key-note of the occasion. All heard delighted,

and were the better prepared to listen to the great music with an understanding spirit. The orator omitted perhaps one third of the entire printed Address. He also threw in some extempore allusions, which were very timely, especially one to the presence of the venerable JOSIAH QUINCY, which of course waked a warm and audible response.

After some delay, at a few minutes past eleven, the principal singers were conducted to their seats in front, amid loud applause, especially Boston's old favorite, Mrs. ANNA STONE ELIOT, (now of New York), whom the members of the choir seemed to take great delight in welcoming. Several rounds of plaudits, too, announced the advance of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN to his Conductor's post. In the chorus we had counted 400 singers during the Address; there were probably by this time at least 450 in the seats. Then began, from the orchestra of 78 instruments, the Introduction, representing Chaos, to Haydn's "Creation." It was a very graphic and impressive rendering.

Mr. S. W. LEACH, in the part of Raphael, delivered the recitative: *In the beginning, &c.*, and then the soft chorus, flowing in with such unexampled breadth and richness of harmony: *And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*, at once took possession of every delighted listener, until the grand burst upon *And there was LIGHT!* which was absolutely thrilling and sublime. We never before have heard it given with a tithe of the same effect; it was a new sensation even to old oratorio-goers, while upon the less experienced it flashed a new conception of the meaning and the power of music. All common thoughts, the dull day and thin audience were forgotten, for the world was as it were miraculously full of light. We saw the tears start into some eyes—tears which mean joy and wonder, reverence and new life, as truly if not as often as they mean sympathy and sorrow.

It would seem as if this first flash quickened the entire performance that then followed. At all events the choruses, from first to last, partook of the same vitality and grandeur—at least so far as the composition in each case admitted, for Haydn's choruses do not grow upon you with the cumulative grandeur of the great Handelian mountain ranges. The grander parts, like the *Heavens are telling*, rang out with a glorious volume; the fragmentary, responsive parts, where phrases are tossed about from one mass of voices to another, in complicated fugue or canon, as in: *Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall*, were marked by an infallible precision and a boldly pronounced individuality; the smooth, clear, even passages of harmony, like: *A new created world*,

&c., filled the ear sweetly and richly, and the soul with a fully reconciled, contented, child-like piety of feeling; and the whole was beautiful as well as grand with a balanced fulness of parts, and a perfection of *ensemble*, such as had not been heard before this side of Europe. The choruses with solo derived great brilliancy from the voice of Mrs. ELIOT, touching the edges of the waves with light, in flowery outline; although the recent illness, under which she yet evidently labored, impaired somewhat the old clarion ring and splendor of that voice. But in her solos this was amply compensated by the more refined and thoughtful tone and spirit of her renderings. Though not free from some old faults of method, she is, in the higher qualities of feeling and expression, more of an artist than she ever was, and gives more satisfaction to one who listens to singing for something more than a perfected piece of vocal machinery. In the great air: *On mighty pens*, she was far from a Jenny Lind, of course; yet she sang it with a great deal of fine execution and good expression of the several contrasted points, the eagle's flight, the cooing of the doves, the nightingale, &c. Thin and pale as she looked, and singing with painful effort, it was a treat to hear Anna Stone once more in Haydn's music.

The other great song: *With verdure clad*, was rendered for the most part very tastefully and smoothly by the rich and mellow voice of Mrs. MOZART, who has much improved of late; though she gave a strange twist to those little broken figures near the end of the roudade upon: "Here shoots the healing plant." Mr. LEACH sang with consummate taste and feeling all the bass solos in the character of Raphael. He has not a ponderous or very telling voice, but he is the most an artist of any that sang. He has had a truly English training in the oratorio music of Handel and of Haydn, and is master of its style. Especially is he, like Mr. Arthurson, the tenor, a model for our native singers in the difficult art of delivering recitative. He indulges in no false ornament, and always by the fine expressive shading of his passages he more than makes up for the want of power. In those descriptive fragments, about the "foaming billows," the "purling brook," the "roaring lion," the "flexible tiger," &c., &c., he was always happy; and in several instances he diminished a long passage to a *pianissimo* with beautiful effect, as in: *Softly purling glides the limpid brook*, and still more where: *In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm*;—though the latter is a droll idea for thousands to be contemplating with breathless interest! But speaking of the descriptive fragments, we are reminded of that noble orchestra; never have we heard them all brought out with anything like the same vividness and beauty. We were long since weary of them, as ingenious child's play in music; but now we found ourselves once more surprised and pleased. Every instrument, except the flutes occasionally flattening, did its part perfectly; the fine body of violins, and indeed of all the strings, told with beautiful effect in such passages as the sunrise symphony, and the bassoon was admirable.

The recitative and air: *In splendor bright*, and: *In native worth and honor clad*, were sung by Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, a very young tenor from New York. He has a very sweet, pure, even tenor voice, which has only to be set running,

—indeed a remarkable voice, which is stronger than one at first gives it credit for, because it is so sweet; a voice out of which one would think almost anything might be made, with talent and right culture. But so far it seems a voice, and nothing else. He has no claims to style or culture; nor is it yet evident that there is any fire or passionate force behind the voice; but what there may or may not be latent, it is not wise to pre-judge. He has a certain sentimental level ballad sweetness in his style of singing, which smacks more of the popular "Serenaders" and "Minstrels" than of an oratorio school.

Mr. C. R. ADAMS, whose fine voice and rapid progress for the past year have justly made him regarded as the most promising of our young native tenors, was not in his best voice, being ill, but acquitted himself very acceptably in several recitatives, in the air: *Now vanish before the holy beams*, and in the beautiful Trios, with Mrs. Eliot and Mr. Leach. The parts of Adam and Eve were sustained by Dr. GULMETTE, of New York, and Mrs. J. H. LONG. On Eve's part, the melodious, liquid music, with its quiet rapture, was easily and gracefully expressed. As to Adam, the bass voice, though strong and telling, and delivered with clear proof of thoughtful study, seemed better fitted for a more declamatory music, did not always bend itself with a good grace to the fine turns of the melody, and sometimes swerved from pitch. He sang with animation, and passages were quite effective.

Enough of these personal details; on the whole the solos gave good satisfaction; the beauty of the songs was not lost. But the best discovery, to the many, from this performance of the Oratorio, was, what every real lover of such music knew before, that it is not in the solos that the main interest of these great works resides; it is in the choruses and in the orchestra; these rightly done and on an effective scale, and reasonably good soloists are all that one requires. It was always a low stage and a false one in our musical culture, when we made all else secondary to the efforts of this and that principal soprano or tenor in a few famous airs. We are already more appreciative, more musical, when we recognize the choruses, the great ensembles, and enjoy the composition as one whole. If we could feel this in the "Creation," with its many melodies, how much more strongly shall we feel it in such oratorios as the "Messiah" and the "Elijah!" Viewed in this light, as a whole, the present performance of the "Creation" was incomparably superior to any we had ever heard. Familiar as we were with it, we hardly knew till now how good the music was. We had grown dull to the naive, melodious sameness of good father Haydn, after for some time enjoying to the full, almost to ecstasy, his child-like, happy, clear and sunny flow of melody and harmony; but now was his Oratorio brightened into fresh life and charm to us; it rose indeed "a new created world;" its cheerful piety, and child-like gratitude and wonder in presence of the works of boundless Love and Wisdom, took possession of the listener. And how eloquently it all accorded with the season, this fresh virgin prime of Summer! The day was dark, with gentler, fertilizing showers; we felt it in the air, in every nerve, that the black spell of the East wind was gone, and that the next day there would be LIGHT!

AFTERNOON.—At 3 1-2 P. M., an audience not larger than in the morning, (nor was it to be expected), assembled for the First Concert. This is the place to speak of the composition of the orchestra, of 78 instruments. We wish to record the names of all the players, as stated on the bills, thus:

| | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 Violins. | 10 Violoncelli. | McDonald, Ryan, II. |
| Schultze, Suck, I, Eckhardt, Gaertner, A. Fries, Meisel, Wein, Grill, Mollenhauer, Besig, Matzka, Reyer, Eichler, I, Verron, I, Keyzer, Werner, Eichler, II, Vanstane, Moorhouse, Suck, III, Liebsch, Warren, White, Newinger. | W. Fries, Jungnickel, Suck, II, Verron, Maass, Falkenstein, Seip, Luhde, Brannes, Bergner. | 2 Bassoons. Hunstock, Hochstein, 4 Horns. Hamann, Trojsi, Regestein, I, Plagemann. 4 Trumpets. Heinecke, Glaser, Pinter, Jacobus. 4 Trombones. Rimbach, Stohr, Regestein, II, Cundy. 3 Flutes. Koppitz, Rametti, Teltow. 9 Violas. Ryan, I, Krebs, Andres, Bauer, Schneider, Zohler, Schlimper, Moriani, Comer. |
| | 3 Oboes. De Ribas, Faulwasser, Adelung. 4 Clarionets. Schulz, Gardner. | 1 Timpani and Triangle. Stohr, II. 1 Bass Drum and Cymbals. Kalkmann. 1 Side Drum. Gafney. |

All of these were resident musicians, with the exception of about a dozen, chiefly violins and 'cellos, from New York. Here was a noble orchestra for Boston. We have not heard a better even in New York, whose "Philharmonic" often counts as many members. Jullien's was as large or larger in New York, but numbered only sixty here; his proportions were not as good, he had but 6 seconds, 4 violas and 4 'cellos to 10 first violins and 8 double basses. His wind band was composed of rare virtuosi, his brass superabundant, and his *drum force* prodigious. Jullien's orchestra were trained to smart and bright effects, to all the dazzling and dashing externalities of music; this was their trade, though they played *classical* symphonies occasionally for the reputation of the thing. But by no means would that band bear comparison with this in artistic tone, in sympathetic rendering of poetic and imaginative music. But of this anon. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture—"Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner
2. Aria—D'Alamiro, from "Belisario".....Donizetti
Mr. Adams.
3. Violin Solo—"La Sylphide," Fantasia.....Mollenhauer
Herr Edward Mollenhauer.
4. Aria: Che farò—"Orfeo".....Gluck
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
5. Scherzo—from the Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn

PART II.

1. Overture—"Coriolanus".....Beethoven
1. Scotch Ballad—"Bonnie Wee Wife,"
Mr. George Simpson.
3. Fantasia—On themes from "Gustavus," from Oboe,
De Ribas. De Ribas
4. Ah, non giunge—"Sonnambula".....Bellini
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
5. Overture—"William Tell".....Rossini

Rather a meagre programme for a festival; far the least interesting of the three. Yet it had one number to redeem it—that noble *Coriolanus* overture, by not a few esteemed the best of Beethoven's. We are the more careful to speak of it, since it escaped all mention in most of the newspaper criticisms which found matter for remark in every other item. We will not venture to describe it in our own words; it was recently

performed in London, and we are tempted to cite a portion of the *Morning Post's* remarks upon it, which are appreciative and just, even if they seem highly colored:

We do not envy the man who cannot feel in the very first bars of the overture to *Coriolanus* the strong pulsation of a mighty heart—the breathing of one of nature's kings, born to command his fellow men, though doomed to struggle with the adverse circumstances which surround the career of one upon whom fortune has bestowed nothing beyond the grand mission, that 'heritage of woe,' which his own indomitable will can alone accomplish. We firmly believe that no composer but Beethoven (who was a *Coriolanus* in his way) could have written even the opening bars of this stupendous overture. Those wonderful notes—that perfectly Homeric or Miltonic passage at the commencement, where the empty unison in C so completely depicts in sound the void presently to be filled by heroic action in the life of the hero; and its sudden tremendous rise to the full chord of F minor, in the transition to which the author seems to have found the lever which Archimedes vainly sought—mere mechanic as he was—to raise the world, how inexpressibly grand it is! Its repetition twice, with increased force and confidence, terminating with still more potent chords, appears to be but so many confirmations of the first gigantic impression. Then follow all the struggles of the man who, 'like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered your Volscies in Corioli'—all the sublime emotions of one who felt the burthen of a mighty destiny upon him, and who, although a son of the people, hated the 'common cry of curs' as 'reek i' the rotten fens'—who said to ungrateful Rome, 'I banish you,' cursed her, joined her enemies, and yet loved her in his heart of hearts, such was a hero's inconsistency. But was there no excuse for him? Listen to that divine soul-searching melody, now in E flat, now in C. Does it not speak of Veturia and Volumnia, the wife and mother of the exiled patriot? Does it not glide in like an unexpected ray of sunlight upon all the storm and fury of his mind, reviving all the withering flowers of tenderness within his hardened heart, and winning him back to love and mercy, even at the sacrifice of his own life? We repeat that no history—no literary poem could more completely or beautifully express the character and career of *Coriolanus* than does this prodigiously great overture by that musical Prometheus, Beethoven; and all who have ears to hear, and brains to understand, will agree with us.

And many in our Music Hall *did* feel it; it was not the fault of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra if all did not. There was more applause than we are wont to notice after a first hearing of a work so profound and free from all mere taking qualities. Its fire and earnestness were well brought out, and the sweet, pregnant bit of melody as well. In truth a masterly performance. The great power and brilliancy of the orchestra, especially of that fine body of violins, had full scope in those tempestuous climaxes of the *Tannhäuser* overture and of the finale to the *William Tell*. Seat yourself in the upper gallery, directly overhanging the stage, at such time, and you realize the prodigious energy there is in the *tutti fortissimo* of a great orchestra; it is like leaning over the boiling cauldron of the sea. Add the great choral swell, and it is like the ocean rolling up against the rock on which you sit. Besides there no individual sound or instrument escapes you; it is a fine place to study and to analyze an orchestral performance; but to get the pure impression of the music as a poetic whole, better go farther off. The Mendelssohn Scherzo was not so nicely played as might be, yet it was quite acceptable.

The vocal selections were hacknied; these had to be left to the singers, and almost at the last moment. The best was that from *Orfeo*, by Miss PHILLIPPS, who looked finely, sang finely, and gave great delight. Her rich, large tones have gained in power and fulness. Some chance defects in intonation in the *Orfeo* entirely vanished in her highly animated and brilliant rendering of *Ah! non giunge*. She has gained in execution as in power. Mr. ADAMS, though feeble, sang very sweetly, and Mr. SIMPSON seemed more in

his element in the simple Scotch ballad, than the ballad seemed in the great Hall. How Mr. MOLLENHAUER achieved all the difficulties of violinity with ease and a perfection unsurpassable, so that the empty solo was more furiously applauded than the noblest work, and how our old friend DE RIBAS made good his reputation, we need not tell. The concert was only better than many ordinary ones in the completeness of the orchestra and in the one item of the "*Coriolanus*."

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY MAY 22.

A bright warm sun at last, and a much larger audience, with plenty of room for more. It was a brilliant scene. Mendelssohn's "*ELIJAH*," as being the least of an old story among the oratorios, was the one for which many had reserved their spare forenoon. For the same reason it had been more specially and closely studied by the performers. This fact, together with the more modern and dramatic nature of the composition, and the more rich and modern instrumentation, gave a zest and fervor to the undertaking, which made the performance of the "*Elijah*," as a performance, artistically, critically weighed, the best of the three day's works. It was indeed a splendid success, exceeding the most sanguine expectations. For the first time was this most difficult oratorio really heard and felt in Boston—we may say in America. It was the "*Elijah*" entire, not a bar omitted, not a dangerous place avoided. And it was, as with the "*Creation*," a successful presentation of the whole, chiefly felt in the ensemble, in spite of even greater weaknesses and blemishes in solo parts than on the day before. It was in the main due to orchestra and chorus, though there was no little honor won by solos.

We have no room to analyze the music, nor need we after the long description that we gave last week. Whatever may be said of Mendelssohn's comparative lack of melodies (certainly not of melody); of his extreme complexity of harmony, interweaving voices as they were instruments, rather than setting them off (their personal discourse) with instruments; of his scientific, studied effects, and so on, we will trust the impressions of that audience to confirm all that has been claimed for it upon the score of beauty and sublimity, of depth of feeling, intense dramatic interest, richness of invention, nobility of thought and style, and high religious sentiment.

Of the choral and orchestral part of the performance too much can hardly be said in praise. The chorus was larger than the day before, and in power and volume, in euphony and balance of parts, in precision, animation, light and shade, crescendo and diminuendo, there was little wanting. In such descriptive choruses as that which tells how God was not in the tempest or the earthquake, but in the "still, small voice," wondrous was the effect of the "five hundred voices which at a wave of the conductor's hand sunk to a whisper, or gradually swelled to a grandeur beyond description." The anguish and impatience of such choruses as *Help, Lord*, and *Yet doth the Lord see it not*; the choral breadth and grandeur of the conclusion to that last; the responsive wail of the choral recitative; the tranquil tenderness and sweetness of *Blessed are the men*, and *He watching over Israel*; the barbaric, self-aggravating intensity of the *Baal* choruses;

the magnificent rush and deluge of the rain choruses: *Thanks be to God* (how splendidly the violins rushed down that swift scale in the pause before the end!); the chaste and even counterpoint of: *He that shall endure*; the awful purity and majesty of *Holy, holy*, alternating with female quartet, that hymn of Seraphim, announced by alto solo; the mystical imagery of that in which *Elijah* is taken up in the fiery chariot, with the whirl of hot wheels in the accompaniments;—all, to the final fugue: *Lord, our Creator*, were brought out with a power and beauty irresistible. The wonderful instrumentation, too, suffered in nothing, so that the composer's imagery was vividly before you.

In the part of *Elijah*, Dr. GUILMETTE did not, we confess, entirely confirm the impression we received of him in the rehearsal. His strong and telling voice was in his favor; he sang with animation, for the most part with understanding of the music, and in that profoundly touching song, where the violoncello leads the voice so exquisitely: *It is enough*, he showed not a little pathos; but he was not always true, was careless of the right times of coming in in some of the cantabile recitative; sometimes gratuitously prolonged a note beyond all sense or reason, as if coolly illustrating a method. His delivery was quite unequal, in parts really effective, in others not at all so. Mr. SIMPSON's sweet voice bore the melody of *If with all your hearts* pleasingly to all parts of the hall, but there was the same impassive manner in his singing. Mr. ADAMS was ill and had to retire after a single recitative. Miss PHILLIPPS gave the contralto solos very finely; Mrs. LONG in *Hear ye, Israel*, and the part of the Queen, and Mrs. MOZART in the widow's part, gave good satisfaction. The duet: *Zion spreadeth her hands* was well sung by Mrs. MOZART and Miss TWICHELL. The part of the boy in that wonderful dialogue which prepares the rain chorus, was creditably sustained by Mrs. HILL. The singing of the unaccompanied Angel Trio, by the three choir boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, LORING and CHASE, gave the purest delight, and had to be repeated. The double quartet was well sung by the Mozart quartet and School Street Choir. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden upon the Lord* was much applauded; but the beautiful one: *O come every one that thirsteth* was a fiasco.

The Oratorio was listened to throughout with intense earnestness, and there was but one expression, of enthusiastic admiration, as the people came out. Mendelssohn had made his mark that morning; while such a splendid illustration of the power of a great orchestra and chorus made a sensation, which will scarcely allow empty seats another time. With the most crowded house there could not have been a stronger feeling of success.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—One who had taken in all those splendors of "*Elijah*" could not but be conscious of a certain exhaustion of nervous energy. This doubtless led some to renounce the attractions of the following programme:

- PART I.
1. Symphonie No. 5—(C minor).....Beethoven
1—Allegro Molto.
2—Andante con moto.
3—Scherzo, Allegro and Finale, Allegro.
2. Concertstueck.....Weber
William Mason.
PART II.
1. Overture—"Euryanthe".....Weber.
2. Cavatina—O Mio Fernando, from "La Favorita". Donizetti
Mrs. Mozart.

3. Grand Concerto—for the Violin, (E major)...Vieuxtemps
Herr Edward Mollenhauer.
4. Cavatina—from "Tarquato Tasso"...Donizetti
Miss Twichell.
5. Grand March—from "Lohengrin"...R. Wagner
"Reception at the Emperor's," with Eight Trumpets
Obligato.

We can tell no one what he lost in not hearing that glorious Fifth Symphony. For twenty years we have repeatedly heard it, studied it, known it by heart, and yet now it seemed as if we really heard it for the first time. From that grand orchestra it came out in its full proportions, and with all its power. Every player seemed inspired to do his best to make Beethoven's meaning felt; and one could not help imagining the statue of the master there endowed with consciousness, and happy in such realization finally of the great mission of his genius. How rich the eloquence of those violoncellos in the opening of the religious Andante! How distinct and grand the outline—for the first time almost in our experience—of the eccentric passage of the double-basses! But above all how magnificent the climax of the triumphal Finale! All were electrified, transported, lifted up to a nobler faith. You will hear no one of that audience talk of Symphonies as being dull and "scientific."

WILLIAM MASON played the *Concert-stück* in a most artistic and finished style, and, on being *encored*, won new admiration by his own brilliant "Silver Spring." The *Euryanthe* was the most acceptable of Weber's overtures, as having been the least seldom heard of late; it is a fine work, and was finely played. The *Lohengrin* affair had a certain regal splendor; you heard only trumpets, over a confused sea of accompaniments lashed into a perpetual foam of violinity; more stir than inspiration.

It was an extremely tedious, long-spun, difficult and empty Concerto for the violin, in which Mr. MOLLENHAUER displayed wonderful perfection of execution. The vocal selections in themselves were ordinary; but Mrs. MOZART's voice, style and execution in *O mio Fernando*, were highly satisfactory; and Miss TWICHELL's only less so in *Fatal Goffredo*.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, MAY 23.

10 1-2, A. M.—A perfect summer morning! a moderate audience; but a programme worthy of a Festival:

- | PART I. | |
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| 1. Symphonie, No. 7—(A major)..... | Beethoven |
| 1—Andante and Allegro vivace. | |
| 2—Allegretto. | |
| 3—Scherzo, Allegro. | |
| 4—Finale vivace. | |
| 2. Rondo—Prendi per me..... | De Beriot |
| Miss Adelaide Phillips. | |
| PART II. | |
| 1. Overture—"Fingal's Cave"..... | Mendelssohn |
| 2. Scena ed Aria—"I. Briganti"..... | Mercadante |
| Dr. Guilmette. | |
| 3. Allegretto Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphonie, | Beethoven |
| 4. Duet—The Thirteenth Psalm, with French Horn and Violoncello Obligato, by Messrs. Hamann and W. Fries. | |
| Composed expressly for this occasion, and dedicated to the Handel and Haydn Society, by the President of the New York American Music Association. | |
| Miss Phillips and Dr. Guilmette. | |
| 5. Overture—"Leonora"..... | Beethoven |

Who, with a soul in him, will ever forget that glorious rendering of the Seventh Symphony! With the "Choral" and the "C minor," it holds the highest place among the immortal nine—among all orchestral inspirations. One place in it—that episode, (or Trio, technically), in the Scherzo, has ever seemed to us the highest moment of all instrumental music; more so now, than ever. Up to that moment it is joy uncontrollable and exquisite; but then the heavens open, and the soul thrills with bliss unspeakable

and infinite. And the return to the more earthly Scherzo, how marvellous! that *drooping* of the music through a single chord, and with a sigh we are at home—no, not at home, but here again! The mystical beginning of the Allegretto was uncommonly beautiful and impressive, with that fine body of middle strings and 'cellos. The introduction to the whole was statelier than ever, and the Finale, (clearer in those rapid figures through that sure mass of violins), swept us along with it, not with the march of victory, as in the Fifth, but away and upward, as on eagle's wings, now poised at rest a moment, and then still upward to the sun of Joy. We have had no Symphony performances in Boston like those two.

It took some time after it for the mind to settle down into the tamer mood of Mendelssohn's poetic, dreamy overture. But that too is an exquisite production—the best, we fancy, of his overtures, his tone-pictures. Well does "Stella" write of it:—"It is such music as the child hears when he first holds a sea-shell to his ear, and wonders whence comes the mystical sound." And we must borrow a paragraph too, from the *Courier's* criticism, in which our readers will perhaps recognize a well-known hand:

In the overture to the Hebrides—or Fingal's Cave—Mendelssohn gives vent to the emotions called up by a voyage among the Scottish Islands. Unable to give his sister a description in words of the effect produced upon his mind—he a native of the flat country of North Germany—Mendelssohn sat down to his piano and improvised his emotions. From this arose this exquisite composition, in which one almost feels the solitude of the ocean, hears the moaning of the winds, the cries of the sea birds, the dashing of the waves upon the rock-bound shores, the rising of the storms, and sees the play of the sun and moonbeams upon the wave tops or upon the glassy surface of the lake-like bays and sheltered passages among the islands. Hearing it after a symphony by Beethoven, is like turning from the page of Shakspeare to that poem of our great inland sea, the "Hiawatha."

That delicious Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth, sweet gush of sunshine in his dark days—was not that blithe summer day reflected in its music, as the laughing wave reflects the sun! The call to repeat was irresistible, and then it seemed too short. But almost equally with the symphonies was the *Leonora* overture a triumph. We had learned to trust that orchestra, till we knew that every passage, every point would come out right; the trumpet, announcing the prisoner's deliverance, was perfect; so was the tremendous crescendo of the violins that leads on the attack of the finale. The mysterious, sombre introduction, the allusion to the pathetic tenor air, the musing, doubting, hoping, yearning, upward climbing character of the Allegro motive; the great gleam of hope, the full burst of joy and feeling of deliverance—all were unmistakably expressed. Is there a grander introduction to an opera, than this No. 3, of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his *Fidelio*?

The Rondo by De Beriot was finely suited to the voice of Miss PHILLIPS, who sang it admirably, displaying in the florid conclusion more flexibility and finish than we had given her credit for. She answered the recall with a pretty English song, which she sang very sweetly at the piano. Too perceptible taking of breath is the chief fault that has been noticed in this lady's singing. The "Thirteenth Psalm," an attempt after the manner of old English writers, concluding with a canon movement, had a crude air of learning, without much inspiration.

EVENING.—HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—The Festival has at length wrought conviction in men's

minds, that it is something honest, as it is rare and good. It is now clear to all that this is no musical "Convention," for the sale of psalm-books, no Jullien-Barnum Crystal Palace humbug, but a sincere Festival of Art, a presentation of grand music on a sufficiently grand scale. The Public is awakened at the eleventh hour to a sense of the great opportunity, which it will seize by the skirts ere it quite vanish. The Music Hall is crammed with listeners in every seat and standing place and doorway, from floor to upper gallery. Many have paid extra prices for their seats. There is the utmost eagerness to hear the Handel Hallelujahs from that mighty chorus. And it is mightier than ever; the stage is packed as closely as the auditorium. Newspapers report the number of singers at about 540: say 175 sopranos, 150 basses, 130 tenors, and 85 basses; but we have good authority for saying that the choir was nearly 700.

Critically speaking, the "Messiah" was the least perfect in performance, of the three oratorios. From very familiarity, it had not been so carefully rehearsed. The orchestra were frequently at fault, and really blurred the images of: *O thou that tellest*, and some other pieces. And yet was the "Messiah," of the three, by far the most impressive, most inspiring. Handel always smites with thoughts so simple and colossal; wielding great masses he sweeps, all before him. His grand choruses impress themselves so that they never are forgotten; all the singers knew them, at least the principal ones; and never was the sublime of music so completely realized as that night in the "Wonderful" chorus, of which, (for the first time in our concert experience), a repetition was demanded; in the "Hallelujah," during which the whole assembly stood—and was not that sudden silence, the instantaneous ceasing of the mighty mass of sound before the close, the most sublime effect that ever any of us had known?—and again in the three-fold close, of chorus climbing above chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb; Blessing and Honor, and Amen!* Nor should we forget the grandeur of: *Behold the Lamb of God*, where wave rolls in on wave, so dark and solemn, till the tide pauses at the full, then turns, the downward giving place to an upward form of movement; nor the awful majesty of: *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*. There is nothing new to be said of these choruses; but so rendered they became a new experience, and gave one a livelier sense of the eternal verities. Equally well done, too, were those buoyant, rejoicing choruses, in which the theme goes rolling on, part following part, as if echoing itself at different distances throughout a wide-spread multitude.

Let those grand Hallelujahs do their perfect work. From such a mount of transfiguration one cannot well come down to criticism. We shrink from individualizing; it seems to violate the spirit of the music. Suffice it to say, that the several solo singers entered well into the great work. Mr. SIMPSON's voice was sweet and true in *Comfort ye*, and made plain the rough places of *Every valley*. Mr. LEACH gave the sentiment and beauty of the *Darkness* recitative and song; and *Why do the nations rage* was more than feebly indicated by his not heavy bass. Miss PHILLIPS sang: *O thou that tellest, He shall feed his flock*, and *He was despised*, not so effectively as we have heard her, but feelingly and beauti-

fully. To Mrs. ELIOT we owe *There were shepherds*, and *I know that my Redeemer*; to Mrs. LONG, *Rejoice greatly* and *How beautiful*; to Mrs. MOZART: *Come unto him*, which was so sweetly sung that it required firmness on the part of the conductor to resist the demand for an untimely encore. Mr. ADAMS gave with much expression: *Thy rebuke*, and with Miss Philipps the duet: *O Death, where is thy sting?* Dr. GUILMETTE sang: *Thou art gone up*, and *Behold, I tell you a mystery*; in which the "last trump" (marvellously well played by Herr HEINICKE, to be sure) was senselessly encored and repeated. Mr. SIMPSON, singing *Thou shalt dash them*, was as a child's head in a heavy iron helmet. It were far better to have omitted that, instead of the concluding strain of *He was despised*, or that profoundly beautiful chorus: *By his stripes all we are healed*. Many omissions were of course a matter of necessity. None the less was the grand impression of the "Messiah" made. Go to the mountains more than once, if you would know all they can reveal. Never was a vast audience more profoundly satisfied, more lifted up, by any eloquence, to thoughts of God and Immortality, than here by Handel's argument.

At the close of the performance the enthusiasm was unbounded; there was long and loud applause; three rounds of cheers were given for the Society, and Mr. CARL ZERRAHN was called out, amid deafening shouts and clappings of hands, to receive a wreath in token of the general gratitude, of choir and audience, for his unceasing and most able services in conducting the Festival through a series of artistic triumphs.

RESULTS.

In a word, the result has been: artistically, morally, a great success; financially, a failure; but in the circumstances, such a failure as amounts, in all minds, to a virtual triumph. In spite of the overwhelming audience of Saturday night, the guarantors will have to pay, how much we know not. Yet no one is discouraged; all are in the best spirits possible. They have shown what can be done; the public will believe hereafter, and will look out in season when another Festival approaches. We have left ourselves no room to more than hint some of the animating reflections with which the Festival has filled our mind. We announced it, saying that we could not overestimate its importance. We find we did not say too much. For these reasons, among others.

1. For the first time almost in our country has an artistic demonstration here been made, and carried through, upon a grand scale, without false pretence, vain show, or humbug. The best thing, the most hopeful thing about it is, that it has all been honest. Nothing of artistic integrity and value has been sacrificed to mere money-making views. They who undertook it of course hoped to succeed; but they were more anxious to do a good thing. They were not so eager to advertise it, to excite great expectations of what should be done, as they were to do it, and to do the best that could be done. Every promise has been kept, to the letter and in the spirit. Three of the greatest Oratorios were to be brought out on a grand scale, worthy of comparison with English festivals, and it has been done. The choir was to reach 600 voices, so announced on the strength of 700 accepted invitations; it has averaged that, as nearly as accident and business allowed, and there were no dummies in the choir. The orchestra was to be 75, and it was 78. The best available solo talent was to be engaged, and so it was; it was no

one's fault that there could not be had better. The music was to be thoroughly rehearsed and nothing slighted; and it was so, and most effectively, thanks in great part, to the unwearied energy and skill and patience of Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN. In spite of a cold and unresponsive public, and in the face of certain loss, they did all this, and did it in a manner that eclipsed all former musical performances, electrified all who heard from the very first, and finally stirred up that slow and sceptical public to a loud and anxious call for more, for a repetition on Sunday evening—an effort to recall what by their own fault they had let go by and lost. The which call, to the honor of the Society, was not complied with. They would do what they had undertaken, no more, no less. They would not, even for the sake of certain gain so easily secured, suffer this Festival to contract any taint of association with the too usual management of public exhibitions, in which the "last time" is followed by the "positively last," till words have lost their meaning. Eager as any one to listen to another such performance, we appreciate and respect the motive of this refusal. The managers have done themselves all honor in the premises. They have their reward, in the wholesome feeling which attaches to this Festival, in the conviction now created of its genuineness, and in the certainty that such sound seed so planted shall surely spring up to an abundant harvest in the future. There will be more festivals. They will become an Institution in the land. This Festival might have been managed with more stir, and have reaped more money; but would it have contained so fair a Future?

2. It has revived people's faith in great music. Music has been under a cloud with us for two or three years. Humbug and showy, dazzling things have been so much more successful than good things, that the good things have lost prestige. It needed an occasion like this to brighten out the neglected beauties of immortal works and make them live again, and lift us up again. There is a new sense now in many minds of the importance, the indispensableness to our best life of the great works of musical Art and genius.

3. Listening to the grand orchestra and chorus has taught not a few, for the first time, the right relation between *solo* and *ensemble*. They have learned to enjoy a great musical performance as a whole, and not regard a few solo singers, prime donne and tenors, as the all in all. It is seen that these may be of moderate excellence, may be in some parts quite feeble, and yet the grandeur and beauty of the whole be felt. It were better of course to have Jenny Linds, Novellos, and Lablaches, and some day we shall have them; but we have found how well we can get along without them, so long as we have Handel, Mendelssohn or Beethoven, speaking through impersonal but adequate masses of voices and of instruments.

4. We have been pleased to notice the improved tone of newspaper criticism, which this Festival seems to have created. Almost for the first time we have had really criticism; we have seen articles not limited to petty details, to mere talk about individual performers, but entering into some instructive notice and analysis of compositions and of authors, and seizing the spirit of the whole, discussing the right points. It is a good sign, and may it go on.

5. It has created a popular interest in great works. Symphonies, played on so grand a scale, have made their mark on all who listened. That Beethoven's statue now has a significance to many who thought but little of the man, the idol of the "classicists" before. And so of Handel, so of Mendelssohn, and others.

We print a large edition of our present number, trusting that many will wish to have its full Report of the Great Festival.... We have still on hand some copies of last week's "Festival Number," containing Mr. Winthrop's Address, descriptive analyses of the Oratorios, history of Festivals, &c. &c.

A writer in last Tuesday's *Transcript* says:

Mr. Winthrop has enriched our language with a word, not to be found in Webster nor Worcester, but still so graphic that it must be adopted. "*Aretinian* Societies," from the Greek word for *virtue*, *arête*, is much more euphonious and comprehensive than "*Eleemosynary Associations*."

Rather a far-fetched and awkward derivation; nor did Mr. Winthrop profess to enrich our language with the word; he simply quoted it as the actual name of an old musical society. Was it not more probably derived from Guido Aretinus, or Aretina, who perfected the musical scale, &c., and flourished about the year 1000? We should hope more good from Musical than from self-styled "*Virtuous*" Societies.

It is said that we are to have Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre next week—MARETZEK at the head of it, with GAZZANIGA, DE WILHORST, ADA PHILIPPS, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c., for singers. Will it be all "*Trovatore*," "*Traviata*," "*Rigoletto*" and "*Ernani*"?.... Signor JACOPI, the tenor, the Italianized young Jacobs, seems, after confident announcement, to have made an utter failure at his operatic début in New York.... "Ho! for Europe," seems to be the word among our Boston musicians. Of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. A. & W. FRIES, MEISEL and KREBS, sailed on Tuesday for a summer visit to the Fatherland, leaving only Mr. RYAN to represent the Club at home. On Saturday, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN and wife will follow; he has richly earned and may he enjoy his vacation, and come back doubly armed for a new Festival!

Next week we hope to get back to our regular habits and bring up our summaries of news, correspondence, &c, which have been kept back by the Festival.

CORRECTION.—Our types, last week, by printing "*names*" instead of *means*, gave us the false appearance of attributing whatever increased effect we looked for in the symphonies, &c. at the Festival, to a few New York violinists, whose names we had just mentioned.

From my Diary, No. 3.

MAY 9.—I have had conversations lately with sundry individuals upon a subject which long since should have passed from the domain of speculation to that of action. Let me start, in the manner of an editorial in the *London Times*, and work my way to my topic, like a vessel leaving Pittsburgh to reach Philadelphia—by going "all round the lot."

First, for some maxims—postulates—principles—axioms—or whatever you will call them.

"In union is strength." "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, is the only effectual pull." "Those who respect themselves make themselves respected." "The good of all is the good of each." That will do.

There are more Quacks, Horatio, in the community, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Your theology, your medicine, your law, your painting, architecture, sculpture, music, book and newspaper editing—all have their quacks. A great portion of our personal freedom in this country consists in the unrestrained liberty of quackery. If I cannot make my living by shoemaking, I can try the cure of souls and bodies, turn politician, paint portraits, and teach music. I can work six months with a carpenter, and finding manual labor too severe for my delicate constitution, I can hire a room and put up my sign—"A. Barn-builder, Architect."

I can work six months as chain-bearer to a land surveyor, and straightway I "go out West" as an engineer. I learn the difference between a ledge of granite and trap, a piece of iron ore and native copper, and then make geology and mining my profession.

A great country this, Horatio!

Now in Europe, all this is impossible. The community is in so far protected from quackery—unless England may form an exception—that every aspirant to anything that can be called a professional position, must have studied and passed examination in the principles of his profession. An architect studies architecture; a musician, music.

Here, this is quite unnecessary; hence so much quackery. Government protects us not even against ignorant poisoners, who call themselves physicians; how much less, then, against quackery in the arts!

The consequence is, that those who have some higher motive of action than mere dollars and cents, those who have really spent years of time, and money in proportion, in fitting themselves for their profession, be it what it may, must depend upon themselves for the attainment of due consideration in the community, and by their own efforts must make the public learn to distinguish between them and ignorant pretenders.

The lawyers combine and force those who would practice law, to go through the form at least, of fitting themselves for their profession. So it is for the most part with our clergymen, and our physicians. Our scientific men, too, have for many years been gradually combining their strength, in the form of various societies and associations, academies and lyceums, and it is beginning to be felt in the community, that members of our learned bodies are more likely to be men of due learning and talent, than pretenders to science, whose claims are not admitted by such bodies. The Lake Superior copper speculations have opened the eyes of thousands to the difference between such men as Whitney and Foster as geologists, and many under whose advice attempts at mining have been made, where the really scientific men could predict nothing but disastrous failure. Ridicule and abuse will hardly overturn the decision lately made by the American Academy's committee in relation to the Hedges quadrant.

Our clergymen have periodicals devoted to the interests of their profession, and support them. So do the lawyers. So do the physicians. What would you think, Horatio, of the physician in whose office you found no medical periodical? of the lawyer without the Law Reporter? of the clergyman without his religious newspaper? By acting upon the axioms laid down above, see what a respectable station our Homeopaths and Hydropaths have attained in the community, and yet how they were laughed at not very long since. See what has come of the small seed sown by twelve individuals, who about 1831 formed the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston?

Now you, Horatio, are an architect, and one of the class which, thank fortune, is increasing fast in numbers among us, the members of which have really studied the principles of the art, and who have exerted themselves to procure costly books, and have devoted as much time and substance as possible to travel, for the purpose of observation. And yet that parish building committee, that applied to you last fall for a plan of a church, decided to give the job to Smith, the carpenter, whose library, all told, consists of an old quarto copy of Shaw. The house is up-modelled from a shoe-box, with three openings in each side for pointed windows. When I saw it last, the men were nailing some boards between the windows to represent the buttresses, and a pile of magnified tooth picks lay near, which are to be put along the eaves and around the steeple. The religious newspaper which gives an account of the dedication, will say: "The sacred edifice is a very neat and commodious wooden structure, in the late Elizabethan Gothic"—you see if it does not. Old Betty-an Vandal, I should say.

Now, Horatio, you have no hope that the government will do anything to limit the present perfect liberty which every man has of putting up his sign; next yours, as an architect. Nor would I, if in the Legislature, favor any such idea. It is very well in Berlin or Paris, and accords with the principles at the basis of society there. Nor can you hope, for a long time to come, that architecture will form a branch of university instruction with us, and that old Harvard will place students of art in the matter of diplomas upon the same footing with young lawyers, preachers and chemists, as is the case at the University of Berlin, for instance. But you can follow the example of the architects of the Prussian capital, in doing something for yourselves.

I knew one of the profession in that city who, after some years service in New York upon the Croton

Water Works, had returned to Berlin, and who introduced me into the Architects' Association. There I found a suite of rooms, one large one and several smaller ones, devoted entirely to their use. There was a fine library containing splendid works, beyond the means of the members individually, all the leading periodicals, which touch upon the art, from all parts of Europe, a great variety of models of buildings, bridges, &c., and a superb collection of plans and perspective views. The large room was arranged for a lecture room, and I heard several lectures upon architecture in Italy, delivered by one of the professors in the university, who had been travelling there.

In Berlin, therefore, a young architect's ambition is not confined entirely to the attainment of a diploma, or even to securing one of the annual prizes offered by the government to students, for the best plans and drawings for a public building, bridge or monument, as the case may be—which prizes, by the way, consist of money to enable the successful candidates to travel—but he looks forward to gaining so much reputation as shall enable him to join the "Architecten-Verein."

Such an association you want in Boston. You want a place of meeting, where you can aid and assist each other in making artists of yourselves. You want a library, where you can study works beyond your pecuniary ability to purchase. You want a lecture room, where you can hear discourses upon your art, and upon the sciences which are connected with it—most especially upon acoustics. If such an association had been formed fifteen years ago, do you think we should have lived to see the largest organ in Boston shut up in a huge closet, and forced to speak, like the minister in Hawthorne's tale, through a black veil? There is science for you! But perhaps the organ would be too loud without. What a capital idea then, to pay for an organ too large for the hall, for the sake of boasting of "our great instrument!" Had such an association existed in New York twenty years ago, do you think so many churches would have been built there, in which it is impossible for more than half the audience to distinguish the words of the preacher on account of the echoes and reverberation?

It is high time, Horatio, that you were stirring in this matter. As long as we drew our building materials from the woods of Maine, it made little odds whether or not people chose to live in extravagant sugar boxes, with a row of plank columns in front supporting nothing, or attended worship in wooden buildings, which were such copies of English churches as sixpenny colored lithographs are of Raphael's Madonnas. But you must now know how to employ brick and stone. Do you? If so, very well. But how are you going to make the community believe that you know more about it than your neighbor, the stone-mason or brick-layer? There's the rub.

When an American Journal of Architecture is generously supported by the profession, and every one, who pretends to be a well-taught artist, shall count it a serious loss not to have the last number of the work lying upon his table, I shall begin to think there is hope for the future. In this country we have everything to build almost. What a magnificent, glorious opportunity, to employ our vast quarries of granite, marble and building stones of all kinds, in raising monuments which shall endure like those of Greece, to the fame of their builders! We have a climate peculiar; we have wants and necessities equally peculiar; our architects should study these things, resting themselves upon the fundamental principle that every specimen of architecture is an abortion unless fitted for its object, (I will not speak of the library at Cambridge now.) So much for you, Horatio.

You, John, teach music. You had for years the best instructors that Boston could furnish, and finally went abroad, spending time and money, you could ill afford, to make yourself what your conscience told you you ought to be in your profession. And yet your neighbor, who is a self-taught pianist, (Heaven save the mark!) and cannot arrange a psalm tune correctly, gets twice as many pupils as you. Nay, he composes! His songs, his waltzes, his quicksteps, lie round on half the piano-fortes—in the country. He gets rich, and has a library. And his pupils look up to him with

wonder. You will find in his room sixteen collections of psalmody, presentation copies mostly—five glee books, ditto—Hood's History of Music in New England, bought in the street at half price—a treatise on harmony and composition—an old copy of Catel, pocket edition—a musical dictionary, spelling-book size—and a pile of sheet music—cabbage waltz, bog-trotter's Schottish, the affecting song, "Our Kitten is Dead," and so on—which he gets at wholesale, and retails to his pupils. On the corner of a shelf lies a pile of Dwight's Journals, and other periodicals. He paid a dollar for the first six months, and at the end of two years returned the bill sent to him for the rest of the time, with a letter in his peculiar style of English, in which, after expressing his utter contempt for the manner in which the paper is managed, he withdraws—his patronage!

Nobody is more convinced than he of the value of a good musical periodical. So he has always taken each new one that has been started in Boston—that is, if the editors would send him a copy on condition that he would do his best to make his pupils take it.

You call that fellow a quack, John. So he is. No doubt of that. You have made yourself a musician. He has not. How is the public to learn the difference between you?

John, a word in your ear. Remember the axioms laid down above, and apply what I have said to Horatio to your own case. Let the worthy members of the profession come together, join together, work together, stand together upon a broad and lofty platform, and together go on unto success.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14.—THALBERG, or rather STRAKOSCH, has given four concerts in our city, the audiences averaging almost 2,000 at each of them, at \$1 admission, and 50 cents extra for secured seats. The programmes were of the same clap-trap kind that we are accustomed to have at concerts which Mr. Strakosch manages. However, it is fair to add, that our most clever musical business men give the latter gentleman credit for "most consummate skill" in getting up programmes, (for the million, they probably mean), and call him "the smartest of all musical agents." What a shame for Music in the United States, that men like Barnum and Strakosch can get hold of such celebrities as Jenny Lind and Thalberg! How astonishing that such artists as these allow those gentlemen the entire control of their concerts! It is sad to see how much the almighty dollar can accomplish, even in the realm of Art.

Thalberg of course played most of his Fantasias, and was most successful in them. He had a fine Grand Piano of Chickering, and brought out its powers most marvellously; but the piano of Erard, on which we heard him play in New York, seems to suit him still better. His playing has been analyzed and praised so much and so justly in your Journal, that we certainly will not attempt another criticism, but merely throw out a few impressions as they have come to us. Does Thalberg not play Italian melodies more finely than German ones? Does not the rendering of the "Lucrezia" Fantasia show his powers to more advantage than that on "Don Giovanni"? Does he not play with a great deal of expression, but rather little feeling? His organization seems a rare one for a musical artist, he seems so quiet, almost phlegmatic, and somewhat devoid of enthusiasm, which generally constitutes so particular a characteristic of musicians, and is apt to lead them into eccentricities. Thalberg's performances are wonderful, because of the completeness of the whole; but in the playing of other pianists, as Jaell and Dresel, we perceive much more beauty in single parts, withal a more electric spirit. After a performance, which deeply touches us, we crave a short rest. Thalberg's playing is so beautiful and chaste, without exhausting, that we wish for more and more of it, and can hardly conceive of the idea of getting wearied of listening, although we may find fault with the compositions. Besides his own compositions, he played only the "Funeral March" of Chopin, in a quick-step time, and with an unpleasant dragging of the notes of the right hand after those of the left, in the middle part—very unlike Chopin's "rubato," we believe; and Mendelssohn's "Spring" song, with an agreeable but rather common place expression. He decidedly excels most in his Fantasias, and whatever objections we may have to them, they seem extremely fit for a concert performance on the piano.

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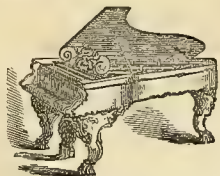
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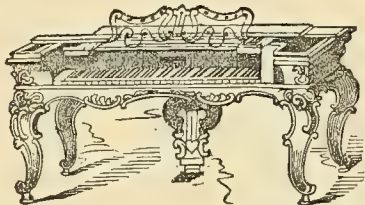
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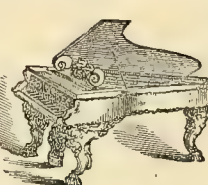
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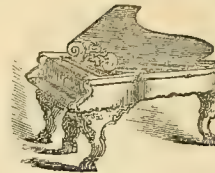
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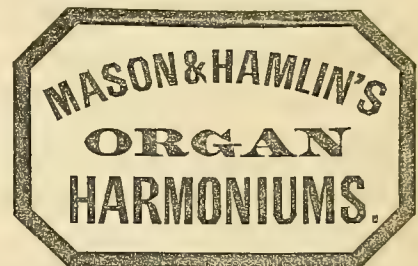
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The Fiftieth Birth-Day of Agassiz.

MAY 28, 1857.

[The following lines (as one will hardly need to be told) are by LONGFELLOW, and were read among friends at a birth-day dinner, which they will long keep in fresh remembrance.]

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

[To this we may add one of the more impromptu inspirations of the hour, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.]

A health to him who reached to-day
Life's height of water-shedding,
Where Hope and Memory kiss and say:
Let's keep our golden wedding;
To him whose glow the heart could reach
Of glaciers that he studied,
Who learned whatever fish could teach,
Except to be cold-blooded!

To him, who, if our earth were lost,
And Nature wanted counsel,
Could make it over at less cost
From ridgepole down to groun' sill;
Could call the Dodo back to youth,
Could call Ornithorhynchus,
Nay, were we gone, from just a tooth
Could good as new re-think us!

To him who every egg has scanned,
From Roc to flea included,
Save those which savants find so grand
In nests where mares have brooded!
To him, who gives us each full leave
(His pedigree amended)
To choose a private Adam and Eve
From whom to be descended!

But stay—for chance-come thoughts are best—
I meant the health to proffer
Of him, our friend there and our guest,
And yet not that I offer:—
No, rather drink this toast with me,
Worth any common dozen:
Here's Adam and Eve Agassiz,
To whom we owe our cousin!

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNES, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

The "Memoirs of the Life of HANDEL," published in 1760, the year after his decease, though written with zeal and candor, are neither sufficiently ample nor accurate to enable us to ascertain with precision the places of his residence, dates of his productions, or events of his early years, previous to his first arrival in England, in 1710, at the age of twenty-six.

It is however generally agreed, that the great musician, George Frederick Handel, was born at Halle, in the Duchy of Magdebourg, and Circle of Lower Saxony, the 24th of February, 1684; that his father was an eminent surgeon and physician of the same place, and upwards of sixty years of age when this son, the issue of a second marriage, was born; and that, in his early childhood, he discovered such a passion for music as could not be subdued by the commands of his father, who intended him for the profession of the law.

He had made a considerable progress in this art, by stealth, before he was allowed a master; but at seven years old, his father finding it impossible to fix his attention to anything but music, for which he seemed to have been endowed by nature with very uncommon propensities and faculties, he placed him under Zachau, organist

of the cathedral church of Halle; a man of considerable abilities in his profession, and proud of his pupil. By the time he was nine years old, our young musician was not only able to officiate on the organ for his master, but began to study composition; and at this early period of his life he is said to have composed a Service, or, as it is called in Germany, a *spiritual Cantata*, every week, for voices and instruments, during three years successively. The late Mr. Weideman was in possession of a set of Sonatas, in three parts, which Handel composed when he was only ten years old.*

He seems to have continued to study under his first master, Zachau, in his native city, till the year 1698; when, being arrived at the age of fourteen, he was carried to Berlin, where operas were in a very flourishing state, at the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia, who had then in his service not only many singers of eminence from Italy, but Bononcini and Attilio, to compose. Handel is said to have distinguished himself in this city as a wonderful performer, for his early years, and to have given birth to such expectations of his future greatness, that his Electoral Highness offered to take him into his service, and send him to Italy, for the completion of his musical studies; but his father declining this honor, from a spirit of independence, it was determined that he should return to Halle, where he must have continued a considerable time; though we are told that his father's death happening soon after his return from Berlin, Handel, not being able to support the expense of a journey to Italy, whither he was ambitious of going, removed to Hamburg, in order, by his musical talents, to procure a subsistence: this city, next to Berlin, being then the most renowned for its operas. We lose sight, however, in all the accounts of his life hitherto published, both of our young musician and his improvements from the time of his quitting Berlin, till his arrival at Hamburg, a period of five years; for, according to his rival, Mattheson, he did not visit that city till the year 1703, at the age of nineteen.

Yet the celebrated Telemann, one of the greatest German musicians of his time, in a well written account of his own life and works, drawn up by himself at the request of Mattheson, in the year 1740, furnishes two or three incidents concerning Handel, which intervened between the time of his quitting Berlin and arrival at Hamburg, that will help to throw a little light on this dark period of his history.

Telemann, born at Magdeburg 1681, like Handel, discovered an early passion for music, and, while he was at school, had, like him, made a great progress in the art, contrary to the incli-

*The Earl of Marchmont, in his travels through Germany, when Lord Polwarth, picked them up as great curiosities, and gave them to Mr. Weideman, of whom he took lessons on the German flute. A friend, who favored me with this anecdote, procured a copy of these juvenile productions, which are now in his Majesty's collection, and which Weideman shewed to Handel; who seemed to look at them with much pleasure, and laughing, said: "I used to write like the D—in those days, but chiefly for the hautbois, which was my favorite instrument." This, and the having such an exquisite performer to write for, as San Martini, accounts for the frequent opportunities which Handel took of composing for that instrument, in the early part of his life.

nation of his friends; but though he played on almost every kind of instrument, and had attempted to compose an opera at twelve years old, yet, in obedience to his mother's positive commands, on whom, as his father was dead, he was solely dependent, at about the age of twenty he solemnly renounced his musical pursuits, though with the greatest reluctance, and set out for Leipsic, in order to study the law in that university. In the way thither, however, he stopt at Halle, where, says Telemann, "from my acquaintance with Handel, who was *already famous*, I again sucked in so much of the poison of music as nearly overset all my resolutions."

Handel was now but sixteen years of age; and as Telemann, in his account of himself and his studies, soon mentions our juvenile musician again, I shall proceed a little further in his narrative.

"However," continues Telemann, "after quitting Handel, I persevered in the plan prescribed by my mother, and went to Leipsic to pursue my studies; but, unfortunately, was lodged in a house where I perpetually heard music of all kinds, which, though much worse than my own, again led me into temptation. And a fellow-student finding among my papers a psalm which I had set to music, and which, in sacrificing all my other illicit attempts at composition, had chanced to escape oblivion, he begged it of me, and had it performed at St. Thomas's Church, where it was so much approved, that the burgo-master desired I should compose something of this kind every fortnight; for this I was amply rewarded, and had hopes, likewise, given me, of future advantages of much greater importance. At this time I happened to be reminded of the solemn promise I had made my mother, for whom I had a great reverence, of utterly abandoning all thoughts of music, by receiving from her a draught for my subsistence: which, however, I returned; and, after mentioning the profitable and promising state of my affairs, earnestly intreated her to relax a little in the rigor of her injunctions, concerning the study of music. Her blessings on my new labors, followed; and now I was half a musician again.

"Soon after I was appointed director of the opera, for which I composed many dramas, not only for Leipsic, where I established the College of Music which still subsists, but for Sorau, Frankfort, and the Court of Weissenfels. The organ of the new church was then just built, of which I was appointed organist and director of the music. This organ, however, I only played at the consecration, or opening, and afterwards resigned it, as a bone of contention for young musical students to quarrel and scramble for. At this time the pen of the excellent Kuhnau served me for a model in fugue and counterpoint; but in fashioning subjects of melody, Handel and I were continually exercising our fancy, and reciprocally communicating our thoughts, both by letter and conversation, in the frequent visits we made to each other."*

According to Telemann's dates, all this must have happened between the year 1701 and 1703, when Handel, quitting Halle, arrived at Hamburg, a place too distant from Leipsic for frequent visits between these young musicians to have been practicable.† * * * *

Handel having passed his youth on the continent, and chiefly in Germany, the incidents of that part of his life must have been better known by his cotemporary countrymen than by an inhabitant of England, who, at the distance of fifty years from the arrival of this great musician among us, depended on tradition for facts.

John Mattheson, an able musician and voluminous writer on the subject of music, who resided at Hamburg during the whole time that Handel remained in that city, has many particulars dispersed through his writings, which merit attention. For though he sometimes appears as a friend, companion, and admirer of Handel's genius and abilities, and at others assumes the critic, discovering manifest signs of rivalry, envy

and discontent, at his superior success; yet, Mattheson was never so abandoned a writer as to invent or disguise facts, which he knew the whole city of Hamburg, and even Handel himself, who was living till within five years of this author's death, could confute.

Mattheson, born at Hamburg 1681, had a liberal education, and became a considerable personage in that city; where, in the younger part of his life, he figured in the triple capacity of composer, opera-singer, and harpsichord-player: and afterwards, though he quitted the stage upon being appointed secretary to Sir Cyril Wych, the English resident, yet he continued to study, practice, and write on musical subjects, till the time of his death.

He discovered as early a propensity to music as Telemann or Handel: having been able at nine years old to sing his own compositions to the organ, in one of the Hamburg Churches; and, at eighteen, he set an opera called the *Pleiades*, for the theatre in that city, in which he sung the principal part himself.

Indeed, Mattheson's early connexion and intercourse there with Handel, before his name as a great musician had penetrated into other parts of Europe, were such, that it is hopeless now to seek for better information than his writings furnish, concerning so interesting a period.

Mattheson was a vain and pompous man, whose first wish in all his writings was to impress the reader with due reverence for his own abilities and importance. It was his boast before his death, in 1764, at the age of eighty-three, 'that he had printed as many books, on the subject of music, as he had lived years; and that he should leave to his executors an equal number, in manuscript for the use of posterity.

'In 1761, he published a Translation of the Life of Handel, from the English; with additions and remarks, which are neither very candid nor liberal. But how should the author of that book expect quarter from him, in which it is asserted, that "Mattheson was no great singer, and only employed occasionally." In refutation of which he assures us, "that he constantly sung the principal parts in the Hamburg operas, during fifteen years, and with such success, that he could command the passion of his audience, by exciting in them, at his pleasure, joy, grief, hope and fear." And who shall venture to doubt of his having possessed these powers, when their effects are thus attested by himself?'

In a work of musical biography and criticism, by Mattheson, called *Grundlage einer Ehren-Pforte*, "Foundation of a triumphal Arch," in honor of music and musicians, published at Hamburg, 1740, in which there is a long and inflated account of himself and his works, which occupies thirty pages, we have, as well as in his annotations on the English Life, a more ample and satisfactory account of Handel's juvenile compositions and adventures, than I have been able to find elsewhere.

After telling us that he arrived at Hamburg in the summer of 1703, rich in genius and good disposition: "Here," says Mattheson, "almost his first acquaintance was myself; as I met with him at the organ of St. Mary Magdalen's Church, July the 30th, whence I conducted him to my father's house, where he was treated with all possible kindness as well as hospitality; and I afterwards not only attended him to organs, choirs, operas, and concerts, but recommended him to several scholars, particularly to one in a certain house, where everybody was much devoted to music.

"At first he only played a *ripieno* violin in the opera orchestra, and behaved as if he could not count five; being naturally inclined to dry humor.†

"At this time he composed extreme long *Airs*

* Journal of a Musical Tour through Germany, &c., vol. ii.

† "I know," says Mattheson, "if he happens to read this, he will laugh in his heart, for he never laughed outwardly; particularly if he remembers the poulterer who travelled with us; the pastry-cook's son who blew the bellows for us at St. Mary's; our parties on the water together; and a hundred other circumstances, still fresh in my mind."

and Cantatas without end; of which, though the harmony was excellent, yet true taste was wanting; which, however, he very soon acquired by his attendance at the opera."

As these young musicians lived much together in great intimacy, they had frequent amicable contests and trials of skill with each other; in which it appearing that they excelled on different instruments, Handel on the organ, and Mattheson on the harpsichord, they mutually agreed not to invade each other's province, and faithfully observed this compact for five or six years.

Mattheson tells us, that in the year 1704, the opera-house at Hamburg happening to be shut, leaving Handel behind him, he travelled to Holland, played on the famous organs, and heard the great performers in that country; made concerts at Amsterdam, and might have been elected organist of Haerlem: having had an offer of that place, with a salary of fifteen hundred Dutch goldens, equal to near a hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year. He had then thoughts of going to England, but was prevented from executing that design, or of accepting the place of organist at Haerlem, by the pressing entreaties he received from the managers of the opera, his family, friends, and confessor; but chiefly by a most kind and obliging letter which was written to him by Handel, from Hamburg. This letter, in order to shew the kind of intimacy which then subsisted between them, Mattheson has inserted in his "Triumphal Arch." It is dated March 18, and was written before clashing interests and rival claims had occasioned any interruption of their friendship; among other expressions of civility from Handel, he gives the following:

"I often wish to enjoy your very agreeable conversation, which I hope will soon happen, as the time approaches, when, without your presence, nothing can be done at the opera. I most humbly intreat you to inform me of your departure from Amsterdam, that I may have an opportunity of shewing my regard, by giving you the meeting."

Handel, at this time, must have been composing his first Opera, in which, depending upon Mattheson to perform the principal man's part, he had, probably, set the songs to his style of singing and compass of voice; but vanity never suffered Mattheson to ascribe Handel's attentions to anything but pure love and kindness.

In his remarks on the English life of Handel, he is particularly severe on that part of it which contains an account of the quarrel which happened between him and that composer, soon after the letter was written: accusing the biographer not only of violating geography, chronology and history, but of a wilful misrepresentation of facts, in relating the circumstances of this breach between them.

Mattheson, who, with all his self-complaisance and pedantry, is generally allowed to have been diligent in finding, and exact in stating facts, after telling us that Handel, when he first came to Hamburg, notwithstanding the exalted station at which he soon arrived, had no better part assigned him in the opera, than the *Second ripieno Violin*; informs us, that "though he then pretended to know nothing, yet he used to be very arch, for he had always a dry way of making the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself. But his superior abilities were soon discovered, when, upon occasion of the harpsichord-player at the opera being absent, he was first persuaded to take his place; for he then shewed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one, except myself, who had frequently heard him before, upon keyed-instruments."

According to Mattheson's own confession, he acquired from Handel, by frequently meeting him at his father's house, and practising with him, a knowledge of modulation, and method of combining sounds, which he could have learned of no one else.

Upon a vacancy in an organist's place at Lubec, they travelled thither together, and in the *wagen* composed several double *fugues*, *da mente*, says Mattheson, not *da penna*. Buxtehude was then at Lubec, and an admirable organ-player; however, Handel's powers on that instrument

* Mattheson's *Ehren Pforte*, p. 354. 1740.

† Leipsic, which is only 24 English miles from Halle, is 200 from Hamburg.

astonished even those who were accustomed to hear that great performer. Handel and Mattheson were prevented from becoming candidates for the place of organist at Lubeck, by a condition that was annexed to the obtaining that office; which was no other than to take with it a wife, whom their constituents were to nominate; but thinking this too great an honor, they precipitately retreated to Hamburg.

About this time an opera, called "Cleopatra," composed by Mattheson, was performed on that stage, in which he acted the part of Anthony himself, and Handel played the harpsichord; but Mattheson being accustomed, upon the death of Anthony, which happens early in the piece, to take the harpsichord, in the character of composer, Handel refused to indulge his vanity, by relinquishing to him this post; which occasioned so violent a quarrel between them, that at going out of the house, Mattheson gave him a slap on the face; upon which both immediately drew their swords, and a duel ensued in the Market-place, before the door of the Opera House: luckily, the sword of Mattheson was broke against a metal button upon Handel's coat, which put an end to the combat, and they were soon after reconciled.

Such is the account, which, long before the death of Handel, Mattheson himself published, concerning the difference that happened between them, during his residence at Hamburg.

The English biographer is very roughly handled by Mattheson for saying that this duel had "more the appearance of assassination than of a rencounter," and accuses him of constantly and wilfully diminishing the age of Handel, in order to represent him not only as a prodigy in music, but a youth of too tender years to be possessed of courage, reason, or skill, sufficient to defend himself; but if he had been capable of making a defence, says the author of his Life, "he could not be prepared for it." In answer to this, Mattheson observes, that "Handel, at the time of the quarrel, was twenty years of age; tall, strong, broad-shouldered, and muscular; consequently, well able to defend himself:" and adds, that "a dry slap on the face was no assassination, but rather a friendly hint, to put him on his guard."

This rencounter happened the 5th of December, 1704; and, as a proof of a speedy reconciliation, Mattheson tells us, that on the 30th of the same month, he accompanied the young composer to the rehearsal of his first opera of "Almira," at the theatre, and performed in it the principal part; and that, afterwards, they became greater friends than ever. This opera, though rehearsed at the end of 1704, was not publicly performed till the beginning of 1705, when it was greatly approved.*

On the 25th of February of the same year, he produced his second opera, called "Nero," which had likewise a very favorable reception.† It was at the end of the run of these two dramas that Mattheson, who performed the principal man's part in both, quitted the stage, on his being appointed secretary to the British resident at Hamburg; an office in which he continued to the time of his death, at the distance of near sixty years from his first appointment.‡

That Mattheson had more knowledge than taste, no other proof need be given than the following conceit, which was related to me at Hamburg. Late in life, in setting, as part of his own funeral anthem, the third verse of the fourth chapter of Revelations: "And there was a rainbow round about the throne," he contrived in a

very full score, to make every part form an *arch*, by a gradual ascent and descent of the notes on paper, in plain counter-point; which appearance to the eyes of the performers, he probably thought would convey the idea of a *rain-bow* to the ears of the congregation!

All the music that I have ever seen by Mattheson is sterile of ideas and uninteresting. It has been said, that he was a great performer on the harpsichord, and that Handel frequently amused himself with playing his pieces; in doing which, if ever he regarded Mattheson as a formidable rival, his triumph must have been very complete in comparing them with his own, or with the inherent powers which he must have felt of producing better whenever he pleased. I am in possession of a set of Twelve Lessons by Mattheson, engraved on copper, by Fletcher, in tall folio of eighteen staved paper, London 1714; who, in a Preface speaks of them as "Pieces which claim precedence to all others of this nature; as being composed by one of the greatest masters of the age, in a taste altogether pleasing and sublime." They consist of Overtures, Preludes, Fugues, Allemandes, Courantes, Giges, and Aires; but, notwithstanding the editor's eulge, like all the harpsichord music I ever saw, anterior to Handel's admirable *Suites de Pieces*, first Set, 1720; though in good harmony, it impresses the mind with no better idea of accent, grace, or passion, than the jingling of triangles, or bells of a pack-horse; and is truly such as degrades the instrument to the level of "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

From 1705 to 1708, when Handel set two other operas, "Florinda" and "Dafne," he furnished nothing for the stage; though he had many scholars, composed harpsichord-pieces, single songs, and cantatas, innumerable.*

During his residence at Hamburg, Mattheson allows, that Handel improved his own style greatly, by his constant attendance at the opera; and says, that he was even more powerful upon the organ, in extempore fugues and counterpoint, than the famous Kuhnau of Leipsic, who was at this time regarded as a prodigy.

[To be continued.]

MUSICAL FESTIVITIES.—Congreve, in a letter to a friend, speaks in terms of great admiration of the display made, when the prize of 200 guineas to the most successful composer of his "Judgment of Paris" formed the occasion of quite a musical festival. He records that the voices taking part in the music reached the great number of eighty-five! This was in 1701.

Reaching almost as far back, we have records of the Annual Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy, which were in great measure musical, and were held in various cities of England. These were all charitable, as have been the meetings at Gloucester, Norwich, Worcester, and more recently at Birmingham, Liverpool and other cities, the reports of which now form a part of our regular staple of foreign art news. The idea of a musical festival was, therefore, nothing new, when the great Commemoration of Handel was proposed in 1783, and steps were taken to form and carry out a plan, which in its comprehensiveness and grandeur should eclipse any thing recorded in the history of modern music up to that time.

The original intention was to have this festival, not only in Westminster Abbey where the mighty master was entombed, but also upon the centennial

anniversary of his birth. Circumstances, however, caused the performances to be deferred until the 26th of May. The three days of a festival were by command of the King extended to four, and at the request of the Queen to five, a performance of the "Messiah" upon the fifth, concluding the "Commemoration." With this exception, all the concerts were miscellaneous in character, and save that of the second day, were given in the Abbey. The vocal and instrumental forces numbered 525; of whom nearly half (250) were instrumental.

The success of the festival led to others in the succeeding years. In 1785 the performers were 616 in number; in 1786 they were increased to 741; in 1787 to 806.

These festivals excited great attention throughout Europe, and a few years later, Hans Georg Naegeli, at Zurich, in Switzerland, and George Frederic Bischoff, teacher at the Lyceum in Frankenhause in Thuringia, each in his own circle, and without concert with each other, formed a plan for something of the kind.

Naegeli was the originator of the "Swiss Musical Union," and the festivals of this association were the first upon the continent of Europe. A grand one at Zurich, in the year 1812, was a marked epoch in the musical history of that part of Europe.

Bischoff's first festival was almost cotemporaneous with the first of the Swiss Union, having taken place at Frankenhause, in 1804. The disasters of the wars with Napoleon prevented a second until 1810. This was, however, a very important one, Spohr, then capellmeister at Gotha, joining Bischoff, and through the influence of his position, enabling him to draw together the musical forces of all the small courts and cities in that section of Germany.

The peace of 1815 was celebrated in many places by monster concerts. Beethoven composed music for one at Vienna, and these meetings were the origin in many places of annual festivals.

Besides the festival of which Bischoff may be called the father and which was celebrated many years, meeting at different cities alternately—as at Hanover, Frankenhause, Hildesheim, Heimsstadt, &c.—another German one included the musical circles of Hamburg, Lubeck, Altona and other cities of that part of Germany; a third met alternately at Dusseldorf, Cologne, Elberfeld, Aix la Chapelle and neighboring cities; a fourth at Mannheim, Frankfurt on the Main, Mayence, Heidelberg, &c.; a fifth was confined to Breslau and other cities of Silesia; a sixth met in the Prussian cities upon the shores of the Baltic; and so on.

More recently similar festivals have been held in the cities of Belgium and Holland. In most of these cases the festivals have been devised and carried through by combining together the musical associations, choirs and orchestras of small places, it being the only means possible of producing grand works there with any adequate forces, and hence they have been of a popular character. In Catholic sections of Germany, the cathedrals furnish the best materials for choirs and orchestras, and at their festivals, works of the highest character—oratorios by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, the Grand Second Mass, and the Ninth Symphony by Beethoven, Mozart's Requiem, and the like, forming the staple music of the programme. On these occasions the greatest talent is engaged, and the results are similar to those of the grand English festivals.

In other parts of Germany the musical forces of the festivals are not seldom confined to the clubs of male singers, which under a great variety of names exist in all the cities of Germany. For festivals of this character Dr. Loewe's "Brazen Serpent," an oratorio for men's voices, was written. The annual *Musikfest* of our German fellow-citizens is of the latter character.

Another species of festival—if we may so speak—is common in Germany, at which a society of long standing takes the initiative, and which it carries through, being reinforced by invited guests until the chorus and orchestra is as large as can possibly be accommodated.

Such was the grand festival of the "Society of

* The German title of this opera is: *Der in Kronen erlangte Glückswechsel, oder Almira, Koenigin von Castilien*; that is, "The Vicissitudes of Royalty, or Almira Queen of Castile." There was an Epilogue to this drama, called "The Genius of Europe," set by Keyser.

† This opera was styled in German: *Nero, oder die durch Blut und Mord erlangte Liebe*; "Nero, or, Love obtained by Blood and Murder."

‡ Mattheson's first opera, called the "Pleiades," was performed at Hamburg, 1699. "Porfenna," the second, 1701. "Victor, Duke of Normandy," the third, of which Schieferdecker composed the first act, Mattheson the second, and Bronner the third, was performed the same year. "Cleopatra," the fourth, which occasioned the quarrel between Mattheson and Handel, 1704.

* I procured at Hamburg, in 1773, a manuscript collection of cantatas, by the principal composers of the early part of the present century; among which are two by Handel, which I never saw elsewhere; and these, it is most probable, were produced in that city, during his residence there, previous to his arrival in England, or journey into Italy. One of these cantatas has a spirited accompaniment for a harpsichord, obligato. At the end is a short air, which seems to contain the germ, or subject, of a favorite harpsichord lesson, printed in the second volume of his *Pieces de Clavecin*, p. 5, the identical movement with which he ended the last concerto which he ever played in public. This cantata is the more likely to have been composed early in his youth, as there are some little liberties, and negligences in the composition, which have never appeared in his later productions.

the Friends of Music in the Austrian Capital," which took place November 7th 10th, 1839. The place selected for the concerts was a huge military riding-school building in the city, and the number of performers reached 1027. Of these the vocalists were, soprani 220, alti 160, tenori 160, bassi 160.

In our own country we are not aware that any musical meeting, which can properly be called a musical festival, save the German "Fests" mentioned above, and the conventions of psalmists—which are teachers' institutes—and possibly the Barnum concerts at the New York Crystal Palace, has taken place. To that which takes place to-day, in the Music Hall, we therefore give the credit of being the first.

From my Diary, No. 4.

MAY 25.—Now that the Festival is over, there is opportunity for a few "Notes and Queries."

1. Mr. Winthrop, in his Address, mentions a lost Oratorio, performed in Boston in 1789.

Here is the original advertisement of the concert, at which "Jonah" was sung. It will be seen that the concert was not given in honor of Washington, but to obtain funds to finish the colonnade of the Stone Chapel. As to the oratorio, I have the impression that some account of it is to be found in the London Harmonicon, but that work is not at hand. Perhaps some of our lovers of English music may be able to tell us the author. My recollection of having somewhere read a notice of it, is quite distinct.

The following advertisement is from the "Herald of Freedom," (Boston), Oct. 23d, 1789.

FOR PUBLIC ORNAMENT.

AN ORATORIO OR CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

On Wednesday next will be performed at the Stone Chapel in this town, An Oratorio or Concert of Sacred Music, to assist in finishing the Colonnade or Portico of said Chapel, agreeable to the original design.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1—Full Anthem.....Composed by Mr. Selby.
- 2—The favorite Air in the "Messiah," (Composed by the celebrated Handel.) "Comfort ye my people,".....By Mr. Rea.
- 3—Organ Concerto.....By Mr. Selby.
- 4—The favorite Air in the Oratorio of "Samson," (Composed by the celebrated Handel.) "Let the bright Seraphim,".....By Mr. Rea.

PART THE SECOND.

The Oratorio of "Jonah" complete. The Solos by Messrs. Rea, Fay, Bremer and Dr. Rogerson. The Choruses by the Independent Musical Society. The instrumental parts by a society of Gentlemen, with the band of his Most Christian Majesty's fleet.

[As the above Oratorio has been highly applauded by the best judges, and has never been performed in America, and as the first performers in this Country will be joined by the excellent band of His Most Christian Majesty's Squadron, the Public will have every reason to expect a more finished and delightful Performance than was ever exhibited in the United States.

The music to be given at half-past 2 o'clock.

[Tickets at half a dollar each, may be had at Dr. Winship's, Union Street; B. Guild's Bookstore, and at the Post Office, in Cornhill, and at J. Templeman's, W. Burley's, and B. Russell's Offices in State Street.

The next number of the paper, Oct. 27th, contains again the programme, with the following introduction, and closing remark:

FOR PUBLIC ORNAMENT.

The Oratorio or Concert of Sacred Music, which was to have been on Wednesday last, will be performed this day, at the Stone Chapel in Boston, in presence of the President of the United States.

[Here follows the Programme.]

The music to begin precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M.

No person will be admitted without a ticket. No more tickets will be sold than will admit of the auditory being conveniently accommodated. Tickets for admission on the 21st inst. will be received. The doors open at nine o'clock.

2. Mr. Winthrop, in a note, speaks of Bach, "of whose works so many are lost."

The idea that Bach's works have not been well preserved, is common, and is based, I think, upon English authorities. It is, however, a mistake. Bach himself was very careful of his manuscripts, and those written for the Thomas School at Leipzig, are still preserved there, almost without exception. During the time of Pasch and Zelter, the Sing Akademie of

Berlin made great efforts to procure Bach manuscripts, and Bach's sons, all famous composers, appreciating fully the greatness of their father, allowed nothing to be lost. In the Royal Library at Berlin, the works of Bach in original manuscripts, or in MS. copies, amount to hundreds, which have never been printed, unless they have been included in the great edition now in process of publication at Leipzig. In fact, I doubt if the works of any other composer have been so generally preserved as those of Bach.

3. Dwight quotes Zelter in relation to the original position of the chorus: "Unto us a child is born," in the "Messiah." Zelter thinks it was intended to be after the annunciation of the Shepherds by the Angel. In this case Handel would make a dramatic scene of it. Now Zelter could have had no other means of judging, except his own taste, of fitness of place. I look upon this chorus as being in its proper place, as we sing it, for I conceive it to be not dramatic but prophetic. It is the close, and fitting close, of the prophecies. To decide the matter, I have been up to the College Library and examined the original edition of the "Messiah"—the copy as it was first performed—for all the changes and additions made for the second performance are printed as an appendix—and find, after the recitative: "For behold a Virgin," the order to be this:

"Oh thou that tellest,"
"For behold darkness,"
"The People that walked,"
"For unto us a child is born."

Is this not conclusive?

4. In addition to the occasions mentioned by Mr. Winthrop, upon which the Handel and Haydn Society furnished music, I think of two worthy of special record: at the obsequies of John Quincy Adams in Faneuil Hall, and at the Water Celebration on the Common, in 1848, on both of which occasions, C. E. Horn was conductor.

Query—What about Mr. Selby, the organist?

Musical Correspondence.

[The following letter has been crowded out for two weeks.]

BERLIN, APRIL 5.—In my last I gave a brief review of what Berlin has furnished us in the way of Opera during the past three months. Let us glance now at the Concerts.

In the Symphony Concerts of the Royal Capelle, I have to single out as worthy of especial notice the grandest of all piano-forte Concertos, that in E flat by Beethoven, in which the might of Beethoven's genius announces itself at the very beginning in a manner so inspiring, that the languid mood, in which the preceding overture, Gade's "From the Highlands," had left the audience, vanished suddenly like clouds and vapors before the sun. Herr PAUER, from London, played it with technical certainty, and with much warmth and truth of conception. The rendering, which was richly applauded, revealed from the outset that genuine artistic sense, which looks right at the essence of the matter, and conscientiously and faithfully delivers the entrusted value to the hearers. By way of novelty, the last of these soirées gave us a Symphony for stringed instruments by Sebastian Bach; but the work had little more than historical interest; it lacks sensuous euphony; the melody scarcely reaches any free development owing to the too great predominance of polyphony; and the strictly logical consistency of treatment excludes all participation of sentiment or fancy; the ear too is wearied by the monotony and cutting sharpness of the rhythm. Bach belongs among the creators of instrumental music; from him it received, together with organic form in correspondence with the laws of artistic logic, the right of independent existence. Before it could attain to its peculiar power of expression, its forms had to be so far moulded and made tractable, that it could receive into itself and represent an intellectual meaning. In a few tens of years instrumental music experienced a development such as the other arts could scarcely

point to in as many centuries. As a splendid evidence of this, Beethoven's C minor symphony closed the evening in a masterly performance. The impassioned energy of the first movement, the infinite depth of feeling of the Andante, the often extremely bitter humor of the Scherzo, and the majestic pomp of the Finale made a profound impression. All the performers seemed to emulate one another in rendering enthusiastic homage to the master of Symphony.

Our music director, LIEBIG, to whom so many owe their only opportunities of enjoying and learning from the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, was presented in his concert hall, on Christmas eve, with a costly cup, bearing an appropriate inscription, as a mark of gratitude from his always numerous audience....Of great Oratorio performances the most important have been the Mass, by Bach, in B minor, the grand Mass of Beethoven, and the prince Radzivil's music to Goethe's *Faust*. In the mass by Bach, all those sublime and powerful traits which lend the stamp of immortality to his St. Matthew "Passion," are found concentrated and not less interesting. Here the instrumentation especially claims attention. We must not forget that Bach was the greatest of organ-players. At the organ he controlled and held the whole together. The performance by the Sing-Akademie was satisfactory; but the orchestra lacked many a fine trait, which should be indispensable to an orchestra that ventures upon the highest tasks of Art. The execution of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* did full honor to Stern's Union. In spite of the gigantic difficulties of this undertaking, the high range of voice which Beethoven assumes in the singers, the exceeding strain upon the mental powers of all who take part in it, on which the composer counts for every moment, the work unfolded its sublime proportions beautifully clear. Especial praise is due to the self-sacrificing zeal of the female chorus. They form the essential support of every amateur society; they lend a poetic, festival tone to every concert. A performance before the public is to them an event to which they look forward a long time with pride and with enthusiasm.

Goethe's *Faust*, with Prince Radzivil's music, was performed by the Singakademie in aid of the Schiller fund. In this work of the cultivated, Art-inspired prince, dilettantism presents itself to us in its most amiable aspect. Throughout we recognize in it a warm, easily excitable nature, a beautiful and truly human individuality, which wins our sympathy. The performance, (unfortunately with piano instead of orchestra), was satisfactory. The choruses, in which the centre of gravity of the music lies, were sung with fervor and precision. The solos too were finely rendered by Mmes. WUERST and STRAHL, and Messrs. GEIER and SEIDL.

The last concerts of the Opera Academy have enjoyed an increased interest and a more and more numerous audience, particularly since this institution has possessed an orchestra of its own, established by the director, Herr ZOPFF, in spite of the greatest difficulties and hindrances, as a distinct organization of hired musicians and devoted amateurs. These concerts have brought out some difficult and rarely heard ensembles from the finest operas; for instance, the sextet finale from Mozart's *Don Juan*, which, wonderfully beautiful as it is in itself, is always, from overweighing dramatic reasons, omitted on the stage. Under the circumstances, both singers and orchestra achieved much that was worthy of notice, especially as regards the zeal and carefulness of the single voices, and of the director himself. The whole undertaking has evidently, by dint of industry and perseverance, made great progress during the winter. The summer will give the director leisure to prepare and organize a good deal for the coming year. We may then hope to see spring up a class of concerts which will go far to fill many a gap left by other

operas and concerts. For where have we an opportunity to hear the music of many excellent operas which no one theatre can comprehend? Are not even the most genial creations of great composers, such as Gluck, Mozart, Spohr, Winter, about the same as buried? not to speak of wholly new productions, which, for whatever reason, are not able to open a way for themselves.

Of the Quartet and Trio Soirées, the most famous have been those of Messrs. von BUELOW, LAUB and RADECKE, ZIMMERMANN, GRUENWALD and ESPENHAHN. Of foreign concert-givers the most conspicuous has been CLARA NOVELLO, who had not been heard here for twenty years, and who has stirred up anew a general enthusiasm. *ff.*

NEW YORK, MAY 21.—I did not learn until too late, that your paper was to be issued already to-day, and so was obliged to defer my letter. I have, however, only to record the final successful performance of "The Seven Sleepers," by the Harmonic Society. This concert was on a larger scale than the former ones, given at the City Assembly Rooms, and with the aid of a small (by no means, as announced, a *grand*) orchestra. In spite of the weather being quite unfavorable, (the ill luck of Mr. EISEL in this respect seeming to have been transferred to the Harmonic Society), there was a goodly audience assembled. The first part consisted of a Te Deum and Jubilate, for Solo, Quartet and Chorus, by Mr. BRISTOW, the conductor of the Society, of which the latter particularly was a very pleasing and well-harmonized composition. Miss BRAINERD also sang: "Hear ye, Israel," with much better effect than at the last Philharmonic, the room being infinitely better adapted to her voice on this occasion. She also had one of the principal solo parts in the "Seven Sleepers," which formed the second half of the concert. The music of this Cantata was very beautiful, and must please every one. I do not remember ever hearing of its being performed in Boston, although here it has been quite a favorite.

The subject is very dramatic, and furnishes room for a great variety of composition: I may, in a future letter, give you an analysis of it, and speak also of some of the other works of Dr. LÖWE, the composer. For the present, I will only say that the performance on Thursday night did not do it justice at all. The orchestra, though composed of some of our best Philharmonic players, was miserable, owing evidently to want of pains and interest in the matter. The Chorus falls very short of that of the Mendelssohn Union, and although it had been so long practising this composition, sung very indifferently. Of the solo singers, there were but two or three who were fit to be such, and these were chiefly among the ladies. Besides, of course, Miss Brainerd, I may mention Miss ANDREWS, (who sings, however, with too much consciousness), and Miss ROYJOHN, whose full, rich, mezzo soprano voice, and perfectly unassuming manner, are exceedingly pleasing. By this deficiency in the solo parts, the most beautiful and effective portion of the Cantata, which forms the climax of its interest, viz.: the awakening of the "Seven Sleepers," one after another, to join in a solemn canon-choral, was completely spoiled. Let us hope that the Society may study this work through again, and let us hear it more perfectly next season.

I trust you have better weather for your Festival than we are blessed with here. What a feast of music you are enjoying! I hope it all will go off well. One great mistake has been made, however, in the Festival not having been sufficiently heralded abroad. As far as I know, only one of our papers, (the *Evening Post*), has had any advertisement of it, while some of the most influential ones had heard so little of it that they did not think it worth while to send on a reporter. How can the custom become national, if confined only to one city?

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NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 30.—On Friday evening last, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to attend a concert given by the Newport Musical Institute, under the direction of Mr. EBEN TOURJEE, which was of such a character as to deserve some notice in the columns of your valuable journal. The programme was an excellent one, both as to the selection of the pieces, and their arrangement. It contained a variety of sacred and secular music, from the best composers of the present and former times; and solos, duets, quartets, songs and choruses (principally from Mozart's Twelfth Mass) were so intermingled as to keep fully alive, during the whole evening, the unflagging interest of the multitude that thronged Aquidneck Hall. The number in attendance, together with the crowds that went away unable to gain admittance, bore good testimony to the interest which has been awakened in that city on the subject of musical culture, and the public appreciation of music of the highest style.

We are informed that the Institute, though a new organization, now numbers about 160 members. For the last few months it has been rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Tourjee, and the members have made commendable progress in the culture of correct musical taste and good execution. At least, this was the impression gained by listening to their performance last evening, many portions of which, though often heard, are seldom more effectively rendered. A very good orchestra has also been formed, which gave very efficient aid with several instruments, some of them superbly played. We had thought of mentioning the names of some singers and performers who won particular favor, but forbear, lest we should seem invidious.

We gather the following facts indicative of the prospects of music in Newport. A new hall is in process of erection for the rehearsals of the Institute, and is to be dedicated about the 20th of June. It is also in contemplation to erect a large Music Hall at an expense of \$50,000. Many excellent concerts are anticipated this season, and it is hoped the Germanian and other artists who often pass the summer there may do much to aid the good work of musical reform so auspiciously begun. With the annual gathering of artists in Newport, and this flourishing Institute, Boston is in danger of losing her laurels in the musical world, at least for the season when laurels are freshest, and Newport seems likely to bear the palm. *SOLO.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 6, 1857.

HANDEL.—It seems to us a fit time, while those mighty fugues and Hallelujahs of the "Messiah" are yet ringing in all our ears after our own great Festival, and while the notes of preparation for a yet grander Handelian Commemoration salute us from abroad, to lay before our readers what we have never done before, some sketch of the life of Handel. Among so many Musical biographies, we have hitherto omitted Handel, simply because the theme was so familiar to really musical readers, and in waiting for an occasion which should clothe it with a more general and fresh interest. The occasion has come, which we improve by commencing to copy on another page the very readable and pleasant sketch from Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. To be sure it was written many years ago, and can not contain all that is now known of the great composer. But it has in the first place the recommendation of moderate length; and again that of presenting the essential well-

known facts in a connected, interesting shape, wherewith it will be wholesome just now to refresh our memories.

These reasons will suffice to justify the going back to so old a source, (a very rare book, too,) just at the time of the appearance of a long expected full and critical *Life of Handel*, in England. We have before spoken of the researches in London of M. Victor Schœlcher, a French refugee, and most devout admirer of Handel. His book is at length announced and is reviewed by Chorley in the *Athenæum* of May 9th. We have not yet seen it here. It is undoubtedly the most elaborate work upon the subject which has yet appeared. Yet, if we are to trust Chorley, who, in spite of his strong English prejudices, appears to give good reasons for his judgment, "the life of Handel has still to be written." A couple of extracts from the *Athenæum* article give some notion of the excellencies and defects of the book.

That M. Schœlcher's book is well timed there can be no doubt—that it has been forced out to suit a particular period no one should assume. M. Schœlcher's researches have been so well known to the musical and antiquarian world for some years past, that malice itself would not dream of charging him with the poor design of putting forward a catch-penny book. There is something in the circumstances of its authorship which appeals to every genial sympathy. The sight of one so extreme in his political convictions as Handel's biographer has elsewhere proclaimed himself to be, turning to account exile and pause, by entering the quiet domains of Art—that fairy garden where the rose, be it ever so red, does not signify rebellion—neither, be it ever so white, does it typify the stainless traditions of right divine—is a spectacle so rare as to engage the favor of all those who object to see politics taken up as a trade, not as a conviction; and who thus (whatever opinions a man may have held) appreciate as an act of dignity the politician's retirement into gentler pursuits, when the time does not call him forth. Neither zeal, nor labor, nor money, nor enthusiastic reverence has been wanting to M. Schœlcher during the preparation and arrangement of this biography. Yet it will scarcely satisfy either the general reader or the more strictly educated musician as a life of the man Handel or as an essay on those musical glories the supremacy of which the Haydns, Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, and Rossinis of later times have not one, by a breath, ever thought to dispute. * * *

We are bound to say, in continuation, that passion for (rather than understanding of) his subject pervades M. Schœlcher's treatment of it, where Handel is considered not morally but musically. In a humor akin to that of the recent school of Beethoven's idolaters, M. Schœlcher seems to have entered on his task in a spirit of boundless faith and unlimited acceptance. His divine man is a god who neither hungers nor thirsts, nor falters, nor does aught amiss.

* * * We yield to none in our deep admiration of Handel as the greatest poet in his art who ever lived—the Shakspeare of Music, whose greatness will more and more reveal itself in proportion as intelligence goes hand-in-hand with rapture. But such a wholesale glorification as we find here—confounding what is permanent with what was temporary, what is good with what is less good—amounts to nothing less than a complete abnegation of all knowledge, power, and genuine faculty of loving. In part it arises from the want of musical knowledge, confessed by M. Schœlcher—in part from the impetuosity of worship. Be the cause what it may, the result is unsatisfactory. * * *

It is not unlikely that the English press will teem with works on Handel from this time until the great Crystal Palace Festival in 1859. M. Schœlcher has already in preparation another volume, to contain a complete Catalogue of Handel's works; and we see among the London announcements of books just published: "HANDEL: his Life, Personal and Professional; with Thoughts on Sacred Music. A Sketch. By Mrs. BRAY, author of the 'Life of Stothard,' &c. Ward & Co. Price 2 shillings."

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Festival is over, and the order of the day, for a brief spell, is Italian Opera. MAX MARETZKE and company, fresh from a second profitable campaign in Philadelphia, and after playing for "a couple of nights this week at the New York Academy, will open at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening a season of "positively seven nights only." The performances will be on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon; prices \$1.00 for parquet, balcony and first circle, 50 cents for second circle. On Monday Mme. GAZZANIGA, who seems to have made a prodigious sensation by her voice and her fine acting, will appear in Verdi's *Traviata*, its first production in our city. BRIGNOLI and AMODIO will take part in it. Others of the troupe are: Boston's worthy favorite, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Signors COLETTI, ASSONI, BARRATINI, QUINTO and MUELLER. . . . At the new Academy in Philadelphia, where Opera seems to have set up its headquarters in this country, (always excepting New Orleans), the Italian is to be succeeded next week by a German troupe, with Mme. JOHANNSEN as the prima donna. They commence with Flotow's Frenchy little opera, *Martha*, on Monday. The MORELLI opera experiment in New York has proved a failure. Mme. DE WILLHORST has taken flight for Europe, for more *finishing*. . . . Mme. LAGRANGE has got back from her Western tour, and announces a short series of "farewell" concerts in New York.

The Choir of the Unitarian Society at Jamaica Plain gave a Sacred Concert on Wednesday evening, assisted by a chorus of amateur singers, and Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD as organist. The programme included organ voluntaries, choruses and songs from Handel, Mozart, Spohr, Rossini, Costa, Weber; anthems by Webbe, &c. . . . Accounts of OLE BULL's successes reach us from many places North and East.

At the adjourned meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, on Wednesday evening last, the following officers were elected:—

President, C. F. Chickering—Vice President, Geo. Hews—Secretary, L. B. Barnes—Treasurer, M. S. Parker—Librarian, Edw. Faxon—Trustees, J. S. Farlow, H. L. Hazleton, A. O. Bigelow, J. P. Draper, D. W. Wiswell, O. J. Faxon, Theron J. Dale, and George H. Chickering, in place of Ephm. Wildes, who declined a reelection.

The society voted its thanks to Hon. R. C. Winthrop, for his oration, and also voted to accept the invitation to sing at Charlestown on the 17th, an original ode composed by Hon. Geo. Lunt. Thirty-four new members have joined the Society the past year, and now that it has led the way in Festivals, it will naturally draw to itself many more.

The total receipts of the Festival were \$5,336 00, and the expenditures are estimated at \$7,299 00, leaving a deficiency of \$1,963 00 to be assessed upon the guarantors at the rate of thirty per cent. upon their several subscriptions. The guaranty was subscribed by quite a large number of persons in sums ranging from \$500 to \$25 and less. We have not heard of one who does not bear the tax quite cheerfully; for all regard the Festival as a complete success, full of encouragement for like attempts hereafter. Perhaps the uninitiated would like to know how much it costs to get up such an affair. Here are the principal items:

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| For Orchestra, Extra music, Loan of Libraries, Copying music, &c. | \$2,917 45 |
| " Vocal and Instrumental Soloists. | 1,337 00 |
| " Printing, Advertising, Posting, &c. | 1,269 73 |
| " Rent of Hall, and alterations, together with Doorkeepers, Ticket-sellers and Ushers. | 995 20 |
| " Conductor, Organist, Librarians, &c. | 493 73 |

It strikes us this is very modest pay for the Conductor and the Organist, considering their indefatigable

labors, throughout all the numerous rehearsals and in private—labors that would seem to outweigh what is done by all the solo-singers. But CARL ZERRAHN has found further reward, not alone in glory, but in a very pleasant occasion which we were too late to chronicle last week: to-wit, a meeting of ladies and gentlemen of the Society in Chickering's rooms, when the president in a neat speech presented the Conductor with a purse of \$200 in gold, subscribed by members as a hearty testimonial of their sense of his great services in conducting them so safely and so gloriously through. Mr. Zerrahn and wife are already on their way to Europe, for a summer visit to the Fatherland.

A writer in the *Daily Advertiser* closes a notice of our recent musical Festival with these timely hints:

Now that it is over, a great many people "are sorry that they did not go"—"did not appreciate how fine it was going to be," etc. etc., but a great many more think that enthusiasm on the subject is "humbug," and that it is a waste of time to listen to music by daylight. Merchants and lawyers think it impossible to leave their counting-rooms and offices in the morning. But did the "solid men of Boston" think it folly to close their stores for half a day when an agricultural fair was held there, and beautiful horses were to be seen at the South End? We would not undervalue that holiday—our people have but too few of them, and they are often ill employed. But we would esteem music worthy to fill one of our rare vacations. Let those who believe it to be one of God's best gifts to man, cherish it in a religious spirit, and guard themselves at least as carefully from the enthusiasm of the stock exchange as from the enthusiasm of the "Divine Art."

Was there ever a time when among us the imagination stood more in need of purification?—when it sought lower and more degrading stimulants than have been greedily swallowed within the last few months? From hideous facts and corrupt fancies, let us gratefully turn to the fresh springs of another country and another century, and thank heaven for these influences, which are "not for an age, but for all time."

Our City fathers have at length, not without opposition in the Council, appropriated \$2,000 for music on the Common, two evenings in the week, for three months, to commence forthwith; also occasionally at the South end, and at East Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorio of *Judas Maccabeus*—Handel's third greatest work—perhaps never enjoyed so excellent a chance of being appreciated as at its first performance this season by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The execution on the whole was the finest to which we have ever listened. Urged to more than ordinary energy by the anticipation of the forthcoming grand "Festival" at the Crystal Palace—which is to include *Judas Maccabeus* as well as the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the indefatigable guidance of Mr. Costa, has bestirred itself in a manner hitherto unexampled; and it is not too much to say that the performances this year, with one or two exceptions duly recorded, have surpassed in general excellence anything previously attempted at Exeter Hall. Grand, however, as was, in a more than usual number of instances, the execution of the unparalleled *Israel*, that of *Judas Maccabeus* was still more striking. From the almost irreproachable style in which the most magnificent and stupendous of the choruses—"Disdainful of danger," "Hear us, O Lord" (Part I.); "Fallen is the foe" (one of the choral masterpieces of Handel), "We hear! we hear!" and "We never will bow down" (Part II.); and, last not least, the "Hallelujah" (Part III.)—were delivered, it seemed as if Mr. Costa had either been endowed with a magic wand that enabled him (hopeless task heretofore) to make the whole of the "600" not only sing, but sing correctly, or, which we have reason to believe still more difficult, to persuade all those incapable of singing in time and tune to stay away from the concert.

The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves. All of these ladies and gentlemen sang their very best; but, as customary in this particular oratorio, the chief share of the honor fell to the representative of the principal tenor music, to whom the most striking and effective airs are allotted. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more admirably than on the present occasion. The two fine songs, "Call forth thy powers" and "How vain is

man," were distinguished by the nicest artistic discrimination, and an acquaintance with the proper mode of rendering the music of Handel which perhaps no other singer of the present time can boast to the same extent. But it was in the fierce declamatory outburst, "Sound an alarm," that Mr. Sims Reeves made the greatest impression. It would not be easy to imagine anything more vocally energetic, and yet at the same time more pure and noble in its simplicity than the delivery of this impetuous air, which raised the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Another piece worth mentioning was the duet for soprano and contralto, "O never bow we down" (which leads to the emphatic chorus already named), sung to perfection by Madame Novello and Miss Dolby. The principal bass music was very carefully given by Mr. Thomas, and the performance altogether afforded unqualified satisfaction to a vast assembly.

The next oratorio—announced for Wednesday, May 6—is Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.—*Times*, April 20.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In the third performance of *La Favorita* (April 18) the new tenor, GIUGLINI, confirmed the impression of his triumphant debut, and Mlle. SPEZIA also grew in favor.—The next event was the *rentrée* of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which drew an overflowing audience. The *Musical World* says:

The first appearance of the charming little *vivandière*, as she hurried down the declivity, was the signal for a hearty cheer from all parts of the house, which increased in intensity as Mlle. Piccolomini ran forward to the footlights. At least two minutes were consumed in the demonstration. * * Mlle. Piccolomini looked more piquant and charming than ever. Her voice has gained in power, she exhibits greater command of the *sostenuto*, and vocalizes with greater facility.

Our old friend BELLETTI, always the true artist, took the part of the old sergeant. The new tenor, Sig. STECCHI BOTTARDI, was not a "hit."—Next followed a revival of *La Traviata* twice, with la Piccolomini again as the heroine, Giuglini as Alfredo, BENEVENTANO as Germont, and Mlle. BAILLOU as Annetta.

April 28.—*I Puritani*; given for the sake of introducing Mlle. ORTOLANI, a young prima donna from Lisbon. The *Times* says:

* * * At the first glance the countenance of Signor Giuglini does not seem particularly animated, and his movements before he is aroused are somewhat unwieldy. The fact is, he does not at once exhibit his true character to its full extent; but as the piece progresses he progresses likewise, and when the emotions of the character have become his own his hearers are perfectly at his command, overpowered at once by the most exquisite singing and the most persuasive eloquence. Before last night it might be said that Signor Giuglini promised much, and a doubt might have been expressed whether the promise would be fully performed. The doubt is now set at rest. He has surpassed all expectations, however sanguine.

* * * Mlle. Ortolani, who had been expected from the commencement of the season, made her *debut* as Elvira. She was evidently nervous on her entrance, and her voice, which is a pure soprano, of somewhat thin quality, was not at first quite satisfactory; but in the *palace* she showed a marvellous facility of execution, especially in the second verse, which she embellished with entirely new variations, displaying at once the extensive range of her voice in the upper region, and her command over its resources. This gained her the suffrages of the audience, who loudly demanded a repetition of the favorite air, and in the later portion of the opera she confirmed their good opinion, giving, moreover, great signs of histrionic intelligence. She will probably do good service as a vocalist of the Persian school, who has been most assiduous in the cultivation of her art.

Signor Belletti had not quite weight enough for Giorgio, and Signor Beneventano had rather too much weight for Ricardo, but they gave the famous duet with great spirit, and it received the customary honors.

In several repetitions of the *Puritani*, Mlle. Ortolani gained ground with the public, and Sig. Giuglini "created a profound sensation in the *Ella tremante*."—La Piccolomini and Giuglini were again brought together in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The *Musical World* says:

Mlle. Piccolomini acts the part with more passion, feeling, and variety of sentiment than any of her predecessors. Her singing, as a matter of course, was unequal. We are, however, more than ever satisfied, that she may become a real vocalist.

The "incomparable" ALBONI was announced for Tuesday, May 12th, in *Il Barbiere*, Herr REICHARDT to be Count Almaviva.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, one of his weakest operas, but made famous by RONCONI's impersonation of the Duc de Chevreuse,

was the piece for the 18th of April. As to the performance, we copy from the *Musical World* again:

To the psychological observer Ronconi presents a world in his acting, from the most refined delicacy, through all the gradations of feeling, to the most overwhelming passion. In the end his despair is contagious, and the agony of the artist is communicated to the spectator. Ronconi has been more than once called the Edmund Kean of the lyric stage; and certainly in no character has he more fairly entitled himself to the comparison than in that of the Duke of Chevreuse.

Mlle. Rosa Devries is not exactly the *beau idéal* of a Maria, nor is she a transcendent tragic actress. She is, however, a good singer, a conscientious artiste, and, on that account alone, entitled to consideration.

Signor Neri-Baraldi, who appeared as Chalais, has a very pleasing tenor voice, and knows how to use it, and is altogether one of the best representatives of the part we have seen.

Madame Nantier Didiée represented Armando di Gondi, and a more admirable representative could hardly be desired. Her acting was replete with intelligence; every movement identified the careful and observant artist, while her singing was even better than her acting.

After a repetition of *Maria di Rohan* came two performances of *Il Trovatore*, with GRISI and MARIO in the chief parts; GRAZIANI, as the Count, NANTIER-DIDIÉE as Azucena, and TAGLIAFICO as Ferrando. Mario was "superlative" as ever; and Grisi, it is said, seems every year endowed with new vitality.—Next followed *La Favorita*, with the same cast as last year: Grisi, Mario, Graziani as king Alphonso, Zelger as the old monk, Soldi, &c.—*Lucrezia Borgia* was given May 2nd with a splendid cast: Grisi, Lucrezia; Mario, Gennaro; Ronconi, Duke Alfonso; Mlle. Nantier-Didiée, Orsini. Mario was ill, however, and Sig. NERI BARALDI took his place. The *Times* describes him as "a young tenor, who has much to acquire before he can lay claim to the highest honors; but his voice, without being powerful, is flexible and of pleasant quality, his singing betrays evidence of a good method and natural capability, and his acting, while quiet and unobtrusive, is by no means devoid of sentiment."

The Thursday following was distinguished by the first appearance this season of Mme. BOSIO. It was in the part of Gilda in *Rigoletto*, with Mario as the duke, Ronconi as the jester, Didiée as Madalena, and Tagliafico as Sparafucile.

Mme. Bosio's reception was enthusiastic. The winter at Petersburg had evidently had no depressing effect on one of the most delicious voices ever heard, while the singing of the fair artist was even more brilliant and finished than before.

Scarcely any character in which Mario appears exhibits him to greater advantage as an actor than the Duke in *Rigoletto*, while Signor Verdi would almost seem to have written this music especially to suit his voice. With what grace and inexpressible sentiment he gives the two airs, "Quest'è quella" and "La donna è mobile" everybody knows, and how impassioned and tender he is in the quartet, needs no telling now. "La donna è mobile" was encoored with enthusiasm, and repeated with increased effect.

BOSIO was to appear the following week in *La Traviata*, and the début of Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE was fixed for the 21st, in *La Sonnambula*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following was the programme of the second concert, April 29th.

Overture—Coriolanus..... Beethoven
Aria: "Ah perfido"..... Beethoven
Concerto in C minor, Piano-forte..... Mozart
Aria: "Lascia ch'io pianga"..... Handel
Symphony in A..... Beethoven
Duo Concertante, Violin and Viola..... Mozart
Aria: "Va, dit elle," Mme. Rudersdorff..... Meyerbeer
Overture—Der Freischütz..... Weber
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season opened on the 20th of April, with an increased subscription list, and Prof. STERNDAL BENNETT as conductor, who, the London critics say, "has almost restored the Old Society to that equilibrium from which it had been disturbed by the eccentricities of Herr Wagner. This was the programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in E flat, No. 8..... Haydn
Aria, "Di militari onori," (Jesondra) Sig. Belletti..... Spohr
Concerto in D minor, Piano-forte, Miss Goddard, Mendelssohn
Recit. and Aria, "Du, mein Heil," Mme. Rudersdorff,
(Oberon)..... Weber
Overture (Euryanthe)..... Weber

PART II.
Sinfonia in D, No. 2..... Beethoven
Concertino Violoncello, Sig. Piatti..... F. A. Kummer
Duetto (Agnese) Mme. Rudersdorff and Sig. Belletti..... Paer
Overture (Les Deux Journées)..... Cherubini

Here too is the programme of the second concert, Monday evening, May 4:

PART I.
Sinfonia in D, No. 2..... Mozart
Aria, "O Salutaris hostia," Miss Lascelles..... Cherubini
Concerto Pathétique, Violin, M. Edouard Remenyi..... Ernst
Aria, "Selva opaca," Mme. Enderssohn (Guillaume Tell)..... Rossini
PART II.
Overture (Isles of Fingal)..... Mendelssohn
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5..... Beethoven
Part Songs: "Greeting," "May Bells," Mme. Enderssohn
and Miss Lascelles..... Mendelssohn
Concertino, Contrabasso, Sig. Bottesini..... Bottesini
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)..... Weber

PARIS, MAY 14.—The musical event of the week has been the concerts which the pianist Rubinstein has given. He is a German, but brought up in St. Petersburg. Fifteen years ago, as a child, he gave a few concerts in Vienna, Germany, and was then considered a wonder. Liszt at that time pronounced the most favorable prognostics over him.

His appearance has something very strange in it—I might say wild—a mixture of bashfulness and pride, a blunt modesty, and a rough dignity, which are not amiss. His face, without being handsome, gives the idea of a superior power. "Look!" said a Russian friend, "what a likeness to Beethoven! wait, and you will be convinced; his exterior is an index to his mind."

Mr. Rubinstein has given three concerts. The first in Erard's Saloon had the fortune to satisfy the judges; the second, in the saloon of Herz attracted the curiosity of their friends; the third, the last Saturday, was crowded. His reputation is made. Paris declares him without exception the greatest of living virtuosos!

On the evening when Rubinstein's last concert took place, Rossini gave a *soirée musicale*. The old maestro was kind enough to play a *sonata* of Haydn, and extracts from "Don Juan." Rossini has composed six new melodies, which he has dedicated to his wife, and which will shortly be published.

M. Meyerbeer is about to return to Paris from Berlin. This time the maestro is definitely to distribute the parts for the long-talked-of "Africaine" at the grand opera. We do not see how the composer will be in better position, however, to do this at present than he was last year, seeing that the want of a good tenor was the reason then alleged for the delay—a want that has certainly not been since removed, but as Arnal says, *au contraire*. Barrini, the Italian violinist, who may be said to divide Paganini's inheritance with Savori, has just passed through Paris en route to London. Barrini comes from Italy and Vienna, where he has had a brilliant winter campaign. He has been appointed *virtuoso di camera* to the Emperor Francis Joseph.—*Cor. of N. Y. Evening Post.*

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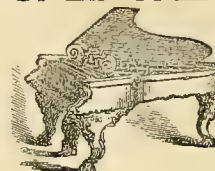
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUEN.

On the top of a lofty mountain
Sate once the dear Father of all,
And measured with rapturous glances
The world that had sprung at his call.

He saw at his feet the ridges
Of mountains, a giant-train,
And forests of green, like oceans,
And harvests of golden grain.

He saw the fountains up-springing,
He breathed the fragrance of flowers,
And heard the warblers singing
In the golden morning hours.

And a quiet smile of contentment
Played over his features,—and men,
Looking up from the vale, saw a brighter
Gold on the mountain-tops then.

And long his glances of rapture
On his creation fell,
And he said: By my oath I swear it,
I have ordered all things well!

And richer perfumes of flowers
Gushed forth, as he spake the word,
And, rolling through earth and heaven,
Harmonious murmurs were heard.

There lay the world in blossom—
A smile lit the face of the Lord;
And up from the depths of His Spirit
A heavenly poem soared.

Fain was he in words to clothe it,
And write upon parchment that day
All his creative raptures
As now in his heart they lay.

But now when he beheld it.
As on the leaf it stood,
A feeling came over his spirit,
Like many a poet's mood:

To picture his heart's warm throbbings
Vainly did he essay—
He could not make fairer poem
Than that which around him lay!

So he tore it in thousand pieces,
And gave to the four winds all,
And again, with rapturous glances,
Looked down on his earthly ball.

But lo! as, on the breezes,
The scraps flew to and fro,
There fell a shower of blossoms
On all the valley below!

And whoso travels on Friday,
No need of fasting has he;
And whoso travels on Sunday,
From going to mass is free.

This song have I been singing
To-day, instead of a prayer,
With Sabbath-bells everywhere ringing,
And clouds of blossoms flinging
Their snow-showers everywhere.

C. T. B.

[Continued from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNLEY, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

Handel having acquired by his operas at Hamburg a sum sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, set out for that seat of the Muses, a journey after which every man of genius so ardently pants. He staid some time at Florence, where he composed the opera of *Rodrigo*. From this city he went to Venice, where, in 1709, he produced his *Agrippina*, which is said by his biographer to have been received with acclamation, and to have run thirty nights. Here he met with Domenico Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Lotti.

The next place he visited was Rome, where he had an opportunity of hearing compositions and performers of the first class. Here the elder Scarlatti and Gasparini had brought vocal music to great perfection, and Corelli, instrumental. At Cardinal Ottoboni's, by whom Handel was greatly caressed and patronized, he had frequently the advantage of hearing the natural and elegant Corelli perform his own works. Here our young composer produced a serenata: *Il Trionfo del Tempo*; * after which he proceeded to Naples, where he set *Acis and Galatea*, in Italian, to music totally different from the little English drama, written by Gay, which he set in 1721, for the duke of Chandos.

When he returned to Germany, on quitting Italy, at the latter end of 1709, or the beginning of 1710, the first place at which he stopt was Hanover; where he found a munificent patron in the Elector, who afterwards, on the death of Queen Anne, ascended the English throne, by

* The original score of this work is in his Majesty's collection. In 1770, I purchased at Rome, among other manuscript compositions by old masters, six cantatas, a *voce Solo*, del Georgio Federigo Hendel, detto il Sassone, which were, probably, produced in this city during his residence there, about the year 1709: by the yellow color of the ink, they seem to have been long transcribed. Some of them I have never seen in any other collection.

the name of George the First. This prince had in his service, as maestro di capella, the elegant and learned composer, Steffani, whom Handel had met before at Venice, and who now resigned his office of maestro di capella to the Elector, in his favor. This venerable composer served him as a model for the style of chamber duets, as well as facilitated his introduction to the smiles of his patron, the Elector, who settled on him a pension of 1500 crowns, upon condition that he would return to his court, when he had completed his travels. Handel, according to this proposition, went to Dusseldorp, where he had a flattering reception from the Elector Palatine, who, likewise, wished to retain him in his service. But besides the engagement into which he had entered with the Elector of Hanover, he was impatient to visit England, where a passion for dramatic music had already manifested itself in several awkward attempts at operas, and to which place he had received invitations from several of the nobility, whom he had seen in Italy and Hanover.

It was at the latter end of the year 1710, that he arrived in England; his reception was as flattering to himself as honorable to the nation, at this time no less successful in war, than in the cultivation of the arts of peace. To the wit, poetry, literature, and science, which marked this period of our history, Handel added all the blandishments of a nervous and learned music, which he first brought hither, planted, and lived to see grow to a very flourishing state.

Of the superior talents and abilities which Handel now possessed, and of the success with which he had exercised both on the Continent, Fame, who in the character of *avant-coureur*, had wafted intelligence to this country, procured him an easy and favorable reception at court, and in many of the principal families of the kingdom. Aaron Hill, at this time manager of the opera, availing himself of his arrival, hastily sketched out the plan of a Musical Drama, from Tasso's "Jerusalem," and gave it to the Italian poet, Rossi, to work into an opera, by the name of "Rinaldo." This drama was first performed in March, 1711, and Handel is said, in the Preface, to have set it to music in a fortnight.

Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 5, with his usual pleasantry, but total insensibility to superior musical excellence, mentions this circumstance among other frivolous incidents, which he means to ridicule. Had this writer and critic, so admirable in other respects, been possessed of judgment and feeling in music equal to his learning and taste in literature, he would have discovered that to compose an entire opera in less time than a copyist could transcribe it, and in a more masterly and original style than had ever before been heard in this, or perhaps, any country, was not a fair subject for sarcasm. All music seems alike to Addison, except French Recitative, for which he seems to have a particular predilection.*

The opera of *Rinaldo*, in which the celebrated Nicolini and Valentini, the first Italian singers that appeared on our stage, performed, was the delight of the nation during many years; as it was revived 1712, 1717 and 1731.

After remaining about a year in this country, and establishing a great reputation on the solid basis of the most exalted and indisputable merit,

* Spectator, No. 29.

both as a composer and performer, he returned to Hanover, on a promise made to his most powerful English friends to revisit this kingdom again, as soon as he could obtain permission of his Electoral Highness and patron. About the end of the year 1712, this permission was granted for a limited time. And we find his *Pastor Fido* and *Theseus*, in the list of Italian operas, brought on the English stage, this and the following year. And in 1715, *Amadige*, or *Amadis of Gaul*. In all these operas Nicolini, Valentini, Margarita, and Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, were the principal singers.

Not long after his second arrival in London, the peace of Utrecht having been brought to a conclusion, Handel was preferred to all others, seemingly without a murmur from native musicians, to compose the hymn of Gratitude and Triumph on the occasion. Envy, though outrageous and noisy at the success of comparative abilities, is struck dumb and blind by excess of superiority. The grand *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, which he set on this occasion, were composed with such force, regularity and instrumental effects, as the English had never heard before. Purcell's *Te Deum*, in design, and expression of the words, is, perhaps, superior to all others; but in grandeur and richness of accompaniment, nothing but national partiality can deny Handel the preference. The queen settled on him for life a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. And all who had heard "Rinaldo," wished him again employed for the opera; so that the multiplicity of business, and the many protectors and friends he met with in England, a little impaired the memory of our great composer with respect to continental connections; and he seemed to think of nothing less than returning to Hanover till after the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, when his Majesty, George the First, arriving in England, saved him the trouble of a German tour.

Handel, conscious of his deficiency in respect and gratitude, to a prince who honored him with such flattering marks of approbation and bounty, durst not approach the court, till by the ingenuity and friendly interposition of Baron Kilmansegge, he was restored to favor in the following manner. The king, soon after his arrival in these kingdoms, having been prevailed on to form a party on the water, the design was communicated to Handel, who was advised to compose some pieces expressly for the occasion; the performance of which he secretly conducted in a boat, that accompanied the royal barge. Upon hearing these compositions, which have been since so well known, and so justly celebrated under the title of the "Water Music," his majesty, equally surprised and pleased by their excellence, eagerly inquired who was the author of them; when the baron acquainted the king that they were the productions of a faithful servant of his majesty, who, conscious of the cause of displeasure which he had given to so gracious a protector, durst not presume to approach his royal presence, till he had assurance that by every possible demonstration of duty and gratitude in future, he might hope to obtain a pardon. This intercession having been graciously accepted, Handel was restored to favor, and his compositions honored with the most flattering marks of royal approbation. And as a ratification of the delinquent's peace, thus easily obtained, his majesty was pleased to add a pension of two hundred pounds a year to that which had been previously conferred on him by Queen Anne; and not many years after, when he was employed to teach the young princesses, another pension of the same value was added to the former grants, by her Majesty, Queen Caroline.

From the year 1715 to 1720, I find, in the records of the Musical Drama, no new opera that was set by Handel. The first three years of this period were chiefly spent at the Earl of Burlington's, a nobleman, whose taste and judgment in the fine arts were as exquisite as his patronage to their votaries was liberal. And during the other two years, Handel seems to have been employed at Cannons, as maestro di capella to the Duke of Chandos; who, among other splendid and princely kinds of magnificence, established a chapel, in which the cathedral service was daily performed

by a choir of voices and instruments, superior, at that time, perhaps, in number and excellence, to that of any sovereign prince in Europe. Here Handel produced, besides his anthems, the chief part of his hautbois concertos, sonatas, lessons, and organ fugues; which are all so masterly, spirited and exquisite in their several kinds, that if he had never composed an opera, oratorio, *Te Deum*, duet, cantata, or any other species of vocal music, his name would have been had in reverence by true musicians, as long as the characters in which they are written should continue to be legible.

We come now to the busiest and most glorious period of Handel's life; who, arrived at that stage of existence which Dante calls

Il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita:

when the human frame and faculties have acquired their utmost strength and vigor, was endowed with great natural powers, highly improved by cultivation; with a hand which no difficulties could embarrass; a genius for composition unbounded; at the head of a profession which facilitates access to the great, and, with extraordinary abilities, ensures their patronage; high in the favor of the sovereign, nobles, and public, of a great and powerful nation, at a period of its greatest and happiest tranquility; when it was not only blest with leisure and zeal to cultivate the arts of peace, but with power, liberally to reward those whose successful efforts had carried them beyond the bounds of mediocrity.

Such were Handel's circumstances and situation, when a plan was formed, by the English nobility and gentry, for establishing a fund for the support of Italian operas, of which he was to be the composer and director; and, as his Majesty King George the First was pleased to subscribe one thousand pounds towards the execution of this design, and to let his name appear at the head of the subscription, amounting to fifty thousand pounds, this society was called the Royal Academy.

When Handel quitted his employment at Cannons, he was commissioned by this academy to go to Dresden, in order to engage singers. Here he found Senesino, Durastanti, Berenstadt, and Boschi, whom he brought over to England.

Though the principal intention, in forming the academy, was to appoint Handel the composer and director of the band; the public was not, as yet, unanimous in supporting this measure. Bononcini and Attilio had been invited over by the former managers of the opera; and as they were composers of acknowledged merit, there was an unwillingness in their admirers and friends to consent to their dismissal. And it was now that those musical feuds began, of which Swift has perpetuated the memory, by an epigram, which throws contempt upon an art, and upon artists, whose merit he never felt or understood, though he could see the ridicule of their situation. But the satirist who discovers no difference between a Dryden and a bell-man, or a Raphael and a house-painter, is full as well qualified to talk about poetry and painting, as he about music, who neither sees nor hears the difference between the productions of a Handel or a Bononcini, and those of the most despicable fiddler.

No art, science, or even religious or moral truth, can parry the assaults of ridicule, when wit and humor guide the thrust; though, luckily, the wounds inflicted are slight, and cure themselves. For neither lovers of art, nor of religion and virtue, can be long diverted from their pursuits, by a gibe or *bon mot*. A great nation, in which there are so many opulent individuals, wants innocent amusements for their leisure hours, when quitting the chase and rural sports they are assembled together in the capital; and in the best and most polished ages of the world, the cultivation and patronage of music have employed the talents and munificence of its most distinguished inhabitants.

Musical dramas or operas, which during the last century travelled from Italy to France, and from France to England, were never attempted in the Italian language till the reign of Queen Anne, when the first essays were made by per-

formers, partly natives, and partly Italians, who severally used their own dialect; the absurdity of which Addison has ridiculed with great humor and pleasantry in the *Spectator*, No. 18.* But as the love for operas was then, and has been ever since, most powerfully excited in such of our nobility and gentry as have visited Italy in their youth, it is natural that they should at all times wish to have these exhibitions as near the models with which they have been acquainted on the continent, as possible. And of such we may suppose the Royal Academy was composed: as the Duke of Newcastle, was governor; Lord Bingley, deputy-governor; and the Dukes of Portland and Queensbury, Earls of Burlington, Stair and Waldegrave, Lords Chetwynd and Stanhope, James Bruce, Esq., Colonel Blathwait, Thomas Coke, of Norfolk, Esq., Conyers D'Arcy, Esq., Brigadier-General Dormer, Bryan Fairfax, Esq., Colonel O'Hara, George Harrison, Esq., Brigadier General Hunter, William Pulteney, Esq., Sir John Vanbrugh, Major-General Wade, and Francis Whitworth, Esq., directors.

These great and eminent personages could not, however, get the whole management of the operas into their own hands, all at once: oppositions are no less frequent, than furious, in popular governments; and, on this occasion, political animosities were blended with musical faction. All the friends of Bononcini and Attilio were not, perhaps, entirely guided by the love of music, and sense of their superiority; the love of power, and hatred of the abettors of Handel, for party considerations, furnished fuel to their zeal; and Handel, ere they gave way, was forced to mount the stage, and fight his own battle. For all that his friends could obtain of those that were in possession of the theatre in the Haymarket, at his return from Dresden, with auxiliaries, was permission to have his opera of *Radamistus* performed there in 1720.† On this occasion, the expectations which the public had formed of the abilities of Handel, from his great reputation, and the specimens he had already given, may be estimated by the crowds which assembled at the opera-house doors, when there was no longer any room for their admission. And the applause of those who were so fortunate as to obtain places, evinced the full gratification of the delight they expected to receive. This opera, however, with all its merit and success, did not obtain for Handel a victory sufficiently decisive, to oblige the enemy to quit the field.

After this, as the last experiment, it was agreed by the friends of the three several rivals, that each of them should compose an act of the same opera, with an overture to each act. The drama fixed upon was *Mutius Scaevola*, of which Bononcini set the first act, Attilio the second, and Handel the third; and this fiery trial determined the point of precedence between him and his competitors: the act in *Mutius Scaevola*, which Handel composed, being pronounced superior to both the others, and Bononcini's the next in merit.

It was the more honorable to our great musician to have vanquished such a champion as Bononcini, as he was a man of great abilities, and very high in reputation all over Europe. Few, indeed, are able, when the difference is doubtful, to discriminate and set a just value on the nicer shades of excellence: a grain of partiality or prejudice can turn the scale of either side, when in the hands of the best judges; but how shall ignorance dare to determine, what learning and experience can scarce discern?

The truth is, that Bononcini's peculiar merit in setting Italian words seems to have been out of the reach of an English audience, and that Italians alone were competent to judge of it; who say, that his knowledge in singing and in their language was such as rendered his *cantilena*, or melody, more natural and elegant to vocal performers, and his *recitatives* more passionate, and

* The Germans, according to Riccoboni, at the beginning of this century, had operas performed in the same manner; the Recitative being pronounced in German, and the Airs in Italian.

† This opera, under the title of "Zenobia," was translated into German, by Mattheson, and performed to Handel's music, in Hamburg, 1721.

expressive of nicer sensations and inflexions, to every hearer accustomed to the tones of Italian speech, than those of his rival; but in majesty, grandeur, force, fire, and invention, which are not local beauties, but striking and intelligible in all countries, Handel was infinitely his superior.

From this memorable victory, in 1721, the Royal Academy seems to have been firmly established during the space of eight or nine years, under the management of Handel's most powerful friends and greatest admirers; who, in appointing him the principal composer, gave him absolute dominion over the performers.*

There were, however, from time to time, several operas of Bononcini and Attilio exhibited during this period, on the same stage, and by the same performers, as those of Handel; perhaps to conciliate parties: the lovers of music are sometimes froward, capricious, and unreasonable, as well as the professors. This was never more conspicuous to by-standers, than in the violence of party for the two singers, Cuzzoni and Faustina, in the year 1727; at which time, though both were excellent performers, in different styles, yet so unwilling was the English public to be pleased with both, that when the admirers of one of these sirens began to applaud, those of the other were sure to hiss. It seems as impossible for two singers of equal merit to tread the same stage, *a parte eguale*, as for two people to ride on the same horse, without one being behind.

"If the frequenters of Musical Dramas had not then been enemies to their own pleasure, the merit of these singers consisted of excellencies so different and distinct, that they might have applauded each by turns, and, from their several perfections, by turns, have received equal delight.

"Unluckily for moderate people, who seek pleasure from talents wherever they can be found, the violence of these feuds has cured all succeeding managers of the extravagance of engaging two singers of the same sex, at a time, of disputable abilities."†

Dr. Arbuthnot, on occasion of the contested rights of supremacy between these theatrical principals and their adherents, published 1728, a *Manifesto*, entitled, "The Devil to pay at St. James's: or a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle between Madame Faustina and Madame Cuzzoni. Also a hot skirmish between Signor Boschi and Signor Palmerini. Moreover, how Senesino has taken snuff, is going to leave the opera, and sing psalms at Henley's Oratory."‡

A few years after, a quarrel happened between Handel and Senesino, which broke up the Academy, and was not only injurious to the fortune of our great composer, but the cause of infinite trouble and vexation to him, during the rest of his life.

Dr. Arbuthnot, who was always a very zealous and active friend to Handel, entered the list, as his champion, whenever an opportunity offered of defending his cause. And, as ridicule supplied him with all kinds of ammunition, and the pen was his most irresistible weapon, he had recourse to these in the contention with Senesino, who had almost all the great barons of the realm for his allies. And in this second *puny* war, after mutual complaints of treaties violated, rights infringed, and hostilities committed, he published another *Manifesto*, which had for title, "Harmony in an uproar: a Letter to George Frederick Handel, Esq., master of the Opera House in the Haymarket, from Hurlrothumbo Johnson, Esq., composer extraordinary to all the theatres in Great Britain, excepting that of the Haymarket. In which the rights and merits of both Operas are properly considered."

A court is instituted in this pamphlet for the trial of Handel, who is ordered to hold up his hand, and to answer to the following several high

crimes and misdemeanors committed upon the wills and understandings of the people of this country.

Imprimis, he is charged with having bewitched us for the space of twenty years past.

Secondly, with most insolently daring to give us good music and sound harmony, when we wanted bad.

Thirdly, with most feloniously and arrogantly assuming to himself an uncontrolled power of pleasing us whether we would or no; and with often being so bold as to charm us, when we were positively resolved to be out of humor.

Dr. *Puspin* and Dr. *Blue*, (Pepusch and Green), accuse him of not being a graduate in either of the universities; and the former of not having read Euclid, or studied the Greek modes. Others of having composed such music as not only puzzled our parish clerks and threw out every congregation, but such as never man produced before. Then, as an instance of his having practiced sorcery in this kingdom on his majesty's liege subjects, and of bewitching every sense we have, it is asserted that there was not a letter in any one of his public bills but had magic in it; and that if at any time a squeak of one of his fiddles, or a tooting of one of his pipes was to be heard, away danced the whole town, helter skelter, crowding, pressing, and shoving; and happy were they who could be squeezed to death. And at length the court concludes, that "as one Opera is such an enormous source of expense, luxury, idleness, sloth and effeminacy, there could be no way so proper to redress these grievances, as the setting up another."

The only parts of this ironical letter which seem to be serious are printed in Italics, and contain Handel's own defence: who, in answer to the crimes with which he was charged by his opponents is made to say, "that he was no way to blame in the whole affair; but that when Senesino had declared he would leave England, he thought himself obliged in honor to proceed with his contract, and provide for himself elsewhere; that as for Cuzzoni, he had no thought of her, no hopes of her, nor any want of her, Strada being in all respects infinitely superior, in any excellency required for the stage; and as for singers in the under parts, he had provided the best set we ever had yet; though basely deserted by Montagnana, after having signed a formal contract to serve him the whole of this season; which he might still force him to do were he not more afraid of Westminster Hall than ten thousand D—rs, or ten thousand D—ls. That as he was obliged to carry on operas this winter, he imagined he might be at liberty to proceed in the business in that manner which would prove most to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced part of the nobility and gentry, and his own interest and honor." He afterwards adds, "that it was impossible for him to comply with the unreasonable and savage proposals made to him; by which he was to give up all contracts, promises, nay risk his fortune, to gratify fantastical whims and unjust piques." And continues to plead his own cause, by saying, "that if he was misled, or had judged wrong at any time in raising the price of his tickets, he was sufficiently punished, without carrying resentment on that account to such a length.* But in whatever light the entertainment was considered, it certainly better merited such an extravagant price, than any other ever yet exhibited in this nation."

In another part of this pamphlet, a partizan for Handel, captivated by the vocal powers of Carestini, whom he had brought over in order to supersede Senesino, accosts Hurlrothumbo in the following manner: "So, Sir, I hear you are a great stickler for the Opera at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; a pretty set of singers, truly! and for composers, you out-do the world!—Don't you think, says he, at this time of life, Senesino could

twang a prayer finely through the nose in petticoats at a conventicle? Hah!—Or, what think you, says he, of Signora Celesti snuffling a hymn there in concert; or, Madame Bertolli, with her unmeaning voice, with as little force in it as a pair of Smith's bellows with twenty holes in the sides: Your base, indeed* makes a humming noise, and could roar to some purpose, if he had songs proper for him: as for your Signora Fagotto† she, indeed, may, with her master, be sent home to school again; and by the time she is fourscore, she'll prove a vast addition to a bonfire; or make a fine Duenna in a Spanish opera.

"Your composers too have behaved notably truly; your Porpoise,‡ says he, may roll and rumble about as he pleases, and prelude to a storm of his own raising; but you should let him know, that a bad imitation always wants the air and spirit of an original, and that there is a wide difference betwixt full harmony, and making a noise.—I know your expectations are very high from the performance of the king of Arragon;§ but that Trolly Colly composer, a stupid cantata-thrummer, must make a mighty poor figure in an opera; though he was so nice last winter, that he would not allow that Handel could compose, or Senesino sing: what art he has used, to produce him now as the first voice in Europe, I cannot imagine; but you must not depend upon his majesty too far; for to my knowledge, he has been engaged by a formal deputation from the general assembly of North Britain, to new-set their Scotch Psalms, and to be clerk to the high-kirk in Edinburgh, with a salary of one hundred pounds Scots, per annum."

This letter, dated February 12, 1733, was published in a shilling pamphlet, and occupies twenty-four pages in the second volume of Arbuthnot's *Miscellanies*. Some of the irony and humor is well pointed, and much of the musical politics of the day may be gathered from its perusal. As here, we see who sided with the nobility, when they set up an opera against Handel in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and engaged Porpora and Arrigoni to compose, and placed Senesino and Segatti, till the arrival of Cuzzoni, at the head of the singers. It appears here, likewise, that Montagnana, the celebrated base-singer, Celeste, and Bertolli, two of Handel's female performers, as well as Arrigoni, the lutenist, with Rolli (Rowley Powley) the Italian opera poet, had deserted from his standard; and that Dr. Pepusch, Dr. Green, and Holcombe (Mr. Honeycomb), were on the side of the opponents; while Carestini, Strada, the Negri family, Durastanti and Scalzi, were at the head of his own troop.

[To be continued.]

La Traviata.

(From the Courier, of Wednesday.)

The recent compositions of Mr. Verdi afford a remarkable example of what might be called the "Art of Sinking in Music," to which not even Martinus Scriblerus's "Art of Sinking in Poetry" can offer a parallel. Each of the last four or five operas he has given to the world has been considerably inferior to that immediately preceding it, and it now becomes a matter for anxious consideration what we are to expect in his next lyrical production, should he continue in this manner. It can hardly be anything better than a series of brilliant and somewhat noisy quadrilles, polkas and waltzes, for ponderous orchestra, with weak vocal accompaniments. The tender cantabiles and plaintive minor andantes, which have for sometime been gradually growing more and more feeble, will probably have died out altogether, the composer's resources in that line being already well-nigh exhausted. Indeed, while listening to the *Traviata* one's first thought is,—what a beautiful writer of quadrilles was lost to the world when Mr. Verdi devoted himself to the manufacture of operas. But then we remember *Ernani*, *Nabucodonosor*, and other of his earlier works—produced when his genius was in its first flush, and which may claim an eminent position among modern operas; full of fine free melody, and revealing a wonderful

* Montagnana.

† Segatti, the first woman in the opera established by the nobility in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, till the second arrival of Cuzzoni.

‡ Porpora.

§ Arrigoni, the Lutenist.

* During this prosperous period, after *Radamisto*, and *Muzio Scevola*, Handel produced his operas of *Ottone*, *Floridante*, *Flavio*, *Giulio Cesare*, *Tamerlano*, *Rodelinda*, *Scipione*, *Alessandro*, *Ricardo primo*, *Amleto*, *Siroe*, *Tolomeo*, *Lotario*, *Partenope* and *Poro*.

† Journal of a Musical Tour through Germany, &c., vol. ii, p. 189.

‡ Arbuthnot's *Miscellanies*, vol. i, from p. 213 to 216.

* Besides the offence given to the subscribers of the Royal Academy, by refusing to compose for, or even employ Senesino, the great favorite of the nation, Handel disobliged them extremely, not only by raising the price of admission to a Guinea, but by refusing to let them occupy their particular boxes in the Haymarket theatre, when he performed there his oratorio of "Esther," in the summer of 1732.

mastery of dramatic effect—and only regret that in his later works he should have so permitted the exaggerations and defects of his style to over-master the many admirable qualities perceptible in his first creations. That the *Traviata* is more deficient in science and imagination than anything he has previously written cannot be denied.

The story of *Traviata* is taken from Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* and is essentially the same as that of "Camille." The names of the characters are changed, and the time is put back as far as 1700. And, by the way, in the representation last Monday night at the Boston Theatre, the costumes of the male characters were of the last century, while those of the females were of last week. The main incidents of the play are presented, stitched together with a thread of recitative after the usual fashion of librettos. In the first act occurs the party at Violetta's house, where the hero and heroine meet. In the second, the lovers are found in their country mansion, and Violetta is induced to desert Alfred by the entreaties of his father; then comes the scene in the ball-room, with which the act closes. In the third and last act are represented the reconciliation of the lovers and the death of Violetta. Of course the dramatic connection is destroyed by the necessity of bringing all these events within the smallest possible compass.

Like most of Verdi's operas, the *Traviata* has no overture, but opens with a short prelude of some fifty bars, in which there is nothing interesting or original. At the commencement of the first act we have a brisk chorus, &c., in A major, eminently suited to quadrille purposes, but not otherwise valuable. Next comes a *brindisi*—drinking song—in which Alfred and Violetta take the principal parts, and in the chorus of which all present join. This morceau is one of the few genuine melodies in the opera, and is peculiarly appropriate and effective. The waltz movement which follows has nothing whatever to recommend it, nor has the little duet between Alfred and Violetta, the principal phrase of which, introduced in various portions of the opera, is borrowed from Meyerbeer's "Robert." The leading ideas of Violetta's scene and air which close the first act may easily be traced to some of the composer's previous works.

The second act opens with a long scene and air for Alfred, which is somewhat effective, although marked by no particular originality. The whole of this is omitted in the representation at the Boston Theatre. A duet follows between Violetta and the father of Alfred, in which the latter gives vent to his sorrow in an easy air in A flat. This is the same cantabile that has appeared, slightly varied, in all the operas of Mr. Verdi, since the "Inferno" of *Ernani*. A considerable portion of this duet which is very long, is judiciously omitted, as it presents little that is agreeable. A short and uninteresting duet between Violetta and Alfred is omitted, and the scene closes with an indifferent air by Alfred's father, which, although in an altered tempo, bears a most unpleasant resemblance to the well known piece of music by Reissiger, commonly known as "Weber's Last Waltz." The allegro of this air is cut—unfortunately, as it is one of the best in the opera.

The finale of the second act—the scene of the ball and the game at cards—offers some fine opportunities for musical treatment, which, however, Mr. Verdi has not very ably improved. We have first a chorus of gipsy fortune-tellers, who accompany their singing with blows on the Tambour de basque. The chorus is piquant and pleasing. A chorus of Spanish matadors succeeds, who, as they shout in unison, batter the ground with their staffs—a remarkable evidence of the fertility of Mr. Verdi's invention, who, it appears, was resolved not to stop at anvils. In this chorus occurs a most unkind plagiarism; an old familiar nursery tune is forced into service, and seems mightily out of place;—possibly, however, it may be an unconscious imitation; who can tell? The long scene of the card playing, &c., is perhaps the weakest of all, containing nothing worth notice but a little dramatic phrase of four or five bars sung by Violetta. But the concluding movement, by all the characters, is undoubtedly the most powerful and effective in the opera.

The last act opens with a reminiscence of the introduction, leading to a very ordinary air by Violetta. Then comes in a bit of a Bacchanal chorus, behind the scenes, to which succeeds a duet between the reconciled lovers. The andante is a palpable imitation of the final duet in *Trovatore*, but quite effective, particularly towards the close. The allegro also is much better than the greater part of the music. Next comes a movement modelled upon the "Miserere" in *Trovatore*, but by no means equal to it. The concluding bars of the *Traviata* do not rise above the general inferiority of the opera; and the last tones of

Violetta, long, loud and piercing, seem sadly inappropriate.

La Traviata was first performed in Venice, March 6, 1853, with moderate success. In Paris and London it has met with great favor, but on this side the water it does not appear to have gained much popularity.

American Music Association.

(From Willis's "Musical World," June 6.)

The "New York American-Music Association"—the very long name of a national art-infant of short life, as yet—gave its final concert for the season last week.

The following programme was presented to a very numerous audience at Dodworth's saloon:—

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| PART I. | |
| 1—Kyrie Eleison, from Mass in D..... | Dr. R. F. Halsted |
| Mrs. Crump, Mr. Johnson and Chorus. | |
| 2—Piano Solo: Souvenirs d'Andalousie. Caprice de Concert, on Spanish Airs..... | Gottschalk |
| Mr. Candido Berti. | |
| 3—Ave Maria..... | W. A. King |
| Miss Henrietta Simon. | |
| 4—Grand Scena ed Aria..... | A. Reiff, Jr. |
| Dr. Charles Guilmette. | |
| 5—Fantaisie for Violin, on Norma..... | Appy |
| Mr. Henry Appy. | |
| 6—Song: "Come, love, with me,"..... | J. A. Johnson |
| Mr. J. A. Johnson. | |
| 7—Hymn 186 (Bk. Com. Prayer), Soprano Solo and Chorus..... | Jerome |
| Miss Henrietta Simon and Chorus. | |
| PART II. | |
| 8—Hymn to the Virgin..... | J. M. Deems |
| Mrs. Crump, Mr. Johnson and Chorus. | |
| 9—Fantasie sur "Lucrezia" and "Lucia," on the Boehm Flute..... | Siede |
| Mr. F. J. Eben. | |
| 10—Song..... | W. H. Walter |
| Mr. J. A. Johnson. | |
| 11—Duet, from Opera "Esther,"..... | J. M. Deems |
| Miss Henrietta Simon and Dr. Guilmette. | |
| Conductor at the Piano..... | |
| Mr. Wm. A. King. | |
| Conductor of Chorus..... | |
| Dr. Charles Guilmette | |

At our request, the obliging President of the Association, Mr. Charles J. Hopkins, furnished us with a few personal statistics of the composers whose names appear on the programme, which will be interesting to those who are interested in persons and things mainly Native-American.

Dr. R. F. Halsted is a New York physician—plays the organ in Church of the Holy Apostles—Native-American—was never abroad.

His "Kyrie" indicates fine musical feeling and a refined and cultivated taste. It is somewhat over-spiced with dissonance, however; the flat-sixth, particularly, in its various harmonic combinations, being over-used and over-prominent. Dr. Halsted will soon, doubtless, fall into a more diatonic style of writing.

The biography of New Orleans Gottschalk, of national culture and European career, we need not here write. We were sorry to read the latest news of him, from Havana, that his consumptive symptoms have not been modified by his voyage. We trust, nevertheless, that his may be one of those cases of pulmonary delusion, which seem to outlive and outlast our worst fears. We have known several such of late years. His "Caprice" is one of his lighter compositions, and was gracefully played by young Berti.

Berti is one of the promising *might-bes* of art, who is giving the enthusiasm to law-study which he formerly applied to music. Meantime, however, he avails himself, as any young enterprising man would, of the pecuniary advantage which his musical accomplishment affords him to help him on in the expense of student-life; and we cordially recommend him to such private families and schools as would like to secure a high-bred, gentlemanly-mannered and very capable teacher.

Wm. A. King, English born and bred, although of almost purely American career, we can write but little about that is not already popularly known. His talent for organ-playing, in which his musical many-mindedness is chiefly brought into play, is now unapplied—Mr. King, in common with many artists, being averse to making Sunday the most laborious and business-day of the week, and wishing a seventh of the time, at least, to himself. We think that Mr. King does his best things when he is not aware of it. We happened in at Grace Church one sleepy, summerly afternoon, some years since, and heard him play an introductory voluntary to about a dozen

people, which, put fairly into notes, would suffice to make the reputation of any man. The moment he takes pen in hand, the afflatus, to our thinking, very much subsides—he becomes more critical and less himself.

Of "A. Reiff, jr." we have obtained no information. His "Grand Scena ed Aria" we could not get into the significance of, despite Dr. Guilmette's painstaking rendering.

Mr. Appy was so un-appy as to be detained at Philadelphia; Mr. Eben, the flutist, falling into his place with the flute-solo, later announced. Mr. Eben plays a most resonant and pure-toned Boehm flute, which he well understands witching the music out of. Mr. Eben is of German birth and education.

Mr. Johnson is music-director at Dr. Muhlenberg's church, an American, a teacher in the common schools and an efficient and zealous musician. We have heard better things of his than the song he sang.

"Jerome" (not Bonaparte, but Charles Jerome Hopkins, presumptively) is the President of the society; or, rather, he is Vice-President, Financier, all the Directors, Agent, and almost Door-keeper and Type-setter of the programmes—in short, he is the Society itself. He started it, keeps it in a state of active vitality, lives in it and for it, in very close sense is engaged to it, and one of these days, for aught we see to prevent, will marry it.

"Jerome" is a young man in whom, we believe, have always been contending two antagonistic biases,—Chemistry and Music. We believe his chemical prowess, particularly in enterprising experiment, showed itself before his musical. We advised him, some time since, to strike the flag of his inclinations to chemistry; but he would not heed us.

The 186th Hymn of his composition, we think, on the whole, the best thing we have heard from Jerome, although composed, we understand, before he was instructed in harmony. Out of his family, Jerome has received but little instruction in music, and that little from T. E. Miguel (who died a few weeks ago in the greatest penury). He is organist of St. John's church, at Yonkers, plays the viola, trombone and violoncello, and— is son of the distinguished Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont: in consideration of whose late celebrated work, "The End of Controversy Controverted," we must be permitted to express our surprise, that his son should assume to himself any such questionable name as Je-Rome. His real name is C. J. (not Church Journal—that is his brother)—Charles J. Hopkins.

J. M. Deems is a Virginian; studied we believe, abroad, is a teacher, lives in Charlottesville, is a cornet-player, has composed and scored an opera and oratorio, and is a member of the N. Y. Musical Fund Society. His "Hymn to the Virgin" and Duet from "Esther," show decided ability. We should say his talent were as well worth cultivating as that of any composer on the programme.

W. H. Walter is a New Yorker, a pupil of Dr. Hodges, is organist of Trinity chapel and teaches the organ and harmony. Judging by this "Song," his ability lies far more in the sacred than the secular style.

Other names which have appeared on the Association programmes from time to time, are Dr. Hodges, Bristow, Fry, Curtis, Mason, Psychowski, Homman and Willis; severally and all of whom, we threaten to inform the public more personally about, should they ever appear again on an Association programme—unless they particularly intercede with us to the contrary.

From my Diary, No. 5.

"A mint of schemes within his brain."
Shakspeare, (adapted.)

JUNE 10.—The last new scheme is musical, and shall be recorded.

Julius Stern was a rising young musician in Berlin. He travelled. He spent some years in Paris, and gained reputation. At length he returned to Berlin, established himself as a teacher of music, and like Carl Fasch, of the last generation, organized a Sing-

ing Society, which goes by the name of the "Sternsche Gesang Verein," and of which the Loewe, now Frau Leo—so capably described by Chorley in his book of Rambles—is a leading feminine member. This society has become a rival of the great Sing Akademie, so excellent are its performances.

Summer before last another society, one of instrumental performers, was organized, with Stern at the head, and in the winter of 1855-6 the "Gesang" and "Orchester" Societies united in giving a series of concerts. These concerts rank among the best I have ever attended, and now, on turning over the file of the daily paper which I took that winter in Berlin, and seeing the programmes scattered along its pages, and being thus reminded of the great pleasure and benefit I derived from the performances, the mint within my brain has coined a new scheme.

THE SCHEME

Proposes ten grand miscellaneous concerts, on alternate Saturday evenings, to be given by an orchestra of at least seventy performers, and a chorus of one hundred and fifty to two hundred voices, and four grand performances of Oratorio, to be given in the style of the Festival. The smaller chorus is to be made up of so many members of the grand chorus as can be at liberty for rehearsals and performances upon Saturday evenings. The secular concerts are to open each, with a Symphony, and this followed by some instrumental Solo, will make the first part of the programme. The second part will be made up of instrumental and vocal music. Here is a specimen programme:

PART I.

Symphony in D.....Beethoven.
Concert Stueck.....Weber.

PART II.

Overture—Melusine.....Mendelssohn.
The Tempest.....Haydn.
Scene from Seasons.....Haydn.
Overture—Tell.....Rossini.

The "Tempest" is a piece for orchestra and chorus, which Haydn records in his Diary as being his first attempt at setting English words to music. I wish people could have an opportunity of hearing how exquisitely beautiful and how grand it is.

Well, to fill up the ten concerts, the scheme proposes to give Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night music, his fragments: "Loreley" and "Christus," his Summer-night's Dream, his *Lobgesang*. From Beethoven, the "Ruins of Athens" music, with its queer but most effective Turkish march and chorus, the "Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage," (chorus and orchestra), his "Ah, perfido!" (Recitative and air), and the Fantasia, for piano-forte, orchestra and chorus. If possible, the schemer will engage the boys of the Choristers' School, and give Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*, and Allegro's *Miserere*. On another occasion a selection from Gluck's "Orpheus," with Miss Philipps. Why, there is music enough! to say nothing of four or five grand old English Gleees by two hundred voices, without accompaniment—Webbe's "When winds breath soft," or Callcott's (?) "Queen of the Valley," for example—or a scene or two from "The Scarlet Letter."

The scheme moreover embraces the engagement of two or three of England's best singers, both for the miscellaneous and the grand Oratorio Concerts. "For further particulars, see small bills."

But stop, a moment! The schemer has forgotten to count the cost, while he has taken it for granted that Boston is a musical Athens, that will be so eager to embrace the opportunity of attending such a series of concerts, as to put doorkeepers in danger of life and limb!

Let us pause for reflection.

Boston people pay a dollar to Thalberg, for an hour of finger gymnastics, of an evening. They pay a dollar for two hours of "Traviata," with a chorus of twenty persons, an orchestra rather larger, and three or four middling singers. They pay three, four, five dollars for an hour of Jenny Lind, and another hour of Goldschmidt—which bores the audience. But for Oratorio, with 500 voices and 78 instruments, a dollar is too much! If the schemer can put his tickets at half a dollar, why, they will see about it. So will the schemer.

1st.—The schemer must provide orchestra of seventy persons. This, with conductor, may be safely set down at \$400 per night, making over \$5,000, to say nothing of the expense of the rehearsals, for which every man must also be paid. I judge that the instrumental music alone, for the fourteen concerts, would cost \$10,000.

2d.—Think of the expense, Mr. Schemer, you will incur, in the purchase and copying of music alone! This will amount to a sum which will require at least three figures to express it.

3d.—There is the cost of hall, fuel and lights.

4th.—Of printing, advertising, and the making up of illustrative and historic programmes.

5th.—The solo talent to be engaged abroad, or at home, as the case may be, and which will count up by thousands of dollars.

Nothing can be clearer than that at fifty cents a ticket, the outlay in money, to say nothing of the time and labor of three to five hundred persons, in preparing for the performances, cannot be covered, even though every seat in the Music Hall should be paid for beforehand.

It is just possible that, at one dollar for a single ticket, and tickets for the course, (transferable), at the rate of three tickets for two dollars per concert, the expenses might be covered. Twenty-one hundred tickets at this rate, for secured seats, would amount to \$1400 per night, and this would leave some four or five hundred spare places, to be sold at each concert.

Now, Jenny Lind, Thalberg, and such performers, carry off thousands upon thousands of dollars profits, and nobody seems to grudge the money; but the schemer has no thought of profit. He asks only to have his expenses covered. Of course all the musical public stands ready for this.

"By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends."

A good scheme, a capital scheme, and nothing now is wanting to carry it out but—an orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, good soloists, vocal and instrumental, and a paying subscription—of some two thousand dollars per night.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 13, 1857.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The players are come! The gay troupe pitched their tent on Monday for a few nights at the Boston Theatre, and began forthwith to set their dazzling stock of latest fashions before the eyes of an admiring crowd. First they unrolled—the reigning fashion everywhere—the new Verdi patterns, with their "stunning" colors and the unmistakable *prononcés* figures. The last, and of course the first unrolled, is called the "Traviata." Verily the figures, the musical ideas, motives, rhythms, forms, were unmistakable, as indeed the entire general texture and groundwork. It was Verdi reproducing, or rather redigesting, Verdi; his own common-places recombined, with loss of the original freshness; his old effects tried over and over again, as if with a nightmare inability to move beyond them. Nowhere, in one single point, of song or instrumentation, does this opera add a tittle to what we all knew of Verdi. Invention seems exhausted, and only an intense craving for production left. There is nothing in it which we have not heard essentially before either in *Ernani*, or in *Trovatore*, or in some of the works that came between; and they are not those habits of the mind, those characteristic plays of fancy, those traits of identity in style, which never wear out, as in the case of greater geniuses. If

here and there he makes a wilder effort to escape himself, the result is an unconscious, feeble snatching of some well-known theme by others. These marks of borrowed parentage were too palpable in some instances the other evening to escape the general notice. "Dear, dear, what can the matter be!" was the unconscious tune of one of these despairing efforts to work out a new idea, the spears of masquerading matadors helping the while to drum it out upon the floor.

The plot of *La Traviata* is that of the play "Camille." We have given descriptions of it ere now. As to its musical contents, the critic of the *Courier* has had the courage, which we had not, to look through the score, and gives us a fair sketch thereof, which we have copied on another page. We fully agree with him—we believe all agree—that it is the weakest of Verdi's operas. It saves itself in Paris, London, &c., by the acting and the singing of the Piccolomini, of Bosio, and other captivating artists in the heroine's part; as it has done in Philadelphia and New York, and now finally in Boston, by the lyric powers of Mme. GAZZANIGA.

This fresh, blonde, lady-like and earnest prima donna answers well in quality, if not in degree, to the reports which we have copied of her. Her charm is unique; we do not think of one with whom to compare her. It resides in person—a face, not beautiful, but winning and expressive, a figure light, symmetrical and graceful; in voice—remarkably fresh, clear and searching, for the most part sweet withal, though inclining to screamy in high energetic passages, but of a reedy richness in the low tones, barely above mezzo soprano in compass; but above all in genuine *abandon* and naturalness of action. Her impersonation is eminently dramatic, rising at times to great power. In the last scene her action was comparable to Miss Heron's. Her intensity is tempered by good taste. Her gift is that of the lyric actress. As a vocalist she certainly has small claims; she rarely sings false, and with a sort of instinct and true fervor seizes the character of the music; but there is no finely finished vocalization; her scales are indicated rather than sung, and so too all the fine embellishments. But she has that power of throwing passion into a note, of coloring a tone, that never-failing verve and freshness, that show, to use a homely phrase, she has it "in her." The cabaletta of her solo at the end of the first act: *Ah, forse é lui*, was evidently set down from the original key; she sang it perhaps as expressively as such mechanical music would admit, although the florid passages were slighted.

In the scene with the *père* Germont, and in the stormy one that follows, there were fine touches of lyric passion. But it was in the sick and dying scene, where the music too is somewhat better, that her best power shone out. The agony of that line: *Gran Dio! morir sì giovane!* (Great God! to die so young!) as twice she seemed to pour out her whole soul in it, was thrilling. In the duet: *Parigi, O cara*, which is the most interesting *morceau* of the play, a duet, however, on Verdi's old model of the one in *Ernani*, and again in *Trovatore*, her voice blended sympathetically and sweetly with that of BRIGNOLI, whose tenor is as musical as ever, and who generally sang well and alive when his part called him into the foreground, and then relapsed into the old indifference.

Sig. AMODIO, with his fat figure, and stereotyped gesticulations, which seem to know only two phases of passion, those of very ordinary love-making and revenge, made rather a droll caricature of the father. The grave, respectable old gentleman seemed making love, where he had come to read a lecture and to rescue from a syren. His facile and correct delivery, and the way in which he pours himself out, a tun of voice, round, full and heavy, frequently brings down the house. In concerted pieces his baritone tells nobly; but we cannot wholly sympathize with the common admiration of that voice; we find in it little of sweetness or of sentiment; the quality is coarse and animal; its weight, fluidity and volume are its conquering charm. Signors COLETTI, BARATTINI, and the rest, did their parts creditably. The choruses were rather coarsely sung, and the orchestra too often brayed with brassy lungs, as if to hide the emptiness of the music. MARETZEK is still the same vigorous and alert conductor, and holds his forces well together. There is one *ensemble* piece, at the end of the second act, which is very effective, only not new after one has heard *Ernani*.

The second opera, of course, was *Trovatore*, in which ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS charmed more than ever by her noble contralto, her unaffected manner and her artistic, honest singing; in which Mme. GAZZANIGA gained new ground, although AMODIO seemed to cut the widest swarth in public favor; and in which BRIGNOLI was hissed, not off the stage, but while off, (such height of courage have our habitués at length reached) for dodging the "encore swindle" (he having been sick the day before). Having been let out of his prison to receive applause(!), and then remanded, he chose not to sing again the air with the guitar; and after that, as often as he "oped his mouth," although to sing his best, some greeted him with hisses, even to the sacrifice of the fine points of Gazzaniga. These were as uniformly drowned by storms of applause, and the play went through. We think an audience has only itself to blame, if it get not a good answer to all its unreasonable demands. The *Trovatore* had, of course, a very large and delighted public. For last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was announced; and this afternoon Miss PHILLIPPS sings in music worthy of her, in Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Twelve German Chorals, as harmonized by J. SEBASTIAN BACH. Now complete in 22 pages; price \$1 00.

We would we could persuade our choirs and choral societies, and "Normal Schools" of the satisfaction and sure profit they would find in frequent practice of these incomparable master-pieces of four-part writing! The beauty and religious purity and depth of feeling of these old German tunes, as Bach has harmonized them, must grow upon any one who has any sensibility or depth of nature. Even as sung by a quartet of voices, or only played over on the organ or piano, their charm is inexhaustible; but with a large choir, a "Handel and Haydn" chorus, their effect must be sublime. They ought to be in such general demand, as to warrant the enterprising publishers in issuing many more of the three hundred and odd chorals left in this form by Bach. Each tune here has appropriate English words, and bears its original German title, that is, the first line of the old hymn by which it is known in German churches.

Selections from COSTA'S Oratorio: "Eli."—Two

more numbers. 1. *I will extol thee, O Lord*, is that brilliant soprano air, which reminds one somewhat of Handel's *Rejoice greatly*, only less full of old-fashioned roulades. There is a high B flat in it to be sustained through a couple of bars. 2. Chorus of Angels: *No evil shall befall thee, &c.* This is one of those soft and gentle choruses in which Costa has so clearly imitated Mendelssohn's "Blessed are they," "He watching over Israel," &c. Prices 25 and 20 cts.

Wayside Flowers of France and Italy. Translated and adapted by THEO. T. BARKER.

A series of the simpler little songs of recent French and Italian composers, some comparatively but little known in these parts, and some world-famous. We would rather take our chance among them, than among the more ambitious "gems" of opera; there is often character and freshness in these little things. Of sixteen numbers promised we have four: 1. *Petit Fleur des Bois*, by F. MASINI, a simple, pretty Allegretto; 2. *La Camelia*, by GUGLIELMO; 3. *Il Tempo passato*, (Departed days), a slow minor melody, of considerable pathos; and 4. *La Venta*, (Muleteer's Song), by HALEVY. A very pleasant variety already, and all within easy range of voice. Price of each song 25 cents.

"Florence." A collection of Songs, by F. BOOTT. 1. *I am weary with rowing.* 2. *Battle of the Baltic*: words by Campbell. 3. *From the close shut window*, (J. R. Lowell). 4. *The Sands o' Dee*, (Kingsley's "Alton Locke.") 5. *The night is calm and cloudless*, (Longfellow.) 6. *Stars of the summer night*, (Ditto). 7. *Ring out, wild bells*, (Tennyson). 8. *Break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea*, (Ditto). 25 cts. each.

"Florence" is the publisher's fanciful and not inappropriate title to this series of some of the shorter flights of our townsman, who has for years dwelt in the atmosphere of song in Florence. The subjects are happily chosen, the melodies for the most part natural and appropriate, the accompaniments simple and effective. If not strikingly original or imaginative, they are very graceful, facile little songs, and have some of the best elements of popularity. Certainly they are very far to be preferred to some of the sweetish, sentimental productions of the day, which sell by tens of thousands, and are famous. It is the intention of the publisher to put together the eight songs, with possibly a few more, in a neat brochure, which will be quite acceptable to Mr. Boott's many friends.

Nacqui all affanno, and Non piu mesta, by ROSSINI. (Pp. 11. Price 50 cts.) The famous exceedingly florid and elegant Introduction and Rondo from *Cenerentola*, in which Alboni, D'Angri, Adelaide Philipps, and others, have charmed so many audiences. This seems to be an accurate and complete copy.

Ah! forse è lui, (with also English words), from VERDI'S *La Traviata*, (pp. 13, 75 cts.) This comprises the introductory recitative, the Andantino air, and brilliant Cabaletta, with soprano at the end of the first act. It is here in the original key, running up to D flat above the staff, and is sufficiently Verdisch, requiring a singer trained to difficult vocal feats. The performance of the *Traviata* here this week will provoke not a few to try it.

Six Songs, by JULES SCHULHOFF. Judging from these two: *Star of my love*, and *Bright land of Bohemia*, the bravura pianist has not the gift of song, beyond quite common-place and sentimental melody. So much the more likely, we suppose, are they to please the many; besides, they are very easy.

Sechs Lieder ohne Worte, (Six Songs without words), by MENDELSSOHN. Arranged for four hands, by CZERNY. In 7 Books. Book I. Pp. 23.

Ditson's edition of the *Lieder*, &c., in the original form for two hands, has for some years been among the easily accessible treasures of pianists in this country. We now have the first set of six of them, conveniently arranged for two performers, bringing

them within the reach of more limited powers of execution; so that the poetic character and expression of each little piece may be studied and realized with less thought of mere technical requirements.

Sechs Lieder de SCHUBERT; transcribed for piano by STEPHEN HELLER. No. 3. *La Voyageur*; No. 4. *La Barcarole*. Pp. 7 and 9.

These transcriptions are not immensely difficult, like those by Liszt. They simply bring all the essential features of both melody and accompaniment, of these wondrous Schubert songs, within the grasp of an ordinary pianist's two hands. That the work is artistically and truly done, the name of Stephen Heller is sufficient guaranty.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The old story; Verdi rules the day; and the *Musical World* of May 16th, reports a week's work briefly thus:

Rigoletto was repeated on Saturday, and Mad. Bosio renewed her triumph of the preceding Thursday.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia*, and on Thursday (*La Traviata* being postponed, in consequence of the indisposition of Sig. Graziani) *Rigoletto* was given for the third time.

To-night *La Traviata*, with Mad. Bosio and Mario as the heroine and hero.

The debut of Mdle. Balfé is postponed to the 28th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday, May 9, *Lucia* was repeated. Sig. GIUGLINI "gains new adherents nightly," and the *Musical World* says:

Mdle. PICCOLOMINI, by her performance of *Lucia*, must have satisfied the most doubting that she is not the parrot some of her disbelievers would make her out. She has not yet surmounted the obstacles presented in the opening cavatina and the last movement of the mad scena; but we have faith in her, and believe her capable of any effort to acquire perfection in her art.

The event of the following week was the return of ALBONI, who made her first appearance in *Il Barbiere*, with Herr Beichardt as Almaviva, who though a German tenor, is pronounced an admirable florid singer; Sig. Belletti as Figaro; Beneventano, Doctor Bartolo; and Violetti, Don Basilio.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the third concert was a splendid one, to-wit:

PART I.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3. Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Madame Novello (Idemeneo)

Overture in D major. J. S. Bach.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G, Herr Rubinstein. Rubinstein.

PART II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8. Beethoven.
Aria. Mme. Novello (Iphigénie en Tauride). Gluck.
Solos, pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein. Rubinstein.
Overture (Berg-geist). Spohr.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

The critic of the *Times*, however, condemns Herr Rubinstein, who had just before created a Parisian "sensation," in the following strong language, which we quote to show how judgments differ:

So strange and chaotic a jumble as the concerto in G defies analysis. To assert that it is wanting in intelligible design would be insufficient, since not only is there no evidence of development but nothing to develop. Not a single subject, fit to be designated "phrase" or "melody," can be traced throughout the whole dreary length of the composition; while, to atone for the absence of every musical attribute, we look in vain even for what abounds in the pianoforte writings of Liszt and others of the same eccentric school—viz., the materials for displaying mechanical facility to advantage. Herr Rubinstein's concerto, in short, is quite as dull as it is shapeless and confused. The orchestral accompaniments, moreover, betray the hand of a tyro; anything more meagre and unsatisfactory has rarely been committed to paper. The two pieces without accompaniments which the Russian pianist introduced in the second part of the programme—a nocturne and a Polonaise—are not much better. In the first something like the shadow of a theme is indicated; but the last is empty rhodomontade from end to end. Such things have nothing whatever to do with music; and the wonder is how so beautiful an art can, under any circumstances, be exhibited in a light so unattractive and absurd. As a player, Herr Rubinstein (who, when a mere boy, paid London a visit in 1843-4) may lay claim to the possession of extraordinary manual dexterity. His execution (more particularly when he has passages in octaves to perform) is prodigious, and the difficulties he surmounts with apparent ease are manifold and astonishing. But his mechanism is by no means invariably pure;

nor is his manner of attacking the notes at all favorable to the production of legitimate tone. A pianist should treat his instrument rather as a friend than as an enemy, caress rather than bully it; but Herr Rubinstein seats himself at the piano with a seeming determination to punish it, and his endeavors to extort the power of an orchestra from that which is, after all, but an unpretending row of keys, hammers, and strings, result in an exaggeration of style entirely antagonistic to real musical expression.

Musical Chat.

The stock-holders of the Boston Music Hall had their fifth annual meeting on Wednesday. The receipts of the Hall for the year past were found to be \$8976 56; the expenditures, (including some \$600 for permanent improvements), \$5170 80; to which has to be added interest on debt, \$2400, leaving a clear profit of \$1405 76. The debt, originally \$45,000, stands where it did last year, at \$40,000. The stock is now represented by 1011 shares. The old Directors were re-elected, viz.: Dr. J. B. Upham (President), J. M. Fessenden, C. C. Perkins, H. W. Pickering, Dr. George Derby, E. D. Brigham, and Eben Dale. . . . The article on "Musical Festivities," in our last number, should have been credited to the *Courier*. . . . Sig. CORELLI sails for Italy on Wednesday, having sent a large musical instrument before him, and leaving behind a patriotic Card, which will be found below. A pleasant journey to him, and a safe return to Boston in October!

The German Opera at the Philadelphia Academy, opened on Monday evening with the *Freyschutz*, and not with *Martha*, as at first announced. *Fidelio* and Auber's "Mason and Locksmith" followed. A friend in Philadelphia writes: "You have much to regret in not having visited our Academy of Music during the long season it has been enjoying. You will not find GAZZANIGA a fine vocalist, by any means, but you will recognize in her a great genius, a lyrical Rachel—who in Verdi's *Traviata* will give a new reading to a character which has already excited a world-wide interest. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that during the forty-three opera nights at the Academy, there has not been one case of 'indisposition,' not a single change of programme. To balance this, it is true, we have had two unequivocal fiascos—a soprano and a tenor—Madame dePaez and Signor Giannoni, each of whom sang once, and once only. The newspapers give you no idea of the enthusiasm and splendor of the audiences; strange to say, all descriptions have fallen short of the reality, excepting Fry's editorial in the *N. Y. Tribune*, which was almost too much on the other side. Nor can you form any conception of the wonderful favoritism achieved by Gazzaniga; never was an artist more popular in our dull city; her every appearance has been a triumph, and on her two benefit nights she literally had a flowery path across the stage." . . . The Foyer of the Philadelphia Academy is to be adorned with a marble bust of Mme. Gazzaniga, by some of her admirers, she having so identified herself with its inauguration and first brilliant season. This is said to be in imitation of the enthusiasm which has placed the bust of Malibran in La Scala, and of Rachel in the Théâtre Française. . . . To-day the Great National Musical Festival of the Germans will commence at Philadelphia. The total number of singing societies which will participate will be 54, embracing 1505 members. The societies are from the following cities and boroughs: New York, 17—650 members; Philadelphia, 12—334 members; Baltimore, 8—215 members. One society from each of the following: Alexandria, Boston, Brooklyn, Easton, Harrisburg, Hoboken, Hartford, New Haven, Reading, Richmond, Trenton, Washington, and Wilmington. From Williamsburg and Newark, 2 each.

Our Boston prima donna, ELISE HENSLEY, is still in Paris, where she sang not long since in the con-

cert of M. Nicosia, a famous Sicilian violinist. We translate from a French review:

"We admired at this concert a large and beautiful young lady, Mlle. Hensler, an American, who dresses like a Parisienne, pronounces like a Siennese, and sings like a Neapolitaine. She sang the air from *Rigoletto*—that air so beautiful, so melodious, but so difficult, and the cavatina from *I Puritani*. She sang these two pieces with exquisite taste, with unimpeachable precision, and above all with an immense success. She was applauded, she was recalled, and recalled again; everybody asked who this young cantatrice was, whom America had sent us in exchange for the great artists whom she demands of the first lyric theatres upon our continent." . . . Brussels papers report the fine impression made upon a great audience by our young Boston violinist, Mr. J. P. GROVES, at the last concert of the Conservatoire, (over which M. Fétis presides), of which he is one of the most promising pupils. The programme of this concert consisted of a MS. Symphony, by Ferdinand Hiller, the overture and entr'actes to Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, solos, &c. We translate from two of them:

"A young Bostonian, who presented the Anglo-American type strongly pronounced, executed the first part of the first violin Concerto by Vieuxtemps. Mr. Groves is a pupil of M. Léonard, and pupil and master achieved a grand success for one another. It seemed audacious for a young man to attack one of the most difficult pieces for the violin; but Mr. Groves soon showed that he was equal to his terrible task. He places his bow with a remarkable certainty, and executes full and vigorous passages with the boldest manner. The bow bites the strings, making them resound with amplitude and power, or sets them vibrating with a prodigious rapidity. Mr. Groves executes wonders with the left hand, while the right details and brilliantly accentuates the melody. Here is a young artist with a fair future before him."—*Le Moniteur Belge*.

"Mr. Groves, a second prize violin of the class of Mr. Léonard, was warmly applauded and even recalled,—a thing which does not happen at the concerts of the Conservatoire as often as it does elsewhere. . . . The young virtuoso showed remarkable qualities of mechanism, and a certain energy of execution which augur well for his future."—*Le National*.

Advertisements.

ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

A JOINT EXHIBITION of Paintings and Statuary by the BOSTON ATHENÆUM and the BOSTON ART CLUB, is now open at the Athenæum, in Beacon Street.

Among many other valuable Paintings are a large number of WASHINGTON ALLSTON's best Works, and the Dowse Collection of Water Colors.

Season tickets 50 cents—Single admissions 25 cents.

PARLOR PICTURES.

A SMALL and choice Collection of original Italian pictures, in carved and gilt frames of superior Florentine workmanship, are for sale for a short time at the store of HORACE BARNES & Co., No. 123 Washington Street.

Piano-Forte Instruction.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE,
RESIDENCE, 55 HANCOCK STREET.

A CARD.—Signor CORELLI begs leave to offer his thanks to those generous friends of Italy who have enabled him, by their contributions, to present an American cannon to the fortress of Alexandria. He assures them that their gift is already on its way, and will soon be welcomed upon the frontier citadel of his country, as the tribute of the friends of constitutional liberty in the new world to the defenders of constitutional government in the old.

It will be the novel office of this cannon to announce, on the borders of the most despotic states of Europe, that the citizens of a democratic republic, can appreciate and encourage a constitutional monarchy, and that in the patriotic exertions of Victor Emmanuel and of the Count Cavour, they can recognize the fact that a monarch and his enlightened minister may be the best guardians of the happiness, the good order and the liberty of Northern Italy. In the present threatening attitude of the old despotisms to Sardinia, its citizens will understand and cherish the sympathy of the young Republic, with its well regulated institutions, in the stability of which is the only present hope of freedom for Italy.

Boston, June 12, 1857.

Late Editions of Valuable Music Books.

THE BEETHOVEN COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, comprising Themes from the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and other eminent Composers:—and original Tunes, Chants and Anthems. The whole harmonized in four parts, with an accompaniment for the Organ. By E. IVES, JR., W. ALPERS and H. C. TIMM. Price \$1.

THE OPERATIC ALBUM; a Collection of Music in Parts, for Ladies' Voices. Intended particularly for Seminars, High Schools, Musical Classes, and the Social Circle. By E. IVES, JR. Price 50 cts.

THE LYRIC DRAMA; a Collection of Choruses and Concerted Pieces from the principal Operas. No. 1, *La Sonnambula*. Now ready. Price 50 cts.

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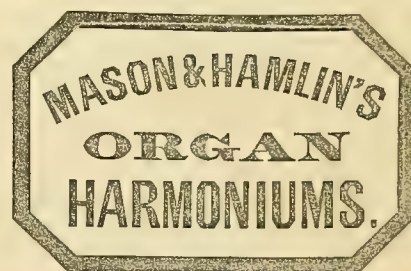
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

FROM THE INN.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

'Tis time to sleep;—but, ah! the frenzied woes
And wails of Nature, here, forbid repose.
Beneath my window, ghostly and sublime,
The crashing cataract on the rock beats time!
Unseasonable music! what can I
But wake and hear the juggling melody?—
Monotonous, yet strangely mingling tones,
Like harp-strings now, and now like thunder-groans!
Rattling of wheels was that? an army's tread?
Or clattering mills that grind thy daily bread?
Heard I the anvils, forging iron arms?
Heard I the organ's heart-dissolving charms?
The post-horn's peal that draws thee far away?
The murmur of the woods that bids thee stay?
The chime of bells that calls to prayer! the boom
Of the dead-march, escorting to the tomb!
Emblem of life! all foam and smoke and spray,
And yet to sleep and dream it singeth thee away!

C. T. B.

[Continued from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNEY, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

It is now too late to determine who was the aggressor in this long and ruinous war; perhaps Handel exercised his power too roughly, and Senesino was too impatient of control. Perhaps too, the nobility carried their resentment too far, in setting up another opera to the ruin of a man of such uncommon worth and abilities; and, perhaps, if Handel's temper had at all resembled his finger, in flexibility, a reconciliation might have been effected on no very mortifying or dishonorable terms. It is painful to dwell on this part of his life, which was one continued tissue of losses and misfortunes. He produced thirty operas between the year 1721 and 1740; yet, after the dissolution of the Academy, in 1729, none were attended with the success that was due to their

intrinsic and superior merit, though some of the best were posterior to that period. Neglect and opposition conspired to rob him at once of health, fame, and fortune!

Indeed the breach with the Academy and enmity to Senesino, may with truth be said to have had some effect on his later Dramatic compositions. Senesino had so noble a voice and manner of singing, was so admirable an actor, and in such high favor with the public, that besides the real force and energy of his performance, there was an additional weight and importance given to whatever he sung, by the elevated situation in which he stood with the audience. I have been acquainted with several masters, and persons of judgment and probity, who perfectly remembering his performance and its effects on themselves and the public, assured me, that none of the great singers, who have since visited this country, ever gave such exquisite pleasure and heart-felt satisfaction as Senesino; who, without high notes or rapid execution, by the majesty and dignity of his person, gestures, voice, and expression, captivated more, though he surprised less, than Farinelli, Caffarelli, Conti detto Gizziello, Carestini, or any of their immediate successors. It is impossible for a composer to set a song to music without thinking of the talents and abilities of the singer who is to perform it, and casting the air in his particular calibre.

The singers engaged and employed by Handel, after the schism of Senesino, brought over a new style of singing, and were possessed of vocal feats of activity to which he was never partial; it has, however been, I think, unjustly said, that the operas he composed after the quarrel "have so little to recommend them, that few would take them for the work of the same author." Can that severe sentence be reconciled to judgment, truth, and candor, in speaking of *Lotharius*, *Ariadne*, *Alcina*, *Berenice*, *Artodante*, *Xerxes*, and *Faramond*? The voice part of his songs was generally proportioned to the abilities of his singers, and it must be owned, that, with a few exceptions, those of his late operas, and oratorios, were not possessed of great powers either of voice, taste, expression, or execution.* Yet so unbounded were his orchestra resources, that he never failed making judges of Music ample amends for deficiencies of voice or talents in a singer, by the richness and ingenuity of his accompaniments. And it may, perhaps, be said, that his best vocal thoughts, or melodies, seem to have been inspired by the troop for which he

* Carestini, Conti detto Gizziello, and Caffarello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. *Verdi prati*, which was constantly encored during the whole run of *Alcina*, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for him to sing; upon which he went, in a great rage, to his house, and in a way which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a first-singer, cries out: "You toe! don't I know better as your self, vaat is pest for you to sing? If you vill not sing all de song vaat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver."

His government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic: for, upon Cuzzoni insolently refusing to sing his admirable air, *Falsa Imagine*, in *Otho*, he told her that he always knew she was a *very Devil*; but that he should now let her know, in her turn, that he was *Beelzebub*, the *Prince of the Devils*. And then, taking her up by the waist, swore, if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

composed, in 1727, at the head of which were Senesino, Boschi, Cuzzoni, and Faustina, all possessed of such different kinds of excellence, as might have supported, and sung into favor, the worst Music that ever was composed. There are airs in *Sirée*, which have much merit of a different kind from that which all candid judges readily allow him: for *Non vi piacque ingiusti Dei*, sung by Faustina, and *Deggio morire o stelle*, by Senesino, in that opera, are songs with quiet accompaniments in the style of the most capital modern Airs, in which the singer and the poet are equally respected. These were composed in 1728, about the time that Vinci and Hasse had begun to thin and simplify accompaniment, as well as to polish melody. In the first of these Airs the voice-part is beautiful and a *canevas* for a great singer; in the second, the effects by modulation and broken sentences of melody are truly pathetic and theatrical: the first violin admirably filling up the chasms in the principal melody, while the second violin, tenor, and bass, are murmuring in the subdued accompaniment of iterated notes in modern songs. By these two Airs it appears that Handel, who had always more solidity and contrivance than his contemporaries, penetrated very far into those regions of taste and refinement at which his successors only arrived, by a slow progress, half a century after.

We shall now quit his dramatic transactions, and confine this narration to such incidents as gave rise to the composition and public performance of his Oratorios, which being in our own language, have chiefly endeared him to the nation.

Sacred dramas, or Oratorios, are of great antiquity in Italy, if that title be allowed to the legendary tales, mysteries, and moralities, in which hymns, psalms, songs, and choruses, were incidentally introduced; but the first regular sacred Drama that was wholly sung, and in which the Dialogue was carried on in *Recitative*, was entitled *Anima e Corpo*; it was set to music by Emilio del Cavalieri, and first performed at Rome, in February, 1600, the same year as secular musical Dramas, or Operas, had their beginning at Florence. The Sacred Dramas, which, during the last century, were performed in the churches and convents of Italy, and generally in action, are innumerable; but the title of Oratorio was first given to this species of *Mystery in Music*, by Francesco Balducci, about 1645, after which time it became the general term for such productions.* Indeed it appears from the *Drammaturgia* of Italy, that more *Dramme Sacre*, or *Rappresentazioni Musicali*, on religious subjects, were performed at Palermo, and, even Naples, during the latter end of the last century, and beginning of this, than secular. At the church of *S. Girolamo della Carità*, and *La Chiesa Nuova*, at Rome, Oratorios are still constantly performed on Sundays, from All-Saints day till Palm-Sunday, and on all festivals; and the conservatorios at Venice are still constant in the use of these Dramas.

Esther, composed for the duke of Chandos, in 1720, was the first Oratorio which Handel set to music. And eleven years after its performance

* Quadrio, *Storia d'ogni Poesia*, tom. v. p. 495. The word *Oratorio* had its origin from the early introduction of a more artificial kind of music than *canto fermo*, or the mass in a constant chorus of four parts, at the Oratory of San Filippo Neri, at Rome, who died 1595.

at Cannons, a copy of the score having been obtained, it was represented, in action, by the Children of his Majesty's Chapel, at the house of Mr. Bernard Gates, master of the boys, in James-street, Westminster, on Wednesday, February 23, 1731.* The Chorus, consisting of performers from the Chapel-Royal and Westminster-Abbey, was placed after the manner of the ancients, between the stage and orchestra; and the instrumental parts were chiefly performed by Gentlemen who were members of the Philharmonic Society. After this, it was performed by the same singers at the Crown and Anchor, which is said to have first suggested to Handel the idea of bringing Oratorios on the stage. And in 1732, *Esther* was performed at the Haymarket, Ten Nights. In March, 1733, *Deborah* was first given to the public; and in April *Esther* was again exhibited at the same theatre. It was during these early performances of Oratorios, that Handel first gratified the public by the performance of Concertos on the organ, a species of Music wholly of his own invention,† in which he usually introduced an extempore fugue, a diapason-piece, or an adagio, manifesting not only the wonderful fertility and readiness of his invention, but the most perfect accuracy and neatness of execution.‡

It was in the summer of 1733, that he went to the university of Oxford, on occasion of a public act, taking with him Carestini, Strada, and his opera band: at this solemnity he had the Oratorio of *Athalia* performed in the public theatre, where he opened the organ in such a manner as astonished every hearer. The late Mr. Michael Christian Festing, and Dr. Arne, who were present, both assured me, that neither themselves, nor any one else of their acquaintance, had ever before heard such extempore, or such premeditated playing, on that or any other instrument.

In the Lent of 1734, he performed *Esther*, *Deborah*, and *Athalia*, at Covent-Garden; and in 1735, *Esther*, *Acis and Galatea*, and *Alexander's Feast*, for the first time. In 1738, *Israel in Egypt*, and 1739, *Allegro ed il Penseroso*. During these last two years the Opera-house was shut, and Handel's affairs were at this time so deranged, that he was under constant apprehensions of being arrested by Del Pò, the husband of Strada. This stimulated his friends to persuade him to have a benefit; and, in following their advice, he received such testimonies of public favor at the Opera-house, in the Haymarket, March 28, 1738, as proved extremely lucrative: for, besides every usual part of the house being uncommonly crowded, when the curtain drew up, five hundred persons of rank and fashion were discovered on the stage, which was formed into an amphitheatre.§

In 1740, the Oratorio of *Saul* was performed, for the first time, at the theatre in Lincoln-Inn-Fields; and from this period, Handel may be said to have devoted his labors solely to the service of the church; as, except his *grand Concertos for Violins*, and the *Fire-work Music*, for the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, 1748, I remember no other compositions than Oratorios, that were either performed or published by him.¶

* This Oratorio, and *Athalia*, seem both to have been taken from Racine's two celebrated tragedies of *Esther* and *Athalia*, written for music, and performed at the convent of St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon. Nothing, however, but the Choruses of these sacred Dramas was ever sung in France, nor was the music of these Choruses set by Lulli, as inadvertently asserted in the former Life of Handel. Indeed, Lulli, unluckily, died two years before the first of these tragedies was represented; that is, in 1687, and *Esther* was not performed at St. Cyr, till 1689.

† Rameau's *Livre de Pieces de Clavecin en Concerts*, did not appear till 1741.

‡ The favorite movement, at the end of his second organ-concerto, was long called the *Minuet in the Oratorio of Esther*, from the circumstance of its having been first heard in the concerto which he played between the parts of that Oratorio.

§ This performance was called an *Oratorio*; but in examining the printed book of the words, with which I have been favored by Mr. Belcher, one of Handel's few surviving friends, it appears that this exhibition was miscellaneous: consisting of a mixture of sacred and profane, of English and Italian Airs and Recitatives, without the least connection either in the words or music.

¶ From 1740, when he totally quitted the Opera-

During the first years of his retreat from the Opera stage, the profits arising from the performance of Oratorios were not sufficient to indemnify his losses; and it would remain a perpetual stigma on the taste of the nation, if it should be recorded, that his "Messiah," that truly noble and sublime work, was not only ill-attended, but ill-received, on its first performance in 1741, were its miscarriage not to be wholly ascribed to the resentment of the many great personages whom he had offended, in refusing to compose for Senesino, by whom he thought himself affronted; or even for the opera, unless that singer were dismissed; which inflexibility being construed into insolence, was the cause of powerful oppositions that were at once oppressive and mortifying.

Handel had been so unfortunate in all his attempts to carry on operas at the three several theatres of the Haymarket, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Covent-Garden, in opposition to his former protectors, the members of the Royal Academy, that he was reduced to the necessity of drawing out of the funds ten thousand pounds, which he had lodged there in his more prosperous days; and still Strada, Montagnana, and other singers employed in his last operas were unpaid, and obliged to quit this country with promissory notes instead of cash.

Handel, however, who was a man of strict probity, and accustomed to pay his performers not only honestly, but generously, discharged these debts very honorably, as soon as he was able.

It was after these repeated miscarriages, and a very severe illness, supposed to have been brought on by the joint effects of anxiety, mortification, distress, and disappointment, that he went to Ireland, in order to try whether his Oratorios would be out of the reach of prejudice and enmity in that kingdom. Pope, on this occasion personifying the Italian Opera, put into her mouth the following well-known lines, which she addresses to the goddess of Dulness.

"Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress; or you sleep no more—
She heard;—and drove him to the Hibernian shore."*

On his arrival at Dublin, with equal judgment and humanity, he began by performing the "Messiah," for the benefit of the city prison. This act of generosity and benevolence met with universal approbation, as well as his music; which,

stage, to 1751, he produced fifteen original Oratorios, and adapted English words to the music of a serenata, or morality, *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, (the Triumph of Time and Truth) which he had set to Italian words, at Rome, 1709. Of these, the *Messiah*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, were sure to fill the house whenever they were performed; but though the rest are hazardous, and fluctuating in favor, yet there is no one of them which an exquisite and darling singer, such as Mrs. Sheridan, or Mrs. Bates, could not render important and attractive.

* When Handel went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, this year, 1741, I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe, over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange-Coffee-house; for being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavorable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing at sight; as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. At this time Harry Alcock, a good player, was the first violin at Chester, which was then a very musical place; for besides public performances, Mr. Prebendary Prescott had a weekly concert, at which he was able to muster eighteen or twenty performers, gentlemen, and professors. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the "Messiah": "And with his stripes are we healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him; and after swearing in four or five languages, cried out in broken English: "You sheauntrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," says the printer, "and so I can; but not at first sight."

after spending some time in the discipline of his troops, was admirably performed, with Dubourg for leader, and the late Mrs. Cibber to sing: *He was despised and rejected of men*. This air, the first, perhaps, in our language, has been often sung by Italian singers of the greatest abilities, but never, I believe, in a manner so truly touching to an Englishman, as by Mrs. Cibber for whom it was originally composed; and whose voice, though a mere thread, and knowledge of music, inconsiderable; yet, by a natural pathos, and perfect conception of the words, she often penetrated the heart, when others, with infinitely greater voice and skill, could only reach the ear.*

[To be continued.]

Mlle. Victoire Balfe.

This young English singer, the daughter we believe of BALFE, the composer, made her debut at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 28th of last month. We copy an account of it from the *Daily News*.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE made her *début* last night at the Lyceum in the *Sonnambula*, and a more triumphant first appearance, or one that promises a more brilliant career, has rarely been witnessed. It excited very great interest in our musical circles, not only from the name the young lady bears, but from what had been heard respecting her qualities and talents; and the theatre consequently was filled to overflowing, every place in every part of the house having been taken days ago. The youthful *débutante* had a most cordial reception, which she acknowledged tastefully, but very timidly. Her agitation, indeed, was extreme; it was easy to understand her feelings, and impossible not to sympathize with them. A young girl of twenty, who not only had never faced the public gaze, but had never even been heard beyond the circle of her family and intimate friends—who must have felt that her most terrible trial was begun, and that the next few minutes would determine the fate of her whole future life, and fill her parents with happiness, or blight their fondest hopes—must have been in a state of mind sufficient, one would think, to paralyze all her faculties. But she supported herself bravely. Nothing could be more winning than her whole aspect. Her beauty is remarkable; and in her pretty attire, with her innocent looks and simplicity of manner, she was the very ideal of the rustic heroine. She spoke her first phrases of recitative, in addressing her young companions, in a voice of the most musical sweetness; and when she came to the air: *Come per me sereno*, so beautifully expressive of overflowing happiness, she gave it with a warmth and joyousness, revelling in a profusion of the most brilliant fioriture, which drew thunders of applause from every part of the house. From that moment she must have felt assured of her success, for her tremor disappeared and she was able to give full scope to her powers, and to show her genius as an actress as well as a singer. In the scene where Amina is exposed to the attentions of the gallant Count, which give umbrage to her moody swain, and the little lovers' quarrel and reconciliation which ensue, she charmed the audience by the pretty, delicate touches which she threw into her bye play. When the first act closed she was twice called before the curtain. In the second act she was still more successful, when her powers of strong and passionate expression were shown; and at the end of that act she was again twice called for, even more vehemently than before. But it was in the last act that her great triumph was achieved. Amina's meek and gentle endurance of her lover's cruel taunts and reproaches was beautifully rendered;

* One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make, *ad libitum*, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and seemed indeed a little bewildered, and uncertain of his original key—but, at length, coming to the shake, which was to terminate his long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre: "You are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!"

and the sleep-walking scene, when she descends from the mill, never was made more deeply pathetic, even by Jenny Lind herself. The final air: *Ah, non giunge*, was a blaze of brilliant execution, expressing, more eloquently than any words could do, the fulness of joy and rapture. When the opera was concluded, the audience gave vent to their feelings of admiration and delight. The curtain fell amid deafening applause. The young performer had to come forward three times, in compliance with reiterated calls, and, each time, was received with acclamations, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and showers of bouquets. Her success is of the most solid description, for it is founded on sterling qualities. Her voice is a perfect organ—a true soprano, full, round, sweet and powerful, with that indescribable thrilling quality which goes to the heart of the hearer. Her powers have received the highest cultivation that education can bestow; but she is, moreover, an artist of nature's own making; for, without the rarest gifts of genius, she could not have been made what she is by all the education in the world.

She was admirably supported by Gardoni, who exerted himself to the utmost, and shared in the triumph which he so zealously assisted her to gain. Ronconi, too, with excellent feeling, took, for her sake, the character of the Count, though it is a part beneath his professional rank, and performed it with great care and happy effect.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin, June 11.]

DER FREISCHUETZ.

"FREISCHUETZE—fri' shut' zai, m. (n. pl.—n)—free archer, one who uses charmed bullets."—[Oelschläger's Pronouncing German Dictionary, p. 150.]

AIR—"The Pope he leads a jolly life."

Wie geht's, my frents—if you'll allow,
I sings you right away shoost now
Some dretful sdories vitch dey calls
DER FREISCHUETZ, or, de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Where folk drinks prandy mate of ploods;
Dere lifed ein Yager—Kaspar Schmit,
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Und dere vas one old Yager, who
Says, "Kaspar, dis vill nefer do;
If you should miss on trial day,
Dere'l be de tyfel den to pay.

"If you do miss, you shtupid goose,
Dere'l be de donnerwetter loose;
For you shant have mine taugter's hand,
Nor pe de Hertshog's yagersmann."

It coomed pefore de day vas set,
Dat all de chaps togeder met,
Und Kaspar fired his bix and missed,
Und all de gals cot round and hissed.

Dey laughed pefore and hissed behind;
Put one chap (Max) says, "Never mind!
I dells you what, you stuns 'em alls,
If yoost you shoot mit magic palls."

"De magic palls—oh vot is dat!"
"I got dem in mine hoonting hat;
De'r plack as kohl und shoot so true,
Oh dems de sort of palls fur you.

"You see dat eagle flyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles up in de sky?
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him dead as doonderblix."

"I ton't pelieve de dings you say."
"You fool," says Max, "den plaze away!"
He plazed away, ven sure as blood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das!" said Kaspar Schmit.
"Vy—dat's de eagle vat you hit,
You kills um when you plaze away;
But dat's a ting you nix ferstay."

"Und you moost go to make dem palls
To de Wolf's Glen ven midnight falls;
Dow knowst de shot?—alone and late"—
"O yaw—I knows him ganz foost rate."

"But denn I does not likes to go
Among dem dings." Says Max, "Ach sho!
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps;
Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!"

"(Hilf Zamiel! hilf!)"—Here, trink some more!"
Den Max vent shtomping roundt de floor,
Und comed his hoomboggs ofer Schmit,
Till Kasp. said "Nun—ich gehe mit!"

All in de finster mitternoct,
When oder folks in shleep vas locked,

Down in de *Wolfschlucht* Max did try
His tyfel-strikes und *hexerei*.

Mit skools und pones he made a ring,
De howls und spooks pegin to sing;
Und all de tyfels under ground
Coom breaking loose and rushing round.

Den Kaspar cooms along; says he,
"Mein Got! what dings is dis I see!
I tinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic pall.

"I vish dat I had nix cum rous,
Und shtaid mineself in ped to house."
"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Max, "you whelp!
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Denn up dere coomed a tredfull shtorm,
De todtegrrips aroundt did schwarm;
De howl jooinap oop und flap his vings,
Und turned his het like avery dings.

Up troo de groundt here coomed a pot,
Mit leadt und dings to make de shot;
Und hoellisch fire in crimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kæs'.

Across de scene a pine shtick flew,
Mit seferal jail-pirds fastest to;
Six treadful jail-pirds, mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shttrings.

All troo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounts und deer all made of pone,
Und hoonted by a skilleton.

Dere coomed de dretful shtectre pig
Who shpitten fire, away did dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-snake
A scootin troo de air tid preak.

But Max he tidn't mind dem alls,
But casted out de pullet palls;
Six was to go as dey wouldt like,
De sevent moost for de tyfel shtrike.

At last oopon de trial day
De gals coomes round so nice and gay;
Und denn dey goes and makes a tanz
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's de Duke—
Cooms down und dinks he'll take a look;
"Young mans," to Kaspar denn says he,
"Joost shoot dem dove upon dat dree!"

Denn Kaspar pointed mit de bix—
"Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I'll fix!"
He fired his rifle at de *taub*,
When Max rolled over in de *staub*.

De pride she falled too in de dust,
De gals dey cried—de men dey cussed;
De Hertshog says, "It's fery clear
Dat dere has been some tyfels here;

"Und Max has shot mit tyfel's-blei.
Pfui!—die verfluchte Hexerei!
O Maximilian! O du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!"

But den a hermits coomed in late,
Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost-rate,"
Und tellt de Hertshog dat young men
Will raise de tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forfiged de Kaspar dann,
Und made of him ein Yagersmann,
What shoots mit bixen gun und pfeil,
Und talks apout de *Waidmannsheil*.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to be de Kaspar's wife;
Denn all de beoples cried Hoora!
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!

NOTES.

Tyfel—Teufel—An evil spirit
Donnerwetter—Thunder-weather, and a grand smash, generally speaking.

Herzog—Duke.
Yagersmann or *Jäger*—A hunter.

Biz—*Buchse*—A rifle.
Kohl—Coal.
"O! was ist das?"—What is that?
"Nix ferstay!"—Unintelligible, (both to Germans and English.)

Schnapps—*Schnapps* Very appropriate in the Wolf's *Schlucht*, or Wolf's ravine.

"Hilf Zamiel!"—Invocation to an evil spirit.
"Ich gehe mit"—I will go with you.

Mitternoct—*Mitternacht*—Midnight.
Hexerei—Witchcraft.

Spooks—*Spuk*—Ghosts.
Nix cum rous—*Ne exeat*—Not come out. No go.

Todtengerippe—Skeleton.
Schweitzer Kæse—Swiss cheese.

Die Wilde Jagd—The wild hunt.
Fiery Drocks—*Drachen*—Fire-drakes. Fire-dragons.

Jung fernkranz—Bridal-wreath.
Taub—Dove.

Staub—Dust.
Blei—Lead.

O! Maximilian, &c.—O! Maximilian, you have employed improper means: i. e., sorcery.

Pfeil—Arrow.
Waidmannsheil—Salutation of German hunters.
Das ist recht brav—That is first-rate.

Alboni in "Il Barbiere."

Rosina, judged from a musical point of view, is one of Alboni's very best parts, and on no occasion has she exhibited more wonderful brilliancy, grace, and finish. The introductory air, the famous *Una voce poco fa*—in which Rossini discourses of her love for Lindoro, (Almaviva), and calculates upon the means of bringing it to a successful issue—was an example of pure and effortless singing from which any contemporary might have derived a profitable lesson. The opening of the *largo* was delivered with exquisite taste, and the ornaments were invariably in keeping—ornaments, in short, which really embellished the text, instead of distorting and tormenting it, as is too often the case with those who think more of obtruding their own mechanical proficiency than of doing artistic justice to the music. The quick movement, or *cabaletta*, (for that is the recognized term), was at first given without alterations, and then varied, (as the composer intended), with admirable fancy and discretion. The whole display was consummate, and excited the enthusiasm of every connoisseur in the theatre. Such singing is too rare now-a-days not to be warmly appreciated by all who are capable of understanding the difference between true art and the semblance of art. Equally worthy of admiration was Alboni's share of the racy and vigorous duet with Figaro—*Dunque io son*—in which a new and effective point was introduced, where Rosina helps the barber to spell her own name:

"Poverina—si chiama Rosina—Rosina."

The shake on the penultimate syllable—"si"—dwelt on for some time, and graduated with charming facility, from soft to loud, and *vice versa*, until at the conclusion, the rapidly alternate notes became just audible and no more, was a striking improvement on the ancient stereotyped tradition which made Rossini and Figaro draw out the unabbreviated name in unison. In every other respect this duet was inimitable; and it required the habitual coolness for which Alboni is noted to resist the loud and general demand for a repetition of the final movement. In the lesson-scene she introduced Rode's well-known air with variations. Such vocalization as was here displayed can only be fitly described in one word—perfection.... The last variation of Rode's air was consequently sung again; and when the admiring Bartolo exclaims, in the height of his enthusiasm, "Bella voce! Bravissima!" the whole house joined spontaneously in the verdict. "Bella voce!" he might aptly ejaculate. Alboni's voice is stronger than last season, (richer and mellower it could never be), while her art is as supreme and faultless as before, entitling her to maintain the rank she has for a long time held as the foremost vocalist in the unrivaled school of Italy—that school which combines the natural and the incomparable melody of Mozart with the more florid and ornamental style of Rossini. The reception accorded to Alboni was immense, several minutes elapsing before the applause subsided—a reception, in fact, worthy of her unequalled talent.—*London Times*, May 14.

Debuts at the Grand Opera.

(Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.)

PARIS, MAY 14, 1857.

Here is M. Hector Berlioz's last piece of drolery. It is a description of the different species of debuts which are made at the Grand Opera, and which like everything of the sort he writes, is sure to raise merry peals of laughter. There are, he says, two principal species of *debutans*, the "official" *debutans*, and the "officieux" *debutans*. Among the *debutans* who were "official" and who were educated at the Conservatory, we may instance a good many remarkable artists, for example, Roger, Levasseur, Mlle. Falcon, and a great many more. These, despite all sorts of lessons, which they were obliged to undergo, rapidly developed themselves as soon as they quitted the Conservatory; for they were of an incompressible nature. It was in vain they had bawled into their ears for several years: "This is the way to emit the voice; this is the way to breathe; these are the points of the phrase's intersection; here you may add a pause to the measure, there you should suppress the *elision* and make a hiatus; this little *gruppetto* would produce a good effect in that expressive accent; imitate me; make at the higher octave this bass note too low for your voice; substitute a 'sol sharp' for this 'mi flat,' since you can easily do so, for it is more brilliant; study this *point d'orgue* and give it 'em at the end of your piece—I composed it for you; the music of the masters must be brushed up; don't bother yourself about the rhythm or the measure, leaders of orchestras are made to follow and wait on you; hammer us out a vigorous trill on the word *ame*, that vowel *a* invites you to do so; force the voice on the *je t'aime* so as to produce a trem-

bling sound, which expresses passion; this is the way you should manage your right arm; that's the way you should move your left leg; here's the way you enter on the stage; look! see! this is the way you make your exit. After your solo, cross over four paces to the left, if you are on the right of the stage; or four to the right, if you are on the left of the stage, passing in front of your interlocutor." "What is the use of that?" "Oh! Lor! I don't know! It is the usage, custom, tradition." "But, Monsieur!" "Oh! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* if you are going to reason about everything, you'll never do anything in the profession. And above all things, don't make a fool of yourself by ruining your voice by sol-fa-ing, and brutify your imagination by studying music; a *virtuoso* 'star' has no occasion for knowing how to read music; that should be left to the choristers."

Yes, despite this admirable instruction so much in honor formerly, several "official" *débütans* rapidly became great artists, musicians, singers, actors. Some of them are now eminent professors. They are taking their vengeance.....Others—and they are the immense majority—have disappeared in the theatrical *limbo* of the provinces, or have become pop-shop keepers, *demoiselles de compagnie* in Poland, singers or songstresses of the chapel of one of the seven châteaux of the *Roi de Bohème*. But all were equally encouraged and sustained by the management at their first début; they obtained the necessary number of rehearsals; they made all the arrangements they desired with the leader of the orchestra, with the leader of the *claque*; and new costumes were made expressly for them. The first début of an "official" is always more or less a family festival. The box openers on these evenings commonly look amiable and affable, their smile seems to implore the good will of all subscribers; they take an interest in the *débütant* or the *débütante*, it is one of the family; the singing masters, the masters of lyrical declamation, and of pronunciation, with white kid gloves and white cravats, and followed by the instructor of the right arm and the guide of the left leg, trot their paternal emotion from the public saloon to the parquet, and from the parquet to the public saloon long before the gas is turned on. David, (the leader of the *claque*), numbers by his side twenty extra men, or forty, or a hundred, according to the importance of the début. All the tigers of the press conceal their claws in their velvet paws; and the lambs are cocked and primed ready to *ba-a-a* a dithyrambic.

If the *débütant*, with such odds in his favor, makes what is called *un four*, if he exhibits neither natural nor acquired gifts, neither voice nor vocalization, neither intelligence nor warmth:

"La faute en est aux dieux qui le firent si bête,"

and nobody can be blamed.

The "*débütants officieux*," on the contrary, are the shriveled fruit of Toulouse, or Lille, or Marseilles, or Paris conservatory. They have, for the most part, an infernal voice, and a style like nothing in the heaven above nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, but they have a memory furnished like the auction room of a *vendue* merchant. They know everything—eve-ry-th-ing—they are ready to sing everything, from A to izzard, before you can say Jack Robinson. More patiently than the gamblers who prick their cards by the side of the roulette table, they wait for the day when the grand opera finds itself menaced with a postponed performance, for want of an artist capable of filling an important part in the only piece which can that night be played. At last that day comes. Such-a-one is sick—the devil's to pay! The *débütant officieux* runs to the opera house, proposes himself, is accepted with alacrity. There are no rehearsals for him, it is too late; no costumes for him, he'll don the first offered; no interview with David; no extra men, no tigers, no lambs; the press is absent; the box openers do not delicately bring their crickets in their floss silk gloved hands, they push them brutally along with their feet. The official professors of singing, declamation, pronunciation, right arm and

left leg, come late; but they do come, and Lor! how they do tear up beforehand the poor *débütant*. "He was never capable of giving out a note." "He enters the stage right foot foremost." "I have seen him at Rouen, in Lucie." "I have seen him at Rennes, in Robert." "He was execrable—execrable!" "But he has some good points," says the leader of the orchestra, listening to these gentlemen; "they say he does it fast; so we'll get to bed all the sooner!"

At last the performance begins, the *débütant* is received with a formidable silence which would paralyze any organization less robust than his; nevertheless, he sings pretty decently, nay, he has a moment of real and well expressed sensibility in the principal scene. A connoisseur, who happens by some accident to be at the opera that night, exclaims: "Who is that tenor? Whence comes he?" and he applauds him warmly without being paid to do so, the only applause in the house. David, from the centre of the pit, looks at him, examines him with his telescope; the neighbors of the applause look at him and whisper. He then comprehends his mistake and goes out of the theatre, murmuring: "'Tis an '*officieux*!' pauvre diable?" The poor wretch makes his exit as he made his entrance; a solemn silence follows him into the green-room, a silence of the desert, a silence of the top of the Alps. He goes into the kennel where he is allowed to dress and undress; nobody is there waiting for him, nobody comes there to shake him by the hand, congratulate him, and bid him God-speed! He throws off his costume, feeling a little uneasy at seeing that he has burst some of the seams. "I was not called out once," says he to himself, "but this is a trick on the part of the manager, that he may not be obliged to pay me too high a salary. He is capable of calling on me to-morrow and offering forty or fifty thousand francs a year, and three months leave of absence. I'll take care I'm not too easy with him." To-morrow comes and goes, but there is no sign of the manager. Day after to-morrow comes and goes—no manager. Uneasy the third day, he goes to showing himself in the court-yard of the opera; a good many people are there chattering gaily around the manager's *real* tenor, who is now in fine health; nobody says a word to the new comer. He, more uneasy than ever, knocks at the manager's office: the manager "has gone to Italy"—and as the poor wretch goes out of the court-yard, the tailor runs after him and claims twenty francs for mending the seams he burst.

What a *daguerreotype*—touching and comic, painful and droll—this is of life behind the curtain at the grand opera here!

GAMMA.

Miss Oriole.

Our friend Willis, of the *Musical World*, is a happy man; he sits in his cottage and the opera comes to him. How pleasantly he chronicles the first début of the season, thus:

We have just witnessed her triumphant début from our cottage-window—the new *cantatrice*. Her name—and we expect to set all the tender hearts of the young gentlemen thrushes, nightingales and bob-o-links throbbing with the announcement—is Mademoiselle Oriole. She has just arrived from the South—Baltimore. The scene of her début is a delicious grove of young maples, cedars, and a variety of tender-leaf'd trees, which spring up from the fertile bosom of a little acre at Roslyn, close in the rear of our "love of a cottage."

Mademoiselle Oriole selected this scene of her début, partly, we fancy, from the fact that an accompanying orchestra of a lively brook, several sweet-piping robins, and an infinitude of low-rustling leaves was quite ready and waiting for her; partly from the natural beauty of the place and the proximity of the bay, over whose water her song could be wafted; but chiefly (doubtless) from the immediate neighborhood of a musical editor, who could directly report to the public her triumphs of melody.

Mademoiselle Oriole first drew our attention to herself with the following modest remark:



Thinking, haply, that we did not hear her, after sixteen measures' pause she repeated the observation, with the following additional emphasis:—



Finding that she had gained our ear, she tipped the wink, presumptively, to the leader (whoever of clever birds this may have been) and robin, bob-o-link, leaves and running-water, set about their open-air operetta in the most approved method.

It was fine, very fine. We had no opera-glass, nor a single white kid on. But we enjoyed it.

The voice of Mademoiselle Oriole is a Mezzo-Soprano—as may be seen by the medium key which she chose for her song. Her intonation is singularly pure and clear, vocalizing in perfect tune and not flattening or sharpening a moiety. The tone of her voice is somewhat described by her name: it will be observed there are two O's in it—a round, open-throated, soft-diapason kind of name. And so her voice. It slides into the ear with an unctuous smoothness, without fraying the skin in the slightest on the way.

Her stage-action is graceful, very graceful—light and airy as a fairy's: her feet being dainty-small, exceedingly. In personal appearance she is a beauty—a Baltimore belle. Her toilette is unexceptionable—a blending of glossy black and gold.

Her personal habits, we are happy to state, are of the purest and best, getting up early o' the morning, drinking nothing stronger than spring-water and morning dew, and feeding on red cedar-berries.

We welcome this young singer to the scene of her summer career and trust she will not return to her native Baltimore until yonder delicate foliage has assumed the gorgeous autumn tints of her own plumage.

P. S. Perhaps it may be necessary to state, that the song of Miss Oriole, given above, is composed by herself, is country and copy righted, and, for the present, is not offered to the Board of Music-Trade for purchase.

AN OVERTURE BY BACH was played at the third of the London Philharmonic Concerts this season, and not without success, it would seem, although an "Overture" of that time must bear about the same relation to those of Beethoven or Weber, that the old harpsichords and spinnets do to our modern grand pianos. The *Times* says:

The introduction of John Sebastian Bach's overture, symphony, or "*suite*," as it is variously entitled, in D major—for stringed instruments, two oboes, three trumpets, and drums—was a bold experiment. Nevertheless, it turned out perfectly successful. This music, although it sounds somewhat old-fashioned, is so masterly and spirited that even the monotony arising from all the movements being in the same key is scarcely felt. The plan of the work is the same as that which Handel adopted in his *Suites de Pièces* for the harpsichord, of which Bach, too, has left such noble examples in his *Suites Anglaises*, &c. There are seven pieces to make up the series, and among them two gavottes, a "*bourrée*" and a "*gigue*"—dance movements which the masters of the time frequently introduced in their instrumental compositions, with greater or less elaboration. The most striking are the first, (grave,) of which Handel was not incognizant, and the *vivace* which follows—one of the most vigorous and ingenious of its composer. After the resumption of the slow movement this *vivace* should, if we are not mistaken, be repeated. In spite of its square-cut periods and antiquated phraseology, the overture of Bach was thoroughly relished—the performance being first-rate, and the audience full of faith and reverence for the illustrious father of counterpoint and fugue.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 20, 1857.

Italian Opera.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Friday evening, June 12. The third opera of the brief season was *Lucrezia Borgia*. It drew a very moderate audience, in comparison with the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore*. The more's the pity. But we are told: Wait, until you have heard the *Trovatore* twelve times (!), and then you will begin to like it. Administered so perseveringly, we really think it might, after the manner of creosote, subdue the musical nerve to that blessed state of indifference that could endure and possibly enjoy all operas alike. But to our sense, *Lucrezia Borgia*, familiar as it has been for years, had a fresh ring and smack of life after it. Dramatically and musically, it is Donizetti's happiest effort, as a whole. If the drinking song, and the well-worn airs and cavatinas yield nothing new to us, there is still a genial, summer charm, sometimes a little Mozart-like, in some of its minor incidental bits, as the encounter of the two spies of the Duke and Duchess, the chorus of the assassins, &c.; and the festive music of the first and last scenes is ever fresh. What a charm, too, in the picturesque character of Maffeo Orsini, and how happily contrasted all the parts!

Those who were present got for their pains an uncommonly spirited, indeed a capital performance of the favorite opera. Mme. GAZZANIGA looked, sang and acted the part of *Lucrezia* to a charm. Her singing, as such, pleased us better than before, although by no means perfect; but she contrives somehow infallibly to render you the soul and meaning of the music; and for this her voice is singularly available; it is always true and always tells, and if it wear a rough edge where it is forced sometimes in high, emphatic passages, it can subdue itself to tenderness and sweetness in the mother's strains, while its rich and marrowy low tones are very eloquent in bursts of darker passion. Her acting from the first was beautiful; never tame, never excessive, but rising to the full height of every climax, with something of that quiet certainty so much admired in Bosio. Power is sometimes felt in the inverse ratio of the vehemence of outward demonstration. By this impersonation Mme. Gazzaniga has surely placed herself in the first rank of lyric artists; but let us not be understood as saying that she is comparable to Bosio, Lagrange or Sontag as a singer, or that her acting equals Grisi's.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, with her magnificent contralto, sang the music of Orsini almost as satisfactorily as we have ever heard it; there is always the grace of simplicity and honesty in her manner; she moves at ease upon the stage, attentive to every point of action, although her physiognomy and figure poorly correspond to the type of a young Italian nobleman and poet. Her rendering of the Brindisi was admirable, full of zest and sparkle, and finished to a charm; she made a fine trill at the end, and a repetition was enthusiastically enforced. It had been better, had not her final cadenza been so literally repeated three times. Can it be doubted that our young Boston contralto is one of the brightest

ornaments of the Italian Opera? We ask, because a fitting recognition on the public part is yet to come.

BRIGNOLI sang with exquisite sweetness in the part of Gennaro, and AMODIO's round and fluent baritone did excellent effect in that of the Duke. The famous trio: *Guai se ti sfugge un moto* received the usual encore. There was unusual excellence, too, in the secondary characters, filled by such clever artists as COLETTI (for Gubetta), HERR QUINT, or QUINTO, (for the Duke's spy), BARRATINI, &c. We really enjoyed the old well-worn opera. (Perhaps we have to thank the *Trovatore* for it.)

Saturday Afternoon.—It was with no small regret that we were obliged, by a prior engagement, to lose the performance of infinitely the best opera which this company have given us, or are likely to give us, the ever fresh and sparkling, exquisitely musical "Barber," of Rossini. We hear there was a very, very thin house, to the shame of our professed music lovers. We know not whether publics or managers are most to blame; it seems to have become the way of the Italian troupes of late to crowd the "Barber" off upon an "off night" or a Saturday afternoon, as if with the understanding that it is a thing of small account, a mere idle afternoon joke, between more serious excitements. And yet they, (all but a handful of people), who did not hear Grisi and Mario in it one of those afternoons, lost by all odds the finest operatic performance ever witnessed in this town of Boston. We were not surprised to learn that Rossini's music on Saturday was slighted by the actors; the *Courier* says:

Artists commonly look upon the performance of the "Barber" as an occasion to play off all the wild pranks their fancy can suggest, with as little regard to the music as decency will allow. It is not unpleasant to see performers who have been "doing" tragedy night after night, drop their heroics, and bend themselves to the pleasant humor of this most captivating of comic operas; a little and considerable exaggeration is easily pardonable; but when the music is made a very subordinate consideration, and the main object appears to be to turn the opera into a lusty farce, the joke becomes a little too severe. It was carried to excess on Saturday afternoon, and those present unfamiliar with the music of the opera could hardly obtain a fair idea of its abundant beauties by that imperfect rendering, however much they might fancy the boisterous fun of the performance. Miss Phillipps, indeed, sang her part with conscientious care, and in a very pleasing manner, although she might with advantage have thrown into the music greater warmth of expression. And Mr. Assoni, the new baritone, showed himself a vocalist of no ordinary capacity. The performance was certainly laughable enough, if not in good taste. Amodio's make-up, as Don Basilio, was the ne plus ultra of comical hideousness, his "maturity of personal development" adding to the ludicrous effect. He looked like a huge black beetle, escaped from his pin in some entomological cabinet.

This week, to take advantage of the crowds assembled for the celebration of the 17th of June, there has been an operatic performance every evening. On Monday *La Traviata* was repeated to a miserably small audience. There seems to be a notion that the plot is wicked, besides a pretty general persuasion that it is poor music. The faith in Verdi's productive faculty being at length shaken in this one instance, we wonder whether the doubt will begin to eat back into some other operas of the public's idol. For ourselves we must confess to the stupidity of not being able to see wherein the *Trovatore* is so very much better. Of the two we find the *Traviata* the least disagreeable, for it abounds in gay

waltz music, for which we have always felt that Verdi had a special talent; witness the masquerade music in the last act of *Ernani*, the first act of *Rigoletto*, &c. The performance this time was an improvement on the first. Mme. GAZZANIGA looked positively beautiful in the first act, and her impersonation throughout was admirable. BRIGNOLI sang some music which he omitted before, and sang it very sweetly. Gazzaniga's last scene was thrillingly pathetic.

On Tuesday evening the flowery and sentimental melody of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was revived for once, with plentiful omissions, for the introduction of a new prima donna, Signorina LANDI, announced as having made a sensation in Mexico, and as bearing the endorsement of Signorina Azucena Felicita Vestali. The lady is young, slight in figure, and good-looking, with a tremulous, girlish voice, a somewhat distressed look, (perhaps from timidity,) and a habit of screwing up her eyes which indicates the same weakness with her voice. Her soprano, however, is of fair compass, considerable sweetness and flexibility, and she executes the florid music as if she had studied hard upon it, but with indifferent effect. Her intonation, too, was sometimes false. On the whole, it was not the worst, and far from the best *Lucia* we have had. BRIGNOLI, as Edgardo, was in excellent voice, and sang for the most part charmingly. In the interruption of the fatal wedding, where he curses poor Lucia and the house of his rival, he really for once struck out some sparks of passion, and quite took the house. But in the death scene: *Tomba degl' avi miei*, &c., he wore no tokens of despair, warbling the pensive, sweet soliloquy with the air of a lover soon to be made too happy, and with a lazy contentedness resigned to the event. AMODIO of course was not wanting in the part of Henry. Signor QUINTO, always faithful and artistic in his humble parts, fairly astonished his audience by the fine effect with which he sang the little air of the bridegroom. Sig. COLETTI was the priest, Raimondo, but his rôle was curtailed of its best chance for display. The challenge scene, too, was omitted. The brass part of the orchestra brayed terribly in the fortissimos, quite smothering at times the ineffectual tones of poor Lucia. The audience was not large.

On Wednesday evening *Il Trovatore* was repeated before a large Seventeenth of June audience, eager to see and hear both Gazzaniga and Adelaide Phillipps in one play.

Thursday evening.—A bitter Easterly storm, bringing the usual ill luck to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS on the occasion of her benefit. The curtain rose upon a most meagre audience, although many seats were filled before the play was over. We cannot understand the capricious chills and enthusiasms of our operatic public. Surely a benefit to Miss Phillipps, our own Boston singer, the most gifted whom we have yet sent forth, so estimable a lady, so excellent an artist, and continually improving, should be a signal, if there ever is one, for a full house. What was wanting, however, in numbers, was made up in enthusiasm. But where was MARETZKE? His conductor's post was filled by a stranger.

The piece was Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*, in which Mme. GAZZANIGA took the part of Linda; and a more charming impersonation of

it we have never witnessed. The freshness and innocence, the girlish gayety and frankness of the fair peasant in the first scene, were beautiful exceedingly. It was the simple type of character preserved and carried up to an artistic grace. She sang the music most expressively; more and more do the sweet purity and freshness and searching earnestness of her remarkable voice win their way to the heart, satisfying the soul almost before they satisfy the ear. The great secret of the charm is, that there is soul in all her singing. Whatever technical defects there may be therefore in mere vocal execution, are almost always covered and lost sight of in a higher grace. Yet as a mere singer she continually gains upon us. The scene with the old Marquis in the second act was admirably sung, as well as acted to perfection; and we have had nothing better, in action or in singing, than her last scene, where the poor crazed wanderer is restored to consciousness and to her lover and her friends.

Miss PHILLIPPS was all that could be wished in the pretty boy part of Pierotto; her voice throughout was singularly rich and satisfying, and she rendered the music, both melody and recitative, with touching truth and beauty. The parts of the lover, by BRIGNOLI, the old father, by AMODIO, and the pastor, by COLETTI, were well sustained. Sig. ASSONI, the buffo of the troupe, was perhaps too clownish for the old roué of a Marquis; but he has a resonant and telling baritone, which sounded well in the unaccompanied quintet, or prayer, of the last scene. This made the best impression of the concerted pieces. Generally the choruses and orchestra were rough and over-loud. The principal singers were repeatedly called out with great enthusiasm.

Linda was followed by the last act of Vaccai's *Romeo e Giulietta*, with Miss Phillipps as Romeo, and Mme. Gazzaniga as Juliet. We confess, we hardly thought Miss Phillipps capable of so much depth and energy of pathos; the scene produced a deep impression, and gave us new faith in the lyric capabilities of the young Boston artist.

The Opera was to close last evening with *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

New Publications.

(From Russell & Richardson.)

Prelude for the Piano. MENDELSSOHN. Pp. 5. Price 20 cts. An impatient, restless, rapid movement in E minor, (Allegro molto.) The mood is first marked unmistakably by the little melancholy theme of two measures, twice uttered in the bass without accompaniment; and followed by a nervous, flighty figure in the same way with the right hand; which figure, (in arpeggio), becomes thenceforth the accompaniment to the theme. It is beautifully wrought out, only difficult from its rapidity, and is a fascinating little bit of moodiness.

Gondoline, pour piano. MENDELSSOHN. 2 pages. Price 15 cts.—Another of those charming little Gondola songs, which is not generally known, we suspect, among our lovers of Mendelssohn. It is hardly equal to the three exquisite ones in the *Lieder ohne Worte*, but has a grace and beauty of its own.

Song Without Words. ROBERT SCHUMANN. Pp. 4. 20 cts.—This singular little piece, (originally for four hands), is the fourth of a set of six, marked Op. 85. It bears the title: *Trauer*, grief, mourning. The melody is simple and expressive, continually returning, but made new by most ingenious treatment;

it comes back when you do not expect it, and haunts you in a series of bewildering modulations and surprises. It may take a little time to feel at home in it; but the more you hear it, the more you like it.

Six Songs, by ROBERT FRANZ. These are selected from the less difficult, and yet most characteristic and beautiful of that long list of the original and best songs of our day. With the German words, (which are always genuine little poems), a careful and singable English version is given in each case. They are: 1. "The Water Lily," (*Die Lotos-blume*), a delicate and dreamy melody, (Andante), with ever-shifting play of arpeggio chords; 2. "Good night, my heart;" 3. "Dedication," (*Widmung*), a rich, heart-felt, grateful Andante, in which the poet declines thanks for his songs and ascribes their inspiration to his lady love; 4. "Supplication," (*Bitte*): a deep, religious, soulful strain, of richest harmony, fully expressive of the words: *Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge!* ("Rest on me, thou deep and dark eye! Here exert thou all thy might, Earnest, mild and visionary, O most sweet, mysterious Night!") &c., &c.) 5. "Good Night," (*Die Höhn und Wälder schon steigen*, &c.): one of the simplest and loveliest; 6. "Forest Birds," (*Umsonst*, is the untranslatable German title.) The idea of the song is: The birds are singing, the roses in bloom, and all around is the old tune of Spring and gayety, but in vain! still I am sad. The melody is built upon a single bass note, the dominant of the key, which repeats itself to the end; the whole strain, (exceedingly sweet and simple), being as it were a long organ-point. We cannot too strongly recommend the study of these songs.

Gems from the German and Italian Opera. No. 1. *In terra ci divisero:* Romanza from *I due illustri Rivali*. MERCADANTE. A favorite andante for tenor, well known in the concert room. No. 2. *Di scrivermi ogni giorno:* an easy Quintet from MOZART's *Così fan tutti*. Words Italian and English. 25 cts. each.

Italy: A collection of pieces for three female voices. No. 10. *Al crin le cingete:* by PACINI. This, however, is for two female voices, so arranged from the quaint and pretty chorus in the opera of *Saffo*. 25 cts.

Album Lirico, posto in musica da AUGUSTO BENDALARI. The first number of the lyrical album of our excellent maestro di Canto, is a graceful Serenade, of tender, plaintive melody: *Com'è sereno il cielo*, with adaptation also of English words. His many friends and pupils, and lovers of Italian music generally, will hail the pledge of more good things to come. Pp. 7.

Theme de RODE, with accompaniment for piano or harp, by L. Moreau. This is the celebrated "Rode's Air," (for violin originally), with the variations, as sung by Sontag, Alboni, and others, in concerts, and for the music lesson in the "Barber of Seville." Many who have marvelled at these feats of vocal execution will be glad to have a copy, that they may see what it is they have been hearing as it were with dazzled sense. 40 cts.

[From Firth, Pond & Co., New York.]

Lullaby, (Cradle Song), for the Piano. Op. 10. WM. MASON. Pp. 6.—This is by no means so very difficult as earlier publications of the young pianist, nor as the *Berceuse* of Chopin, which it resembles in the happy invention of the little accompanying phrase that runs through it. The tune is singing and graceful, the treatment clear and artistic, and the piece quite a little gem.

Vocal Music for the 18th Academic Commencement of the Rutgers Female Institution, July 1857. Poetry by a pupil; music by SIGISMUND LASAR. Pp. 10. The accomplished teacher has here given a series of school choruses, or two-part songs, for two sopranos,

which are both simple and beautiful, and quite above the common run of things prepared for such occasions.

L'Ondine: Morceau de salon, for piano. A. GOCKEL. Pp. 9. Introduction *energico*; Andante, waltz rhythm; variations.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The operas performed in the week ending May 23, were: *Lucia* (repeated); *La Figlia del Reggimento*, Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, as Tonio; *La Traviata*; and *Il Trovatore*, with Alboni, Spezia, Giuglini and Beneventano.—During the following week were given the *Trovatore* again; *Lucia* again; and Verdi's *Nino* (*Nabuco*). We copy from the *Daily News*, June 3:

Verdi's opera—originally called *Nabucodonasor* (or for shortness *Nabuco*), and produced at this theatre some eight or nine years ago under the title of *Nino*, was revived last night, for the debut in this country of Signor Corsi, a distinguished Italian baritone, who has now paid us his first visit. We believe that Signor Corsi's part in this opera is one in which he himself has gained continental success, and that it is on this account that the piece has now been brought forward, otherwise we think the management would not have been disposed to revive an opera which has never been relished in London. It not only had little success at Her Majesty's Theatre, but, when afterwards performed at the Royal Italian Opera under the title of *Anato*, or *Arnato*, or some such name (it does not much matter what), it proved a dead failure, notwithstanding Ronconi's powerful tragic acting, and the splendor of the Covent Garden *mise en scène*. These changes of name, we need hardly tell our musical readers, arise from the impossibility in this country of bringing a subject from the Bible upon the stage: so, in the same manner as Rossini's *Moses* was turned into *Peter the Hermit*, the fanatical crusader, Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* was changed into *Ninus*, the Assyrian king. The subject of the piece at our two London theatres was perverted in different ways, but both ways equally preposterous, and destructive of dramatic propriety and interest. And, besides, this is one of the very weakest of Verdi's productions. The airs are trite, and void of character; they force the singers to scream, or shout, almost incessantly, and afford no room for refined execution or delicate expression. The choruses are, almost all of them, mere tunes sung in unison, and the scenes of concerted music are inartificial and meagre in the extreme. In short, though the standard of operatic taste seems to be falling every day, yet we think it must fall a good deal lower before this same *Nino* will find acceptance in England.

Signor Corsi, nevertheless, showed that his reputation is deserved, and that he is an excellent artist. His figure is large, stout, and burly, and his air, even in royal robes was not very kingly; but he has great force and energy, and in the scenes of the monarch's desolation under the curse of heaven, his acting was feeling and pathetic. He has a superb baritone voice, which we hope to hear employed in better music. The Amazon slave, Abigale, had a good representative in Mlle. Spezia, who looked well in her warlike attire, acted vigorously, and sang with power. She is evidently at home in Verdi's music, and aware of the vocal efforts which it requires,—efforts, however, which, if habitually made, must wear out her voice in no great number of years. She had considerable success, particularly in the air at the beginning of the second act, "Anch'io dischiuso," which was much applauded. The part of Fenena (the second soprano) was performed by Mlle. Ramos, and Hydaspes (the tenor) by Mr. Charles Braham. They both sang very well; but the parts are too insignificant in themselves to produce any effect.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Saturday, May 16, a crowded house for *La Traviata*, with Bosio and Mario.—That they should sing such music! But it has been said, the meanest thing is beautiful, if enough sunshine fall on it. The *mise en scène* was very perfect; in the ball-room scene of the second act "the dancers danced, the singers sang, the players played, and those who neither danced, sang, nor played, made excellent lookers on, or perambulated as they would at an Almack's or a Hanover Square Room rout." Of course Mario and Bosio were triumphant; the *Musical World* says:

Madame Bosio does not throw into the part all the passion we have been accustomed to; but the feeling is not less deep because more quiescent, and there is an atmosphere of grace and nature about the whole impersonation which confers a special fascination. In the music Mme. Bosio was irreproachable. The first act especially was a masterpiece of singing. The

brilliance of the air "Ah! forse è lui" has seldom been surpassed, and the popular "Libiamo" was instinct with grace and expression. In the second act there is not much to exhibit the art of a great vocalist. In the last, however, she was admirable, and created an unusual sensation in the passionate outbreak "Gran Dio! morir si giovane." In short, no success could be more complete. Madame Bosio was recalled twice after the first act, twice with Mario, and once alone, at the fall of the curtain, to receive the congratulations of a delighted audience.

Mario's Alfredo was perfect throughout, both in acting and singing. Evidently determined to sing his best, he carried out his resolution. The "Libiamo" created a furor, and was rapturously encored. The air in the second act, "Di miei volenti," though given with intense feeling, did not produce a corresponding impression. The duet, "Parigi, o cara," exquisitely warbled by Mario and Bosio, was one of the "hits" of the performance, and was repeated with acclamations. On the whole we consider Mario's Alfredo—his third Verdi part—one of his most striking and finished assumptions, and prognosticate for *La Traviata* as great a popularity as that achieved by *Rigoletto* or the *Trovatore*.

On Thursday *I Puritani* was given; the first appearance of Mlle. Parepa, from the opera at Lisbon, as Elvira; she made little impression. Then came *Traviata* again, and then *Trovatore* again, and on the 28th the triumphant début of Miss Victoire Balfe in *La Sonnambula*. We copy an account of it upon another page. Sig. Gardoni was the Elvino, and Ronconi, Count Rodolpho.

A grand concert, consisting of Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* was given, on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas. The performance of the above masterpieces was most admirable, and might almost challenge comparison with any yet given by institutions of much higher pretension. Mr. Sims Reeves sang, from first to last, magnificently, and excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch.

PARIS.—"Sensation" pianists are the order of the day. The last one was RUBINSTEIN, who, when the "sensation" temperature was at its height, plunged, as we have seen, into a cold bath in England. ALFRED JAELL came next, raising enthusiasm to a still higher pitch; but he is not a rash adventurer, and does not undertake to rival Beethoven; Jaell in his own sphere is sure of admiration everywhere. From *La France Musicale* of May 24th, we translate this most glowing eulogy:

"A pianist-composer of a great reputation, M. ALFRED JAELL, feared not to brave last Thursday the dog-day heat. He gave a *matinée* at Erard's before a select public. Scarcely had this concert been announced, when the crowd pressed thither, a brilliant and enthusiastic crowd.

"M. Jaell is a great artist in every acceptance of the word. We may class him on the same line with Liszt, Thalberg and Prudent; the same fire, same verve, same originality. It is to be regretted that he did not arrive in Paris sooner; he would certainly have been the star of the season. His success has been immense; he was recalled, his compositions were encored; rarely have we witnessed a more brilliant, and we must say a more merited triumph. His illustrations of *La Traviata* and his paraphrase of *Il Trovatore* especially stirred up the enthusiasm of the audience. His "Italian Serenade" his pretty piece entitled *Le Ruisseau*, and his *Melodie Anglaise variée* produced an unheard of effect.

"Jaell not only executes his own music; he plays the works of the great masters of the art with the same taste, the same warmth, the same *brio*. Thus in the andante and finale of Beethoven's great sonata in B flat he was admirable.—Mme. Bertine, the heroine of all the fine concerts, sang *adorably*," &c.

LEIPZIG.—The London *Athenæum* gives the following list of some of the leading instrumental works during the last season of the far-famed Gewandhaus concerts:

Nineteen symphonies were played;—five by Beethoven (including his ninth), two by Herr Gade, two by Haydn, one by Herr Hiller, one by Mozart, one by Herr Rietz, two by Mendelssohn (including the 'Lobgesang'), one by Schubert, three by Schumann, and Dr. Spohr's 'Power of Sound.'—Twenty overtures were given:—by Beethoven, the three 'Leonore,' and the 'Coriolan' overtures, and his 'Fest Overture,'—

by Cherubini four, including those to the 'Abencerages,' and to 'Eliza,'—by Gade, 'In the Highlands,'—Gluck's 'Iphigenia,'—Lindpaintner's 'Faust,'—Mendelssohn's 'Melusine,'—Mozart's 'Zauberflöte,'—Schumann's 'Manfred' and 'Geneveva,'—Herr Wagner's 'Faust,'—three by Weber.—The list of *Concertos* and of *Cantatas*, in temper and in taste, corresponds to the above, and had we not testimony from numerous private sources to encourage the hope, would of itself satisfy us that the new revelation of Music gathers few converts in the stronghold of Bach, and the head-quarters of musical publication.

The principal examination at the Conservatorium took place on the 23d of April, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a concert was given in which the orchestra and all the solo players and singers were pupils of the institution. The following were the pieces:

1. Concerto, for piano, by Beethoven, (in E flat, first movement), played by Herr Heinrich Rupp, of Mayence.
2. Adagio and Finale of the 4th violin Concerto, by F. David, played by Herr Max Schenck, of Posen.
3. Concerto for piano, by Mendelssohn, (G minor), played by Fräulein Frédérique Bénamin, of Hamburg.
4. Concerto for violin, by B. Molique, (No. 5, A minor, first movement), played by Herr Johan Navet-Koning, of Amsterdam.
5. Concerto fantastique, for piano, by Moscheles, played by Herr Albert Lindholm, of Stockholm.
6. Aria from *Zauberflöte*, Mozart, sung by Herr Georg Egli, of Chur.
7. Caprice, for violoncello, by Kummer, played by Mr. Edward Sidney Smith, from Dorchester.
8. Variations and Finale, for piano, from Septuor, by Hummel, played by Fräulein Wilhelmine Döring, of Darmstadt.
9. Concerto for violin, by De Beriot, (No. 5, D major), played by Herr Gerhard Brassin, of Leipzig.

Our citizens have had a fine opportunity this week, in listening to the noble band of the New York National Guard, of appreciating the superiority of a true military band, with clarinets, &c., over all bands of mere brass. This reminds us that we are to have no music these summer evenings on the Common. The Aldermen, by a majority of eight to four, having no music in their souls, and thinking turtle-soup no doubt much better, have heroically tabled the resolution of the Common Council, appropriating \$2,000 for that purpose. How many thousands will they expend in fireworks, to be puffed away in one short hour, and nobody the better or the wiser for it!

ALFRED JAELL has been since April in Paris; he proposes to pass the next winter in Russia, and then revisit the United States....The German Opera Troupe in Philadelphia seem to have been far more successful in their performance of *Fidelio* than they were in Boston; Johannsen, Pickanesser, the tenor, and Oehrlein are highly complimented, and above all Herr Bergmann's conducting. The season was to end this evening with Flotow's *Martha*.....The great event of the past week in Philadelphia has been the vast gathering of Germans at their annual *Saenger-Fest*. We have as yet no full account of it, but gather thus much from *Fitzgerald's Item*:

This Musical Congress commenced on Saturday evening last, with a torch light procession, an open air concert in Independence Square, and a collation at the head quarters—Jayne's Hall. On Sunday evening, this fine building was the scene of a Sacred Concert given by the Philadelphia Societies, at which Miss Caroline Richings and Mr. Philip Rohr won a great deal of applause. There was a long and imposing procession on Monday morning, and in the evening a Choral Concert at the Academy of Music, at which eleven hundred male singers and a monster orchestra made a great deal of noise, producing now and then some fine effects. The best parts of the programme were the "Rhine Song," sung by the New York societies, and a Serenade by the Orpheus Club of Boston, which received the only encores of the evening;—the Boston delegation carried off the palm, as well as the bouquets. Tuesday was set apart for the Festival Picnic, and to-day (Wednesday) the Societies return to their respective homes.

Advertisements.

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Season tickets 50 cents—Single admissions 25 cents.

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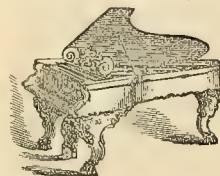
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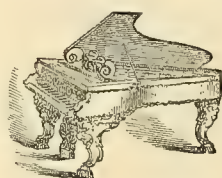
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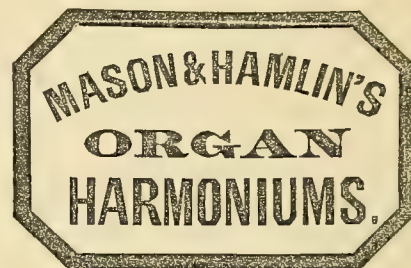
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[From the National Era.]

THE SYCAMORES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores!

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Talent!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brim full of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light—

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rollick air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side,
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin,
And the woman of Three Cows.

By the blazing hearths of Winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends,
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who in Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsey fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Talent,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But, if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks!

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river shores,
With their shadows, cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old King's-arm—

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls, as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down,
On the hills of Gold and Silver,
Rimming round the little town—

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales,
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life hath had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner, green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Sillvers o'er each stately shaft;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hill-side wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught—

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy, ample face;
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy,
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

[Concluded from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNES, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

Handel remained eight or nine months in Ireland, where he extended his fame, and began to repair his fortune. At his return to London, in the beginning of 1742, as he had relinquished all thoughts of opposing the present managers of the opera, former enmities began to subside; and, when he recommenced his Oratorios at Covent-Garden, the Lent following, he found a general disposition in the public to countenance and support him. "Samson" was the first he performed this year, which was not only much applauded by the crowded houses in the capital, but was soon disseminated, in single songs, throughout the kingdom; and, indeed, it has ever been in the highest favor of all his Oratorios, except the "Messiah," which this season, to the honor of the public at large, and disgrace of cabal and faction, was received with universal admiration and applause. And from that time to the present, this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight; it has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan, and enriched succeeding managers of Oratorios, more than any single musical production in this or any country.

This Sacred Oratorio, as it was at first called, on account of the words being wholly composed of genuine texts of Scripture, appearing to stand in such high estimation with the public, Handel, actuated by motives of the purest benevolence and humanity, formed the laudable resolution of performing it annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, which resolution was constantly put in practice, to the end of his life, under his own direction; and, long after, under that of Mr. Smith and Mr. Stanley. In consequence of these performances, the benefactions to the charity from the year 1749 to 1759, by eleven performances under Handel's own direction, amounted to £6935 00
From 1760 to 1768, by eight performances under the conduct of Mr. John Christian Smith, 1332
From 1769 to 1777, nine performances under that of Mr. Stanley, 2032
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The organ in the chapel of this hospital was likewise a present from Handel; and he bequeathed, as a legacy to this charity, a fair copy of the original score of the "Messiah."

From the time of his quitting Ireland, with little opposition, and a few thin houses, in consequence of great assemblies of the nobility and gentry, manifestly and cruelly collected together on his nights of performance, with hostile intentions, by some implacable remains of his most powerful adversaries, he continued his oratorios till within a week of his death.*

But though the oratorio of the "Messiah" increased in reputation every year, after his return from Ireland, and the crowds that flocked to the theatre were more considerable every time it was performed; yet, to some of his other oratorios, the houses were so thin, as not nearly to defray his expenses; which, as he always employed a very numerous band, and paid his performers liberally, so deranged his affairs, that in the year 1745, after two performances of "Hercules," January 5th and 12th, before the Lent season, he stopped payment. He, however, resumed the performance of his oratorios of *Samson*, *Saul*, *Joseph*, *Belshazzar*, and the *Messiah*, in March; but I perfectly remember, that none were well attended, except *Samson*, and the *Messiah*.†

His late majesty, king George the Second, was a steady patron of Handel during these times, and constantly attended his oratorios, when they were abandoned by the rest of his court.‡

Handel, late in life, like the great poets, Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness; which, however it might dispirit and embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellects, in public; as he continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the parts of his oratorios to the last, with the same vigor of thought and touch, for which he was ever so justly renowned. To see him, however, led to the organ after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly afflicting and deplorable to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure, in hearing him perform.

During the oratorio season, I have been told, that he practised almost incessantly; and, indeed, that must have been the case, or his memory uncommonly retentive; for, after his blindness, he played several of his *old* organ concertos, which must have been previously impressed on his memory by practice. At last, however, he rather chose to trust to his inventive powers, than those of reminiscence: for, giving the band only the skeleton, or ritornels of each movement, he played all the solo parts extempore, while the other instruments left him, *ad libitum*; waiting for the signal of a shake, before they played such fragments of symphony as they found in their books.

Indeed, he not only continued to perform in

* The last season of Handel's personal attendance and of his life was remarkably successful. One of my friends, who was generally at the performance of each oratorio that year, and who used to visit him after it was over, in the treasurer of the theatre's office, says, that the money he used to take to his carriage of a night, though in gold and silver, was as likely to weigh him down and throw him into a fever, as the copper money of the painter Coreggio, if he had had as far to carry it.

† In 1749, *Theodora* was so very unfortunately abandoned, that he was glad if any professors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admission. Two gentlemen of that description, now living, having applied to Handel, after the disgrace of *Theodora*, for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out: "Oh your servant, Mein-herren! you are tamnoble tainty! you would not co to *Theodora*—der was room enough to tance dere, when dat was perform."

Sometimes, however, I have heard him, as pleasantly as philosophically, console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, by saying: "Nevre moind: de moosic vil sound de petter."

‡ About this time a *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield's was handed about by a nobleman, still living, who going one night to the Oratorio at Covent-Garden, met his lordship coming out of the theatre. "What! my lord, are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "Yes, says his lordship, they are now performing; but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his *privacies*."

public after he was afflicted with blindness, but to *compose* in private; for I have been assured, that the duet and chorus in "Judas Maccabæus," of *Zion now his head shall raise, Tune your harps to songs of praise*, were dictated to Mr. Smith, by Handel, after the total privation of sight. This composition, so late in life, and under such depressing circumstances, confirms an opinion of Dr. Johnson, "that it seldom happens to men of powerful intellects and original genius, to be robbed of mental vigor, by age; it is only the feeble-minded and *fool-born* part of the creation, who fall into that species of imbecility, which gives occasion to say that they are *superannuated*: for these, when they retire late in life from the world on which they have lived by retailing the sense of others, are instantly reduced to indigence of mind." Dryden, Newton, Dr. Johnson himself, and our great musician, are admirable illustrations of this doctrine. Indeed, Handel not only exhibited great intellectual ability in the composition of this duet and chorus, but manifested his power of invention in extemporaneous flights of fancy to be as rich and rapid, a week before his decease, as they had been for many years. He was always much disturbed and agitated by the similar circumstances of "Samson," whenever the affecting air in that oratorio of: *Total Eclipse, no Sun, no Moon, &c.*, was performed.

The last oratorio at which he attended, and performed, was on the 6th of April, and he expired on *Friday* the 13th, 1759, and *not on Saturday the 14th*, as was at first erroneously engraved on his monument, and recorded in his life; I have indisputable authority for the contrary: as Dr. Warren, who attended Handel in his last sickness, not only remembers his dying before midnight, on the 13th, but, that he was sensible of his approaching dissolution; and having been always impressed with a profound reverence for the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, that he had most seriously and devoutly wished, for several days before his death, that he might breathe his last on *Good-Friday*, "in hopes, he said, of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Savior, on the day of his resurrection," meaning the third day, or the Easter Sunday following.

The figure of Handel was large, and he was somewhat corpulent, and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity; and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius. He was impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and conversation, but totally devoid of ill-nature or malevolence; indeed, there was an original humor and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger or impatience, which, with his broken English, were extremely risible. His natural propensity to wit and humor, and happy manner of relating common occurrences, in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a master of the English language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and somewhat of the same kind.

Handel, with many virtues, was addicted to no vice that was injurious to society. Nature, indeed, required a great supply of sustenance to support so huge a mass, and he was rather epicurean in the choice of it; but this seems to have been the only appetite he allowed himself to gratify.*

* The late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band, used to tell me several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid, as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast, Handel often cried out: "Oh,—I have de taught;" when the company, unwilling that, out of civility to them, the public should be robbed of anything so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that, at last, one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room; where he perceived that *dese taughts* were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of *Burgundy*, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received in a pres-

When Pope found that his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, thought so highly of Handel, he not only lashed his enemies in the *Dunciad*, but wished to have his *Eurydice* set to music by him. Mr. Belchier, a common friend, undertook to negotiate the business: but Handel having heard that Pope had made his Ode more lyrical, that is, fitter for music, by dividing it into airs and recitatives, for Dr. Green, who had already set it; and whom, as a partizan for Bononcini, and confederate with his enemies, he had long disliked, says: "It is de very ding vat my *pellows-plower* has set already for ein tock-tor's teecree at Cambridge."*

When Gluck came first into England, in 1745, he was neither so great a composer, nor so high in reputation, as he afterwards mounted; and I remember when Mrs. Cibber, in my hearing, asked Handel what sort of a composer he was; his answer, prefaced by an oath, was: "He knows no more of contrapunto, as mein cook, Waltz."

But though he was so rough in his language, and in the habit of swearing, a vice then much more in fashion than at present, he was truly pious, during the last years of his life, and constantly attended public prayers, twice a day, winter and summer, both in London and Tunbridge.

At the coronation of his late majesty, George the Second, in 1727, Handel had words sent to him, by the bishops, for the anthems; at which he murmured, and took offence, as he thought it implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures: "I have read my Bible very well, and shall chuse for myself." And, indeed, his selection of the words: *My heart is inditing of a good matter*, was very judicious, and inspired him with some of the finest thoughts that are to be found in all his works. This anthem was sung at the coronation, while the peers were doing homage.

He knew the value of time too well to spend it in frivolous pursuits, or with futile companions, however high in rank. Fond of his art, and diligent in its cultivation, and the exercise of it, as a profession, he spent so studious and sedentary

ent from his friend, the late Lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and spirited port.

Another anecdote which I had from Brown, was the following: When the late Reverend Mr. Felton found that his first organ concertos were well received, he opened a subscription for a second set, and begged of Brown to solicit Mr. Handel's permission to insert his name in the list. Brown, who had been in great favor with Handel the winter before, when he led his oratorios, remembering how civilly he had been attended by him to the door, and how carefully cautioned, after being heated by a crowded room and hard labor, at the rehearsals in Brook street, not to stir without a chair, had no doubt of his success: but upon mentioning to him Felton's request, as delicately as possible, one morning when he was shaving, by telling him that he was a clergyman, who being about to publish some Concertos by subscription, was extremely ambitious of the honor of his name and acceptance of a book, merely to grace his list, without involving him in any kind of expense; Handel, putting the barber's hand aside, got up in a fury, and, with his face still in a lather, cries out with great vehemence: "Tamm your self, and go to der teiffel!—a barson make Concerto! why he no make sarmon?" &c. In short, Brown seeing him in such a rage, with razors in his reach, got out of the room as fast as he could. lest he should have used them in a more *barbarous* way than would be safe. Indeed, he had a thorough contempt for all our composers at this time, from Dr. Green down to Harry Burgess; and performers on the organ too: for, after being long an inhabitant of this country, he used to say: "When I came hither first, I found, among the English, many good players, and no composers; but now, they are all composers, and no players."

* Dr. Green took his degree at that University in 1730. Indeed, on Handel's first arrival in England, from Green's great admiration of this master's manner of playing, he had sometimes literally condescended to become his *bellows-blower*, when he went to St. Paul's to play on that organ, for the exercise it afforded him, in the use of the pedals. Handel, after the three o'clock prayers, used frequently to get himself and young Green locked up in the church together; and, in summer, often stripped into his shirt, and played till eight or nine o'clock at night. Dr. Green, previous to his admission into St. Paul's, as a chorister, was taught to sing by the late Mr. Charles King; he was afterwards bound apprentice to Brind, the organist of that cathedral, and was, at the time alluded to by Handel, either still an apprentice, or, at least, a very young man, and deputy to the organist, whom he afterwards succeeded.

a life, as seldom allowed him to mix in society, or partake of public amusements. Indeed, after my first arrival in London, 1744, he seldom was absent from the benefit for decayed musicians and their families; and I have sometimes seen him at the playhouses, the opera, and at St. Martin's church, when the late Mr. Kelway played the organ. But those who were more intimately acquainted with him than myself, say, that in his later years, except when he went to pay his duty to the royal family at St. James's, or Leicester-House, he seldom visited the great, or was visible, but at church, and the performance of his own oratorios.

Besides seeing Handel, myself, at his own house, in Brook street, and at Carlton-House, where he had rehearsals of his oratorios, by meeting him at Mrs. Cibber's, and, at Frasi's, who was then my scholar, I acquired considerable knowledge of his private character, and turn for humor. He was very fond of Mrs. Cibber, whose voice and manners had softened his severity for want of musical knowledge. At her house, of a Sunday evening, he used to meet Quin, who, in spite of native roughness, was very fond of music. Yet the first time Mrs. Cibber prevailed on Handel to sit down to the harpsichord, while he was present, on which occasion I remember the great musician played the overture in *Siroe*, and delighted us all with the marvellous neatness with which he played the jig, at the end of it. Quin, after Handel had gone, being asked by Mrs. Cibber, whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand? replied: "a hand, madame! you mistake, it's a foot." Poh! poh! says she, has he not a fine finger?" "Toes, by G—, madame!" Indeed, his hand was then so fat, that the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dented or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave; however, his touch was so smooth, and the tone of the instrument so much cherished, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact, when he played, that no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves, could be discovered.

At Frasi's, I remember, in the year 1748, he brought, in his pocket, the duet of "Judas Macabæus," *From these dread Scenes*, in which she had not sung when that oratorio was first performed, in 1746. At the time he sat down to the harpsichord, to give her and me the time of it, while he sung her part, I hummed, at sight, the second, over his shoulder; in which he encouraged me, by desiring that I would sing out—but, unfortunately, something went wrong, and Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent: a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, however, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say, that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing; which, upon examining, Handel discovered to be the case: and then, instantly, with the greatest good humor and humility, said: "I pec your barton—I am a very odd dog—Maishter Schmitt is to blame."

When Frasi told him that she should study hard, and was going to learn thorough-bass, in order to accompany herself: Handel, who well knew how little this pleasing singer was addicted to application and diligence, says, "Oh—vaat may we not expect!"

Handel wore an enormous white wig, and, when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod, or vibration, which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor.

At the close of an air, the voice with which he used to cry out, Chorus! was extremely formidable indeed; and, at the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carleton-House, if the Prince and Princess of Wales were not exact in coming into the music-room, he used to be very violent; yet, such was the reverence with which his Royal Highness treated him, that, admitting Handel to have had cause of complaint, he has been heard to say: "Indeed, it is cruel to have kept these poor people, meaning the performers, so long from their scholars, and other concerns." But if the maids of honor, or any other female attendants, talked during the performance, I fear that our modern Timotheus not only swore, but called names; yet,

at such times, the Princess of Wales, with her accustomed mildness and benignity, used to say: "Hush! hush! Handel's in a passion."

Handel was in the habit of talking to himself so loud, that it was easy for persons not very near him, to hear the subject of his soliloquies. He had, by much persuasion, received under his roof and protection, a boy, who had been represented not only as having an uncommon disposition for music, but for sobriety and diligence: this boy, however, turned out ill, and ran away, no one, for a considerable time, knew whither. During this period, Handel walking in the park, as he thought, alone, was heard to commune with himself in the following manner: "Der teifel! de fater vas desheevied; de mutter vas desheevied; but I vas not desheevied; he is ein t—d sheauntrel—and coot for nutting."

Handel's general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.

It has been said of him, that out of his profession he was ignorant and dull; but though I do not admit the fact, yet, if the charge were as true as it is severe, it must be allowed, in extenuation, that to possess a difficult art in the perfect manner he did, and to be possessed by it, seems a natural consequence; and all that the public had a right to expect, as he pretended to nothing more. Accomplishments can only amuse our private friends, and ourselves, in leisure hours; but so occupied and absorbed was Handel, by the study and exercise of his profession, that he had little time to bestow, either on private amusements, or the cultivation of friendship. Indeed, the credit and reverence arising from these, had Handel possessed them, would have been transient, and confined to his own age and acquaintance; whereas the fame acquired by silent and close application to his professional business,

—Nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere virtus.

And it is probable that his name, like that of many of his brethren, will long survive his works. The most learned man can give us no information concerning either the private life or compositions of Orpheus, Amphion, Linus, Olympus, Terpander, or Timotheus, yet every school boy can tell us that they were great musicians, the delight of their several ages, and, many years after, of posterity.

Though totally free from the sordid vices of meanness and avarice, and possessed of their opposite virtues, charity and generosity, in spite of temporary adversity, powerful enemies, and frequent maladies of body, which sometimes extended to intellect, Handel died worth upwards of twenty thousand pounds; which, except one thousand to the fund for decayed musicians and their families, he chiefly bequeathed to his relations on the continent.

His funeral was not public, like that of Rameau, in France; of Jomelli, in Italy; or of our Dryden and Garrick, in England; yet, when he was buried in Westminster-Abbey, April the 20th, 1759, the Dean, Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir, performed the funeral solemnity. More general and national testimonies of regard were left to the present period, when all enmities, jealousies, and operations of envy were subsided; and when time, examination, and reflection, had given new charms and importance to his works. And this pleasing task has been performed in a way so ample, magnificent and honorable, that it will be difficult to find, either in ancient or modern history, a more liberal and splendid example of gratitude to a deceased artist, in any other country.

[From the New York Tribune]

Popular Songs.

Whoever has studied the works of Hogarth with the precision which their excellence requires, will remember the ballad-singers chanting in a corner, or loud-mouthed at an execution, or

proclaiming hoarsely through the mob a naval or military victory. Englishmen and Americans have been put into a common category by the *dilettanti* of music. It is said that we go to the opera, at ridiculously high prices, only to applaud in the wrong places; only to show off the dresses of our wives, sisters and daughters; only, in a general way, to make fools of ourselves. Perhaps this may be true. We may not be skillful in detecting and incontinently hissing a tenor who flats in B, or a soprano who sharps in C. We do not take off our shoes and throw them over our heads, as Tuscan virtuosos are said to do, in the ecstasy produced by a perfect cadenza. But that we are not wholly indifferent to the Muses—that we are not absolutely incapable of appreciating rhythm, melody and harmony—that the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-American has some "music in his soul," (whether of the strident or the liquid kind we say not)—that even here upon our barbarous shores, if not the shell of Mercury, at least the pipes of Pan are welcome—let the innumerable and ever-grinding organs of the street, let the hundred thousand piano-fortes of the Republic, let the Pierian sodalities, the societies which claim Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn as their godfathers, the Academies, the insolvent Opera-Houses, and the grimy choirs of African Minstrels attest! And above all, (if we may offer cumulative evidence), let the cheap and humble sheets, which, fluttering from the iron rails of the Park or of Trinity, afford a modicum of meat to breechless boys, which are sold for a penny and cost less—let these bear witness to the inherent and everlasting appetite of man, whether of lofty or of low estate, for a rhymed epic of events, for a melodious expression of human experience and of earthly vicissitude, for a measured enunciation of the grotesqueness of the hour, for a song, either by a poet or poetaster, to the immortal love, heroism or domesticity of the ages. We may be at fault in comprehending the sinuosities of a score, and quite out in our *majors* and *minors*, but we would not exchange the profound reverence with which a Yorker receives "Lilly Dale," or "Woodman Spare that Tree," or "The Old Folks at Home," as, in some sort, a stammering utterance of his best hopes and sweetest reminiscences, for all the sensuous and deliquescent raptures of southern shores.

What a song is, and by what rules it should be constructed, remains to this day an unsolved and inscrutable problem. Horace, with all his art poetical, would have been puzzled to say by what method he composed "*Nunc est bibendum*," the most joyous and fascinating of Latin melodies. Of all singers, it may best be said of the song-singer that he is born and not made. These harmonists of the heart are always busting upon us like angels, without the drill of colleges or drum of discipline. From the Ayrshire cottage of Burns, from the garret of Carey, from the printing-house of Beranger, from shrinking women and from unlettered men, come the melodies which fasten themselves upon the life of the world. The song is written, nobody knows how or when or where. Often, like the *Marseillaise*, it is the accident of an accident. Often, like a little foundling, it ventures into the earth without paternity, and first winning, by its honest humanity, the affection of the street or the cottage, wails its way to the affection of the palace. Poor Howard Payne, sitting in the lonesome London chamber, hard at work by manufacture, and adaptation, and Heaven knows by what other resources, constructing his "*Maid of Milan*" for a manager greedy of novelties, feels some old thoughts come over him of Boston or New York, and of boyish triumphs there, marries his "Home, Sweet Home" to a Sicilian air, and the world catches the complaint of his home-sick heart, and will sing it for a century. A young lawyer in Philadelphia is asked for a song by an actor whose benefit night does not promise to be of the most lucrative; he dashes off "Hail Columbia!" and to this day he is chanted by glee singers, played by brass bands, and whistled upon the fore-castles of ships sailing about Cape Horn. We remember that Prof. Wilson undertook to

prove—we think in one of the “Noctes”—that Tom Moore could not write a song; yet there is no land upon this globe that has not listened to “Oft in the Stilly Night,” “Mary’s Tears,” and “There’s Nothing True but Heaven.”

The song floats into existence a priceless waif, a most opulent estray, an anonymous donation, a love-gift of the modest and kindly, to the kind and retiring. The masses, taking up the cheerful carol or the minor plaint, seldom inquire whose master-hand struck the key-note of their unfathomed erudition. How many gallant tars, roaring out “The Bay of Biscay,” know who wrote it? How many grim-whiskered soldiers, singing with unusual tears “Annie Laurie,” in the trenches of Sevastopol, have heard of the pure-hearted woman whose white hand first wrote “Maxwelton braes are bonnie?” The singer of songs must be content to find in his vocation “its own exceeding great reward.” Not less, however, should be our gratitude toward those who have cheered our loneliness, elevated our hopes or assuaged our grief.

The song is especially the property of the people. It is pleasant, therefore, and encouraging to find that the taste of the people inclines to the decorous, the chaste and the affectionate, and eschews the coarse, the ribald and the heartless. Of a dozen ballads purchased of a hawk yesterday, we found but one which might not be sung by a modest woman. A recapitulation of the titles will at once recall to the reader the character of these productions. We have “Annie Laurie,” “Ellen Bayne,” “Song of the Farmer,” “The Dying Californian,” “Willie, we have Missed You,” “Jeannie with the Light-brown Hair,” “Cheer, boys, cheer,” and “Let us Speak of a Man as we find Him”—productions of widely differing poetical merit, but all of them honest and true in their sentiment and decorous in their expression. Nor do we discover in those which are designedly grotesque any unpardonable violation of taste. * * *

We are inclined to believe that in this kind of street commodity, New York is entitled to a precedence of London. The songs of the metropolis of Great Britain—we mean, of course, those vended by the peripatetic dealers—are usually nothing but unfortunate doggerel. We remember one which was especially a favorite with bold Britons during the late war, and in which the Emperor of Russia was most disrespectfully alluded to. A couplet occurs to us in which it is asserted, of the potentate before mentioned, that for him

“The English digged a h—ll of a hole,
And buried him deep in Sevastopol.”

We do not, as a people, relish such stuff as this. We like songs that are spirited, heroic, plaintive, affectionate and funny; but even the Ethiopian minstrels have tuned us to something better than sheer slang and buffoonery. In conclusion, we may parody the wish of Goethe, and trust, “while our poets sing,” that “some good genius may save them all” from the low, the meretricious and the debasing.

The “Don Giovanni” Legend.

(From the *Opera Box*, London, June 6)

The revival of *Il Don Giovanni*, which has long been anticipated as the crowning event of the season, is now definitely fixed for next week. The splendor and correctness of the decorations, and the introduction of several airs hitherto omitted, will endow this *chef d'œuvre* with a character entirely new, so the revival may be regarded as a sort of musical festival in honor of Mozart. While the public mind is looking forward to the production of this great work, a few words respecting the legend of Don Juan, and the dramatic phases through which it passed before it was stamped as the chief glory of the lyrical stage, will not be inappropriate. Don Juan Tenorio belonged to one of the twenty-four illustrious houses of Seville. One night he killed the Commandada Ulloa, whose daughter he had previously carried off; and the murdered man was buried in a Franciscan convent, where his

family held a chapel. The friars having decoyed Don Juan into their convent, and deprived him of life, spread the report that he had insulted the statue of his victim, which, by way of retaliation, had plunged him into the infernal regions. This is the entire tradition, which is so exceedingly meagre, that notorious as the name of Don Juan may have been in his own country for several centuries, his fame can scarcely be said to have had a definite shape till he was brought upon the stage. If, as some suppose, he was an intimate friend of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, something like two centuries and a half must have elapsed before he became a theatrical figure, for the monk, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of “Tirso de Molina,” lived from about 1570 to 1650. Molina’s play is entitled “El Burlado de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra,” and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of some itinerant Italian actors, who took it into France. In one of the suburbs of Paris an Italian modification of the Spanish piece was performed, and seems to have inspired Molière with the idea of his celebrated *Festin de Pierre*, which was first performed in 1665, at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal, though it may be observed that a French drama, on the same subject, written by Villiers, and entitled *Le Festin de Pierre, ou le Fils Criminel*, had been performed in 1659, at the Hotel de Bourgogne. Two other French versions, one by the actor Dumesnil, the other by Thomas Corneille, followed that of Molière at short intervals. The English tragedy, entitled the *Libertine*, written by Shadwell, celebrated as the object of Dryden’s satire, seems first to have introduced the subject to the London public. It was first played at Dorset Gardens in 1676.

Fortunately, Goldoni found no imitators; but in a ballet, to which the music was composed by Gluck, and the date of which is about 1765, the old terrible catastrophe is preferred to the prosaic modification. The Statue comes to sup with Don Juan; Don Juan goes to sup with the Statue; and then comes the retribution, as in the early dramatic version. An Italian opera, composed by Vincenzo Righini, about twelve years afterwards, is exactly on the same principle. The music to this work is entirely forgotten. Last in the series of dramatists is Lorenzo da Ponte, who was born in 1749, and died in 1838, at New York, where he was director of the Italian Opera. He had so highly pleased Mozart by his libretto of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which he wrote in 1786, that in the following year he was asked by the great composer for another work, which now exists in that of the immortal *Il Don Giovanni*. By this *chef d'œuvre* all the previous versions of *Don Juan*, both musical and dramatic, are eclipsed, and as the *Faust* of Goethe is now the *Faustus par excellence*, so is the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart the only acknowledged form of the Spanish libertine.

Between these earlier versions of the Juan story and the libretto of Mozart’s opera, written by Da Ponte, there is a difference with respect to the catastrophe. In the former the divine retribution does not visit Don Juan when the Statue, in compliance with his invitation, comes to sup with him; but the *Libertine* is invited to return the visit, and it is in a scene, in which the Statue is the host and he is the guest, that his destruction takes place. Two of the versions, Dumesnil’s and Shadwell’s, give the *Libertine* a pair of friends, who share his fate when the Statue’s visit is returned. Da Ponte, on the other hand, destroys the *Libertine* without going through the formality of a second festival. However, the celebrated Goldoni, who, in the course of the last century, wrote an Italian play on the subject, entitled “Don Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il Dissoluto punito,” had departed so much from the original legend, that Da Ponte’s book, in spite of minor differences, may be regarded as a return to the old story. With a prosaic veneration for probability, Goldoni omits all the supernatural agency that gives the tale its peculiar coloring. Don Juan does indeed sup with the Commander, but it is before the death of the latter; the Statue, too, is introduced, but it is a mere stone image, that remains fixed in the churchyard, where Don Giovanni is struck dead by a flash of lightning.

The comic servant, who is called “Catalinon” by Tirso de Molina, “Arlecchino” by the old Italian, “Sganarelle” by Molière, “Jacomino” by Shadwell, and who afterwards revives in the “Leporello” of Da Ponte, is likewise left out in Goldoni’s latter production.

From my Diary, No. 6.

JUNE 18.—The papers are talking about a chime of bells for the city of Lowell. A *Peal* of bells, gentlemen, a *peal*. Talking of a chime of bells, is like speaking of a tune of organ-pipes, or a melody of piano-forte strings. Chimes are the sounds produced by a *peal* of bells, when rung according to certain rules. All good English authorities agree in their use of the terms. See Robert Southey’s *Doctor*, for instance, chap. xxxi, et seq.

The idea of having a *peal* of bells, and consequently of having chimes of an evening, and thus rendering real to us the allusions with which the whole body of English poetry is full, is certainly very pleasant; but is it certain that the result of the experiment will not be merely the infliction of a chronic nuisance upon the neighborhood in which the *peal* is placed, with no corresponding gratification to people farther off? I happen to have made this matter a subject of study and observation for a long time; I have listened hours to the music from a belfry in which the bells, ranging in size from one of 16,000 pounds to a little one of 15 inches in circumference, number *ninety-nine*—and I, on the other hand, have thanked my stars, when I heard that same old choral hammered slowly from the dozen bells in the Parochial Church in Kloster street, Berlin, that I did not reside in that part of the city.

It is a pleasant thing to have a piano-forte in a house; but suppose the only use made of it was to drum out simple melodies with one finger, and that you were condemned to bear this half an hour every evening after tea. About the third Sunday we should find your prayer-book improved thus: “From famine, pestilence, from sudden death, and from our piano-forte, Good Lord, deliver us.” The ‘Ding-dong-dinging’ of psalm tunes and simple airs, without harmonies, is but another form of the piano-forte nuisance, and this I take to be the real reason why, in England, *peals* of bells are devoted almost exclusively to the ringing of changes. With a *peal* of six, eight, or ten bells, it is clear that all attempts at harmonies would be absurd, and ‘change ringing’ is therefore the most available means of bringing out the richness and variety of the *peal*.

I am surprised to find how few persons are aware that every bell gives out two or three distinct notes; that the sound of a bell in fact is, instead of a single tone, a regular chord. I suppose there is not a bell in the country in the sound of which two tones are not perfectly distinguishable to the ear. If now, say four large bells tuned to each other, are put into one of our low church steeples, and struck in order, we have not only a succession of the fundamental notes of the bells, but of the harmonics also. Rapid ringing gives us a singular involved mass of musical tones. Make the number of bells eight and ring a tune; your melody is there, but clothed in an arabesque of harmonies. Now at a proper distance the effect of this is not unpleasant, at least for a time, as in case of a piece of fire-work you must not be too near.

A *peal*, then, might be a delightful neighbor to us, did it hang high up in a lofty old English church tower, standing in the vacant space of the church grounds, which, hung in yonder church steeple directly on the street, and not more than fifty or sixty feet from the earth, would soon prove a nuisance.

I have not much faith in anything we shall be likely to do at present in the way of *peals* of bells, for we have neither church towers suitable nor societies of change ringers, though these might be formed.

I do wish, however, that we could have in the United States one such set of bells as constitute the “Carillon” of Belgium and Holland. One at Amsterdam has forty-two bells. That at Antwerp ninety-nine. How large that at Bruges is I do not know.

These are furnished with a key board, and can be played like a gigantic organ. Tunes—nay *symphonies* are played upon that at Antwerp, by clock work.

If ever the idea should arise of erecting a monument in commemoration of one of the most important events of the Revolution, as yet "unhonored and unsung," I mean Washington's assumption of the command of the American armies on Cambridge common, my design for that structure should be a campanile or bell tower, with a carillon worthy the name. There are not many large cities in our country which would not gladly contribute their bell to the "Washington Carillon."

JUNE 21.—Turning over a file of the "Voss'sche Zeitung," a daily Berlin paper, which I took during the winter of 1855-6, I find Rellstab's account of the centennial celebrations of Mozart's birth. I will quote one or two historic notices from the article, after a word or two upon the writer.

Ludwig Rellstab, whose bluff, burly figure, large, gray head, full, round face, ornamented with a small Thackeray nose, is to be seen at every first-class concert in Berlin, was born in that city, in April, 1799. His father was something of a composer, but better known as a writer upon music; still better as a music publisher. Before the close of the last century, he had added a large retail business and musical circulating library to his establishment, and had prepared a large hall in his house for private concerts. He died in 1813. A daughter, Caroline, (born in 1786, died in 1814), was quite a distinguished singer.

No bright intelligent boy, with a strong taste for music, and a natural turn for literary composition, could be placed in circumstances better adapted to foster and develop his talents, than was Ludwig, the son of the music publisher, Rellstab. He knew all the distinguished musical people of Berlin, and who visited that capital, and gathered up an immense fund of anecdotes and interesting notices of the great men who were still living or had just passed from the stage. Mendelssohn he knew from boyhood, intimately. Weber consulted him about the *Euryanthe* text, and under his advice many of its absurdities were pruned by Frau von Chezy. As the text now stands, the catastrophe is ridiculous. But as it was too late to alter it, Rellstab advised Weber to have the curtain rise during the overture, and present a tableau to the audience, which should give the key to the plot. This struck Weber favorably, and the passage in which the violins are muted was written with this object in view; but though the music was retained, the tableau was never presented. Rellstab had long negotiations with Weber about writing him an opera text, but the composition of *Oberon*, and the death of the composer, put an end to the project.

About 1823-4, Rellstab went to Vienna, and I find in the conversation books that he had negotiations with Beethoven also, upon the subject of a text. These also came to nothing.

As early as 1825, Rellstab appeared as the author of *Sagen und Romantische Erzählungen*, (Legends and romantic tales), which were honorably received at a time when Hoffmann, Fouqué and Achim von Arnim were pouring forth their productions from the press. In fact, for nearly forty years, Rellstab has been before the German public as a writer of tales, sketches, poems, criticisms, and indeed of works in all departments of lighter literature. In his articles upon concerts, he often gives the reader carefully prepared historical notices of the music, to which his own personal recollections, or those of men whom he knew in his youth, add a peculiar charm. These articles may also be considered good historical authority. Hence I think the following, upon Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*, worth translating.

The *Ave Verum Corpus*, which, as performed by the Domchor, made so deep an impression upon the audience, was in fact composed at Potsdam, during Mozart's stay here, [Berlin], and in that city in 1789, at the time he visited these cities, Dresden and Leipzig, in company with his pupil, Count Lichnowsky. The particulars in regard to the composition of the *Ave Verum*, are thus related: he was invited to dine with the father of our present oldest and most worthy piano-forte teacher, Türschmid, also known as the excellent hornist of the royal orchestra. The conversation turned upon church music, and its use in sustaining the services of the church, and Mozart spoke with

great animation for its employment in the manner of the Catholic Church. He suddenly sprang up, called for music paper, and seated himself at a table to write; the conversation at once ceased, in order not to disturb him, but he called out good-naturedly in his Austrian dialect: "Talk away, that don't disturb me, only no one must sing or utter even a single tone." And so in the midst of the conversation, he wrote in an incredible short time that wonderful piece of music, which he handed to the company with the words: "There you have something that will suit your church!"

Of this availability of his talent, which was ready at every moment to enable him to write with a rapidity and certainty bordering upon the magical, there are many examples. For instance, there is the story in Nissen's Biography, of his composition of the double canon at Leipzig, at the moment of his taking leave of Cantor Doles. Herr André, now in Berlin, (Feb. 1856), with so many rare MSS. of Mozart, has among them one beautiful song, on which is written in Mozart's own hand: "Written at Vienna, in the room of Herr R., on the Landstrasse." During the period above mentioned, April and May, 1789, Mozart was several times in Berlin. At one time he put up in the then noted hotel, "Zur Stadt Paris," in the Brüderstrasse, probably on occasion of a longer visit than usual, and his room was one which is now visited daily by hundreds, as it is now the public room of the confectioner, Stehely.

Speaking of the supper in honor of Mozart's birthday, Rellstab adds: "At the table, a fac simile of Mozart's hand was passed round, containing two humorous impromptus, the celebrated *O du Eselhafter Martin*, and the well known *Lectu difficile*. Numberless, sometimes rather hard, but always good-natured, jokes of this kind, full of spirit and musical fun, were thrown off by Mozart. For instance, the *Venerabilis barba Capucinatorum*. A very musical gentleman, who sat by me, said he possessed twelve such comical canons by Mozart. Ought not these to be published?"

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19.—The German Opera Troupe closes its season of eight nights to-morrow evening. Four operas have been produced—*Der Freischütz*, "The Mason and Locksmith," (Auber), *Fidelio*, and Flotow's *Martha*. *Fidelio* was the best and most successful performance; it was given entire, including the final scene of the release of the prisoners in the Market Place. On both representations it was received with the utmost enthusiasm, Mme. JOHANNSEN having three calls before the audience, and bouquets in proportion. The company gives perfect satisfaction as far as it goes. The chorus and orchestra are much better than those attached to the Italian Opera Company, and are thoroughly under BERGMANN's command; he is highly esteemed here as a conductor. Owing to the very inclement weather, and the excitement of the great German Festival, the opera has not been so well attended as it would have been, although it has been profitable to the management. However, it has given so much pleasure, that arrangements have been made for its return next season, and several thousand dollars have been subscribed for the importation of a first bass, baritone, contralto and soprano to strengthen the ensemble, and ensure the production of such operas as *Don Giovanni*, the *Zauberflöte* and *Euryanthe*.

This is a step in the right direction, and shows how general is the feeling in Philadelphia to support the Opera House, through all hazards, no matter in what language the music is given.

The *Suengerfest* was largely attended. The choral concert was given on Monday, in the Academy. Eleven hundred singers were on the stage, and gave grand effect to Luther's Choral: *Ein feste Burg*; the other selections were very indifferently rendered by the whole body, though the pieces given by the

separate societies were well sung. The palm was won by the "Orpheus Club," of Boston, the members of which sang a Serenade with immense applause, receiving an encore and plenty of bouquets. The other encore of the evening was bestowed upon the New York Societies, who sang a "Rhine Song" admirably. The deputations from Baltimore and Philadelphia did themselves no credit at all. The orchestra was large, with a small host of charming violin bows, but it was weak in basses—having but five contras and six 'celli; likewise was it much in need of good conducting—Bergmann should have had the desk and baton, and then the overture to *Egmont* and Weber's "Jubilee" would have been taken in correct *tempi* instead of being drawn out like dead marches. Musically speaking, then, the Choral Concert was a comparative failure, in consequence of a want of care in the rehearsals, and of interest in the programme. The dollar seats were thronged, so were the cheap places aloft; but the \$1 50 chairs were but sparsely occupied, compared to the appearance of the Academy on Opera nights.

The tenor, FRAZER, formerly of the SEGUNS, is giving Ballad Soirées at the Musical Fund Hall, to very good audiences. It is said that he is about to enter the field in Philadelphia as a teacher of singing, and that he will preside over the music of one of the fashionable churches. It is to be hoped that this is true, for the sake of our Oratorio Concerts during the coming season. With BISHOP and FRAZER, the Harmonia, or whatever Society secured the services of these five vocalists, could take the lead in sacred concerts.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1857.

Music of the Week.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The last of the series of nine performances, not one of which it is said has paid expenses, took place at the Boston Theatre on Friday evening of last week. Certainly there was enough of merit in the performances to deserve better success, although the selections were for the most part hacknied, the new opera of *La Traviata* being in fact anything but new to those familiar with the other works of Verdi. The *Traviata* twice, the *Trovatore* twice, and one representation each of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Il Barbiere*, and finally *L'Elisir d'Amore*, make on the whole a pretty beggarly account. Decidedly we give the preference to the lighter part of the list, to the two comic operas last mentioned. But Rossini's "Barber" was treated as of small account; for one good performance of that we would willingly sit through all the others. Next to that, for free and happy play of fancy, for ready flow of musical invention, for piquancy and brilliancy, of all the strictly comic operas which we are allowed to hear upon our stage, give us this early work of Donizetti, the picturesque, sparkling, delightful little comedy of "The Elixir of Love." It is full of beautiful music, of the kind light as air, not fraught with any weight or depth of meaning, not leaving any lasting impression, but exceedingly fascinating and refreshing for the moment. It is a very enjoyable little opera, at least to one who does not crave tragical intensities and horrors, or care to be stormed and startled by the effective climaxes of the fashionable Verdi school. But it is natural enough perhaps; romantic youth loves tragedy,

years for excitement, while longer experience of the real tragedy of life is grateful for the merrier scintillations of genius, for the exquisite summer fancies and heat-lightnings of the brain. Any true lover of Art, however, will be sure to learn, sooner or later, that the most playful freaks, the lightest fancies of real imaginative genius, are worth more than the most serious sentimentality wedded to the most intensely tragic plots of third-rate minds. And sometimes a man will develop sparks of genius, of true inventiveness, in sport, who cannot get beyond sentimental common-place, or over-strained and false effects, when he devotes himself to the illustration of a serious subject.

The *Elisir d'Amore* was performed whilome in Boston with Madame LABORDE as Adina, who could execute the florid music with sure mechanical precision, but had little other charm. Much more fascinating in it about four years since was Madame SONTAG, at the Howard Athenæum, assisted by POZZOLINI, ROCCO, &c. We may have heard some others, but surely no one who so completely gave us the zest and sparkle and witchery of the part, both as singer and as actress, as did Madame GAZZANIGA on that Friday evening. She was indeed the feature of the operatic season; the one fresh, really interesting thing, the one addition to our stock of artistic experiences worth cherishing, and not easily exhaustible, was this charmingly unique manifestation of the true lyric faculty in her. We have told how it has steadily grown upon us in music and in characters so widely different as the Violetta, the Lucrezia Borgia, and the unsophisticated Linda. The freshness and naturalness of this last was even surpassed in her impersonation of the intelligent, coquettish, but good-hearted peasant girl Adina, who plays with her bashful lover, till in his despair he buys the quack elixir, trusting to whose virtues he exults with a new courage, which is all he ever wanted to win the hearts of all the village maidens, so that she in turn is jealous, and thus caught in her own trap. Charmingly she looked it, acted it and sang it. There was exquisite vivacity and subtlety, and true artistic, refined accent, coloring and shading in all her little fragments of coquettish recitative. The duets with her lover, and especially that with the quack doctor, were admirable on her part. The latter was encored, and evidently her more potent elixir, of her eyes and voice:

La ricetta è il mio vicino,
In quest'occhi è l'elisir,

worked upon the Doctor, Sig. ASSONI, to the inspiring of his best *vis comica*; the thing was a complete success. Her voice wins its way into our best feelings, for it has a character of innocence and purity, as well as of remarkable freshness for her age, (the Countess di MALESPINA, which is her married name, is said to be over thirty, although in looks, in voice, in vivacity and naturalness of action she appears so girlish); it is a voice full of sunshine from within, the heart's sunshine, and therefore not simply bright and hard, but easily touched with emotion and sensitively true to every coloring of pathos. The intelligence, innocence and frankness of her face conspired with such a voice to make a fascinating Adina. The lady's blonde complexion and features seem more German than Italian; who can tell her history? In the rendering of the music

there were no noticeable defects, or what there were were overlooked in higher graces of expression. The music of the whole opera was much abridged; and it was better to omit than to mar, at least in a composition of this character, where it is only so much more or less of a certain sort of musical delectation, of which you do not weigh the several moments; the whole is very pleasant, no part very valuable. Mme. GAZZANIGA may have wisely evaded vocal passages beyond her easy execution; no one missed them; but in this case the plot itself was made to suffer by apparent hurry to get through.

Signor BRIGNOLI, though his voice at first betrayed some weariness after the nightly exertions of a whole week, seemed more alive and natural in Nemorino than we had seen him before. He sang all the music sweetly and expressively, especially the love-sick strain in the last act: *Una furtiva lagrime*, his rendering of which was full of pathos, and his tones exceedingly beautiful. The magical elixir, too, appeared to quicken in him quite an unexpected comic vein, in the exulting *larà, larà*. Sig. ASSONI made a most amiable, amusingly grotesque, and cunningly persuasive Dr. Dulcamara; one could forgive him all his quackeries, he did them with such a queer grace, and because his pretended elixir did so successfully operate to quicken into life the sparkling and pretty comedy. Sig. COLETTI was the vain and dashing sergeant; he gave the music faithfully, but it is too florid for a bass of his thick quality.

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Selections from the Oratorio "Eli," by COSTA. No. 6. Trio: *Thou shalt love the Lord*. Price 25 cts.—This is the beautiful trio between the young Samuel and his parents; properly therefore for soprano, alto and tenor, though here indicated for three soprani.

Cathedral Voluntaries, from the works of GIBBONS, DR. BLOW, HUMPHREYS, PURCELL, WELDON, DR. CROFT, BOYCE, &c.; selected and arranged for the Organ, by VINCENT NOVELLO. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. 35 cts. each.—Here is a good opportunity to make acquaintance with the old English school of church composers, and enrich one's stock of organ voluntaries. They are mostly arranged from anthems for four, six or eight voices, in strict and learned style.

Quando miro quel bel ciglio, &c. Song by MOZART. Price 25 cts.—Another number of the favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of Mozart, as arranged by WESLEY. This is one of the occasional songs, not taken from an opera; it is a simple, genuine strain of melody.

Gems from the German: a collection of the most admired songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Abt, &c. No. 64: *Friendly is thine air, Rosalie*; by KUECKEN. The German words of this pretty *Volkslied* are also given, *Gretlein*, or little Margaret, being the name for which Rosalie is substituted by the translator.

ROSSINI's *Stabat Mater*: The concerted pieces and choruses separate, for the convenience of Societies and Clubs. No. 6. Chorus finale: *Amen*. Octavo form, 12 pages, price 25 cts.

Echoes of Italy: A collection of vocal Duets from operas by Donizetti, Mercadante, and others. No. 1. *Fra queste braccia un solo istante*: from *Pia di Tolomei*. For soprano and tenor, and requiring well-trained voices.

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Piano-forte Album, a selection of brilliant pieces by virtuoso composers of the day, as Willmers, Voss, &c. No. 12. *La Harpe d'Éole*, by GRUETZMACHER. Op. 17. A pretty difficult and elaborate Andantino movement of 12 pages, flashing all over with arpeggios and other ornamental figures.

No. 1. Beethoven's *Adelaide*, transcribed for piano, by R. WILLMERS. Pp. 9.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.—This new institution is now in full operation and progressing well, with about forty pupils for the full term. Singing in classes and the cultivation of the voice are taught by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, who is the head of the School, and J. W. ADAMS; Harmony, Theory of Composition, &c., by Mr. LEVI B. HOMER; the Piano-forte, by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER; the Violin by Mr. WM SCHULTZE. Here is already a strong force for a beginning; and it is the design of the managers, as fast as patronage and opportunity shall warrant, to add new teachers and secure the best available influences in all departments. The advantages to the pupil, by such continued devotion to Music, in the company of others, in the city, are much increased, especially in the winter term, by facilities for attending most of the public performances of the best music. For greater efficiency the School has already organized itself under an act of incorporation, with a board of Trustees, of Managers, and a Committee of Examiners, composed of some of our best qualified citizens.

On Monday evening a specimen of the first three months' progress of the school was afforded to an invited company, at the rooms of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co. The performances were highly promising, but not of course fair theme for criticism. It was gratifying to find that music of so high an order had been made material for practice.

The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* of Beethoven's Mass in C, were sung in a manner that showed careful study, by a choir of thirty or forty voices; also one or two of Mendelssohn's four-part songs. A couple of young ladies sang one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs; and there were creditable solos, such as *Robert, Robert*, Beethoven's *Adelaide*, &c. A Sonata duo, not a very difficult one, for piano and violin, was well played by a young lady and gentleman. Mr. Baker conducted, and Mr. Parker played the accompaniment upon a grand piano. Of course there was much that was crude about all this; but why may not the experiment, if duly cherished, grow up into the Conservatoire of which the need is constantly expressed?

Musical Chat-Chat.

It is telegraphically stated that Herr Ullman has made arrangements with M. Calzado, manager of the Italian Opera in Paris, for four months' services of Mme. FREZZOLINI, who will commence to sing at the New York Academy of Music about the 1st of Sept. It is also rumored that the new lessees of the Academy (Messrs. Thalberg and Ullman) are likely to bring over Mr. Lumley's troupe to New York in the winter, including the famous tenor, GIUGLINI, the prima donna, SPEZIA, &c..... Fitzgerald's *City Item*, Philadelphia, tells us:

Gazzaniga, Brignoli and Amodio have been re-engaged by Maretzek for a season of nine months from next September. A new Soprano, Contralto, Tenor and Bass will be added to the troupe. Overtures have been made to Madame Lagrange for the whole of this season. This large and splendid troupe will sing only in Philadelphia, Boston and Havana.

Others foresee no such fine privileges for Boston, but, reasoning from the poor patronage extended to the Opera during this last brief visit here, and from the inglorious flight of Maretzek, hint of punishment in store for us,—that henceforth these melodious showers will all pass wide of Boston, and make us very envious, while they refresh our neighbors. The

loss of *Trovatores*, *Rigolettos*, &c., is one that real friends of music can well bear, nor will the public taste in their opinion grow the worse for it; but we trust it is not yet fully demonstrated that we support no opera. . . . Philadelphia is certainly just now the Western paradise of opera-singers. The German opera have had encouragement to prolong their engagement through this week. *Fidelio* has been given at least three times, and with marked success. *Martha* and the *Czar und Zimmermann* have drawn excellent houses. The Academy will now be closed until the Autumn campaign of Maretzek. They are to have English opera at one of the theatres, next week,—a troupe from New Orleans.

Mme. DE LAGRANGE has been giving farewell concerts in New York, before leaving for Europe. Has she no farewells for Boston? Madame LORINI, née Virginia Whiting, a Boston girl, made her debut at the Teatro Pazyliano, in Florence, on the 8th of May, with great success. She sang Lucia, with MIRATE.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mlle. Balfé's triumphant debut in the *Sonnambula*, was followed by Verdi's *Traviata*; after which *La Sonnambula* was repeated with new triumphs for the young English prima donna. The next night offered Verdi's *Traviata* in place of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Ronconi being ill. Mlle. Balfé's next part was to be Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*.

M. CHARLES HALLE gave the first of three performances of classical piano music on the 8th, at Dudley Gallery.

"The selection was extremely interesting, not only on account of the sterling merit of the pieces of which it was composed, but because of the very rare occasions on which any of them can be heard in public. Two Sonatas of Beethoven—in G, op. 29, and in E, op. 109—Dussek's in A flat, op. 71, and some movements from one of the *Suites Anglaises* (in G minor) by John Sebastian Bach, together with smaller pieces by M. Stephen Heller and Chopin, made up the programme, which was in all respects worthy the reputation M. Hallé has long enjoyed as a most accomplished professor, whose legitimate taste leads him to dedicate his talent exclusively to the highest order of music."

Mr. BENEDICT gave on the 10th at Her Majesty's Theatre, the first of three grand concerts, "dramatic, classical and miscellaneous,"—thus dividing his one annual "monster" concert into three more practicable doses. His programme included an overture and a ballad of his own; selections from Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, sung by Mme. Alboni, Mlles. Piccolomini and Ortolani, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, &c.; Beethoven's *Adelaide*, sung by Giuglini; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Ernst; Weber's *Concert-stück*, played by Mme. Clara Schumann; Mendelssohn's *Loreley* finale; and the overtures to *Freyschutz* and *Zauberflöte*. Rather a surfeit of good things for one night! At the next, a selection from Gluck's *Orfeo* was promised, with Alboni for the hero.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Our last report brought the Opera down to the revival of Verdi's *Nino*, or *Nabucco*, June 2. The sequel was such as one might find by dipping at random into any week of Italian opera in any city,—to-wit, a repetition of Verdi's *Trovatore* and of Verdi's *Traviata*. But on the 11th came a refreshing change of air,—a representation of *Don Giovanni*, with closer approximation to the design of the composer and the poet than has been seen for many years. Beneventano was the Don; Piccolomini, Zerlina; and Spezzia, Donna Anna.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. (*From the Times*, June 13.)—Last night the entire choral force, metropolitan and provincial, assembled in Exeter Hall to rehearse the principal choruses from the three oratorios, (*The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabeus* and *Israel in Egypt*), selected for performance at the great Handel commemoration which begins on Monday morning, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

In all about 2,000 choral singers, men and women, were congregated last night in Exeter Hall, for the purpose of rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Costa. Such a choral force was never before assembled in England; and the result of their united efforts was unprecedented. We may confidently as-

sert that nothing on the continent (with all its affected superiority) ever approached it. The flat floor of the hall presented difficulties for the accommodation of so vast a body of singers, not easy to surmount. They were nevertheless surmounted by the indefatigable Mr. Bowley and his assistant, who have labored night and day for the last two months or more to carry out triumphantly the idea of the Handel commemoration. The best practicable plan was adopted. The singers were arranged in double choir, as they will be on the *Israel in Egypt* day, at the Crystal Palace, when the most astounding effect is anticipated from the splendid double choruses in which that masterpiece abounds. The trebles were stationed in the ordinary orchestra; the altos occupied the level space on the floor between the north and south galleries; the tenors commenced at the raised seats; and the basses were situated in the west gallery and the space underneath it. Mr. Costa, the conductor, stood on a raised platform, about the centre of the hall, where he could be visible, in a greater or less degree, to all the singers. The only instruments employed to sustain the chorus were the organ, (Mr. Brownsmith, organist), the gigantic bass-drum, manufactured by Mr. Distin for the Sacred Harmonic Society, (which was in front of the orchestra), a pair of kettle-drums, and four serpents, in the middle of the hall.

Among the many tributes to the fame of Handel which this Festival calls forth, is an exceedingly cheap edition of the "Messiah," issued by Messrs. Cocks & Co. The oratorio complete, with piano-forte score, is sold for one shilling and four pence! When the "Messiah" was produced in Dublin, in 1741, the ladies were respectfully requested to attend the performance without their hoops; a writer in the *Athenæum* suggests the propriety of the same self-denial at Sydenham on the 15th and following days.

We glean the following items from the *Athenæum* of the 6th:

It is long since we have enjoyed a greater musical pleasure than a hearing of the French version of Mozart's "Schauspiel Director," at the St. James's Theatre, the other evening, afforded us. For the most part, "the unconsidered trifles" flung out hastily by those who have been fertile in producing great works are best left unclaimed. Even Mozart could not always command the fairy gift of "speaking pearls and diamonds" whenever he opened his mouth; as his "Masses" attest,—many pages of which are merely so much commonplace, not worth claiming for him who wrote the "Confutatis," the "Ave Verum," and the "Motets." We own, therefore, to have been surprised by the excessive grace, freshness and stamens of the music of this *operetta*, which, we believe, was neglected and the music dispersed in Germany till the happy idea possessed M. Offenbach of collecting it and bringing the work forward, with French text adapted by MM. Halévy and Battu. From first to last, it is charming, and may be ranked with the first act of its composer's "Cosi fan tutte." Two trios in particular may be cited, as blending Art and Nature as only a Mozart could do. The French authors have contrived to arrange a very digestible little farce for the four characters, which are gaily acted; and the music belonging to them honestly sung, and delicately accompanied by the orchestra. It will not surprise us if "L'Impresario" should become more popular in London than it has been in Paris.

Where such Londoners as desire a little silence are to hide themselves next week it seems hard to point out. . . . M. Jullien is announcing a ten days' festival at the Surrey Gardens, beginning on Friday next, to amuse such of the public as have not had sound enough at Sydenham. He undertakes to give the "Creation" and the "Seasons" and Signor Rossini's "Stabat," and the "Messiah,"—and a Rossini Festival, and a Verdi Festival, and a Beethoven Festival, and a Mozart Festival,—and for these he has engaged (to quote from his programme), a "great" soprano, "an accomplished *ditto*," a popular English "*ditto*," "a new celebrated" *ditto*, &c., &c., &c., &c., with all manner of solo players, and other delightful and attractive personages. Now, considering what the musical engagements for the coming fortnight are, we submit that it is a bold measure to speak of the amount of music advertised, on the scale pointed out, being executed otherwise than in a state of massacre. Or are the orchestral players and the solo singers to dispense with sleep, in order that London is to be deprived of silence during these June days?

Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were given before a crowded audience, on the 10th, at St. Martin's Hall, by Mr. Hullah and his First Upper Singing School; being the eighth and last of a series of subscription concerts.

Classical Chamber Concerts, chiefly of piano-forte music, abound as usual in London. Among the different series recently in progress were those of Mrs. John Macfarren, of Mme. Endersohn, of Messrs. Blagrove and Thomas, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, of Mr. W. G. Cusins, of Herr Louis Ries, Mr. Kiallmark, &c.

ITALY.—The *Athenæum* gives the operative plans of the campaign at Naples for the coming season. At San Carlo 28 representations will be given, commencing May 20th, and one new opera will be produced. At Il Fondo sixty performances will be given ere the season closes, Sept. 6, and two new operas produced, one by Giosa, called *Girella*, the other by Serviano, a novice in opera writing, called *Pergolesi*. The same artists are engaged at both theatres, Viola and Fioretti being prime donne, Prudenza and Pardini prime tenori, Colini the baritone, Arite the basso, and Salvetti the buffo.—The same journal adds:

"In a recent letter," says our Neapolitan Correspondent, "I spoke of our new *prima donna*, Signora Fioretti, from whom much was expected. On Thursday, 'I Puritani' was performed at San Carlo. Her singing is admitted to be full of grace, of flexibility, and spontaneity—her voice is limpid, fresh, and of a wide range."—The writer of the above welcome tidings, enters largely into the general decay of music in Naples. How complete this is the Londoner may gather even more clearly from the extract from an epistle of another friend in Italy, competent to speak, who writes about the music in Florence, after having wintered further south. Fancy his describing Signora Beltrami (Mlle. Bertrandi that was) and Signora Lorini (the American lady who appeared last year at our Surrey Opera) as "a Pasta and a Malibran, in comparison with *La Viola*," the last winter's *prima donna* in Naples!—Our Florentine letter speaks in less qualifying phrase of Signor Cresci, a *baritone*, and Signor Mirate, a *tenore robusto*, dwelling on the latter particularly as a magnificent-looking man, with a fine voice and a good method.

PARIS.—There is a letter in this week's *Gazette Musicale*, signed by M. La Fage—to whom, and to the journal we leave the responsibility—which will be little less provocative to the world of musicians. Let us, however, at once say that we will not believe, till our own ears have heard it, that Signor Rossini has absolutely broken silence! This is said to be the case, "believe it who list," and the breach is described as amounting to six Songs, for a mezzo-soprano voice, which are shortly to be published for a charity,—also a new composition for the horn, beguiled out of the dead composer by M. Vivier. Every musician or lover of music, let him write ever so incredulously of such a tale, may be excused if he feels a tingling of hope that it may prove true. Meanwhile—whether on the principle of the man and wife in the children's weather-houses, who may guess?—M. Meyerbeer is understood to be in a state of dudgeon with his subjects in Paris, and to have vanished thence.

M. Battaille, one of the most consummate artists of his time, is about to leave the Opera Comique. A one-act trifle, "La Clef des Champs," with music by M. Deffès, having Mme. Du Barry for heroine of its story, has just been produced at the same theatre.—At the annual meeting of the *Orphéon*, or gathering of the popular singing-classes held the other day, a popular novelty seems to have been a setting, by M. Gounod, the Director, of La Fontaine's fable, "La Cigale et la Fourmi." "He has written," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "a little musical comedy, as pleasant as the poetical one; arranged his chorus dialogue-wise, and made it be surprised, mock itself, laugh and moralize, in the most natural, and consequently most original fashion possible."

Advertisements.

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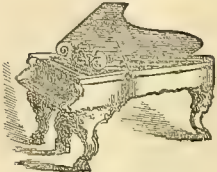
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THE FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can breathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting on some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice;
But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage of both eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

Andrew Marvell.

The Great Handel Festival, Crystal Palace, London.

(From the Times of June 15)

Saturday, June 13.—Full Rehearsal.

The full rehearsal for this grand and unexamplified celebration, which, although entirely the work of a society of amateurs (the Sacred Harmonic Society), may be fairly regarded—that society representing the musical taste of England in its noblest and purest expression—as the homage of a great nation to a great man, took place on Saturday morning in the Crystal Palace, before an assemblage of many thousands of persons. For the first time was tested the combined effect of the much-vaunted 2,500 singers and players, in the immense and elaborately constructed orchestra prepared for their reception, and with a space for sound to travel in which no ingenuity could devise the means of enclosing, and which had consequently rendered questionable the wisdom of the experiment when judged

from the point of view of acoustics. Hesitation, nevertheless, was partially checked from the very outset; and as the music went on, and the area gradually filled, the result became less and less uncertain, until finally all doubt was expelled, and the apprehensions preposterously entertained in certain timorous quarters with regard to the possible effects of reverberation on the roof and sides of the building, having altogether vanished, a triumphant success for the Handel Festival was unanimously and confidently predicted.

THE SCENE.

To convey any idea of the sight that unfolded itself to the spectator, in no matter what part of the edifice contiguous to the area he might be situated—whether from the orchestra and the adjacent galleries, looking down upon the multitude below, or from the base of the central transept, gazing up at the orchestra, with its army of musicians of both sexes, backed by the gigantic organ towering to the roof—whether from the organ-loft itself, or from the remotest of the galleries facing it, whence in either instance the eye might comprehend the whole prodigious and variegated picture at a glance—would demand the graphic pen of one who has described the paraphernalia of Imperial consecration with the same vivid eloquence as he has portrayed the evolutions of martial hosts, the array, the incidents, and sanguinary results of battle. We can only say that even those most familiar with the interior of the "Palace made of windows," and under circumstances of the greatest festivity, can form no notion of it, but must await the experience of to-day to acknowledge that they never beheld the like before. To argue from the incessant circulation which took place during the rehearsal, there was as much anxiety to obtain a series of views as even to judge of the effect of the music. The winding staircases that connect the galleries with each other appeared to distant beholders as though endowed with locomotive power—as if, indeed, they themselves were making, with strange evolutions, the passage from platform to platform, of which they were merely the unconscious instruments under the pressure of living feet. The opportunity of perpetuating so imposing a spectacle was not lost, since, while Mr. Costa was directing the rehearsal of one of the choruses, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, photographers to the Crystal Palace Company, procured, in almost an instant of time, for the stereoscope, a very striking daguerreotype view of the whole orchestra and a great part of the audience, which was subsequently forwarded to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE STAGE.

The orchestra, its aspect, and the method of its construction, have already been described in general terms; but a few brief technical *memoranda* will not be out of place. This really ingenious and novel work of architectural carpentry was not erected by contract (like its costly predecessor at the inauguration of the Sydenham Palace in 1854), but planned and completed by Mr. W. Earce, the company's resident clerk of the works, assisted by the permanent staff of workmen. It occupies a space of 14,784 superficial feet, 168 feet wide, and absorbs 10,102 cubical feet of timber. The weight of the entire structure is about 160 tons. The banks of seats

for the chorus are 23 in number, which, with 9 for the instrumental performers, makes a total of 32. The highest range is 52 feet from the floor of the orchestra, where Mr. Costa, the conductor, and the principal vocalists are stationed. The average curved extent of each range of seats is 160 feet. This huge mass of timber is supported by "uprights," with a scantling of 5 inches by 5, and diagonal braces 4 inches by 1½. The whole framework is distributed in squares of 8 feet, "centre and centre."

THE ORGAN.

The organ, erected for the occasion by Messrs. Gray and Davison, (who also built the instrument for the last Handel commemoration, which took place in 1834, at Westminster Abbey,) covers an area of 42 by 26 feet, and is supported by a platform of enormous strength and solidity. Some description of this magnificent instrument—of which Saturday's experience, under the hands and feet of Mr. Brownsmith, organist to the Sacred Harmonic Society, more than confirmed the favorable anticipations—has already been given in *The Times*, accompanied by a catalogue of its stops, &c. Any attempt at a technical analysis of its mechanical construction, or even at an abstract appreciation of its merits, would be out of place in the columns of a newspaper not exclusively devoted to such matters; but we may afford space for a short extract from a pamphlet evidently written by an accomplished connoisseur, and which enters at great length into the peculiar claims of the new instrument to be regarded as one of the most admirable works of English manufacture:—

The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all desirable musical beauty with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it is specially destined to bear in this great commemoration; and, should the result be pronounced successful, it is presumed that the very unusual difficulties to which the instrument is subjected will be felt to proportionately enhance the credit due to its constructors. On an occasion when all the preparations are on so vast a scale it will be naturally concluded that the festival organ must be, even in the obvious and external sense, a very large instrument. In this particular it is highly probable that the spectator will at a first glance be disappointed. The prodigious dimensions of the transept of the Crystal Palace, dwarfing to all but insignificance every single object it encloses, operates of course, in greatly diminishing the apparent magnitude of the organ. The reader has been elsewhere informed that the orchestra prepared for this occasion 'alone covers considerably more space than is found in any music hall in the kingdom;' and similarly he may be assisted to estimate the space occupied by the organ if told that it stands on more ground than that allotted to most ordinary houses. Its width is 40 feet by a depth of 30. He will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive how by any possibility a musical instrument can require all these 1,200 superficial feet of standing room, and be tempted to set it down as a piece of display—an attempt to impose on him by the mere appearance of magnitude. A few simple facts will, however, convince him that these arrangements are controlled by a necessity passing all show. When he is told that this organ contains 4,510 sounding pipes, varying in size from 32 feet in length, with a diameter sufficient to easily admit the passage of a stout man's body, to less than 1 inch in length, with the bore of an ordinary quill; that, in order to place these 4,510 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are required (many of these being complete machines in themselves, and separate members of which, if reckoned as in the process of manufacture, would at least quintuple the number;) that all these 11,310 sounding and working

parts require such a disposition and arrangement that each one may be more or less easily accessible for those occasions of adjustment which must frequently arise in so complicated an instrument; and, finally, that the entire mass before him weighs nearly 50 tons, he will scarcely fail to perceive that the space is economically rather than ostentatiously occupied, and will, moreover, be enabled perhaps to understand some of those points often deemed mysterious with regard to large organs in general—such, for example, as their cost and the time occupied in their manufacture.

Internally the Crystal Palace organ is beyond doubt a very large instrument. Although the number of its pipes is for many reasons a very fallacious test, when applied to the power and capability of such an instrument, it may be well to state that in this respect it considerably exceeds the world-famous organ at Haarlem—the total number of pipes in the latter being 4,088, while, were the two placed side by side in the Crystal Palace orchestra, the difference in point of power would be still more remarkable. The performer has at his disposal four complete rows of keys, each having a compass of 58 notes, and each commanding a distinct department of the instrument. He has also a set of 'pedals'—a key-board played by his feet, in fact—by means of which he calls forth the ponderous basses necessary to support the general harmony.

GETTING SEATED AND BEGINNING.

But to return to the rehearsal. The mere preliminary of getting 2,500 vocal and instrumental performers in their places without confusion would, it was very naturally imagined, involve a labor of no ordinary difficulty; but so efficient were the precautions adopted, and so easy the means of ingress and egress, that the feat was accomplished without a single misunderstanding. At 11 o'clock, the hour appointed for beginning, every singer and every player was stationed in the spot assigned, while every instrument and every music book was at the immediate disposal of the owners. This shows how much, with how little pains and in how short a time, can be effected by simple, regulations and strict discipline. The regulations were due to the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the superintendence of their untiring agent, Mr. Robert Bowley; the discipline proceeded from the moral control of Mr. Costa, to the exercise of which he owes no little of the influence both social and professional that has invariably attached to his position. The generalissimo, whose duty was to marshal and review the harmonious host assembled at the mighty name of Handel, was (as usual) to the minute at his post. The cheers and acclamations that greeted him, not only from the crowds that peopled the area and galleries, but from his own forces, anxiously awaiting the first gyrations of his familiar wand, testified to the popular deference he has won through his own perseverance, and the conviction that he was born to sway, and not to serve. For a moment Handel himself, the Crystal Palace, and all that it contained were forgotten in Mr. Costa; but when—after the overture to the *Messiah* had been performed (in which the amazing force of stringed instruments almost bewildered the hearer favorably enough situated to catch the entire volume of sound)—the first strains of that majestic chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," were led off by the altos, answered by the trebles, and the whole measure of harmony filled simultaneously up by tenors and basses, Handel resumed his sceptre, and from that instant remained undisputed monarch of the day.

REHEARSING "THE MESSIAH."

Several choruses from the first and second parts of the *Messiah* were gone through, and, among others, "For unto us a child is born," "He is the King of Glory," and "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers,"—all of which (and they are very different in character) produced a marked sensation. But from the sublime "Hallelujah" most was expected, and the greatest results were obtained. The weight and sonority of the numberless bass voices, in unison, on the passage, "He shall reign for ever and ever," which forms one of the counter-themes of this transcendent hymn, were marvellous; and when—at the end of the progression (so wondrous from its combined simplicity and grandeur,) in which the trebles hold out a succession of long-sustained notes, from D up to G—the entire force of voices and instru-

ments united in giving emphasis to the chord which leads to the resumption of the original key, the effect was nothing short of stupendous. It is worthy of remark that, "great as was the company of" singers and players, their efficiency was not only preserved in passages where they are employed on plain harmony, but just as much where the working of two themes in conjunction renders the acquisition of clearness and precision a task of much more difficulty. There was not the slightest evidence of hesitation from beginning to end. We have one observation to make, however, in a more critical spirit. It may be absolutely necessary, under the conditions of such a performance in such a place, and with such a host, to take the "Hallelujah" and other choruses slower than the composer meant, but it is assuredly not necessary to depart from his intentions without some beneficial result to sanction the liberty. Now, no such result, but the contrary, is derived from the *pianissimo*, upon which Mr. Costa insists, at the commencement of the chorus "For unto us a child is born," and as far on as to the passage on the words "wonderful—counsellor—the mighty God—the everlasting Father—the Prince of Peace." There is no warrant for such a reading. The proclamation of the birth of a Saviour is not made in a whisper, as if it were a secret perilous to disclose, but in accents of exultation, conveying the joy and gratitude of the nations at their delivery. An abstract musical effect may, perhaps, be attained by the sudden burst upon the word "wonderful," after a long continuance of underbreath singing, but it is an effect wholly independent of the words. Handel has given appropriate significance to the exclamation by putting the voices in full harmony and reinforcing them with the whole strength of the orchestra. But we protest here against this reading chiefly because it fails, under the actual circumstances, to achieve the point contemplated. Where we were placed during the performance of "For unto us a child is born," almost the whole of that part which precedes the exclamation, "Wonderful!" was lost. We could not hear the trebles give out the theme, nor the tenors answer them, nor the altos respond to the tenors, nor the basses join the altos with their florid divisions. Nor was the counter-theme, introduced by the tenors ("And the government shall be upon His shoulders"), distinctly audible; or, indeed, anything until the arrival of the *fortissimo* on the word "wonderful," which was the first indication to many not intent upon the movements of the conductor's stick that any singing or playing was going on.

"JUDAS MACCABEUS."

After the *Messiah* several choruses from *Judas Maccabæus* were rehearsed, and to such good purpose as to encourage the belief that Wednesday's performance will be as musically attractive as any. Among others must be noted as particularly successful the pathetic lamentation of Mat-thias—"Mourn ye afflicted children"—with whom this noble oratorio is inaugurated; "Dis-dainful of danger," and "We never will bow down," both masterpieces of energetic choral declamation; and, last and best, the magnificent "Fallen is the foe," at the opening of Part II, which even the composer of the *Messiah* and *Israel* has never surpassed. "See the conquer-ing hero comes," (appropriated by Handel him-self from the oratorio of *Joshua*), and the march that follows it, so picturesque and full of character, were also among the pieces tried, and were listened to with eager attention by the audience, which at this period had swelled into a veritable multitude—greatly in favor, by the way, of the musical effect. The rehearsal of *Judas* was rendered additionally agreeable by the appearance of two of the principal solo-singers, Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves—the former of whom sang the recitative and air, "Oh Liberty," and the latter the fiery war song of *Judas*—"Sound an alarm." These highly esteemed artists were received with due honors. The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves, however, both by the orchestra and the audience, was over-whelming; and this, no doubt, urged him to un-wonted enthusiasm, since on no previous occasion

have we heard him sing, either "Sound an alarm" or anything else, with such splendid energy and dramatic power, (for the air in question is dramatic to all intents and purposes). It was surprising no less than gratifying to witness so lively an impression produced by our English tenor, after the unwonted display of choral grandeur that had gone before. Not the least interesting feature in the performance of *Judas Mac-cabæus* will be the extra orchestral accompani-ments supplied by the experienced pen of Mr. Costa, of the merits of which—as they were doubtless written with a special view to the di-mensions of the Crystal Palace—we shall not pretend to judge until we hear them in a more circumscribed arena.

"ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

After the interval of an hour—during which Mr. Staples and his numerous staff were busily employed, and apparently to the satisfaction of every one who had recourse to their aid—the vast orchestra, (which had been emptied with great expedition), was once more tenanted—the same order and precision being observed as at the commencement of the rehearsal. Several pieces, chiefly choral, from *Israel in Egypt* were now tried, including the opening chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed;" "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies;" "He gave them hailstones;" "He sent a thick dark-ness;" "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt;" "He led them through the deep;" "But the waters overwhelmed them;" "The depths have covered them;" "Thy right hand, O Lord, is be-come, (as Handel has accented it), glorious in power;" "The people shall hear;" and the "Horse and his rider." For more reasons than one the choruses from *Israel* were the most satis-factory essays of the morning. This astonishing work—the choral masterpiece of Handel, compos-ed the same year as *Saul*, just after his failure as manager of the Italian Opera, when he was hon-orably bent upon defraying the debts he had in-curred, and in the incredibly brief space of 27 days!—or rather so much of it as was given on Saturday, has never before been heard to such advantage. The well-known "Hailstone" cho-rus literally "electrified" the audience, who, for-getting it was only a rehearsal at which they were presiding, insisted with such unanimous per-severance upon a repetition, that, in order to ob-tain silence, and be enabled to proceed with his duties, Mr. Costa was compelled to accord his assent, and so the piece was gone through again, to the great delight of all present. The double choruses in which *Israel in Egypt* abounds came out with extraordinary power. But—which was still more gratifying—the two pieces where false or wavering intonation had almost passed into a tradition, or at least been overlooked as inevita-ble, "He sent a thick darkness" and "The peo-ple shall hear," were sung by the multitude of voices perfectly in tune from end to end. Nev-ertheless, we must again object to the accomplish-ed Neapolitan conductor's reading of a very important point. We allude to the termination of the choral recitative, "He sent a thick dark-ness," which was robbed of its awfully impressive character by slackening the time on the words "which might be felt," and especially by dwell-ing longer than the composer has indicated on the monosyllable "be." This imparted a theat-rical character to one of the most solemn passa-ges in the whole of *Israel*—the least theatrical and most severely uncompromising of all the ora-torios of Handel. Solo singers will take such liberties, and no one can prevent them; but we should regret to see the system even tolerated, much more inculcated, in choirs that have to deal with sacred music. Another of the prin-cipal singers—Miss Dolby—came forward at this period of the rehearsal, and tried, with eminent success, the peculiar and not over-grateful air, "Their land brought forth frogs." Much disap-pointment was felt that the famous duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," was not rehearsed by Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, who were both present, and whose fine voices every one was anxious to hear.

First Day.—Monday, June 15.

[From the Times of the 16th.]

The success of the first performance, which took place yesterday—beginning at 1 o'clock and terminating at 5—far surpassed expectation. Long previous to the commencement of the oratorio a brilliant company had assembled, and the Crystal Palace, from end to end—the nave and courts and galleries, the terraces outside, and the gardens beneath the terraces—was alive with visitors anxious in anticipation for the musical treat to come. Before the appointed hour the majority of the numbered places in the central transept were occupied, and the adjacent blocks of seats in the north and south naves were tenanted soon after. The galleries, more remote and less easy of access, had been filled earlier, so that when the principal singers entered the orchestra, and Mr. Costa (who was loudly greeted) had taken his place in front of the conductor's desk, there were not many vacant spots to dwell upon. Not that the crowd was inconvenient. On the contrary, the fact that Her Majesty the Queen had intimated her intention of presiding at the performance of *Judas Maccabæus* on Wednesday no doubt kept all those away who would be likely to attend such a celebration in obedience to fashion and an appetite for show, rather than for love of music and reverence for the name and memory of the greatest of sacred composers. There were thousands enough present, however, to realize anything that had been predicted of the splendor of the scene. The weather was superb, the sky unclouded as in the sunniest Italian landscape, and the interior of the Palace looked nothing short of enchanting. A prospect was revealed, indeed, which dazzled the eye of the beholder, and suggested the idea of some gigantic kaleidoscope, peopled with multitudinous objects in every variety of form and color. It is unnecessary to attempt a new description of a scene so closely resembling that we endeavored to portray in the notice of Saturday's rehearsal—and the more so since whatever remains to be said will derive additional weight and interest when embodied in the report of tomorrow's proceedings, which, as we have stated, are to be graced by the presence of Royalty. Moreover, the first day of the Handel Festival belongs of right to Handel, whose immortal *Messiah* was given in such a manner and with such a prodigality of resources as may justly be styled unprecedented. *

An immense crowd of people were collected outside the building, and remained there throughout the entire performances. They were certainly not unrewarded, for during the choruses the peal of voices seemed to swell from the building and fill the air as though the Palace itself was a vast organ. The Hallelujah chorus could be distinctly heard nearly half a mile from Norwood, and its effect, as the sound floated on the wind, now high now low, was impressive beyond description, and sounded as if a nation was at prayers.

The change determined on at the rehearsal in the position of the choristers, by means of which the female singers were all brought together in front of the organ and were conspicuous from every point, not only afforded an agreeable relief to the eye, but added materially to the effect of the music. The different choral parts being now well balanced, the thunder of the men's voices no longer overpowered the more mellifluous tones of their fair companions and fellow-laborers. Another desirable improvement was achieved by the establishment of screens at the back and sides of the orchestra, through which contrivance the sound, instead of escaping into the empty galleries and corridors in the immediate neighborhood of that enormous amphitheatre of timber, was thrown directly upon the area devoted to the audience. Among other objects in the orchestra that attracted general interest were a portrait, a bust, and a full-length statue (in marble) of the great musician in whose honor this festival was instituted. The portrait, hung in front of the organ, was the one painted from life by Denner, which Handel bequeathed to his

amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, whose lineal descendant, Lady Rivers, recently made a gift of it to the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is said, on good authority, to be one of the best likenesses extant. The statue on the right, for which Handel sat, (also in possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society), is by Roubillac. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, affirms that this statue laid the foundation of Roubillac's fame in England. It was his first great work; and it is worth noting that his last was Handel's monument in Westminster Abbey. A cast of it has been forwarded by the Sacred Harmonic Society to Berlin, for the statue to be erected at Halle (the birthplace of the composer) at the centenary commemoration in 1859, upon which a Berlinese sculptor, favored by His Prussian Majesty, is busily engaged. The bust, on the left, is cast from one belonging to the musical collection in the Royal Library at Berlin. The name of the artist is unknown.

PERFORMANCE OF "THE MESSIAH."

The performance, as we have suggested, was wonderfully successful. The greatest effects, it may readily be imagined, the extent and peculiarities of the arena being taken into consideration, were produced by the choruses, of which the *Messiah* affords so astonishing a variety. All of these "went" more or less well, while some surpassed in grandeur of tone, precision, and unanimity, anything we can call to mind. The most irreproachable were naturally those in which the occurrence of florid passages is least frequent, and broad and massive harmony is the prominent characteristic. The very first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," at once disclosed the signal advantage gained by the new disposition of the female voices. The trebles more particularly, which at times were scarcely audible during rehearsal, now came out with penetrating clearness. "And He shall purify the sons of Levi" is one of those choral pieces abounding in florid divisions, and here there was a good deal of occasional unsteadiness, especially (strange enough, their depth and solidity of tone considered,) among the basses, which, swinging to and fro, were only prevented from going astray by the marvellous decision of Mr. Costa's beat. "For unto us a child is born" was perfect. Mr. Costa (calculating, no doubt, from the experience of Saturday's rehearsal) discarded the "pianissimo" at the commencement; and thus the advent of the *Messiah* was declared in accents of becoming exultation. The grand burst—"Wonderful! Counsellor!"—lost nothing by this, but rather gained, since a moment's reflection must convince any one of the absurdity of uttering the preceding words—"His name shall be called"—in a tone scarcely audible, while the close of the annunciation—"Wonderful! Counsellor!"—the name itself—is shouted with the utmost possible loudness. The audience, moved to enthusiasm by so fine a performance, redemanded it obstreperously; and their applause continued until the pastoral symphony had been played half way through; but the conductor was inexorable, and resolutely declined to interrupt the course of the oratorio, for which he is entitled to the thanks of all discreet persons. After "His yoke is easy," the orchestra dispersed, the majority of the audience imitated their example, and eating and drinking were the order of the day.

Nearly all the superb choruses in Part II—the Passion, the contemplation by man of the heavenly power, the persecution of the Gospel teachers, and the triumph—were admirably given, the only evidence of indecision being observed in "All we like sheep," last but one of that magnificent chain of choral movements, inaugurated with such heart-rending pathos in "Surely he hath borne our griefs." Here again we had most frequently to complain of the basses, who were also now and then unsteady during the majestic fugue, "He trusted in God," in other respects faultless. The "Hallelujah" (during which, according to traditional custom, the whole assembly remained standing) was grand beyond description. To be brief, no less can be said of the astounding chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," with which the oratorio

terminates. The "Amen" was equal in all respects to the "Hallelujah," and constituted a fitting climax to one of the most impressive and exciting performances ever heard of the *Messiah*. The instrumental orchestra distinguished itself honorably throughout. The fugue in the overture and the fugal symphonies in the final chorus brought out the strength and quality of the violins with surprising effect; and the accompaniments were played with a delicacy and precision worthy of all praise.

By the side of the chorus the solo singers, in such a place and under such circumstances, could hardly be expected to shine to much advantage. The florid airs were, of course, the least distinctly audible, and consequently the least effective. Thus Madame Clara Novello produced a far better impression in "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than in "Rejoice greatly;" Mr. Sims Reeves obtained his greatest successes in "Comfort ye my people" and "Thou shalt break them;" Miss Dolby pleased most in "He was despised," and Herr Formes in "The people that walked in darkness." Two of the bass songs, however, "Why do the nations" (Mr. Weiss), and "The trumpet shall sound" (Herr Formes), made, we are at a loss to explain why, exceptions to the rule. In the last the trumpet-playing of Mr. T. Harper called for unqualified eulogy. At the same time, it must be added, all these accomplished artists sang their very best, and used every effort to do honor to the great commemoration in aid of which their services had been called into requisition, often triumphantly vanquishing the obstacles presented by the unaccustomed dimensions of the arena in which they were exhibiting, and extorting the warmest applause from the audience. What, however, after such choruses as "Hallelujah," and some dozen others, delivered from the united throats of 2,000 singers, can reasonably be expected from one solitary voice—soprano, tenor, contralto, or bass?

We should have mentioned that the oratorio was preceded by the National Anthem, the principal solos being sung by Madame Novello.

The audience dispersed with as much order as they had assembled.

Second Day.—Wednesday, 17th.

The second of these great commemoration festivals was given to-day, in the presence of her Majesty, with a grandeur and success which left nothing to be wished for either on the part of its promoters or the public. There was no hitch either by rail or road, no apologies or excuses at the eleventh hour; even the weather was favorable, and the arrangements both within and without the building were perfect and thoroughly carried into effect. From first to last there occurred nothing which could detract from the *éclat* of the day, or lessen its claims to be considered as one which must ever form a conspicuous era in our musical annals. *

Her Majesty and the Royal party arrived at the private entrance a few minutes before 1 o'clock. After a delay of a few minutes, the Queen, accompanied by the Grand Duke Maximilian, and followed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and suite, proceeded to the Royal balcony, which had been handsomely fitted up in the north corner of the transept immediately facing the orchestra. As the Queen approached, a buzz of expectation ran through the vast assemblage, which rose by a simultaneous movement, clapping hands, and waving hats and handkerchiefs with such enthusiasm, that even the Queen, though well used to cordial receptions from her subjects, seemed completely moved, and curtsied repeatedly in acknowledgment of the welcome. Ere this burst of loyalty had quite subsided, the grand strains of the National Anthem pealed through the building in massive sounding notes which made the very floors and pillars vibrate as though rustling with a heavy wind. When its solemn cadence had completely died away there was another outbreak of applause, not so much of course for the National Anthem (though magnificently given) as for the august lady in whose honor it was sung.

As the audience settled themselves into their places, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the photographers of the Crystal Palace, took a beautiful photograph of the whole scene, making the Royal box its centre. It was a perfect likeness, and so well and quickly done that copies of it were printed, framed, glazed, and laid before the Royal party before the first portion of the oratorio had concluded. The spot from which it was taken was the gallery over the organ, whence perhaps the finest *coup d'œil* which the festivals of this country have ever shown was presented. Immediately beneath

was the great organ, like a cathedral of music, with every tower and pinnacle of its vocal frame sending forth a volume of sound amid which even 2000 human voices were almost lost. Round this, in a vast amphitheatre came the chorus—Costa lowest of all, with pale and earnest face, singing in conscientious love every note of the music he regulated; while below the orchestra, again, was ranged the brilliant mass of visitors, rank on rank, like the divisions of an army of old, all richness, pomp, and color. These features alone would have made it a prospect on which the memory would dwell, but when to it are added the tiers of close-filled galleries, rising high and spreading wide—the noise of the chorus as “with the hiss like rustling winds” they rose to volume forth, “Sing unto God,” the Royal visitors all beating time, and watching every note, and the solemn anxiety of attention which seemed to reign over all—it was grand and impressive beyond all powers of description.

“JUDAS MACCABEUS.”

The execution of *Judas Maccabæus*, to the surprise of amateurs, was on the whole even better than that of the *Messiah*. The music being less familiar to the generality, perhaps caused the singers and players to be more on their guard, and more anxiously careful in taking up the points; but, whatever the reason, the result was as we have stated. A vast improvement was also noted in the effect produced by the solo voices, and this may be traced to the fact that there was a much larger crowd in the area and south nave—the galleries, affording a less favorable view of the Royal box and its distinguished tenants, having been partially deserted for the seats below. Madame Novello's clear and penetrating voice was heard to much better advantage in the National Anthem; and her high “B flat,” which was the town-talk after the inauguration of the Crystal Palace three years since, again excited admiration.

The oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*, although it must not be compared with the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, is still one of the greatest compositions of Handel. The twelfth of the nineteen works of the same class written by the illustrious musician in this country, it was planned and completed in the short space of one month, (when Handel was in his 61st year,) and performed at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st of April, 1747, with great success. One of its principal charms is the variety which the nature of the book suggested to the composer. This enabled Handel to break repeatedly from the bonds in which he was held by the insipid muse of Dr. Thomas Morrell, and soaring on the wings of genius, to make the world forget the dullness of the poet in the greatness of the musician. The three parts into which the oratorio is divided are happily contrasted—the prevalence of pathetic music in the first, of heroic in the second, and of jubilant in the third, stamping each with a certain characteristic individuality of which the composer successfully availed himself. * * *

In the overture, one of Handel's most spirited orchestral preludes, the fugue was led off and responded to by the violins and other stringed instruments with wonderful precision. The opening chorus (lamentation for the father of Judas), so sublime in its expression of grief, was remarkably well given, and the subdued under-tone of the voices on the words, “is no more,” in beautiful relief. Equally good was its companion in musical pathos, “For Zion lamentation make,” which, besides its very striking progression of harmony, contains a phrase bearing a close resemblance to “Behold the Lamb of God,” in the *Messiah*. The choral supplication, “O, Father, whose Almighty power,” was highly impressive, and the basses seemed determined to expiate their rare shortcomings on the occasion of the first performance. The fugue, to which the words, “And grant a leader bold and brave,” is set, was everywhere pointed and accurate. In this chorus, and in several others, Mr. Costa has introduced brass instruments, often with great felicity and effect, but at times, we think, too lavishly.

The other choruses in the first part were sung in very satisfactory style,—“We come, we come” (in the same key as “He gave them hailstones,” from *Israel*, and in some points bearing a strong similarity to that wonderful piece); “Lead on, lead on,” and “Disdainful of danger”—short, bold, and vigorous illustrations of the same sentiment, and appearing in bold relief after the solemn character of what precedes them—were all effective. But still better was the final chorus, “Hear us, O Lord,” which embodies simultaneously, and with infinite grandeur, the sentiment of religious faith and the enthusiasm of martial ardor. Mendelssohn evidently had this very fine composition in his mind when he wrote the noble and ingenious chorus in *St. Paul*, “Oh, great are the depths.” The first part of the oratorio could not have terminated with more splendid effect.

After the usual interval, which her Majesty the Queen and her faithful subjects devoted, we believe, to much the same object—that of refreshment, the second part of *Judas Maccabæus* commenced majestically with one of the most superb and dramatic of all the choruses of Handel—“Fallen is the foe.” In this grand inspiration the author of the *Messiah* has displayed the singular faculty he possessed of seizing hold and developing any marked idea that might be presented to him through the medium of no matter what kind of poetry. Dr. Morrell (happily) has refrained from treating the subject at any length.

His allusions to the victory of Judas, and the destruction of the enemy, are comprised in a not very transcendent couplet:—

“Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
“Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.”

That is all. But it was enough for Handel, and helped him to contrive a masterpiece—a musical poem of astonishing and varied power. The only objection we have to make to Mr. Costa's additions here is that he has filled up the intervals in that remarkable passage where the voices reiterate the word “Fall'n,” three times, in an underbreath, the mysterious effects of which cannot but be injured by any interpolation. In this, and in the tuneful and beautifully harmonized choral piece which chimes in with the duet, “Sion now her head shall raise,” the multitude of singers earned nothing but laurels. The high note (A) of the trebles and altos, sustained during two bars, on the word “harp,” was nothing short of thrilling. The pathetic chorus, “Ah, wretched Israel” (where the Jews are in despair at the approach of Antiochus) would have been irreproachable, but for the substitution of loud for soft in the concluding passage, which violated Handel's meaning without improving him.

The finest choral performance of the day, however, and one of the finest probably ever listened to, was that of the glorious and magnificent “We never, never will bow down,” (in which, by the way, Mr. Costa has employed the brass instruments with powerful and legitimate effect.) The sublime progression of harmony in the major key—on the words, “We worship God and God alone”—the bass of which is afterwards treated, with extraordinary ingenuity, as a plain song (“*canto fermo*”) combined with an independent fugue—was delivered with astounding force; and from that point to the climax the choir seemed to accumulate power. The audience, to use a familiar phrase, were completely “carried away” by this wonderful performance, the most perfect and the most impressive that, up to this moment, has distinguished the Handel Festival. The applause was tumultuous.

In the third part the most striking point was the well-known “See the Conquering Hero comes,” which was capitally performed, and re-demanded with even greater vehemence than “For unto us a Child is born,” on Monday. Mr. Costa, however—consistent to the wise principle he would seem to have adopted—proceeded with the march, heedless of the uproar behind him. The audience continuing obstinate, however, and evidently indisposed to submit even to a wholesome despotism, the conductor turned to gallery in which the Queen was seated, as if for counsel how to act. The matter was briefly settled; her Majesty, appearing to entertain the same wish as that which had been unanimously expressed by her subjects, conveyed a signal of assent, and the favorite chorus was repeated. The “Hallelujah,” which brings the oratorio to an end—Handel's least important composition of its class—was given in a style worthy of the rest, and appropriately terminated this remarkably fine performance.

The principal singers, as we have hinted, were far more successful than on Monday, and for the reason already suggested. The chief honors of the day were awarded—and justly awarded—to Mr. Sims Reeves, who delivered the three trying airs, “Call forth thy powers,” “How vain is man,” and “Sound an alarm,” in a manner we have never heard surpassed by any singer. As an example of florid execution, “How vain is man” was absolutely faultless, while the two great war songs were masterpieces of vocal declamation. The impression made upon the crowd was commensurate with the perfection of the singing, and at the conclusion of each piece Mr. Reeves was honored by a burst of applause as unanimous as it was enthusiastic. Miss Dolby was next entitled to commendation. Nothing could be more purely devotional than her “Pious orgies,” nothing more correct and artistic than her “Father of Heaven,” while in whatever concerted music she took part she equally excelled. The sopranos, Mme. Novello and Mme. Rudersdorf, both had their triumphs—the former in the air, “From mighty kings,” from which she discreetly omitted all the antiquated shakes; the latter in “Wise men flattering,” which obtained immense applause. Mr. Montem Smith acquitted himself ably as second tenor; and the bass music was divided between Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss—the recitative and air, “Arm, arm, ye brave,” being the distinguishing effort of the German, while “The Lord worketh wonders” gained much credit for the English singer. This improvement in the vocal solos (or rather, perhaps, in the effect they produced) was not the least gratifying incident of the day.

After “*Judas Maccabæus*,” (at the Queen's desire, if we are rightly informed,) the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung, her Majesty and the whole assembly standing. The third verse, “Oh, enter then His gates with praise,” was given in unison by the united voices of the 2,000 chorists. A more grand and impressive effect cannot be imagined. Haydn and M. Berlioz, the musical antipodes of each other, would have gone into extasies about this performance, just as they did about the charity children in *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

The Musical Festival at Philadelphia.

Five days of rest and recreation, of happiness and peace, taken from the daily routine of hurry

and business; five days of song, of music, and of joyful sensation; not the gathering of a few idlers, which the crowd pass by without notice, or with mingled feelings of contempt and pity, but of thousands of foreign and native citizens, whose performances are sanctioned and complimented by the press, and participated in by the public officers of the city. Such was the German Festival of Music at Philadelphia.

It is evident that these German Festivals are hereafter to occupy a prominent place in American society; and it is this immediate contact with the masses that can alone plant and develop the germ of the beautiful and grand in the minds of high and low, and place the Festival above all other musical events in this country. Nor should we attribute the importance of these festivals, and their influence upon society, alone to the fact that the musical performances are on a larger scale than usual. For what is the use of performing the master-works of musical art with a large body of talented artists, even for several days consecutively, if done only for the few? It is for this reason that, in England, where the prices of admittance to musical festivals is exorbitant, their imagined refining influence upon society has become a dead letter. So long as the national and social character is not preserved in them, they become simply concerts for those who, by their position and intellectual ability, need them least.

But if, on the one hand, this view forms in our opinion a most essential part of these festivals, on the other, we must not lose sight of the musical character. The music should be such as to suit the masses who live in the present, and not in a past age; it ought to be grand and edifying, but, at the same time, in spirit, character, and treatment, popular; the performances ought to be dignified and painstaking: in short, as good as possible. We are sorry to say that, in this respect, the late Festival in Philadelphia did not meet our expectations, while in all others it was a decided success.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The Festival commenced on the thirteenth of June, the very day when the comet was expected to make his appearance. Although he was especially invited by the singers, in a very amusing poem, published in their *Album*, of all the invited guests he alone failed to appear. The enemies of the Festival said it was because he thought himself sufficiently represented by the singing, while the members said that he was reminded in time of the old saying of the German poet, which was inscribed upon the walls:

“Where they sing, there rest in peace,
For bad people have no songs.”

Nearly the whole day was consumed in preparing for the reception of the singers. These were from Alexandria, Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Easton, Harrisburg, Hartford, Hoboken, Newark, New York, New Haven, Reading, Richmond, Trenton, Washington, Williamsburg, Wilmington, and Philadelphia; in all, 54 societies, numbering 1505 members.

The singers and guests were received with a cannon-salute from the wharf, and escorted with a band of music to Independence Square, where the Philadelphia singers welcomed them with a song composed especially for the occasion, the opening words of which, “Friends, brethren, be welcome to our circle,” made a very deep and hearty impression. After this, a long torch-light procession was formed, with banners and military bands at the head of each society, which proceeded to Jayne's Hall, from the balcony of which rockets and mighty cheers were sent forth, as soon as the singers came in sight. The crowd through which the procession passed was immense; however, no disturbance of its ranks took place.

Jayne's Hall was fitted up very appropriately. Outside, in front, was a splendid transparency, representing Apollo crowning with laurels the Goddesses of Music, Art and Science; but what pleased us more was, the decoration of the interior—not so much on account of the tables extending the whole length of the hall, and bountifully covered with a collation for the entertain-

ment of the visitors, but on account of the inscriptions on the walls, representing, in chronological order, the names of the most eminent musicians since the year A. D. 333, thus giving an epitome of the whole history of music. The idea upon which this ornamental decoration was founded was certainly very good, although the design might have been improved by giving not only the names, but also, in large letters, the spirit and character of the different epochs. Other inscriptions from German and English authors were conspicuous, all having special reference to the nature, necessity, and triumphs of music.

Some of these were very appropriate. For instance, Luther's

"He who loves not woman, play, and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long."

And Schiller's

ART.

"To one, she is the heavenly goddess; to the other, a good cow, which has to provide them with butter."

Or the following, for the ideas of which the German Seume was indebted to Shakspeare:

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted."

As soon as all the singers were seated in the hall, the President of the Festival welcomed them; the banners were arranged around the boxes in the rear, from which all their peculiar beauties could be seen; and the supper commenced with that activity, that good humor, and that especial talent for causing its contents to disappear, which, on such occasions, seems to be given to every nation. A peculiar item in this supper was the entire absence of the usual "bier," which was displaced by the more national Rhenish wine from Fatherland. Thus ended the first day, amidst eating, drinking, and singing, and with the utmost confidence in the stability of the world, and the necessity of musical festivals.

SUNDAY.

To the Quaker city, this Sunday presented, doubtless, a strange and unusual aspect. Early in the morning, Chestnut street was thronged with jolly-looking people, (with every variety of ribbons fluttering from their coats), and filled with the sounds of music, wafted by the breeze from Jayne's Hall, where the rehearsal for the concert in the evening took place. The refreshment-rooms, (opened for the first time on the Sabbath), were besieged by an ever-thirsty army of singers. Even the druggists were compelled to open their soda-fountains, which, once opened, knew no closing. Immediately after the rehearsal, the Philadelphians, as the first item on the programme of the day, escorted their guests to the different places of interest in the surrounding country. Very likely, in these different trips, the national beverage was duly patronized; but no evidence of it existed when, upon their return in the evening, the concert commenced.

The hall, on this occasion, was well filled; and although the majority were Germans, a goodly number of Americans were present.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, Fingalshoehle. (Mendelssohn.)—2. The Iron Viper. Oratorio. (Loewe.)—3. Festival Overture. (V. Lachner.)—4. Credo from the Twelfth Mass. (Mozart.)—5. Solo, Angels ever bright and fair. (Handel.) Miss Caroline Richings.—6. Chorus from the Creation. (Haydn.)—7. Duet from the Creation. (Haydn.) Miss C. Richings, and Mr. Ph. Rohr.—8. Hallelujah, from the Messiah. (Handel.)

These pieces were all performed by the Philadelphia societies alone, to whom were added about eighty ladies, and a strong orchestra, the whole under the direction of Mr. Wolsieffer. This latter gentleman is one of the oldest musicians, and the founder of the German singing-societies in Philadelphia. It was probably on account of this circumstance, and the lamentable fact that the Quaker city possesses no better conductor of its own, which led to his appointment—an illustration of that smallness of mind which seems to rule so many public affairs, whether musical or not, in this and other countries. If they had no good conductor in Philadelphia, they were

bound to engage the best they could find elsewhere; and certainly they needed not to go far to have found a superior one, as Mr. Bergmann was at that time in Philadelphia, conducting the German Opera. The fact of an accomplished leader not being in Philadelphia should never have interfered with the management of a national festival like this. We doubt not Mr. Wolsieffer is a very good musician, but he was a very poor conductor. He lacked conception, energy, and thorough influence upon his singers as well as his orchestra. But what was worse than this, was the programme itself. To have only two orchestral compositions performed, and one of them worn out, and the other scarcely worthy to be worn at all, and then to bring forward an oratorio like *The Iron Viper*, (which of itself illustrates the fact, that even a clever and intelligent author must become tiresome if his artistic actions are entirely ruled by a very old idea), then to sing fragments by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, which have been heard over and over again—all this is certainly very discouraging, and could never have taken place with an intelligent body of men, if party interests had not interfered. We suppose a principal cause of this arrangement in the programme was the desire to have short pieces, and, at the same time, such as would come under the head of sacred music. If it were necessary to select such music on account of the Sabbath, it would have been much better to go to the old Italian masters, whose compositions are less known, and—in point of the strictly religious view, and musical treatment—certainly more sacred than most of the modern so-called church compositions. But, after all, are not the ninth symphony, Berlioz's *Harold*, Schumann's *Paradise and Peri*, or the *Pilgrimage of the Rose*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and a host of other orchestral and vocal compositions, as strictly sacred as any of Mozart's, Handel's, or Haydn's church compositions?

As to the performance of all the numbers of the above programme, the solo pieces gave evidently the most satisfaction and, in some respects, this was quite right. Miss Richings sung her aria (in English) exceedingly well, but spoiled the impression by a very inappropriate alteration at its conclusion. The young lady has a good voice, and what we should call a showy method—which is often not a very reliable one.

MONDAY.

This was a busy day for the singers. There was first a rehearsal at the Academy of Music, and then the long-expected and (by many of the participators) the much-dreaded procession of the singers, with the military escort of honor, to Independence Square, where the Mayor of Philadelphia, Mr. Vaux, welcomed them with a hearty and well-pointed speech. The streets through which the procession marched were crowded, and Independence Square offered a most brilliant display of the thronging multitudes. The Mayor, in his address, alluded to the importance and social influence of these festivals—which, coming from the chief magistrate of the city, was regarded as a very high compliment to the Germans there assembled, and responded to by three hearty cheers. After his address, the singers retired to their headquarters, marching amidst thousands of spectators. The evening concert at the Academy of Music was well attended. We think very few of the admirers of the Italian opera—which, we hear, are more numerous in Philadelphia than any other city in the Union—could have been present, for we could detect the presence of only one opera-cloak, the best representative of fashionable opera-attendance in this country.

The programme consisted of:

1. Overture, Egmont. (Beethoven.)—2. Choral. A Tower of Strength is our God. (Luther.) Sung by all the singers.—3. Glockentöne. Bell Sounds. (Abt.) Baltimore singers.—4. Hymnus. Sixty-seventh Psalm. (J. Otto.) All the singers.—5. On the Rhine. (Kücken.) New York singers.—6. Chorus from the Prophet. Call to Arms. (Meyerbeer.) 1. Jubel Overture. (C. M. Von Weber.)—2. Double Chorus. Water and Wine Drinkers. (Zoellner.) All the singers.—3. Sacred chorus from Euryanthe. (C. M. Von Weber.) Philadelphia singers.—4. Cho-

rus. The American Champion of Liberty. (Wolsieffer.) All the singers.—5. Serenade. (Marschner.) Orpheus, Boston.—6. Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhäuser. (R. Wagner.) All the singers.

The greatest feature in the performance of this programme was the appearance of the performers, and the stage. When the curtain rose, and the audience beheld the vast array of singers, surrounded by the words of Fatherland, one burst of agreeable surprise and satisfaction filled the room. These fifteen hundred Germans, singing in honor of social harmony and brotherhood, of peace and civilization, presented a very different sight than when the sons of Germania rose from its woods to defend their soil from the invasion of the Romans. Christianity has brought to the grandchildren of those barbarous forefathers a new mission and a new fatherland. It would be of no avail to record all the ideas which the sight of these modern Germans suggested; enough that it was a grand and a most satisfactory sight, repaying for a great many inconveniences which, in a musical sense, made themselves felt during the evening. The New York and Boston singers won the prize. They both were enthusiastically encoored, and deservedly so. They showed more spirit, more expression, and also more mechanical skill than the others. Some of the pieces, however, were very little adapted to cause anything but ennui and confusion. The best performance of the united singers was Luther's Choral, which made a very good impression.

TUESDAY.

This was a general holiday for the German population, and participated in by many Americans. From early morning till late in the afternoon, almost every vehicle which could be used was put into requisition to carry the crowd to Lemon Hill, where the pic-nic took place. It was a grand pilgrimage, not to the Holy Land, or in honor of the Holy Church, but in honor of Nature, and the gifts to appreciate its beauties in a social manner. It was, according to all reports, the greatest turn-out Philadelphia ever witnessed. When the singers reached the spot, they found it already fully covered with all representatives of mankind, from the infant to the old man, military men and civilians, singers and lookers on, enthusiasts and cool philosophers, highly jolly fellows and very sober people—all were there, gathered in groups talking, laughing, observing, taking notes, and enjoying themselves, each in his own way. The different singing-societies were scattered over the hill, each under their different banners, occasionally singing or listening to a speech, but oftener drinking out of that musical instrument, (the only one visible), which goes under the familiar name of a horn. We have heard a great many horn-players (Vivier included) who could manage their instruments with a good deal of virtuosity, but that which we saw on this venerable afternoon exceeded anything we ever before witnessed. We met, however, one club where we saw neither banner nor horn, but where, nevertheless, the same virtuosity prevailed. It is said that this gift is peculiar to the majority of the German people. That club (from New York) also gave us some very fine specimens of quartet singing—a treat which was attempted by the other societies so often, that it lost its charm. But, if we were not always pleased, we were, under all circumstances, surprised to hear people sing in general correctly, who had already so severely tried their lungs by the use of their favorite instrument, the horn.

There was, however, one instance, where we listened for a little time with real pleasure. This was, when we came to the quarters of the old Baltimore Quartet, which gave us some very fine specimens of singing Tyrolean airs with the head-registers of the voice, which is called in German *jodeln*. Besides this, we heard many a good word, saw a deal of real fun, and listened to plenty of nonsense; but not in a single instance did we notice any laxity in speech and actions. There was high jolliness, nothing more. We were quite amused at a place where a man exhibited a weighing-machine—an excellent idea, by the way, to take this occasion, where nearly all

had increased their weight by order of the day. There was, therefore, a general satisfaction expressed in these quarters with the exhibitor, especially by those who had taken not less than forty glasses of their favorite beverage. Not less amusing was the sight of some juvenile persons who, evidently not accustomed to so many hours of standing, staring, looking on, and drinking, looked immensely fatigued and worn out, but who nevertheless tried to persuade each other that they had an exceedingly nice time. Fortunately for these, and perhaps also for all concerned, it happened that, when the pic-nic had reached its climax, a thunder-storm made its appearance, which literally cleared the little shadowed hill of all the representatives of mirth and musical festivals. It is said that this was occasioned by an especial prayer of the ladies, who feared that a prolonged stay on the hill would interfere with the necessary preparations for the grand ball, which was to take place the same evening at Jayne's Hall. The Storm-king, glad to please the ladies for once, acquiesced quickly in the desire of the better half of our sex, and when the hour came for the commencement of the ball, all were on hand, presenting a brilliant sight of harmony and pleasure.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning was consecrated to some administrative affairs of the Festival, and the passage of the resolution to hold the next gathering in Baltimore. The afternoon brought all the singers together for the last time to a brilliant banquet, where the same tone, which characterized the whole affair, still prevailed, where some good and a few miserable speeches were made, and where the Festival was brought to a happy conclusion.

Before we can dismiss the subject, we wish to state that this festival has confirmed our belief in the necessity and social importance of these gatherings. At the same time, we cannot help thinking, that still better results would be obtained, if, first, the societies would introduce choruses to be sung by ladies as well as gentlemen; and, second, if parts of the programmes of these festivals were adapted for the consideration and sympathy of the Americans. If by these festivities the two nationalities shall be brought into a closer and more harmonious intercourse, (and we do not acknowledge any higher purpose for them,) then the strictly German character of the affair must be given up.

Miss Victoire Balfe.

The opinion of this young English prima donna, which we copied from the *London News*, is confirmed by the experienced critic of the *Athenæum*, as follows:

It is a bold stroke to bring out a young lady new to the stage at either of our Italian opera-houses in 'La Sonnambula,' since there exists no musical drama more familiar to the English public, or in which the principal character has been sustained by so many artists of the first class. The opera is, further, in itself, difficult for a debutante, because the great scene for the prima donna closing the drama demands that vocal steadiness and force which it is difficult to retain to the last under the anxieties of a first night.—But, whatever might be the hazard of such a challenge, the result of Thursday week justified the ambition, as proving to the public that a new and attractive artist, thoroughly prepared for her profession, is now ready for opera. So satisfactory a first appearance as Miss Balfe's we do not recollect since that of Mlle. Pauline Garcia. Miss Balfe's appearance is singularly pleasing. Her manner on the stage is easy, refined, and naturally dramatic; since no tutoring could have prepared her for the chamber scene, where her sorrow and dismay were expressed with a spontaneous abandonment, intense without exaggeration. Miss Balfe's voice is agreeable and sufficient—a mezzo-soprano, apparently, of about two octaves in compass (from A to A)—as yet expressive rather than powerful, but neither meagre in quality nor

wooden in timbre. It has been trained as few voices are trained now-a-days, and "came out" sound in intonation (a little inevitable emotion allowed for)—sure in the attack of intervals—solid in sostenuto—and brilliant in execution. The scale, ascending or descending, the arpeggio, the shake, seem entirely under Miss Balfe's command. The aria 'Come per me sereno' had been overcharged with ornaments (and, in truth, the song, with its lack-a-daisical pauses and its appoggiature, is good for little, save as a pattern-card to exhibit executive accomplishment),—in not one of which was incompleteness to be detected.—The recitatives were said with feeling; the concerted music was phrased by Miss Balfe in true musical style; the long and trying Lento, 'Ah, non credea,' in the last scene, was given with purity and pathetic expression. In the finale, we fancy that fatigue had to be surmounted, and that more may have been meant for the singer to exhibit than she executed; but the rondo was, nevertheless, so victoriously sung as to close the opera without any falling off. The welcome of Miss Balfe was warm; the applause, as the evening went on, grew warmer and warmer; her reception at last was rapturous. It is not, however, because of this effect produced—because of bouquets and recalls—that we announce the success to have been complete. Such signs may be fallacious, but musical ears cannot be deceived as to musical proficiency,—and the new Amina proved herself to be not a raw scholar, but a real artist, and, as such, made at her outset that step which those for whom allowances must be claimed—albeit the claimants have still the courage to present themselves while they should be at school—too seldom make during a lifetime. Health and strength permitting, Miss Balfe has a brilliant career before her; in particular, we imagine, as a singer of Rossini's operas, since while, for the most part, they demand from the prima donna executive power, musical skill, and charm of tone, they do not call for the compass of a *soprano acuto*, nor the force of a walking trombone.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 4, 1857.

We send this number of our paper forth amid the ringing of bells, the thunder of big cannons, the petulant plague of petty fire-crackers, the blare of numberless brass bands, and all the confusing patriotic noises that make up a celebration of the nation's birth-day. Surely we are bound to be a musical people in due time, since all our ingenuity in public jubulations, in the art of general self-amusement exhausts itself year after year in this one form of a vast "Calathumpian" gunpowder Symphony! We take to noise, to *sounding* demonstrations, as a duck takes to water. Stunned with all this glory, with breast full of patriotism, and ears full of "Yankee Doodle" and of "Hail Columbia," what can we have to say, or what report of music as an Art? And verily it is a barren time with us, in respect of music. There may be much good silent planting going on, but there is little open fruit-bearing or reaping. Concerts and operas are scattering and comparatively insignificant.

In the latter field, however, there are still some signs of after-harvesting and gleanings.—Mme. LAGRANGE, we see, commenced this week a series of six more "farewells," in the shape of operatic performances at the New York Academy, with BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c., giving *I Puritani* on Monday, and *Norma* on Wednesday, to large and fashionable houses. Will not this admirable singer give us a chance to *encore* her

farewells here in Boston, too? In Philadelphia the German opera has closed with tempting prospects for another season; they even talk of *Nozze di Figaro*, of *Oberon*, of *Tannhäuser*, as well as of *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*!

But the note-worthiest event in Philadelphia, and in this country, for the fortnight past, has been the Annual German Festival, or *Saenger-Fest*. We could not be there to see and hear, even by vicarious eyes and ears; but deeming the event too interesting and too significant to be omitted in our chronicle of Art, we borrow an intelligent account of the proceedings from the *New York Musical Review*. We fully agree with the writer in the hope that this fine element of the Teutonic nationality will not keep itself too distinct, but will more and more blend with our Americanism, adapting its musical and social manifestations somewhat to our wants and comprehension, infusing its artistic, genial enthusiasm into our lives, and perhaps receiving equal blessings in return.

But fortunately for our own barrenness, what grand reports there come to us from England! The same week, kept by the Germans here, was there dedicate to HANDEL. *Two thousand* voices, *five hundred* instruments, with the presence and sympathy of audiences ranging from 11,000 upwards, (the number was expected to be much greater on the second day, when the Queen was present), were engaged on the 15th, 17th and 19th of June in doing homage to a musician and a man, than whom, as the *London Musical World* well says, "No one that ever breathed the air of England—Shakspeare perhaps excepted—has conferred greater benefits on her people."

The same paper adds: "Who will venture to assert that the civilized world would not have been worse without the *Messiah*?" This colossal festival, so unprecedented in magnitude, is only experimental and preliminary to still greater things in prospect for the celebration of the anniversary of Handel's death, in 1859. So grand a demonstration was in keeping with the gigantic majesty of Handel's thoughts, and with the spirit of our age; and therefore all will rejoice to hear that so bold an experiment, in spite of all predictions of impracticability, or even of scientific doubts whether such a mass of sound, spread over so much space, could reach the ear at once, even if it all moved as one, proved in the main eminently successful. All the accounts agree in pronouncing it a great success. Some drawbacks, to be sure, are mentioned, such as imperfect hearing of the softer solo passages, and the more complicated choral movements, owing chiefly to the un-acoustic nature of the glass and iron Palace. As matter of history, we have wished to place as full as possible a record of the three days, and (what was in some respects even more interesting) of the last rehearsal, in our columns. We have read several vivid and intelligent reports, but select that of the *Times* upon the whole, as both the fullest and most careful, while it agrees in all essentials with the others. We give to-day reports of the two first days, leaving the third day to our next, when doubtless we shall also get fuller statistics as to numbers of audience, &c. That accounts should differ as to the effect of certain passages and voices, is natural, considering the different localities of hearers in so vast a building. There is some difference, too, of special criticism. One quotes: "When

you want an angel in singing, send for Clara Novello," and praises all she did, as do the most. Another brings this serious charge against England's pattern oratorio singer:

We should have been better pleased, however, had Madame Novello been content to sing the music as Handel wrote it. On the opening day of a great Handel Festival she should have exhibited better taste than to depart so completely from Handel's score. In the air: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she never, in one single instance, gave the correct music to the words just quoted, but substituted in the latter half of the passage a barbarous innovation of her own.

The Handel Festival was not the only musical event that week in London. Clinging about it were of course many parasites, among which one huge one—Jullien's ten-days Festival at the Surrey Gardens, of which we spoke last week, with troops of famous singers; three oratorios, ("Creation," "Elijah" and the "Seasons,") a Mendelssohn night, a Verdi night, &c., &c., in his imperial, grand Panjandrum way. Then there were the two opera houses. The tenor of our last reports was still kept up—the usual repetitions of the *Trovatore* and the *Traviata*; but with one redeeming effort made in rivalry at both houses, namely, the revival of *Don Giovanni*; at the Royal Italian, with Mario and Grisi, and Mlle. Marai as Elvira, and Mme. Bosio, whose Zerlina charmed as it did here in Boston years ago, and Ronconi as the Don, and Herr Formes, Leporello. At Her Majesty's the thing was made more complete than ever before, with restoration of the usually omitted parts, and closer carrying out of all the scenic and dramatic intentions of the poem. Here our old friend, Beneventano, was the Don, who, (the *Times* says), "gives a very gallant representation of the part, makes love and declares war with a full conviction of ultimate victory, and eats his supper with an air of princely independence." The Piccolomini was a fascinating Zerlina. "Never did village coquette nudge, pout, pinch, elbow, sulk, wheedle, or fondle, with more earnestness, more charmingly, or more irresistibly." Mlle. Spezia, as Donna Anna, and Mlle. Ortolani as Elvira, are much praised, and so is Sig. Belletti, as Leporello; but Giuglini, as Ottavio, "did not shine." A good sign was it, that *Don Giovanni* was to be repeated three times during the Handel week.

Next week we hope to glance at music on the Continent. Meanwhile returning home again, to our own barrenness, we are reminded that something is indeed done, as we have before hinted, in the way of planting. Planting good seeds, we can but hope. There are more musical schools in operation, perhaps, in the summer than in the winter; at least large schools of native growth, where music, and the art of teaching music, are taught in large classes. We have already mentioned one good beginning in this city, in the "Boston Music School." To-day a friend, at our request, kindly furnishes us with an account of another, conducted in the pleasant village of North Reading, but a few miles back in the green country. Each has its peculiar advantages; that in the country, of cheaper living, retirement, influence of nature, &c.; that in the city, of closer contact with musicians, access to city oratorios and concerts, &c. The conduct of these two schools enlists a large variety of talent, and we wish them both success, in the sincere hope that a true Conservatory of Music may result from one or both of them.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JULY 1.—I believe it is not often that you receive a letter from this place, which is, on the contrary, rather famed for its *unmusicality*, if I may be allowed to coin the word. During many former visits, I have found that it justly merited this unenviable celebrity; but of late, my experience has led me to hope that a brighter day is dawning for "Heavenly music," beneath the noble

elms of this fair city—so fair, indeed, that it is but meet that the Arts should have a home here, and flourish peacefully under the protection of its grand old guardians, East and West Rock, which, like two sleeping monster lions, keep faithful watch on either side of the gem entrusted to their care.

Here, as in so many other places, the first to awaken a sense of this necessity, have been Germans. Three of these, one a professor of drawing and painting, the other two of music, have settled in New Haven within the past few years, and are making the most praiseworthy efforts to cultivate the public taste, and arouse and develop slumbering talent. As a proof of the success which one, at least, of the musicians has met with, I must give you an account of a Soirée which Mr. WEHNER gave last week at a private house, and to only invited guests. The performers were the professor himself on the violin and piano, three of his pupils, (two gentlemen and a young lady), on the latter instrument, an amateur also on the violoncello, and the Quartet choir of Trinity Church. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture—*Magic Flute*.....Mozart
2. Quartet—*Ave Verum*.....Rossini
3. Elegie—Violin.....Ernst
4. Adagio—Piano, Violin and 'cello.....Haydn
5. Larghetto—2d Symphony.....Beethoven
6. Gloria in Excelsis—16th Mass.....Haydn
7. Overture—*Fidelio*.....Beethoven
8. Song without Words—Violin.....Mendelssohn
9. Trio—*Atrida*.....Verdi
10. Trio—Pianini, Piano, Violin and 'cello.....Bellini
11. Overture—*Oberon*.....Weber
12. Quartet—*O Gloria*.....Lambillotte
13. Overture—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.....Mendelssohn

You will admit that this presents a very respectable array of names, with only a small sprinkling of the common-place in homage to variety of tastes. From the remarks made in my immediate neighborhood, however, I should hardly have supposed this precaution to be necessary. They betokened such appreciation and enthusiasm as to delight the heart of any true music-lover.

The piano performances were all very creditable, although the last two overtures seemed a trifle too difficult for some of the players. The Larghetto of Beethoven was exceedingly well rendered. In his violin solos, Mr. Wehner proved himself a master of his instrument, and played with a truth of feeling which is not often found. The 'Cello-player was not so good, so that the Adagio of Haydn, otherwise extremely beautiful, was a little marred, as well as cut short by the omission of the 'cello variation.

The vocal quartet was composed of very fine voices, and gave ample evidence of careful practice and earnest feeling. Its members acquitted themselves admirably throughout, and gave general pleasure by their performances. Of these, I enjoyed most the Gloria in Excelsis, by Haydn; but it was the *O Gloriosa* of Lambillotte which was unanimously encored. It is a spirited, finely harmonized work.

This Soirée was only one of a weekly series which takes place during the winter, and if the others are as well attended and as attentively listened to as this one, I think we may be satisfied with the progress of Art in this place. Of the good which their originators are doing, several of Mr. Wehner's, as well as Mr. STOECKEL's pupils, whom I have met, give ample proof. One of the former is quite an instance of the triumph of genius. Mr. C. is quite a young man, and has been brought up to the trade of a tanner. As far as I know, he has had no early musical instruction whatever, but has had only of late years taken up the study of the Divine Art from pure love of it. By devoting every leisure moment to perfecting himself therein, he has acquired a remarkable degree of proficiency, and a refined taste, and continues assiduously to improve himself, without, however, neglecting in the least his daily avocation.

Another pupil of the same master, a young lady, has the reputation of practising fourteen hours a day, but I fear that this is more a sign of indomitable perseverance than of true love for music, which must be lost entirely in the mechanical drudgery which she imposes on herself. Why will not people understand that one hour's practice with the *mind* is better than three of mere finger gymnastics!

I see by the papers that the Mendelssohn Union have performed the "Creation" in New York, and regret very much being obliged to miss it. I should much prefer it if their fourth concert did not come so late in the season. It was so late last year, too; when they gave "Athalie" and the "Walpurgis Night," at just about this time, when also I was out of town.

A Day at North Reading, Mass.

[From a Correspondent]

Taking one of the early trains which leave the depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, we found ourselves, after a short and agreeable ride through flourishing towns and pleasant villages, at the station, Reading. Already the negro boy, Douglas, was awaiting our arrival, to convey us to our destination, which lies about four miles north of this point. It was one of those lovely mornings of June, of which the poets sing; the fields and meadows were clothed in their most luxuriant garments, the air was harmonious with the warbling of birds, while the fresh, exhilarating atmosphere imparted, as it were, new life and vigor to all around. After a drive of some half an hour through this delightful open country, we discovered just upon the brow of an approaching hill a well-proportioned building of somewhat ancient pretensions, upon the face of which we espied in large letters, the words: "NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE." A few moments brought us to its threshold. Alighting from our vehicle, we were greeted by the welcome faces of Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. GEO. F. ROOT. The ground in front of the building was occupied by groups of students, enjoying themselves with various kinds of manly exercises, previous to repairing to the appointments of the day.

The Institute has already been in existence for some years, and originally held its sessions in New York; but latterly North Reading has been chosen as the scene of its labors, probably from the fact that in a quiet and retired spot like this, there is found less to distract one's attention from study, and as also affording better opportunities for those engaged in a particular pursuit to come oftener in contact, an important desideratum to those striving for the accomplishment of the same end. The object of the directors is to furnish means for the instruction and improvement of those persons of both sexes, who already are, or who intend to be, engaged in the work of teaching music, training choirs or classes, or conducting the music of the sanctuary. Opportunity is afforded to those who desire it, to receive private tuition in singing, piano-forte or violin playing—thus enabling them to become qualified for any position they may be called upon to occupy. So widely has the reputation of the Institute extended, that one finds here representatives from nearly every State in the Union, who wend their way hither for the purpose of availing themselves of the advantages offered. The session for this year has but fairly commenced, and already nearly seventy-five persons are enjoying its benefits. In addition to Dr. Mason and Mr. Root, the following persons are engaged as instructors in the various departments: Mr. GEO. J. WEBB as associate in the conduct of the Institute; Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN as private vocal instructor; Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP as instructor on the piano-forte; Mr. T. I. COOK, of New York, as instructor on the violin; and Messrs. LOOMIS and PERKINS, of the same city, as assistant teachers in different departments of vocal instruction. The daily routine is much after the following manner:

From 8.30 to 9.15—Elementary class in Vocal Training, with particular attention to all that is essential to a correct vocal performance.

From 9.15 to 11.15—Familiar lecture on elementary music, and methods of teaching, including an examination of the true mission of song; its relations to man's creative nature; and the furnishing of teachers with a knowledge of those principles which, having their foundation in nature, shall serve as a sure guide to their future work.

From 11.15 to 12—Advanced class in Vocal Training, Practice of Solfege, style and facility in execution.

From 2.30 to 3.15—Elementary class in Harmony, Formation of chords with their proper progressions.

From 3.15 to 3.45—Teaching exercise, during which time some member of the class assumes the position of teacher, subject to the criticism of the other members. Time is occasionally taken for musical performances by individuals, also subject to the criticisms of the class and teachers.

From 3.45 to 4.20—Advanced class in Harmony, composition and four-part writing. On particular days certain of the above exercises are laid aside for the practice of glees and chorus singing, under the direction of Mr. Webb, whose long experience and excellent qualifications in this department are too well known to need comment. Altogether, the whole plan of arrangement appears to be admirably adapted for the accomplishment of the purposes desired. We could but help noticing the unusual enthusiasm manifested by the students generally, and the great

desire upon their part for the acquirement of knowledge, for the love of it.

The glee and choral performances were quite remarkable, for so large a number brought promiscuously together, and also when we consider that many had taken them up a *prima vista*.

The shades of evening were already gathering fast, as re-seating ourselves in the conveyance of the morning, we commenced our little journey towards the city. Gradually the majestic tones of one of Handel's sublime choruses grew fainter and fainter, until lost in the distance, and while musing over the pleasures which our excursion had afforded us, we became more than ever convinced that if our country shall ever be able to boast of institutions conducted after the plan, and with the same high standard, as the Conservatories, which are the pride of the musical cities of the old world, they must have their origin in such gatherings as that which we have witnessed to-day. Success to those who lend their time and influence to the undertaking!

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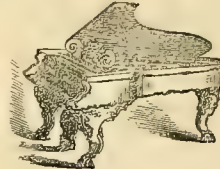
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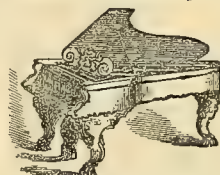
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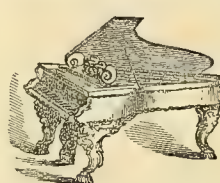
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Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

Let us suppose that Mozart's *Requiem* is performed before a large and not uncultivated audience to-day, and Graun's oratorio, *Tod Jesu*, (the death of Christ,) to-morrow. Both are among the most excellent and famous works that could be cited for our purpose; both have always met with universal favor. Now will this favor appear equally great with all the pieces of these works? Certainly not! Or will all the pieces equally command attention? Not even that! During some of them you will perhaps remark in three fourths of the audience a certain cold looking on; you will read vacancy or distraction in their faces. And in what pieces will this be especially the case? Unquestionably in the *Kyrie* of the *Requiem*, and in: *Christus hat uns ein Vorbild gelassen*: (Christ has left us an example) of the *Passion*. Very natural! By far the largest part of our present audiences for music consists of *dilettanti*: these do not find here what they seek for practice or enjoyment, even if the more modest among them do not from a certain timidity confess that these "learned pieces," as they call it, are too much for them. A part of those present consists of *laymen*: what these seek is not afforded them in such pieces. The fourth quarter are about equally divided between connoisseurs and those of no account: neither of which classes do we now address.

We said the phenomenon was natural: it is also discouraging; discouraging as it concerns the hearers; discouraging in its influence on the artists, and through the artists on the condition of the art itself. He who in his exercises and his recreations

altogether drops and gives up the Fugue, gives up thereby not only one of the most excellent means for the culture of his mind and of his aptitude for music, but a means of culture, which, in what it leads to can scarcely be replaced by any other. He gives up too a kind of music, which, nearly and rightly viewed, could ensure him a worthy and truly noble enjoyment; nay, one which first enables him to recognize (and this should be the main point with the dilettanti) the interior, essential nature, the peculiar course and movement, the true import and substance of significant works even of the free style (as opposed to fugue), so that he may fully appreciate them and enjoy them.

We have called it discouraging also in its influence on artists, and through them on the state of music. The artist and the public always exercise a mutual influence; what the latter persist in not wanting the former will persist in not giving; else would he have to sacrifice himself heroically to his idea of Art, like Mozart, who, when one of his publishers (the Hoffmeisters) importuned him: "Write more as the public want it, else I cannot print and pay for anything more of yours," replied: "Well, then I must earn no more, and starve and let the devil take me!" How few there are, or can be of this sort, we need not say.—From this has sprung not only the evil, that we get less and less in this style, which, in certain respects, remains the summit and perfection of all Art; but also that the artists, in practising less upon the fugue form, grow more and more superficial and feeble in their other, freer works, and show less real artistic consistency and character; their works in fact become less enduring; after the satisfaction of curiosity and after a certain enjoyment in unessentials, they are soon forgotten, and even loathed.*

No composer can produce a great, really important and permanently satisfying work—whether for the church, or of whatsoever other kind—unless he be able to write at least regular and technically perfect fugues. He can as little do it, as a painter can produce a great and really important, permanently satisfying picture, if he understand nothing of what is called composition in his art. Nay, just as little as the painter can treat intelligently and fitly even single, isolated, subordinate objects, as for instance portraits, flowers, fruits, single groups of trees—unless it be by happy accident—without a knowledge of that part of his art and without some skill in it, just so little can the composer intelligently and fitly treat single, isolated, subordinate objects, as songs, variations, small sonatas, &c., unless by happy acci-

* Compare for instance the earlier Quartets of Pleyel and of Mozart, which were produced at the same time.

dent, without knowledge and dexterity in that part of his art, of which we are now speaking.

Thus the productions lose, the artists lose, the more highly cultivated friends of Art lose, nay, even the dilettanti and the laymen lose, directly and indirectly, if the Fugue be totally neglected: but in the now so decisive influence of the dilettanti it will be neglected, unless we can in some measure win them over to its side. Let us attempt this!

I address one dilettante in the name of all, with whom it is possible to talk intelligently.

Do you admit, friend, that thought is possible with recreation? You must admit it; you have experienced it yourself innumerable times. When you have wished to understand a significant poem far enough to have some actual enjoyment of it, you have had to think; and when you have had enjoyment in it, you *have* thought. So too, when important, characteristic representations of a player have delighted you; or when you have looked with satisfaction at a fine picture. If the picture had come before you merely as a table with all sorts of colors placed beside each other, would you not at least have inquired: What does it represent? and how do these forms, these movements, these features express what is intended? So it is with Music. A piece of music must have presented itself to you as a mere multitude of all sorts of tones, simultaneous or successive, if you had paid no regard to the connection, sequence, purpose of these tones; and the charm which the mere colors, or the mere tones, in and for themselves, without any exercise of thought on your part, would have exerted on your senses, is one which you would by no means call a truly human satisfaction or enjoyment. Such has been a thousand times your own experience: thinking is possible together with enjoying.

But if you have had this experience, then you must necessarily in the second place have found: that thinking does not lessen or disturb enjoyment; on the contrary, it increases, elevates it—only presupposing that it be not directed to entirely subordinate accessories. Suppose, for instance, you see Schroeder act the part of Lear, and that you are struck at the first moment of his appearance by his form, the carriage of his body, his gait, &c.; already you are stimulated to find out what all this means, and soon discover that it is designed to indicate just this peculiar mixture of energy and weakness, of sternness and love, of the mighty monarch and the bent old man. Certainly you comprehend this thought more firmly now, you find it more and more developed, more and more clearly and distinctly embodied before you in the whole course of the piece.

Thus you follow the poet and the actor, thinking and feeling, through the whole; and it cannot but be that your enjoyment is not only not disturbed and lessened, but is promoted and exalted by this thinking. Only in one case could your thinking be a hindrance to you; as, for instance, if in Schroeder's appearance you should merely notice and begin to ruminate upon, say his down-hanging, bronze-colored boots, and to consider whether such were worn perhaps in Lear's time. It is quite the same with music. Draw the parallel yourself, since it were unnecessary to pursue it here. To make it easier for you at the outset, think of works, in which poetry and the eye lend their aid; and first of all of the Opera; think of one or two truly excellent operas, as Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or Mozart's *Don Juan*, of their character and purpose as a whole, of the character and purpose of their leading persons in particular—both in relation to the music. If you have got some clear conception of all this, so that you can follow it through the piece, undoubtedly you find that your enjoyment is uncommonly increased and elevated.

Now you will not for a moment dispute the assertion, that the better man in all things, even in his pleasures, seeks the higher, where there is such, and prefers it to the lower; that this seeking, this preference in fact is what first makes him a better man; that this alone distinguishes him essentially from others. It cannot be otherwise in Art, and consequently in music; in Art especially, so far as enjoyments are concerned, since it is its very end and mission to secure to us a higher and purer than mere sensual enjoyment, and thereby coöperate to the ennobling of man on the side of his feelings and inclinations. Since now, as you have seen and granted, all higher and more living enjoyment, (in fine musical works as in everything else), is not possible unless thought go with enjoyment, it follows irresistibly. If in regard to music you would join the better class, you must be willing to think while you enjoy. You belong among the vile and common, if you only find and only seek in music the merely sensual gratification of the ear. Nor do you stand much higher, if you regard merely the instruments and skill in handling them, mere that which surprises and produces its effect without any coöperation on your part; or if, (in a more effeminate way), you desire nothing in the hearing and practice of music, but to renounce all voluntary, conscious mental activity, and be transported into a sort of languid, sensual comfort, or a state of mere vague reverie, a certain easy tickling of the fancy. For although here your thinking faculty is not entirely extinguished, yet it plays an extremely subordinate part, and is directed only to what is subordinate in a work of Art, only to the means, and not the end, and indeed only to very subordinate means to the end—to the bronze-colored boots of Lear.

If now you wish to have that higher and more vital enjoyment, you will not renounce the exercise of thought in your enjoyment; you will not be indifferent to works which demand more thought than feeling, as many demand feeling more than thought; you must at least in listening to them, heed them earnestly, and in practice not entirely reject them; in either case you must try at least to win from them their right side, to interest yourself in that; and in the beginning, until you have got more intimately acquainted with

them, and have had your taste more cultivated for them, you must let it turn upon the question whether they do or do not affect your feeling, and if so, how. Such now is the Fugue: and such should be your conduct towards it.

To make this practicable, all that you need—besides a natural susceptibility to music, which you of course possess—is some practical instruction, as to how you should first exercise your thinking faculty upon these works, (fugues and fugued pieces)—in other words, what you should attend to in them first of all, and what order and method you should follow. This instruction I here offer, not as if I had anything new to say, or anything which cannot be learned from thorough musicians or good text-books; but because I hope to be able to say it more in your own manner, in a style more suited to your comprehension. I shall only introduce you to what is first and most essential: when you have acquired practice in this, the rest will either come of itself, or you will have grown so fond of the whole matter, that you will not fail to follow it up and make yourself acquainted with what is more remote and incidental; nay, even should this not be the case, and should you stop with what is first and most essential, you will have gained something truly worth your while.

[To be continued.]

The Great Handel Festival, Crystal Palace, London.

Third Day, Friday, June 19

(From the Times, June 20.)

Yesterday witnessed the last of these great musical commemorations, though in point of attendance, splendor, and success, it might well be called the first. Such of the visitors as only attended on Monday or during the occasion of the Royal visit can form but an inadequate notion of the impressive scene which the interior of the Palace presented. Every seat from which one could hear or see, and many from which it was difficult to do either, had its occupants, and, notwithstanding the immense accommodation provided, some hundreds of visitors were forced to content themselves with promenading the nave and surveying from a distance the massive thousands which rank in rank filled every portion of the central space.

Not since the great day when Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French paid a State visit to Norwood have the roads presented such an appearance. From Dulwich, Sydenham, and Vauxhall the stream of carriages was incessant, and as each separate avenue poured its tide of vehicles into the one general road up to the building the numbers became almost unmanageable. The interminable hill which leads to the Downs on a Derby-day is considered as affording an unique spectacle in this respect, but yesterday it was for a time quite outdone, and it will probably be long ere the public again witness such an assemblage of carriages as during the morning thronged through the Dulwich road.

Nearly 10,000 visitors came down to the Palace by rail. The arrangements at the station were most excellent, and as fast as the visitors arrived they were accommodated in the trains without hurry or confusion. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the interior of the Palace. A vast multitude is at all times a grand and moving spectacle; but when the concourse is assembled and ranged in such a building as the Crystal Palace, motionless and almost breathless, listening with intent anxiety to solemn hymns poured forth by two thousands voices, the effect is too great for description. Such was, in truth, the case yesterday, when, at the commencement of the second part of the oratorio, more than 17,000 visitors were seated before the orchestra, which at a distance seemed to rise like some colossal

bouquet from out of the garden of colors which spread around it. The heat was excessive, and to look down upon the great parterre where, at least, 5,000 forms were in perpetual motion, gave to the whole concourse an aspect of noiseless activity which was singular in the extreme. Everything, in fact, was on a gigantic scale; the rising of the audience between the first and second parts made a noise like the rush of a mighty wind, and the reverberating applause of 30,000 hands was in its way as well worth hearing as the orchestra. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra were again busy in the upper galleries, and made a most successful attempt to photograph the whole orchestra on a large scale, and so perfectly was this difficult feat achieved that even the individual likeness of each performer can be found.

As on the previous occasions, the management of the refreshment department was admirable. The new plan of sending round refreshments between the parts has answered even better than was anticipated, and it would almost startle the visitors of yesterday to be informed of the awful amount of biscuits, sherry, and ices which they consumed. Between 8,000 and 9,000 luncheons and dinners were furnished during the day. But for the much increased counter-space which was allowed to Mr. Staples, this most important portion of the festival proceedings would have been a sad blot upon their general success. It would be ungracious on our part were we to conclude our notice of these great fêtes without bearing testimony to the courtesy, civility, and attention of all connected with their management. Both to those who represented the Sacred Harmonic Society and the immediate members of the Crystal Palace staff the highest praise is due. Never have festivals of such magnitude, and of which all the arrangements were of so novel and almost experimental a character, been conducted with more thorough order, propriety, and actual comfort to the spectators.

Israel in Egypt more than realized the flattering anticipations entertained of its success. Although musicians have ever regarded this oratorio (the fifth produced in England) as Handel's choral masterpiece—although Mendelssohn himself pronounced it "the greatest and most lasting piece" of its immortal composer—owing to various reasons it has hitherto failed to obtain that complete hold of the public affections which its companion, the *Messiah*, has enjoyed for a century, and which has even been attributed to two works that are not Handel's—the *Creation* by Haydn and the *Elijah* by Mendelssohn. During the lifetime of Handel it was the least popular of his works, and was never performed without curtailing the choruses and interpolating airs for the principal singers, in order to accommodate the half-educated taste of the day, which could not tolerate that sustained level of sublimity beneath which *Israel in Egypt* never once descends. These curtailments and interpolations almost passed into tradition, and it remained for the better appreciation of after times to discard them and to restore this most wonderful inspiration to the form in which it originally came from the pen of the composer. Since its restoration it has been gradually but surely working its way, and we believe the time is not very far distant when *Israel in Egypt* will occupy the place to which it is entitled, not only in the estimation of connoisseurs but in popular regard, by the side of its only possible compeer, the *Messiah*, to compare it with which would be unjust, since the two have nothing whatever in common but their unparalleled musical excellence.

Yesterday, at the Crystal Palace, *Israel in Egypt* was given just as Handel wrote and as Handel would have loved to hear it. To describe such a performance is not an easy task, since, as everything calls for eulogy, the danger of exhausting the vocabulary of praise becomes imminent, and a column filled with laudatory epithets would suggest rather an idea of romance than of reality. It is nevertheless true that the execution of *Israel in Egypt* in the Crystal Palace, yesterday, surpassed in sustained excellence that of the *Messiah* on Monday, and of *Judas Maccabæus* on Wednesday, which, as the difficulties it presents are so much greater, argued a diligence on the part

of the singers, and a determination on the part of the conductor which cannot be too highly commended. The principal interest attached to this oratorio, as every one knows, is concentrated in the choruses, which for such a celebration as the Handel Festival rendered it of all works the fittest. The first part contains no less than eleven choruses, with nothing but a contralto air, "Their land brought forth frogs," (which Handel would, there is little doubt, have also set for the choir but for the unsuggestive character of the words,) and two or three recitatives to relieve them. The second part contains as many choruses, but with more work for the principal singers, since, besides some recitatives, there are three airs and as many duets. It is a curious fact that the second part of the oratorio was written first, and that the other was an afterthought. Having made Moses and the children of Israel exult in their escape from Egyptian thralldom, dilate on the miracles through which it was accomplished, and offer up hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty, the propriety of describing the miracles themselves appears to have arisen in the mind of Handel; and to this we owe the composition of *Exodus*, which, prefixed to the *Song of Moses*, now constitutes the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*.

The first chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," where Handel has shown himself as grand a master of pathos as of the elaborations of counterpoint, was a foretaste of what was to come. The conviction that there would be a performance of unaccustomed excellence sprang at once from this beginning, and was fully warranted by the result. "They loathed to drink of the river; He turned their waters into blood"—the first of that unexampled chain of choruses by which the plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians, the miracle of the exodus, the destruction of Pharaoh's host, and the religious awe created in the minds of the favored people, are illustrated—was delivered with an accuracy and truth of intonation the more remarkable since the theme is composed of awkward intervals, chromatic in style, and treated throughout in the strictest and severest form of fugue. The impression produced by this most suggestive "tone-picture" was deepened by that of the next, "He spake the word," which embodies the plague of the flies, the lice, and the locusts—one of the double choruses for which *Israel in Egypt* is renowned—a composition of a very different character from its predecessors, but equally distinguished by descriptive eloquence. At the end of this fine piece the audience broke forth in loud applause, which, after the termination of the succeeding chorus, "He gave them hailstones," was renewed in a manner so universal and tumultuous, that, notwithstanding Mr. Costa's disinclination to "encores," he was compelled to yield to the desire of the audience. We cannot remember on any occasion so grand a performance of this marvellous piece, which, as a combination of simplicity and power, is wholly without a parallel. The two next choruses, in which the plague of darkness and the destruction of the first-born are embodied, were, from another point of view, quite as impressive. In the first, remarkable for its daring and singular progressions of harmony, we were once more delighted at the purity of intonation displayed by such a multitude of voices, and were not less pleased to observe that the exaggerated reading of the last phrase—"even darkness, which might be felt"—complained of at rehearsal, though not entirely discarded, was considerably modified. Passing over the intervening pieces, we came to the prodigiously fine chorus, in three parts, commencing with "He rebuked the Red Sea." Here the grandeur of the opening, which illustrates the Divine decree, was most admirably contrasted with the passage by which its accomplishment is so forcibly conveyed—"and it was dried up"—delivered in an undertone than which nothing could be more expressive. The basses gave out the slow and measured theme of "He led them through the deep" with tremendous effect; and no words can suggest a notion of the effect produced by the magnificent climax, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," where Handel, putting forth all

his might to give significance to the catastrophe that involved the persecutors of Israel in annihilation, has succeeded in presenting a musical picture of unequalled greatness and sublimity. The reiteration of the words "Not one,"—in the sentence "there was not one of them left"—was literally appalling.

The second part was in all respects as satisfactory as the first, but we cannot attempt anything like a detailed account. Chorus after chorus was admirably delivered, and each succeeding piece seemed to efface the triumph of that which had gone before. The justly famous "Horse and his rider," with which the *Song of Moses* begins and ends—an apostrophe to the Omnipotent power that has redeemed the children of Israel from their oppressors, set to music worthy if possible of the theme; "The depths have covered them," where occurs that remarkably impressive passage for the basses on the words—"They sank into the bottom as a stone;" "Thy right hand, O Lord," a manifestation of jubilant triumph unsurpassed in the music of the choir; and, beyond all, those wonderful compositions, "With the blast of thy nostrils" and "The people shall hear," where the genius of Handel soars into the loftiest regions of the sublime, and his musical knowledge is displayed with a masterly ingenuity that can scarcely be paralleled elsewhere, even in his own works, were, one and all, executed by this immense assemblage of singers and players in such a manner as to render the critic's office a sinecure. There was no hesitation, no shirking of difficulties, no false or wavering intonation; all was frank, straightforward, and effective singing. The sympathies of the audience were excited to an extraordinary pitch. The "Horse and his rider" was re-demanded by thousands of voices; but Mr. Costa, aware that this chorus comes again, was this time resolute, and proceeded with the duet, "The Lord is my strength," heedless of the obstreperous demand for a repetition. When, at the end of the oratorio, it was repeated in its proper place, the effect was just as striking, and doubtless all the more so from the judicious decision of the conductor in the first instance. A more triumphant conclusion to a performance of uniform and well-sustained excellence could not have been desired. Never did a body of English choristers (and so vast a body was never before united) attain more honorable distinction.

The principal solo singers were again successful; and once more Mr. Sims Reeves was the hero. He had not nearly so arduous a task in *Israel* as in *Judas Maccabæus*; but of the one air which affords occasion for the exhibition of vocal facility and skill he availed himself with surprising talent. His execution of this very difficult song, which abounds in florid divisions after Handel's peculiar manner, was masterly throughout, the declamation being just as powerful as the vocal enunciation of the notes was irreproachable. The audience, roused into enthusiasm, would not be denied; and so unanimously expressed was their desire to hear the song again that there was no resisting it. Thus another encore was added to the incidents of the day. Miss Dolby sang both the *contralto* airs to perfection, and made a profound sensation in the second—"Thou shalt bring them in." Not less happy was Madame Novello in "Thou didst blow with thy wind," which was very finely given, and but for the misfortune of coming immediately after Mr. Sims Reeves in "The enemy said," would have produced a still greater effect. Where Madame Novello was most applauded by the audience was in the recitatives of Miriam the Prophetess, "Sing ye to the Lord," &c., preceding the final chorus, where, while we admired the clear and penetrating quality of her upper tones, we could not approve her alteration of the text of Handel. The spirited and always telling duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," sung with remarkable power by Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, and, as usual, one of the great features of the performance, was received with the loudest applause.

After the oratorio the National Anthem was given, Madame Novello again being intrusted with the principal solo verses.

The Handel Festival, judged from a musical point of view, has been an unquestionable success. It was a bold experiment; but the result has proved that musical performances on a very grand scale are possible in the Crystal Palace. Of course, experience must be bought, and the experience acquired by this first trial will be of no little value in any future undertaking of the same kind. The committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have earned laurels of a novel kind, and may fairly regard the projection and accomplishment of so extraordinary an enterprise with pride, as the most striking and memorable incident in the history of their institution, which, in the course of 25 years, from a small and insignificant knot of amateurs, has grown into a body sufficiently important to project, and sufficiently strong to carry out an enterprise of such unprecedented magnitude. How much they owe to their accomplished conductor, Mr. Costa—whose exertions during the progress of the Handel Festival have been as unremitting as his musical services have been invaluable—we need not insist. The cheers, acclamations, and waving of hats that greeted him from all sides yesterday on retiring from the orchestra were tokens of how entirely his efforts had been appreciated by the public.

The Physiology of the Vocal Organs.

[From the Chicago Musical Review.]

Nothing has more keenly interested our own mind of late than some of the topics discussed in a lecture on the "Physiology of the Vocal Organs," by Dr. E. Andrews, of this city, delivered before the Chicago Musical Institute, the 23d ult. His subject was treated under three heads: 1st, The chest and its organs, which furnish air for the production of musical sound; 2d, The organs of voice, situated in the neck, as the larynx and its appurtenances; 3d, The manner in which tones are modified by the organs of the head, as the teeth, tongue, lips, palate and the nasal and other cavities. While the whole subject was treated in a terse and masterly manner, we wish to present our readers with some of the developments made in reference to the changes that take place in the larynx when the voice passes from one register to another. It is known that the female voice has three registers, viz: the chest register, extending upwards to about F, first space of the G staff; the medium register, extending from about F to B or C; and the head register, starting from about this point, and including all the upper tones of the voice. The tenor voice has the same registers, if we regard the falsetto as corresponding to the head register of the female. The bass voice employs ordinarily only the chest register. When the singer passes from one register to another he is conscious of a change in the position of his vocal organs—he feels it in his neck—but exactly what this change is no singer can tell from the sensation alone. Entering upon the investigation of this subject some time ago, we consulted medical works, but found that medical authors did not combine a sufficient knowledge of music and acoustics with their anatomical skill to enable them to throw any light upon it. Musical works were equally at fault, because their authors did not possess the requisite anatomical knowledge. Whichever way we turned, all was doubt and obscurity upon this point. In our perplexity we applied to Dr. Andrews, a practising physician of this city, who had graced the chair of anatomy in two medical colleges, and possessed the love of profound investigation, coupled with both the anatomical and musical knowledge necessary to enable him to successfully explore, if anybody could, this Arctic region of science, from which all others had turned back without being able to throw one illuminating ray into its frigid darkness. Soon after our application to him, he was fortunately called to attend upon a man who, in a temporary fit of insanity, had attempted to commit suicide, but not being skillful in surgery, had cut his throat nearly from ear to ear, without severing any important blood-vessel. Finding that his patient was not likely to die, and that he had in his bronchial operation laid bare the top of the

larynx, with its vocal chords, etc., so that their action could be distinctly seen, he proceeded to make the most of so rare a chance to get light upon the topic in question, and had the man produce different tones while he watched the changes in larynx, glottis, vocal chords, &c.

Gaining much light from this source, but not satisfied with promulgating his theory till it had been further tested, he proceeded to construct apparatus similar to the larynx, vocal chords, etc., with which he could produce tones under various modifying circumstances. By these and other experiments he made the important discoveries in reference to this difficult subject, first made public before the Chicago Musical Institute, which we now briefly explain as well as we can without diagrams. It must be borne in mind that tone is produced in the larynx, (the triangular box that surmounts the wind-pipe, the forward point of which is prominent in the neck of males), as air supplied by the lungs is forced from it into the mouth through a long narrow aperture, called the glottis, which aperture is bounded by two chords, called the vocal chords. These chords are attached at the back end to elbow-shaped levers of cartilage which play upon ball and socket joints, and admit of a great variety of motion. These levers throw the vocal chords apart in ordinary respiration, but when tones are produced in the chest register, they are placed so close together that they vibrate against each other. The lowest tone in the chest register is produced with the vocal chords as loose as possible. As the voice ascends, the chords are tightened by muscles attached both in front and rear, till the chest register can be carried no farther, when the voice passes into the medium register. At this point the following change takes place: The vocal chords are thrown apart so that they no longer vibrate against each other, and in doing this the levers still farther tighten the vocal chords. As the muscles that in the chest register keep the chords close together operate against the muscles which tighten the vocal chords, the upper chest tones are produced only at the expense of great muscular exertion. When, therefore, the voice passes into the medium register and the chords are partly tightened by the very action of the lever that throws them slightly apart, many of the muscles that in the upper part of the chest register have been strained in tightening the vocal chords are relieved in the lower tones of the medium, and are only called into active operation again in the upper part of this register. The tension on the vocal chords increases till the voice passes into the head register. At this point the ends of the levers are pressed against the vocal chords so firmly as to shorten their vibrating length, as a violin string is stopped. This again relieves the muscles that tighten the vocal chords, and then the same tightening process goes on as before, till the voice reaches its upward limit.

Though we may not be able to clearly explain to our readers all the changes that take place when the voice passes from one register to another, we think we have made it obvious that those we have described are strictly in accordance with the laws of acoustics, harmonize beautifully, so far as we can see, with all the facts before known in reference to this subject, and furnish a philosophical explanation for all their phenomena. The practical bearings of this topic we cannot now follow out, but are glad to put on record the obligations under which Dr. Andrews has laid both the musical and scientific world by his valuable discoveries.

Decline of the German Table-Song.

[From the London Musical World, May 30.]

The arrival of the Männergesangverein from Cologne leads to grave reflections upon the present state of the *Liedertafel*. The prospect is by no means cheering. What was once a vigorous and healthy school has dwindled down to a mere pretext for trifling.

The German table-song, it cannot be denied, is rapidly declining. Mendelssohn, whose ear-

nest delight it was to enrich with his genius every domain of the art he loved, was the last that wrote part-songs worthy of the name. The present race of composers shows a melancholy degeneration. It is hard that the Kückens of the day will not confine themselves to their proper sphere—the drawing-room—where their songs are fit accompaniments to the rattling of cups and saucers, and the busy hum of conversation, instead of carrying on the war against Art in places which should be held sacred. The *Liedertafel* formerly was a stronghold against these petty depredators, who use music for the purposes of huckstering, as they would use any other art of which they might chance to have a smattering. Of late, however, it has been converted into a conspicuous market for their wares; and now, in place of the honest manly part-song—patriotic or poetical in the abstract—which delighted and invigorated the Teuton of old, we have nothing but lady-like prettiness, at which Weber would have blushed, and Mendelssohn used to rail in his own pensive way, and with the quiet vein of irony that occasionally distinguished him. Mendelssohn did his best to stem the current, by contributing part-songs himself—among the raciest and best the modern *Liedertafel* can boast; and in this way he effected much good. Had that great musician lived, possibly others might have striven to follow in the road he pointed out; but alas! he was cut off in the flower of manhood, when his genius was ripest, and his art most consummate; and thus the table-song was robbed of its last and bravest champion.

What amateur who was present at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday—what sincere thinker, indeed, of any denomination—could fail to be struck with despondency at finding music take so insignificant a part in the proceedings? Among the dozen pieces introduced, how many deserved to be called part-songs? Is that eternal *pianissimo*, contrived by sustaining notes with the lips closed—of which Auber set the first example in his opera of *Haydée*—worthy the name of *singing*?—or is it to be set down as mere trickery? We are decidedly of the last opinion, and denounce it, with all such miserable devices, as unmusical and absurd. Why, too, are we to have scarcely anything but ballads in verses, like those of Herren Silcher, Becker, Kücken and others?—or solos in which the choir is made to play a part scarcely more dignified than that of bellows-blower to the organist, like the "Wunsch" of Herr Schärtlich, and the so-called "Spanish canzonet" of Herr Reichardt?—or imitations of bells, as in the "Kirchlein" of Herr Becker, or of the tramping of horses as in Herr Kücken's "Kleine Rekrut"? Why, in short, any such sheer puerilities, much more a glut of them?

A contemporary advises the Männer-Gesang-Verein to adopt the old madrigals of Italy and England, together with some of the best of the late Sir Henry Bishop's glees, in order at one and the same time to vary and strengthen their repertory. The counsel is good; but we question whether it will be relished. It is seriously to be apprehended that the art of music is on the wane in Germany, and that the two extremes of Kücken twaddle and Wagner rhodomontade represent the two impulses which it receives from the modern German mind. For our own parts, we were extremely pained on Tuesday to hear such superb execution as that of the choir under Herr Weber's direction cast away upon so much empty trumpery, and such poor clap-trap made to stand substitute for genuine singing. We would almost as soon have listened to one of Dr. Liszt's symphonic poems—or to the opera of *Lohengrin*.

From my Diary, No. 7.

JUNE 30.—A few more words of Rellstab on MOZART. He has been recapitulating the music of that master, which on occasion of the centennial anniversary of his birth, was given in Berlin. There were the Symphonies in E and G minor, the Overture to the "Magic flute," the adagio of the Quintet in G minor, played by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra, the piano-forte concerto in D minor, at the

Symphony Soirée; the *Ave Verum Corpus*, and the *Requiem* at the Sunday Concerts, the droll canons at the supper, the opera *Idomeneus* in the opera house, and perhaps other music, all by Mozart. After speaking of these performances, and saying among other things what I gave in my last article, Rellstab concludes thus:

"From the experience of the few days, which have been consecrated to the memory of the great genius, must the inconceivable multitude and variety of his creations, which must ever fill us with new wonder, strike us with renewed and overwhelming power. And yet how small a portion of what he produced was represented! We see with astonishment that he has afforded us such a variety even during these few days, and yet it is not too much to suppose, that for a month together, every evening might offer us a concert of Mozart music, without repeating a piece in any case, and yet every performance be made up of music grand and beautiful to a wonderful degree—music too of every character, from the sublime to that of the most ludicrously comic! It has been said—though I cannot allow it—that Mozart, in some directions, has been surpassed by other great masters; in science, power, pure beauty, humor, and sublimity, by Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven. If so, still no one has possessed in so high a degree all the powers of the great composer. Like Themistocles at Salamis, Mozart must have the first prize, because all grant him at least the second place in all branches of the art. Still, I cannot grant this. I am fully of the opinion that he, if he did not in all directions gain the first prize, might have done so, had there been occasion for the exertion of his powers. If he, of his own accord, or called thereto by the public, had really entered into the contest with any one of those mighty men, let the weapons have been what they may, he would have been victorious, like the divine Achilles, over all the powers both of Greeks and Trojans."

I cannot read the opinions of such a man as Rellstab, without feelings of the highest respect for them. I have heard enough of Mozart's works—Masses, the Requiem, Operas, Chamber music, Songs, Comicalities, &c., &c., to be impressed fully with the idea that their author was the greatest composer—the greatest artist—that ever lived. But I cannot feel, with Rellstab, that he could have composed the "Messiah," or have gone so out of himself as to have produced a work on that text, which should have equalled Handel's, in its sublime yet simple grandeur. Just as I cannot conceive of Shakspeare, under any possible circumstances, having written "Paradise Lost." I can but feel that Handel and Beethoven were (not greater musicians) greater men, and had grander feelings, sentiments, emotions to express. Handel, Beethoven, Mozart—Milton, Goethe, Shakspeare—John Marshall, Webster, Clay—Mackintosh, Burke, Sheridan—Rubens, Michael Angelo, Raphael—some such parallel seems to convey the idea—though Handel and Beethoven were, I think, greater in comparison with Mozart, than Milton and Goethe with Shakspeare.

It is, after all, mere speculation; and speculation, too, upon a point as to which an American public has never had the means of judging.

JULY 9.—I have been looking over the London "Notes and Queries" for the last few months, and am interested to find that "old 100" has been a constant topic of discussion. Mr. Havergall's idea that this tune is derived from the Gregorian music of the Catholic Church, Dr. Gauntlett decides to be absurd, both from the introduction of the hexachord and from the rhythm—an opinion, (made upon other grounds), expressed in my letter on the subject, in Dwight's Journal of Music last year.

One of the points discussed in "Notes and Queries" is whether the tune be of Lutheran, or, in any manner, of German origin. It is not. This denial is founded upon these facts: 1st. That the tune is utterly wanting in all the characteristics of the German Choral of the age in which it appeared. 2d. That there is hardly a German choral book from the date of Luther's first publication, down to the time when our tune was sung in France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and England, that I have not examined in

the great German libraries, without finding it, and 3d. The tune was first printed in Germany, at Leipzig, in 1573, under the following circumstances: Professor Lobwasser, of Königsberg, obtained a copy of Marot & Beza, not long after the publication of that translation of the Psalms, and was so much pleased with it, that he translated them all into German, retaining the French metre and rhythm, so that they might be sung to the same tunes. And his book in 1573 first gave the Old Hundredth to his countrymen.

Let me make a few "notes" on the main question.

1st.—The original publication of Marot was of thirty psalms only. Afterward, in German, he added twenty more, and these fifty, which were selected from all parts of the book of Psalms, comprised all that publication, to which in 1543 Calvin wrote a preface. At the close of this preface Calvin distinctly states that the music to these religious poems has been "modérée," so as to be suitable to the sacred words. Now this word "modérée" I understand to mean "adapted," and in this translation I am sustained by Winterfeld, and the other great German authorities, who have written on the Choral and Psalmody. This leads me to my second "note."

2d.—The object Calvin had in view in sanctioning the psalms of Marot, was not to furnish spiritual songs for public worship, but as Beza declared a few years later, to give the people something else to sing than praises of their mistresses and things of this world; although he had concluded to allow them also in church. In fact, the psalms were translated in the metre and rhythm of popular songs, and sung to the same tunes. Until these psalms found their way into the public worship of the Protestants, they were sung by both Catholics and the Reformers; but as soon as the tunes of the popular songs were heard in the religious worship of Calvin's followers, it was made the most of by the Romish clergy, and as every student of ecclesiastical history knows, Catholics were forbidden to sing the psalms of Marot. Florimond and other writers of that day, are full of the matter. *Prima facie*, then, the tunes in the German Psalters are popular airs "modérées," so as to suit the nature of the text.

3d.—In the libraries at Berlin, Wolfenbüttel, Leipzig, Dresden, Halle, &c., are many copies of Marot's fifty psalms, which I have examined personally or through the kindness of friends. In no one of these have I found any tune which bears any resemblance to the one in question.

4th.—It first appears in the complete collection of Marot & Beza. The two oldest copies I have seen are at Wolfenbüttel, dated respectively 1559 and 1560. One writer in "Notes and Queries," (Mr. Geo. Offer), says: "The first printed copy of it, in my possession, is in the French-German Psalter, the preface to which says:

'Touchant la mélodie, il a semblé le meilleur, qu'elle fust modérée, en la sorte que nous l'avons mise, pour emporter poids et majesté convenable au sujet: Et mesme pour estre propre à chanter en l'Eglise, selon qu'il a esté dit. De Geneve, ce 10. de Juin, 1513.'

This preface was written by Calvin. See Marsh's Works. The Old Hundredth is put to Psalm CXXXIV., and so continued in subsequent editions, of which I have those of Crespin, 1555; Vincent, 1562," &c., &c.

Mr. Gauntlett, (in Notes and Queries for May 30th), understands Mr. Offer as stating that he has a copy of the tune as early as 1513. But Mr. Offer's language does not state that. He says the preface is so dated. Now this preface, with the date, was continually printed for at least two centuries after it was written, and therefore proves nothing. He has a copy, however, of 1555, which is four years earlier than I have seen.

5th.—The tune, both by my own researches and by Mr. Offer's copy, first appears, as said above, in the collection of Marot and Beza. It moreover appears invariably to the 134th Psalm. Now this psalm was one of the 100 which Beza translated, and according to Baum, in his life of Beza, the poet provided for the music set to his translations, although "Calvin hatte schon früher für die Musik bei den ausgezeichnetern

Meistern jener Zeit gesorgt." (Though Calvin had already at an earlier date provided for the music from the most distinguished masters of that period.) There can be no doubt that Beza had popular tunes "modérées" for his psalms, as Calvin had had for those of Marot, and that the tune in question was one of them. If so, it made its first appearance, as we have said, when Beza's 100 translations first came out. It is then important that we get this date.

6th.—Oct. 1, 1550, Beza dates his preface to the "Sacrifice of Abraham," in which he speaks of "the translation of the psalms which I now have in hand." In 1552-3 he is in Lausanne and finishes the translation. That it must have been finished before the end of 1553 is clear from a reference which he makes to King Edward VI., such a reference as shows that the young head of Protestantism was still alive. Mr. Offer's copy of the Crespin edition gives us the time within two years after Beza finishes the translation.

7th.—As the matter now stands, it seems clear that the Old Hundredth psalm tune was not one of the melodies which Calvin caused to be adapted to Marot's psalms, but was one which Beza employed some one to adapt to the 134th psalm, as translated by him. Dr. Gauntlett says, "the Geneva edition of 1564 has the license of Gallatin declaring that Guillaume Franc is the author of all the tunes." Query: Has Dr. G. seen this edition? If not, does he not get his information from Bayle, either directly or indirectly? If from Bayle, he will find upon careful examination that Bayle's authority was a *manuscript* letter from Professor Constant de Rebecque, of Lausanne, and that, unless this Genevan edition of 1564 (should it not be Strasburg?) can be examined, we know absolutely nothing of the said Franc, except from Constant's letter. I stated in my communication last year, that Ludwig Erk, of Berlin, a most indefatigable laborer in this field, is of opinion, that Bayle mistook another name for Franc, which in the old running hand of the sixteenth century might easily happen. I will not give the name at present, as it is a subject to which I hope to devote some time by-and-by in the proper place. If Dr. Gauntlett can really show the name in print of Guillaume Franc, a musician, earlier than the publication of Bayle's Dictionary, he will do much service to those who are investigating the subject of the early music of the Protestant churches.

8th.—If our tune be a popular melody "modérée" to suit a sacred subject, can it not somewhere be found? Every student of the history of the Reformation knows how constant was the intercourse between the learned men of Geneva, Lausanne and Basle, with those of Holland, Flanders and England. At one time Geneva seems to have supplied the Protestants of England with their Bibles and Psalters. The publications of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Geneva and London were interchanged with almost the same facility, and as immediately as those of London and Boston or New York are now. If then we find a book of "Spiritual Songs" printed at Antwerp or Rotterdam in 1540, with music, we are justified in looking to it for tunes which soon after appear in Genevan or Strasburg publications. Now in Antwerp, in the year 1540, appeared such a work, with the title of "Souter Liedekins"—I write the title, as I do this entire article, from memory, my books and notes being in Germany—which I take to mean "Saubere Liederchen" or "Pure Songs." This book is professedly published to give the common people pure words to sing to their common song tunes, and with no reference whatever to the church. In this book is to be found the tune which I have no doubt was "modérée" by Beza or his musical assistants, and set to the 134th Psalm. Probably Dr. Gauntlett, can find the "Souter Liedekins" in the British Museum, and if so, his opinion is earnestly asked upon the correctness of my conjecture. If it prove correct, Rev. Mr. Haverhill's theory falls at once to the ground, for no one can have devoted even so little study as the present writer to the secular music of the first half of the 16th century, without seeing that it never was borrowed from the Gregorian chants of the priests at the altar.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 6.—The only musical event worth recording, is the opening of the summer opera season, by Mme. LA GRANGE, assisted by the old favorites, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and COLETTI. La Grange, previous to announcing this operatic enterprise, went through the usual silly humbug of giving "farewell concerts," previous to her departure for Europe; it was even stated that she had engaged passage in the steamer of the 24th of June. Why is it that respectable artists must descend to these little shallow frauds to attract an audience?

However, whatever fault may be found with the management of the La Grange Concerts, her operatic enterprise is worthy all praise. La Grange appeared last Monday evening in *I Puritani*, with Brignoli as Arturo, Amodio as Riccardo, and Coletti as Georgio. The opera went off extremely well, the house being crowded, and generous in applause. La Grange appeared as youthful as ever, and sang the polacca: *Son vergin vizzoza*, as she alone can do it, receiving an unanimous encore. Elvira is one of her best characters, yet in some respects she falls far behind Grisi in the same rôle. Bellini wrote this opera for Grisi, and certainly no one living could sing it with such effect; the mad scene in this opera was in my opinion, the most wonderful of Grisi's performances in America, while in the scene, where Elvira first sees her lover departing with Queen Henrietta, Grisi sang with a sweet childish pathos, which La Grange has never equalled. Again in the polacca, I have before alluded to, Grisi, though she could not begin to vocalize it as wonderfully as her successor, yet sang it with an *abandon*, a girlish playfulness, that was even more delightful than La Grange's wondrous vocal gymnastics. La Grange sings it to the audience, sings it miraculously, and is perfectly aware of the fact. Grisi, a gay, happy young girl, in childish playfulness, fastens her bridal veil on the head of the Queen, and as she arranges its flowing drapery, her simple heart gushes forth in bird-like warbling. Oh! Grisi in that character was more than wonderful—she was divine.

However, everybody is not Grisi—a very profound observation, with which I will leave *la Diva*, and return to La Grange.

On Wednesday, this latter prima donna made her second appearance this season as Norma—a rôle which, though physically unfitted for her, she renders with surprising effect. *Norma* is so familiar, that to talk of its musical beauties would be absurd. But what a relief it is to turn from the glorious passion-music of Verdi to the simple grandeur of Bellini! From *Trovatore* to *Norma*, what a change! I know that it is the fashion to decry Verdi, but still I am not alone in the thought that he is, with the exception of Meyerbeer, the greatest living composer, [Rossini being as good as dead]. His operas afford me, at the time, more ecstatic pleasure than those of any other composer; yet when I hear the grand music of *Norma*, my conscience reproves me for ever having been bewitched by the serenades of the Troubadour. To hear Bellini after Verdi, is like the sensations of the traveller who, after moving through splendid gothic cathedrals, till his eyes are wearied with the pointed arches, the ornamented pillars, the stained windows, and the ornate decorations, comes suddenly upon a calm, chaste Grecian temple, standing by the sea-shore in its simple grandeur, free from intricate ornament, yet when unadorned, adorned the most.

Norma is fast becoming a classic in operatic literature. It is one of those things of beauty, which as Keats says, are a "joy forever." I sometimes think what an awful void would be left in the musical world, if the name and works of Bellini alone were blotted out of existence. Imagine an operatic rep-

ertoire without a *Norma*, a *Sonnambula* or a *Puritani*! Let people and newspaper critics call these operas "hacknied" or old. So are Shakspeare, Byron, and even the Bible itself, old and "hacknied." We are familiar with their contents, and love them not the less because they are familiar. And I hope and expect, that in a few years the miserable cackling against Verdi will cease, and that he will be allowed his proper position just below Bellini—a name only a little lower than an angel.

While writing about Bellini, I am reminded of a conversation with an Italian gentleman, who was once acquainted with the gifted Sicilian. "He was," said he, "a sad-looking, pale young man, with a light-blue eye and flaxen hair. There was nothing of the Italian in his appearance. In disposition he was mild and amiable, and was altogether one of those few beings, who seem to be angels, that visit the earth for a little while, bestow happiness on mankind, and then return to his real home." And it seems to me that no angel could bestow more blessings on us than has Bellini, in that wondrous trinity of operas—*Norma*, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani*.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 11, 1857.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.—Our readers know how often and how bitterly we have been reproached for our strong preference of German to Italian music, (or rather say our preference of men like Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn—and we might add Cherubini and even Rossini, both *Italians*—to men like Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini); how often we have been called unfair to the Italian school and its admirers. They also know how often we, in answer to these complaints from that large class of our friends who think the Italian operas now in vogue almost the acme of all musical inspiration and perfection, have said: We write as we see it and as we feel it, nor can we honestly do otherwise; nor can the truth be reached except by the sincere rendering of every one's experience; if our taste harmonizes not with your taste, if our experiences, our judgments contradict your own, if we test the worth of musical productions by a different criterion from yours, we cannot help it; but in the spirit of all fairness we invite you to place your experience, your reasons side by side with ours in our own columns, provided you can make a courteous, readable and clever statement of your side of the question; and in the two last-named qualifications we have no doubt you will often have the advantage over us, which we will gladly suffer to appear. We on our side know that we are strengthened by the concurrent testimony of most great musicians, of the Mendelssohns, and even of Rossini. You on the other hand can with more confidence than we, put it to popular vote, and appeal to the applause or coldness of miscellaneous audiences, to the admirations of the young and the "unscientifically" musical, as you love to term them. Verdi stirs your blood, Bellini melts you to tenderness and tears; you appeal to your friends and neighbors, and they say Amen! We too, perchance, in younger days, have known the same experience, but we have lived, as we think, to know more; and in this *more*, to find ourselves in nearer and nearer accordance with the world's judgment, in

the long run, with what the world has decided, (in spite of the popularities of time and place,) about the essential, solid, lasting preëminence of the Handels, Bachs, Mozarts, Beethovens, as well as of the Shakspeares, Miltons, Raphaels, who are none the less stars first in magnitude and glory because at any time meteors and rockets catch the popular eye more readily. But we have said: speak for yourselves, and let us hear both sides, all sides of the matter. And more than that, it has been our editorial policy to copy from all able quarters opinions, however various and contradictory, about the musical notabilities of the day, trusting that the mere comparison of views may prove instructive, while reserving to ourselves the right to differ or accept, or criticize with utmost freedom.

But we are pursuing the matter farther than we meant. Our present object simply was to refer to the letter in another column of our young and lively New York correspondent "Trovator," who is brim-full of Verdi and Bellini, of whom he writes sincerely and heartily, and whose opinions, while they never can be confounded with those that give the prevailing editorial tone to this Journal, are welcome to a place in it, where they shall speak for themselves, and doubtless with much more acceptance to one class of our readers than it is possible for us to do. It is our misfortune, perhaps,—one in which we have much good company—that we cannot find Verdi's passion music "glorious," nor *Norma* "classical." We are denied too the luxury of revelling in that fine analogy of Gothic architecture, when we think of Verdi. The "frozen music" (to use Mme. De Stael's phrase) of the Gothic architecture, is palpably of the fugue type, and more in the genius of old Bach than Verdi. Nor do the florid sentimental warblings of *Norma* seem to us at all suggestive of the chaste simplicity of Grecian temples. Nor do we shudder at the possibility of losing those great lyric lights. Should some meteoric Wagner or other musical comet strike both the Verdi and Bellini operas out of existence, we could contemplate without more dismay than when we part with the peculiar beauties of one tract of country on a journey; rich in the thought of nobler treasures left, how could we feel the awful void our correspondent speaks of. Blot out many such stars, and the musical firmament still shines above us, infinitely beautiful, significant and glorious.

THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST AGAIN.—The brief letter of a Philadelphia correspondent, as well as the fuller report of the late Festival, which we copied from the *Musical Review*, were severe upon the conductorship of Mr. WOLLSIEFER, and ascribed to that cause many of the imperfections of the performances, both choral and orchestral. We have since learned that there is by no means wanting another side to the matter, and we are very happy to present it. The strictures were mainly two. First, a tendency to take the *tempi* too slow in the orchestral pieces. With regard to this we understand that there were different opinions among musicians, as there always are upon this question. Temperaments differ; impatient, ardent youth and sober age are almost always at issue on such points. The testimony of even great men is not uniform: Beethoven complained often that his movements were taken too fast, even when nothing had

caught the rapid rate peculiar to our "fast" age; Mendelssohn, on the other hand, was fond of indulging in an extreme rapidity; he had the humor of it, and made all sound clear and perfect in that way, where others would have huddled and scrambled through with much confusion. The Philadelphia conductor we understand to be one of those staid, earnest, quiet musicians, of an older school, and somewhat advanced in years, who thinks *distinctness* the first requisite in every large combined performance. Possibly he may err upon the right side and sacrifice too much to that; but we know it is far more common to err upon the other side and hurry a piece of music through at a mad rate.

The other criticism was: want of care in the rehearsals (of the choral pieces). We understand there was another and more serious drawback; and that was the want of preparation and competency on the part of the great majority of the singers when they came together. There was but one general rehearsal, and that was not the fault of the conductor, who prolonged that one to four hours. Of a thousand or more singers, who were then present, not three hundred, we are told, actually sang, or could go through all the pieces with any kind of correctness, to say nothing of expression. Certainly a poor chance for a leader to do much! The great difficulty complained of in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, (the Philadelphia organ of the German Maennerchöre especially), both in this and in most previous gatherings of the kind, has been that of getting the separate clubs and societies to thoroughly practice the Festival pieces before they leave their homes; too many flock to the Festival for a good, jolly time, under the name of music, and do not take the pains to make it truly musical. The Philadelphia *Zeitung*, under the editorship of this same Mr. Wollsiefer, has labored earnestly and ably for a year past, to correct this evil and inspire the right spirit into all the numerous singing clubs of Germans. No doubt the evil now so clearly felt, will be corrected.

A CHANCE TO DO A GOOD THING FOR MUSIC. We cannot help copying, with fullest and heartiest endorsement, the following suggestion of the Boston correspondent of the *New York Musical World*. Surely the need has only to be known in the right quarters, and a life's excellent labor will not be allowed to go unfinished for the want of a few hundreds.

Listening yesterday to the choir just now conducted by my friend, A. W. T., the well-known "Diarist" of Dwight's Journal of Music, I could not help wishing that some Cæsus who was casting about for a good thing to do with his superfluous money, would so devote a few hundreds out of his abundance as to enable this industrious laborer in the field of musical literature to prosecute and complete the work to which he has given much of the best years of his life to accomplish; all that could be spared from the mere drudgery necessary for the getting a supply of daily bread. You know I refer to his unfinished *Life of Beethoven*. A true life of this great master is yet to be given to the world; and here it is, half finished, the result of years of painstaking, laborious investigation, animated by a reverence and love of the work and of its subject that should promise the best results. The unwearied perseverance and diligence that mark the various contributions of this writer to our musical literature, ensure the most careful minuteness of investigation, while the pleasing and graceful style in which he gives the results of his researches to the public, are very familiar to the readers of the Journal of Music, published here, and make it certain that the book would be full of pleasant reading. It seems to me a pity that such perseverance and industry should, for the lack of a

little material aid, come to nothing, and that the limited means of the writer, made less by the claims of seriously impaired health, should prevent the completion of a labor that is so far advanced. O Cræsus, whoever you may be, the money that you may squander on a mirror, or a carpet, or a horse, would send much happiness into a heart that must some times be wearied by continued disappointment, by making possible the completion of a long cherished undertaking. You would be the means of giving to the world a *Book*, not a sensation novel. (we have scores of such, and another one more would be little gain to the world), but one of the books that are *books*, as Charles Lamb says, that will treat a great subject, I think, as a great subject deserves, and would be eagerly welcomed by thousands of readers, and have a long life. Do this, Cræsus, and you shall have the surname, Mæcenas!

I have seen a list headed by some names of a world-wide reputation, who have pledged generous sums to promote this undertaking, and enable the author to return to Europe and complete his investigations; for, it is there, obviously, that all the materials exist and must be sought for. Has no one else a stray hundred dollars to devote to so good an end? And will not the Editor of the Journal of Music here be the banker for his correspondent, for his faithful Diarist? Most certainly he will, and I would call the attention of capitalists to this desirable and permanent investment, that neither bears nor bulls can move a hair's breadth up or down.

We hold the paper mentioned in the last paragraph, and shall be happy to receive the addition of a few good names to it, as well as to do whatever in us lies, in furtherance of an enterprise so worthy the support of all the musical. Its failure for want of means would be a loss which Music cannot well afford to bear.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—A series of cheap concerts for the people have been instituted under the auspices of the Mechanics' Association, in their splendid new hall. They are called "Ten cent concerts," and packages of twelve tickets are sold for a dollar. The performances are by Fiske's Cornet Band, assisted by some of the best vocal talent of the city. We are glad to hear they are successful; they must certainly do good. The *Palladium* of the 6th says:

The second of the people's concerts was very well attended, the particular attraction seeming to be the performances announced by the choir of Rev. Dr. Hill's church, although people are beginning to find out that the best way of "hearing the band, of an evening, is, to take a seat or a promenade in our pleasant Hall, in preference to standing upon a crowded sidewalk to hear the music resound from opposite brick walls or "cut capers" of echoes around the corners. Our citizens are fast awaking to a sense of the importance of the "cheap concert" movement, and we think it has now a firm hold upon us, and one which we cannot regret. People of educated musical taste can hardly expect to be satisfied with the entire programme for an evening; but the entertainment is not offered to them in particular, and they must therefore content themselves in witnessing the pleasure of others, and in hailing with satisfaction any sign of the advancement of the popular taste towards the high standard, as evinced, for instance, in the occasional announcement of Joslyn's band, at the "Bay State" concerts, of selections from Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Decidedly the best performance on the second evening was the cavatina from *Lucia*, which was deservedly *encored*. Arbuckle gave another of his expressively played cornet solos, and the choir above mentioned sang the "Tramp Chorus" and the famed terzetto from *Attila*, both of which were well sung, although there was a complaint of the general effect being marred by the predominance of the tenor over the other parts—which is the only fault that can be found with the singing of this well-trained choir. An "intermission for promenade" was wisely set down in the bills; and it was pleasing to find it generally observed.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—The Fourth of July week does not often offer in a New England village, music of the kind set down in the following programmes. But there is a Female Seminary in Farmington, where music is made a matter of much attention, and we reported last year of a flying visit made there by the MASON and BERGMANN Quartet party from New York. Last week the visit was repeated, only without Mr. Bergmann, who was engaged with the German Opera in Philadelphia, but with his place as

violinist supplied by Mr. BRANNES. They gave two classical concerts, to an audience composed mostly of the young ladies of the Seminary, who listened with delight and "with the closest attention and understanding apparently" to the selections, especially to the stringed quartets of Beethoven, Schumann, &c. Here are the programmes:

Wednesday, July 1.

- 1—Quartet No. 10, in D. First movement, (Allegretto,) Mozart
Messrs. Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Brannes
- 2—{ a. Sehnsucht am Meere, Willmers
b. Zum Wintermischen, Dreyshock
Mr. William Mason.
- 3—Fantasia, "Sonnambula," Artot
Mr. Theodore Thomas.
- 4—Sonata in G, op. 13, Piano and Violin, Anton Rubinstein
Messrs. Mason and Thomas.
- 5—Quartet, No. 1, in A minor, op. 41, R. Schumann

Thursday, July 2.

- 1—Quartet, in F minor, op. 95, No. 11, Beethoven
{ a. Valse de Salon, Wm. Mason
b. Si oiseau j'étais, } Etude, Henselt
a toi je volerais, }
Mr. William Mason.
- 3—Quartet, in D minor, Second movement, (Andante
and Variations,) Franz Schubert
- 4—Andante and Variations, op. 46, for two pianos, Schumann
Messrs. Henry C. Timm and William Mason.
- 5—Morceau de Salon, "Reverie," Vieuxtemps
Mr. Theodore Thomas.
- 6—Quartet, in E flat major, op. 47, for Piano, Violin,
Viola and Violoncello, Robert Schumann
Messrs. Mason, Thomas, Matzka and Brannes.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Corradi-Setti and his large corps operatique, with Vestvali as a special star, commenced an opera season at the Varieties theatre, St. Louis, on the 12th ult., with the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Caranti being the Lucrezia, Maccaferri the Gennaro, Setti the Duke, and, of course, the Vestvali in her superb rôle of Orsini. There was every prospect of a brilliant season of some weeks.

PHILADELPHIA.—Fitzgerald, for the 4th inst., furnishes the following items.

The Academy of Music.—This splendid establishment re-opens this (Wednesday) evening with the first of a series of Promenade Concerts, on the plan of those given at Drury Lane Theatre by Jullien, and in Paris by the celebrated Musard. The parquette and stage are floored over, and, by the use of innumerable flowering plants, are made to represent a vast garden, with urns, vases, statues, and candelabra, winding paths and charming vistas of rural beauty. The orchestra will be the same that has given unlimited satisfaction during the German Opera season, and will be led by Carl Bergmann, who has achieved such a popularity among our musical critics by his careful conducting, thorough drilling and admirable judgment. Among the vocalists engaged to add additional attraction to this enterprise, appear the names of Madame Johanness, Miss Caroline Ritchings, Herr Pickaneser, Mr. Frazer and Sig. Amodio. Notwithstanding the great expense of this series, it has been deemed expedient to place the admission at the low price of twenty-five cents, in order that all may be able to visit the Academy and enjoy an economical amusement of the most refined description.

Drew's National Theatre.—On Monday the popular English Opera troupe, consisting of the beautiful Miss Rosalie Durand, the lovely Miss Georgina Hodson, and the handsome Messrs. Frederick Lyster and Frank Trevor, made their appearance in "The Daughter of the Regiment," assisted by the regular company. On Tuesday was performed "Sonnambula," an English Opera with an Italian name. The success of this company at the National is undoubted. The beauty of the ladies and the merit of the singing will attract all connoisseurs in loveliness and music.

"Sonnambula" was sung with a great deal of spirit and vivacity.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We complete to-day the *Times* report of the great Handel Festival in London. It appears that it was eminently successful in a financial point of view.

We have already spoken of the extensive library of works relating to music, which has been collected with great pains by Mr. ALBRECHT, late of the Germania Society. He now wishes to dispose of it. A classified catalogue of the works is in our hands, bearing the names of 76 works upon the History of Music, 56 Biographies, 37 Musical Dictionaries, 13 works upon Acoustics, &c., 55 Elementary and Theoretic, 45 on Theory of Composition, 54 Instruction books for Voice and instruments, 24 Essays on Musical Expression, 95 Musical Tales, Novels, &c., 31 series of Musical Journals, 20 polemical and sa-

tirical writings, and 12 Reports of Musical Societies; in all 518 works in 745 volumes. These works are in English, German, French and Latin, and include a great deal that is very rare and valuable. Mr. Albrecht has also an interesting collection of Autographs of celebrated composers, to the number of 50 or more, containing letters, signatures, musical fragments or entire pieces from Beethoven, Cramer, Hummel, Mozart, Paer, Liszt, Rossini, Spohr, and others, of which we have a descriptive catalogue. The price of the collection is \$50.

FRY, of the *Tribune*, says of Mme. LAGRANGE and another of her troupe:

The climate of Havana and of New Orleans has improved even her voice. Mme. La Grange in the air from *Sonnambula* blended her almost inexhaustible resources of artistical vocalization with a deep and moving expression of feeling, not for a long time before heard by the music-loving public. In the whole concert she was ably sustained by Miss SIMON, whose voice, full of suavity, freshness and expansion, gives promise of a brilliant artistic future. It is Cincinnati that sends this blossom of its soil.

One of the Philadelphia papers speaks thus warmly of the recent performance of the tenor, PICKANESER, of the German opera, in the part of Lionel in Flotow's *Martha*:

His opening song—well known by its English title of "When I left those scenes of childhood"—caused one of those thundering demonstrations of delight which Philadelphians are noted for lavishing on the first stanzas of favorite airs—(the Lucrezia Brindisi, for instance.) There was a desperate attempt made to encore this first verse, but the music proceeded—at least, it is to be presumed that it did—for the orchestra could not be heard in consequence of the applause. The second strophe excited a similar furor, and the entire composition had to be repeated. It was an enthusiasm far greater than that produced by the favorite "Libiamo" of La Traviata, and the question is naturally put as to the cause of this remarkable manifestation of delight; fortunately a simple answer will suffice—the beauty of the air, the perfection of the singing, and a B flat given with wonderful force and sweetness in the chest voice of this excellent tenor. Pickaneser did not suffer the impression thus made to be effaced by his subsequent efforts; he exerted himself to do his best, and cheered by the plaudits of an audience more than usually demonstrative, he achieved success after success in every act, reaching a fine climax in the mad duet of Act Fourth, where his acting was almost as good as his singing. We have heard a great many operas, in different cities, by various troupes and in divers language, but we have no recollection of any tenor having caused so much enthusiasm, or of having sung with more vigor, more taste or more expression than this unpretending young German.

The same writer adds, speaking of the Company as a whole:

Now, the musical world has found out the good qualities of this unassuming troupe. The German Company is no longer mentioned with a prejudiced sneer and a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders; on the contrary it is admired and patronized, in spite of heat, storm, wind and counter attractions. So general is the appreciation, that a subscription paper has been circulated among our merchants to secure the return of the Company, for twenty nights, in the autumn, with some additional voices, and we are told that within a very few days several thousand dollars have been pledged. This is a praiseworthy encouragement of Mr. Bergmann's meritorious enterprise, and we are proud of Philadelphia for recognizing the deserts of a troupe that could not be sustained profitably in New York.

"Stella," in one of her pleasant "Suburban Letters" in the Worcester *Palladium*, is severe on the feminine passion for display in dress and concludes with the following remark:

The family that showily parades out of the door on a Sunday's morning to see and be seen, we may safely "guess" has neither *Harper* or *Putnam* on its table, to say nothing of the *Art Journal*, the *Crayon*, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, or any of these almost priceless refiners of the taste of a reading community; which, after all, owe the greater part of their support to people of limited means, who live for themselves and their consciences, and not for the world and its opinions.

An exchange says:—'A few Sundays ago, at one of the Brooklyn churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:—'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering—'And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights.' And still another was sung—'And take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home.'"

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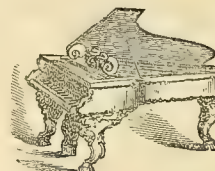
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Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

[Continued from p. 114.]

You know already, that a Fugue is a piece of music in several parts, which differs from all others. You know too, that it is distinguished from other forms of composition by the following characteristics. A single leading thought, or phrase, simply and distinctly uttered at the very outset by a single voice (part), predominates throughout the whole piece. This thought is taken up by the other voices (parts), as they come in one after another, and is borne on by them, perpetually re-appearing: whatever accessory matter is associated with it is held fast by the whole, (with little unessential modifications perhaps), and is only changed by distribution among the different parts. Each of these parts or voices, therefore, is equally the principal part; each is alike prominent and *obligato*. If an intervening phrase be introduced occasionally, it must be taken from one of these leading thoughts, or be at least analogous to them. The piece as a whole has, by strict rule, no farther divisions and points of rest, but flows on in one steady stream, concentrating and narrowing its vital forces more and more as it goes on, until it has said all that the master can say in this form upon the thoughts which he has chosen.

That first leading thought is called the *theme*—also the subject, or the leader (*Dux*); the second thought, which forms the constant accompaniment to the first, is the *Counter-theme*—or counter-subject, or counter-harmony. These occasional accessory phrases, taken from the main thoughts or at least analogous to them, are called the

connecting harmony (*zwischen-Harmonie*, or *between-harmony*); and if you want a new name for the first of the leading thoughts, or theme, where it enters in a new part or on another degree of the scale, you may call it the companion (*Comes*), or the answer.

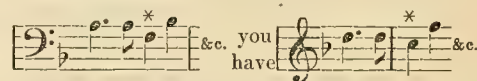
When the Fugue is woven merely out of the theme, the counter-theme and a connecting harmony, which is borrowed from these, it is called a *strict Fugue*. When the connecting harmony is not taken from the themes, but is only analagous to them, perhaps only resembling them in sentiment or in the figure chosen, it is called a *free Fugue*. When a piece is commenced as a strict Fugue and its theme and counter-theme are carried through the four voices, but not much further; or, when they are still further treated, but with more secondary thoughts than the free Fugue, the piece is not called a Fugue, but only a *fugued piece*—a piece worked up in the fugue style.*

That this may all be plain and palpable, allow me to point it out to you in pieces which you surely know and have at hand. The *Kyrie* in Mozart's *Requiem* is a strict Fugue; most of the fugues of Joseph Haydn, those for instance in the "Creation," are free fugues; and both are what they undertake to be, in the greatest perfection. Fugued passages of the kind first named are such excellent ones as: *Seine Tage sind abgekürzet* ("His days are shortened"), and: *Seine Seele ist voll Jammer* ("His soul is full of sorrow"), in the first chorus of Graun's *Passion*. Fugued passages of the second kind you find most frequently in larger instrumental works; the overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is a fugued piece of this second kind. Examine these pieces now more closely, to discover in them what we have stated to be the essential of the whole genus Fugue, and what has been said of the elements of this; you cannot fail to find it; then compare the pieces with each other, and you will easily remark how they all belong under the same genus, while each illustrates a particular variety. We cannot expect you, a mere dilettante, who are only seeking for some worthy enjoyment, to study them further: but that you may find such enjoyment in listening to or playing over fugues and fugued pieces, direct your attention after the following method—provided you have clearly mastered the above.

Think in the first place of nothing but the principal *theme*, in all its entrances, its turns and passages through all the voices, from beginning to end of the piece, so that you always trace it quite

* The *Double Fugue* is here passed over, as of rare occurrence, and too difficult for those to whom this essay is addressed.

distinctly with your thought, and hear it stand out clearly and distinctly everywhere. Do this, and you have not only the grand-plan as it were of the entire structure, but also the architectural outline of the main view. Perhaps you will not find this so easy at first by mere hearing, as you imagine: but it is indispensably necessary, enhances the interest, is not without charm, and after a little practice will become very easy to you; for the difficulty in the beginning lies not in the thing itself, but in your previous habit of letting every piece of music affect you, and affect your feeling, only as a whole, or in the lump, so to speak. You must not be disturbed or led astray by slight modifications, which meet you here and there in the theme when it appears as *Comes*—for instance in the *Kyrie* referred to, where instead of—



These are not arbitrary and contrary to rule, but are necessary and founded on the nature of our scale; it will be all clear to you when you have taken a few steps further.

Having made this first step easy, now fix your attention exclusively upon the *Counter-theme*, or second subject. I need not tell you that you find it, in the same *Kyrie* for instance, already entering in the second measure in the alto part. Proceed with this precisely as you have done with the leading theme, till you acquire the same facility in tracing it that you have done there. For both exercises you will do well to select only strict fugues, such as the one just cited—for the reason that here you will not be disturbed by any accessory work, and will discover everywhere the most uniform consistency.

Keep still to these strict fugues for a third exercise: that namely of following *both* main thoughts—both theme and counter-theme, *at once*, as they run along side by side through the course of the piece; watch them in all their entrances, turns and concatenations. This will be difficult at first, with all your facility in seizing the two themes separately; but I am sure, if you have taken up these first two exercises in earnest, you will not desist here, for this third one has in it something so exciting, animating, and so much too that is pleasant, that you *must* carry through your purpose. But if you have carried it through, and so far that it has no longer any difficulty for you, then you have in your power all the main points that concern *you* in this kind of composition; and the rest comes so easy to you, finds indeed such support upon the other side in your own taste and feeling, that it scarcely requires a few words to be said upon it.

Nor need much be said about your exercises in free fugues. You will proceed with them, as with the strict fugues; and will find it here more easy and convenient. Still less will you require directions as to *fugued* pieces of the first kind, since these are nothing more than strict fugues commenced, but not carried through, not completed. And as to fugued pieces of the second kind—for instance the overture to the *Zauberflöte*—this little will suffice. Place this famous overture before you. It will be easy enough for you here too, to find and follow the leading theme and counter-theme; and equally easy to trace the connecting harmony, the accessory thoughts which in this piece are so rich, so graceful, so appropriate, and so charmingly distributed, and to note how analogous they are, partly in invention and construction, partly in their employment and expression, to the leading passages. I have only to warn you not to get disturbed, not to lose the internal connection of the whole. In this grouping, alternation, mingling, genius governs more than rule, although the former by no means impairs the latter, (where it is rightly done, as in this overture). Here too there is nothing further to be said about particulars, unless one would go critically through each given piece. If the above little course of study has been made in earnest, all that can need be said, suggests itself, and will be sanctioned and enjoyed by feeling.

[To be continued.]

MUSIC ON TOO LARGE A SCALE.—The London *Morning Herald*, while it agrees with all the other witnesses that the late Handel Festival "must be accounted the most magnificent, complete, and remarkable recorded in the history of the art," yet draws from it the following lesson as to the tendency to overdo things in our times:

One desirable consequence, at all events, is likely to result from the Festival of 1857. It will deter speculation from running into excess, and will teach theorists that there are bounds and limitations to all things, artistic as well as mechanical. At the theatres and in the concert-rooms, for some years past, to meet the exigencies of the public taste, it has been thought necessary to make use of larger masses of executants in the performance of music than had been hitherto employed. This is the age of exaggeration. M. Jullien, always desirous of conciliating his audiences—satisfied it was the best means of gaining their appreciation in the end—through a series of successive seasons added yearly to the numerical force of his band, until latterly—before Covent-garden Theatre was burnt—his orchestra almost vied in numbers with his audience. One of the greatest elements of success in a musical performance is undoubtedly *noise*. In choral singing, more especially, volume of sound and loudness are indispensable to produce a grand impression. What would the "Hallelujah" chorus, or "Unto us a child is born," or any of the magnificent bursts of exultation in *Israel in Egypt* avail in the execution, but for their manifestation of power? Occasionally, no doubt, perfect *ensemble* singing, and the beauty and impressiveness of the music, may create a profound sensation, and not seldom the employment of *pianos* by a large body of singers, awakens a feeling not to be described; but to sway the mob as the winds the waves—to fill their hearts as well as their ears—to make them feel the might and majesty of the composer—to transport them, as it were, out of themselves, is only to be compassed by sounds whose force and volume suggest to the mind the sublime music of Nature—the breath of the tempest, the roar of waters, the peal of thunder. But all sounds are comparative. Five hundred voices in Exeter Hall display more power than 2500 in the Crystal

Palace. The directors of the Commemoration of the Handel Centenary in 1859—which, we have reason to believe, is in contemplation—must not, therefore, think of increasing their choral and instrumental force to obtain the same striking effects which are produced by a comparatively small body elsewhere. It would be a waste of means, from which the desired result would not follow. Not one half the effect was produced by that immense choir and band at the Handel Festival, just concluded, which might have been obtained had the locality in which they performed been properly adapted for the conveyance of sound. Of course different persons have judged differently, according to the position in which they were placed during the performance. A music-room constructed on the best principles of acoustics would necessarily convey the sound equally, or nearly so, to every part of the building. In the transept of the Crystal Palace this is far from being the case. In some places every note reaches the ear, and is heard distinctly. In others the loudest sounds only are audible. If the Crystal Palace is intended to be used for the Festival of 1859 the entire transept will have to be surrounded with a screen, and then it is more than probable that the 2500 executants will be found too many. If, however, a greater power be attained by the rejection of 1500 of the singers, the eye alone will experience any loss. For one sufficient reason it is imperative that the employment of enormous choral and instrumental masses should be restricted. While these increase in number the locality where they perform must be extended, and the solo singers in consequence must be sacrificed. It becomes a question then whether the songs, duets, trios, and quartets of an oratorio are to be accounted secondary matters, and whether soloists are to be accepted as mere conveniences, whose performances are to constitute halting-places in the great work to give the chorus singers rest. That this was not contemplated even by Handel, who, of all writers of sacred music, laid most stress upon his choruses, need hardly be mentioned. What Mozart has accomplished for the solo voices in his immortal *Requiem*, and to cite more recent examples, Mendelssohn, in his two great sacred compositions, *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, not to point to works of other composers, entirely disprove the supposition—if any such be entertained—that solo singing is not an important element of an oratorio. With the great mass of the public, for whom all sacred compositions are more especially written, single songs and favorite singers will always have a charm. At the late festival the principal singers certainly did not signalize themselves as they are wont to do in less spacious localities than the transept of the Crystal Palace, and in some instances their voices were altogether lost in space. These considerations no doubt will lead to a modification of the building for future festivals, and allay the thirst in societies and directors for an enlargement of their executive force.

A Popular Account of the Handel Festival Organ.

(From the London Musical World.)

The employment of an organ as an adjunct to the ordinary resources of a grand orchestra in the performance of oratorio-music, obeys a prescription coeval with oratorio itself. Having scarcely anything in common with the instruments of an orchestra, and—save in its sustaining power—as little similarity to voices, the breadth, richness, and grandeur of its tone, have, nevertheless, long since determined its appointment to that duty of cementing, solidifying, and strengthening the combined mass of both, which nothing else could satisfactorily perform. This peculiar duty of the organ was certainly recognized in this country as far back as the time of Henry Purcell; for, in many of his sacred compositions, we find that wonderful musician employing the organ in conjunction with the orchestra, not alone as a mere filling up of his score, but often in special traits of what can be only fitly termed "instrumentation" in the modern sense; disclosing, even then, a complete knowledge of its capability for

effect. From Handel, the creator of the oratorio, comes, however, the authority which makes the organ essential to that just performance of this, the sublimest class of music. Handel specially wrote for the organ in conjunction with his orchestra, and invariably used it in the performance of his oratorios whenever its presence was attainable. If to this be added, that the greatest sacred composer of modern times, Mendelssohn, has bequeathed to us a similar sanction for its use,—firstly, in the score of his *Elijah*; and secondly, in the organ-part with which he has enriched the Handel Society's edition of *Israel in Egypt*,—nothing further is needed to explain the cost and trouble incurred in erecting the organ for the present festival.

A few years since, it would have been thought wholly unnecessary to direct any save the slightest notice to an organ erected for an oratorio performance. A bare record of the fact, coupled, perhaps, with the advertisement of the Organ-builder's name, would then have served every purpose. At the Westminster Abbey Festival in 1834, for instance, on which occasion a large organ was provided by the makers of the present instrument—Messrs. Gray and Davison—the briefest announcement of its existence and parentage was presumed enough to satisfy every claim the organ might have to attention. Twenty years ago, however, the art of organ-building can scarcely be said to have emerged from its infancy in this country; and although that infancy was often stalwart—even sometimes gigantesque for its date—its growth was too much encumbered with rudeness and want of symmetry and refinement at all points, to occupy much ground in the circles either of mechanical science or musical taste. All this has greatly changed. The large organ of past times has as little relation to the modern first-class instrument, as has a coarse product of handicraft to a finished work of art. And, naturally enough, along with this vast improvement in the instrument itself, and a corresponding advance in the style of its treatment by the performer, has grown up an amount of public interest in the matter,—an extent of hearty and earnest amateurship, both as to the musical effect and construction of the organ, sufficient, it is presumed, to justify the explanations about to be offered with regard to the particular instrument constructed for the present festival.

A brief notice of the difficulties certain to arise in providing a suitable organ for this occasion, naturally precedes a description of the means adopted to overcome them. The inevitable obstacles to be encountered were, vast space, and the antagonism of multitudes of voices and instruments,—both of which operate in absorbing and destroying organ-tone to an extent not at all generally suspected. However much the statement may be at variance with ordinary impressions, it is nevertheless true that the organ is, considering the large number of its *sounding parts*, a very weak instrument; in other words, that the tone of any one of its single pipes is much inferior in power to that of a single voice or orchestral instrument. Without entering into technical details, this fact may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained in the statements that the air with which the pipes of an organ are sounded is supplied at a pressure much below that exercised by the human lungs either in singing or playing a wind-instrument; and that, until very lately, it was supposed that a much increased pressure of air could not be applied to organ-pipes with a corresponding, or, indeed, any, advantage. It may be naturally suggested, indeed, that the required degree of power could be obtained by *enlarging* the organ,—in other words, by doubling or tripling, for instance, the number of its sounding parts. The first objection to this course is its extravagance both in money and space; and the second and more fatal one is that it would not accomplish the proposed object. Here again, in order to avoid a long and probably uninteresting elucidation, the reader must be pleased to accept, as a demonstrable fact, that, beyond a certain and speedily attainable limit, the reduplication of sounds of the same pitch and character affords no commensurate increase of power. For this and

other difficulties connected with the structure of instruments of the largest class, modern ingenuity, continental and English, has succeeded in providing remedies, and these have been largely adopted in the Crystal Palace Organ. It was, of course, no part of the present design to construct a mere musical monster, capable of overwhelming the 2500 voices and instruments with which it is associated; such a result, however practicable, would have been as absurd as unnecessary. The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all desirable musical beauty, with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it is specially destined to bear in this great commemoration; and, should the result be pronounced successful, it is presumed that the very unusual difficulties of *locale* and employment to which the instrument is subjected, will be felt to proportionately enhance the credit due to its constructors.

To proceed at once with our description. On an occasion when all the preparations are on so vast a scale as the present, it will be naturally concluded that the Festival Organ must be, even in the obvious and external sense, a very large instrument. In this particular, it is highly probable that the spectator will, at a first glance, be disappointed. The prodigious dimensions of the Transept of the Crystal Palace, dwarfing to all but insignificance every single object it encloses, operate, of course, in greatly diminishing the apparent magnitude of the Organ. The reader has been elsewhere informed that the Orchestra prepared for this occasion "alone covers considerably more space than is found in any Music Hall in the kingdom;" and, similarly, he may be assisted to estimate the space occupied by the Organ, if told that it stands on more ground than that allotted to most ordinary houses,—its width is forty feet, by a depth of thirty. He will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive how, by any possibility, a musical instrument can require all these 1,200 superficial feet of standing-room; and be tempted to set it down as a piece of display.—an attempt to impose on him by the mere appearance of magnitude. A few simple facts will, however, convince him that these arrangements are controlled by a necessity passing all show. When he is told that this Organ contains 4,568 sounding pipes, varying in size, from 32 feet in length and with a diameter sufficient to easily admit the passage of a stout man's body, to less than one inch in length with the bore of an ordinary quill.—that, in order to place these 4,568 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are required, (many of these being complete machines in themselves, the separate members of which, if reckoned as in the process of manufacture, would at least quintuple the number.)—that all these 11,368 sounding and working parts require such a disposition and arrangement that each one may be more or less easily accessible for those occasions of adjustment which must frequently arise in so complicated an instrument,—and, finally, that the entire mass before him weighs nearly fifty tons,—he will scarcely fail to perceive that the space is economically rather than ostentatiously occupied, and will, moreover, be enabled, perhaps, to understand some of those points often deemed mysterious with regard to large organs in general, such, for example, as their cost, and the time occupied in their manufacture.

Internally, however, the Crystal Palace organ is, beyond doubt, a very large instrument. Although the number of its pipes is, for many reasons, a very fallacious test, when applied to the power and capability of such an instrument, it may be well, in a popular account such as the present, to state, that in this respect, it considerably exceeds the world-famed organ at Haarlem—the total number of the pipes in the latter being 4088; while—were the two placed side by side in the Crystal Palace orchestra—the difference in point of power would be still more remarkable.

The performer has at his disposal four complete rows of keys, each having a compass of fifty-eight notes, and each commanding a distinct department of the instrument. He has, also, a set of "pedals"

—a key-board played by his feet, in fact—by means of which he calls forth the ponderous basses necessary to support the general harmony. The "stops" belonging to each of these key-boards are subjoined in a tabular form:—

| GREAT ORGAN. | | SWELL ORGAN—(continued) | |
|---------------------------------|---------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 1 Double Open Diapason. | 16 feet | 9 Super Octave..... | 2 feet |
| 2 Metal..... | " | 10 Piccolo..... | " |
| 3 Double Dulciana..... | 16 " | 11 Mixture..... | 4 ranks |
| 4 Flute à Pavillon..... | 8 " | 12 Scharf..... | " |
| 5 Viol de Gamba..... | 8 " | 13 Contra Fagotto..... | 16 feet |
| 6 Octave..... | 4 " | 14 Cornopean..... | 8 " |
| 7 Harmonic Flute..... | 8 " | 15 Oboe..... | 8 " |
| 8 Clarinet Flute..... | 8 " | 16 Clarion..... | 4 " |
| 9 Flute Octavante..... | 4 " | 17 Echo Tromba..... | 8 " |
| 10 Super Octave..... | 2 " | Tremulant. | |
| 11 Flageolet Harmonic..... | 2 " | PEDAL ORGAN. | |
| 12 Quint..... | 6 " | 1 Contra Bass..... | 32 feet |
| 13 Twelfth..... | 3 " | 2 Open Diapason..... | " |
| 14 Mixture..... | 4 ranks | 3 Wood..... | 16 " |
| 15 Furniture..... | 3 " | 4 Violon..... | 16 " |
| 16 Cymbal..... | 5 " | 5 Open Diapason..... | " |
| 17 Bombarde..... | 16 feet | 6 Metal..... | 16 " |
| 18 Posune..... | 8 " | 7 Octave..... | 8 " |
| 19 Trumpet..... | 8 " | 8 Twelfth..... | 6 " |
| 20 Clarion..... | 4 " | 9 Super Octave..... | 4 " |
| 21 Octave Clarion..... | 2 " | 10 Mixture..... | 4 ranks |
| CHOIR ORGAN. | | 11 Contra Bombarde— | " |
| 1 Bourdon..... | 16 feet | " free Reed"..... | |
| 2 Gamba..... | 8 " | 12 Bombarde—Metal..... | 16 " |
| 3 Salsional..... | 8 " | 13 Trumpet..... | 8 " |
| 4 Voix Celeste..... | 8 " | 14 Clarion..... | 4 " |
| 5 Clarinet Flute..... | 8 " | COUPLERS. | |
| 6 Geus Horn..... | 4 " | Swell to Great Manual. | |
| 7 Wald Flute..... | 4 " | Do. Sub Octave. | |
| 8 Spi-z Flute..... | 2 " | Do. Super Octave. | |
| 9 Piccolo..... | 2 " | Swell to Pedals. | |
| 10 Mixture..... | 2 ranks | Swell to Choir. | |
| 11 Cor Anglaise and Basses..... | 8 feet | Solo to Great. | |
| 12 Trumpet (small sec.)..... | 8 " | Solo to Choir. | |
| SOLO ORGAN. | | Super Octave Great. | |
| Grand Tromba..... | 8 feet | Solo to Pedals. | |
| Harmonic Flute..... | 8 " | Choir to Pedals. | |
| Flute Octavante..... | 4 " | Great to Pedals. | |
| Mixture..... | 2 ranks | Choir to Great. | |
| Corno di Bassetto..... | 8 feet | Sforzando. Great to Swell. | |
| SWELL ORGAN. | | COMBINATION PEDALS. | |
| 1 Bourdon..... | 16 feet | 3 to Great and Pedal Organ. | |
| 2 Open Diapason..... | 8 " | 2 to Swell Organ. | |
| 3 K-raulophon..... | 8 " | 1 to Choir Organ. | |
| 4 Conert Flute..... | 8 " | The Manual and Pedal Couplers, with the exception of the Solo Organ, are acted upon by Pedals. | |
| 5 Octave..... | 4 " | | |
| 6 Flute..... | 4 " | | |
| 7 Vox Humana..... | 8 " | | |
| 8 Twelfth..... | 3 " | | |
| | | | |

* The number of "feet" here given indicates the "pitch" of the stop expressed by the length of its lowest pipe. Thus, those described as of "8 feet," speak in the normal pitch of the scale,—in unison with the keys of a pianoforte, for example: while those marked as of "4 feet," or "16 feet," sound, respectively, an octave above or below that pitch.

Having thus furnished a general account of the contents of the Crystal Palace Organ, it remains but to notice some peculiarities of its structure, which may probably interest such readers as have given attention to the subject. Although it can claim no absolute originality of contrivance, some of its features are wholly novel in English practice, and others are but of recent introduction and as yet but sparingly employed in this country. As force and volume of tone were, obviously, the first essentials in an organ so placed, it has been deemed advisable to supply the pipes with air at a pressure considerably higher than that ordinarily employed; while—following the principle first enunciated by the great French builder, Cavaillée—this pressure is again considerably increased in the upper half of the compass throughout the instrument. With the same view—as well as for their individual beauty of quality—some of the more powerful stops of recent French origin have been introduced. These are the *Flute à Pavillon*, the *Trompette Harmonique*, and the *Flute Harmonique*—this last appearing in greater variety than has hitherto been tried in the English organ, since, besides two specimens of different kinds in the swell and choir organs, there are three—respectively of 8, 4, and 2 feet pitch—in the great organ, contributing greatly to the sonorous richness of this portion of the instrument; and, lastly, two, of large calibre and speaking at an unusually high air-pressure, in the solo organ.

The 32 feet *Contra Bombarde* of the pedal is a stop of the "free-reed" kind—a mode of construction which, though but little used as yet in England, has many and decided advantages over the percussive variety of reed when employed in these profound registers of the instrument. The present is believed to be the first free-reed stop of 32 feet pitch produced in this country. The

pipes which are observed to project horizontally over the centre portion of the organ are those of the *Tromba*, belonging to the solo key-board. The idea of thus placing reed-stops appears to have originated with the Spanish builders, in many of whose instruments—and notably in the two large organs of the Cathedral at Seville—all the trumpets, clarions, etc., have this horizontal and external position. The advantage of this arrangement is that the tone, travelling towards the auditor in a far more direct course than when the pipes stand erect, derives from it a great apparent increase of volume and intensity. The pipes of the *Echo Tromba* of the swell organ are, also, similarly placed within the swell-box.

One remarkable mechanical arrangement which pervades the whole instrument is quite novel in English practice. It is the distinct grouping together of certain stops of each manual—each group having its own sound-board, placed apart from, and supplied with wind independently of, the remainder. In the list of stops above quoted, the mode in which the stops of each manual are thus grouped is indicated by brackets, and from thence it will be seen that there are, for the great organ, four of these separate sound-boards; for the swell organ, three; for the choir organ, two; for the solo organ, two; and for the pedal organ, four—or rather, as these are again subdivided, eight. Among its minor advantages, this grouping and separately alimentering of a small number of stops secure a more equable maintenance of the prescribed pressure in the wind-chests than can at all times be depended on under the ordinary system. As a wide passage-way is provided between the sound-boards of each manual, this arrangement has, also, the advantage of giving unusual facility to the necessary operations of the tuner. The chief object of its employment in this instance, however, was the introduction of another untried novelty in this country—the system of "Combination Pedals," invented and now invariably used by Cavaillée, of Paris. These "Combination Pedals" occupy the usual position, and—with a difference and an advantage of their own—discharge the functions of the composition pedals ordinarily employed in the English organ. They operate, however, on a widely different principle. They have no connection with the draw-stops or slides of the sound-boards; their action is simply to admit the supply of air to, or cut it off from, the various sound-boards, and thus, obviously, to command the speech or silence of the groups of stops placed on them. It is necessary to add that each pedal—in the progression from *piano* to *forte*—acts also on that which precedes it; thus at once providing against any unnatural or improper grouping of stops, and simplifying the operations of the performer. Ease, rapidity, and noiselessness of action are unquestionable characteristics of this system; but its peculiar advantage will be found in the number and variety of the combinations it affords. A pre-arrangement of the draw-stops obviously determines what number of any group of pipes shall appear at the command of each pedal; and thus the varieties of tone placed within reach of the performer's feet appear only limited by the number of combinations of which the stops themselves are legitimately capable.

The *Pneumatic Lever*, now generally admitted to be an essential feature in any large organ, is certainly indispensable to an instrument wherein, from the arrangement of the sound-boards, such an unusual number of valves must be operated on simultaneously by the finger of the performer. This beautiful apparatus is, it is believed, now too generally known in this country to require explanation in detail; yet it may not be here out of place to describe it, generally, as a kind of subsidiary machine interposed between the keys and the valves of the sound-boards, whereby the labor of opening the latter is, in fact, transferred from the finger of the performer to the arm of the bellows-blower. Its mode of operation is very similar to that of the steam-engine; steam and a reciprocating piston being represented in the *Pneumatic Lever* by compressed air, and the alternate inflation and exhaustion of a small bellows which—thrown into action by the slightest

pressure of the player's fingers—acts, in turn, with considerable force on the train of connections by which the sound-board valves are opened. There are two sets of this apparatus in the Crystal Palace instrument, one for the Swell Organ, and the other for the Great Organ and its numerous array of couplers; and by their means, the "touch," even when all the separate members of the instrument are united on one key-board, is rendered as light and invariable as that of a grand pianoforte.

The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed through this large instrument by twenty-two pairs of bellows. Four, only, of these, however, are employed to furnish the supply of air—the remainder act merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chests.

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, proper to state that the Crystal Palace Organ will not—indeed, cannot—be entirely completed as here described until after the termination of the Handel Festival. A few stops in the choir and solo organs, not essential to the present orchestral duties of the instrument, not forming part of the original design, and which time renders it absolutely impossible now to complete, are at present omitted, but will take their destined positions as speedily as opportunity permits.

Music in London.

[Correspondence of New York Tribune, June 22.]

LACK OF VOICES.

If we are to judge from the performances in London, while instrumentalists are progressing in a wonderful manner, good singers become more and more scarce; for, Clara Novello excepted, it did not fall to our lot to hear any singing lady or gentleman who may be reckoned as above the average. Mesdames Bassano, Rudersdorff, Ferretti, Ransford, Sedlatzcek and others have sung themselves out; the new-comers, Mesdemoiselles A. Manning, Jenny Baur, Augusta Stubbe, are very young and pretty, but the less said of their voices will be the better. Herr Von der Osten, Herr Reichardt, M. Frank Bodda, and other male artists, may be musical enough, but they enjoy a mere thread of voice, and prove, at all events, unable to excite genuine enthusiasm among their hearers. The quartets sung by the Cologne amateurs: "Köllner Männer Gesang Verein," proved alone successful in that direction; and nothing could give a higher idea of the harmonious splendor of the human voice when skillfully managed, than the songs executed by these eighty powerful performers, with the most striking *ensemble*. Why, then, have they made such a bad selection of melodies? Most of the composers whose names appeared on the programmes are totally unknown, and, we are bound to admit, deservedly so. A *Lied*, originally intended for a tenor or baritone solo, does not exactly gain much by being set for four voices, and it is certainly a pity to waste on mere musical trash such efficient power of harmony as the Germans possess.

If we were to believe English newspapers, there would be no reason to complain of a scarcity of grand singers, especially since a most bright luminary has appeared in the cloudy British sky, in the person of Miss Victoria Balfe, the daughter of the Irish maestro. But this shining star somewhat resembles that much-talked-of comet of the 13th of June; everybody spoke of it, yet nobody could perceive it. Miss Balfe's success is another instance of the British spirit of nationality, which has become a greater virtue than patience itself. She made her debut in *La Sonnambula*, and a more charming somnambulist could not be fancied in a Summer night's dream. She has almost exactly the age, the features, the figure of Grisi, when the latter appeared in London some twenty-five years ago. The "Nisetta" of to-day recalled to mind the "Diva Giulia" of former times in every particular, one only excepted—namely, the voice. Let English loyalists cheer and huzza to their heart's delight, and strike the big drum of flattery

with the enthusiastic devotedness of a regimental kettle-drummer, we are of the same opinion as the witty King Louis XVIII. He once astonished his Ministers by the simple truth, taken from a cooking book, that for a hare ragout the first thing required was a hare; and thus, we are inclined to believe that for a singer the first thing required is a voice.

THREE NEW PIANISTS.

Among the new pianists, who, if they have not just arrived in London, came, nevertheless, this year for the first time fairly before the public, we have particularly noticed three—Derffel, Klindworth and Rubinstein, three "foreigners." Herr Derffel, a highly cultivated artist from Vienna, was announced in grand style by the bombastic Ella, but, as usual, the customary mouse came forward after due labor. Herr Derffel executes the classic sonatas of Beethoven with laudable accuracy, and in the required style; there is no fault to be found with him, but he leaves you completely unmoved, and in the long run his performances will be found as dry and stiff as his person. The pianist has the misfortune to be uncommonly ugly. Every one of us, so-called lords of the creation enjoys more or less the privilege of ugliness, but our friend Derffel really abuses it, and it is always unpleasant to be a kind of errata in the creation. We can never look at him without thinking of an immense half-crochet seated before a piano.

Herr Karl Klindworth, one of the best pupils of Liszt, is different in appearance as well as in execution, and may deservedly be regarded as one of the most promising musicians of our time. His long yellow hair and beard gave to his handsome person something of the expression which great painters have bestowed upon the Apostle John; and, in fact, he has assumed the character of an apostle of the romantic school of music. His mechanical and professional skill is unbounded; and, besides, there is so much heartiness and genuine feeling in his performing, that even a layman, as Tieck calls every non-musical being, is able to understand a sonata of Beethoven or a concerto of Bach, when they are played by him, for he plays with his whole soul. The great Liszt holds him in so great honor that he dedicated a fantasia on Raff's opera to him; and with such a high approbation, Herr Klindworth may well despise the silence or criticism of the British Zoilus, who worship none but "respectable," time-honored idols; he belongs to the small number of chosen musicians

"that seize
The heart with firmer grasp."

Antoine Rubinstein, a young Russian, is not only a powerful pianist, but also a delightful composer. He has more fire, more *entrainement* than Klindworth, but perhaps less feeling, less inward ardor. As a performer we really think him second to none but Liszt, and his future career will be marked with unusual brilliancy. He is one of the few wonderful children whose ripe age does not give the lie to the once promising childhood; it was the case with Handel, Mozart and Liszt, and even at the risk of being charged with exaggeration, we hope that the name of Rubinstein will one day be pronounced among the most glorious. To those who heard, at the concert given in his honor by the *Réunion des Arts*, in Harley street, the quartet, the sonata and the *Persische Lieder* composed by him, our appreciation will by no means appear too lofty. There is much originality in these compositions, and we do not know of a greater praise to be bestowed, in our days of unmeaning and endless writing of notes. All the eminent musicians of London were present at this concert, and among the most delighted we remarked Ella, Benedict, Ernst, Goffrie, Kjalmark, Paque, Witt and Brückmann. Sebastian Bach's concerto in C minor, executed on two piano-fortes by Rubinstein and Klindworth, was truly wonderful and delightful in the utmost. Such performances are passed over in silence by the honorable Mr. Davidson and his critical followers; but let us tell them, with Wordsworth:

"Ye who pore
On the dead letter, miss the spirit."

Rubinstein and Klindworth are not the only foreign artists in England who may exclaim, with as good a right as Ovid:

"Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor illis."

NEW SCHOOL.

As I am speaking of the new school of music, I must not omit to mention that the 35th Musical Festival of the Rhine has been celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that Franz Liszt was the chosen director. The fact is important for those who have asked themselves for a number of years: Is there a new art? are the ideas of Richard Wagner, propagated by Liszt, destined, beside the remarkable works written by their ardent promoters, to produce a partial or radical reform in music? The programme itself answered the question. Full of admiration for the illustrious names of musical Germany, the maestro of Weimar demands at least toleration and space for the works of those for whom the hour of posterity has not yet struck. After Bach, Handel, Beethoven, he inscribes, *en passant*, Schubert and Schumann, and at last come the new names of Richard Wagner and Hector Berlioz. This prospectus is certainly more eclectic than revolutionary. In spite of the efforts of the classical conservatives, a symphony of Schubert, Robert Schumann's *Sanger's Fluch*, Liszt's *Fest Klänge*, and Wagner's overture of the *Tannhäuser* met with the most genuine success. But Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ* was the great stumbling-block. How could such a profane romantic appear among the sacred crowd? Many enthusiastic Handelists asked proudly: "What is Saul coming to do among the prophets?" and would have deserved the answer which the witty Julius Weber once returned to an assembly of straight-laced clergymen, "I am seeking my father's ass, and think I have found it." Berlioz! a living composer, and a Frenchman, too! *Vade retro!* Poor Berlioz meets with the same misfortune which befalls *pauvre Jacques* in the play, whom people found too old for work and too young for alms. In Paris they find him too German; at Aix-la-Chapelle, too French. However that may be, the performers of the Festival entered into a conspiracy, and executed the oratorio so badly at the rehearsal that Liszt was obliged to leave off the two first parts; but in spite of this obstinate aversion, the third part, *La Fuite en Egypte*, produced such a profound sensation that the whole theatre applauded most vigorously. Hector Berlioz has at present *droit de bourgeoisie* in Germany.

And now, to finish with the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—what shall I say of it? When Voltaire was once asked why he did not write a commentary of Racine's tragedies, as he did for Corneille, he answered, "This commentary is already written, for you have only to put under each page the words *admirable, sublime*." We do not exactly share the opinion of the sarcastic philosopher on Racine, but still we are unable to find any other expression, beside his two superlative epithets, in order to describe our sensations at this grand execution of the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus* and *Israel in Egypt*. It will be one of the greatest events in the musical history of England and the world, for there was never anything to be compared with such an effect. I do not grudge that I have no space left for detailing my opinion, for I feel inadequate to the task of expressing my admiration in a suitable manner.

Psalm Tunes.

By Dr. EDWARD HODGES, from New York Musical Review.

The mode of conducting the celebration of Divine Worship in the Church, has, in the lapse of ages, changed and varied from time to time, to so great a degree, that, were one of the primitive Christians now to rise from his grave and present himself in any congregation upon earth during an ordinary public service, he would probably be, at least for a little while, at a loss to determine precisely what was going on; so new and strange would the whole proceedings appear to him to be. The edifice, the vestments, the style and

manner of preaching and praying, might all strike him as sufficiently remarkable; but no portion of the service would more strongly impress his mind with a sense of novelty than the department of sacred praise. The music would be to him passing strange. It must be so, no matter what the ecclesiastical climate he had entered. Whether he found himself present during the celebration of a grand Mass, with all possible attractive and gorgeous accessories, in a sumptuous Romish cathedral; or whether he chanced to be present at the less imposing ceremonies of the English Church; or whether he had gone into an assembly of some one of the numerous Christian "denominations" into which Protestant Christendom has so unhappily divided itself; in either case, the music associated with the occasion would necessarily strike his ancient ears as something new. The same would happen, too, even if he had fallen upon a congregation which limited itself to the use of what is called "Plain Song;" he would say that he had never heard the like before.

The music of the early Church has been lost—lost irretrievably. Not a vestige of it is certainly known to remain.

But music, of some sort, is an acknowledged necessity. Without it, the public ceremonials of religion would be on all hands felt to be dismally incomplete; and—which consideration is still more important—scriptural precept upon the subject would be totally disregarded. Music there must be; but of what particular kind, is left to the judgment of the Church itself, from time to time, to determine.

Was there not an exhibition of wisdom in the very avoidance of all specific direction with regard to this point?

Since the introduction of Christianity, the science of music has attained a wonderful development; and yet it would be presumptuous even now, had we the power, to pretend to fix and determine the Music of the Church for all time coming. There may be a much deeper meaning in the phrase, than we usually attach to the well-known words, "O sing unto the Lord a new song."

No music whatever will bear *everlasting* repetition. Imagine a congregation singing a tune, a good tune, the best possible tune, for an hour—one single hour; would it not, however pleasing at first, long before the expiration of that single hour, become irksome? But extend the idea, and suppose the same congregation continuing to sing the same tune for two, three, or four hours; and it would become perfectly intolerable. The thought of inflicting upon the ear of a living man the same tune—no matter how excellent in itself and how exquisitely sung—for a given number of hours *every day*, for a month, for a year, for a series of years, presents only the idea of a refinement of cruelty, unsurpassed by the most ingenious tormentor that ever wielded the terrors of the Inquisition. Yet such is the notion which some good people seem to entertain concerning the music of heaven!

Plain Congregational Singing, similar in spirit if not in kind to that which was known in the earliest age of the Church, was strenuously encouraged by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. Prior to that, the Albigenes in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Wickliffites in the fourteenth, and the followers of John Huss in the fifteenth, had all adopted it. In the period of religious strife and contention it came to be a badge or mark of distinction; so that a man's religious views could be known from the style of music which he favored. By the way, it would seem as though we were at this time approaching a similar period; but this aside. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," tells us that "some poets, such as the times afforded, translated David's Psalms into verse; and it was a sign by which men's affections to that work [the Reformation] were everywhere measured, whether they used to sing these or not."

It was a mark of Protestantism. All they who did not sing the metrical psalms were set down as Romanists. Should we go through all our congregations and apply a similar test now, the Pro-

testants would appear as but a scanty minority, a mere sprinkling; and some fashionable churches would furnish none at all!

Psalmody, by which we mean the singing of metrical psalms and hymns, by a choir, or by a few leading voices, is universal among all sects and denominations, saving only the Society of Friends: and yet, any approach to a general participation in such singing, by the congregation present, is but a rare occurrence. Whether the old tunes have worn out through frequent repetition, and the new ones brought in have not been made of the right sort of stuff; or whether "men's affections towards that work" have died out, we will not take upon ourselves to determine. Quite certain it is that there is a great and general want of heartiness and earnestness in the matter. The great multiplicity of tunes introduced, and the frequent change of musical administration, (spoken of last week under the head of "Music Committees,") may have contributed towards bringing about this result; but the main cause probably lies still deeper.

"Where there is a will there is a way;" at least in such a matter as this: and if the people were really bent upon having congregational singing, we should soon have it.

The indefatigable men who manufacture psalm tunes have labored hard to provide an abundant supply of the raw material. They have furnished tunes for the million, and almost by the million. Judging from the quality in the market, one would think that this is one of the greatest psalm-singing countries on earth. And yet we may truly say with Dr. Watts,

"In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

It is true, to the letter; be the fault where it may.

On another occasion there may be an opportunity of dropping some hints upon the proper mode of conducting this portion of divine worship, constituting as it does the *exclusive* music of many congregations. It will suffice for the present to have again called attention to the lamentably languishing condition of psalmody in general, all around us. That it should be in such a state of declension, is very remarkable, considering the circumstances of the case, more particularly the infrequency of the employment of any other species of Church Music. Perhaps it arises from the excess of modesty, so that a man is ashamed to suffer his voice to be heard in the service of God! Of course it cannot be from the decay of courage. Be it however from what cause it may, the fact—the stubborn fact—remains; congregational singing is dead; to use a vulgar but expressive simile, "dead as a door nail." The mighty roar of a multitude, singing with heart and voice, is not now to be heard; and the responsive AMEN which was wont to roll like a peal of thunder from the lips of the first Christian congregations, has sunk to what is hardly loud enough to deserve the name of a *pious whisper*. These two portions of congregational duty, responses and psalmody, have a great sympathy with each other; they rise or fall together. That both have fallen into all but total desuetude, it is more easy to regret than to remedy. But there is hope for the future, there is a gleam of light in the distance. Many earnest minds are directed to the subject, and it cannot be very long ere some good will result from their efforts.

Meanwhile, an acquaintance with Psalm tunes cannot be accounted a very uncommon attainment in some parts of the United States, judging from the following striking remarks of Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, in a lecture which he delivered at Hope Chapel, in this city, a few months since.

"If an American professor of music tells you that he has studied, understands, and can teach Church Music, he means PSALM TUNES.

If he seeks a situation to take the charge of a choir, or play a church organ, he enumerates, among his other qualifications, his knowledge of Church Music, and again he means PSALM TUNES.

If he goes to a Musical Convention, it is to practise, as well as to buy, PSALM TUNES.

If he gets up one of those popular institutions called 'singing schools,' it is for the purpose of teaching and practising PSALM TUNES.

If you were to ask a hundred leaders of choirs the question, What is Church Music? ninety-nine of them would answer PSALM TUNES.

If you go to church, you expect to hear Church Music; but it is still PSALM TUNES.

And should you visit a friend on Sunday evening, and singing is proposed, again you will hear Church Music; but it is invariably PSALM TUNES."

Dr. Tuckerman's remarks, we presume, apply in all their force to the condition of musical affairs in the New England States, of one of which he is himself a native. Surely, after such an exposition of the psalmic tendencies of the country, one would there expect to find general congregational singing at the very pinnacle of its glory.

But is it so?

H.

Chorley on the Handel Festival.

[London Athenæum, June 20.]

* * * The announcement of an orchestra built to contain 2,500 people, as wide in area as a cathedral—the rumors of an organ which could be heard a mile off—of a drum that was "to rend the sky"—had prepared the majority of spectators to expect something more crushing and astounding in point of forcible sound than ears in England had ever enjoyed or endured before—and disposed them to forget that so huge a gathering, made under conditions so highly unprecedented, must inevitably be largely an experiment. Twenty curiously-varying impressions, all genuine, all truthful, would be given by a score of those who witnessed Saturday's rehearsal:—A. could not catch the solo voices; B. heard too little of the stringed instruments; C. thought the united tone meagre; D. rebelled against the organ; E. cavilled at the balance of sound in the orchestra; F. was fretted because the 2,000 vocalists, (some of whom flocked hither from Limerick in Ireland), had not been benefited by sixty consecutive rehearsals in company; G. ascribed the want of sonority (or the over-sonority, G. hardly knowing which was which) to the glass roof. Meanwhile, those who carefully moved about, in possession of some experience, more or less, and cherishing some power of making allowance, were less hasty and hazarding in "the final blow" of judgment—and the less so because it seemed evident to such persons, from half-hour to half-hour, that the mass of vocalists and instrumentalists were gradually becoming better and better cemented, and that the multitudinous sound which they gave out had peculiarities of its own, as remarkable, if not as seizing, as the violent noise expected—that every position in the vast building had its special advantages and disadvantages—and that for every visitor there was something new to satisfy sensation as well as to excite imagination. Betwixt Sunday and Monday, many changes were made, all for the better—all tending to concentration and grandeur of effect. The vast orchestra was more closely shut in than it had been two days before. The position of the choristers was entirely altered—and other touches were added, here and there, which nothing but trial could have suggested as necessary. The result was Monday's splendid performance of the "Messiah." * *

We have characterized the performance of the "Messiah" as splendid. The mass of choral and orchestral sound (as we heard it) seemed balanced to a nicety—rich, glowing, sonorous, and of a sweetness such as is not to be heard out of England. There was no such despotism of Boerges organ and Polyphemus big drum as had been undertaken for by hasty and apprehensive persons. The body worked, as a whole, more satisfactorily than could have been expected. The execution was in many parts unimpeachable—as in the choruses 'For unto us a Child is born,' 'Glory to God,' 'All we like sheep,' 'Lift up your heads,' and the 'Hallelujah' (allowing for the slackened tempo at the words 'The kingdom of this world' as a conductor's fancy in which we do not sympathize). In other choruses it is true the great mass of vocal sound seemed to sway to and fro, like a balloon when the inflation is consummated before it is allowed to break loose,—but it was no less evident that the mass was under control, and that it became more forcible, because more obedient, as the performance advanced. The energy, mastery, and animation of Signor Costa, and his known power of

obtaining the utmost results under possible conditions, were never more signally manifest than throughout the "Messiah" on Monday. To ourselves, such an execution as we have of late years heard at Birmingham is far more satisfactory;—and yet there was something vast, and noble, and boundless—a delicious amplitude and richness of sound in many passages—the voice as "of summer deep calling to summer deep"—which amounted to a new and a poetical experience, and which went far to satisfy us that—due time, place, alternation, and occupation provided for—even such monstrous performances as these may have a real depth of truth and life and beauty as regards music, besides that superficial gorgeousness which every one can feel, yet by which every one must be in some measure disappointed. The annihilation of the solo singers, which some had confidently announced, did not take place. The soprano (Madame Novello), the alto (Miss Dolby), the tenor (Mr. Sims Reeves), did "the best of their best,"—sang with more than usual care, and with something of the inspiration belonging to so august a celebration.

From my Diary, No. 8.

JULY 10.—"The fast-sailing and elegant steamer Nantasket, Capt. A. L. Rowell, continues to make her daily excursions among the islands of our harbor, and to those beatiful places of sea-side resort; Hingham and Hull—cheering her passengers on the way with the merry strains of her steam Calliope."

So says one of the morning papers.

A few years since a man established a varnish factory in Cambridge. The smell was very offensive to the neighbors, and a court of justice decided the factory to be a nuisance, and the man was forced to remove.

However delightful the effluvia of decaying masses of filth may be to the dwellers in certain streets of Boston, there is a large class of Bostonians whose delicate noses are offended thereat, and consequently he who throws garbage into the street is fined.

If a man exposes at his window a disgusting picture—I do not mean one offensive to good morals—the good sense of the community, possibly the police, will cause its removal.

Let any person cast into the reservoir on Beacon hill any substance which, though perfectly harmless, shall give the aquaduct water a taste disagreeable to a portion of the community, how quickly the police would be after him, to inflict condign punishment.

How happens it, while the other senses are protected by the law and our courts of justice, that the ear may be outraged with impunity? Smells, tastes, and sights, in which many people really take pleasure, subject their authors to public punishment; but the most hideous and unearthly noises may proceed from the throats of rambling street beggars with wheezy hand-organ accompaniments, and no one interferes with them, although it is well known that the money they get is in most cases but a tax paid to induce them to move off.

In the matter of calathumpian bands, which in the days of their popularity afforded a world of fun to those engaged in them, we have seen city and town authorities move, and so move that any attempt to serenade a new married couple now with fish-horns, tin-pans and the other calathumpian instruments, would instantly subject the musicians to fine and perhaps imprisonment. And yet the number of persons annoyed by calathumpian music was seldom half as great as the number of those who enjoyed the fun to the utmost.

But now is brought forward an invention which it would seem could only have come from the brain of one, like a certain Mary, possessed of seven devils, and the city authorities allow it to shriek and scream and yell, and utter its diabolical sounds, phizzy and wheezy, shrieky and screeky, some flat, some sharp—being in tune is out of the question—by the hour together, without notice. I may have a calathumpian in my own house if I wish, provided they play you gently, so as not to disturb my neighbor; but I cannot have it on my steamboat, lying at the wharf; and this is right. But this thing from the regions below may send its horrid noises through all the region round about with impunity, and we hear of the "merry strains of the steam Calliope!"

On the 4th, I went to Hingham by the steamboat.

As I turned into Congress street on my way to the wharf, I heard away down street the sharp, shrill tones of a very bad hand-organ, in which the maker had forgotten to insert any appropriate harmonies to the silly air which was then in progress. I went on and on, and the abominable organ—which made me wish for the Berlin law, that every organ-grinder shall be fined who does not keep his grinding apparatus in tune—grew ever louder and louder. Arrived at the wharf, and there the instrument of torture was! on the very boat upon which our party was to go. What could we do? We discussed the question of giving up our party in the woods, casting aside all the arrangements which had been made, and flying for relief to any other quarter.

Will the confounded thing be kept going all the time of the passage? Cannot the cast iron-eared man at the keys be pitched overboard? What can we do?

Well, at last we concluded to try it—and we *did* try it! Besides the horrors of the tones produced, just think what it is to a sensitive musical person, to hear "old 100," "Greenville," negro melodies, old Scotch airs and Irish songs, all mixed up together, pell mell, played upon steam locomotive whistles, all in the same key, all in the same kind of "rum, tum, tum—r-r-r-um, tum, tum" harmony, (?) in no case in tune, and with occasional sforzandos, which invariably, as they swelled, raised the pitch from an eighth to half a tone!

"But, Mr. Diarist, you are not obliged to go to Hingham."

No, *Sir*, thank my good stars!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1857.

Commencement Week—Our Class—C. T. B.'s Ode—Festival of the Alumni—Music at Cambridge.

This week our dear and honored Alma Mater claimed our loyalty, and thankful for the musical vacation of the hot months (which even a poor drudge of a musical editor might be allowed to seize upon), we have sought the pleasant shades of Harvard and lived over the old thoughts and feelings that date back a quarter of a century among a goodly representation of our dear old classmates. The ceremonies of Wednesday, Commencement proper, went on in the time-honored way, and are found chronicled in all the newspapers. That day for us belonged to our old Class of 1832. We were *sixty-eight* then, when we came out into the busy, stormy world. We are but fifty now, and *twenty-five* (nearly all who were within call) met to keep the twenty-fifth, or "silver" anniversary of our graduation. We were a noble and united class. Harmony was our motto, and among the influences which kept us united, and which still keep the old class sentiment alive, was eminently that of Music. We had our famous singers, whose songs rang through the Commons hall on Fourth of July mornings, and through the evening stillness under the venerable elms, with memorable charm. Those old songs (our tastes were not then very classical), renewed at all our anniversaries, have never failed to waken the true thrill; for they still tell of a free, inner, common life, that kept and keeps us one in spite of the world's ambitions and distinctions. Some of us have been more faithful, perhaps, to that life, and that bond of union, than to the formal lessons which our Mother gave us. Some of us have been more strongly drawn away by Music, than by aught that beckoned us in paths of literature or the professions,—or one of us would not be writing here. The class of '32 has furnished its fair share of shining lights in church and state, in literature and science; and these have not shut out from their sympathies and recognition one, who, turning aside from all these paths, has come unconsciously and irresistibly

to be preoccupied with so secular a life-task as that of striving to make Music recognized as one of the essential "humanities" and "classics" of true education, as an important element in social life (especially in free republics,) and in the culture of the true Christian gentleman.

This is not the place, nor have we room, to give a record (than which few things could be richer or more interesting, were all known) of that gathering of the twenty five around a board laden with the memories of twenty-five years as well as with the good things of the present. So many tender, serious, humorous recollections; so much wisdom bought by dear experience, so much renewal of high aspirations; half sad, half sweet renunciation of once proud ideals; so much poetry and wit and anecdote and song, and serious lesson, all in the rich and mellow key of Friendship! These could only be embodied in a Symphony, of the richest, tenderest and deepest, yet opening and ending with bright glorious strains that thrill and quicken and renew all high hopes and resolves.

We cannot give the fine things said by brother B., our President; nor the beautiful memorial address by brother O., our class orator; nor the poor excuses of our dumb class poet, who shall be nameless; nor the sententious results of calm, solid brothers S. and M.; nor the Charles Lamb-like college reminiscences of quaint, modest brother H.; nor the many apt responses, grave and gay, each exquisitely flavored with the old individuality, which under the inspiration of the hour, shone also through the altered, time-hardened faces with the old look and glow of youth; but we have it fortunately in our power to present the beautiful Ode, contributed by our beloved brother, Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS of Newport, whose graceful translations from the German poets have so many times adorned our columns.

How beautiful the feet
That, from manhood's dusty track,
To the green and shaded seat
Of the Muses hasten back—
To Learning's, Friendship's, Memory's honor'd shrine!
From the race-ground's heat and toil
How gratefully they turn—
From the battle-ground's turmoil
To thy stillness how they yearn,
Auld Lang Syne!

Their Delphi's classic fount
In thy tranquil realm they find—
Their Zion's hallowed mount—
Their "Mecca of the mind"—
The Sepulchre, the Altar and the Urn:
Calm and holy is the air—
Fresh and holy is the ground—
Deathless garlands breathe around,
And vigil-torches there
Ever burn.

Thus, Brothers, come we now
Our ancient home to greet,
And, with pensive, reverent brow,
To lay at Wisdom's feet
Our votive gift in Thought's memorial hall:
We heard the ghostly breeze,
With a low-voiced music moan,
Through old Harvard's quivering trees,
And there breathed a mother's tone
In the call.

We come the scenes to trace
Of happy, youthful days—
Each well-remembered place
Of studies, walks and plays—
But ah, the change! "Ah, fields beloved in vain!"
How near and yet how far
That picture fair doth seem!
So shines an evening star
With softened summer-gleam
O'er the plain.

Alas, the fleeting years!
Remembrance! blissful pain!

What though thy bitter tears,
Like drops of latter rain,
O'er graves of days and joys departed fall?
On life's autumnal mould—
The dust of Memory's dead—
The burning tear grows cold;
No shower the spring that fled
Can recall.

Yet *this* the spirit cheers—
This pearl, from dark depths won:—
Though built of memory's tears,
In life's declining sun,
Fair sign of Hope an evening-rainbow yields.
Though Time may ne'er restore
Full many a form and face—
The loved and lost of yore—
Transfigured, they shall grace
Holier fields!

Not gloomy, then, though sad,
We turn our pilgrim-feet,
With lofty faith made glad,
To this reverend retreat,
Peopled with holy dead, that die no more.
Meet is it, we to-day,
In the world's distracting strife,
Should pause upon our way,
And the voice of death and life
Ponder o'er.

Five times five years have fled
Since the warm midsummer night,
Now numbered with the dead,
Yet warm in memory's light,
When, with youth's and music's wild, commingling
Till the ceiling's echoes rang, [swell,
And the agitated air
Made the very tapers flare,
Our last vows and hopes we sang—
And farewell!

And we felt a nameless thrill,
As the parting-hour drew nigh,
Our eyes and bosoms fill,
When the night-wind's plaintive sigh
Bore away the dying accents of our chorus:
"We are breaking the last ties,—
Brothers, classmates, with the dawn
Of the morrow we are gone,
And Life's broad ocean lies
All before us!"

Five times five years have fled—
Summer sun and winter snow
Five and twenty times have shed
On the cheek the dark brown glow,
And streaked the hair with lines of silver-grey—
And, a thinned and wasted band,
From the fields and floods of life,
Scathed by storm and scarred by strife,
At the trumpet-call we stand
Here to-day.

In classic days of yore,
As each fifth year came round,
Her children counting o'er,
Through the cleansed city's bound
Kept holy time our ancient mother Rome.
With us the faithful sun,
Commander of the sphere,
Through lustrums five hath run,
And this most solemn year
Calls us home!

We seek our boundary-stones,
A band of comrades true,
Old Harvard's loyal sons,
To keep, with honors due,
Our year of numbering and of purifying;
To call the blotted roll,
Our missing ones to tell,
And mourn for them that fell,
Whose memory in the soul
Bides undying.

And while the storied wall
Memorial tablets grace,
In thought's heaven-lighted hall
A high and sacred place

Shall many a votive tablet also find:
Faith's pious incense there
And gratitude's clear fire
Shall purify the air
And from every base desire
Cleanse the mind.

What mingling smiles and tears—
What lights and glooms flit fast
O'er the picture, as the years
Of the slumbering, dreamy past
From the magic circle start again to life;—
And again, a boyish band,
With elastic step, we tread
A classic, mythic land,
Trained by sage and hero dead
For the strife!

Alas! no more on earth
That Friendship shall be found!
The music and the mirth
That charmed for us this ground,
And drew down heaven so near us,—all is o'er!
No more, as then, we'll meet
In chamber, hall or grove,—
No more take counsel sweet,
Nor in free, fond converse rove,—
Nevermore!

Another lot was ours,
For *this was not our rest*;
Not in these fading bowers
The soul can find her nest;
Man's Eden lies beyond the bounds of earth.
In this harbor's green retreat
Piped the wind one summer-morn,
And, like leaves by whirlwinds torn,
On life's ocean was our fleet
Scattered forth.

And some whose hopes were high
In that morning's freshening breeze,
And who saw, with kindling eye,
Proud havens o'er the seas,
Ere noon have sunk beneath the "envious surge."
The wind that, favoring, blew,
And the trumpet-signal gave,
As their pennon sea-ward flew,
Already o'er their grave
Sings the dirge.

And, fellow-pilgrims, ye
Who, spared the untimely fate,
Still ride or stem the sea,
Or, in some port, await
The signal-call of Him who sits on high,—
Say, does the solemn past
Sound on in memory's ear
Like Duty's trumpet-blast,
With warning and with cheer,
From the sky?

The past, it is not dead—
It lives, in memory, still;
Though the outer form hath fled,
Yet the inner senses thrill
To the vision and the voice of days gone by.
Gone by? ah no—not gone,
But, like the world of night,
Unseen in day's bold light,
Forever following on,
Ever nigh.

Our loved and lost ones rise
In glory from the dust,—
The gentle and the wise,
The saintly and the just,
Teacher revered, true friend and trusted guide;
And heavenly is their talk,
And on the tranquil brow
Beams heavenly radiance now,
While, as of old, they walk
At our side.

Yes, from its place of old,
Though youth's fair world is gone,
Like morning's web of gold
From the dew-bespangled lawn,
The past is ours—no more to pass away—
Its pleasures and its pains,

Each glory and defeat,
Its losses and its gains,
The bitter and the sweet,
Ours for aye!

Each generous dream of youth
That bade us wage, through life,
For virtue, right and truth
Heroic, holy strife;
Each earnest struggle of the better will;
Each heavenly desire,
Each wise and lofty thought,
Each spark of manly fire
From saint, sage, warrior, caught,
Nerves us still.

Nor yet with us abide
These angels bright, alone:—
Close follow at our side,
With sad, yet tender tone,
And with reproachful, not resentful brow,
Scorned Wisdom, slighted Age,
And Time neglected, too,—
These, from a higher page,
Kind monitors and true,
Teach us now.

This moral ends my rhyme:—
Classmates, who still must learn,
In this great school of time,
Full many a lesson stern,—
One Friend—one Teacher—bides when all is past.
On Him and for Him wait—
Till, at the signal-call,
Through that mysterious gate,
To higher forms we all
Rise at last!

The testimony borne that evening as always by "Our Class," to the worth of Music, we gladly set down here among the sweet encouragements to our own sometimes dry and thankless task as editor of a Journal of Music. In the extremely rich and inspiring triennial Festival of the Alumni, upon Thursday, too, (which is reported in all the newspapers), we found signs of good cheer for music. The orator of the day, Mr. Everett, in his masterly defence of the "glorious inutilities" of pure, ideal studies, devoted one of his most brilliantly elaborated periods to Music. At the dinner, the sentiments and speeches were echoed not alone as hitherto by strains from a brass band, (it was an excellent one that played this time, the "Brigade," we believe), but by a worthy academic choir of young men, Alumni, sixteen in number, led by Mr. J. C. Heywood, of the Class of '55, who sang "Fair Harvard," and various good college songs well harmonized, with excellent effect. It was a comfort, too, in the marches and counter-marches of the procession, on both days, and in the meeting house, not to hear hacknied "anvil choruses" and miserably inappropriate operatic common-places, echoing through those classic shades. The selections of the band, (such as we heard), were in good taste. These straws point in the right direction, and we do not despair of ere long realizing the great reform, or rather entire new creation, so much needed in the matter of our academic music. For, if Music be that divine element of human culture that we think it, it is surely fit our Universities should set the best examples.

At the dinner of the Alumni at Cambridge we had the unexpected pleasure of having at our side Mr. J. ALFRED NOVELLO, the leading publisher of classical musical works in London, who is the son of that distinguished musician, VINCENT NOVELLO, and the brother of the great English singer, CLARA NOVELLO. Mr. Novello is on his first visit to this country, having come over mainly for the purpose of strengthening the New York branch of his extensive business. He is a solid, hearty, genial specimen of an intelligent Englishman, full of musical enthusiasm, and full especially just now of the great Handel Festival, which he regards as altogether a great triumph.... The Boston Music School, conducted by Messrs. Baker, Parker, Homer, and others, will commence its second term on the 1st of October. It numbers now 37 pupils, of whom 20 make their principal study the culture of the voice, 11 the piano-forte, 3 the violin, and 3 the advanced lessons in Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., while all take part in general exercises.... Our townsman, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, is busily engaged, we understand, in the composition of a second, an Italian Opera.

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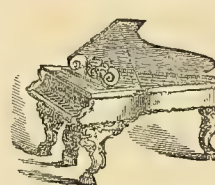
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Fresh Air from the Falls.

CATARACT HOUSE, NIAGARA, JULY 6, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:

A room over the rapids, or one on the street—that is the question. Coming in out of the night, when memory and imagination hold completed sway, we made, Elve and I, the more romantic election, and slumbered and woke amid the dash and roar of the waters.

The old "Cataract," with Morrison at his old post of head waiter, and his swift and lofty courtesy, still holds its own, in point of numbers, among its fashionable rivals. It holds its own in a finer sense. Its guests are those drawn by the immediate charm of the waterfall. It is now many days since our arrival, and we find the home feeling growing under its roof.

The sound and glory of the scene possessing sense and mind all day; we were glad to escape, after the second night, from its tremendous lullaby, and take the room over the street. Here I wake from habit soon after midnight, all sounds hushed but the low thunder of the fall:

"It names the name Eternity."

I tuck my head into the soft envelope of its muffled roar, and fall asleep.

The much vaunted view from the Clifton House, is to me especially unsatisfactory, and for the very reason adduced in its favor,—that one gets the whole fall in one bird's-eye view. But we do not want this living water framed into a picture, limited and realized by the devouring and defining eye. Let it rather be a ministry to the spirit, in its passionate and its reposing life. See it from Iris island; from the shanty on Goat island that is farthest up the English rapids, whence its majestic volume may be seen to fold

in and fall into unmeasured abysses; from the rocks beyond the tower; under the midnight moon, or in full sunned magnificence from the edge of Table Rock.

You know Niagara,—its color, figure, motion, beauty, power, repose. O, the fresh green of the great Horseshoe bend, where rolls, and falls, yet stays forever the vernal spirit of a million springs! I would not attempt to describe it, but allow me to say a word respecting its religion.

The surmises of many years take the outline and fibre of organic form during this week of golden leisure, and, sitting close to him with reverent attention, I seem to have won his peculiar secret. Listen. Amid the crowd of idlers, artists, poets, and men of business, Conscience arrives fresh from New England. He has enjoyed a safe education; is in some measure a poet, for he subordinates the shows of things to the religious desires of his mind. He is awe-struck, and hears the anthem of Nature to the Almighty. What sees he in the swallow that skims the summit of the fall? O, partial Conscience, leave thy meditations. Come, sit with me on the edge of Table Rock, and learn the real lesson of this singer of anthems.

You look upon his dazzling beauty. He is of eternity, and minds you not. You cannot disturb the infinitude of his content. His indifference interests you. His power is so penetrated with beauty that it casteth out fear. Gradually he charms the will asleep. He fuses your personality with his. He leaps within the magic ring of your consciousness:

"Be thou me, impetuous one."

Soon he proves himself the mightier being. His forehead shines with joy; nay, he is joy all over; in the white cap he flings from the horizon to the sky, far up the English rapids; throughout their dancing, lapsing and careering motions; in the grand pause, momentary, before the mighty surge sweeps over, until his enormous and uncontrollable delight bursts in a thunder song. No anthem! Close by your side, with light bubbling laughter, aglow with jewels, with tremendous ease, he slips over the precipice; a louder laugh comes up from below. He is by your side again, wooing, wooing, slipping over with tremendous ease. He is above, he is below, he is flinging his white cap from the horizon, he lives and woos you with a godlike and irresistible beauty in the magnificent bend; he fills the horizon of your mind. "I am," he roars from the gulf, and co-instantaneously, "Be thou me." He is an omnipresent and enveloping fascination, and—"Fust rate view of the falls, top o' the buildin', no charge,"—and the sharp nasal voice of the Canadian mayhap has saved your life.

But not the impertinent guide, nor the neighborhood of swindling hucksters, and indifferent coachmen, can remove the spell. The gods of Greece are born again. Out of that foam, intensely pure, and intolerably bright, with no taint of brine, fit drink for gods, springs Venus, fairer than her Mediterranean sister. The great bend is at once the inaccessible emerald throne, and the awful, severe front of Jupiter. Love and truth are not. Beauty is all in all. Pantheism is the religion of the waterfall.

I may write you again next week, before taking you by the hand, on the seashore.

Faithfully,

MOT.

Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

[Concluded from p. 122.]

If you have once accustomed yourself in this way to *think* about the Fugue, while you are hearing it or playing it, you will soon find the *spirit* of each good piece of this kind, or rather the spirit of its composer, as impressed upon the piece, no stranger any longer to *your* spirit. Moreover, the *expression* of the piece, if it really has expression, and is not a mere work of the understanding, will speak to your soul and your feeling. And finally you will acquire at least an inkling of an apprehension of the fine points in its artistic construction and of the peculiarities in its special combinations, and even in this inkling you will find true enjoyment. On the first two points, (the spirit and expression of the work), not much may here be said in general; the best things to be said would, in the nature of the case, suggest themselves in the consideration of special pieces of true excellence. On the last point, (that of art in the strict sense of the word), I will mention nothing, lest I overload you, and so lose more than I should gain.

Let me only adduce one thing, which belongs among the most artistic combinations in the progress of a Fugue, since this will not be difficult to you, and will, if well applied, be a particularly pleasant thing for you to mark; and that is the passages where the composer gives the principal theme *to itself*, and again the counter-theme to itself, for an accompaniment; each, to be sure, in a peculiar form, but yet essentially unchanged. Or, to express the matter technically: where the connecting harmony is properly the theme and counter-theme itself, differently employed, but still the same. You will find this most frequently, and probably the most agreeably, where the leading thought, shortened, accompanies itself in its full form; or where the leading

thought, lengthened, appears with the same in its first form. This shortening of the theme may be either *intensive*, by diminution of the quantity and value of its notes; or *extensive*, where only one piece of it accompanies another piece in its whole course. So too it may be lengthened intensively, by doubling the quantity and value of the notes; or extensively, by broader carrying out of the figure. The first will occupy your understanding more; for it leads to the most artistic and wonderful juxtapositions: but the second will at the same time powerfully address your feeling; for it moves on pathetically and solemnly. On the first compare the often-cited *Kyrie* of Mozart; on the second the well-known fugue of Graun: *Christus hat uns ein Vorbild gelassen*, in the "Passion." * *

But our brave *layman*—do we not desert him utterly? Surely not: but he will have deserted us, and long ago; for in fact what is all this talk to him, who never reflects upon the work of Art set before him, but simply surrenders himself respectfully and with good will to its total expression? We cannot expect him to follow us in detail here or elsewhere; and if we did, it would be in vain: much rather ought we to presume that most fugues, take them as they are, would leave him pretty empty. All that we have to say to him, then, is: Do not strive against the whole fugue style; do not turn your mind away when such a piece begins; do not give it up beforehand, as a thing not fit for you. Not every fugue, by any means, is a mere work of the understanding and of art, in the more restricted sense of the term. Not seldom will fugues or fugued pieces be presented to you, which demand not only to be viewed as fugues, but also to be felt in general as works of Art; nay which, as you always like to have it, make a certain definite impression on you, and afford you sure delight, like beautiful works of Nature. This will be eminently the case with those fugues or fugued pieces, which we mean to designate more closely in another connection, and for whose sake you will perhaps be able to peruse the following brief sentences, to get from them so much as belongs to you.

We turn now to the composers, whose interest it is that this whole class of music shall not be neglected, but shall rather be restored to that consideration and sympathy with the public, which it enjoyed in old times—that is, we turn to all who are in earnest with their art and with themselves.

If you write works in which you would only exercise your mind and your art,—works which are only designed for artists, for virtuosos, for cultivated friends of Art; then no one else should have a voice in it but these; do, in respect to fugues as well as other compositions, as you will and as you can; but take it not to heart, if the public, if the dilettanti and the laymen take no notice of it, but leave the thing to take care of itself. But if you write works destined for the public,—works for the artist and the *knower* and the virtuoso, (if he belong to the latter class,)—but which shall also be something, and something significant, to the attentive dilettante and the well-wishing layman: then consider the following suggestions, and receive them, if you can bring no well-founded objections to the contrary, with good will.

In works for the great public do not give

fugues which, in their leading thoughts as well as in their working up, have importance only as works of the understanding; but give such as, in the very theme they start with, and also in its treatment, possess a definite character, really express something, and, when sung, express precisely what the words say. That this is possible and attainable, is understood of itself: but if you wish experimental proof of it, and at the same time fine models for it, consider the following well-known pieces. Handel's fugue: *He trusted in God, that He would deliver him*, &c., in the "Messiah." Besides the fact, that here the words rhetorically are as distinct and truly declaimed, as if it were a recitative, how unmistakably there resides in this theme the expression of bitter mockery and reckless scorn! and with what thoughtful care the great master here, in following out the passage, never wanders from this theme and this expression, into aught indefinite or foreign! With what energy and majesty Emanuel Bach expresses in the theme, and then in the whole execution, what is contained in the words: *Every land is of his glory full!* (in the *Sanctus*.) How faithfully and truly Graun expresses firm faith and consoling courage, not bold and glaring, but, as was perfectly right here, within the limits of a Christian resignation, and in allusion to the sufferings of the guiltless one, in the short but beautiful fugue of the chorus: *Freuet euch, alle ihr Frommen: and Und was er zusaget, das hält er gewiss* (in the "Passion")! How simply grand, firm and dignified the same master's expression of homage to the glorified Redeemer, in that most masterly fugue: *Tu, rex gloria, Jesu Christe!* (in the *Te Deum*)!

To cite also a few merely fugued passages: what definite expression, what decided character in the themes of Graun above referred to: *And his days are shortened; His soul is full of sorrow!* or Handel's: *And He shall rule forever and ever!* in the Hallelujah of the "Messiah";—or Mozart's: *Quam (vitam) olim Abraham promisisti*, in the Offertorium of the *Requiem*!

Further: Write your fugues and fugued pieces, so far as this style admits, intelligibly and plainly, at all events clearly, purely, logically, and not overlaid with difficulties of execution through noisy instrumentation, through striking modulation, &c., so that the sense and progress of the piece may not be obscure to the listener. Here, if anywhere in your art, true riches shows itself; not in lavish scattering of gleaming spangles on all sides, but in the large application of sterling gold to a sure end; not in the spendthrift extravagance of the frivolous man of the world, but in the liberality of the wise and earnest king.

Finally: give to your fugues,—especially the free and merely fugued pieces, and most of all to those which are only written for instruments, where the listener lacks the impression of the words to rendering the entrance of the themes intelligible,—give to them as many accessory charms and excitements to the fancy and the feeling, as is possible without injury to the style itself and to your own special purpose. What is meant by this, and how it may be done, requires no words, beyond a reference, in instrumental music, to Mozart's finale to the Symphony in C major (the "Jupiter"), and to his overture to the *Zauberflöte*; and, if the question be of vocal pieces, to several of the fugues and fugued pieces in Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons." For the

realization of this wish, and for the popularization of the Fugue in general in all its forms, you will hardly find a more excellent model, than this admirable master.

While such fugues fully satisfy the artist and the knower, the dilettante, too, if he will only do what we have been advising, will readily and gladly follow them, and the layman in music will with equal pleasure yield his mind to them. More than this could not be asked of these two classes, and more need not here be said.

Musical Criticism.

A Translation from the German.

"In Germany, those who can do nothing else—write; and those who cannot even write—criticize." *Börne.*

"All our talents are presented on a salver to public opinion. The critical papers which appear daily in fifty different places, and form the public into a *clique*, prevent anything worthy from appearing. In the present day, he who cannot withdraw from such influence, and isolate himself entirely, is utterly lost. It is true that a kind of half-culture of the masses is effected by the bad and usually negatively-aesthetic power of journal criticism; but it acts on a prominent talent like a chilling mist, a benumbing poison, and destroys the plant of productive power, from its green adorning leaves, even to the sap and deepest roots."

Thus says Goethe, as you may read in "Eckermann's Conversations;" and yet, the age in which Goethe lived was, in this respect, a real age of innocence, compared with our own epoch. For as, in the olden time of *right of might*, highwaymen waylaid in ambush behind every forest corner and in every hollow lane, to surprise honest travellers—so, in our day, a critical bushranger hides beneath each newspaper article, and attacks the unwary artist who ventures forth into the world of publicity. Each coterie or criticizing Inquisition (*Vehngericht*) has its masked officials, who summon or drag a poor artist to their council, that he may be condemned, if he have acted contrary to their arbitrary and self-elected government. Of criticizing shoemakers, we have, alack! more than sufficient, but the Apelles are few. Excess of criticism does not, as some imagine, result from the absence of creative talents; but, on the contrary, talents are often retarded in their development, or even ruined and destroyed, by the overgrowth of weed-like criticism. Until the fatal power of journals is crushed, and until the ancient implicit and unshackled time of Art-creation and Art-enjoyment return, productive genius will never rise to the freshness, youthful strength, and virginity of former times. Would the public leave unnoticed the critics of the day, it might assert its independence by applauding that which it likes, and neglecting that which it dislikes—instead of repeating, as now often happens, the cry of critical *prejudices* (full of prejudice), and dealing applause or disapproval according to the word of command given by some party leader.

As the public never dares express its own natural judgment, and criticism cannot be relied on, an artist can never know with certainty, what really pleases, and what does not. If the public falter and play false, and critics err through ignorance or mislead through spite, what shall the creating artist believe? Whither shall he direct his search? Take up any musical newspaper, and you will read not only most ridiculous and absurd assertions, but flatly contradictory phrases, which are alternately used for praise or blame. And this is natural. Hegel says: "It is difficult to give a correct criticism, because the impressibility of the critic is disturbed by a thousand antagonistic principles which exist within him." This is true, and this dullness is caused by prejudice, want of knowledge, and partiality, for the principal critics of the present day are amateurs and dabblers; it would be impossible, even with the aid of a hundred lighted lanterns, to find now-a-days such critics as Lessing, the two Schlegels, Goethe, Schiller—and on music, Rochlitz, Hoffmann, and so forth. Musical criticism is mostly furnished by *Art-enthusiasts*, who

go into fits about Art, become ecstatic, and even delirious; they are not answerable for their words, but their disease is as contagious as St. Vitus' dance:—by *Art-talkers*, honest souls, who cannot work themselves into fits, but, having no knowledge or judgment of their own, repeat fashionable phrases, rosary like, and without thought, deceiving themselves and others by such propagation:—by *Art-hypocrites*, who feel otherwise than they profess, but who, fearing to be thought ignorant, ape Art-enthusiasts, whose fevered phantasies pass for oracles:—and lastly, by *Art-liars*, the most dangerous and mischievous, who form themselves into *coteries*, and deserve a separate letter.* Judgments of real *Art-knowers* are extremely rare, and, like single voices lost in a howling desert, are overpowered by the louder noise of the many. Would you have a small sample of newspaper comments and assertions? One says of a symphony—"it has too little melody;" and a fortnight after, of another—"it has too much melody." A so-called critic in one of the new musical journals, awarded Schumann "the palm of life!" for the first movement of his symphony; but as to the others, he refused to "write them in the book of History!" "Spohr (in the *Berggeist*) has impressively rendered the fundamental principle, that love belongs to the human, and not the spiritual world!" (How can he have managed this?) Brendel says—"Mozart is the poet of sexual love." Griepengerl, who would willingly amputate the wings of Pegasus, and employ him as a cavalry horse in a democratic volunteer regiment, asserts that—"Haydn's symphonies contain the opinions of the seven years' war!" and therefore advises *music for the moment!* Brendel divides music into *aristocratic and democratic*. Standard phrases are—"Genius must be free"—"He uses worn-out means"—"He struck out no new path." Such and other so-called artistically philosophic phrases are like hard nuts, which require much gnawing before we can crack the thick shell; and when it is accomplished, we often only find a little tasteless, shrivelled-up kernel, or a maggot, or—nothing at all. The public, which ever and ever sins against the eleventh commandment, "Be not taken in," fancies wonders of wisdom exist; but a young artist is distressed by these maxims, which stand between him and his art like threatening spectres. Mme. de Stael says—"There appear to intervene between ourselves and the object we seek to depict, a crowd of treatises upon Art—upon the Ideal and the Real—and the artist is no longer alone with Nature."† And Eckermann, in his *Conversations*, says—"It is a pity," said I, "that so many false teachers exist, for a young artist knows not to what saint he ought to recommend himself." "Of this we have examples," said Goethe; "we have seen whole generations deteriorated and destroyed by false maxims."

One of the evils of newspaper criticism is, that it awakens in young artists a contemptuous spirit for established models, without giving or increasing in them a creative power, so that they are led away into the many by-paths, through which we see so many modern composers straying. The works of great masters are described as "worn out," and therefore neophytes endeavor at all events to "form a new era," or "strike out a new path." When Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven created their masterpieces, no newspaper critics existed, or at any rate, critical voices did not scream simultaneously from fifty different quarters. What these composers became, they became by their own talent, and by the study of great works. These do not contradict themselves; in these nothing leads astray; from these alone we can learn sure rules for producing what is true and beautiful, classical and effective. Only by following great masters, can a disciple raise himself to mastership. "But," you will say, "surely a young, inexperienced artist, if led by the sincere criticisms of experienced, well-learned men, will sooner penetrate into the beauties of

masterpieces; he will feel more assured in his studies, and will sooner attain his aim." Certainly, I answer, if we possessed musical works, such as Winkelmann's on poetical art, or Lessing on the drama, I should advise you to read and study them—but even these, not too soon, for they shew at once the gigantic difficulties of real Art, and might intimidate the scholar in his still feeble efforts; but we have not such works in musical literature. Some excellent articles may be found dispersed among former musical journals, which are difficult to obtain. In modern times, one work has appeared which excels in profound and shrewd judgment, and for knowledge and impartiality surpasses every thing which has been written on music; I mean the *Biography of Mozart and the analysis of his works*, written by the Russian Oulibicheff. The perusal of this book is advisable for young artists, and for the music-loving public, as in it, Mozart's genius and art are discussed from every point of view, and we perceive, not only what his talent is, but also, how it became such. Beethoven's *Biography*, by Schindler, and memoirs of good masters, Haydn, &c., &c., should be read, for all of these contain much that is exciting, encouraging, and improving. All these composers, however great, and however enthusiastically extolled, are, after all, shewn to be mere men, who had to learn, and learned, and commenced with inferior attempts. We behold in them the natural course of cultivation, which many others may possibly follow. Such reading is profitable; but I say—"Away with all newspaper criticism."

The Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

You have expressed a wish, my dear Du Mont, to have a notice from my pen, of the Musical Festival, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, as Professor Bischoff is obliged to absent himself, for the purpose of spending a few weeks in London, with the Cologne *Männergesang-Verein*. I can hardly say that I place myself at your service so readily in this instance as I usually do. Richard Wagner may be right, when, in a letter on Liszt's compositions, he gives it as his opinion that a kind of heroic courage is necessary to praise a friend—but it is more disagreeable, in my opinion, to find fault with one, and I fear that I shall be obliged to do this more than once on the present occasion. I do not pay the slightest attention to the fact that the position which many are inclined to impute to me with regard to the Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, exposes me, in any notice of it, to suspicions of various kinds; for, frankly speaking, this is a circumstance about which I do not in the least trouble my head. I keep sight of two things only—to oblige you, and to express clearly and frankly my conviction—whatever motives this or that individual may impute to me are perfectly immaterial.

But I am speaking at far too great a length of myself, for who is not fond of busying himself with so dear an object as that blessed "I"? I tear myself, however, violently from myself, and transport you, with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, to the fine Theater-Platz, at Aix-la-Chapelle, where even at an early hour of the morning there reigns a lively commotion, and where a Rhenish musician or musical amateur runs against so many well-known faces that he scarcely knows in what department or province he really is. Every one is streaming to the first general rehearsal—the first skirmish of a military action is about to commence; it will last longer than the greatest national battles—five days. Let us, first of all, take a general view of the commander, the troops, the ground, the position of affairs, etc., etc.

The staff of musical Field-Marshal was confided to Liszt. It would hardly have been possible to find an artistic individual of greater reputation, an individual more calculated to interest the public, or to impart, at once, a certain brilliancy to the festival. Apart from the colossal reputation Liszt has gained as a virtuoso, his sparkling, en-

ergetic nature, his bizarre ways, and his amiability—in a word, his whole organization have always possessed a very great charm for every one, especially for the female world. Departing youth and whitening hair seem destined not to diminish his magic power. In addition to this, we have Liszt's position, a position, in its way, really influential; à la cour comme à la ville, among musicians and critics, in the literary, artistic, and theatrical world;—everywhere, in fact, is Liszt at home, everywhere has he patrons, and friends ready to do him a service.

All this is very well; but while, on the other hand it is more than necessary, it is, on the other, not sufficient. "Pour faire un civet de lièvre," says the French cookery-book, "prenez un lièvre"—for the conductor of a musical festival we require a conductor—now is Liszt a conductor?

It so happened that I had never seen Liszt conduct, and I had heard such contradictory statements on the subject that my curiosity, to be frank, was excited to the highest pitch. At present, that I have heard him, in five grand rehearsals, and three grand concerts, superintend and produce musical compositions of the most different kinds, I have arrived at the conclusion that Liszt is not a conductor—at least, not a conductor when compared to the task he has imposed on himself, or compared to what we are justified in expecting from a man like him. In a sort of a prefatory notice which he has prefixed to the scores of his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, he protests, with justice, against the "mechanical, tact-true, disjointed, up and down mode of playing, still usual in certain places." There is, certainly, nothing more fatal than the spiritless hurdy gurdy of a piece of music—and without intellectual conception the most precise execution is not worth a dump. But it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the greatest possible exactness in playing together is the basis on which a spirited performance must, so to speak, be built, and we are justified in demanding that this exactitude shall be effected by the manner in which the conductor performs his duty. Moreover, the conductor, even when he does not wish to confine himself strictly to one tempo, ought from the very first note plainly to give each different measure. Lastly, a fine performance does not consist exclusively in a certain degree of spirit, easily communicated from the soul of the conductor to the executants, but requires, also, a graceful, careful, and really musical attention to all the details. On this last point especially, Liszt has expressed himself admirably in the prefatory notice above mentioned (although strange to say, only in the French version of it), when he calls upon conductors, at one time, to maintain the balance between the instruments, and, at another, to bring forward separate organs or groups; in one place to give prominence to a note, in another to a short phrase, etc., etc. We have long known all this, but it could do no harm to print it once again. Would that Liszt acted as he speaks!

But we have other claims, in many respects of a higher nature, on a conductor. Although he may, to a certain extent, be shackled by circumstances, he ought, in the arrangement of the programme of a concert, to go to work with prudence and good taste; he should make allowance for the existing state of things, and endeavor to turn them to the best account. He should, lastly, as far as possible, allow his own personal musical sympathies and antipathies to remain in the background; and although we cannot blame him for allowing, in some cases, his partiality for certain works to appear, he ought not, under any circumstances, to manifest an indifference for others, unless he would prejudice himself and the task he has to accomplish. We may here apply the old saying: *Was du nicht willst dass dir geschieht, das thu' auch keinem Andern nicht.***

I cannot help now saying, that, at least in Aix-la-Chapelle, Liszt has not displayed any of the above qualities; but I reserve a detailed proof until I come to the details themselves.

The musical army placed under Liszt's com-

* Never do to another anything which you would not have happen to yourself.

* The original work is written in letters.

† "On croit sentir, entre soi et l'objet que l'on veut peindre, une foule de traités sur l'art, sur l'idéal et le réel, et l'artiste n'est plus seul avec la Nature."

mand, still to keep up my former comparison, was an admirable one. We know that in reckoning troops, as well as in calculating budgets, some slight liberties are taken with figures, and we will, therefore, not investigate closely whether there were really 566 performers, or whether the sopranos were 91 and the altos 88 voices strong—this is, after all, unimportant. The chorus and the orchestra were excellent, and as well adapted to each other and to the place as was possible under such difficult circumstances. The chorus was most sonorous; and if the basses and sopranos were rather more prominent than they should have been, the tenors were fresh and pleasing, and the altos full, although not always powerful enough. Aix-la-Chapelle appears to be rich in beautiful voices, a fact manifested, also, on some other occasions. Herr von Turanyi, who, as you know, is musical director in Aix-la-Chapelle, had, by a conscientious course of instruction, admirably prepared the chorus for the conductor of the festival, and seeing that, as a general rule, great vocal works are less frequently performed in Aix-la-Chapelle than in other towns of the Rhine-Province, his exertions in this particular are more praiseworthy. The orchestra, in which there were about a dozen Belgian musicians, consisted mostly of Rhinelanders. Liszt had, however, brought with him some of his best men from Weimar, and some excellent musicians were, likewise, collected from a few other ducal chapels. The stringed quartet was splendid, the violins were brilliant, the violoncellos rich and full, and the basses powerful and energetic; the viols, however, might have been stronger. The wind-instruments, too, were very good, and their tone, generally, pure; some of the wood soloists may fairly be termed splendid, but the brass was not always quite steady. Nowhere, however, was there any material deficiency perceptible.

The ground, the charming theatre at Aix-la-Chapelle, is, doubtless, known to most of the readers of your paper. It possesses the advantage of being extraordinarily sonorous; and, although you hear equally well in almost every place, you still hear better in some places than in others. The only thing is, that it is too small for the increased proportions our musical festivals are assuming, and the growing interest the public take in them. The number of spectators it can contain is not much more than double the number of the executants. This would be a perfectly unnatural proportion, did not the significance of the festival consist at least as much in the assemblage of the great mass of musicians and dilettanti concerned, as in the number of those who come for mere passive enjoyment. The almost perpendicular arrangement of the places on the stage, which is anything but too wide, affords a very fresh and lively spectacle, and, generally, proves very favorable for effect.

For the vocal solos the services of Mlle. Meier, of Vienna, Herr Schneider, of Leipzig, Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt, young Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and a fair and highly accomplished amateur of Amsterdam, had been secured. The place of Mlle. Meier, who was prevented, by indisposition, from appearing, was supplied by Mlle. Milde, of the Ducal theatre, Weimar—a brilliant acquisition. Although among all these artists there was not one with a European reputation—no “star,” as the English say—we were justified, from what was said of some and about others, in hoping the best. In addition to this, we had fine weather—cooled down a little by some showers—together with all the love of life and adventure, the freshness and good humor which the “*liebliches Fest*” always brings with it in the Rhine Provinces. Your Cologne friends in Aix-la-Chapelle frequently thought of you, as did most frequently of all, yours truly,

FERDINAND HILLER.

Hector Berlioz and his Drolleries—Piano-forte playing—Prudent—Fumagalli.

(From Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune, June 18.)

M. Hector Berlioz demolished in his last *feuilleton* some two or three widely spread musical

absurdities in his wonted droll way: as I dare say this harmonical nonsense is current with you, at least during the opera and piano season, I make it a point of duty to send you the ludicrous philippic: Prudent (an eminent teacher and composer for the pianoforte here) is a skillful *virtuoso* composer, who writes music for the piano without asking more from the piano than it can give, and without in the least pretending to place it in competition with an orchestra. While using largely, and with a great deal of address, the varied resources of the mechanism of the new school, he knows very well that we have only two hands provided at most with five fingers, and that none of these fingers are half a yard long. Consequently he has not yet written any impossible music; his music is rich, brilliant, scientific, and even difficult, but practicable for all pianists worthy of the name; and this quality is valuable in the estimation of everybody who believes that music is made to be heard. Will it be believed that the contrary opinion has some followers? Chopin, in the last years of his life, took a great deal of pains to sustain it in a half-serious tone: “The day will come,” he used to say, “when musicians shall be so skillful in reading music, that it will be no longer necessary to execute it, and they will experience as much pleasure in reading a fine score as in hearing it well executed.” This pleasant paradox was broached two years ago at a dinner given to some artists and literary men by the late Archbishop of Paris. It was His Grandeur himself who established on this subject a formal discussion. Notwithstanding the laughter of all the musicians, the possibility, the excellence of *dumb music* was soon wittily demonstrated by a literary man, and the cause of sonorous music seemed to be nigh compromised, when the Archbishop, who directed the discussion, turned towards one of the guests, whose silence astonished him: “Give us your opinion, too, M. B (erlioz?), we are anxious to have it?” “Excuse me, Monseigneur, I cannot enter upon such questions with proper coolness.” “Why, you are perfectly at liberty to discuss this with warmth. Come, tell us, what do you think of the idea that one may fully enjoy a musical work by a mere perusal of the notes?” “I think that as absurd an idea—you see, Monseigneur, I am not parliamentary—I think that idea as absurd as we would all have deemed yours, Monseigneur, had you desired to make us appreciate the excellence of your dinner by representing it to us—*painted on canvass*.”

Loud peals of laughter greeted this reply; the lovers of paradox devoured their vexation and drank their shame, and sonorous music was saved. Prudent is one of those voluptuous fellows who don't like painted dinners, and who would always prefer the smallest ripe grape from Fontainebleau to the famous bunches of Corinth grapes painted by Apelles. Although he constantly uses the accords disposed *en quinte et dixième*, which give so rich a sonorousness to the piano, instead of the old fashioned and much easier disposition which superposed the *tierces*, these accords of notes so widely apart are nevertheless written in such a way that they may be heard without *arpège* when all the notes should be struck plumb and simultaneously, without retarding the movement or adding to the measure. A mode of execution which exterminates rhythm, expression, form—which is contrary to all musical good sense and without any use on earth except to exhibit the patience and resignation of the poor people condemned to listen to it. This recalls to my mind poor young Fumagalli we lost last year. He had subdued nearly all the monsters of difficulty which the revolutions of the keyboard have produced; he played five or six parts with his single left hand; he laughed at the *écarts de dixième, de douzième*, at the accords of five notes, of different and irreconcilable rhythms employed simultaneously for both hands;—he was master of the keyboard. He took it into his head one day to arrange for the piano one of my overtures. It was published, he brought me a copy of it, and I asked him to be good enough to let me hear him play that wonderful piece. “Willingly,” said he, “but it is rather difficult; I could not accomplish it to-day.

I must exercise myself at least a week *pour me mettre en doigts* (to get my fingers right).” This overture reduced in this way for the piano belonged to the category of painted dinners, and gave ground of reason to those who argued in favor of silent music.

GARCIA'S NEW TREATISE ON SINGING.—Sig. Garcia, of London, the teacher of Jenny Lind and so many famous singers, has issued a new treatise on the voice, of which the London *Musical World* speaks as follows:

Sig. Garcia's new work is the result of deep study, great judgment, and much experience. It does not consist merely of a few explanatory paragraphs on the registers of the voice, the usual conventional embellishments, and a few exercises to develop the taste of the student; it goes thoroughly into the construction of the vocal organs, describes their origins and use, and proceeds to the best means of ensuring a full development of the natural powers. It abounds in excellent advice, hitherto considered as appertaining exclusively to the anatomy of the voice, and consequently excluded from all methods as unnecessary to the vocal tyro, and as infringing on the anatomical art. We do not think so. If the professor excel in bringing forth all the capabilities of the vocal organ, we cannot see why he should not at the same time explain the cause and origin of the sounds thus produced, and do his best to preserve them from decay. Signor Garcia describes the object of study to be “to develop the natural gifts of an organ, not to transform or extend them beyond their power or capability.” We have seen numerous examples of the fatal consequences of a deviation from this system. Signor Garcia's observations on respiration and articulation are excellent; his remarks on the different species of vocalization are well worth consideration. The exercises which he has chosen for practice are selected from the best composers—they are principally from Mozart, Pucitta, Cimarosa, Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Auber. His observations on the different styles of singing are judicious, and are well exemplified by a select choice of each from the works of the best masters. On the whole, we may say that this work is the production of a good musician, and a conscientious master. Signor Garcia is not one of those men who pretend to teach music in twelve lessons; he writes to elevate the art, points out the difficulties to be encountered, and the manner of vanquishing them, and encourages, without flattering, the pupil in his arduous undertaking.

From my Diary, No. 9.

JULY 11.—What a beautiful specimen of Vandalism is this! “Notes and Queries” replies to a correspondent asking information in relation to the organ given by Handel to the London Foundling Hospital—to which the composer also gave his “Messiah” and Hogarth his “March to Finchley,” thus:

“The organ removed from the chapel to make room for the new instrument erected therein during the autumn of last year, was not Handel's organ. The latter is still in existence, and in the possession of an officer of the institution, to whom it was given by the Governors. These gentlemen some time ago ordered the manuscript correspondence and other papers belonging to the charity, to be burnt, and it so happened that all Handel's letters formed part of the holocaust.”

Speaking of Handel and organs, can any reader of Dwight's Journal give the origin, or decide upon the correctness of the stories, that the Stone Chapel organ, and that in the Harvard College chapel, were selected by Handel. I have not the time to look the subject up. If the little organ now in the College chapel really may be looked up to as a sort of *quasi* relic of Handel, why may it not find a permanent place in some room of the Music Hall, when the new organ in the new chapel at Cambridge shall relieve the old one of its duty?

JULY 21.—Something which I meant to "diarize" some time ago, has been recalled to mind this morning, when only the substance of the ideas interchanged remains, and this I can no longer divide between the "Diarist" and his friend S. It matters little which spoke, save in a few instances, or whether my report be of a single conversation or of several.

D. Without renewing the discussion of the old question whether spoken dialogue is admissible in opera—which you know I like, looking upon it, after my four winters of experience in Berlin, as I do upon prose passages in Shakspeare's noblest plays—one thing must be admitted on the simplest principles of language: that is, that recitative written by a master for one language, cannot be employed to a translation of the text, without being ridiculously at variance with all rhetorical effect.

S. I admit that fully. Recitative is nothing but the reduction of the inflexions of the voice, as used by a cultivated orator, to the musical scale, so that they may have the guide of pitch and be sustained by the accompaniment. Now as the intonations of voice are peculiar in every language, the application of the intonations of one to a certain text, can necessarily only be used to that text. Change it from Italian to English, or to German, and the intonations are absurdities.

D. It is equally absurd, I think, to hope for the popular success of any English opera in which the dialogue is made into recitatives upon the Italian pattern. Italian recitative to English words sounds to my ears like Shakspeare read by a Scotchman or Irishman, or backwoods Yankee, with good rich brogues of their own. Think of an Irish Richard III., or a Scotch Romeo! Handel understood this. Setting aside his accompanied recitatives, which seem to me to be borrowed rather from the intoned service of the English cathedral, than from the tones of the speaker, I find his quick ear to have caught the intonations of our speech, and to have copied them marvelously. A few masters like him might write recitatives to English texts, which would remain as standards of the language.

S. Meyerbeer understands this also. I have both the French and Italian score of "Robert the Devil," and find on comparing them, that he re-wrote all his recitative when that opera was transferred from the French to the Italian stage.

D. One of the most striking things to a person with a cultivated ear, when he comes into a foreign land and hears a new language, is the peculiarity of its intonations. I remember my experience in Germany. It was long before I could feel certain of the expression which the tones of the speech conveyed to each other, when two or three were in conversation. Of course, among the illiterate class, this was the case in the highest degree. But no stronger case of the misuse of emphasis and intonation need be mentioned, than that already referred to—that of an Irish, English or Scotch peasant.

S. This is no new topic to me. I have studied this matter long. When I write an Italian recitative it is of course upon the Italian model; but if my text be English, the intonations of our masters of eloquence, Everett, Choate, Webster, and the like, are the sounds I endeavor to reduce to their musical elements. I hope even you will be satisfied with them.

D. Though the intonations of the German struck my ear, and continually attracted my attention, it was not until I had ceased thinking out what I had to say in my own tongue, and then translating it into German, that I began to catch them. My emphasis and cadences in reading to my teachers would be sure to follow the English translation, which was running in my mind. You will notice the same fact in the case of foreigners, often after they have been for years in our country, and in the daily use of our language. The words they speak and the intonations they give to them, are often ludicrously diverse in meaning, especially if the speaker have not a quick ear for tones. I often had reason to think, even after some years of residence in Germany, that every German was in this respect, even if in no other, rather of the queer order.

S. As most of the recitative which one hears is

either Italian or German, it is no easy matter to avoid falling into their style, in writing English. Melody is a universal speech, and so too is harmony to the initiated—recitative can in the nature of things be only national.

D. How then can a composer, who has only the student's knowledge of a foreign language, feel sure of coming up to the work? I should be afraid, however well I understood my text, that my notation would after all be but a lifeless body. And yet how many Germans have ruled the Italian stage—from Stradella, Handel, Hasse, down to Meyerbeer!

S. A difficulty does indeed meet one in this regard; but when you think how musical the Italian is, and how long we have been accustomed to hear its recitative, you must admit the possibility of even an American composer giving, if not like Rossini, still a very respectable degree of life and national character to his recitatives. For my part, there is no cause in which I would more gladly labor, than English opera. But what chance is there for a work of the kind? We have singers enough—voices enough I should say—which, with proper cultivation, and if free from the foolish ideas respecting the stage, which are so common, could perform opera very well. But then comes in the question, would the public support them?

D. It seems to me that *Der Freyschütz*, if translated by any one who possessed a spark of poetic power, and if put upon the stage with really a fine orchestra and chorus, and with adequate scenery and machinery, might with fair singers run half a season. But then our pretentious music lovers have an idea that an opera is to be heard but once! The fact is that no great work in any art can exhibit its beauties by once hearing or seeing. It must be studied, and only after the spectator or auditor has made himself familiar with the edifice, the painting or the opera, can he draw the highest enjoyment from it. Once hearing *Der Freyschütz* is nothing, and so of other operas. I believe that by a judicious course of training, even our public might learn to love music to English words well enough to support a good company. The spasmodic efforts to sustain Italian opera prove nothing either way—as the class which spends its money in this cause is small. I believe in our "Yankee Nation" as possessing a real love for music, and that this love might be made to uphold an establishment, which should afford it the nourishment it needs—and this nourishment I contend to be opera in the vernacular, and founded upon texts which should appeal to their sympathies.

I cannot think that Rossini's "Tell" would have failed of support had it been given by equally good singers in English. Last winter I saw a country audience spell bound by the reading of Knowles' "Tell"—not remarkably well read, either. So long, however, as our public press teaches the people that there is no other subject of criticism than how Squallini, and Shriekoni, and Bombastoso sang last night, so long we may expect that nothing but the great names—such heroines and heroes—will draw a house.

We must learn to go to the opera—not merely to a concert in the theatre to hear this or that singer or songstress.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 25, 1857.

The Normal Music School at North Reading.

We cannot but watch with interest all promising experiments in the direction of a sound and generous musical education, upon a popular basis, in our just beginning-to-be musical country. Out of them all may possibly grow up, almost before we are aware of it, that Conservatoire of Music of the want of which so much is said. With pleasure, therefore, we give place here to a letter from our friend the "Diarist," whose acquaintance with the musical schools of Germany made

him an intelligent observer of what he saw and heard at Reading, in our State.

NORTH READING, MASS., JULY 23.—Yesterday I had the pleasure of visiting the Normal Music School, in this place, conducted by Messrs. MASON and ROOT. The prime object of the school, as the name implies, is to improve the taste and raise the standard of qualifications of teachers of singing classes. But this is not all; provision is also made for special instruction in singing, harmony and the piano-forte, in private lessons. It was the class exercises which I "went out for to see," taking it for granted that I might rely upon the reputation of Mr. WEBB and the other "privat Docenten" for the good character of the special instruction.

I found some seventy young men and women, assembled from all parts of the country, the South and West being represented as well as the East and North, exhibiting all the zeal and earnestness in their studies, which springs from real love of music and the determination to get the utmost benefit in return for their necessarily pretty large expenses, and for the three months of time, taken from their professional labors.

The time is short—twelve weeks—but long enough for persons, themselves teachers and already possessing a foundation upon which to build, to accomplish no small amount of profitable labor.

There are those who say that class teaching is useless in music. Let such persons spend a day at North Reading, before they express themselves too strongly on this point.

The impression that some have of this school, that it is only a "psalm-singing" institution, is an utterly mistaken one. The class is far advanced beyond this point, and the music upon which they were exercised yesterday, in choir singing, was from Handel and Marburg, or motets by other composers. Ten minutes of explanation of the peculiarities of the old modes in music enabled the class to sing at sight with correct expression, several ancient chorals, in style and melody as distinct from tunes in our major and minor modes, as these are from each other.

The best class teaching of vocalization I had ever seen was by Goetze, in Leipzig, and Stern, in Berlin; but in neither case did the method strike me as better than Mr. Root's, and certainly their classes were not superior to his, in the proficiency manifested. People talk of this, that, and the other method of vocalization, as though there were fundamental differences between German, Italian and English methods. If the organs of the human voice differed in different countries, there might be some foundation for such a notion. But economy of breath, the utterance of pure tones, the infusion of feeling into musical phrases—these points must necessarily be the same in all schools, and a good teacher among the Hottentots or Tartars, would be led by merest common sense to adopt the same course of instruction with Garcia or the first instructor in Rome. But there is something beyond this to be done: the pupil is to learn to economize his breath, utter his tones purely, and sing with feeling, not only when uttering single vowel sounds, as in his first exercises, but in words where the vowels are hedged in by *chevaux de frises* of the hardest consonants. All languages possess the same pure vowel sounds; in the consonants lies the difficulty. Hence more than one young lady, who will charm you with *Casta Diva* and *Robert, Robert*, will sing an English ballad so as hardly to be understood, and make sheer nonsense of the hymn sung to a psalm tune.

It was with real delight, therefore, that I listened yesterday to Mr. Root's class in vocalization, and heard them make all the outlandish sounds which arose from the practice of consonants with no attendant vowels, and from the singing of phrases chosen for the harshness of their constituent syllables.

The value of this training was exhibited in the evening, when the choruses of the *Messiah* were taken up. A class of good readers, after long training, could not have given each word with more distinctness, or with more elegance of pronunciation.

The exercise in harmony was equally successful. The advanced class presents tunes, which being sung by a quartet, become the subject of discussion and criticism, and this not only in the matters of consecutive fifths and hidden octaves, but in relation to elegance of form and fit expression of the text.

One exercise during this hour struck me very forcibly. Mr. Root, seating himself at the piano-forte, played successions of chords, modulating into keys both closely and remotely related to the original, and the class was called upon to decide by ear the character of each successive chord; in what key; whether direct or inverted; what particular inversion, &c. Another year, and this class will be ready to pass to a higher region of the art, and attack canon and fugue.

Of the chorus singing I can hardly speak in too high terms—such were the firmness of pitch, the excellent pronunciation and delivery of the text, the promptness in taking up points, the perfect time, and the full volume of tone.

The progress made in this school since I first visited it in New York, where it was held a few seasons, gives me the highest hopes of its becoming a permanent musical institution, of the best class. It is now a musical *Normal School*.

I see no reason why the great reputation of Dr. Lowell Mason throughout the country, the personal relations which exist between him and men of the highest social influence, and his great practical abilities, may not enable him to elevate this *School* into a musical *College*, where, with an adequate library and board of instruction, music may be taught in all its branches, in a manner worthy of the art. Perhaps there may be some such intention, and that he and Mr. Root are acting upon the motto: *festina lente*—hasten slowly. If so, I heartily rejoice.

Let us have at least two good music schools, each striving to outdo the other in good works—each laboring to the great end of making the divinest of the arts at home among us. There is room for both, and certainly no country in the world can offer pupils more fitted by nature, with voice, and musical taste and talent, to do honor to their instructors and to the art.

A. W. T.

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

The Memorare: a Collection of Catholic Music, &c. &c., with accompaniment for Organ or Piano-Forte, by ANTHONY WERNER, Organist and Director of the Choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. pp. 271.

Mr. Werner has clearly done his church and the lovers of Catholic music generally, a great service by the compilation of this volume. He has brought together a truly rich and serviceable variety of pieces, including six full Masses, a short Requiem Mass, Vespers, Ave Marias, Offertoriums, and a large variety of Latin hymns and shorter pieces of the Catholic service.

In his selection of Masses, he has not taken the well-known master-pieces of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, &c., for the very good reason that these are sufficiently accessible in other forms. He has avoided, also, Masses of great difficulty, and has produced instead, out of the rich and for the most part unpublished repertoires of his Church, a half dozen easy Masses, by composers little known among us, and yet full of dignity and beauty, and great variety of expression. The Mass in G by Witzka, in E flat by F. X. Schmidt, in D by Zwing, are somewhat peculiar and interesting specimens of the kind. Mr. Werner also contributes not a bad one of his own;

and in the case of a "short Mass," here and there, he has composed, with good conformity of style, the sentences wanting to its completeness; sometimes supplying an entire movement, sometimes solos, duets, &c., for single voices. These instances are modestly and conscientiously enumerated in the preface. Then too, we have to thank him especially for the introduction of a short Mass by PALESTRINA. May this prove but the breaking of the ice with our students of church music for further and deeper acquaintance with that grand old master!

The set of Vespers, by Est, must become favorites with choirs. Of the shorter pieces we may mention as of peculiar beauty the *Ave verum* by Mozart; the well-known *Ave Maria* (soprano solo) of Cherubini; the *O salutaris* (two sopranos and alto) by Tadolini; the *Panem de Cælo* (duet for soprano and tenor) by Terziani; the *Magnificat*, by Est, &c. &c. Some of these run into the ornate and festal style, while most of them are chaste, religious and solemn. The editor was plainly governed by a religious sense of fitness in his work, and has not ministered to a superficial, fashionable taste, by drawing from the more dazzling and shallow sources of modern Italian and French schools.

The value of the *Memorare* for its special end of music in the Catholic churches, is fully endorsed by Bishop Fitzpatrick, himself a true amateur of music. But others, whether Catholic or Protestant, who love good sacred music, will find good material for practice, outside of the narrow and monotonous limits of the Psalm tune, and yet without the difficulties of the larger Masses, in this excellent compilation of Mr. Werner.

Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas:—*Il Trovatore*, by VERDI. pp. 184.

Here we have the popular opera of the day, complete and cheap, in the same elegant form with Ditson's *Lucia*, *Norma*, &c., with all the music: recitatives, airs, duos, trios, ensembles; with piano accompaniment; all the Italian words, with a good English version by Mr. T. T. BARKER, and a brief biographical sketch of Verdi. Surely it will delight all our more adventurous habitués of Italian Opera—all those, we mean, (and they are many), who like to sing or play over something of the music for themselves. Of the intrinsic quality of the *Trovatore* music there is no need to speak here. Suffice it to say, that its popularity is and has been for two years remarkable, and that here the work is entire in handsome and convenient shape.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Summer "music for the million" is now the musical problem. Brass-bands and hand-organs, like artistically magnified mosquitoes, haunt us with enough, and more than enough of it, through the dog-days. But shall there not be some regular provision of music for the people, whereby music shall become an object of attention and enjoyment as music, and not merely as a part of the general hot hum and noise? We used to have the bands play twice a week upon the Common, adding charm to the cool evening walk. To be sure they were but brass-bands, and the selections often weak and hack-nied; but it was better than nothing, and an earnest of better things that might come. But this summer, when the only question should be how to have larger, truer bands, and better music, and more of it, our all-wise Aldermen cut off what small supplies we had. They have invented a new economy: to ignore the public thirst, in lieu of gratifying it; the cheaper way, they think, is not to love music, not to want it; "conquer your prejudices" and go without; music is surely not essential to the great ends of life, which are eating, drinking, sleeping, making money, enjoying Aldermanic honors and other re-

spectabilities! Two thousand dollars for music on the Common were a sad waste; yet were several thousands puffed away in smoke and fire-works in a single half hour, whereby the crowd got little satisfaction, and four lives were lost. And now our Aldermen would fain evade the odium of their unmusical obstinacy by appropriating the money voted by the other branch for music, to the widows and orphans of the victims of the fire-works! The Council adhere bravely to their first vote, and there the matter rests; we get no music on the Common.

Meanwhile we are glad to learn there is a prospect of cheap music, for a series of evenings, in our noble Music Hall. Some enterprising gentlemen propose to follow the example recently set in Worcester, and employ the various bands (the Germania, Hall's Boston Brass, Gilmore's Salem Brass, and Bond's and Flagg's Cornet Bands), for a series of *ten cent* concerts. The seats upon the floor of the hall are to be taken up, so as to make them promenade concerts. We cannot doubt the success of the undertaking, if well managed. . . . We see that several of the theatres in New York are to be put to the same use during the hot months. Mr. Manager Stuart announces, in conjunction with Mr. Dion Bourcicault, a continuous "Grand Musical Festival" at the Academy of Music. Burton, too, at his new theatre, has commenced "Grand Promenade Concerts," at 25 cts.; his attractions being Miss Behrend, the chorus of the Italian Opera, the brothers Mollenhauer, Herr Schreiber and other solo-players, and "an unrivalled monster orchestra," conducted by Noll. . . . The Philadelphia Academy, too, has its promenade concerts, in which Mme Johanssen, Miss Richings, Mr. Frazer and the Germania Orchestra take part.

Our sprightly New York correspondent, "Trovator," sailed this week for Europe, where he intends to make a two years' tour of England, Germany, Spain, Italy, &c., principally on foot, spending part of the time, however, in musical studies in Germany. Our readers will still enjoy his pleasant correspondence from fields of far more artistic interest than he has heretofore been gleaming from.

Mme. LAGRANGE has really taken her "farewell" benefit in New York, in *Norma*, and has been crowned, with what was called a lyric crown, with leaves and blossoms of pure gold, amid the prolonged plaudits of a crowded audience. Col. Fuller, the editor of the *Mirror*, made a handsome presentation speech. . . . THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI announce concerts at Saratoga, Cape May, Newport, Niagara, Nahant, and wherever the fashionable crowds do congregate.

Romberg's Cantata of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" was performed in a creditable manner by the United Musical Societies of Antioch College (Horace Mann's) during its late Commencement week. . . . A most capital portrait of Handel has been engraved by Sartain for the current number of the *Electric Monthly Magazine*, published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 5 Beekman Street, and for sale by all periodical dealers. . . . We have had a call from Mr. HENRY AHNER, one of the old Germanians, who has been doing much for music in Chicago during the year past. He has given there twenty afternoon concerts, which have resulted very successfully, although fifteen of the afternoons were rainy. We were glad to learn from Mr. A. that Mr. HEHL, who had been reported extremely ill, if not dead, was well, and played at one his concerts a few weeks since.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

The Opera season has come to a close. At Her Majesty's, Mlle. Piccolomini took her benefit on the 6th inst., in single acts from *La Fille du Regiment*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and Donizetti's *I Martiri*;

and *Don Giovanni* was announced again, for the last night but four of the season, on the 9th, with Mlles. Piccolomini, Spezzia and Orlolani; Signors Benevanto, Belletti, Corsi, &c.... At the Royal Italian Theatre, the pieces during the last half of June were *La Sonnambula*, for the third and fourth times, with Mlle. Victoria Balfe; *La Traviata* (twice more); *Don Giovanni*, *Trovatore*, &c., &c. *Fra Diavolo* was announced for July 7th, but without Mario.... Of the setting splendors of these two operatic suns, accounts may reach us just too late for this week's paper.

Handel Festivals and Italian Opera fire-works being over, concerts of classical instrumental music resume their usual prominence in London.

In the programme of the sixth and last Philharmonic Concert we notice the name already of the sweet singer, who has been so popular on our side of the ocean, Miss LOUISA PYNE. In the same concert Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN was pianist. Here is the programme:

PART I.

Sinfonia (Jupiter).....Mozart
Aria, Miss Louisa Pyne, with two flutes obbligati, Mr. R. S. Pratten and Mr. E. Card.....Meyerbeer
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Cooper.....Beethoven
Romance, Miss Dolby, "Parmi les pleurs" (Les Huguenots).....Meyerbeer
Overture (Leonora).....Beethoven

PART II.

Sinfonia in E flat.....Spohr
Recit. and Aria, "D'Amor sull' ali rose," Miss Louisa Pyne (Il Trovatore).....Verdi
Solo, piano-forte, Madame Clara Schumann (17 Variations Sérieuses).....Mendelssohn
Duet, "E ben, per mia memoria," Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Dolby.....Rossini
Overture (Oberon).....Weber
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

After much praise of the performance of the symphonies and overtures, the *Times* says:

Mr. H. C. Cooper performed Beethoven's concerto—one of the most difficult works ever composed for the violin—with wonderful skill, and was rewarded with the heartiest manifestations of approval. It is much to be lamented that so thoroughly accomplished a player should find it necessary to emigrate to the United States, which, we understand, is Mr. Cooper's intention within a very short period. We cannot boast of so many violinists of the first class as to be able to part with such an artist without regret. He could not, however, have bid adieu to his native land under more flattering auspices. While Mr. Cooper is bent upon his American trip we have to chronicle the return from the western hemisphere of one who, in her way, has acquired and merited no less distinction. Miss Louisa Pyne has amassed, we believe, a considerable quantity of dollars in the "States," but that she has not been idle in the cultivation of her art was fully shown by her execution of the difficult scene from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, which Jenny Lind was the first to make famous in this country, and Madame Bosio, in the Royal Italian Opera version of the *Etoile du Nord*, rendered still more familiar. The quality of Miss Pyne's voice has rather improved than deteriorated, and her vocalization is remarkable for the same ease and brilliancy which had gained her so high a reputation before she quitted England.

Madame Clara Schumann played the variations of Mendelssohn—which she introduced last year, at the same concerts, on the occasion of her first appearance in England—superbly, and was applauded with enthusiasm.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN gave a single Matinée on her own account about the first of the month, in which she played the following pieces:

Sonata, C minor (op. 30), Piano-forte and Violin—
Violin, Herr Ernst.....Beethoven
Preludium and Fuga, A minor.....Bach
Nocturne, B major.....Chopin
Preludium, E minor; Caprice, E major.....Mendelssohn
Andante, A minor, (op. 71).....Mozart
Seventh Suite—Overture, Sarabande, Passacaille.....Handel
Andante and Finale, à la Hongroise, Piano-forte and Violin—Violin, Herr Ernst.....Haydn

Ernst was in his best play, and the sonata went admirably. The slow movement was exquisitely given by both artists, but the great German violinist especially shone in expression and poetic sentiment.—Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor was Madame Schumann's finest performance. It was, perhaps, taken too fast; but the execution, considering the mechanical difficulties it presents, was extraordinary. Chopin's *Nocturne* displayed the style of the Leipzig pianist to less advantage. Such vaporish music is not suited to her manner. Mendelssohn's Prelude was again too quick, and occasionally wanted clearness for that reason. The *Caprice*, delightfully played, left nothing to be desired. In Mozart's *Andante* (a rondo of infinite beauty), Madame Schumann again somewhat injured the effect of her performance, by unduly accelerating the "tempo."

Handel's *Suite* produced little effect, except in the instance of the *Sarabande*, which was played with

admirable propriety. Haydn's two movements were both faultlessly given, the animated *finale* terminating the concert with unusual éclat.

Two vocal pieces were sung by Madame Clara Novello—Mozart's beautiful "Das Veilchen," and a new aria, written on the Italian model, by Sig. Vera, called "Se fido à me!" and Miss Stabbach sang Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," with pianoforte accompaniment.—*Mus. World*.

CHARLES HALLE'S PIANO-FORTE RECITALS.—The first of these interesting performances (the series will consist of three), took place in the Dudley Gallery, before a select audience of fashionables and connoisseurs. The programme included Beethoven's sonatas in G and E, (Op. 29 and 109); Dussek's sonata in A flat—*Retour à Paris* or *Plus Ultra*, as it has been variously entitled, (Op. 71); Bach's *Suite Anglaise*, in G minor, (the prelude, *sarabande*, *gavotte*, *musette*, and *gigue*), which commences with a movement foreshadowing completely the symphonic plan of Haydn and Mozart, and some smaller pieces by Chopin and Stephen Heller. M. Hallé was in admirable play, and although we did not entirely agree with some of the readings (for example, the *scherzo quasi allegro* of Dussek, and the *Prestissimo* in Beethoven's Op. 109—both of which, in our opinion, should be quicker), never proved his title more satisfactorily to be considered one of the most accomplished classical pianists of the day. We are glad to find that Miss Arabella Goddard's example is being followed. This year, as last, M. Hallé will no doubt introduce one of the later sonatas, which the *Athenæum* does not admire (we are sorry for the *Athenæum*), at each of his "recitals."

MR. BENEDICT'S second concert was note-worthy on account of the introduction, amidst the usual mass of miscellaneous matter, of selections from Gluck's "Orpheus." The *Times* says:

A chain of pieces from Gluck's unjustly neglected *Orfeo*, for example, in which the part of *Orfeo* was sustained by Alboni, excited the utmost interest and afforded unqualified gratification. This great singer, in the scene (with chorus) "Chi mai dell'Erebo," and the more familiar recitative and air, "Che farò senza Euridice?" displayed her powers to signal advantage, shining as much in the first by her forcible declamation as in the last by the unrivalled quality of her voice and her admirable vocal expression. The melodious chorus, "Vienni a regni del riposo," was also given. The music of Gluck is now too rarely heard; managers will not venture to revive it at our lyrical theatres, and the only chance of hearing it is in the concert-room. Such genial and beautiful inspirations, however, are not destined for oblivion; and every lover of music must be grateful to Mr. Benedict for the opportunity of listening to some fragments thus well performed, which only created an ardent desire for more.

Germany.

In the want of very recent news our musical gleanings extend back over two or three months. There are the usual summer Festivals, which come and go as a matter of course among the Germans, without much trumpeting abroad. That at Aix la Chapelle is noticed in another column; another has been the following:

MANNHEIM.—The grand musical fête of the German harmonic societies of the Central Rhine took place recently in the Grand Ducal Palace, and lasted two days. Ferdinand Hiller was the conductor. About 160 instrumental performers and 700 vocalists were present. In the latter number were 200 ladies all dressed in white with green wreaths round their heads. On the first day the oratorio of "Elijah" by Mendelssohn, was executed; and on the second day, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, the *Halleluia* of Handel, and *moreaux* by Spohr, Beethoven, &c., were performed. The auditory on each day consisted of about 1,800 persons. There were also concerts in the public gardens. The fête was closed on the second day by a ball at the theatre, at which, upwards of 3,000 persons were present.

COLOGNE.—The last concert of the Männergesang-Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, was equally distinguished by the programme and the execution. Among the pieces performed were: Mendelssohn's music to the *Antigone*; the "Dithyramb," by Julius Rietz (both with full orchestra); and a new composition by Ferd. Hiller, for male chorus unaccompanied, to Goethe's *Meine Göttin* ("My Goddess"). The chorus consisted of 100 powerful voices (the Verein now numbers 136 active members).

WEIMAR.—The Grand Duke has appointed a new intendant to the Court Theatre, Dr. Dingelstedt, who will enter upon his duties in October. There is some curiosity as to what relations will exist between him and the royal Capellmeister, Liszt.... A new German opera: *Landgraf Ludwigs Brautfahrt*, by E. Lassen,

has been successfully produced here under Liszt's direction.

Litolff, in Brunswick, has issued the last numbers of the great collection of "Popular Melodies and Dances of all nations of the earth," arranged for piano-forte lessons of progressive difficulty, by L. Köhler. The collection contains 13 parts or numbers for two hands, and 9 for four hands.... The Deutsche Tonhalle in Mannheim, have offered a prize of 20 ducats for a four-hand Organ Sonata (in three movements, a fugue in the last), for an organ with two manuals and complete pedal; to be sent in by September at the latest.... Richard Wagner, who lives in Zurich, is said to have retired to the estate of a rich German from North America, one of his especial patrons, where he can devote himself to undisturbed labors.... The sculptor, Heidel, in Berlin, has modelled a full-length statue of Handel, to be cast in bronze for Halle, the native city of the great composer.... Dr. Chrysander's Life of Handel, which probably will be a most complete and thorough work, will soon make its appearance.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

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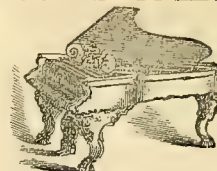
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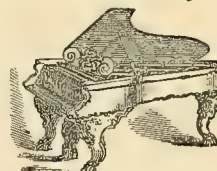
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More from the Falls.

CATARACT HOUSE, NIAGARA, JULY 13, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:

Still a charmed guest at this Court, where, crowned with everlasting green, more radiant than the freshest, wet, sunlit June leaf—the sublimest and most versatile of water spirits holds his seductive, magnificent eternal revel, I write again, partly to assure you that I have not "gone over" to my beautiful enemy.

The understanding plumbs the scales; and we maintain that mental equilibrium, which chastens the imagination, measures the distance of its flight, and reports its discoveries; enables us to plant a safe chamois foot on the edge of overhanging cliffs, and there affront with steady gaze the bewildering eye of the enchanter.

Man is an overmatch for any waterfall; and a rising and widening mind not only holds him, but finds, besides, a snug corner and hospitable room for scenes and events of human interest.

We found, in the language of the pencil, an unexpected high light of patriotism here upon the Fourth, "focused up" against the political shadow of Canada. Cannon, crackers, bells, pyrotechny in the fields, and bonfires in the streets; rival fire-engines sending upward jets in slender mockery of the waterfall; an Indian foot race, in gala costume; and the natives of the neighboring Indian village disseminated over their ancestral and original domain.

On Sunday we made a pilgrim's progress towards Tuscarora, past the suspension bridge, past the whirlpool, happily past the Devil's Hole, on to the little Indian chapel of the Lord, set on a hill.

We pale faces numbered a quarter of the

congregation. The instrumental music, one big fiddle, was monopolized by a native, in whose eye glittered the fiery spirit of his race, while his nose seemed newly coppered by a spirit equally ardent, and I fear more invincible. The choir was composed entirely of *base* voices, led by Kantshine, whose right eye was in a patch, which he vainly endeavored to conceal by a long lock of hair sweeping down from the forehead.

What shall be said to these dusky children of the Great Spirit? What a beautiful problem it would be to harmonize the grand voices of nature, the roar of the forest and of the waterfall, vibrating as these must be upon the innermost chords of their being—with a verse from the Sermon on the Mount, or some other passage from those

"Sinless years

That breathed beneath the Syrian blue,"

and so strike a light of hope into their hearts that would shine and warm forever!

Instead of this, the white preacher offered them the husks of the Genevan creed, and his words were translated and uttered after him in the hard and guttural Indian tongue, by a native who stood by his side in the pulpit. I turned towards a lively pappoose that stood near on its mother's knees, in its Indian cradle—a flat board bound with gay stuffs—and winked and chuckled at a string of beads slung on a hoop around its head. Catching the kind and merry eyes of Elve, the beads were neglected for a time. Kantshine re-adjusted his hirsute disguise. I fear there is a comedy going on in church. God willed it otherwise. He who in a thousand homes is filling the eyes of childhood with that ineffable tenderness and truth, which, more than all the ministrations of nature leads the heart directly up to Him; and who, with an equally impartial love removes that light from other homes, took care of that day.

A child's coffin was brought in, and laid silently on a table beneath the pulpit. The preacher spoke unheard. Pappoose was forgotten. Kantshine went into total eclipse. Fun vanished from the face of Elve. A summer cloud came over the heaven of her eyes, then wept itself away, and left them

"Homes of silent prayer,"

as they met those of the bereft young Indian mother.

In Indian eyes is often seen the expression of an unlimited and remediless sorrow, as if out of their shadowy depths looked the soul of the eternal past. In hers was added the perplexed and eager look of one seeking to define an object in the distant darkness.

The spirit of Christ entered the little chapel,

and wrought a miracle in the preacher, who bolted directly from his Calvinistic logic, and began to argue with superfluous elaboration the necessary salvation of every dying child, since the foundation of the world.

The meeting broke up. I recalled Kantshine glimmering in the corner, and was sharpening his characteristics for pictorial memory, when I missed Elve among a crowd of native women. She appeared directly, however; and, as we rode away, and I put *my* handkerchief into her ungloved and gentle hand, I came to know that both the mother and the live pappoose, and the mother of the child in heaven, would surely hold their white blue-eyed sister in singular and affectionate remembrance.

Hold thou me thus, dear friend, for I am, as ever,
MOT.

Thomas Carlyle on the Opera.

[From the Dumfries Album.]

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for a moment across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations—all nations that can still listen to the mandates of nature—have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in old Hebrew times; and if you look how it is now, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket—what a road have men travelled? The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her. Fact nevertheless it is; forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing "Barbers of Seville," but the need of beating back one's country's enemies—a most true song, to which the hearts of men did burst into responsive fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact—the best he could interpret it—the judgment of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets, were priests as well; and sang the truest, (which was also the divinest), they had been privileged to discover here below.

To "sing the praise of God;" that you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what

new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him? David, King of Judea, a soul inspired by divine music, and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he with seer's eye and heart discerned the godlike amid the human, struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand able still to read a Psalm of David and catch some echo out of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it was once sung.

Then go to the opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing! Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, great sympathies, originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport. Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catharine II. had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here to do its feat and be paid for it—regardless of expense, indeed. The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of musical sound and rhythmic motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, and enterprisers; fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the history of England, or reduced Ireland into industrial regiments, had they so set their minds to it. Alas! and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances, and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm, vouchsafed by heaven to

them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought and glimpse of self-vision: high-dizened, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or best of the world, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness. And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply. "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture maker; good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's creation, I am. And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage—the carriage, swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited these persons. Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Enterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for regardless of expense. I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service, which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned, the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical, and made your fair one an Armida, if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked like some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face, this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustaches, and Macassar oil graciousity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito, and the Bhythnic arts, were a mere accompaniment here. Wonderful to see, and sad, if you had eyes. Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself, and piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons.

Never in nature had I seen such waste before. Oh! Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to "the melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that, chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a Macassar Singedelomme, and his improper females, past the prime of life. Wretched, spiritual nigger, oh! if you had some genius, and were not a mere born nigger, with appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini, O Heavens! when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn himself to this end, on such a funeral pile, your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death through it too. I look not "up into the Divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket"—not upwards towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but, too truly down; towards Falsity, Vanity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now, I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms; and, by seduction, or compulsion,

unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes, to its halls of sweating tailors, distressed needle-women, and the like, this opera of yours is the appropriate heaven. Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph, and then come hither and read the Rossini and Coletti psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs, and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish—far other, and wider, is now my notion of the universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable, withal, of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasions—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms, abhorring unveracity in all things, and in your amusements, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

[From Bayard Taylor's Letters to the Tribune.]

The Handel Festival—The Opera, &c.—Church's Niagara.

LONDON, July 1.

I reached London in season to hear the last of Handel's oratorios—*Israel in Egypt*—in the Palace at Sydenham. I doubt whether any composer, dead or alive, has ever had such an ovation. Two thousand singers and nearly five hundred instrumental performers, interpreted his choruses to an audience of more than 17,000 persons. The *coup d'ail*, alone, was sublimer than any picture. The vast amphitheatre of singers, filling up the whole breadth of the western transept, stretched off into space, and the simultaneous turning of the leaves of their music books was like the appearance of "an army with banners," or the rustling of the wind in a mountain forest. We were so late that we could only cling to the outskirts of the multitude below, and I was fearful that we should not be able to hear distinctly—but I might as well have feared not hearing the thunder in a cloud over my head. Not only was the quarter of a mile of palace completely filled with the waves of the chorus, in every part, but they spread beyond it, and flowed audibly over the hills for a mile around. I kept my eye on the leader, Da Costa, whose single arm controlled the whirlwind. He lifted it, like Moses, and the plagues fell upon Egypt; he waved it, and the hailstones smote, crashing upon the highways and the temple-roofs; he stretched it forth, and the Red Sea waves parted, and closed again on the chariots of Pharaoh. He was lord of the tuneful hosts that day, and Handel himself, as he wrote the scores of the immortal work, could not have more perfectly incarnated its harmonies. Following him, I trod in the thunder marches of the two-fold chorus, and stood in the central calm of the stormy whirls of sound.

There is no doubt that, with the masses of the English people, Handel is the most popular composer. The opera is still an exotic, not yet naturalized to their taste; but Handel, with his seriousness, his cheerfulness, his earnestness, his serene self-reliance and undaunted daring, speaks directly to the English heart. His very graces have the simple quietness of the songs of Shakespeare, or those touches of tender fancy which glimmer like spots of sunshine through the cathedral gloom of Milton. The effect of the grand performance, however, was frequently marred by the sharp, dry sound of senseless clappings, demanding an encore, which Da Costa sensibly refused whenever it was possible. We who stood in the edges of the crowd were also greatly annoyed by the creaking boots of snobs who went idly walking up and down the aisles; and the chatter of the feminine fools, who came only to be heard and seen. In New York one might have the same annoyance, but by no possibility could it happen in Germany.

Don Giovanni is having a great run in both Italian Operas, Grisi and Piccolomini being rivals in the part of *Donna Anna*. I heard the

former, and wondered at the consummate skill with which she managed a failing voice. Bosio was the *Zerlina*, but, though sweet and graceful as ever, she seemed to have lost something since she was in New York, five or six years ago. Herr Formes, as *Leporello*, was admirable, and Cerito appeared in the ballet scene with all her former grace and beauty; but the Italian Opera in London is not now what it was in Lumley's palmy days. Entertainments by individuals—single-string performers, playing on “a harp of a thousand strings”—are now very popular. The success of Albert Smith and Gordon Cumming has led the way to a number of solo performances, nearly all of which are very well attended. Mr. Drayton, (an American, I believe), gives what he calls “Illustrated Proverbs;” Miss P. Horton exhibits something of the same kind; Mr. Woodin pours forth an “Olio of Oddities;” Mr. and Mrs. Wilton announce their “Evenings with the American Poets,” etc. All the world crowds on a Sunday to hear the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who splurges in the Surrey Musical Hall. He is, I am told, of the Beecher school, but with less ability, and impresses principally by his earnestness and the direct, practical nature of his sermons. People seem to be urged that he is a sincere man, though his face, as it appears in the shop-windows, is anything but an agreeable one to look upon—being round and full, with round eyes, flat, flabby cheeks, a pug nose, and short lips, gaping apart to exhibit some very prominent front teeth. * * * * *

Church's picture of Niagara has just arrived, and has been seen by a few connoisseurs, though there has yet been no public exhibition of it. I have heard but one opinion in regard to it. The exhibitor told me that Ruskin had just been to see it, and that he had found effects in it which he had been waiting for years to find. I am sorry that it is shown by gas-light, in a darkened room. Church's pictures will all bear the daylight; he needs no artificial trickeries of this kind. Some English artists had been, a few days previous, questioning me about landscape art in America, and I am delighted at being able to point to such a noble example in justification of my assertions. Cropsey, who is now living here, has a very fine autumnal picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I believe he is doing very well. Hart, the sculptor, has been settled here for more than a year past, and his admirable busts are beginning to excite attention. I wish I had time to speak of Millais's “Sir Isumbras,” about which one hears the most conflicting opinions, and Rosa Bonheur's wonderful picture of “The Horse Fair.” But as the latter is owned by an American, you will see it some day or other. I have seen nothing of Landseer's which at all approaches it.

Music in Universities.

[From the New York Musical World.]

The commencement season of our New England Colleges having arrived, we are led to speculate upon the question, What have our Colleges done for Music? Even in these institutions that profess to be *Universities*, has Music found any place? “A University,” the dictionary tells us, “is a place where *all* the arts and sciences are studied;” but it would puzzle any one exceedingly to find out how *this* art is studied in such places in this country. Oxford and Cambridge, in Old England, have foundations for musical professorships; they give degrees to those who, on examination, show the proper proficiency, and “*honoris causa*,” to those whose eminence deserves to be thus honored. It was in ancient times esteemed to be a proper and necessary element in the education of a Prince; and even now the Prince Consort of England devotes no little attention to it, and gives good proof of his study. Among the composers of England, we find Lord Wellesley, a Governor-General of India; and the name of his illustrious brother, the Duke of Wellington, will be seen in some of our books of Church Music, as the composer of chants of no mean merit. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Could

General Scott have been sent to Mexico, if he had been so unhappy as to have composed a psalm tune? Could “*Johnny Mason*,” (as the French Court Journal has christened him) have represented Uncle Sam near the Court of Louis Napoleon if he had written a mass?

Hard-fisted and hard-headed Brother Jonathan, while he professes to admire and love the divine art, terribly despises the artist. He likes to hear singing and playing, but despises the performer. He is a terrible critic, (especially when he gets on a church singing committee), and there is nothing that he so loves or thinks he knows so much about as music. But woe betide the unfortunate man to whom chance or inclination have given some skill, in whom Nature has placed a real love of music, and education given some powers of execution! We know a venerable clergyman, not a thousand miles from the shadow of the University walls, who is an excellent performer upon the violin, who was passionately (though reasonably) fond of it; but the brethren and sisters of the church found it to be indecent and intolerable that their minister should be a fiddler, and he, for his brethren and companions' sake, unwilling to cause them to offend, though not without regret, “hung up the fiddle and the bow.” That lawyer has a monstrous mill-stone about his neck who can sing or play, or even ventures to write down his thoughts about music. The doctor had better stick to his stethoscope, and not blow away at once his breath and his prospects of success through a flute. The venerable and respectable Mr. Two per cent. will never more be patient of his. The venerable Two per cent. picked up his education in the street, and laid the early foundation of his fortune in trading horses. Now, he is a pillar of the church, and criticizes terribly the selections of the refined amateur who leads the singers in the gallery. He is a practical man “with no nonsense about him.”

Seriously, any proficiency in music, however small, is a bar to success in a professional man in any department. He is looked on as a flippant dreamer and idler, who sings as he goes through life, instead of calculating interest. If he sings, he cannot pray well, or plead well, or heal well.

But is not this art worthy to be to some extent taught in our colleges? And would not the sanction of Alma Mater give respectability to its practice in the eyes of the world, and of the worldly-minded? The scholar could reply, “I learned this at the feet of my dear Alma Mater, and prize it not the least among the instructions that she gave.” What a refining, humanizing influence would go forth every year from college walls into every nook and corner of our land, if every one who left them carried with him some knowledge of this most refining and humanizing of the arts! We have in mind at present a case in point, in the example of an alumnus of old Harvard, who is at the head of one of our great manufacturing establishments. He thought that among a thousand men and women and children whom he employs, there should be some singers. He had but to ask the question and some seventy or eighty came forward, and he provided for them the proper teaching and the happiest results followed, to the great pleasure, not alone of those who took a part in the undertaking, but of the whole population of the town. Here is a case of the influence exerted in cultivating the taste of a town by a single man of refinement and enthusiasm; and in this case of not a little musical accomplishment and knowledge. But he is not for that any less efficient as the agent of one of our largest corporations.

All college-bred men are in positions more or less to aid in some such way in this pleasant work—especially the *clergy*, in whose education it is not only almost absolutely essential but also almost absolutely neglected. But as yet the college does nothing to educate this part of our nature. We learn a few psalm tunes, perhaps, in the college choirs, a few bacchanalian choruses or sentimental songs in the club-room, and that is all. Let us have something better. Let music be recognized in all our colleges as a proper

branch of the education of the Christian gentleman, that should receive some pruning and training and cherishing at the hands of Alma Mater, and not be suffered to grow as it has, all straggling and wild and full of thorns.

We have from the colleges our sweet and dearly-loved poets—Bryant, Longfellow, Willis, Lowell, Holmes! Shall we not have from their walls also sweet singers and the masters of the lyre? Shall we not give to the scholar this crowning grace, most graceful of all; and shall we not give to the artist the rounded fulness of the thorough education of the scholar?

At Cambridge last week we had music somewhat better than the clang of brass that is the normal music of the public days of our colleges. A chorus of students sang with well-trained voices the songs of Auld Lang Syne. Such entertainment adds not a little to the attractions that make the sons of fair Harvard throng to her jubilee; and they leave again her hallowed grounds touched with no little emotion, when they join as they did last week in the solemn chorus of the Parting Song. w.

Peals of Bells.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

A writer in a late number of Dwight's Journal of Music (273) has a pleasant paper on the subject of bells, founded on the item travelling about, that Lowell is to have a chime of bells. He is right in saying that it should be a *peal* of bells; and I agree with him, that there is scarcely any sound under heaven more monotonous than chimes, the mere striking of any set of bells once.—No indeed; to have the music of the bells they must be rung; the bell must be struck several times by its own clapper as it makes nearly a revolution, and the whole set must be served the same way in succession and in a continuation of changes. Then you get the music of the peal; and for anything more noble, elevating, exhilarating, or joyous in the way of sound, there is no music to match it; it is the grandest music on earth; thunder alone surpasses it in sublimity. A band of music—let it be ever so good—can be heard only at a short distance; but a good peal of bells can be heard for miles. Our forefathers believed that the music of the bells frightened away evil spirits; and it is true—but not in the sense in which they believed it—the music of the bells will remove that languor which depresses the spirit when the mind and body are fatigued with the day's work. There is no truer lightener of the spirit than a peal of bells; it is to a whole city what the band is to the company when they play one of their liveliest tunes; and, although a moderate distance lends an additional enchantment to their music, it is by no means disagreeable at the foot of the belfry.

Blessed be he, who first mooted this subject in this country, for now that the ball is set in motion we hope it will not stop until every city in the land has its peal of bells. Gentlemen of the press, see that it is kept up; it is one of the elements of civilization. It is as necessary as light, pure air and fresh water. A good peal of bells would be as good as Boston Common in summer—and a good deal better than the Common in winter—for it would gladden the hearts of thousands when the snow is deep, and the cold severe, and the Common unavailable; then by your own firesides, at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and at New Year, you would have a new element of enjoyment in a lusty peal of bells; then, instead of the eternal fiz, crack, bang, bang, of the fire-crackers, you would have something wherewith merrily and appropriately to announce the *Fourth of July*. Then, when good news came, of whatever import—whether of the completion of the Trans-atlantic telegraph, or the abolition of slavery in these United States, you would have something whereby you could worthily announce the news to dwellers five miles round! Cannon and crackers sink into insignificance beside a peal of bells; besides, bells are made to imitate artillery itself—on the proper occasions. Bells can give the three-times-three and one cheer more—in their appropriate music, i. e., *firing*—making the

whole peal strike at the same instant and repeated as often as desired. Nothing can express universal gladness like a peal of bells—nay, in countries where bells are in plenty, it is not unusual to set the bells ringing on many private occasions, such as *births, marriages, and the arrival of welcome guests*. Our Boston *belles*—let them be ever so rich, or the occasion be made ever so magnificent, come not near the honor they might otherwise have, with a fine peal of bells to announce their wedding—and therefore let us have the bells.

It will be no small feather in the cap of Lowell, if she should be the first city in the Union that shall have a peal of bells—and it is devoutly to be hoped that a peal they intend, and not a mere *chime*. Good music can be got from six bells, but better from eight. I am inclined to think, too, that eight bells is the happy medium in bell music—giving all the sounds necessary, and minimizing the outlay required and the expense of ringing—not that this latter item need ever be so great as to prevent the smallest city from having its peal; as wherever bells are, ringers enough will be found who will love the exercise. Only have the flowers, the bees are sure to find them, and only get the bells and the ringers will be sure to grow round them. Wherever there are bells the ringers spring up, each one devoted to his bell, with a half dozen growing around him, like suckers to young trees, ready to step in his shoes whenever absence, or sickness or death prevent him being at his post. Whenever a good peal of bells shall have been once established, and the people get a taste of the music, we believe a new element of civilization will be introduced, and one the people will not willingly let die.

Some may fancy that half I say about the bells is no better than nonsense, but every one has read E. A. Poe's poem about the Bells, and if the mere jingle of the sleigh bells (a sound, by the by, that might be rendered more harmonious by having them of different *tones* on each team) could elicit so much praise from him, what would a glorious peal of eight large bells have done! And, as a finish to this paragraph, I will just cite a few of the poets in justification:

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies—
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.

[Cowper.]

Charles Lamb says in prose:

"Of all sound of all bells—(bells, *the music*
highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and
touching is the peal which rings out the old year."

And in verse:

Chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse, or high, have chanced to
lure

Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.

Him thus engaged the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

How fond the rustic's ear at leisure dwells
On the soft soundings of his village bells.

[Clare.]

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite
When the merry bells ring round.

[Milton.
D. J.]

Letter from Signor Corelli.

[Correspondence of the Gazette.]

SIR:—While I was thinking that if I were to write a letter to all those persons to whom I might wish, either through friendship or regard, to give such token of my good souvenir, I should have to sit down from morning to night scribbling away, the idea recurred to me to address this letter to you,

which you would kindly insert in your valuable paper, as being intended to remember me particularly to all those of my friends and pupils under whose eyes it might happen to fall.

After a fair passage of twelve days, we arrived in Liverpool on Sunday, June 30th, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon.

On landing, the officers at the custom house put my patience, a virtue wherewith I am not particularly gifted, to a very severe test. I hope, for my pupils' sake, that I have not lost it altogether.

I intended to start for London without delay, but the exhibition of the Art Treasury in Manchester held out a sufficient inducement to make a trip to that city, and most delighted have I been by doing so, as I had an opportunity of admiring the finest collection of works of Art that has ever been brought together. I had also the pleasure to see her most gracious Majesty the Queen.

As soon as I reached London, my first occupation was, of course, of going about paying visits to my acquaintances who happened to be in London. Mr. Lumley and Mr. Costa were foremost among the number, and the former gentleman favored me on the morrow with the following letter:

"Mr. L. presents his compliments to Mr. C., and has much pleasure in placing his name on the list of Entrées during his stay in London."

I availed myself the same day of the permission, and assisted in the evening at the performance of the *Traviata*, where I heard Mlle. Spezia and Signor Giuglini, who is destined to a glorious career. Alboni was Azucena, with the same freshness of voice and justness of tone. I exchanged a few words with this lady about her last visit to America, and she seemed much pleased at the remembrance thereof.

Benevenuto, an old acquaintance, sings better, and still better would he sing, if he could do away with a sort of affectation peculiar to his idiosyncrasy.

From Her Majesty's Theatre I ran to the Lyceum, where I arrived just in time to admire our favorite star, Bosio, in the last act of the *Traviata*. After the performance. I went on the stage to shake hands with that lady, Mme. Nantier Didiée, and my old comrade, Ronconi, who came bowing towards me in his operatic costume, with all the assumption of seriousness, and thereby puzzling me very much, as I did not at first recognize him. I was at the moment speaking with Signor Costa, the celebrated Director, under whose conduct I sang in former times at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was extremely kind to his old friend Corelli. He introduced me to the Manager of the Lyceum, Mr. Gye, who very kindly sent me an invitation for next day to witness Mlle. Ristori's wonderful performance of *Medea*. It is impossible for me to express in words my feelings of enthusiasm and overwhelming emotion whilst following this high-gifted artiste through those scenes of heart-rending woe and despair.

I shall now speak of the young lady whom they call here little dear Piccolomini; and in truth I must say that her performance of *La Traviata* is all that can be desired.

But what shall I say of Giuglini? All the praise that has been bestowed upon him is scarcely equal to convey an idea of his real merits. His voice is of so sweet a texture that it goes straight to one's heart, and long after he has ceased singing, his last melody still sounds in your ear.

On my arrival here, I was unable to satisfy my great desire to hear Mario, as he was rather unwell. So I went to pay him a visit. I talked with him about the "big gun," and he very much approved of my idea, and very kindly offered me letters of introduction for several of the most distinguished persons of Vienna. As he subsequently recovered, I had the good luck to hear him yesterday in *La Traviata*, and I found him to be always the same sweet, soul-stirring singer.

On the day of my visit to Mario, after a most substantial luncheon, I went forth with him and Mme. Grisi to the Crystal Palace. The adage goes that—

"Qui no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla."

but I think that the proverb in question would be more fitly applied to this wondrous building, and to the wonders contained in it. Why, you are led from amazement to amazement, and so many are the beauties to be seen, that you don't know which to admire most. The waters in the adjoining lawn were in full play, but the sky was rather gloomy, which detracted so much from the general effect.

As you will perceive by the date, this letter is written on a Sunday, which day is pretty much the same here as in Boston, that is, very dull—and it is the more so to-day, as it is raining very heavily indeed, and so it has been for the last few days. This makes me regret the clean streets of Boston,

those of London being on such occasions in a most filthy state. But I shall forget all these little vexations in the good company of my excellent friend, Mme. Bosio, to whose house in St. John's Wood I am now hastening to go to dinner.

To-morrow I shall visit again the Crystal Palace, as a single inspection is hardly enough to walk it through, and in the evening I shall go to the Lyceum, to see Shakspeare's chef d'œuvre, *Macbeth*, interpreted by the Italian troupe, and the grand tragedienne, Mme. Ristori. After the performance I shall start for Paris, where I expect to arrive in the course of Tuesday morning. My stay in the French capital will be very short, as I shall leave in a couple of days for Italy, where my friend the Gun is waiting me, for a regular introduction to the Sardinian authorities.

L. C.

MARIO'S SHADOW.—Side by side with the picture of Rachel dying—a wreck of her former self, we have the news of the dreadful death of Miss Coutts, the lady who is so well-known to the opera-going public as the "patron-saint" of Mario, and the individual who had more influence upon his stage efforts than all the critics and the public combined. A French journal gives an account of the death of the lady, as well as some facts relating to her life. It seems that, from the first moment her eyes rested upon Mario, she became the strange woman who has so completely mystified the public if not the celebrated tenor himself. She commenced a solitary life, following him wherever he went, and invariably presenting herself on the night of his first appearance in any place. St. Petersburg, Madrid, London, Paris, and even America, were all the same to her; nothing would prevent her taking her place in the box or dress circle at his first performance. She never met him; never exchanged a word, written or spoken with the object of her strange adoration; but there was a witchery in her pale face and riveted eyes that acted like magic upon the singer, who has oftentimes to be compared to one of those "birds who can sing, but wont sing, and must be made to sing," but who, in her presence, threw himself into the music and sang as only Mario could sing—when he would. A few weeks ago it seems that he was to have a benefit at the Theatre-Italien, and of course Miss Coutts prepared to attend in the most elaborate toilette possible. Dressing herself in her own room, unattended by any maid, she placed the lighted candle in a chair before the tall mirror, the better to judge of the effect of her toilette. Turning around, and looking "first on this side and then on that," a founce of the thin gauze approached too near the light, and instantly the lady was enveloped in flames. With much presence of mind she threw herself on the bed, intending to smother the blaze in the counterpane; but unluckily the maid had thrown a couple of thin dresses just from the mantua-maker's, upon it, and they added to the blaze most fearfully. Miss Coutts screamed for help, but it came too late. She lingered several days, suffering intensely, yet refusing to the last any medical assistance; and died, pressing to her lips a rose-colored letter, the only one ever written her by Mario, in which he expressed his sympathy for her sufferings, and thanked her with deepest gratitude for the applause and approbation she had always publicly shown him. And thus ended a life, the story of which "is stranger than fiction." When time has thrown over it the veil of distance, some future Hawthorne will weave from it the pages of a veritably "thrilling" romance.—*Worcester Palladium*.

From my Diary, No. 10.

JULY 25.—"This important project, long delayed," says the *Traveller* this morning, "but now so pressingly demanded for building purposes, is likely to be soon commenced." "This important project" is the filling up of the Back Bay.

And how is the work to be done? With any regard to the future beauty, convenience and health of the city, or only with the one object in view of making the greatest number of lots possible? Is the plan of the grand avenue into the city given up? Is the last hope of Boston's possessing one street, which shall for all time be its pride and greatest ornament, extinguished? I ask for information.

When I think of the streets of European cities, which receive from travellers epithets of superlative intensity for their splendor and beauty, and compare them with what we might have at hardly more than a nominal cost, if our people's government had a tenth part the taste of royal governments abroad, and reflect how little hope there is of having it, I fear that the religion most prevalent is that which teaches the worship of the almighty dollar. But perhaps provision is made for all we would ask.

I have taken strangers lately to my favorite point of view, for the panorama of Boston and its environs.

One gentleman from the South, as our carriage came upon the apex of Corey's hill, leaped from the vehicle. He was so struck with the richness and beauty of the scene, that for some moments he wished not to speak or be spoken to.

Then and there we discussed the matter, and tried to form some estimate of the debt of gratitude which succeeding generations would owe the Brookline millionaires, could they be induced to purchase those grounds and lay them out for a public park forever.

I looked forward in fancy to the time when all the surrounding country, far as the beautiful ranges of hills which limit the view, shall be filled with human habitations, and reflected upon the feelings which then would swell the breast of the stranger, who from this point should look down upon the wide spread city, and should be told that this spot, when all other heights around Boston had become private property, was bought by the wise and liberal millionaires of 185-, and given to the use, recreation and delight of the poor man.

I fancied my stranger to be one who had seen much of the world, whose eye was open to beauty, whose heart could appreciate a noble deed. But let me interest you in the description, as Sterne says, or something like it.

It is about A. D., 1950. The Back Bay is filled up, and noble, stately residences occupy its now loathsome surface. From some point near the public garden, as we stand upon the observatory on Corey's hill, we can trace a broad avenue, lined with rows of trees, wider than "Unter den Linden," in Berlin, bordered with magnificent buildings, elevated enough to enable the trains upon the railroads to pass beneath, and stretching directly out to that most beautiful of suburban towns, Brookline. From the outer end of this noble avenue winds a broad and beautiful street to the hill on which we stand. The hill is now planted with all the beautiful varieties of American forest trees, and sweet-scented and flowering shrubs. The oak in its several species, intermixed with beautiful clumps of pines, firs and hemlocks—that noble tree!—hickories and chestnuts, maples and ashes, all in their places—all beautiful in themselves, all still more beautiful by contrast with each other—all are here; in this spot the fragrant sassafras, in that the sweet fern, there the laurus benzoin, and here again the sweet briar; a patch of the kalmia latifolia refreshes the eye on the one hand, rhododendron or azalea on the other.

It is now "toward the going down of the sun," and the fashionable world of Boston are driving out in long procession over the milldam, winding up the side of Corey's, and after long looking at the glories below and around, pass down upon the other side, and beneath the shade of the glorious old elms which line the streets, they drive on to the grand avenue—the "Boulevard" of the city. This drive has become to Boston more than Hyde Park is to London. Down among the groves and shrubbery of the hill sides, a thousand poor mothers with their children are sitting, and drinking in the scene with emotions which they do not understand, but which on the Great Book are passed to the credit of him of whom it is written, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy."

"I have during my stay in Boston," says the stranger, "visited your institutions of learning, your noble charities, and the magnificent 'cities of the dead,' which the wisdom and generosity of the last century established. But beyond and above them all, I must place that enlightened taste, that nobleness of disposition, which led to the purchase of this hill, and its improvement for a public resort. A hundred years ago I can easily conceive of the Common yonder, and the broad acres below us, then open fields, as having been sufficient for the recreation of the people. But now, with this dense population, and with no suitable provision in the way of parks and public pleasure grounds, what could the people do without this spot? True, the enclosure is not very extensive—a mere patch compared with the public grounds of foreign cities—but then the views it affords are so superb as to more than make up for the smallness of its extent. Indeed, I consider such a spot as this as one of the noblest of educational institutions. The people are

taught refinement who come here; their souls are touched by the sentiment of beauty; they acquire new ideas of the grandeur of civil society, as they look down upon the vast human hive, and they learn to feel the importance of order, the necessity of obedience to the laws, and the value of social harmony. They see the rich pass by them in showy vehicles, but reflect that they share the pleasures of the rich, and that from them their privilege of coming hither was obtained.

And now the sun is sinking behind the hills of Waltham, and lighting up Boston, and Cambridge, and Charlestown, with a fiery glow. A thousand eyes are sparkling with delight at the magical changes of color in earth, air and sea. A hush comes over the multitude; no noisy conversation is heard; the sense of beauty is aroused in all; the hum of busy life comes up to our ears with singular distinctness; the broad-faced moon is rising above dome and spire and house-top; and new crowds are wending their way hitherward to take the places of those who now retire to their dwellings, perhaps in lanes and alleys, but who carry with them the sweet influence of beauty and grandeur. I honor the names of Perkins, and Lawrence, and Appleton, and Peabody; but, Mr. Diarist, I reverence his memory still more, who in an age of money-making and school endowments, looked with kindly eye upon the laborer and mechanic, and gave of his abundance, that the laborer's wife and child should forever have this magnificent spot for their recreation, and for the development in their souls of the sentiment of beauty."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG, 1, 1857.

Promenade Concerts.

Artists or cultivated amateurs cannot of course look for much to interest them, in a strictly musical and artistic sense, in concerts of "light and favorite pieces," as performed by common military bands, small theatre or museum orchestras, &c. But this is no reason for regarding all such cheap and popular music as of no consequence. The most refined musical taste derives chance moments of gratification from the passing music of the streets, brassy and hacknied as for the most part it is; and every one, through a mere fellow feeling, through natural human sympathies with any general joy around him, must rejoice in all provisions whereby the popular ear and heart and sense of rhythm and of harmony are wooed to any sort of pleasant intimacy with so pure and beautiful an enlivener as music. Better the most hacknied ditties, better negro melodies, "anvil choruses," and clap-trap polkas, quick-steps, patriotic airs, or any music, we would say, than none at all. As long as the simple sense of rhythm and melody and harmony is quickened, there must be more field than there would be otherwise, for the reception of a better seed. What is humdrum to our ears may be the preparation of thousands for the appreciation, some day, of something a little nearer to the character and dignity of Art.

We rejoice therefore in everything that is done to furnish the people, the masses, freely or at small cost, with frequent feasts of music such as they have most delight in, provided it have some true pretensions to excellence both in the composition and in the performance—enough at least to educate the general sense or appetite a little way above the present level, and create a general demand for music of a somewhat better

order. We rejoice to believe, too, that our popular street music, especially the music of our bands, which always feels its way by consultation of the public pulse, is better than it was, and on the whole improving. There is another side to the matter, to be sure, when we come to look into it critically; but we leave that for the present.

Our object for the present is to congratulate the believers in music as one of the great and essential agencies of true national and social culture, (especially in a republic), first, on the success of the experiment for some years past, of summer evening concerts on the Common, at the public cost—a success shown by the eager general demand for it this summer, and the odium incurred by the unlucky Aldermen through whose impracticable "consciences" it is withheld from us. And, secondly, on the success, if we may trust the newspapers, of the experiment of which we hinted in our last, and in which the realization almost outran the rumor; for, behold, that very day the corners of the streets were placarded with invitations to a whole week of "People's Promenade Concerts," at the Boston Music Hall, at the mere nominal price of *fifteen cents* admission, *twenty-five cents* for a lady and gentleman, or *one dollar* for two admissions through the week. The Hall, we understand, has been well frequented, considering the weather, every night of this week, by audiences varying from 1,000 to 1,500; a crowd to all appearances respectable and orderly and happy; no vulgarity or rudeness; nothing to offend and drive away the pure and the refined; but all in keeping with the beautiful and noble place. Crowds stand in groups or promenade upon the spacious lower floor, while others sit and watch them from the balconies; and the music which our various bands have discoursed in turn seems to have given general satisfaction. So far well. We have not witnessed for ourselves, but we can easily imagine it, knowing so well the place, the bands, the kinds of music now in fashion, and the people who seek pleasure in it.

We shall soon know if the experiment has *paid*, and whether the gentlemen, whoever they may be, who were inspired to make the trial, have found it safe or profitable to keep on. If not already profitable, we see no reason why such concerts may not easily be made so, yielding a fair remuneration to the owners of the Hall, to the musicians, to the conductors of the enterprise, as well as nightly opportunities of refining recreation to thousands of all classes. So far so well. Let cheap concerts for the people first become an institution upon this or any decent footing, and then there will be room for all improvement. We wish first to join hands with a wholesome public movement, and show our interest and faith in it, before we commence to criticize. And now having done this, we propose, in another article, to throw out some suggestions touching the best composition of a band or orchestra, the best selections of music, &c., whereby such popular concerts may be made not less popular and far more improving.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our correspondent, who gave us last week the interesting account of the Normal Musical Institute at North Reading, estimated the number of pupils at about *seventy*. We understand that this falls short of the mark, and that the class this season really

numbers almost *ninety*. . . Some one writes from Paris to the *Courier des Etats Unis*, that Mr. Ullman has engaged to come to America besides Mme. FREZZOLINI, the famous French tenor, ROGER, and VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist; also that the same indefatigable little manager has been making serious but vain attempts to engage LAMARTINE for a course of lectures in this country; and that he has persuaded VIVIER, the hornist, to postpone his visit to another season, lest his brightness should prove too excessive for the full shining of the stars above-named. . . Our Philadelphia neighbors have a pleasant notion of their own musical pre-eminence; thus, speaking of a recent notice in our columns of Dr. SCHILLING's arrival in this country, *Fitzgerald* says:

We would like Dr. Schilling to visit Philadelphia. We believe this to be the city in which his success would be the greatest, and our sister cities will pardon our civic pride, when we assign the reason, that in this city is the most musical appreciation. We believe this city will become very prominent as the musical metropolis of America. We have a finer Opera House, and more hand organs than any other city in the Union.

We have the programme of a Musical Soirée given a fortnight since by the young ladies of Maplewood Seminary, (J. Holmes Agnew, D. D., principal), at Pittsfield, Mass., which shows decided progress in a right direction. The first part consisted of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, played on four pianos, followed by the entire *Forty-second Psalm* of Mendelssohn: "As the hart pants," &c. One such work well studied is worth all the fashionable medley of fantasias, variations, polkas, sentimental ditties, and operatic cavatinas, that usually figure in the exhibitions of such schools. The credit of this good example, we presume, belongs chiefly to the head of the musical department of Maplewood, Mr. J. L. ENSIGN, formerly an earnest member of the New York Philharmonic Society. The second part of the Soirée was miscellaneous, embracing overtures to "Tell" and *La Gazza Ladra*; Thalberg's *Moise*, played by a teacher; Cavatinas from *Ernani* and *Robert*; choruses from "Tell," &c., &c.

The London concert in memory of DOUGLAS JERROLD, was a great success. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Ernst, Bottesini, and others, were engaged in it. . . LEVASSEUR, who has been recognized for forty-four years as one of the best bass singers of Paris, has retired from the profession in full vigor of voice. . . MARETZKE is in Paris, in search, (says *Fitzgerald*), of a soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, to be added to his present force. . . JULIEN has produced at the Surrey Gardens his new composition, "The Great Comet," which is announced as being "electric and empiric, terrific and comic." The *Leader* says it is a disguised overture to the celebrated oratorio he has in his portfolio—*Le fin du Monde*! . . . Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, who sang so finely in concerts, oratorios and German operas in this country, is now the prima donna of the opera at Hamburg. . . At a recent production of Rossini's *Barbiere*, at the Opera House in Berlin, the Spanish prima donna, FORTUNI, sang the part of Rosain in Italian; two introduced *morceaux* (in the singing lesson scene) in Spanish; the dialogue she spoke in French, and all the other parts in the opera were sung and spoken in German.

We find the following account of the music performed recently in New Orleans at the anniversary of the canonization of St. Vincent de Paul, on which occasion high mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church:

The Concert Mass of Mercadante, a brilliant and florid composition, was performed, on the occasion, by the choir of St. Patrick's, under the direction of Mr. Labache, Mr. Trust presiding at the organ. Mr. Cripps, the accomplished organist, also assisted. Members of other choirs lent their aid in giving

effect to the performance, which was admirable and impressive, throughout. Besides the music of the mass, a "Veni Creator," by Hummel, an "Ecce panis," by Gluck, and a *morceau* of Lambillotte, were introduced, and all were sung, with great effect, by the soloists and the choir.

The New York *Mirror*, in delighted strain, reports progress of Mlle. VESTALI, the popular contralto and opera managress, who has had such triumphs in Mexico, Havana, New Orleans, Mobile, St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c., and states that "the lady has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Tehuantepec, in Mexico, with a view of establishing a colony; and has also forwarded to London \$75,000, so that she has no reason to complain of the result of her three years' labor on this side of the Atlantic." Also: "She has received splendid offers from Paris and St. Petersburg, but will not yet take her final farewell of the United States. She will go immediately to Europe, to engage an entirely new grand troupe, and will, on her return, proceed to South America. She received an offer, we hear, from Mr. Burton, who is at the West, to appear at his theatre up town, on the very liberal terms of \$2500 per month, but was compelled to decline it."

The London *Chronicle* furnishes the following statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Handel Festival:

About 40,000 persons attended during the Festival, including 9,000 admission of parties engaged in the performances. A very large proportion of the audience paid half a guinea, so that nearly £23,000 were taken, or \$111,000 in our currency. The expenses were originally limited to £10,000, but they swelled to £13,000, and therefore only £10,000 were realized as profits. Of this sum, the Crystal Palace takes seven-ninths, or £8,000, and the balance is to be invested for another grand festival in 1859. If that do not take place, the Crystal Palace and Sacred Harmonic Society divide it.

THALBERG, perhaps not all of his admirers are aware, is something of a wag. No sooner has he turned his back upon the audience, after playing one of those wonderful fantasias, than the sedate and quiet face beams with all manner of fun, wherewith he salutes the "few friends" in the green room. He is given to practical jokes. With the gravest air imaginable he has been *taking lessons on the banjo* (!), of which M. De Trobriand, the entertaining critic of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, makes a pleasant story; we borrow the *Musical Review's* translation:

Thalberg, returned to New York from his triumphant tour in the interior, is reposing gracefully and quietly on his laurels. At the present, he dreams only of a *fur niente* season at the sea-side, and if, from the force of habit, he must indulge in some musical recreation; it is not with the piano-forte.

"Not with the piano-forte?" do you ask? "And what, then, may it be?"

We give you ten, yes, a hundred guesses, but we counsel you, as you value your comfort, to "give up" at once. Know that Thalberg, the great Thalberg, reposes from his royal sovereignty in cultivating the banjo! We have written it—the banjo!

Here are the facts. Entering his apartments the other day at the St. Nicholas, in place of the magnificent Erard we were accustomed to find there, there appeared a suspicious box of somewhat musical form, and bearing the significant address: *S. Thalberg, New York*.

"In the name of St. Cecilia, is it not a banjo case?"

"It is nothing else," replied Thalberg, in his usual quiet and modest tones.

"And," we continued, "You play on this odd instrument?"

"I have taken ten lessons," responded, most humbly, the celebrated man; and encouraged, doubtless, by the admiration plainly depicted in our countenance, he added:

"And I will acknowledge that I have made considerable progress already."

"Pray let us have the special favor of judging for ourselves! All the world has heard Thalberg upon the piano-forte; let us have the privilege of hearing him on the banjo!"

With his uniform kindness, he at once opened the case. It was empty. Thalberg, with the enthusi-

asm of all young students, had attacked with too much warmth the melody:

"O Susannah, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee."

and alas! the instrument was now gone to the shop for repair.

Thus we have not yet heard Thalberg on the banjo! When we have that honor the world shall surely know it. Oh! that we could be in Paris when, on the artist's return, this new accomplishment is made known to the public of that city! Nothing of the like has been dreamed of there, and all the little eccentricities of Vivier will be entirely eclipsed. Every man will be burton-holed in the streets, *not* for the salutation, "How do you do?" but with the query: "Have you heard Thalberg's banjo?"

"The banjo! What in the name of Saxe is that?"

"A primary affair; the national instrument of America, (the black part of it at least); a guitar finger-board, attached to a gourd drum."

For a week, Paris will think of nothing else. Government may, if it pleases, make a new *coup d'état*; no one will pay the slightest attention to it, for the great affair of the hour will be to hear Thalberg's banjo!

OLE BULL and his son sailed from this port on Wednesday in the steamer America, for Europe. Ole has been successfully and industriously concertizing in Maine and Canada. While in Lowell he gave a concert in aid of the peal of bells to be erected in that city, and one of the largest bells will bear his name as donor. . . The Musical Institute at Newport, R. I., inaugurated with due ceremony, about the last of June, a new Hall in "Narragansett Building." Choruses from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and other selections were sung, and a service of silver was presented in the name of the ladies of the Institute to their devoted teacher and conductor, Mr. EBEN TOURJEE. This presentation was followed by good speeches from leading persons in the town, full of enthusiasm for the divine Art, and of thanks to the teacher who had done so much to awaken a true interest in music, all of which are set forth at length in the Newport *News*, of June 29. . . The "Keystone Musical Magazine, and *Physiological* (!) Musical Advocate" is the long and singular title of the last new specimen of musical journalism which has been sent us. It is published monthly in Lancaster, Pa., and edited by A. N. JOHNSON and Wm. F. DUNCAN. The leading article of the number before us (No. 9) objects, very fairly, to what it calls "the old system of learning to sing," that it makes so much account of learning to *read* music, to the neglect of due efforts to cultivate the voice, improve the expression, &c. Against this "old system," (old *here*, we suppose it means, for we doubt if it has *begun* to be in Europe) it upholds its own peculiar notion of a "physiological" training of the voice, which of course is not new. The article referred to speaks very disrespectfully, we are pained to see, of the newspaper musical critics, thus:

The senseless twattle of the critics of city newspapers (who are always asses) does much towards producing this state of things. According to them, the chaste and perfect performance of a psalm tune, an easy glee, or a simple ballad, is abominable, but the blundering, coarse, uncouth attempt at an oratorio chorus or song, charming! admirable!! sublime!!!

VERDI has been offered 80,000 francs to write a new opera for the next season in St. Petersburg. "Some Germans think this a very good omen, as from Petersburg to Siberia is not very far!" Pretty well, Herr Hagen! Elsewhere we read: Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*, after making a terrible *fiasco* at Venice, has, to the surprise of every body, created an immense furor at the new theatre of Reggio, near Brescia. Verdi and the chief artists called before the curtain 32 times (thirty-two times)!

Dr. CRYLANDER, the German gentleman entrusted by the Halle Committee with the task of writing the biography of Handel, to be ready for the centenary performances of 1859, and to accompany the new

German edition of Handel's works.—is now in England in quest of materials. . . . MARSCHNER, the German composer, is in London.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. (From the *Musical World*, July 11.)—The coming week will bring the subscription to a close. Monday evening is devoted to the benefit of Signor Giuglini, on which occasion he will appear in no less than five different parts. Of these one will be a first appearance, and the remaining series will be selected from the operas of *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *I Martiri*, and *La Favorita*. *L'Elisir d'Amore* is the work selected for Tuesday, the principal performers being Piccolomini, Rossi, Belletti and Belart, and the first appearance of Marie Taglioni is fixed for the same day. On Thursday *Don Giovanni* will be repeated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The long promised *Fra Diavolo*, adapted to the Italian stage, with additions and modifications by MM. Scribe and Auber, the author and composer, was brought out on Thursday night, July 9, in presence of a crowded audience, and with complete success.

As *La Muette de Portici* made the reputation of Auber at the Grand Opera, so *Fra Diavolo* confirmed it at the Opera Comique. These remarkable works, had he written no other, would have sufficed to place him at the head of the French school of composers; but he has since maintained that high position through a series of brilliant productions, only surpassed in beauty and variety by the operas of his great contemporary, Rossini, to whom, although wholly unlike in style, he has been justly compared in fertility;—the proviso being allowed for, that while the Italian finished his career before he reached the age of 40, the Frenchman is still active and producing at past 70. Of all the amusing books with which M. Scribe has supplied his eminent compatriot, and enriched the repertory of the Opera Comique, not one is more happily constructed, fuller of incident, or better fitted for musical treatment than *Fra Diavolo*; and the wonder is that long before now it had not found its way in some convenient shape to the Italian stage. Besides its other characteristics, the music has the merit of being essentially vocal; every character is a singing character; and now that the dialogue is turned into accompanied recitative (as in the instance of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*), the opera may be said to be naturalized Italian, and we are much mistaken if it is not destined to hold permanent possession of the boards. It had previously delighted thousands, and run a prosperous career in a German and an English dress, and nothing but this was wanted to consummate its European triumph.

In addition to the accompanied recitatives into which the spoken dialogue of the French opera has been converted, to suit the exigencies of the Italian stage, some new *morceaux* have been written expressly by the composer, some modifications made in the concerted pieces, and one air interpolated from an old opera. In the first act a new comic descriptive song has been introduced for Lord Allcash (we use the English name—the Italian is Lord Roeburg), founded on the Rossini model; and a new trio for tenor and two basses, for *Fra Diavolo* and the *Robbers*. In the second act the grand bravura air from *Le Serment* is given to Zerlina, constituting the great vocal display of the performance for Madame Bosio. This, however, it would seem, necessitates the omission of the slow movement, "Oh, hour of joy," in the bed-room scene, and which the admirers of the opera will be sorry to lose—more sorry, indeed, than glad to gain the brilliant air from the *Serment*. In the last act the novelties are a short and pleasing duet for Zerlina and Lorenzo, and a *tarentella* dance introduced in the wedding *fête* scene. There are also some alterations in the finales to the second and third acts; but these are not very important. The recitatives are most masterly, and so well dove-tailed, as it were, with the music, that even those to whom the score is familiar could not always point out when the old dialogue is departed from. Of the novelties written expressly for the Italian revival, we may say briefly, that the comic air for Ronconi is composed with a view to the humor of that incomparable artist, and that he sings and acts it to perfection; that the trio for male voices is worthy of Auber in his best moments; that the duet for soprano and tenor is very charming, but somewhat *de trop* in the scene; and that the air from *Le Serment* was well selected for Mme. Bosio, whose vocal capabilities required more brilliant and telling music than Auber thought proper to give his original Zerlina.

Mme. Bosio's singing was exquisite. The music occasionally is too low for her; but she has frequent opportunities in the opera for brilliant display—witness the quartet in the first act, and the song in the second act, "Tis to-morrow," with its sparkling florid passages; and the air from *Le Serment* could hardly be surpassed in facile execution and vivacity of expression.

Mlle. Marsi, as Lady Allcash, did not apparently feel the importance of her part, and was somewhat indistinct in the first song and the duet with Lord

Allcash. Nevertheless, she displayed her usual talent and carefulness in the quintet in the first scene, and the trio in the bed-room, given to perfection with Mme. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi.

Fra Diavolo was impersonated by Sig. Gardoni with a great deal of spirit and animation. He looked, however, too juvenile; showed nothing of the brigand in his manner or deportment; and was dressed like a young Englishman prepared to go to a picnic party. His singing was characterized by great taste and expression, and he gave the serenade "Young Agnes," most sweetly, and in a highly finished—almost polished, manner.

As everybody expected, Ronconi "created" the part of Lord Allcash. His entrance was the signal for a universal shout of laughter. He was sprucely attired in a full suit of nankeen, and wore a straw hat. He had evidently made up his mind to have a good "go in" for fun, and such was the effect, that the audience might be said to have laughed more than they listened all the evening. The well-known duet, "I don't object," was irresistibly comic. He made points on every word and every note. Every look was followed by laughter; every movement and gesture received its acclamation. While he was on the stage he was the cynosure of all eyes. No one else was dreamt of. It was Ronconi—always Ronconi—nothing but Ronconi.

The two robbers never before found such absolute masters of the characters as in Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger.

The *Athenæum*, (July 4), which seems to be among the admirers of the pianist, RUBINSTEIN, who is such a stone of stumbling to most of the London critics, speaks thus of a new composition by him on Milton's "Paradise Lost":

Two English composers, Dr. Wylde and Mr. Lodge Ellerton, have attempted the subject—and last and most aspiring of all comes M. Rubinstein, the full score of whose "mystery," in three acts, we have perused—the work being ready now for translation and rehearsal. It seems to us full of matter to advance the young composer's reputation—the first part being devoted principally to the battle of the angels and the fall of the rebels, with *Lucifer*, "son of the morning," at their head—the second to "the Creation" of the world and of our first parents—the third to the temptation—"Man's first disobedience," and the expulsion of the pair from the garden of Eden. It would not be becoming to say more in commendation, qualification, or detailed description of a work which can hardly fail at no distant period to come to public judgment.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The *Athenæum* does not join the general strain of praise; read:

On Monday evening we had the last of those "stale, flat and unprofitable" meetings, the Philharmonic Concerts. It is long since we have heard the "Jupiter Symphony" so coarsely given. Mr. Cooper's performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto was good, in spite of the accompaniments. The seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, which Madame Schumann is fond of playing, are not well selected for a grand concert—and will be found dry by many, even when they are heard in the most serious chamber. If Miss L. Pyne had determined to show that an American tour is not to be gone through without "wear and tear," she could not have accomplished her object more completely than by selecting the *Trio* of voice with three flutes, from "L'Etoile du Nord," as her song of return. This, too, she sang in its shortened version, (the one arranged by M. Meyerbeer for the stage), and not as a concert-piece. But the attempt proved that her voice stands in need of rest—and the style, formerly so neat and pointed, of being polished anew. The other singer was Miss Dolby. There has been small pleasure in attending or in chronicling the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society this year: which lives, (if life there be), on its old reputation. Of enterprise, or wisdom in selection, there has been little: M. Rubinstein's appearance being the solitary novelty which has marked the season;—and Prof. Bennett is as far from being satisfactory in conducting the band as he was the first day, when he attempted to bring it back to order after it had been "demoralized" (as the French use the verb) by Herr Wagner's strange proceedings.

The prospectus of a subscription Comic Italian Opera, to be given at the St. James's Theatre, has been issued.

This is to commence on the 16th of November:—to give six performances a week, with a double company of artists (soprano, orchestra and chorus), during three months. The list of operas from among which "the Direction will select and reproduce in London the most famous and popular, besides the ancient repertory," runs as follows:—*Il Colombella*, *Cléopâtre la Comète*, *Il Barba di Preston*, *Don Checco*, *Pipolo*, *Don Baccalà*, *Don Procopio*, *I Montemari Falsi*, *Tutti in Maschera*, *Amore Trappolo*, *Le Conventiere Teatrini*, *Don Desiderio Disgraziato*, *Chilone Vincio*, *Le Prigionieri d'Edimburgo*, *Chilone di Reconnere*, *Il Colombello*, *La Betty*, *Olivio Pasquale*, *L'Alibi*, *Tabarozza*, *Il Draculo Nero*, *La Moria a Napoli*, *La Dama e il Zaccalari*,

Precauzione, *Scaramuccia*, *Eran due ed or son tre*, *Il Ventaglio*, by Donizetti, Ricci, Fioravanti, Cagnoni, De Giosa, Nini, Defferrari, Rossi, Raimondi. The company announced as already engaged consists of Mesdames Fumagalli, Vaschetti, Luigia Tamburini, —MM. Daniele, Serazzi, Bartolucci, Fumagalli, Ciampi, Casaciello, Castelli. In addition to these, we are promised in print "a *comprimaria*, a second *tenor comprimario*, a second *bass*, a *seconda donna*, of distinguished merit." All this bears a charming and cheerful promise of novelty, and a winter opera would be welcome; but why should this be second-rate Italian—wherefore not French?—wherefore (most of all) not English?

PARIS.—The Opera Comique has presented a new opera for the amusement of the Parisian grocers and tradesmen, entitled the "Clef des Champs," and the Theatre Lyrique, laying aside "Oberon," announces the "Nuits d'Espagne." The first opera seems to have been particularly successful. Mme. Dubarry has taken the "key of the fields" for a little promenade by herself, and her royal lover, Louis XV., goes in search of her. He discovers her under a tree, near Noisy-le-Roi, in the costume of a shepherdess, talking with a court gallant who was a former friend. The king discovers her, and supplicates her to return to Versailles. She consents, upon condition that the Duke of Choiseul is disgraced, and a minister of her own appointed. The piece introduces an *aubergiste*, who is also an admirer of Madame's, and the three form the principal parts. The piece is described as well constructed and amusing. The music is by M. Deffes. The "Nuits d'Espagne" are nights where lovers court young black-eyed *majas*, and carry them off, in spite of unreasonable parents. The opera is full of choruses of *mataadors*, *picadors*, *banderilleros*, *toreros*, and similar gentry, common to the peninsula, and contains a young midshipman, by way of relief. M. Lesage and Mile. Moreau debuted in this first representation.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces a one-act comic opera, founded on "Le Mariage Extravagant," of Désaugiers, and set by M. E. Gautier, which has just been produced at the Opera Comique of Paris—describes "the stand" made at the Grand Opera by M. Renard, a new tenor, and the first appearance of M. Coeille, another tenor, at the Theatre Lyrique, as having been a brilliant success. The same journal announces that two veritable "cockneys" have been engaged here by M. Offenbach to "break French," for the diversion of the public of "Les Bouffes Parisiens,"—that Mesdames Alboni and Nantier-Didière are to form part of the company at the Italian Opera this winter,—and (as usual) that Madame Stoltz is so distracted by the magnificent engagements offered to her, that she has not decided whether she goes to America or to Montpellier. Among events which have just happened, or are "coming off," meetings are mentioned of the "Orphéons" at Bordeaux,—of the Swabian *Liedertafel* societies at Tubingen,—one at Revel, at which thousands of singers were, orientally, expected to congregate,—and (to pass to a distant quarter of the globe) an execution of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Buenos Ayres. M. Vieuxtemps has been invited to take the lead in forming a "conservatory" or music school, at Constantinople.

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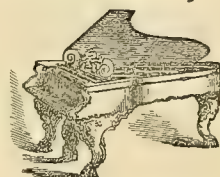
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Translated for this Journal.

The Credo of the Dead.

BY C. WEISFLOG.

"You, Gentlemen, dwellers in the small cities of Protestant states, you have no idea what the Romish ritual is," said I to my friend, who had come an hundred and fifty miles to pay me a visit: "Here, here you must hear the Catholic service, in our lordly Dominican church; and luckily to-morrow is one of our religious festivals." "Capital! splendid!" cried my friend, and on the morrow, as the noble bells called to the services of the day, we walked with the festively clad multitude to the church, which received us beneath its broad and lofty vaultings, into its still, majestic sanctuary, with its flower-wreathed altars and clouds of incense, which streamed forth from the deep chapel of the high altar, and hovered softly over the devout multitudes. The high altar was splendidly illuminated by wax lights, and the choir of priests, both our own and those from other churches, magnificently dressed, sat on each side in the richly carved stalls, upon which stood, in long rows, statues of holy martyrs and apostles, of the size of life. In his mantle, rich with gold, stood the priest who was to read the mass, already at the altar, his assistants behind him. High mass began just as we entered, and we heard the rustling of the singers in the organ-loft.

But, oh horrors! what a Mass was presented to us! It was the senseless and tasteless abortion of some ass of a popular music manufacturer, who rushed into the *Kyrie* with his drums as at a fair, in three-four time, and made of the solemn: "Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!" a mere dance fit for a village festival.

Struck with amazement and shame, I looked at my friend, whose eyes in confusion turned to the pavement. Now came the *Gloria* in the same style, though very much worse, so that filled with rage I should have left the church, had the music alone, and not the entire service drawn us there. I therefore remained, and turned away from the sarcastic look of my friend, which met my eye at the *Graduale*, when a miserable Italian love-song from some opera or other was given, to which, most shamelessly, Latin words had been adapted, suiting the music like a fist in a man's eyes. "O heavens!" I uttered through my teeth, "and this must happen exactly to-day!" and as I thought of all the stuff which would follow during this wretched mass, my whole soul was excited most unpleasantly. I was on the point of turning completely away from the choir and the musicians, from whom this sacrilege had come, as unworthy of another look, but I could not help looking up once more, at the moment when I knew the *Credo* was to begin.

To my astonishment the violinists laid their instruments down, as did all the rest of the orchestra, save four trombonists. And now when the priest had intoned the *Credo*, the full choir began, utterly unaccompanied save by the four trombones, the recitation of the confession of faith, in D major, in the long-drawn notes of a Palestrina choral. With the first notes of this music I was filled with awe, and cold chills crept through my nerves, when in the long cadence at the words: *In unum Deum*, the drums fell in like the rolling of distant thunder. I seemed suddenly to find myself in the infinite dawn of the eternal heavens, throughout which gleamed the far-off splendor of the Almighty. A bright light seemed to illumine the gloom of limitless space at the words: *Factorem celi et terræ*, (Maker of heaven and earth)—and in the mighty harmonies which in vast masses rushed through the cathedral upon the awe-inspiring thunder of the drums, the very columns trembled. But when the words came: *Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*, (and in one Lord, Jesus Christ)—and the holy name was but breathed in the softest *pianissimo*—then bowed the heads of the vast multitude of believers involuntarily, like the field of grain before a gentle wind; and so it flowed, and streamed and moved onward to the words: *Descendit de cælis* (he descended from heaven).

Truly that was the music of heaven! and the tearful, excited look of my friend confirmed my own conviction, that this *Credo* had no connection with the preceding numbers of the Mass, and was the composition of a totally different master.

Now the musicians seized their instruments.

An Andante in G minor spoke peace to the excited soul, with the sweet flow of the softly touched violoncellos, and a soprano voice sang as from the clouds—

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Et incarnatus est, | And he became flesh, |
| De spiritu sancto, | Conceived through the Holy Ghost, |
| Ex Maria Virgine, | By the Virgin Mary, |
| Et homo factus est. | And was made man. |

Like the fragrance from an orange grove descended to us the *Homo factus est*, with the blessed thought of peace, 'Yes, for us he became man!' and the confidence of faith softly slumbered in dreams of paradise.

Then suddenly the trombones called us back to life, with their solid choral, and with awe-inspiring tune to bitter pain.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, | He was also crucified for us; |
| Sub Pontio Pilato | Under Pontius Pilate |
| Passus et sepultus est. | He suffered and was buried. |

In the softest breath of deepest sorrow died away the last tones. The final, deepest bass note of the organ also ceased. All was still, and our blood seemed to stop in our veins—then arose like a whirlwind, the chorus, which announced the victory over death and the resurrection, with not an instrument accompanying, in mightiest unison to an old church melody: *Et resurrexit tertiâ die!* (And on the third day he rose again.) A piercing tone from a trumpet sounded through the church and jubilant rolled the hymn onward, closing with a mighty fugue in three-four time: *Et vitam venturi sæculi, Amen*, (And the life of eternity to come, Amen.)

But a strange feeling almost of horror seized the soul at the close. For the comforting tones, which had promised a blessed eternity after this life, gradually disappeared in a constantly diminishing *piano*. It seemed as if with the swift motions of disembodied spirits, everything had withdrawn into the most distant and gloomy regions of space. All the wind instruments died away, and at the final *Amen! Amen!* just breathed out in choral style, no accompaniment was heard but the ghostlike *pizzicato* of the basses and single distant pulse-like notes of the drums.

We stood as if enchanted; we no longer belonged to this life; we roamed with the spirits of the just made perfect in *vilâ venturi sæculi*, and trembled and shuddered in awe of the limitless sacred art and truth which had been poured out over us; and the distant depths of the high altar with its candles, and angels, its priests and its clouds of incense, seemed to us the secret places of the heaven opened to us in its blessedness. "Yes, that is the Romish ritual!" whispered my friend, "that is religion in its most magnificent phase!"

The *Sanctus* of the original mass passed by us, dressed as it were in the harlequin jacket of a fun-loving tailor—we saw it not—the *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei*, patched together out of all sorts of reminiscences of silly operative themes, were sung and fiddled—we heard them not. Even the ridiculous tweedledum of *Dona nobis pacem*, (Lord, give us peace!) was not able to tear us from the blissful state into which that holy master-work had thrown us.

As soon as mass was over, I hastened into the choir and asked of the director the name of the composer of that *Credo*. "It is," answered the poor old wig-block of a conductor, "our Father Medardus. If you would like to be so edified, just take the score home and read what he himself wrote about this music upon the first page."

I received the sheets, with such feelings as one takes a valuable ancient manuscript, and read what Father Medardus had written in Latin, but could hardly trust my own eyes. For what I read was strange, incredible and dismal. Judge for yourself, kind reader, for here I translate literally what the hand of Father Medardus wrote:—

"Anno Domini, in which I had been fifteen years dead, on the 11th of April, that is upon the holy night of Easter, it happened that I escaped from the Devil, and sat in the confessional all alone in our church. The moon shone through the windows upon the columns, the stone angels and saints, who all already slept, and in the distance at the high altar twinkled the ever burning lamp, like the feeble light of a glow-worm. But in my bodily house of death it was night and all was gloom within me, for I was not saved, but one of the damned! In fact I was dead and not yet raised up. But every hundred years, once I turned myself in my grave, and sighed, 'Ah, when cometh the resurrection of the dead?' And a voice cried, 'Sleep, Medardus, the dead never rise!' Then stretched I my withered hand out through the sunken earth, and cursed the Everliving, and felt the condemnation of eternal death, which should seize upon me when my sleep should be at an end. Now as I was composing myself again to my hundred years' sleep, I heard without, in deep, hollow, terrible tones, the striking of midnight high up in the church towers, and all about me was, suddenly, life. Skeletons arose from the pavement of the church, skeletons, wondrously, came crowding from without into the church.

"The passage-ways were filled. All the seats were also filled. The marble saints also awoke and rubbed sleep from their eyes. But no sound reached the ear; not a breath was heard—I heard nothing save the beating of my own heart. Now the organ gave out one long, deep tone. Among the dead were PALESTRINA and ALLEGRI.

"'What will ye?' I cried. 'Why do you disturb me with your counterfeit appearance? The dead rise not, and there is no life in the gloomy waste of eternity. Or know you better? What will you to-night? Believe ye the tale of old, and therefore seek the empty grave of the master? What is your condition below in the narrow house, what hopes have ye, what do ye await?'

"*Credo in unum Deum*, answered the dead in solemn chorus, to which invisible trombones

sounded, and the drums muttered their thunder, *pater omnipotentem, factorem celi et terre, visibilium omnium et invisibilium.*

"I was as if changed to stone, but soon my eyes filled with unbidden tears, for I heard that delicious tune, which plunged me into blessed dreams, as I still lived, a man, when faith sounded within me like music from another world, but which I never was able to reduce to notes. Ah! and now of a sudden it lay clearly before me there, upon the five lines and in my heart, and I softly joined in with the dead in the song, and my tears flowed, as it gently breathed, *Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*, and the statues of the saints bowed themselves to earth. I felt the dew of eternal life, which refreshed my grave, and was filled with trust and confidence even as these dead.

"Then came forward Maria, Mater Dei, and, softly as the peaceful waves of the lake break upon the shady bank and murmur to the song of the nightingale, so flowed the words down from the altar, in which she sang of her holy mission, until in the bitter *Crucifixus* the universal sorrow awoke, and then gently died away in the funereal song of the *Sepultus est*. All was as dead.

"Immovably fixed were the eyes of the skeletons upon the earth. Nothing stirred, save far up the vaulting the pendulum of the clock, which measured by seconds existence and non-existence. Christus lay in the tomb, and I felt how I had turned in my own, and that soon a voice would cry: 'Sleep, Medardus, the dead rise not!'

"Without, the cock crowed. From the tower came the sound of the clock striking, one. The stone images of the saints moved, arose and sang in unison: *Et resurrexit tertiâ die*. The trumpets sounded, and all lived and sang in infinite jubilee, and I also sprang from my grave, and shouted with joy: 'The dead do arise, and thou art saved, Medardus!'

"But when they reached the words: *Et iterum venturus est*, the skeletons raised their heads and the empty eye-sockets looked toward heaven, whence came in tones of thunder, *Cum gloria*; and at the words: *Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum*, all, with their skeleton right hands upon the breast, looked with longing eyes above, and suddenly, filled with the hope of that eternal life, the countless multitude burst into the joyous fugue: *Et vitam venturi sæculi*, and with the last comforting *Amen*, vanished from my sight.

"But I fled from my grave, and rushing diagonally through the cloisters, ascended the stone stairway up and up even into the heavens. And now there sits the pious, the blessed Medardus, and places upon the five lines what he saw and heard, that wherein he liveth now and forever. He trembles with both terror and joy, that the end is so near, and earthly food disgusts him, for the end is near; and when the end comes he will lay him down to rest; no more will he turn himself in his grave each hundred years, but peacefully sleep until he hears the call: 'Medardus, awake to the life of eternity to come!'

When I returned the score to the music director, and asked after Father Medardus, the short answer was: "He died immediately after finishing the *Credo*. He was a good musician, but had been crazy for fifteen years."

(From the London Musical World.)

Second Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The First Day—Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124—The "Consecration of the House"—The "Messiah."

The first day presented us with Beethoven's fugued overture, and the *Messiah*. I am not one of those who assert that there ought never to be a musical festival without a work by Beethoven; but if one is to be given, then we ought to have the right work in the right place. On this occasion, however (and, also, in the case of many other of the pieces at this year's festival), it appeared as if there was a wish to have only the names of certain composers in the programme, no matter whether the authors or the public were benefitted by the compositions themselves. We know that Beethoven wrote the above overture in the "Handelian style," as far as he could and would write in any other style than his own—at any rate, there is no other orchestral work by him in which the inspired and inspiring creative power of that great man stands more in the background than in this one—there is no other calculated to produce less impression upon a large and mixed audience. Perhaps there would not be much to urge against it if it were placed before one of Handel's oratorios, of which it was considered no longer possible to give the *sinfonia*; but as the overture to the *Messiah* was (with justice) given, it was too much of a good thing to play, one after the other, two overtures of similar form, and if it was not thought fit to give some other work by Beethoven, the better course would have been to give none at all. The execution of the overture was, at the beginning, tolerably good; but Liszt took the fugued *allegro* in such an enormously quick tempo, that nothing intelligible could be made of it. It is possible that with a small orchestra, and with a close arrangement of the performers, the execution of the work may be clear with such a tempo—although its character must always suffer—but with such a mass of violins, and with an arrangement of the places where the executants at the back were so far from those in front, the effect could not be good. The performance was one long jumble, in which the principal theme, like a sunbeam from behind autumnal clouds, glanced forth here and there, and in which everything else was overpowered by the playing of four sturdy trumpeters, who sent forth their quavers as though they wanted to take the Malakoff by storm. The work, consequently, passed over almost without producing the slightest impression—but then Beethoven had been duly represented. What more could you desire?

The selection of the *Messiah* needs, assuredly, no apology: it is of all Handel's works that which contains the greatest number of magnificent choruses, and of beautiful *solis* as well. But it is rather an easy selection, and one of Handel's other works, such, for instance, as *Deborah*, *Joshua*, *Solomon*, or *Jephtha*, not so frequently performed and less known to the public, would, perhaps, have been preferable. I do not, however, mean, by this, to express any dissatisfaction. I have not yet got so far as to think that the airs "require the accompaniment of the triangle and cymbals in order not to send the audience to sleep, and that they belong properly to the style of low comedy," or "that the whole work resembles the continuous tramp of an elephant." But still I am not so blind as to fall down on my knees before each separate piece, and to consider every antiquated passage admirable. Side by side with many of the most magnificent, most profoundly felt and most popular efforts, the *Messiah* contains a number of pieces belonging only too much to the time when they were written, without making up for this by aught that is everlastingly beautiful; these pieces ought to be omitted, so far as they can be omitted, without marring the effect of the whole work. This is done everywhere, even in England, where the *Messiah* constitutes, properly speaking, a part of the established religion. For the first time in my life, I heard the *Messiah* at the grand rehearsal at Aix-la-

Chapelle, almost without a single omission. It is true that, at the public performance, this was altered—but for the worse.

With the exception of a few movements, indeed, almost of a few passages, Liszt conducted the *Messiah* with the calm of a Stoic, boldly looking death, or what is much worse, *ennui* in the face. "Cool to his very heart," as one of my most lovely fair young friends is in the habit of saying. I believe that the only pleasure he experienced was a little sentiment of spiteful delight at those passages in which the periwig style stands forth more or less undisguisedly. Convinced, as he well might be, considering how universally the work is known, that it would "go" almost by itself, he let it go—only not sufficiently, for his influence had a disturbing effect, and the most unknown musical-director would have been preferable to him at the conductor's stand. We know what a deadening influence the manifest indifference of a conductor has, especially on the orchestra and chorus; the solo singers, whose personal pride is concerned, are, naturally, less affected by it. I do not remember a single important remark made by Liszt to the orchestra, which, consequently, accompanied with tolerable correctness, but without the slightest delicacy or perception. The choruses, as I have already mentioned, were admirably drilled, and the unsteadiness, which was here and there apparent, was occasioned by the fact that Liszt sometimes attempted the modern system of drawing out and hurrying the time in one and the same piece, little as this is suited to Handel, and little as his magnificently planned music needs such petty helps in order to produce its proper effect. On account of the generally undecided and arbitrary manner in which Liszt gives the time, the commencement of the choruses was frequently not sure, while grave faults were committed by the orchestra. In several of the pieces, indeed, the conductor himself appeared not to have made up his mind as to the tempo, and one bar or more was necessary for the purpose of bringing matters into regular working order. Liszt often resembles a rider who, after having for a long period given his horse the rein, suddenly, and without any previous notice, applies the spur, or, in the midst of the most rapid gallop, endeavors all at once to bring the animal to a standstill. These are dangerous experiments, and it is always a lucky chance when they do not end badly.

In spite of all this, however, the execution was not positively bad—but it wanted spirit, energy, and exactitude. The choruses, "Behold the Lamb of God" and "All we like sheep," went admirably; on the other hand, those magnificent pieces, "Lift up your heads" and the "Hallelujah," were partially spoiled by caprice, while not one of the other pieces went with that freshness, liveliness, and clearness it ought to have done. The fact is, Liszt does not like this music—that is an affair he must settle with himself—but if he does not choose to devote himself to it, or if, perhaps, he is not properly acquainted with it, he should not undertake to conduct it.

But now, to come to the solo singers. I will begin with Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt. He was to have sung the bass music, and acquitted himself well at rehearsals. His voice is especially strong and agreeable in the middle notes, and, though in many passages he appeared deficient in anything like a full comprehension of the music, the sensible, powerful manner in which he sang other portions produced an excellent impression. I must here, by anticipation, mention that Herr Dalle Aste sang the part of the Harper in Schumann's composition admirably, and especially in the ballad "Die drei Lieder," displayed true dramatic conception. This renders it the more to be regretted that he took no part on the evenings of the festival itself. After his first recitative, "a sudden hoarseness" prevented him from continuing; he omitted all the airs, and joined only in the pieces for four voices. The sudden hoarseness of spoilt singers, the sudden fainting fits of sensitive ladies, and the sudden pecuniary embarrassments of *chevaliers d'industrie* are things which defy analysis. But the *Messiah* suffered as severely from these unintentional

omissions as it did from non-omissions which were intentional.

An amiable *dilettante* from Amsterdam, whose name was not communicated to us (but I know it for all that) sang the alto part. I am prejudiced in her favor, for she sang last year in her native town the mezzo soprano *soli* in my *Zerstörung Jerusalems* really very beautifully, and with the truest feeling. The airs of the *Messiah* are not favorable for her voice, and, in addition to this, she appeared somewhat embarrassed in the new world around her. Her excellent musical education was, however, constantly apparent, and her task was not always quite so easy as it looked.

Herr Schneider has long gained the sympathies of the Rhinelanders, having sung (with Jenny Lind) two years ago, at Düsseldorf, in the *Creation*, and, last year, at the same place, in *Elijah*. He is a real lyrical tenor. His beautiful, soft, and yet powerful voice, especially qualify him for songs which are "frisch, fromm, fröhlich, frei,"* besides possessing many other qualities not mentioned in the proverb. The tenor part in the *Messiah* is less suited for him than that in the other works just mentioned. He sang very beautifully the recitative: "Comfort ye my people," and was, likewise, most successful in many parts of the air: "Every valley." The air, "Thou didst break them," requires, however, rather the peculiar voice of the so-called baryton-tenor, and although Herr Schneider's *bravura* is thoroughly good and correct, yet he cannot treat Handel's passages, some of which are difficult, with sufficient freedom, in order to impart character to them, as the great vocal artists of the 18th century undoubtedly knew how to do. In such instances I should by no means look upon it as a crime, if the singer endeavored to simplify many of these figures and adapt them to his powers, for it is very certain that these passages do not constitute the essence of Handel's music.

It is with particular pleasure that I have now to speak of Madame von Milde of Weimar, and, in order not to diminish that pleasure, the pleasure of unqualified praise, I will, in accordance with truth, hasten to observe, that the so-called quartet went, on the whole, rather badly, and, at times, with a total absence of co-operation. But Herr Dalle Aste was hoarse, and the general rehearsals occupied nearly the whole of the day. These quartets are properly choruses. Enough about them.

Madame von Milde, Grand-Ducal chamber singer, from Weimar, belongs to those artists whose talent is not at all proportioned to their reputation—only in her case we find the rare fact of a person's possessing immeasurably more talent than reputation. I do not begrudge Liszt the possession of her in his theatre at Weimar, and that is a strong proof how well disposed I am towards him, in spite of all my fault-finding, present and future. Madame von Milde is a true German singer in the sense in which the best musical patriots understand the expression. She possesses a most admirable method; the development of her voice, her intonation and her pronunciation are blameless, and, in addition, she has that gift of Heaven, which no education can bestow, a beautiful and peculiarly touching voice, warm feeling, and profound conception. The resplendent recitative: "And there were shepherds," at once won every heart for her. She sang the air: "He shall feed his flock" in a doubly admirable manner, as Liszt took the tempo most incredibly slow, while he took the arioso, "Behold and see," too fast to allow the singer the necessary development of tone. "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were efforts which must have satisfied the requirements of the most severe critic just as much as they filled the layman with true delight. That Liszt afterwards allowed Mme. von Milde to sing the air, "If God be for us," in which the bassoon-solo—derived from Mozart, we may observe by the way—appeared to amuse him so highly, was one of the innumerable musical sins, for which he has rendered himself responsible at this Festival, and which must now, doubtlessly, be designated by his adherents as so many heroic

deeds. But to Madame von Milde do I send my thanks and those of my friends who were present, for the sweet and never-to-be-forgotten moments she procured us. Her tones still re-echo in my soul, and I would sing her praise in the most beautiful verses, if I could manage to write any. She may, however, be content with the success she achieved in Aix-la-Chapelle, for she took away with her more hearts than bouquets—and that is really saying not a little. I will, however, come to a conclusion, otherwise I should never end. Meanwhile, forgive my enthusiasm—it is a fault into which, on this occasion, I shall not have many other opportunities of falling. But I will not promise too much—if Mme. von Milde only sang again on the third day! FERDINAND HILLER.

An Opera Company in Court—Perugini against Vestvali.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette, July 13.)

The whimsies and periodical unamiableness of Italian operatic artists have become proverbial. The peculiar power which enables humanity to execute bravuras and cadenzas, interpret Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, or shine in any way upon the lyric stage, seems to affect the hepatic duct to such an extent as to cause it to overflow in ill-humor, and generate the most unaccountable of caprices. The peculiar relation between high art and music and the liver, between quavers and querulousness, semi-breves and suavity, has never been explained, and only can be upon the ground that the artists of the opera regard life upon the principle of Swedenborg's doctrine of Correspondences, as a vast diatonic scale, which it is their duty to ascend and descend as suddenly and rapidly as possible, dazzling by contrast and brilliant combinations of conduct, as of distinct notes in their profession. A prima donna who never lost her temper would be believed a spurious article, and a primo tenore who had never disappointed an audience would soon find none to hear him. Operatic artists will have their vagaries in spite of reason and regulation.

Some misunderstanding has, for some time, existed between the members of the Italian troupe performing in our city, and Signora Vestvali; and last Saturday suit was brought before Esquire Chidsey, by Signor Perugini, the director of the orchestra, against the fair contralto, for the recovery of fifty dollars, claimed for services rendered in the arrangement of music for her prima donnaship.

The magistrate's office was nearly filled with the members of the troupe, nearly all of whom, including the chorus, were summoned as witnesses, and what little space was left vacant was immediately occupied by curious observers. The opera troupe drew so well that we do not think the office has been so crowded since its opening, and certainly not by such parties and claimants at law.

There was the night-haired Leonora, who had forgotten her Manrico and his rival, the hateful Conde di Luna, in the effort to prevent suffocation in the close atmosphere of the Magistrate's Court. Here Gennaro thought not of the beautiful Lucrezia, whose fate seemed so interwoven with his; but rather of a place where he could sit at ease. The delicate and sweet-voiced Amina walked no longer in her sleep, but stared wildly at the crowd, and looked as if her heart were singing "*Ah non giunge*" in silent earnestness. Enrique stood near the magistrate, trying much more diligently to gain an idea of what was being said than to catch the glance of his Maria di Rohan, all oblivious likewise of the slain Riccardo. Orsini had found an antidote to the poisoned Canary, and lived again in the voluptuous person of Vestvali, who, though smiling and amiable, frowned ever and anon upon the irate-looking and moustachoe Perugini.

The trial was amusing enough, with its interpreters and broken English, its pure Tuscan, its gestures and recitative mode of expression, its dark-eyed cantatrices and perplexed looking men, its arrangement of artists in unartistic situations, its complete, in a word, Opera-in-a-Magistrate's-office appearance.

* Fresh, holy, joyous, free.

The trial occupied more than two hours, and appeared very interesting to the spectators, but finally terminated in favor of Vestvali, who, highly delighted with the result, kissed her white-gloved hand to the magistrate, in token of her appreciation of American justice, and murmuring, "*Giorno felice, giorno felice!*" swept proudly and haughtily away.

Perugini twisted his moustache, and endeavored to be resigned, though a "*diavola!*" hissed out of his lips. Setti looked calmly and stoically at the retiring crowd. Maccaferri, who is said to be a devotee at Vestvali's shrine, gazed after her retreating form, and clasping his hands together, uttered, "*Ah, mia Giulietta,*" in imitation of the commanding contralto in the tomb scene of the opera. Cairolì drew a long breath, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her moistened brow. Caranti, lost in wonderment at all that had passed before her, essayed to speak, but in her bewilderment burst into a clear, silvery soprano, ascended the gamut, and closed with a run and roulade, before she was aware of what she had been doing.

The magistrate and the remaining spectators clapped their hands. Caranti blushed, and with the rest of the troupe hurried from the office.

The dust, the prose of the magistrate's court again was visible—the soft speech of the Italians was heard no more—the robes of Leonora and Amina no longer rustled in the pauses of legal procedure—the presiding dignitary arose, and though the sweet notes of Caranti's voice still echoed in the sanctuary, the sunbeams had glided from the floor, and the opera was over.

FIRST AND SECOND FIDDLES.—Who has not noticed the difference between the first and second fiddler of an orchestra? One is all life, spirit, energy. Now waving his bow in the air, he silently guides the harmony, now rapidly tapping on the rest-board he hurries its movement, or, again, bringing the violin to his shoulder he takes the leading melody; and high above the crash of sound, the wild concord of a hundred instruments, you hear shrieking along the shrill notes of the first fiddle. He is an enthusiast—he stamps his foot, wags his head, beats time with mad energy, enters heart and soul into the music—and all because he is the leader, and plays the first fiddle.

Seated by his side, but upon a lower chair with a lower music-rest before him, is a patient man, who saws meekly on the cat-gut. He never glances wildly heavenward like the leader, never allows his facile hand to run off in roulades of melody, never wags his head or stamps his foot, but steadily and honestly he pours an undercurrent of harmony into the music, which no one hears or cares for, no one credits to him, but without which the orchestra would be lame indeed. With his eye fixed on the notes, he draws the bow with diligence and not with enthusiasm, he sees before him not the inspiration of a master, but with each quaver, he earns so much bread-and-butter for his family. Perhaps he sometimes ciphers up what fraction of a mill a single note may bring him.

And yet it is possible that this same man, now so tame and spiritless, so very like an automation in his place, may have all the genius and fire of the leader—but alas, he plays second fiddle.

All this bit of moralizing passed through our mind, and partly through our lips, the other night, while listening to an orchestra engaged in the performance of a Strauss quadrille. But human nature acts on principles which do not vary with each particular occupation, and no man can fully develop his power—if he has any—while playing second fiddle. More or less, we all live for applause, for notoriety, for reputation of talent, skill, genius, wealth. The soul whose light is hid beneath a bushel, its powers cramped by inferior position, living in a constant consciousness of second-rate importance, is but half itself. It loses the fire of sympathy with lookers-on, feels that it is irresponsible for the grand result; and settling to the axiom "act well your part," loses all hope of acting in the future a better and nobler part. But with this feeling of inferiority comes the consolation of a sense of justice; all cannot be

first fiddles, there is no equality in this varying world—it would be a world of stupid sameness if it were so—and so the first fiddle is left to beat the air in all his greatness. But Heaven pities the second fiddlers.

Vocalization.

MR. EDITOR:—I was struck in reading the account of the Music School at Reading in your number of July 25th, with the terms in which your correspondent defines the art of singing, and as I believe it to be quite erroneous and calculated to mislead, I am induced to say as much in your columns. The passage reads thus:

People talk of this, that, and the other method of vocalization, as though there were fundamental differences between German, Italian and English methods. If the organs of the human voice differed in different countries, there might be some foundation for such a notion. But economy of breath, the utterance of pure tones, the infusion of feeling into musical phrases—these points must necessarily be the same in all schools, and a good teacher among the Hottentots or Tartars, would be led by merest common sense to adopt the same course of instruction with Garcia or the first instructor in Rome.

That is, because the organs of the voice are much the same in all countries, common sense will lead good teachers everywhere to use the same method with Garcia or the best masters in Rome. With all due deference to your correspondent we must declare this conclusion a *non sequitur*. Different departments of Art are found to flourish for reasons which it is quite impossible to define, in different parts of the world. The same remark may be made of trades, and indeed of every form of human ingenuity. With the Italians the art of singing is a tradition. One might as well try to define the charm of the piano music of Chopin when executed by one who has the tradition of its exceeding beauty, as to put in set terms the Italian method of singing so that a German or American teacher in Leipzig or Reading could practice it with entire success. We have no doubt the class singing at Reading was in some respects better than that which your correspondent had heard at Leipzig or Berlin, for the reason that American voices are better than German. But a better standard of comparison would have been a class of Italians, such as may be found at the theatre of almost every town in Italy. The art of singing with the best method is not easily acquired. Even with the greatest aptitude and intelligence on the part of the pupil, who must have a faculty of selecting what is good from many teachers and examples, it is a work of years and of great difficulties which students should not be taught to underrate. There is no royal road to excellence in at least this department of Art.

x.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JULY 1.—Between April and July occur the "star" engagements (*Gastspiele*) at the Royal Opera. Herr DUSCHNITZ, from Vienna, exhibited a barytone of good compass, but its sound in almost all its registers was hoarse and muffled, and disfigured by too frequent application of the tremolo. Intonation and enunciation too were faulty. In all the finer shadings the organ showed itself refractory, so that he only surprised his audience by ill-proportioned outlay of material power. The execution of the ensembles in *Lucia*, in which he took the part of Ashton, especially of the beautiful sextet in the second act, lacked symmetry, fluidity and clearness; nor was the orchestra satisfactory, with the exception of the charmingly played harp solo by Herr GRIMM.

In *Oberon* Fraulein STORK, from Brunswick, was the star. In impassioned passages her voice, only effective in its middle tones, lacks the requisite volubility; in the elegiac style you are disturbed by the unpleasant thickness of her tone; only in the ensemble, where there is a mingling of tone-colors, was she through her good intonation more effective, and she shared in the success of the fresh quartet with Fraulein TRIETSCH and Herren KRAUSE and PFISTER; the latter gentleman may count Sir Huon among his best rôles. Herr MANTIUS sang the ever youthful part of Oberon. The Royal *Kapelle* supported the whole most admirably; the fiery rendering of the overture was loudly applauded.

Rossini's "*Tell*" is the most brilliant manifestation which the composer could have given of himself, at a time when it was so common to complain about the frivolous lightness of his melodies, about the poverty of his dramatic expression and the untruthfulness of his musical situations; nay, when he was accused of too quickly and easily won triumphs. None but a genius only second to Mozart could, in the short space of a scarcely five years' residence in Paris, develop such traits, giving the most shining proofs of earnest study of the classic opera. All that appeared already in the germ in the "*Siege of Corinth*," is here developed in the most harmonious and beautiful manner. The Southern glow and fullness of the melodies does not stand out by itself, but presents at the same time declamatory pathos and dramatic description, supported by an extremely careful instrumentation borrowed from the finest soil of the French school. Rossini touched especially upon the modern French-Italian style, with which Donizetti afterwards connected himself by his *Favorita*. We find the chief value of "*Tell*" in the melodious and often wonderfully contrapuntal choruses, which occupy the largest part of the opera. The performance was in many parts very happy. Arnold is one of the best parts of Herr FORMES. The fine quality of his voice is especially noticeable in the Trio of the second and the Duet of the first act. As usual, unfortunately, the aria at the beginning of the third act was omitted. Herr RADWANER in the part of Tell has acquired a commendable certainty, even to some waverings in the beginning of the first act. Fraul. TRIETSCH sings the little part of Matilda very satisfactorily; and the same may be said of Mme. BOETTICHER (GEMUNG). Herr BOST, as Melchthal, should avoid a too strong and almost buffo-like delivery. The choruses went grandly throughout, especially in the thrilling finale of the second act; and still higher praise belongs to the *Kapelle*, who were warmly applauded after their spirited performance of the overture.

An old opera by Herold, *Der Zweikampf* (The Duel), was revived. It has fresh, easy melodies, and variety of motives. In technical treatment and instrumentation the composer leans to the Italians, particularly to Rossini, whose *crescendi* he is very fond of using. He had not the gift to produce something new, but he has produced something interesting; and his graceful treatment of the voice parts, with always discreet accompaniment, may well be a model in our day of seeking for effect. A "star" from Vienna, Herr WOLFF, sang the part of Cantarelli. His agreeable tenor, reaching with the head voice, which he too frequently uses, to the high *d*, has more

tenderness than fullness, flexibility and facility; occasionally his delivery is a little wild and *outré*. He has animation and fineness as an actor. He is understood to be engaged. Herr HOFFMANN on the contrary knew not how, either in bearing or in voice, to represent the nobility, which even musically distinguishes the part of Mergy. Herr SALOMON made the part of Bramarbas de Comminge effective; Frl. TRIETSCH distinguished herself in her part of Queen, mostly written with reference to the ensemble; Frl. BAUR, a very agreeable representative of Isabella, sang better than formerly, although her voice is not entirely adequate to a part so effective in the low notes, since it sharps as it descends. Frl. MANDL as the hostess was excellent in the first part of the opera, but grew hoarse towards the end. The ensembles went for the most part very satisfactorily, especially the choruses in the first and second finale, although there was no lack of wavering in some other places. The *Kapelle* distinguished themselves. The violin solo of Concert-master RIES might have been more animated.

The performance of Mozart's immortal *Don Juan* gained new interest through a for the most part entirely new cast of characters. Mme. KOESTER's sublime and thrilling conception of Donna Anna has already been sufficiently appreciated. This time, to be sure, the representation in the second act was inferior to that in the first, although this contained moments than which none more sublime can be imagined. Mme. BOETTICHER (Elvira) showed a remarkable indifference. Frl. MANDL's sonorous voice produced great effect as Zerlina. Herr PRISTER gave Ottavio with measure and repose, but there was a lack of *portamento* and of easy attack of the note. He was very praiseworthy in the ensembles. Herr KRAUSE's Leporello is one of his best achievements, only the humor thereof is somewhat too coarse. Herr SALOMON is a chivalrous Don Juan, although a little demoniacal. Herr FRICKE was new in the part of the Commendatore; his full, powerful voice gave this part its due significance. The ensembles blended admirably; but unfortunately the three trombones in the church-yard scene were quite uncertain and discordant.

Signora ANGLES DE FORTUNI made her debut with the greatest acceptance as Adina in Donizetti's "Elixir of Love." She possesses a high soprano of singular clearness and flexibility, and to the most ornate technical execution unites a manner of delivery that is full of life and grace.—Mme. PALM-SPATZER has appeared as Norma, and as Fides in *Le Prophète*. Her performance is rather the result of a certain theatre routine than of any intellectual inspiration. Her mezzo soprano voice is really beautiful, of full character in the lower portion, and gives itself out well in the high notes.—In Halevy's "Jewess," Herr FAHRENHOLZ appeared. He still lacks the art of delivery and of declamation; he sings the melody too drily, since he strains his voice too much to make it heard; the declamation is wanting in fine polish, and the accents, although correctly aimed, do not always hit the mark. On the other hand the singer developed the euphony and energetic chest-height of his voice to much advantage.—Besides these we have had quite a number of mediocre "stars," about whom the less said the better.

Stern's *Gesang-verein* has dedicated a performance of the oratorio "Samson" to the memory of the great Handel. This oratorio shows a depth, variety and elevation in its combinations of ideas, together with a wise consistency and symmetry alike in the whole and in the single pieces, which are truly wonderful. Handel's genius has made the very favorable poem serve him for a series of most splendid musical pieces, which breath a true imaginative fervor, and single parts of which reveal such deep, sincere creative love, that the hearer is transported with ecstatic feeling. The power of the choruses, with the exception of the rather too weak alto, came out admirably, with nice command of all the shadings. Herr SABBATH (Manoah), by his fine full organ, and Mme. LEO (Micah) by her dramatic expression, hiding the ungracious and hard qualities of her colossal organ, take the first place.

Beethoven's first Mass has been performed by Krigar's *Gesang-verein* in the somewhat unfavorable St. Peter's Church. This work bears an eminently cheerful, popular, melodious character, and always wins a sympathetic audience by its flowing, graceful treatment. Yet, whereas the master in the great Mass in D seems to have surrendered his whole soul to his subject, and in the words of the confession of faith to find the symbolical expression of his own deepest convictions won by long inward struggles and probations, his first Mass, and still more his only Oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives," belong among his least perfect works, in which he found no other expression for the sacred text than a pleasing and euphonious, but, considering the subject, a superficial and profane music.* The performance evinced care and earnest zeal.—Some of Bach's compositions, executed by our famous organist, Herr HAUPT, with surest accuracy, afforded an interesting alternation.

In the concert of Miss MARINACK, the most interesting artistic talents co-operated. The giver of the concert, a teacher highly esteemed here, played with her sister Thalberg's *Norma* fantasia for two pianos, and gave in technical execution full proof of her capacity to teach. The vocal parts were by the ladies HERRENBURG, BAUR and WATSON. Miss Watson has a voice at once full-toned and softly beautiful, which shows already a good school; in an English song by Balfe, which she had already made a favorite here, and which she sang with a great deal of soul, she made a deep impression on her audience. Her SCHUNKE, a member of the Royal Kapelle, played a charming horn solo in his usual masterly manner, and the opera-singers, FORMES and KRAUSE, shone in the delivery of songs.

The charity concert by the Royal Dom-choir gave us a chance to hear some superb pieces of church music, especially a Motet by Palestrina, in a solemn and sublime style, that excludes all worldly thoughts; while the *Crucifixus* by Lotti illustrated the *a capella* style in its period of highest bloom. ff

GORHAM, ME., AUG. 4.—I enclose the programme of a concert given by the Gorham Musical Association last evening. I think you will be surprised to find that they ventured on

* We think many really earnest and religious lovers of music will question the justice of this criticism, at least in the case of the Mass in C.—ED.

Haydn's "Creation" entire. Of course they had to do without an orchestra; but Mr. H. S. EDWARDS played his piano with such spirit and judgment, that, in the little church in which the concert was given, the want of it was less felt. The Association has been in existence some two or three years, and although they have many accurate solo singers, they have, as a society, turned their attention to the choruses; these were given with no small degree of courage and precision. They had the good sense and good fortune to secure three excellent assistants in the persons of Miss CAMMETT, and Messrs. THURSTON and SHAW of Portland; precisely as the Portland Society has, in time past, availed itself of the skill and talent of Miss ANNA STONE and Mr. ARTHURSON. Mrs. HENRY EDWARDS sustained the part of Eve, and managed her voice with taste and feeling. I happen to know that there were members of the Association who can read and render very creditably all their several parts of the beautiful solos of the "Creation." The concert went off with *éclat*. We all felt impressed with the feeling that pervades the whole music, and I have no doubt that even the patient and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. EDWARDS, felt it was successful, for a first attempt.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 8, 1857.

Music for the Million—Promenade Concerts.

II.

The experiment of cheap Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall last week was so far successful, that they have been continued, not every night, but three alternate nights, this week, and with increase of interest and attendance. This indicates that they have "paid." Socially, if not in a very high sense artistically, the thing commends itself. The concerts have made many people cheerful, for at least an evening, and have done good. They have offered in the dull city summer evenings a pleasant, social, rational and innocent amusement. It may be that with many the music has been but the secondary attraction, the pretext and nucleus for pleasant promenading, sitting, talking, dreaming, seeing and being seen in a pleasant place—a very quiet and genteel sort of Carnival, with music as the indispensable enlivener. Most of the music doubtless has been quite good of its kind. The half dozen military bands have acquitted themselves acceptably, and each no doubt has had its special coterie of sympathetic admirers.

All this is well, but not well enough. This has succeeded, and so might something better. First, there might be better programmes, selections of a higher and truer order of music, which should have quite as much variety and find quite as general appreciation, while they would tend much more to cultivate true taste for music and refine the mind. And secondly, as a condition to the practicability of such selections, there might be at least one larger and more fitly constituted band or orchestra, *not merely military* in its character, but *civic*; for Music upon such occasions should appear in her own proper office and inspire the sentiments of harmony and peace; and warlike music serves that end almost as awkwardly as

warlike weapons made to do the work, unchanged, of ploughs and pruning hooks.

1. As to the selections. Any musical person who has listened for a half hour to bands in the Music Hall, on the Common, or in the squares, must have been forced to make in his own mind one criticism:—These instruments are continually attempting what it is not in their nature properly to do. Think for instance of an overture, by Rossini or by Auber, played by a mere military brass band! all the tones brass, all of one kith and kin, cousins, uncles, aunts and what not of the Sax-horn family, and all sophistications by means of keys, valves and pistons, of old-fashioned genuine trumpets, trombones, &c., born for plainer, sterner work, to enable them to imitate and put on the flexible graces of violins, reeds, human voices! An overture is essentially an orchestral composition; without an orchestra it would not be; and the very essence of the kind orchestral, is that there be contrast and variety of color and of quality of tone, pastoral reeds and flutes in pleasant contrast answering to harsh and thrilling brass, and both in still more striking opposition (as also in ingenious commingling, reconciliation, mutual support) with the violins and other strings, which constitute the intellectual, refined and soul-like nucleus or "quartet" of the whole. Now what a coarse, monotonous and awkwardly ambitious effect is produced, when instruments all brass attempt to do all this! No doubt they do it often very skilfully; there is surprising virtuosity and smoothness in the execution of some of these cornet-players; you would not suppose they could do so much: but what do you care for it when done? We had occasion the other night to admire the ease, precision, fluency and generally good tune with which one of these brass bands went through a lively overture by Rossini. To be sure there was one clarinet among them—and that, as if to justify its place there, made of metal! Yet was it necessarily but a dull caricature of the overture, as any one would feel who heard it, just before or after, executed by a proper orchestra.

The overtures, however, are comparatively rare and exceptional in these band concerts. It is still worse in the far more frequent case of "operatic arrangements," where throats of brass are made to do the work at once of orchestra, chorus, and dramatic solo voices. In this way are served up the Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and endless pot-pourris from fashionable operas, movements from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, songs by Schubert, two-part songs by Mendelssohn, &c. &c. Here cornets, sax-horns, valve trumpets, trombones, monster ophicleides, assume the personality of courtly and refined gentlemen and ladies, the heroes and heroines of history, beings of poetry and pride and pathos:—and is not the effect somewhat ludicrous? Does it not recall the fable of the ass who climbed into his master's lap because he saw the dog do it? In these tragic solo impersonations one cannot but remark a peculiarly vulgar and clownish quality of tone in these brass instruments. There is something in their singing which we can describe only by comparing it to the broad Yankee country-fied sound of the vowel in syllables like *how* and *now*. Our sense of hearing is affected by it somewhat as our sense of touch and smell are by the handling of copper cents. Tubas and cornets may go through all

the figures, scales and cadences of voices and of violins or flutes, but they cannot deny or change their nature. That nature is a useful and an honorable one, and why do they not stick to it manfully and be content to do their proper work and not affect to fill the sphere of others? These instruments are excellent, as lions, in their place, but they were never meant to "roar you as it were a nightingale."—We might allude, too, to another staple article in these "light" programmes: to those inexpressibly tedious Variation pieces, in which your cornet man, red in the face, tortures a poor melody to death, warbling and twiddling through an endless superfluity of runs and roulades, destitute of sense or beauty, and degrading music to a mere mountebank display of difficult achievements.

But we hasten to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is: That every combination of musical instruments sounds best and gives most satisfaction when it performs that kind of music which was originally written and designed for it. Leave overtures to the orchestra. Leave opera trios and ensembles to the opera singers; leave Fides to Lagrange, and Lucrezia to Grisi, and Edgardo to Mario, and let him not die perpetually in brass bands and hand organs until we all grow sick of him. The brass band was the creation of military wants; let it discourse martial music. Those swelling and heroic marches, with rich, crackling, startling harmony, and proud, buoyant rhythm;—they are genuine, and your brass band never sounds so nobly as when it plays them; yet even these, many of them, would make finer and less cloying music, were the band composed of reeds as well as brass, and were some of the brass instruments suffered to retain their old legitimate forms, instead of being emasculated into clumsy imitation of soft reeds and flutes, to sound like a man who sings *falsetto*. We like *truth* of tone; would have a trumpet be true trumpet, piercing, shrill, defiant, jubilant, and not subdued to sing a sentimental maiden's part, or warble variations like a flute.—Besides marches, doubtless there may be other forms of composition suited to the peculiar genius of brass bands. Rich and solemn strains of harmony, dirges, hunting pieces, &c. Religious chorals, well arranged and harmonized, have admirable effect sometimes so rendered. Then again the brass portion of an orchestra, alone or with the rest, contributes wonderful effects in special passages where the composer needs them; but all their spell is broken, if they occur too often. Remember the trombones where the statue speaks in *Don Giovanni*, and how Mozart has made them terrible by keeping them to that point in the background.

The bands themselves know very well the need of alternating and relieving the monotonous impression of brass music, through the evening, by something of a finer and subtler sort; and accordingly most of them have the faculty of transforming themselves into a small orchestra, with a few violins, clarinets, &c., suitable for dances, or accompaniment to solos. And we must say that now and then a set of Strauss or Labitzky waltzes, which we have heard them play in this way, have seemed to us decidedly the best selections of the Promenade Concerts; they are light, graceful, enlivening and refined, and withal true, and without false pretence or affectation, compared with operas re-coined into brass, showy variations, and the like. We do believe the general audience

enjoy them more. There is much beautiful music in the waltz form; it is at least genuine; and, if rendered by a decent orchestra, not by a brass band, it is most appropriate for such pleasant, free and easy gatherings.

So far our suggestions and criticisms have had in view only the actual state of bands and little orchestras which minister to the public demand for amusement. Of course, so long as we have only brass bands, programmes must be very limited, or must continue to be made up in great part of such questionable and unedifying selections as we have been describing. For ourselves we would rather listen only to the marches and the waltzes; but these give hardly sphere enough to the musicians, and would keep the public out of the fashions of the day in music, which might cause some murmuring; they know the *Trovatore* is now fashionable, and they must have a taste of it, even from a cornet band. But now suppose we had a band of more complete and more composite character, with contrast of reeds and brass; and still better an orchestra, of forty, instead of a dozen or sixteen instruments: then how much richer we might make our programmes! Let us think of that, and make it the subject of another article.

Musical Chat-Chat.

MR. ULLMAN is on hand to answer the inquiries, frequent of late: What for next winter? what opera? what new stars? &c. The active little agent came back in the Persia, and announces the engagement for four months of Mme. FREZZOLINI, who is to appear at the New York Academy early in September. It is said that he has also engaged M. GASSIER, the celebrated baritone; LABOCELLA, a tenor; VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist; KLETZER, a celebrated German violoncellist, and AUSCHUTZ, a chef d'orchestre of reputation; also that the great French tenor, ROGER, FORMES, the German basso, and Miss MAY, the American prima donna, will be added to the company. STRAKOSCH, with his troupe, too, it is supposed will join Ullman, making a strong force for Italian opera. M. THALBERG is understood to be at the head of the enterprise. Mr. Ullman is reported to have said that his arrangements with Mr. LUMLEY are complete, and that his entire opera troupe are to come over to this country next year. . . . MAX MARETZKE is said to be in London, endeavoring to effect engagements for Havana and Philadelphia with TAMERLIK, RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO.

MR. HENRY SQUIRES, the American tenor, whose operatic successes in Italy for two or three years past have been often chronicled, has made his debut at the Surrey Theatre in London, in the *Trovatore*, (sung in English, we presume.) The *Morning Advertiser* of July 16th speaks thus of him:

The great novelty and perhaps attraction of the evening was, however, the *début* of an English singer, who has obtained a Continental celebrity, he having been performing these last four years with considerable success in the Italian theatres. Mr. Henry Squires, the artist in question, is a tenor of the first class, with considerable gifts from nature, which have been made the most of by an excellent artistic education and practice in the best schools. The natural quality of voice is pure and powerful; perhaps rather of the head and throat than of the chest, and it is not so sweet as it is sure, swelling and perfectly under the control of excellent taste. Mr. Squires is undoubtedly an artist of mark, desirous to pre-erue and increase a genuine musical reputation; and if his general capacity can be deduced from his first performance in this country, and of such a heavy and trying part as Manrico, he will undoubtedly take excellent rank amongst our acknowledged singers. The tone of voice is that of Sims Reeves, and, like that great artist, he owes much to the most diligent

cultivation of singing as an art. His manner, of course, participates in the method set by the great tenor of the time, Mario. His mere acting is not commensurate with his musical expression, but his dramatic execution of the musical emphasis in the tender passions is very good; and his style may be characterized as broad, pure, and expressive.

In the first act he seemed disturbed or restrained by the anxieties of a first appearance, and the expectations of his friends seemed likely to be disappointed. He, however, gradually developed himself in the third act: in the celebrated "Thou'rt mine," he proved by his delicate yet powerful expression, his complete and certain phrasing and his dramatic utterance, that he aimed at and had achieved the highest class of singing. In the bravura which follows he was also effective, and this act closed with a strong demonstration in his favor, and he was called out at the close with a universal and genuine feeling. He was now safe, and those who feared in the first act, he would prove throaty and unequal to all the great demands upon his voice, now expressed themselves assured of his success; and this was triumphantly settled by his fine, strong, pure, and delicious utterance of the song from the turret. It was vociferously encored, and the verdict unanimously given in his favor. This, perhaps, was the culminating point of his success, though he was perfectly effective in the concluding scenes; and at the close, the curtain was raised in order that the audience might testify their high satisfaction at the performance. Mr. Squires is, undoubtedly, a great acquisition to the musical stage, and if he sustains the success he has obtained as *Il Trovatore*, he will become a fixed star in the musical horizon.

"Seven-Octave," of the *Albany Times*, a townsman and friend and boundless believer in Squires, in quoting the above, adds:

Mrs. EASTCOTT was the Leonora of the opera, and for the first time in many years the former soprano and tenore of our St. Paul's Church once again joined their beautiful voices on the same occasion. It must have been a great triumph for both, but especially for Squires, as Mrs. Eastcott has been before a London audience for at least three seasons, and is already an established favorite, but it was a very important event to Squires, as can be seen by the above *critique*, which is no ordinary puff, but shows that he had to earn his applause by such excellencies as unmistakable talent, natural genius and artistic cultivation.

Mr. F. F. MUELLER, the accomplished organist of our "Handel and Haydn Society," and at the Old South Church, has "received a call" from the music committee of Dr. Sprague's Church, in Albany, to fill the vacancy which will be caused by Mr. G. W. WARREN's return to St. Paul's Church. Will the Albanians be allowed to have him? . . . Miss ISABELLA HINKLEY, the Albany soprano, has safely arrived at Florence and is studying under the best masters in the city. She has six lessons in the language and three in singing each week; besides piano, musical theory, &c. . . Sig. GUIDI, the well-known tenor singer of the Italian operas, and teacher of singing, formerly a resident of this city, and more recently of Springfield, New Haven, Chicago and New York, died last week in Albany, of consumption, and in poverty. He leaves a wife (a Boston lady) and several children. Sig. Guidi it was who "discovered" the HENSLER, being attracted in the streets of Springfield by the rare voice of the young girl.

A correspondent from the country writes us: "I intend to visit Boston this Fall for the purpose of studying music. I wish to study the piano, violin and harmony. Would you recommend the 'Boston Music School' in preference to the one in North Reading?" In reply we can only suggest that the School at Reading is held only in the summer months, and is now nearly through its term, while that in Boston has three terms a year, and will commence a new one in October; for further particulars see advertisement in our columns; we are sorry we have nothing of the kind to point to for information about the other school. We may assure our friend, however, that he will find excellent teachers of the piano and the violin in Mr. PARKER and Mr. SCHULTZE, and of harmony in Mr. HOMER, all three

of whom have had the advantage of a thorough German course of study. Each institution has, of course, advantages peculiar to itself. For instance, that in the country village secures greater concentration and attention to the one main business of learning music. Pupils from the country spending a few months in a great city, are tempted to make the most of their opportunities there in more ways than one; while on the other hand the pupils of the city school may have, especially during the winter, easy access to the public oratorios and concerts, and learn much by listening to great works. . . . We hear of a new native candidate for fame in operatic composition. Mr. G. W. STRATTON, of Manchester, N. H., of whose success as leader and trainer of an orchestra, conductor of concerts, and composer of overtures, &c., our readers have been from time to time informed, is engaged in the composition of an American Tragic Opera, in three acts. The libretto was written by Mr. J. F. FRIZ, also a native of New Hampshire. The plot is laid in Manhattan, 1699, and it is to be called "The Buccaneer." The first act is already written, and the author hopes to complete it, we are told, in two more months. The number of American operas existing now in MS. must be considerable: when will their latent beauties be unsealed, and spread before the public by the living voice? . . . A Committee appointed by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to compile a Book of Congregational Music, offer a premium of *One Hundred Dollars* for the manuscript of original music, set to the *Te Deum*, which, in their judgment, with competent professional assistance, shall be deemed suitable for insertion in the proposed book. It must be an Anthem in four vocal parts, with the score condensed for Organ in simple counterpoint; the treble to lie between middle C and E in the octave above; no repetition of words, and no solo passages; remote or elaborate harmony to be avoided, and the whole not to exceed ten minutes. Manuscripts will be received until the 15th of October, addressed to either of the committee, viz: W. A. Muhlenberg, G. T. Bedell, and G. J. Geer, New York.

The Promenade Concerts in the Philadelphia Academy of Music continue "pleasant, popular and profitable." They have lost the singers, Pickaneser, Frazer and Rudolphsen, who have gone on summer tours, but have gained an equal weight in brave AMODIO, while they retain Mme. JOHANNSEN and Miss RICHINGS. CARL BERGMANN is conductor of the orchestra. . . . Of the New York theatre promenade concerts, Burton's experiment, it is said, has not paid; but Messrs. Stuart and Bourcicault announce theirs in a form of startling novelty and splendor, truly Jullienesque, as follows:

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Second Act: — Hernani — National Ballad, Miss Agnes Robertson — La Sonnambula, Mlle. Spinola — Der Kanter, National German Quartet — Comic Ballad, Mrs. John Wood — Anvil Chorus — Goodwood Galop

Fitzgerald gives the following account of a somewhat venerable institution, the Philadelphia "Musical Fund Society":

This Society was instituted in the month of February, 1820, and was incorporated by an act of the Legislature, in the spring of 1823. Its objects are the relief of distressed musicians and their families, and the cultivation of taste and proficiency in the musical art. The first is attained by granting from the corporate funds adequate pecuniary provision to all musicians members of the society, who from age or infirmity are unable to support themselves and their families. The second, giving a series of concerts during the winter, which are accessible to the public. The members are arranged in two classes—professors and amateurs—the first of whom only are compelled to perform at the concerts, though the latter often assist them. The Hall of the Society, in Locust street, above Eighth, was built in 1824, Mr. Strickland being the architect. The principal concert room is 110 feet in length, and 60 feet in width, and estimated to seat 1,800 persons. It has, on numerous occasions, contained over 2,000. At the time of its erection, and for a considerable period after, it was the only concert room in America worthy the name.

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BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY is our pendant to WEBER,* as a representative of the Romantic school. Like him, of tender sensibilities and delicate feelings, he inclined to the feminine and graceful.

I must remark at the outset that it is very difficult in elucidating a mind that has just departed from us, to distinguish in the details of our judgment what is true from what is false, or exaggerated; yet I hope, should any injustice creep in here in spite of my best intention, it will be too unessential to affect the accuracy of the main impression.

Mendelssohn, on account of his uncommonly precocious development, has been regarded as a musical wonder-child. This, with his bringing up, and his most careful although spoiling education in a house in many ways regarded as the first in Berlin, both in point of wealth, of taste for Art and of fine tone, could not be without a lasting influence on a nature as susceptible as Weber's, and indeed far more pliable. This manifested itself all too prominently; whether for the advantage of the Art, whose representative he was called to be, will soon be seen.

Truly astonishing and wonderful it must have been to see with what deep interest, with what technical certainty Mendelssohn, a boy of fifteen years, directed the performance, and by heart, of the great Passion of Sebastian Bach in the Berlin Sing-Academie! Never could that institution

boast, before or since, an epoch of such brilliant bloom as then, when minds like Zelter, Mendelssohn, Devrient and Marx combined to bring Bach's plastic art, in the most sound and genuine manner, to the knowledge and the recognition of the public; and above all it was the sublime Passion music, by whose performance Mendelssohn, by the side of Zelter, won for the Berlin Academy its noblest triumph; while Devrient and Marx, by word and writing, by study and communication, and the hints therefrom derived for the right representation of music until then scarcely understood at all, exerted equal influence upon hearers and performers. All whom I have heard allude to it, speak with the greatest enthusiasm of that time, and revel mostly in the memory of it even during excellent performances of Bach to-day.

Mendelssohn did equal service in his direction of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, and in the performance of the piano Concertos and Trios of that master. He studied the classical composers with especial and unwearied perseverance, above all Bach, Handel and Beethoven; and a most rare memory supported his impressible nature in a remarkable degree; so at home was he in those authors, that he scarcely needed scores or parts for the execution of the most elaborate pieces. Mendelssohn was, as we have said, very industrious in his studies, but he had constant stimulus and encouragement on the one hand in such quick and happy apprehension, on the other as the adored son of one of the first, at that time perhaps in point of social respectability, the very first house of the Residenz. Under such circumstances, accustomed as he was to shine as a wonder-child, and at the same time characterized by a naïveté and an amiability particularly attractive to superficial people, could he escape the danger of becoming the *enfant gâté* of Berlin fashionable female society? If this occurred perhaps in a less degree socially, at least, compared with the intolerable arrogance of a Heine—for even his enemies admit his singular modesty, his steadfast amiability—yet his genius, in its direction and activity, was by no means free from that influence.

Of not only a noble, but a truly kind heart, he was animated by the wish to conciliate all, to please all, even at times when he had long had more than a suspicion, that such inclinations and their causes are too diverse, nay, often by divided interests too utterly opposed, to make it possible to bring the fulfilment of such different wishes, so to say, under one hat. To offend or crowd no one in the world, is a thing utterly impossible to a pronounced character. Whoever seeks that, renounces his own character. To many men, of

the highest endowment, this has happened; and Mendelssohn, in spite of the noblest striving, had to share the same experience. Besides, no character, and of course no artistic character, can develop itself thoroughly and firmly as such without conflict, not only with circumstances, but also (what is still more indispensable) with itself, with its own nature. The tendency to such a conflict lies in human nature—at least in all souls strong enough to be self-conscious; so strong is it, that a man, who finds himself by talent, wealth or station in a rare position, cannot remain long contented with it, but seeks or seems to seek for friction and collision, and at all events is inclined to deny what is peaceful and untroubled in his destiny. The latter case we find in Mendelssohn. It is very strikingly expressed by one of our most intelligent critics, speaking of a certain concert, thus: "Joachim, (one of our most famous violin virtuosos), played Mendelssohn's violin Concerto. Most of Mendelssohn's instrumental compositions run into a soft and yielding sentimentality, which banishes itself at last to the element of moonlight and of elfin dances. So also this Concerto. Like many men, on whom fortune smiles in all their undertakings, Mendelssohn too felt the need of sorrows, and pleased himself, in the want of real sorrows, with telling of imaginary ones. One may apply to him, reversed, the lines of Heine:

Aus seinen kleinen Schmerzen
Macht er die grossen Lieder.

(Out of his little sorrows
Makes he his great songs.*)

"The sorrows are for the most part hardly worth the mention; the theme too is always the same old story; but he knows how to vary it so pleasantly, he understands how to languish so sweetly, to smile so sadly, here and there too how to assume a roguish air—in short he is so 'interesting,' that one cannot resist him! In all this the Mendelssohn passion never offends the good tone of fine society; it is always *comme il faut*, in dress coat, *tirée à quatre épingles*. How different Beethoven and Schumann! When the Demon seized them, they went through thick and thin with him, without stopping to pull on their gloves. It was remarked of Joachim, that he played the Concerto with disinclination—something like displeasure settled on his features. His powerful genius felt constraint within the narrow, precise forms of the *conversazione* style," &c.

As the social circle, in which Mendelssohn

* The lovers of the songs of Robert Franz will at once recall, in connection with his exquisite music, the little poem:

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleine Lieder.—Ed.

* See article: "Characteristics of Weber," in Nos. 2 and 3 of this volume.

moved, was great and brilliant, so from the above reasons did his artistic circle of vision remain narrow—narrowed as much as possible by that coterie of Berlin ladies, who were in raptures with his every motion, with his every naive or roguish trick or word; who each of them was eager to possess another original little song, with or without words, written by himself and dedicated to herself, or the pen with which he wrote or whatever else he used. And how happy was he to oblige them all! how modestly he let the thing be snatched from him! how unconstrainedly he abandoned himself to a naive humor, pleased to be overwhelmed with laughter at his innocent wit, when he had succeeded in right prettily teasing one of them! How "neat," how "interesting," how "charming" they found him!

That was the insidious poison that was more and more to strangle the high aspiration for which Nature had endowed him, as a warning to the legion of artists who worship him and try to follow in his footsteps. Hence he never came to the full feeling and consciousness of the creative power that really dwelt within him; he thought that he must lean upon and imitate great models. Unfeigned modesty, proceeding from the deepest, noblest veneration and admiration of masters who to him seemed out of reach, and the resignation naturally consequent, were what lamed him and hindered him from working freely on, without concern about the degree of his own specific power; and would not let him give us himself, him, Mendelssohn, entire, complete, self-conscious, and therefore sound and classical.

Instead of this he strove to imitate Beethoven, his whole soul permeated by the Ninth Symphony with choruses, and wrote by way of offset to that, but without sufficient motive in itself, a Symphony-Cantata. Still more powerfully taken with the great Passion music of Bach, he endeavored to imitate that, and wrote his *Paulus* after that model. Indeed, so closely wedded was he to that model, that (just as in imitating the Ninth Symphony) he insisted upon weaving Chorals into the *Paulus*; although the poet whom he had first selected for the text of this oratorio, (one of the few artists, by the way, who have their eyes open in matters of plastic art and grouping), amazed at this desire, earnestly called his attention to the utter unfitness of Chorals for this sort of matter, showed him how they would disturb and limit him, and finally withdrew entirely from the task, leaving it to a more willing arranger; while Mendelssohn could say only in reply: "But the Chorals in the Passion, especially those a *capella*, have such a peculiarly fine effect!"

[To be continued.]

Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Bach.—Schubert.—Schumann.—Berlioz.—Liszt.

The programme for the second day must have appeared unsuccessful in many respects to every one who had made himself acquainted with the compositions to be performed, although the selection of this or that work, such as, for instance, the Symphony by Schubert, was good. There seemed to have existed an intention rather of presenting a succession of important names than of effective works, of thinking more of what might be written of the proceedings than of what would be sung. Considered as a mere musical mass (the execution of all the pieces without any pauses would have lasted more than four hours) it was a hazardous

experiment, and if, in addition to this, we recollect that we were invited to a *Musical Festival*, not one of the vocal compositions chosen can escape the reproach of being unsuited, at least for the object in view.

Our great old grandpapa Bach had appeared only seldom—I think not more than twice—at the former *Niederrheinische Musical Festivals*. When we remember how many of these festivals Mendelssohn directed, how great his influence was, and that no artist ever did more than he did for the propagation and comprehension of the most profound of all composers, there must have been some especial reasons for the apparent neglect. And, in truth there is a satisfactory number of such reasons; instead, however, of mentioning them in this place, I prefer stating at once that I welcomed with great delight the name of Bach in the programme for this year. My delight, however, did not last long—not after I had inspected more closely the work to be performed, and become convinced that the selection was a most unsuitable one, taking into account the means and the end.

"Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam" (Christ, our Lord, came to the Jordan) were the words at the commencement of Bach's cantata in question, composed for the festival of St. John the Baptist. It contains a so-called varied choral, a few recitatives, three airs, and the usual concluding choral. The text is something horrible—a jumble of mystical and trivial doggerel verse, in German, which causes your hair to stand on end, supposing, by-the-way, you have got any. Of course, it has not the least to do with Whitsuntide. A friend of mine asserts that the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle had been attracted by the words:

"Da wolt' er stiften uns ein Bad,
Zu waschen uns von Sünden,"*

but this I cannot believe. The cantata contains no grand chorus; the airs, from which the musician may, at any rate, learn a great deal, are difficult and unthankful for the singers, and, for a large audience, a bore; while the instrumentation, partly not carried out, and requiring the organ, is where, as in the first piece, it is complete, anything but adapted to be performed by large masses. There seems to have been some previous suspicion that the effect of the work would be unsatisfactory, for, with a degree of arbitrariness, which I will not further notice, the concluding chorus of another cantata, No. 21 of the *Kirchen-Cantaten*: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" was tacked on to it. This latter was magnificent and vigorous, being, as it were, written expressly for fine choral resources. But even this composition was not destined to achieve at the public performance the same effect it had produced at the rehearsal, since it was deprived of, I will not say its proper, but, at any rate, its more suitable place, and stuck at the end of the concert. Of this, however, I shall say more anon.

"Des Singers Fluch," a ballad, adapted by Richard Pohl, from Uhland's poems, music by Schumann, was the second of the vocal compositions selected for execution. The above excellent musician composed this work during the latter years of his creative activity in Düsseldorf, and, although it contains much that is beautiful, I cannot agree with the decision of many capable critics, nearly connected with him, and look upon it as one of his finest efforts. Some few lyrical pieces in it are attractive and expressive, while some few passages, given to the chorus, are calculated to produce a powerful and almost popular impression; but the poem arranged by Richard Pohl is distinguished in the middle by a great degree of unclearness, which has communicated itself to the musical treatment. The commencement is somewhat monotonous; the end, expressive, but melting away rather too much, and, indeed, almost dying out, while the dramatic points, properly speaking, are, as is frequently the case with Schumann, who is thoroughly lyrical, most unintelligibly obliterated. The part of the solo soprano, which took no share in Bach's cantata, is very small and ineffective,

* "He wished to establish a bath there, to wash us clean of sin."

while the co-operation of the chorus is also too rare to satisfy the magnificent resources employed at our Rhenish Musical Festivals. The selection of this vocal composition was, however, the best of the three chosen.

L'Enfance du Christ, Trilogie Mystique, text and music by Hector Berlioz, was the last of the works set down for performance, and was that which was looked on by some with the greatest distrust, and by others with the greatest curiosity. A small portion—the middle portion—of this work had been previously performed separately, under the name of *The Flight into Egypt*, in several places, including Cologne, with more or less success. Berlioz produced it successfully in a concert at Paris, under the fictitious name of Peter Ducré (1679). It may interest you to know something more about its origin, and I therefore subjoin a literal translation of a letter published by the author, and addressed in the year 1852 to a friend in London. I have preserved it. It runs as follows:—

"Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

"My dear —,

"You ask me why the *Mystery, The Flight into Egypt*, which is to be found in a list, published by yourself, of my works, has on the title, 'Dedicated to Peter Ducré, a fictitious chapelmaster?' This happened in consequence of a fault of which I was guilty—a fault for which I have been severely punished, and for which I shall ever reproach myself. The facts of the case are as follow:—

"One evening, I happened to be at the house of Baron de M—, a judicious and sincere friend of art, with one of my old fellow-pupils of the Academy in Rome, the learned architect Duc. Every one was playing cards; some whist, some *écarté*, etc., with the exception of myself alone. I abhor cards. Endless patience and thirty years of perseverance have enabled me to understand none of the games, and, under no circumstances, to be able to be of use to players who may need a partner.

"It was pretty evident that I found the time hanging heavily on my hands, when Duc came up and said to me: 'As you are doing nothing you might as well write a piece of music for my album.' 'With pleasure,' I replied. I took a piece of paper and drew a tolerable quantity of lines, on which there soon appeared an *andantino* for four voices for the organ. I thought I discovered in it a sort of mystically rustic naïveté, and I conceived the sudden idea of writing to it words of a similar nature. The piece for the organ disappeared, and became a chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem, singing their farewell to the infant Christ, at the moment of the departure of the Holy Family for Egypt. The company left off their whist and *écarté* to hear my legend, and were as much amused by the mediæval coloring of my verses as by that of my music. 'Now,' said I to Duc, 'I will compromise you, and put your name at the bottom of the work.' 'What an idea! my friends know very well that I have no notion of composition.' 'That is a fine reason for not composing! Since, however, you are too vain to lend my work your name, I will invent one in which yours shall be contained. Wait a moment! The work shall be written by Peter Ducré, whom I hereby solemnly appoint chapelmaster to the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, in the 17th century. That will impart to my manuscript all the value of an archaeological curiosity.' No sooner said than done; and thus I entered on the same path as Chatterton. A few days later I wrote the following piece, but this time I commenced with the words, and a small fugued overture for a small orchestra, in a small, innocent style, in F sharp major without the leading note—a manner which is no longer in fashion, which resembles the Gregorian plain-song, and of which the learned will say that it is derived from some Doric, Phrygian, or Mixolydic mode or other of ancient Greece, which has nothing at all to do with the question, but evidently brings out the melancholy and somewhat stupid character of old national songs. A month afterwards, I thought no more

of my retrospective score, when I wanted a chorus for a concert I had to conduct. It struck me that it would be a good joke to fill up the gap with the Shepherds' Chorus of my Mystery, and I announced it in the programme under the name of Dueré, etc. (1679). Even at the rehearsals, the antiquated music excited the liveliest marks of partiality from the members of the chorus. 'Where did you dig that up?' they asked. 'Dig up is pretty nearly the right expression,' I replied, without hesitating; 'it was found in a cupboard which had been built up in the Sainte Chapelle, when the latter was lately restored. It was written, however, with the old notation upon parchment, and I had great trouble in deciphering it.'

"The concert took place, Dueré's piece was well executed and still better received. The critics praised it, and complimented me on my discovery. One single individual openly expressed some doubt as to its age and authenticity. This proves that, whatever you, who would eat up the French, may say, there are sensible people everywhere. Another critic was touched by the misfortune of the old chapelmaster, whose musical aspirations had not been made known to the Parisians until after one hundred and thirty-six years of darkness. 'For,' he added, 'not one of us had ever heard of him, and even Fétis's Dictionary, which contains so many extraordinary things, does not name him.'

"On the following Sunday, Duc paid a visit to a lovely young married lady, who is very fond of old music, and manifests great contempt for all new compositions. 'Well,' she asked the architect, 'what did you think of our last concert?' 'Very mixed, as usual.' 'And the piece by Pierre Dueré? Splendid, perfect! that is genuine music! Time has not deprived it of any of its freshness! That is true melody, such as we so seldom meet with in composers now-a-days. Your Berlioz will never write anything like that!' At these words, Duc was unable to repress a loud laugh, and was imprudent enough to answer, 'But, my dear madam, the piece is by Berlioz himself!—he wrote it, in my presence, on the corner of an *écarté* table.' The beautiful lady bit her lips; the roses of anger colored her white complexion, and, turning her back on Duc, she hurled at him the terrible words, 'Berlioz is an impertinent fellow!'

"You may imagine, my dear friend, how ashamed I was, when Duc reported to me her observation. I hastened to atone for what had happened, by publishing the poor little work under my own name, but, on the title-page, I placed the words: 'Dedicated to Pierre Dueré, a fictitious chapelmaster,' in order that I might always be reminded of my own culpable roguery.

"At present, people may say what they choose; my own conscience no longer reproaches me. I no longer expose the sensitiveness of good and soft-hearted individuals to weep over fictitious misfortune; pale ladies to turn red; or critics, who are accustomed never to doubt, to entertain doubts. I will sin no more. Adieu, my dear —! May my sad example be a lesson for you. Never attempt to lead astray the musical faith of your subscribers. Dread the designation which fell to my lot. You do not yet know what it is to be called impertinent, especially by a beautiful and pale lady.

"Yours truly, HECTOR BERLIOZ.

"London, 10th May, 1852."

Now the critics who valued this composition as dating from the year 1679, may be very clever people, but, at any rate, they are bad historians of Art. Berlioz, however, on his part, is also in error, when, as his English motto proves, he ascribes the success of his little chorus, containing the *Flight into Egypt*, to the circumstance of his having sent it forth into the world under the name of some one else.

It was not because he adopted another's name, but because he adopted a style which is more simple and more melodious than that we are accustomed to find in his works, that it proved an easier task for him to achieve success with this composition. But, however, this may be, its

success induced him to prefix one part and add another to the little work, both which collectively are, at least, six times the length of the original nucleus.

* * * * *

BERLIOZ is, undoubtedly, one of the cleverest of all known composers. His reputation as a critic is as great as his reputation as a composer. I would give something if the *libretto*,* of which I have endeavored to sketch the outlines, were not by him, and if he had to write a notice of it. What a shower of splendid witticisms there would be! What a sea of irony would flow from his pen! Unfortunately, he has not criticized, but written it himself—did not he laugh a little in his sleeve while so doing?

In all probability, any half-and-half opinions on Berlioz's music will never be general. It is deficient in many qualities without which, for many persons, music ceases to be music, but, on the other hand, it possesses others peculiar to itself, which not only satisfy many persons, but render them perfectly enthusiastic. Schumann described in a most pregnant manner a considerable portion of Berlioz's talent, when he said of him, that he was a virtuoso on the orchestra. Not only has Berlioz, in his instrumentation, produced, side by side with much that is corrupt, masterly things, but he is, in his orchestral coloring, in the working-up of original and characteristic musical elements, very frequently thoroughly creative. But he is altogether deficient in spontaneity of invention—he translates into music pictures, situations, and persons, but as for the thought that should flow undisturbed from the soul—of that he knows nothing. People would think that for such an organization words would be the best guide to the invention of musical ideas, but such is not the case. Lightness, flexibility, and naturalness, in a melodic point of view, are, above all things, necessary for vocal composers, but Berlioz is deficient in these qualities—no matter whether naturally, or from the violent tendency he has imposed on his style. With a bold, and often bizarre rhythm, with abrupt and frequently far-fetched harmony, almost nothing is gained for vocal music, however brilliant the instrument may be. Thus all those compositions of Berlioz which obtained for him the most friends and admirers, are invariably instrumental pieces, and in those of his so-called symphonies, in which there were also vocal pieces, it was only the first which stood prominently forward and became known. Now, no one could have made any objection, had Liszt, who was always an enthusiastic admirer of Berlioz, inserted in his programme some considerable orchestral compositions of his, which, however, would not have taken up too much time; such, for instance, as the overture to *King Lear*; but, in selecting this *Enfance du Christ*, he was guilty of a most incomprehensible blunder, and inflicted on Berlioz direct and serious injury. While the treatment of the story is with its stilted simplicity particularly disagreeable to us Germans, the music of the first and third part is so bombastic, so unsingable, so spun-out, and, moreover, so little calculated adequately to employ, or even to inspire a large chorus, that, when I became acquainted with it at the preparatory rehearsals here, I at once foresaw the worst. How it ultimately went off, I will with all simplicity relate to you.

The first rehearsal, which was a very long one, came off on Friday afternoon. Liszt took a great deal of pains, and I will willingly set down in some degree, to the account of such a wretched rehearsal, where no progress was made, and at which not even all the soloists were present, the impression which the work that day produced on the listeners, as well as the feeling of weariness it excited in the executants. It was a bad sign, even then, that, after remaining silent several hours, or refraining, at any rate, from the slightest sign of approbation, the chorus and orchestra, after the fatal harp and flute trio, broke out into a storm of undisguisedly ironical

* See Dwight's Journal of Music, vol. vi., p. 114, for a sketch of this libretto.

applause. Every one returned home in a bad humor.

The second rehearsal did not take place until Monday afternoon. Meanwhile Dalle Aste had been attacked with hoarseness, but Herr Rheinthal had most willingly undertaken his part, for, had he not done so, the concert could not have come off at all. The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and the beginning of the work was listened to with silent eagerness; soon, however, a very evident feeling of dissatisfaction obtained the upper hand, and when even the second part, which is by far the most pleasing and most intelligible, passed by without applause, and the boxes continued to grow more and more empty, Liszt himself seemed to loose courage. He left his place, talked the matter over with the members of the committee—who, long before, would have preferred that the work should not be executed—and, on his return, announced that in the evening only the *Flight into Egypt* would be given, while the first and third parts would be given up—a piece of intelligence which was received with undisguised delight by the orchestra. Schumann's work was now gone through in all haste, and—from Liszt's point of view—the most important composition was taken out of the programme, and a great deal of time and trouble uselessly thrown away.

[Conclusion next week.]

Mr. Satter on his own Compositions.

[From the New York Musical World.]

Some known and unknown friends having recently called public attention to my compositions, and ranged them among the works of the so-called "Music of the Future," I feel bound to express my opinion, as far as the classification to which I have alluded, may be true or not. People generally have a very vague idea of the "Music of the Future;" and even those, whose Teutonic knowledge goes so far as to be enabled to read Richard Wagner's writings, have slight doubts as to the probability of their ever becoming popular or useful. Now, popularity and usefulness are two champions who seldom agree, and whose individual influence is so different, that a composer may be extremely popular without being useful, and very useful without being popular. The managing pick-pockets, whose "chums" Verdi, Ricci, & Co., have been, for years and years, deserve the soundest cowhiding for the miserable taste which pervades the public, that ever graced man's back. Such men, however, whose intrinsic worth is proof against fire and water, against slander and ridicule—such as Schumann, Wagner, Loewe & Co., ought to receive a civic crown each for the useful purposes which their elevated genius had ever in foremost view. Chopin, whose originality and natural sense for beauty had been styled odd and eccentric by the bees, who preferred to dote upon the honeyed contents of Italian exotics, is perhaps the first who opened the path to the new doctrine, and even he was but a splendid follower, in some degree, of that queer old gent., J. S. Bach, Esq., whose left hand despatched to proceed from C to G, and from G to C, as harmony hath an equal right to both sides of the question. Chopin confined himself to the piano; and if there may be one regret, it is the fact, that the cypress-branches, which overshadowed his cradle, did not give way to rose-bushes in the course of his life. Loewe, whose ballads and oratorios are like a mighty obelisk built up in the midst of rotten grass and sickening toads, enlarged the path which the pioneer of Modern Harmony had partly discovered and partly re-entered. Then came Schumann. His was no sense of unlimited beauty; the earnest longing of his mind led him sometimes to extremes, and a great many of his works deserve to be styled "quaint;" for, boldly as they are conceived, the heart has yet to yield to the spirit, and gentle love follows a captive the triumphant car of harmony.

Nevertheless, like Moses, he drew water from the rocks, and the ocean of sounds, which parted to give room to the passage of Chopin, Loewe and Schumann, drowned with irresistible power

the Myrmidons of the luxurious Pharaoh—Rossini, who grew too powerful and too exacting. A man was needed who could impart to the opera the same spirit of independence, of originality, which has been successfully inoculated to piano-music, songs and orchestral compositions. Richard Wagner stood up, a free man among Saxon satellites—a true man among German renegades—a firm believer among worshippers of the golden calf. Symphony had found in Berlioz its point of culmination: the *ne plus ultra* was evident: any higher pitch of instrumentation would inevitably have turned into ridicule, and even enthusiastic admirers of the modern Hector shouted to him: "Take care, O lord, lest thou shouldst find a grave before the walls of Ilium." And Berlioz took care.

With R. Wagner, the faint ray of sun which appeared at the dawning morn of Genius, gave way to a bright and dazzling light, whose sudden existence was so overpowering, that a great many hid their eyes for fear of being blinded; others tried to catch a glimpse of the new meteor, prompted by curiosity and fear, and only a very few with eagle's sight met the apparition, and came to the conclusion, that even this amazing flame might safely be encountered, provided the eye could get accustomed to its splendor. Liszt was the first to make the requisite astronomical calculations, and having faithfully and impartially found out that there was a star rising in Israel, he gave—a second Arago—a name to the constellation, and put it among the Stars No. 1. Germany began to buy telescopes.

Wagner has given us "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Cola Rienzi," "Fliegende Holländer" and the "Faust overture." If I understood him right, the whole principle of the Music of the Future consists in this: "Music is a language of the soul. Without meaning, music is a zero." And so it is. Those who have souls, will soon perceive what a Demosthenes speaks to them. Those who have none, will perhaps prefer the gambols of apes in some travelling menagerie. Those who try hard to create a new Babylon, who defy the consequences for the sake of momentary lust, may look at Wagner and Chopin as if Minos and Rhadamanthos were awaiting their arrival in the Orcus with a judge's severity and verdict: those, however, whose heart has not been polluted yet by the voluptuous sounds of Syrens, do not need to put cotton in their ears, when Wagner reigns in the orchestra. Give Wagner's works the necessary location and execution, and you will not complain of the giant's bodily strength and mental destitution. I have said so much about Wagner, not because he is exempt from faults—not because I adhere to the silly habit of apotheosis—not because I forget our immortal ancestors in the presence of an immortal contemporary, but because his is the doctrine of the "Music of the Future," and because I have been deemed worthy to rank among his supporters.

My piano-compositions have but one object. As a player, and especially as a concert player, I have observed that there is a sorrowful dearth in the class of concert-pieces. Or they are such, that the composer alone plays them with effect, owing to his making *ritardandos*, *accelerandos*, *marcatos* &c., of which the paper don't mention anything; or they are all the same fearful running up and down, introducing nice runs, nice shakes, nice octaves, in which the composer happens to excel, and there is so little music in them, that it reminds one involuntarily of a great cake weighing a hundred pounds, in which a gold dollar has been hidden. When Herz wrote his variations with success, they all wrote variations; when Thalberg introduced opera-fantasias, they all introduced opera-fantasias; but when Liszt wrote his works, they gave up in despair, and the "Quaint Club" disappeared. Why? Because there was nothing to imitate. I have tried to "mean" something in my compositions. Now, whether some people say "they don't mean, but are mean," or not, I as usually do not profess to care, as I generally go my own way. I have tried to write effective concert-pieces, which would contain little music, and the success which

has mostly attended them, when I played them, is certainly not so much due to mere mechanical execution, but to the spirit which I try to impart to them. I have tried even to write Sonatas, not such as stick so closely to old forms, as a rat would to his hole, but such again as mean something, and which would not prove a failure, if well performed in even a large concert-room. [The first wreath which was thrown to me on American stages, happened to honor me after the performance of my Sonata in F sharp, at the Musical Convention, held in '55 in Boston, at the Music Hall.] And so I shall endeavor to write even overtures and symphonies for piano solo, as I do not see why this noble instrument should be treated as a mechanic's-tool, whereas we do not know actually but one-fifth of what it might be capable of in the hands of able men. As far as my compositions for stringed instruments with or without piano are concerned, I adhere to the same principle. When Beethoven wrote his Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, he certainly meant well and did well, although he did not publish his intentions. I think that the host of quartet-music, meaningless and old-fogyish, that has gone forth from the engraver's hands, is a loss to mankind rather than a benefit. Spohr, with all his great talent, has never opened a new gate in the temple of time, and the title "Altmeister," which Germans delight to bestow upon him, is a compliment and a reproof. Spohr, Onslow and Hummel, are masters of the form and of the style: genius has never touched them with his wings, and if he hovered round one of the three, Spohr, albeit, was the lucky one. We in our time want something more than form and style, and would rather prefer one Shakspeare than a thousand Coleridges, Tennysons, Southey's, Miltons, Klopstocks, Racines and Coopers. If a man have the gift of uniting beauty with genius, then hail to us and to him; but if beauty alone stands before us, who would not think of those Circassian slaves, so unique in their bodily accomplishments, who are bought like so many walking pictures for the money of half-brutes and totally effeminated masters? Give me liberty of thought; the style will come in its train; and give me time before you judge whether I was wrong or you.

GUSTAVE SATTER.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC.—Schœlcher, in his Life of Handel, speaking of the famous Chandos Anthems, says:

"All the sacred music of Handel, without ceasing to be religious, has a fire and an active exaltation which make it wholly distinct from the compositions of his predecessors. It has been said in Belgium that religious music, when impressed with this character, no longer answers its purpose; that it becomes a contradiction whenever it departs from the simplicity of the old masters. Assuredly, nothing could be more absurd, and more deplorable, than to introduce into the temple, as some do, the dramatic style, and, above all, the frivolities of *floriture*, which are as out of place in the church as they are tiresome at the opera. But to give to the songs of worship a greater warmth and a richer orchestration than Gregory, Gombert, or Palestrina would admit, appears to be a very different thing from composing cava-tinas or scenic pieces. One may differ from the Carthusians without becoming altogether worldly. In order to be sure that this is so, I must refer to my own impressions. The masses of Beethoven, Mozart, and Cherubini, like the anthems of Handel, have never excited in me (even hearing them elsewhere than in a church) any feeling inconsistent with the kind of meditation which is expressed by the word *religious*. Therefore, it seems to me that they accomplish their object. It seems to me to be as natural as it is logical to apply to this kind of music (as to every other) the resources of modern science and instrumentation; at the same time preserving always its proper character. To honor the Divinity as we ought, we should employ all the means in our power. The simplicity of the early masters is admirable; but it is probable that they would

have been less simple had they been richer. Moreover, where are we to stop? If the Belgian school be in the right, Palestrina himself is not entirely free from reproach: for the sweet and pleasant tone of his musical phrase is far removed from the austerity of the Plain-song. With sectarian intolerance, the pure Gregorians might accuse him of being effeminate.

Those who attempt to circumscribe sacred composition by what they call *the true style*—that is to say, a grave and naked melody—would make of music, if they were listened to, what the Greek Church made of painting: they would retain the art of sacred music at the twelfth century as the Greek Church did the art of painting. But such exaggerations never lead to the desired end. The Plain-song will always be beautiful to the ear, as the pictures of Cimabue, Giotto, Gaddi, and Fiesole are to the eye; but to restrict religious art to these is nothing less than to falsify it, and render it ridiculous. Witness the modern religious paintings in Greece! Could any thing be colder or more affected than those *pasticcios* of Byzantine simplicity upon a ground of gold? And this is the invariable result when the artist is condemned to archæological researches, rather than left to his own inspiration, to make use of all the means with which progress has furnished him. That, indeed, is the real contradiction; for it would be not more absurd to say that a man ought not to pray beneath the vaulted roof of an old Gothic cathedral unless clothed in an ancient doublet, with a bonnet on his head, and peaked shoes upon his feet."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Opera at the Antipodes.

MR. EDITOR:—I beg leave, to offer you an extract from a letter dated at Calcutta, India, May 17th, 1857, thinking you may find it worthy of insertion in your valuable Journal, which often finds its way thither.

A CONSTANT READER.

"We had an amusing scene at the opera a few nights ago. The building is what is called in this country a Cutch, one, that is, of wooden puts and bamboos, covered with coarse mats and thatched with straw. At a very short distance it looks like a gigantic hay-stack, but the whole inside is lined with cloth and prettily and tastefully painted and ornamented.

On this occasion the house was very full and fashionable, to hear *Lucrezia Borgia* for the first time in Calcutta. The early part of the evening the weather had been dark and lowering, and just at the end of the fourth act the thunder and lightning became terrific; the claps were awful, and so near that they seemed inside the very building itself. Thus far the opera had gone off remarkably well, and far better than the performance of *La Figlia, Favorita*, or any other we had had; but now the audience, particularly the ladies, began to be frightened. The curtain had hardly fallen on the fourth act when the storm burst upon us, and the rain came down like a falling ocean. The light thatch could not stand it, and the water dripped through in little streams which soon grew larger, regardless of the toilettes which had been made with so much care! and the audience drew together, standing wherever a dry spot could be found.

The curtain rose on the fifth act, but the orchestra where fast getting drenched; we could plainly see the rain falling upon the stage and among the banquetters, whose carouse became dismal to an unwonted degree. The musicians persevered, however, though we could scarcely hear them for the thunder; but when the bac-

chanalians attempted to sing, their situation became too absurd, and the whole house broke into a laugh and a cheer. The curtain fell, the orchestra fled, and the audience made tracks for the grand entrance, the water at last pouring through the roof in streams as large as my arm. Outside the scene was intense. Through the thick gloom we could only get glimpses in the flashes of lightning, and then could see but a short distance from the door. All were now huddled in the vestibule at the top of the flight of steps of the grand entrance, up to which an occasional carriage would find its way and its fortunate owners get shelter.

B—— and I stood here, gradually soaking, for a quarter of an hour, and then, as I had told our gharrie just where to await us, I determined to make a bolt for it. B—— followed me, and the instant we left the steps of the theatre we were standing in full three inches of water, and as wet as if hogsheads of the same had been poured upon us. We were in full dress, of course, and must have been pretty objects. By the lightning we found our way to where we had left the gharrie, but it was not there; and by a bright flash we saw buggies overturned and loose horses cutting about, and the whole Maidaun was one sheet of water in which we were standing, and the theatre looming like a great island from the middle of it. We could find nothing of the gharrie, and had to get back to the shelter of the entrance, where we waited for nearly an hour in our wet clothes, cold and shivering, till the storm abated, when we succeeded in getting hold of our team and drove rapidly home. We took a horn and a rub down, as preventatives against a cold, (and I am glad to say with entire success), and turned in.

Fancy such a scene at the Boston, or at Her Majesty's! We have had *Lucrezia* since without the rain, and it went off very well, though at home I have heard S—— and M—— sing the principal airs better than our artists. We are promised a fire company next year, if this one should continue to be supported, but you can have no idea of the heat of this place! Before you have been seated a quarter of an hour your sensations are like sitting in a warm bath! Yet people patronize it well, and his success has astonished the manager.

A year or two since we were glad enough to welcome a chance company of Ethiopian Serenaders, whose enterprise led them on a tour from Yankee land round the world, and they drew full houses, at high prices of course; but Opera is an unprecedented luxury, which I fully appreciate, and I never miss a performance."

Music Abroad.

London.

Dr. MARSCHNER, the German operatic composer (of *Der Vampyr*, *Templar und Judin*, *Hans Heiling*, &c.) has been making a short visit in London. The only public notice of his presence was a modest concert at the Dudley Gallery, given by Herr REICHARDT, the singer. We copy from the *Musical World* for July 25:

The concert on Friday (yesterday week) was interesting not only from several pieces of Dr. Marschner's being introduced, but from the appearance of Dr. Marschner himself, who performed twice on the piano; in the overture to *Hans Heiling*, arranged for two piano-fortes and eight hands, with MM. Osborne, Tedesco, and Benedict; and in a trio, composed by himself, for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, with

Herr Molique and Signor Piatti. Though now a sexagenarian, Dr. Marschner has not lost his command of the key-board. His touch is fine and elastic, and his execution masterly. The overture to the popular opera of *Hans Heiling*, we need hardly say, suffered considerably by its translation to the piano-forte. Its characteristic feature, however, and consummate musical treatment, could not escape observation, and the audience were unanimous in their approval. The trio was still more liked, as may be imagined, and the last three movements were loudly applauded. The andante, with a charming passage for the violoncello, exquisitely played by Sig. Piatti, would have created a furor in a larger assembly of the sterner sex.

The vocal contributions to the programme, by Dr. Marschner, consisted of a duo, "Die tanzenden Mädchen," for soprano and contralto: *lied* "Der Kuss" for tenor; two ballads for contralto, "Die Bäume grünen überall" and "Der Schmetterling;" and an aria for tenor, "Du stolzes England," from the opera *Templar und Judin*. The tenor airs were both admirably sung by Herr Reichardt, and both encoired. The first, however, only was accepted; the latter being the final piece in the concert. The song from the *Templar*, by the way, is a tribute to the glory and liberty of England, which had it been given in the native tongue, would have created an enthusiasm of another kind.

Another interesting feature of the selection was a new song by Meyerbeer, composed expressly for Herr Reichardt, entitled "Des Schäfers Lied," with clarinet accompaniment. This, a charming shepherd-strain, pastoral in character, plaintive and melodious, was sung to perfection by Herr Reichardt, whose vocal powers and style the illustrious composer has consulted with his usual felicity.

Madame Marschner, the wife of the composer, has a powerful contralto voice, and an energetic style. She sang the duo of her husband's above named, with Mdle. Westerstrand, and the two ballads by Marschner also alluded to, and proved herself a clever and experienced mistress of the vocal art. Mdle. Westerstrand introduced her two Swedish songs with her usual effect.

The other vocalists were Mad. Ugalde and M. Jules Lefort. Sig. Piatti executed a solo on the violoncello, and Sig. Belletti a solo on the clarinet.

Mr. Francesca Berger and Mr. W. G. Cusins conducted.

OPERA.—At Her Majesty's Theatre, a short supplementary season commenced on the 20th ult., at reduced prices, for the general public. The repertoire was to include *Lucia*, *La Figlia*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*; *Cenerentola* and *Sonnambula*, (for Mme. ALBONI); *Don Pasquale*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and the last scenes of *I Martiri* and *Il Pirata* (for Mlle. PICCOLOMINI). Early in August the whole company were to commence the tour of Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, &c. M. BELLETTI, the tenor who excited so much interest in *La Sonnambula*, was still more successful as Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

At the Royal Italian, *Fra Diavolo* has continued to run, alternating with *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, &c., the latter with Mlle. BALFE.

Mr. ROBERT BARNETT, the distinguished professor and talented pianist, played a selection of music before his pupils at his residence, in Albany street, on the 23d instant. The programme is worthy of being recorded:

Sonata in D.....Mozart.
Momento, "Capriccioso".....Weber.
"Genevieve," and "Study in E".....Bennett.
Songs without Words.....Mendelssohn.
Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le
Retour".....Beethoven.
"Days of Yore".....Cramer.
Caprice in E.....Mendelssohn.
Harmonious Blacksmith.....Handel.

Mr. G. W. CUSIN's second and last *matinée musicale* came off at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, the 29th ult. The programme was very attractive. The pieces played by Mr. Cusins included Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, Op. 45, for piano and violoncello, with Sig. Piatti; Hummel's Septuor, in which Mr. Cusins was assisted by Messrs. R. Blagrove (violin), Piatti (violinello), Howell (contra-basso), Pratten (flute), Nicholson (hautboy), and C. Harper (horn); Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith;" Heller's *La Truite*; and, with M. Remenyi, Thalberg and De Beriot's duo for piano-forte and violin on airs from *Les Huguenots*. Mr. Cusins displayed his usual command of the instrument.

Herr VON DER OSTEN gave a musical evening (*soirée musicale*), at Willis's Rooms, on Friday, June 26th. The singers were—Madlle. Augusta Stubbe and Herr Von der Osten; instrumentalists—Herr E. Pauer (piano), Herr Molique and Herr L. Ries (violin), Herr Goffrie (viola), and Herr Feri Kletzer (violinello). The music was well selected, and embraced F. Ries's quartet in C minor, op. 126, for two violins,

viola and violoncello, and Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. Herr Von der Osten sang, among other things, Beethoven's suite of six songs, "An die Ferne Geliebte." Herr Pirscher conducted.

WORCESTER.—The Festival of the Three Choirs will commence August 26th. The selections for the four morning performances include Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, "Messiah," and parts of "Israel in Egypt;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise," and anthem: "Hear my Prayer;" selections from Costa's "Eli," and a new festival anthem by Dr. G. Elvey. The evening concerts will include a "Mozart evening;" a *Freyschutz* evening, with sprinkling of English songs; Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment, Hatton's "Robin Hood" Cantata, Macfarren's new "May Day" Cantata, &c. Among the leading singers engaged are Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Weiss, Herr Formes, &c.

PARIS.—Weber's *Oberon* has been so popular, that now his *Euryanthe* is to be given at the opening of the Théâtre Lyrique after its midsummer holidays.... There is a rumor, too, that von Flotow's *Martha* is to form part of the repertoire of the Italian Opera next winter....The *Gazette Musicale* announces the successful appearances at the Opéra Comique of Mlle. DUPUY, and of M. NICHOLAS, a tenor, (both pupils of the Conservatoire) in *Les Mousquetaires* of M. Halévy.There is great glorification in the Parisian press over a new tenor, M. RENARD, the first genuine "ut de poitrine" since DUPREZ, who has been able to sing *Suivez moi* in "William Tell"....Rossini's *Comte Ory* will shortly be brought out at the Grand-Opéra; Mlle. MENDEZ is to sing the part of Izolier....Meanwhile to show what a fever heat the operatic thermometer still indicates in Paris, we copy the following significant little *jeu d'esprit* from the *Siècle*:

TOUJOURS "TROVATORE."

The *Trovatore*, after having been played at the Italiens, was translated for the Grand-Opéra, and given there. It is not impossible that, in the ensuing winter, the Opéra-Comique will endeavor in its turn to produce it, with modifications, be it understood. The Théâtre-Lyrique, drawn into the vortex, will also bring out an adaptation, and the Folies-Nouvelles, not to remain in the background, follow its example. We may thus be exposed, one of these fine days, to read on the *affiches* which "ornament" the boulevards, as follows:—

Italiens.—*Il Trovatore*, de M. Verdi.
Opéra.—*Le Trouvère*, de M. Verdi.
Opéra-Comique.—*Le Troubadour*, de M. Verdi.
Théâtre-Lyrique.—*Le Menestrel*, de M. Verdi.
Bouffes-Parisiens.—*Le Ménestrier*, de M. Verdi.
Folies-Nouvelles.—*Le Saltimbanque*, de M. Verdi.
Ce serait monotone.

COLOGNE.—Dr. L. Spohr passed the 2d and 3d of this month here. He devoted several hours to examining the arrangements and plan of study at the Rhinish School of Music, under the direction of F. Hiller, and repeatedly expressed his full appreciation of the performances of the pupils, in various stages of proficiency. At a party of artists and amateurs at the house of F. Hiller, the latter, and Herr Edw. Frank, Musical Director, played several new original compositions, which evidently gave satisfaction to the Nestor of German composers, who also manifested great interest in the talent of the young composer, Max Bruch. In the evening of the 3d inst. the Cölnr Männergesang-Verein serenaded the worthy master.

ITALY.—At the moment when the political dreamers and schemers, the hoppers and wranglers, have had their mouths full of all that has (or has not) happened at Genoa, at Leghorn, or in the hideous prisons of Naples, arrives a placid letter from a musical friend bound for La Romagna, to be present at the inauguration of a new Opera House at Rimini—which is, on his report, described as magnificent. For this ceremony, continues our informant, Signor Verdi has promised a new opera—that is to say, a reconstruction of his "Stiffelio," which, on its re-appearance, will be called "Aroldo." Expenditure without fruit—movement without consequence—do not these combinations too largely shadow forth the story of Italy in more ways than one?—*London Athenæum*.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The *maestro* ARDITI has composed a Turkish hymn, a remarkable work, and dedicated it to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, who has condescended to accept the dedication. Last Wednesday, M. Arditi had the honor of being summoned to the Imperial palace to preside at the performance of the hymn before his Majesty. Several artists of the Italian theatre, also, had the honor of being admitted

to play before the Sultan. The concert, which began at half-past seven in the evening, lasted to about ten, frequently affording the august listener the opportunity of expressing his high satisfaction. The artists and band of the theatre first executed, under the direction of M. Arditi, the Imperial hymn. The prologue of *Lucrezia Borgia* was sung, followed by the air "La Calumnia," by Madame Nickrovich. This beautiful *morceau* was succeeded by the "Campanelli d'Aurore," the theme, which is so original, and the variations, which are so difficult, being executed by M. Arditi with infinite charm and ease, and procuring for him the most flattering compliments, which his Majesty transmitted by one of his officers. The orchestra then performed M. Arditi's charming composition, *Les Chants Américains*, which seemed particularly to please his Majesty. A few days afterwards his Majesty sent 50,000 piastres; 10,000 for the management of the Italian Theatre; 30,000 for the vocalists; and 10,000 for the composer, M. Arditi, who, in addition, received the decoration of the Sultan.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 15, 1857.

CRITICISM BY COMPOSERS.—We would call the attention of the intelligent reader to the admirable letters of FERDINAND HILLER about the late musical festival at Aix la Chapelle, which well deserve the space we give them. Hiller is one of the most sound and intelligent musicians in Europe, a thoroughly artistic composer in all forms, if not a great creative genius, and his impressions of Art and artists are singularly just and appreciative, while they are remarkably free from any German mysticism. He writes as clearly as any Englishman or Frenchman. His estimate of Berlioz is well worth reading.

Also to the quite original criticism upon MENDELSSOHN, written for this Journal by one of the ablest teachers and composers in Berlin. Its views will be found somewhat novel, but worthy of reflection. We only regret our inability to render the Doctor's German sentences into more clear and flowing English.

Finally, by way of refreshing variety, read Mr. SATTER's lucid definition of his own position among the magnates of the "Music of the Future"!

DEATH OF CARL CZERNY.—This announcement, which comes in the European news last received, must come home to all the thousands who have known the pleasures, and especially the pains of the piano. No man has written such innumerable varieties of lessons, finger exercises, treatises for young students of the piano-forte. These and his arrangements, with fingering, of the piano fugues of Bach, the symphonies of Beethoven (for four hands) and of very many oratorios, symphonies, operas, overtures, &c., have been his chief public services. It is stated that his published pieces number eight hundred and forty. Of these but a small part, of course, are compositions in any original or creative sense; the most of them are exercises, studies, relating to the mechanical part of piano-playing. Yet he has also been the composer of various masses, motets, concertos, symphonies, songs with and without orchestra, which are still in manuscript. Indeed he had a prodigious facility of production, and was a man of immense industry. His labors in teaching and writing necessarily withdrew him very much from the pleasures of the world; yet he was an amiable and sociable man, and probably very few men have been so well acquainted with all the great artists and classical composers of Germany, during the past half century. The following particulars of his history were gleaned

chiefly from Fétis' *Biographie Universelle* for Moore's "Encyclopædia of Music:"

He was born at Vienna, on the 21st of February, 1791. His parents came from Bohemia, and his father, who had formerly been in the imperial military service of Austria, settled in Vienna, in 1785, as a teacher of the piano-forte. Like many others who have highly distinguished themselves, Czerny displayed in his earliest infancy a great natural disposition for music; and as his father at that time very diligently practised the works of Bach, Mozart, Clementi, &c., and was frequently visited by the piano-players then resident in Vienna, as Kozeluch, Gelinek, Wanhall, and others, the youth had constantly the advantage of hearing good music, and hence his sensibility for the art was speedily manifested. This circumstance, doubtless, induced his father, who possessed no independent fortune, to devote his earnest attention to educate him for the profession; so that, even in his eighth year, young Carl performed the compositions of Mozart, Clementi, Kozeluch, Gelinek, &c., with much facility. About this period the early works of Beethoven appeared, and Czerny became so enamored with them as to prefer them to all others. He therefore studied them with peculiar assiduity, and when about ten years old (in 1801) had the pleasure of being introduced to their renowned author, who was then in the prime of life and had created the greatest sensation as a piano-forte player by the production of effects and difficulties which were previously unknown. He played to Beethoven some of the great master's newest compositions, and made such a favorable impression on him that Beethoven at once voluntarily offered to take him as a pupil. The intimacy thus formed gradually ripened into the most perfect friendship, which was maintained unbroken throughout the too short life of this the greatest musical genius of this century. Among the many proofs of high regard which Beethoven entertained of Czerny, it may be mentioned, as a fact not generally known, that he selected him as the musical instructor for his adopted nephew, (Carl Beethoven,) who, afterwards, alas! most deeply embittered his uncle's days. Under Beethoven's guidance Czerny studied, first the Clavier School, and the works of Emanuel Bach, and then all the compositions which Beethoven himself had written and published in the course of the year. He had also to arrange many of Beethoven's works, as well as to correct the proofs of such of them as were being prepared for publication, all of which afforded him much practice, and imparted an accurate knowledge of the spirit of these fine compositions. As the elder Czerny could with difficulty support himself by teaching, Carl, though only in his fourteenth year, (in 1805,) also commenced giving lessons; and soon obtaining some talented pupils, he became so celebrated as a teacher, that, in a short time, every hour in the day was occupied. In the year 1810, Clementi resided in Vienna, and Czerny became acquainted with him at a noble house where he gave instruction, at which Czerny was nearly always present. This was particularly advantageous to him, as he thereby acquired a knowledge of Clementi's classical method, and formed his own upon it. He soon became one of the most favorite and highly-esteemed teachers in Vienna, and gave daily from ten to twelve hours' instruction, chiefly in the noblest and best families. To this occupation he devoted himself for thirty years—from 1805 to 1835; and among his numerous pupils who have become known to the public are Mademoiselle Belleville, Liszt, Döhler, and others. Among amateurs, too, of high rank, he has had many pupils who might well have passed for professors.

He died at Vienna last month. It is said that his fortune, which, unlike that of most composers, proved to be considerable, is left to charitable institutions and to the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, as he died childless.

Lablache Dead!

The death of CZERNY is immediately followed by that of the world's greatest bass singer. The news came by the steamer that left Liverpool on the 1st inst. His death must have occurred within a day or two before; it has been understood for some time that he was ill. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* furnishes the following sketch of him.

LUIGI LABLACHE was the son of Nicola Lablache, a Marseilles merchant, who went to Na-

ples in 1791, and married a Polish lady named Franziska Bietak. Luigi was born in Naples, December 6th, 1794, so that he had reached the age of sixty-three years. His father fell a victim of the revolution in 1799. Through the kindness of Joseph Bonaparte, the young Lablache, who in childhood showed great musical talent, got a situation in the Conservatorio at Naples, and here, when twelve years old, he studied vocal and instrumental music. The latter was, however, not to his taste, and he fled several times from the school in search of operatic engagements, his passion being for dramatic singing. He was taken back and finished his course of musical education. He was then eighteen years old, and was immediately engaged as *Buffo Napolitano* at the San Carlo Theatre. Five months afterwards he married the daughter of an actor named Pinotti. From Naples the young basso went to Palermo and then to Milan, where he had a long engagement at La Scala, Mercadante writing for him his opera of *Elisa e Claudio*. From that time he was the favorite of all the great Italian theatres. In 1824 he went to Vienna, where he received extraordinary honors, and since then all the great Italian Opera houses of Europe, from St. Petersburg to Paris and London, have contended for the honor and advantage of engagements with him.

For twenty or thirty years Lablache has been the first basso of the Italian operas of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, seldom condescending to appear on any less distinguished stage. He was one of the memorable quartet, so famous twenty years ago, and which travellers in Europe of that period are so fond of recalling. Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, as they were twenty years ago, have probably never since been equalled. Two of the four—Rubini and Lablache—are now dead; Grisi is virtually only the wreck of what she was, and Tamburini, when, after a long retirement, he re-appeared for a short time, a year or two ago, though vigorous and fresh in look and action, had only the shadow of the great barytone voice of past times. Lablache had the best preserved voice of all, and though some of its volume may have been lost with advancing years and increasing obesity, it was still regarded as the finest bass voice in Europe.

In his younger days Lablache was a remarkably handsome man, and the beauty of his face was scarcely lost as he grew older. His figure was tall and commanding; his features of the Roman type; his eyes black and expressive, and he had remarkable mobility of countenance. His greatest achievements have been in comic opera; but he was scarcely less admirable in serious parts. Of late years his favorite characters have been such as Don Pasquale, (which was written for him), Dr. Dulcamara, Leporello and Dr. Bartolo, in all of which he was unequalled. And when occasion required, he could take the leading bass parts in such operas as *Semiramide*, *I Puritani*, *Il Pirata*, *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*, and the artist who excelled so much in the drolleries of light comedy, was found to be equally great in the dignified parts of the serious opera. His voice was of great compass, volume and flexibility, his method of singing unexceptionable, and his acting was full of intelligence and spirit. His long familiarity with English audiences, who always went into convulsions when his huge figure first came on the stage in a comic opera, had brought him into a habit lately of committing certain little buffooneries, and introducing grotesque English phrases into the Italian dialogue; but before a more critical audience, who judged a performer by stricter rules, and permitted no liberties with a work, Lablache was always the great and conscientious artist. He has left no one equal to him in voice, method or artistic intelligence.

The private reputation of Lablache has always been good. None of the scandals so commonly reported of men of his profession, have ever attached to him. In his own house he was beloved, and his generosity and benevolence to all have been frequently remarked. One of his children is the wife of Mr. Thalberg, the pianist, who is now in this country.

Musical Chat-Chat.

How can we continue the discussion of Brass Bands in such intensity of dog-days! it is aggravating to think of them. But the Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall go on, with more and more success, and prove what fine things *might* be done, out doors and within doors, to meet the cravings and improve the taste of such a "musical people," as the *Transcript* calls us. Last Wednesday evening the Music Hall was crowded; while the Brigade Serenade Band discoursed pleasant music in front of the Parker House, and another band in Howard St., attracting crowds of listeners.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., it will be seen, have just moved into their new building, almost side by side with Russell & Richardson, on Washington Street, near the corner of Winter St. It is undoubtedly the most complete, well-arranged and elegant music store in the United States, and speaks for the immense business which Mr. Ditson has by years of patient industry and enterprise built up. We hope to give a full description next week. . . . We have seen a private letter from Mr. GEORGE HAUSMANN, one of the two or three finest violoncellists of London, announcing his intention of visiting this country early in October, commencing with Boston. We have already noticed also the intended removal to this country of Mr. COOPER, one of the first class London Philharmonic violinists. VIEUXTEMPS, too, is coming; so that there will be quite an accession to the strings. Could they only be brought together in a Quartet!

The New York Academy of Music is leased for the coming season by Messrs. THALBERG, STRAKOSCH and ULLMAN. Efforts are making, it is said, to secure the accession of Mme. LAGRANGE to the already powerful operatic company. ROGER's engagement, it appears, was prematurely announced; negotiations are pending; meanwhile the great French tenor is engaged we see at Hamburg, where he sang the first night as George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*. New York is full of Mr. Ullman's placardings of FREZZOLINI and of VIEUXTEMPS. We read, too, among New York advertisements: "The friends of Miss JULIANA MAY, Prima Donna, are respectfully informed that she will make her first appearance in her native country, after an absence of six years in Europe, early in September next;" whether as part of the great opera galaxy, or to shine in single glory, does not yet appear. . . . Signor GUIDI, the tenor singer, (so writes one of his neighbors to the *Transcript*,) is not dead, but living in his usual good health, "next door to myself," in Cincinnati. . . . Burton, in New York, announces the engagement of VESTVALI, "acknowledged as the Queen of the Lyric Stage," (!) for a short season of Grand Opera, to commence on Monday.

Miss ELISE HENSLEY, our fair towns-woman, is engaged as prima donna at the opera in Genoa, for the coming season. . . . Read above, how our old friend ARDITI, conductor of so many Italian operas here, has been figuring in Constantinople. . . . BALFE, the English opera composer, has published "A New Singing Method," without the use of *Solfeggi*, but presenting the necessary elementary studies in the form of original Ballads and Songs—a system already employed with success in the well-known work by Vaccai. Mr. Balfé believes in "the substitution of an agreeable amusement for a disagreeable labor." The list of contents is certainly curious; for instance:

1. Preliminary.
2. First Exercise of the Voice.
4. Thirds—"Oh, weep not lady".....Ballad
5. Fourths—"Come follow me".....Song
9. Octaves—"Then lady wake, in beauty rise".....Song
11. Semitones—"Tis ever thus".....Song
12. Syncopation—"Woodman, spare that tree".....Ballad

The New Orleans *Picayune* gives its readers the "refreshing information" that the captain of a Mississippi river steamboat has purchased the steam whistle Calliope, made at Worcester, Mass., with the right to its exclusive use on the lower Mississippi for six months. Could it be exclusively confined to the lower Mississippi and forever, many here would feel refreshed. . . . GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, was by last accounts in Caraccas, South America, giving concerts; the report that he is dying of consumption is declared to have no truth in it.

KARL MOZART, son of the great composer, declares that Tischbein's portrait of his father, which has been so much praised, has no resemblance whatever. He considers the best likeness of his father the one which was published more than fifty years ago by Artaria, in Vienna, and which can also be found in the biography by Schlichtegroll. . . . Some one suggests a serenade to the Comet, thus: *Comet gentil!* . . . We alluded a few weeks since to the valuable collection of musical books and autographs in the possession of Mr. ALBRECHT, of Philadelphia, formerly of the Germania Society. Besides these, he would also be glad to dispose of a fine collection of engravings, relating to musical subjects. These include pictures of musical festivals and operas, portraits of great composers and singers, caricatures, &c., mostly on steel and copperplate, and many of them by celebrated masters, new and old. Mr. Albrecht may be addressed: care of Dr. Feller, 240 South 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . The new Life of HANDEL, by VICTOR SCHÖLCHER, recently published in London, is in press by Mason Brothers, New York.

Pittsfield, up among the hills of Berkshire, seems to be doing a good deal for the promotion of a true taste in music. We have already mentioned the concert given by Mr. ENSIGN at the Maplewood Seminary, at which an entire Psalm of Mendelssohn was performed. We have now the programme of a Soirée which closed the summer term of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute" in the same town, (Aug. 4) which is worth recording:

- PART I.
1. Sonata—Diabelli, four hands.
 2. Song—"Angels of peace and gladness".....Bellini
 3. Sonata in D.....Mozart
 4. Vocal Duet—"Mountain Echo," Guitar acc.....A. Schmitt
 5. Valse Romantique.....E. B. Oliver
 6. Song—"Free Minstrels".....C. M. von Weber
- PART II.
7. Selections from Don Juan, four hands.....Mozart
 8. Lied ohne Worte.....Mendelssohn
 9. Freundschaft's Hymne—trio vocal.....Beethoven
 10. Sonata Pathétique.....Beethoven
 11. Song—"Come unto me".....Topliff
 12. Overture—La Muette de Portici, 8 hands.....Auber

The "Mendelssohn Institute" was established about a year since by Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, "an enthusiastic disciple of the classic school of German music, his design being to furnish facilities for the thorough study of this and the other pure styles of his art. The plan is a novel one in this country; music being made the central or prominent study, while painting is taught as a kindred art, and the modern languages, elegant literature, &c., as essential parts of the education of the true artist. The exercises on Tuesday evening bore ample testimony to the soundness of Mr. Oliver's theory, and the qualification of himself and his associates to carry it out." So says a Pittsfield paper, and we believe with truth.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

[Continued from last week.]

Human nature, especially where no sufficiently energetic direction is given it, is continually active in two opposite ways. On the one hand it seeks attachment to what is stronger than itself; on the other, it seeks all possible emancipation. And so it was with Mendelssohn. His distrust in his own powers, proceeding from his want of conflict with himself, awoke in him almost unconsciously perhaps, a craving for originality.* Favorably to this end there spread before him a peculiarly striking, and to the public an unknown field: that namely of the Oriental melody, those series of tones which are found in the popular airs of India, Persia, Palestine, and also in those of the Jews, who have faithfully handed them down in their religious service in all countries. These melodic turns, employed in the most ductile and graceful manner, are characteristic of Mendelssohn; the public recognize his writings by them, without asking wherein the peculiarity consists; they are found in all his compositions, whether they belong by text or title to German or to Persian ground. They are flesh and blood to him, in short they have become his manner. Partly his sincere aspiration to the high and noble, partly the involuntary impulse to acquire the reputation and respect of a composer of the first rank, a classic author, led him to create a "style" as the foundation of that reputation; but in doing this he committed the great artistic error of seek-

* It played him many queer tricks; for instance, led him to write the part of the Evangelist in "St. Paul" for Soprano!

ing this style in externals, instead of in the faithful reproduction of the chosen objects, undisturbed by mere abstract musical fascinations and charms residing in certain turns peculiar to himself; and this error led him into the false and weakening practice of a "manner" which he allowed to satisfy his idea of "style." Many of his own expressions indicate this limitation of his views shaped by inward nature and by outward influences, acting on each other. Often enough he guarded himself against what he thought all wrong and violent removal of his art out of the absolute sphere of feeling into that of thought and actual life, full of wrestling and striving, full of dreaming and endeavor. Necessarily and peculiarly therefore, as I shall show, he was just the person—he, who maintained that music exists only for its own sake and must always and under all conditions only show itself in the garb of the *æsthetic* and *agreeable*—although he outwardly observed this with the utmost strictness and resignation—he was just the person, more than many narrower minds, to let some foreign influence lead him astray upon ground where music, in any true artistic sense, is cut off from all nourishment.

By such firm adherence to the external and specifically musical, somewhat at the expense of the inward substance, of the object to be represented, he became one of the most distinguished masters of "form." Careful, laborious, almost painfully conscientious in the presentment of his thoughts; always anxious, as we have said, by keeping in the background every too strong, or abrupt, or extreme emotion, however distinctly required by the subject, to give all in a pleasing dress, he is on this side a model highly to be commended to every one who has to study the technical part of music in and for itself, before he can be warranted to think of penetrating into the inmost essence and sanctuary of this art. Here every one may learn much, very much from Mendelssohn, in relation to musical *form* and economy of means. On this side he is clear and reliable; it all *sounds*, it is all intelligible and nobly presentable; and especially in what concerns the deeper essence of form, it is all spun out, carried through and developed in easily comprehensible, ingeniously entertaining polyphony. The young composer can learn of him how to do justice to his own thoughts, and at least satisfy his hearers with the execution and treatment of the most ordinary matter. From this preparatory schooling one may then go with correcter insight to the mighty minds, like Bach and Beethoven, who, though still surer and more fortified with motives in respect to form, yet do not let the same be seen so easily by the less practised eye on account of the

grandeur of their intentions. For with these masters one must be able to see through at once both the intention and the execution and treatment which it has determined, in order not to be misled on one side or the other.

There has been much discussion, whether Mendelssohn was or was not a highly gifted composer. If we make a distinction between power of invention of musical thoughts and power in the treatment and development of thoughts, I should say he was much the most talented in the latter respect; yet it would still remain a question, whether in leading his melodies into so peculiar and stereotyped a channel, he did not expose himself to one-sidedness and to increasing poverty of ideas. Many for this reason pronounce his sister Fanny, (Mme. Hensel), much the more gifted of the two.*

As I have already hinted a distinction between Mendelssohn and the classics, it will not be uninteresting to compare him with Beethoven, and see how, both in general and in particular, in their whole development, they differ in the fact, that Beethoven strives upward, and beginning humble, small, far down, keeps rising mightier and surer, whereas Mendelssohn soon finds himself at full height, and tends ever longer and more broadly downward. If we consider, for instance, the melodies of the two authors, we find this throughout: Mendelssohn likes repeatedly to enter with high intervals, and thence leads his melody continually and fondly downward. Beethoven begins small, invisible; but either he rolls his thoughts slowly and toilfully upward, or hurls them with bold eagle flight up to a giddy height, now like a Sisyphus and now like a giant, and again and again renews the onslaught, pressing continually higher and higher. I might say, Beethoven loves and cultivates the ascending, Mendelssohn the descending scale. Taking a larger and more general survey, we find, figuratively speaking, the same distinction again in the carrying through and development of whole compositions; especially if in their Symphonies and other complicated works we observe the increasing or decreasing strength (both in invention and in execution) of the single movements. Finally the same distinction runs through the whole life, through the entire development of the two composers. While Beethoven in the might of his ideas, in the completion of form, in the portrayal of great passions or great epochs of life, whether of an individual or of whole nations, presses ever

* It is not generally known that the compositions of his sister appeared under the name of "F. Mendelssohn," on which account they were attributed to him. For the most part little songs, they are distinguished by their unaffected melody, their freshness, and their wholesome spirit.

higher and higher and solves the given problem to its complete result, to an absolute and imperious *ne plus ultra*, Mendelssohn begins simple, fresh, full of charm and full of promise, and gradually his circle of vision narrows, his power and his invention dwindle more and more. Hence it is unfortunately the works of his first and youthful period—especially those which, undertaken on untrodden ground, compelled him to create in his own independent way, and kept him from all anxious and respectful clinging to great models—and with the exception of smaller creations, it is most especially his music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" which has a future, and will maintain itself therein as a fresh work of genial inspiration. In that sphere Mendelssohn was necessarily happiest; none was more congenial to his nature, so naive, so tricky, so inclined to the ethereal and misty, to the sentimental and romantic; the fairies, playing their tricks upon the awkward clowns, were kindred beings; the love of Oberon and Titania was his own. In this he has industriously and wisely studied C. M. von Weber, who wrought so genially and happily before him in the same field; whether he has really surpassed him, I will not analyze; at all events he has reduced the fairy life to a formal system and given imperishable stimulus and nourishment to the passion of the human soul for masquerading in these fairy-like illusions. Here as nowhere else he felt himself at home. What wonder, that an artist of such yielding character willingly went further in the matter; that in his instrumental compositions the now inevitable fairies seemed to haunt continually, while moonlight, and Titania's longing and the ass's head were naturally not wanting—yet fainter from this time forward, at least no longer with such inward justification as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where *truth* raised him to the height of his achievements.

[Conclusion next week.]

Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Concluded from page 155.)

But to come to the evening, which commenced with Bach's cantata. The first varied chorale, where the intermediate pieces take up a great deal too much room, went loosely and incorrectly in the orchestra. The air for the bass was omitted. The following airs passed off without effect, but the magnificently harmonized chorale produced a powerful impression. If now, as it had been determined, Bach's "Hallelujah," which had fallen among the audience like a bomb at the Friday's rehearsal, had been brought in here, it would probably not have produced a weaker impression than on the occasion referred to. But something was wanting for the end, and old Bach was removed thither, where such a short piece, after all possible kinds of modern music, no longer was, or could be of any effect.

After this came Schubert's genial Symphony. Liszt took the *allegros* in a very rapid tempo, and they were thus galloped through with a certain fire, and received with great applause. In spite of this, however, that, with the exception of a few passages, there was not the slightest approach to anything like delicate execution; anything like bringing prominently forward the melodies, or keeping down the quartet; of a beautiful piano or even pianissimo, in a word, anything that constitutes for a cultivated ear the charm of an instrumental performance, there was no sign. After the manner, however, in which the work had been hurried through at rehearsal, it would have been a miracle had matters turned out otherwise. The *andante* suffered most; its finest

passages were completely spoilt by a coarse *mezzo-forte*. It was not until during the Symphony that it was decided Dalle Aste would not appear in "Des Sängers Fluch," by Schumann (although there had been some hopes he would do so). Rheintaler undertook the part of the Harper, and, like an excellent musician, got through it very well, although the music is too high for him. Göbbels, especially, sang the Provençal song charmingly, and the male choruses were admirable. Herr Acken, an accomplished dilettante of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave evidence, in the part of the King, of a fine voice and an intelligent conception, though his pronunciation was not all that could be desired. The part of the Queen is so little conspicuous, that even a Mme. Milde could not make much of it. The performance, generally, was obscure, and anything but properly studied—it was got through without accident and that was all!

At the commencement of the second part, after Liszt had announced to the public the important changes in the programme, we had one of his so-called *Symphonische Dichtungen*, entitled "Festklänge." As we know, Liszt began his career as a composer for the orchestra by publishing six such compositions, which have lately often been discussed. To most of them is prefixed a kind of explanation in prose or verse, a statement of what the composer wanted to express or paint; in one word, a programme. The propriety of such programmes has been much disputed; I own that I do not think the question one of any very great importance, and that I look upon it in pretty much the same light that the Austrian looked upon religion. On being asked what religion he preferred above all others, he replied: "It is all the same to me whether a man is a Christian, a Jew, or a Turk, if he be but healthy." So, provided music be but healthy—if it be only genuine music, standing on its own merits, it is no matter by what means the composer arrived at it. Of Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, the "Festklänge" is the only one, by the way, which has no preface, motto, or anything of that description; and yet it produces on me the impression of following the course of a poem, or something of the kind, with ballet-music fidelity. Such a series of tunes ranged one after the other can scarcely originate in purely musical inspiration; it is very certain that Liszt had something more in view than what we can gather from the simple title of "Festklänge" (Festive Sounds).

The festive sounds of the kettle-drum, with which the composition opens, are followed by pious and sentimental, warlike and ecstatic, bacchanally wild and hoppingly soft sounds—nay, even a part of a "polonaise brillante" is several times introduced, in a bravura style, which reminds one of the most extreme specimens of Henri Herz's music for the pianoforte. Some of the motives are graceful and pleasing, but others verge very closely on the trivial; and the far-fetched harmony by which they are accompanied makes the impression produced still worse by the glaring opposition in which they stand to the melody and the rhythm. Liszt has, however, endeavored to blend into a whole the motives, thus ranged one after the other, by working them out and varying them in every possible way, as well as, moreover, by repetitions, which by their regularity have for me something snobbish.* That all the resources of the most modern instrumentation are brought into requisition, and that here and there we are treated with a suitable "bang," is a matter of course; several of the softer passages are, however, scored very nicely, and sound charmingly, while others bear their pianistic origin too clearly branded on their forehead to produce a good effect in the orchestra.

To my taste, the whole is marked, for an orchestral composition, by something too capricious and disjointed. Executed by Liszt upon the pianoforte, and thus brought into immediate connection with his individuality, it would, I think, please more. After the performance, however, immense applause, with flourish of trumpets, flowers, etc., were showered upon him—and

* This is, we think, the equivalent of the original word, *Philistines*.—TRANSLATOR.

although this is to be accounted for by the fact that the "Festive leader" was as much concerned in this result as the "Festive sounds," I do not doubt that the composition pleased many persons very much. Liszt has had a notice printed, that his orchestral pieces by no means "lay any claim to every-day popularity." With reference to the present work, he was too modest, and I am inclined to believe that it will achieve a kind of notoriety which, perhaps, will not be agreeable to the composer from his particular point of view.

The *Flight into Egypt*, the second part of Berlioz's work, which has been so much discussed, is too insignificant for a musical festival. A half-fugued instrumental movement (during which the composer supposes the assembling of the shepherds around the infant Jesus) is followed by the farewell song of the latter, a song in three strophes for four voices, which, to some extent, resembles the well-known piece, "Entflieh' mit mir," by Mendelssohn—it is, however, longer, and contains vocal passages and modulations which never could have entered the head of a composer of the year 1679, and never should have entered that of a composer of the year 1852. In spite of all this the general effect is very pleasing. A kind of pastoral, that is first introduced as an instrumental movement, and afterwards re-appears, sung by the narrating tenor, contains some naively melodious passages, with charmingly thoughtful instrumentation. The two or three bars of "Hallelujahs," sung by the chorus of angels, and concluding the whole, Liszt, in obedience to the directions of Berlioz, caused to be executed by a small number of voices from the highest part of the orchestra. This succeeded only tolerably; and I think he would have done better to have had them sung by the entire (female) chorus. The simple chords of the tonic and dominant, which constitute the principal portion of this conclusion, need, when correctly sung by a large number of clear voices, no especial art of arrangement. They will for ever prove beautiful and effective.

I have already given you my opinion concerning Bach's chorus, which terminated the concert, and I believe I have nothing to add to my notice, which is, perhaps, already too diffusive. I will send you, to-morrow, an account of the third and so-called Artists' Concert, and hope that, for my own sake and for yours, I shall be able to be more brief. Meanwhile—

FERDINAND HILLER.

Carl Czerny.

I.

[From the Evening Post, New York.]

Carl Czerny, perhaps the most prolific composer of Vienna, died on the 15th of July, in the 67th year of his age. While the celebrated Beethoven finished only one hundred and thirty works, and the imaginative Hummel only one hundred and twelve, Czerny has produced almost one thousand compositions, among them several musical anthologies, each containing several volumes, but counted only as one. His transcriptions and arrangements from operas, a work for which Czerny was admirably fitted, are not reckoned in this enumeration. The facility with which Czerny composed is almost fabulous, and reminds one of the poet Kotzebue, or of the painter Luca Giordano, surnamed *Fa-presto*. His works did not possess originality, yet his life is intimately connected with the musical life of Vienna, and in more than one respect his labors will be missed.

Carl Czerny was born on the 21st (18th) of February, 1791, in Vienna, in the faubourg Jägerzeil. His father, a Bohemian by birth, who came to Vienna in 1785, as a music teacher, instructed his son early in his art, and with excellent success. At fourteen years of age the boy began to teach. Liszt, Döhler, Carolina Belleville, Egghard, were among his pupils.

In 1818 he appears as a composer. His principal compositions for learners are the "Schools of the Piano," "*Études*," under the well-known titles, "School of Executions," "One Hundred Exercises," etc., which are among the best that

musical literature can boast in this direction. His arrangements of popular melodies for beginners have great practical value. The art of piano-playing owes more to Czerny than to any one else. It was he who indicated the way to its perfection.

He was less fortunate in his original compositions. He was an eclectic both in the good and evil sense of the term. The immense demands which were made on his productiveness he easily met. But his works usually contained certain frivolous passages, which at last became so well-known as to miss their effect.

Most of the German publishers have published works of Czerny, and found them gold mines. English publishers, among them the celebrated firm of Cocks & Son, of London, sought his compositions and honored them with heavy guineas.

In 1836 and '37, Czerny made a journey to London in company with the celebrated court piano-manufacturer, Conrad Graf, and was exceedingly well received. He had the pleasure of finding his compositions on the piano of the Princess Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain, who graciously invited him to play a duet with her, an honor which he often mentioned with pride.

Carl Czerny corresponded with all the musical celebrities of our century. Beethoven, whom he highly venerated, Schubert, Hummel, Liszt, Thalberg and many others were his personal friends. To the last he preserved a most lively interest in his art. The little good natured man, with a little black cap on his head, was to be seen at every musical reunion sitting on one of the last benches, always attentively listening, never offensive in his remarks, acknowledging the good parts, and, even in very inferior productions, taking the will for the deed.

Czerny was never married, and led the most simple bachelor's life. His cats, which he had taught to take their meals from his hands at the ringing of a bell, were the companions of his old age, which was made dreary by protracted illness and voluntary retirement. The grave of Czerny covers one of the last witnesses of the glorious musical epoch of Vienna. Envy, as Czerny knew well, would have kept him in oblivion during his lifetime. He revenged himself by leaving legacies in his will for charitable purposes.

II.

(From the London Musical World.)

The death of Carl Czerny, although it cannot be said to have deprived the world of a first-class musician, has robbed it of a remarkable character. Czerny was neither a great master nor a man of genius. His mission was rather to teach others than to produce himself, notwithstanding his 2,000 printed and 500 unprinted compositions, if not one of which had been written it would have made very little difference to music in the end. An indefatigable laborer in the field of art, however, Czerny won and merited a place among the eminent musicians of this epoch, and has gone to his rest as full of honors as of years.

The influence of Czerny as a teacher has no doubt been valuable. The piano-forte was his instrument. He began to give lessons at the age of fourteen, and continued the same vocation for half a century incessantly. His early promise as an executant was never exactly fulfilled, since the time which he devoted to instruction and to composition left him very little for that mechanical practice without which perfection is unattainable. Nevertheless he started well, and by an ardent study of John Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Clementi, and such models, he had already acquired in his boyhood considerable proficiency, and laid the foundations for that which, with further development, might have become one of the foremost talents of the day. What inspired him with a predilection for the dryer pursuit of teaching, whether love of money, or disinclination for deeper and more earnest labors, it is impossible to say. At all events he stopped short in his career as a *virtuoso* just as the world around him began to talk of it, and in a very few years was the most successful "professor" in Vienna. Among his pupils were Mdle. de Belleville (now Mad.

Oury), Liszt, Dohler, and Leopold de Meyer. Czerny gave so many lessons, that twelve hours were daily absorbed by them; and yet he could find time for composing, arranging, and fingering more than any three of his contemporaries.

Before pondering on such apparent fertility, however, it is necessary to reflect upon the nature of these countless productions. Czerny began to write when a mere child, without any other guide than himself; but he was nearly thirty when his first published works* appeared; so that we shall have to put up with the loss of a vast number of juvenile compositions, unless the manuscripts are preserved—which Heaven forbid. As Czerny never had a master, but went on composing after his own manner, and on the strength of his own resources, he may be said to have formed himself into a musician by reason of the mere facility that never refuses to wait upon the constant exercise of any faculty of the mind. His mature works, indeed, though none of them betray such intrinsic worth as to save them from ultimate oblivion, are marked by finish and elegance as well as by fluency.

Czerny tried his hand at everything, from the symphony and oratorio to the smallest bagatelle. In all the higher branches of composition he failed—since, beside his want of solid acquirement, he was wholly without imagination. Such of his larger works as have appeared in print—his piano-forte sonatas for example—may be taken as specimens of his inefficiency. They are diffuse and tedious, poor in subjects, and developed with very little skill—and this in the face of strong evidence that their author intended them to be elaborate. Much happier than these cumbrous abortions were the lighter effusions of Czerny—fantasias, variations, etc.—produced at a time when M. Henri Herz was acquiring that evanescent popularity which shone so brightly for a period over the length and breadth of Europe, and is now pretty nearly extinct. Czerny imitated M. Herz as he had imitated others; and the new model being much easier to copy than the "Bachs" and "Beethovens" of his earlier worship, he was this time more successful—so much so, that for a long time the "Variations," etc., of Czerny were as much in vogue as those of the sparkling Frenchman himself.

We are not going to follow Czerny throughout his career of usefulness, which might have been pursued in a way at once more concise and to the purpose, while less laborious; nor should we dream of even glancing at his numberless productions. Whatever he was, and whatever he did, it is certain that he attained a high position in his own country, and that no name was more respected. An amiable, quiet, inoffensive man, he was generally esteemed; and, in later years, no lover of music would think a sojourn in Vienna complete unless he had conversed with the patriarch who knew Beethoven intimately, and was one of the first to make proselytes to the name of that immense and unfathomable genius. The visit was never unfruitful, since Czerny talked cheerfully and well, and knew, perhaps, as much (recluse as he was) about the progress of the musical art, and the lives, habits, and talents of its followers, in the present age, as any man living.

If we were invited to decide upon what was Czerny's most valuable bequeathal to posterity, we should name, without hesitation, his edition of the piano-forte works of John Sebastian Bach, the mere fingering of which, to many, would have been the task of a life. No reprint of these compositions should be issued without the invaluable adjuncts which Czerny made a labor of love. Had Czerny performed no other act than that of fingering the preludes, fugues, and other works of Bach as he has done, he would have entitled himself to the gratitude and esteem of musicians.†

* Variations in D (*concertante*), for piano and violin; and *Rondo Brilliant* in F, for two performers on the piano-forte.

† Czerny's fingering is followed in the Boston edition of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, (or "Well-tempered Clavichord," now in course of publication by O. Ditson & Co.

III. CZERNY'S WILL.

In anticipation of its pleasing God to call me from this world, I have, with full deliberation, drawn up my last will and testament in the following manner.

The following is about the amount of my property:

A. Eighty-four 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins.

B. 10 bank shares.

(N. B. My parents were poor and not able to leave me anything. As early as 1807, however, I was fortunate enough to procure a great many pupils, and, as far back as 1818, when I already used to teach the piano in the first families, besides being overwhelmed with orders for compositions from many music publishers, both at home and abroad, I was enabled to purchase two or three such metallics every year, so that in 1852 I possessed 10,000 florins in these securities.)

C. As I was formerly very often paid in ducats for teaching and composition, and as I never paid them away, I possessed even before 1848 above 1,000 ducats. In the uncertain year, 1848—1849, I bought up for all the bank notes I then possessed about 2,000 ducats more, so that I have now somewhere about 3,000 ducats in gold.

D. In addition to this, I have 72 Napoléons d'or, which I received from French publishers for various compositions.

E. About 600 or 800 florins in silver *Zwanzi-gers*.

F. About 5,000 florins in bank notes, put by out of my yearly income, since, on account of indisposition during many years, I have always lived very moderately.

G. Two shares in the Salm lottery, one in the St. Genois, one in the Keglevich, and one share in the State Loan of 1839.

H. Besides my household furniture, clothes, linen, library, and collection of music, I possess the following valuable articles:

4 gold watches.

6 gold snuff-boxes, presents from the Archduchess Marie Louise, Liszt, Döhler, and others.

1 larger box with jewels, a present from the Grand Princess of Weimar.

1 silver case with my initials on it, a present from the Princess Maria of Bavaria, now Queen Dowager of Saxony, (my pupil.)

1 amethyst pin with brilliants, two brilliant rings (a solitary and alliance ring, which I purchased some time ago of Türk.)

1 old silver snuff-box, from my late father.

1 mahogany *nécessaire*, with various objects, partly silver, (a present from Prince Radzivil.)

My whole property may, therefore, amount to about 100,000 florins, currency.

Of all this, I dispose as follows:

1. My soul I recommend to the mercy of the Almighty Creator; my body shall be laid simply, but in accordance with the Christian Catholic custom, in a grave by itself.

2. I was the only child of my parents, and have no issue. Since, moreover, I am not acquainted with any person related to me by the ties of consanguinity, I have not consequently to take any such person into consideration.

Nevertheless, twenty 5 per cent. metallics, of 1000 florins, together with the interest from the day of my death, shall be left in the hands of the legal authorities, and I bequeath this sum to such of my relations, entitled to inherit, in the order of their descent, as shall legally prove themselves such within the space of six years.

My father, Wenzel Czerny, was born at Nimburg, in Bohemia, not far from Prague and Collin, about the year 1750. His father, Dominic Czerny, is said to have been *Rathsherr* or something of the kind on the magisterial bench there. It is believed that my father had several brothers, of whom there are, perhaps, descendants living. Not only, therefore, shall researches be made by the authorities of Nimburg, but, for six years, an edict shall be inserted every year in the Prague paper, calling upon such relations to present themselves. If, however, no real relation shall have appeared and proved his relationship within six years, this legacy, together with

the interest, shall revert to my testamentary legatees.

3. My housekeeper, Maria Malek, (whose maiden name was Machatschek), has, for about forty years, served truly and honestly my father and mother as well as myself, and tended on my father and mother to the end of their existence, so that it is my duty properly to provide for her. I bequeath to her, therefore, twelve 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins, which are to be given her *immediately*, so that she may have a yearly income of 600 florins.

4. To her brother, Joseph Machatschek, who, since her husband's death, has lived with me as a servant, I, in like manner, bequeath four 5 per cent. metallics of 1,000 florins, that is to say an income of 200 florins. Besides this, the two can remain in my house till next dividend day, and for six weeks receive their usual wages and board.

5. The kitchen-maid shall receive immediately 200 florins, with wages and board like the two others.

6. I devote 1,000 florins, currency, to a simple and becoming monument over my separate grave, with the inscription:

"Carl Czerny, Musician, born, in Vienna, the 21st February, 1791, died"

7. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* shall receive all the *printed* music of my own composition, as well as all that of other authors, (among which there are several very fine works.)

8. To the Imperial Hof-Bibliothek I give two original manuscripts by Beethoven—one the violin concerto, Op. 61, and the score of the overture, Op. 114, which I once had an opportunity of purchasing.

9. As I leave behind me a very large number of yet unprinted original manuscripts, (symphonies; concertos; violin quartets, quintets, trios; sonatas, duos, trios, quartets, etc., with piano-forte, all in the serious style,) I bequeath all these compositions, (with the exception of the sacred ones), to Herr Carl Spina, music publisher to his majesty the Emperor. I should wish the most available of them to be printed.

10. Herr Joseph Doppler, book-keeper at Herr Carl Spina's, shall have all my sacred compositions (about 24 masses, 4 requiems, about 300 graduals and offertoriums, etc., etc.) Should Herr Spina wish to publish any of them, he shall be authorized to do so; but he must pay Herr Doppler an adequate sum for the privilege.

11. The two domestics, Joseph Machatschek and Maria Malek, shall have all the furniture and fittings of my rooms and kitchen, including my clocks and watches, my clothes, body and household linen.

12. My two piano-fortes by Börsendorf, my violin, the bust of Beethoven, and all other objects relating to music, I bequeath to the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

13. I beg Dr. Rud. von Vivenot (senior) to accept, as a keepsake, the jewelled snuff-box (that from the Grand Princess of Weimar.)

14. Herr Joseph Doppler (at Spina's) shall have the six gold snuff-boxes.

15. Herr Carl Oster, Rechnungsrath, shall have the four gold watches.

16. 200 florins in bank notes shall be given to Joseph Sieler (servant in C. Spina's establishment.)

17. With regard to those objects of which I have not disposed, as well as the pin and rings (especially my library of nearly 3,000 volumes, maps, scientific collections, etc.,) I beg Dr. Sonnleithner to receive them, and select what he likes.

The bulk of what remains can then be disposed of, gold, shares, obligations, and other valuable objects being retained for my inheritors.

18. I desire that, on every anniversary of my death (or on the nearest fitting day), either a requiem or one of my last *grand* masses may be performed, in memory of me, in the Augustine Imperial and parish church.

To this purpose I devote as capital 1,000 florins 5 per cent. metallics, 40 florins of the interest on which shall belong to the musicians, and the rest to the church.

19. As heirs of all else I possess, I name the

four following institutions to share in equal portions.

I. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna, shall receive a fourth.

II. I bequeath a fourth to the Association for the Support of Necessitous Musicians, in Vienna. Of the interest on this fourth, Herr Joh. Mozatti, singing-master, and Herr Carl Maria von Bocklet, musician, shall each receive half for the term of his natural life.

III. The third fourth I devote in equal portions to the Association for the cure of Blind Adults, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Vienna. In the first instance, however, the interest on this fourth shall be wholly set apart to maintain for life the two deaf and dumb daughters of Mad. Julie Schmiedel, widow, so that the said interest shall not accrue to the above institutions until after the death of those two persons.

IV. Half of the remaining fourth shall belong to the monastery of the Brothers of Charity, and half to the Institution of the Sisters of Charity in Vienna, as I deeply reverence the pious self-devotion of these two religious corporations.

20. All the preceding legacies, as well as any others that may afterwards be added, and the obligations, with interest, from the day of my death, shall be carried out as soon as possible.

21. With the exception of the sum set apart for my relations, and that necessary for the payment of the usual fees, nothing shall be lodged in the hands of the legal authorities, but the whole shall be taken charge of, in common, by the persons entrusted with the execution of my will, and, without delay, applied to its destined object.

22. I appoint Dr. Leopold von Sonnleithner executor, agent, and curator for my unknown relatives, and, for undertaking this charge, he is to be properly recompensed. I beg Herr Carl Spina to assist him in this business, especially in that portion of it which relates to art, and, in case of necessity, to take his place.

This is my last will and testament, all of which I have drawn up and written with my own hand.

(L. S.) CARL CZERNY, M. P.

Vienna, 13th June, 1857.

Inscription on the outside:—Last Will and Testament of Carl Czerny, Musician, June, 1857.

NOTICE.

This will, in an envelope under three seals, brought, this day, to the court by Herr Stefan Zappe, and immediately made known in the presence of the same and of Herr Joseph Machatschek, is to be preserved in the archives; copies are to be given out when demanded, and a legally authenticated copy inserted in the day-book.

Imperial Bezirksgericht of the Inner City,
LÖFFLER, M. P.

Vienna, 16th July, 1857.

Royal Italian Opera, London.

The *Times* of August 3d gives the following summary of the past operatic season.

The season just terminated (the 11th) has been one of the least eventful, and, we believe, with one exception (1856), the shortest on record.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *I Puritani*, and closed on Friday, the 31st of July, with *La Favorita*, in both cases the energetic GRISI being the heroine of the evening. Grisi, who bade the English public farewell in 1854, in 1857 has been one of the main supporters of the establishment, which, combined with the undiminished favor of her patrons, merely proves that there was no substantial reason for her taking leave at all. It is more than probable, indeed, that Grisi will inaugurate the 12th season of the Royal Italian Opera, at the new theatre in Bow street, now so confidently anticipated, as she did the first (in 1847) at the house of the Kembles, so recently destroyed by fire. Besides the two operas we have named, this indomitable and gifted lady appeared in the course of the present year as Norma, one of the oldest assumptions, and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), her youngest, but not least meritorious; as Lucrezia Borgia, a part in which she is likely for a long

time to set competition at defiance; and as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), abandoned by her for a time, and resumed with such excellence as to justify the hope that while she remains on the boards she will never relinquish it again. In every instance she exhibited a vocal power that could not fail to astonish all those acquainted with the history of her long and brilliant career, united to a histrionic talent which successive years have only tended to bring nearer and nearer to perfection. In short, Grisi is a phenomenon to which the lyric stage has offered scarcely a parallel. From her we must turn to MARIO, since the two have been intimately associated for so lengthened a period in the eyes of the public, that to separate them is impossible. With his admirable partner Mario frequently came forward, and most frequently (to the satisfaction of "Verdists") in *Il Trovatore*. The part of Manrico was first assumed by Mario in 1856, on the secession of Signor Tamberlik, who left early in the season for Rio Janeiro. It is now one of the great tenor's most faultless impersonations. The other works in which Mario and Grisi sang together are *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita* and *Don Giovanni*. Besides these, however, and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with its immortal "La donna e mobile," Mario added a new and important part to his repertory—that of Alfredo in *La Traviata*—of the many and striking excellencies of which, the opera having been performed so often, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His singing this season—for Mario one of more than ordinary exertion—has been of the very best, and the patrons of the theatre never had juster reason to be satisfied with their favorite. The very few nights that found him with voice impaired, and therefore not thoroughly master of his resources, were as nothing weighed in the balance against those transcendent manifestations of vocal and histrionic genius which repeatedly proclaimed, to the gratification of connoisseurs, that Mario was still Mario, and unsurpassable.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the season were the various performances of Mne. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, who by dint of natural talents and perseverance has rapidly risen to the highest rank in her profession. This distinguished singer—as a mistress of the art of vocalization second only to one contemporary, over whom she may be said to enjoy the advantage of possessing an absolute "soprano" voice, which in the female register, like the "tenor" in the male, must always claim a certain supremacy—made her first appearance as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. What we said of her on that occasion may be repeated here:

Her impersonation of the character of Gilda is probably the best ever seen upon the stage, and her execution of the music equally beyond comparison. Rapidly as this accomplished singer made her way in the estimation of the English public, it was as the unfortunate daughter of Rigoletto that she first stamped herself in the universal opinion as an artist of the highest order.

Praise has not been influential in spoiling Madame Bosio; on the contrary, it would seem to have exercised a beneficial tendency. At any rate, instead of retrograding, as so many do when they believe they have attained the pinnacle of fame, she still advances—a proof that she persists in devoting herself conscientiously to the study of her art.

How well Madame Bosio deserved this eulogy was subsequently again and again demonstrated. During the season, it is true, she only appeared in two other operas; but these were given often and with unvarying success. Her Violetta, in the *Traviata*, and her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, moreover, were new creations, in both of which she fully sustained her high renown.

RONCONI, the other great artist of the establishment—although the public had not this time the opportunity of enjoying his inimitable Figaro, or his irresistibly humorous Dulcamara—was one of the pillars of the season. His high tragedy in Chevreuse (*Maria di Rohan*), his low comedy in Lord Roberg (*Fra Diavolo*), and his inimitable mixture of the two in *Rigoletto*, exci-

ted the usual sympathy and admiration. His Duke Alphonso (*Lucrezia Borgia*), evinced its accustomed histrionic excellence; and his Don Giovanni once more proved that the most gifted and versatile of actors may yet attempt something for which his peculiar idiosyncrasy unfits him. The English lord in Auber's opera was a new achievement, and merits a place by the side of Ronconi's most racy and genial portrayals.

Signor GARDONI appeared in four characters—Arturo (*I Puritani*), Pollio (*Norma*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), and Fra Diavolo. While exhibiting his usual good qualities in all of these, he was most successful as the Brigand of Terracina, since, if he had failed to present a vivid dramatic realization of the personage, he was at least thoroughly at home in the music, which he sang, for the most part, with admirable effect. Signor GRAZIANI's splendid barytone voice was as much extolled as ever, and his "Il balen," as of old, constituted one of the grand points in *Il Trovatore*. As the King, in *La Favorita*, and Enrico, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, he well maintained his position; while by his assumption of the elder Germont in *La Traviata*, Signor Graziani rose a step higher in public estimation, and extorted from the best judges an avowal that he had made progress both as singer and actor. Signor NERI BARALDI proved himself not only generally useful as second tenor, but on one or two occasions eminently so, as a substitute for Mario, at very short notice, in those operas of Signor Verdi which have so constantly been presented for the delectation of the more fashionable patrons of the theatre. Mlle. MARAI, with very little to do, maintained her reputation as "second lady," and in one instance—by her Lady Roeburg (in *Fra Diavolo*)—enhanced it. Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, the contralto, one of the most zealous and competent artists in the establishment, distinguished herself more than ever in the parts of Di Gondi (*Maria di Rohan*), Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), and Azucena the Gipsy, each of which gained her golden opinions; and Signor TAGLIAFICO, ready, active, intelligent, and versatile as ever, besides those characters in which he had already won a reputation *sui generis*, achieved fresh and well-merited fame by his original and humorous delineation of one of the robbers in *Fra Diavolo*. HERR FORMES, greatly to the general disappointment, was only heard in one part—that of Leporello, which in many respects he understands and represents better than any other known performer. Of MM. POLONINI, ZELGER, and SOLDI, it is enough to say that the first was, as usual, a model Masetto, the second the most portly and substantial of High Priests, the last the most eager of subordinate tenors; and that all three, by their careful representation of minor parts, maintained the character of the theatre for general as well as individual efficiency. Mme. ROSA DEVRIES, who sang very rarely, nevertheless made a strong impression as the heroine in *Maria di Rohan*; and Mlle. PARÉPA, a new-comer (from Lisbon), with a good voice and considerable talent, appeared once, and only once, as Elvira in the *Puritani*. Mlle. COTTI was painstaking as usual, in the small parts with which she was intrusted.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE may be separately alluded to, since she was not a regular member of the establishment. Her first appearance on any stage took place, as will be remembered, in *La Sonnambula*, and her successful impersonation of Amina was followed, some time later, by a not less happy essay as the unfortunate Lucy of Lammermoor. These were Mlle. Balfe's only performances; but the impression she created in both was so marked as to justify flattering anticipations of her future career. She has youth, beauty, a flexible voice of pleasing quality, solid musical acquirements, and (though a beginner), perfect ease upon the stage, in her favor. The rest depends upon herself, and we have little doubt she will leave nothing untried that may aid her in doing credit to the name she bears. Every one will watch her progress with interest, were it only because she is an Englishwoman; and if Mr. Balfe has won a name among foreigners as a composer, there is no reason why Miss Balfe

should not carve out an equally honorable position for herself upon the boards of the Italian Opera by the side of her not unfriendly Italian rivals.

A glance at the foregoing will show that the operas produced this year were the *Puritani*, *Norma*, and *Sonnambula* of Bellini; *Maria di Rohan*, *Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Lucia di Donizetti*; *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* of Verdi. Of these the *Traviata* and *Fra Diavolo* were new to the theatre. A whole session without a single opera of Rossini is perhaps unprecedented since the works of that greatest of Italian composers first took possession of the stage. For Meyerbeer of course we must not look until the erection of the new theatre; but the total neglect of Rossini seems inexplicable. The non-arrival of Lablache no doubt deprived us of the *Barbiere*; where, however, were the *Conte Ory*, *Oello*, and *Matilda di Shabran*—with Madame Bosio, Mario, Gardoni, and Ronconi in the theatre? Rossini has done too much for the prosperity of the Italian Opera to be cast aside, like old raiment, in addition to which he is by no means worn out; on the contrary, he is a vast deal younger, fresher, and more vigorous than some of those who have usurped his place. Signor Verdi is very well after his manner, but we must be careful not to neglect the genuine school of singing too much, or some fine day we may lose it altogether.

That Mr. COSTA should have continued to support his own reputation and that of the theatre by his energetic direction and the undiminished excellence of his band and chorus, is a matter of surprise to no one. Indeed, it is in what the French call the *ensemble* that one of the great charms of the Lyceum performances consists; and how much depends upon the orchestra it is unnecessary to urge. To this desirable result, moreover, no little has been contributed by Mr. W. BEVERLEY as scene painter, and Mr. A. HARRIS, stage-director. The ballet was stronger this season than last, since, besides CERITO, Mlle. PLUNKETT was engaged, and with an excellent troop of subordinates, headed by Mlles. DELECHAUX and ESPER, managed to keep up the attractions of the terpsichorean department after the departure of her admired and experienced predecessor.

Thus Mr. GYE (by the further assistance of Mme. RISTORI and the operatic concerts at Sydenham) has been able to weather out another season in the confined arena of the Lyceum. It is highly creditable to his management that he should have been able to keep this fine company together under such adverse circumstances; but it now behooves him to exert himself strenuously. The public will expect either the new theatre in Covent-garden for next year, or at least a more spacious and commodious edifice than the Lyceum.

The Claqueurs at the Grand Opera, Paris.

[From the Traveller.]

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms,) stand very well at their bankers' and have their stock-broker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunkmaker in the upper gallery,'" "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph we had yesterday!" And they look down with an inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the

ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazetteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding-scale with the new-comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-bank and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success. And the great opera bends before their oaken staves and resonant hands, and respectfully places pit-tickets in their begging-box as peace-offerings.

The most celebrated of these vicarious trumpeters of fame, was a fellow named Auguste, who, after having "procured the success" of *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and several other celebrated and forgotten pieces, has retired full of years, honor and wealth to a suburban villa, where, after marrying his daughters well and setting up his sons, he fights over old battles and tells of the feats of prowess "he," Meyerbeer and Rossini accomplished, with unvarying success,—for his cellar, his larder and his cook make no bad "claqueurs." A common gift of well-kept cellars, larders and cooks, which give the salt and the diamond-dust everywhere to many a joke which else had fallen unflavored and dull! How he delights to describe those maiden performances of great works, when in his pea-green or red-brown coat he sat under the great chandelier and led on his troop, so skilfully distributed in the vast pit of the Opera that when the "gredins de billets payants" came in, they found themselves imprisoned in the meshes he had spread! How contemptuously he speaks of the "claqueurs" of the other theatres, who have, he says, nothing in the world to do, as plays are easily "carried," for they require nothing but hearty laughers, and the public is never angry with a laugher, while applauders are frequently menaced with "the door."

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has obtained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each commanded by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course, has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. Indeed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

LOVE AND MELODY.—Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, said a pretty thing when he said this:

'Tis love creates her melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love:
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 22, 1857.

Music for the Million—Promenade Concerts.
III.

The Concerts at the Music Hall go on, apparently with increasing interest. The brass bands blow their loudest, with the aid of drums, occasionally alternating from the stunning to the sentimental. The people promenade, or sit and talk or listen, if being stunned is listening. The music is perhaps very good for its kind, but it is not good for a music hall; at all events it ought to be and might be a great deal better. But it is a hopeful sign that such cheap, frequent concerts are supported. It is good that multitudes should be amused and cheered on any musical pretext. And it is good that the musicians find employment, since without sure support how can we expect them to improve and give us the best music. We regard this year's experiment as settling the question that the public need such free and easy concerts in the summer evenings, and are ready to support them at least reasonably well. The question now is for another year: How can we have *better* concerts, *better* music?

We have already shown that the selections at these concerts for the most part are not good; that they are too much subject to the conditions of the mere military brass band, the legitimate music of which is too loud, too martial, or too monotonous for indoor concerts, while its efforts (by way of "arrangements") to reproduce operatic, orchestral, or ballad music, are coarse and characterless. Every person, whose musical or moral sensibilities are at all fine, must sympathize with a writer in the *Courier* who thus describes his impressions after one of these concerts:

We were displeased with the noisy character of the performance. All the *forte* passages were given with an ear-splitting vehemence which disturbed the nerves and made one tremble for the *tympanum* of his ears. The conductor should remember that in bands made up of brass instruments and drums, the tendency is to excess, and all his study should be directed to create a temperance which shall give smoothness to the loudest utterances. We want volumes of sound, but not folio volumes. But the performers last night, so far from observing these rules, seemed animated with an emulative zeal as to which could make the most noise. The trumpets sounded, and the drums roared their utmost, and it appeared as if the object was, not to please a Boston audience, but to beat down the walls of some airy Jericho. We almost trembled for the stability of the Music Hall. It is only a variation of the above criticism, to say that the style of playing was too antithetical. The transitions from the *piano* to the *forte* passages were most uncomfortably abrupt, and jarred painfully upon the sense.

We have already spoken of the kinds of music proper to brass instruments, and showed how limited or else how exceptional an instrumental programme must be without something better than a mere brass band. This brings us to our second topic.

2. The essential thing in going to such concerts is, not to hear this, that or the other band, or set of instruments or performers, but to hear a good selection and variety of musical pieces, well presented and interpreted. Now if our concerts are to be in the Music Hall, or in any hall, we say what we want is, not only not a brass band, but

not any military band at all. We want an orchestra; a combination of stringed instruments with reeds and brass, &c. As we have before said, it is when our brass musicians transform themselves into a small dance orchestra, with a few violins, &c., and play a nice set of Strauss waltzes, or something suited to their powers, that they give most pleasure. It is perhaps still a question whether any combination numerous enough to be called an orchestra, will "pay"; the bands are small, numbering but sixteen or eighteen members each. But we are confident that with a small orchestra, of thirty or at least twenty-five instruments—on the model, say, of the "Germania"—the music would be so much better and so much more attractive as to pay quite as well as the brass bands. In that case, the musical selections might be incomparably better. We would not ask that they should be mainly "classical," or such as to demand very serious and studious attention. Let them be as "light" as you will; but let it be really tasteful, beautiful, refining, genial music, music that has poetry and life in it. We would not exclude the "arranged" scenes from operas, but only ask for *good* selections; and such an orchestra could translate them to us with some appreciating delicacy, whereas they sound coarse and vulgar, especially the solos, from a brass band. We would have a very liberal supply of Strauss, Labitzky, Lannsr waltzes; for what is fitter for a promenade? and what "light" music is more graceful and inspiring than some of the best of this kind? Then Overtures would sound like overtures, which we have heard so bunglingly and so absurdly rendered by nothing but brass instruments. Thus the whole field of overtures, the most delightful and at the same time popular form of instrumental music, would be open to us; and the chance promenade, who should drop in of a summer night, might be edified by some of the best thoughts of Rossini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven. Even a portion of a Symphony, a lively Scherzo, or a pathetic Andante, or the whole of one of the lighter Symphonies by Haydn, would find quite as general audience, and on the part of many far more earnest and delighted audience, than the stunning brass band pieces, and the tedious solos which go out at one ear as fast as they come in at the other. Here would be music at once cheap, popular and refining; music that would help to elevate the public taste.

But we want also concerts in the open air. Music on the Common, in the squares, is more and more demanded. For this we need a Band, but not a *brass* band, not a military band, at least of the kind now in vogue. There should be a band of at least forty instruments, instead of only eighteen. It should be composed in great part of gentler materials than mere ear-splitting brass, and organized to gentler ends. (Nor is the whimpering, emasculated *falsetto* of brass tubes and cornets the kind of gentleness required; we want not the imitation, but the real thing.) Now, where we ask again, is the impracticability of our old suggestion, of a *Civic Band*—not a military band—to be organized and in part supported by the city, as a municipal institution, which shall be large enough, and composed of the right proportions of clarinets, flutes, bassoons, French horns, trumpets, tubas, &c., to furnish appropriate music for all civic and not military

public celebrations, processions, festivals, &c., and also to play, at the public charge, upon the Common and elsewhere for the delectation of the masses in the summer evenings? Such an institution would be a blessing to our city; it would afford employment to a goodly number of musicians, inspiring them with worthier ambition to rise above the mere clap-trap and noise of their profession. Besides such employment as the city would afford, such a band would of course be in demand for college commencements, and all kinds of academic, literary, artistic, peaceful and refined festivities. It could give concerts of its own in gardens and fit places. If the city will not start it, why will not some energetic and competent musician try to organize it among the musicians themselves?

Ditson & Co.'s New Music Stores.

Few persons, except those directly engaged in the business, have any conception of the extent of the Music Trade of our country, or of the amount of capital invested in its various branches. Omitting for the present all mention of Piano manufacture, we will limit our remarks to the music publishing, of which some idea may be formed from a brief description of a visit we have made to the new and extensive building, No. 277 Washington street, erected by Mr. Oliver Ditson, expressly for the business of the firm. It is a fine structure, five stories in height, granite front, covering an area of twenty-five feet frontage with a depth of nearly one hundred feet, and extending through from Washington street to Jackson Place. In beauty of architectural proportions and general appearance, it is unsurpassed by any structure of the kind in this city, and we think we can safely say in any on this continent.

Entering from Washington street, we found ourselves in a store fitted up for the retail trade with exquisite neatness and superior taste. The stock here embraces every variety, both of American and foreign Music, with clerks to each department constantly employed in answering the continuous demands of the public. There is no music, either in the form of sheet or book, published in this country, that may not here be found, besides a large and well-selected stock of foreign music. Here are compositions of every name and nature, from the standard productions of the masters, down through every grade, to the first effort of the novitiate in the art, whose bantling melody is looking up for public favor. The long period which this house has been established, enables it to furnish, in addition to all the publications of the present day, works that are often said to be "out of print;" and this fact directs the attention and patronage of dealers and amateurs to it from all parts of the Union.

The contents of the various compartments are designated by tasteful "letters of gold" above them. On the right we noticed, first "Instrumental Music," followed by "Foreign Music" and "Jobbing Music"—this last being conveniently assorted for supplies to other dealers. On the left, "Vocal Music," "Guitar Music" and "Music Books." Of course these general departments are sub-divided many times, in order to establish a system, without strict adherence to which, a business so multitudinous in its branches could not be carried on. Beyond the specimen books on the left, are two stairways—one leading to the piano and other rooms above, the other to the basement. We descend the latter, and having done so, begin to get our eyes open somewhat to the magnitude of the business. We thought we had seen some sheet music on the ground floor, but it was nothing compared to the *cords* of it below. This department, devoted more especially to

the wholesale trade, is completely filled with shelving, extending not only upon every side, but in addition thereto, two tiers also from floor to ceiling running the entire length of the centre. There are also shelves under the side-walk, and in every available place. All of these shelves are packed with sheet music, and contain in the aggregate about 4000 cubic feet of this article.

There are two prominent features in this room to which we must allude. The first is a large safe for the security of the engraved music plates. It is large enough to hold quite a dinner party. We were told that it contains, easily, fifty thousand plates, and, by some contrivance, sixty thousand! Yet, notwithstanding its capaciousness, we found it closely filled, and a loud call for "more room" seemed to come to us from the crowded inmates. Further on, a large steam-boiler, calculated to do its work on the self-adjusting plan, is waiting for the frost of winter to call it into action. From this, steam will be conducted to every room, diffusing throughout the building a wholesome, genial and natural warmth.

Directly over the first floor—that of the retail and transient business—is the Piano-Forte Room. A large number of pianos, of every description, are continually kept for sale, besides which a considerable business is done in renting pianos and melodeons.

On the third floor is the "Book Room," in itself a National curiosity. Few have any idea of the number and variety of music books issued from the American press alone. Messrs. Ditson & Co.'s list of their own publications in this line comprises: of Piano-Forte instruction, 36 volumes; Primers, Catechisms, Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, &c., 12 volumes; Organ Instruction and Music for the same, 25 volumes; Melodeon and Seraphine Instruction and Music, 9 volumes; Guitar and Harp, 11 volumes; Vocal Instruction and Exercises, 41 volumes; Flute, 29 volumes; Violin, 17 volumes; Accordeon, 11 volumes; Miscellaneous Instruments, 15 volumes; Composition, Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Treatises on Music, 17 volumes; Brass Instruments, 9 volumes; Collections of Instrumental Music, 30 volumes; of Vocal Music, Operas, Glees, &c., 76 volumes; Juvenile Music Books, 16 volumes; and of Sacred Music, 68 volumes. The room devoted to this part of the business extends through the entire length and breadth of the building. On every side are capacious bins, each book having its place, all well filled, and presenting a fine appearance. It is fair to estimate the contents of this apartment at not less than *two hundred thousand volumes!* Here you may find not only a Method of Instruction and music for every instrument, but several instruction books for each, meeting all tastes and requirements.

On the fourth floor is a large stock of printing papers, colored papers for covers, books in sheets, music paper, folios, and blank music books. Here also a portion of the music plate punchers and engravers are located. Above this, on the fifth floor, the music printing is executed. Twelve presses are here constantly in operation, employing about twenty workmen. We should mention in this connection that these presses are worked for sheet music alone, that for books being printed by steam power in another part of the city. The books being mostly stereotyped, are printed on steam presses of the modern, fast stamp, by means of which they can be furnished at a cheap rate to the public.

The amount of printing paper used at this establishment is not less than *one hundred thousand reams* yearly, and is annually increasing. The building is complete in every particular. Cochituate water is conveyed to every part of it; gas fixtures are arranged in every room: speaking tubes extend to every floor from the first; goods are conveyed through all six floors by means of a powerful wheel,

and a huge platform running in grooves, and the rooms being open on two streets are amply provided with air and light.

As we descended from the printing rooms and took a cursory glance, in review, of the various departments and their uses, we were deeply impressed with the immensity of the business that could call such an edifice into existence, and so fully employ every available portion of it for its constant use. No. 277 Washington street is an institution which, considered in the influence it exerts by its numerous publications, or, in a pecuniary point of view, in its general bearing on the prosperity of our city, may be justly deemed an honor not only to Boston, but to the whole Union.

Musical Chat-Chat.

LABLACHE.—The whole civilized world, certainly that part of it that goes to the opera, whether in London, New York, San Francisco or Melbourne, will rejoice to hear that the *great* Lablache is not dead, as was erroneously reported last week. Lablache will have the opportunity of reading his obituaries in the newspapers of every continent, within a week or two, and will thus enjoy a new proof of the universality of his reputation.

MADAME FREZZOLINI, who has been engaged by Mr. Ullman for the coming operatic season, at the Academy of Music in New York, arrived in that city on Thursday, in the steamship Arabia. She sang last, we believe, in Paris. Mr. Ullman has also effected an engagement with **FORMES**, the celebrated baritone, so that we shall have no lack of bright stars in our operatic firmament. Every year we hear the same story that we are to have no opera in Boston, and they try to persuade us that these stars are not to shine upon us—that this firmament will not shine for us, but experience makes us exclaim with Galileo: *E pur si muove*. It assuredly will come round to us.

CHARLES C. PERKINS, Esq. has, as we understand, resigned his Professorship at Hartford, (we hope not permanently), and sailed with his family in the Persia, on Wednesday last, intending to spend some time in Europe. We wish him a happy voyage and safe return.

OLIVER DITSON & Co. on Wednesday evening received their friends in their new store, of which a full description will be found in another column. The guests were received by Mr. Ditson, and shown over the building in every department. The Germania Band was in attendance through the evening, playing some of their finest selections of music, and an elegant table spread in an upper chamber, amply satisfied all the wants of the inner man of the guests, who departed with most cordial wishes of continued prosperity to Mr. Ditson.

The New York Academy of Music announces "Grand Sacred Concerts," "Mighty Oratorios," &c., &c., for Sunday evenings.

A "Musical Convention," under the direction of Messrs. **FROST** and **HAMILTON**, was held for three days at the Tremont Temple last week, in connection with which three miscellaneous concerts were given, in which choruses performed by the Temple choir, songs, duets, &c., by members and pupils, and especially the splendid organ playing of Mr. **MORGAN**, from New York, were the attraction. The third and last concert took place Thursday evening, when Mr. Morgan played Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, a "Thunder-Storm," (hardly equal to the one roaring and flashing without,) and a more ingenious than edifying fantasy on "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

BOCHSA, we read, did not leave \$50,000 to Mme. **BISHOP**, as was stated; he died poor, and left her so.

The design for the **HANDEL** monument, for his native city Halle, by the Berlin sculptor **Heidel**, is already modelled. A German paper says: "Handel is represented in all his energetic and spiritually significant peculiarity, as ruler in the realms of tune. With a conductor's baton, his commander's staff, in his right hand, and leaning upon the score of the *Messiah*, which lies open upon a desk, ornamented with carved wood-work, in the style of the eighteenth century, he stands in calm, self-conscious worth, though inwardly moved and full of mental loftiness—a man, and a strongly marked character."

Advertisements.

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THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

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Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts on the Lofty Value of Music.

BY E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

It cannot be denied, that of late years, Heaven be praised! a taste for Music has been spreading, until to some extent it is considered a necessary part of education to have children taught in the art; wherefore in every house which makes any pretensions to respectability a piano-forte or at least a guitar is to be found. A few despisers of this most assuredly beautiful art are still to be found here and there; and to give such persons a well-deserved lesson—this is my present purpose and duty.

The object of Art in general is no other than to afford a pleasant recreation to men, and thus to divert their thoughts pleasantly from their serious, or rather their only respectable business—the gaining of bread and honor in the state—so that they may return with redoubled attention and zeal to the real objects of their existence, viz: to be busy cog-wheels in the fulling-mill of the state, and, to stick to my metaphor, whirl and buzz away. Now there is no art more fitted to secure these objects than music. The reading of a romance or poem, even if so well chosen that it throughout shall contain nothing in the least degree fanatical or absurd, as is the case of so many now-a-days, and is not calculated in the slightest degree to excite the fancy, which is in fact the worst part of our original sinful nature, and to be with all our might repressed—such reading, I say, is still in so far unpleasant, as that it necessarily obliges one to give some thought to that which he reads; and this is clearly opposed to the end aimed at, namely, diversion. This also holds good in listening to another when read-

ing; for if the attention flags one easily falls asleep or into a train of serious thought; and all serious thoughts should have their regular periods of rest in the spiritual life of a good business man. The looking at a picture can last but a few minutes, for the interest in it is lost as soon as the beholder has guessed what it is intended to represent.

Now, in case of music, none but those miserable despisers of this noble art can deny that a successful composition—that is, such a one as keeps within due bounds and gives one sweet melody after another, without blustering, or letting itself run into all sorts of ridiculous contrapuntal modulations and resolutions—affords a wondrously sweet delight, under which thinking is absolutely needless, or, at all events, no earnest thoughts arise, but only a delicious ever changing variety of the lightest and pleasantest, of which the person is hardly conscious what they are all about. But we may go further, and enquire, "Is any one hindered, during the performance of music, from joining with his neighbor in conversation upon any and all subjects in the political or moral world, and thus reaping a double benefit in a most pleasing manner?" On the contrary, this is strongly to be advised, since music, as any one can see for himself in concerts and musical circles, renders conversation uncommonly easy. In the pauses of the music all is still, but when it begins again, begins also the stream of speech to rush and swell, with the tones which come from the performers, ever more and more. Many a maiden, whose conversation usually is according to the text, "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," passes during music into such as, according to the same text, is evil,—though in this case it is evidently good, since by it a lover or even a husband, carried away by the sweetness of her seldom heard speech, falls into her snares. Heavens! how incomprehensible are the uses of good music!

Go with me, ye miserable contemners of the noble art, into the family circle, where the father, weary with the serious business of the day, in dressing-gown and slippers smokes his pipe in joy and peace, to the fiddle of his eldest son. Has not the dutiful Rosie merely on his account got by note the Dessau march, and "Bloom thou sweet Violet," and does she not already play them so sweetly that the mother lets tears of joy fall upon the stocking which she is even now darning? Would not at length the cries of the youngest heir, cheering by their strength of lung, but anxious in their tones, become annoying to him, but that the sound of the children's music holds all together in rhythm and tone?

If thy sense, however, be quite closed against this family idyl, the triumph of simple nature, go

with me to that house with its brilliantly lighted plate glass windows. Thou enterest the hall; the steaming tea-machine is the focus about which elegant gentlemen and ladies revolve. Card-tables are drawn out, but the cover of the piano-forte also flies open, and also music serves for a pleasant amusement and recreation. Well chosen, it will disturb no one, for even the card-players hear it with patience, though with higher things employed—loss and gain. What shall I, finally, say of grand public concerts, which afford the noblest opportunities to speak to this, that or the other friend, with a musical accompaniment? or if one is still young enough to play the lover, to exchange sweet words with this or that lady, for which indeed the music itself may serve as a theme. These concerts are indeed the true place for the recreation of the business man, and is to be preferred to the theatre, since the latter sometimes offers performances which fix the attention improperly upon that which is in itself nothing or false, so that one runs the danger of falling into poetry, against which, every one whose honor as a citizen is dear to him, must beware;—in short, as I began by saying, it is a decisive token how fully the real tendency of music is recognized, that it is now studied with so much diligence and taught with so much zeal. How appropriate it is that children, even though they have not the slightest talent for art, which has nothing to in this matter, are kept to their music, so that, even if they can add nothing to the intellectual pleasures of society, yet at least can do their part in furnishing amusement and recreation!

It is indeed a brilliant advantage which Music has over all the other arts, that in its purity (that is unconnected with words) it is throughout moral, and therefore in no possible circumstances can have an injurious influence upon our tender youth. Every police director hesitates not to grant his certificate to the inventor of a new instrument of music, that it contains nothing which can operate against the state, religion or good morals; with the same freedom can every music teacher assure papa and mamma, that the new sonata contains not one immoral thought. As the children advance in years, it is a matter of course that they must gradually give up their musical practice, since it is hardly the right thing for serious men, and women may by it be easily led away from the higher duties of society, &c. They now only enjoy music passively, causing it to be played by their children or by professional artists.

From a right understanding of the tendency of Art it follows of course, that artists—that is, those persons who (foolishly enough, certainly!) devote their whole lives to a business which

serves only for diversion and amusement—are to be considered as of a lower class, and only to be borne with because they bring into practice the *miscere utile dulci*. No man of sound understanding and ripe experience would think of ranking the best artist so high as the industrious clerk, nay, as the mechanic who upholstered the cushion upon which the judge in his chambers or the trader in his office sits, since in this latter case the satisfaction of a necessity is the object, in the former the only aim is pleasure. When therefore one treats an artist in a polite and friendly manner, it is but the result of our high culture and good nature, which lead us to treat with kindness and favor children and other persons who amuse us. Many of these unhappy enthusiasts awake too late from their dreams and actually become more or less crazy about art. According to them, art gives men an insight into his higher nature, and draws him from the brutalizing influences of his daily routine in common life into the Isis-temple, where Nature communes with him in sacred, unheard, yet intelligible language. These victims of insanity cherish the strangest ideas upon music; they call it the most romantic of the arts, its end being the infinite—the mysterious Sanscrit of nature, speaking in tones, and filling the human heart with an infinite longing, and only through it, they say, does man understand the lofty song of—the trees, flowers, animals, the stones and the waters!

The utterly useless tricks of counterpoint, which add nothing to the amusement of the hearer, and thus fail of reaching the real object of music, they call “awe-inspiring mysterious combinations,” and go so far as to compare them with fantastic wreaths of the mosses, herbs and flowers. The talent, or in the words of these fools, the genius of music glows, say they, in the breast of him who cherishes and studies art, and wastes him away in its unquenchable flame, if he allows meaner things to cover up or extinguish the divine spark. As to those who, as I began by stating, judge correctly of the true tendency of Art and especially of Music, they call them ignorant blasphemers, who must be forever shut out from the sanctuary of our higher nature, and thus make public exhibition of their folly. For I ask with confidence, who is best off—the officer of state, the merchant, living upon his money, who eats and drinks well, has his own carriage, and whom all men greet with respect, or the artist, who just keeps up a miserable existence in his fantastic world? True, these fools assert that poetic elevation above the common and low things of life is a very peculiar matter, and that many a deprivation thus becomes a source of enjoyment; but I answer, the emperors and kings of the mad-house, with crowns of straw upon their heads, are also happy!

But the best proof that all this is mere stuff and nonsense, and that they only talk thus to calm their consciences for having neglected the useful, is this, that there is scarcely an artist to be found who has become such from his own free will, nearly all of them being from the lower classes, children of poor and obscure parentage, or of artists, they become what they are through necessity, opportunity, or hopelessness of any good fortune among the really useful classes. And this will be the case with these fantasies forever. In fact, should it chance that some wealthy family of high rank should be so un-

happy as to have a child, specially organized by nature for art, or who, to use the ridiculous language of these addleheads, “bears in his heart the divine spark which burns and struggles against all opposition,”—should this child in fact become crazy for art and an artistic life, then a good tutor, by means of a well adapted mental training, for instance, by depriving him of all fantastic spiritual diet, (poetry, and the so-called strong compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.) also by continually repeated representations of the subordinate position of every art, and the humiliating position of the artist without rank, title or wealth—may very easily bring the erring young subject into the right path again, so that he at last will manifest a proper contempt for art and artists; an excellent remedy against such eccentricity, which cannot be carried too far. As to those poor devils of artists, who have not yet fallen into the insanity described above, I think I do them a real service when I advise them, as a means of escaping in some degree from an existence without useful aim or end, to learn and practice some easy mechanical employment in addition to their art; they will then surely to some extent be recognized as useful members of the community. A person qualified to judge has told me, that I have a hand well adapted to the manufacture of slippers, and I am not indisposed to betake myself, for the purpose of setting a good example, to slipper-maker-master Schandler of our town, who is also my godfather.

In looking over what I have written, I find the craziness of many a musician very happily depicted, and with a secret shudder feel that I am in no small degree a partaker in their insanity. The devil whispers in my ear, that much of this which I so honestly intend, may appear to them abominable irony; but I affirm again, that all my words are directed against you, ye despisers of music, who call the edifying singing and piano-forte playing of children unprofitable jingle, and will listen to music but as a mysterious, sublime art, only worthy of them—against you are my words aimed, and with strong weapons in my hand have I proved to you that music is a noble and profitable invention of the illustrious Tubal Cain, which amuses men, diverts their thoughts, and that it tends to domestic happiness—the highest object of every cultivated man—in a pleasant and satisfactory manner.

[From the New York Musical World.]

Music in Universities.

Conceding the desirableness of some musical education in our colleges, we are at once met by the practical question, *How shall it be taught?* We have our notions in the matter: others will doubtless have different ones. Comparison and discussion may determine what perhaps is best or best worth trying; and we would that public attention could be so directed to the subject that something practical should be actually done.

Evidently, the musical cultivation of the scholar is not to be that of the artist. He need not dig so deep. To the artist his art is to be the very breath of his nostrils, of his life; while to the scholar, it is to be subordinate to other and severer studies, the ornament and graceful finish of his academical education.

We should not aim to make Musicians. To them the Academy of Music and the Conservatoire are open. Nor, on the other hand, would we advocate smattering superficiality in the musical education of the college. Let the instruction be thorough, so far as it goes. Let it be solid, let it be true and earnest. Then may those in whom

nature has implanted a strong desire to go further, to dig deeper, go to the Conservatoire, to the Academy, and give to the well-trained mind of the scholar a complete education in Art. The academical training will not quench the divine spark. May it not be that it shall even supply the materials for a stronger and undying flame by the more even balance of the intellectual powers that is attained by extensive and varied culture? Would not the musician gain by having this knowledge added to his artistic education?

As the musical culture of the student, therefore, is to be entirely subordinate to his general studies, we would not teach the Art as (so far as we can learn from books), it is done, or was “of old time,” in English Universities. We would have none of those pedantic acquisitions that were then required of the candidate for musical degrees. We would not catechise him in the theories of Boethius, nor would we have him able to write an anthem in five real parts, fit to be performed in public, “*tam vocibus quam instrumentis etiam musicis*,” as was the case in former times. In England, of late years, however, so far as we can ascertain, the musical education in the universities has fallen into neglect. The foundations of the professorships are there, but the professors exert no living influence, and are of little consideration among their brethren who teach the humanities and sciences that are in higher repute.

In our colleges we teach the application of science to the useful arts, but we do not make machinists. The professor in this department does not pretend to do this. He gives his classes an outline of the great elementary fundamental principles of mechanical science. If his students will know more than this, if they would build locomotives or cotton looms, they must go to the machine shop, and place themselves amid the ponderous clang of the triphammers, and the whirl and hiss of the steam engine; they must lay down their books at times, and take up the cold chisel and the file.

The powerful intellect, and the searching computations of a Peirce may give to the world the description of the formation and materials of the rings of Saturn, or the laws that govern the form of great continents; Agassiz may tell us the order of creation and of the races of men, but their students do not learn such things of them. The great mathematician teaches them that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The great naturalist counts the vertebrae of the skeleton of a cat, or shows them a fish swimming in a milk pan. They teach these simplest elements—the A B C of their sciences. They are training their thousand students to use science for the common purposes of life. But probably not one of this thousand will ever soar in the higher flight to which the masters have ascended.

So, we do not hope to rear young Handels and Beethovens in our colleges. They are the men who come centuries apart, it may be, whom Nature herself raises up in the fulness of time. But we want to give a general though not superficial acquaintance with the principles of the Art, to give, so far as may be, some practical knowledge of its processes to those who are capable to receive it, some knowledge of the history of the Art, and of the lives and works of its great men—to kindle some enthusiasm and love for the Art itself, to all.

This is to be the work of the Professor, of whom, perhaps, and of whose duties, we may speak hereafter.

[From the London Musical World.]

Fourth Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The Artists' Concert—The Männergesang-Verein—Social.

Why have people all agreed in naming the third concert, the concert of solo performances, at our musical festivals, the Artists' Concert! Are not artists concerned to a far greater extent at the other performances, and do they not especially

interest themselves for the first two evenings? It ought to be called the Public's Concert, since it is that concert which generally attracts the greatest crowd of listeners, to whom variety is more acceptable than quantity, and difference than uniformity, apart from the interest taken in virtuosity, which for all eternity will always preponderate in our art. The Artists' Concert, since it is to be so called, was very well arranged at this year's festival, although (for when is it not the case in this world) far from being perfection. It commenced with one of Mendelssohn's weaker productions, the overture to *Ruy Blas*. I recollect Mendelssohn's playing this composition to Liszt and myself a short time after it was finished, and, what was not usually his custom, making a short prefatory speech, in which he informed us how he had written the work in a few days for a benefit of the Pension Fund, to oblige the Leipzig orchestra. Liszt was of opinion that "the time had nothing to do with the matter" an assertion which, however true it sounds, does not always hold good. Mendelssohn, by the way, did not publish the overture himself; it did not appear until after his death, and, although it was right not to deprive the public of it, this reserve on the part of the composer is peculiarly worthy of attention.

With regard to the performance of the work in Aix-la-Chapelle, I may describe it pretty accurately by referring to what I said when speaking of Schubert's Symphony. It was followed by an alto aria, "Sehnsucht," composed by a young Dutch musician, R. Hol, and sung by his pleasing countrywoman from Amsterdam. It contains warm feeling, and a great deal of real musical invention; it was given by the fair vocalist, for whose voice it is well suited, with far more self-possession and freedom than she displayed in the earlier concerts. The *adagio* appeared somewhat spun out; whether it really was so, or whether it was taken too slowly, I do not venture to decide. It was, by the way, very badly accompanied, and there was a whole multitude of errors, which struck every one, in the parts intrusted to the wind-instruments. Herr Singer, *Concertmeister* from Weimar, a young *virtuoso*, who has, especially of late years, achieved great success, executed Beethoven's well-known violin concerto—so divinely beautiful, particularly in the first two movements. It struck me that Herr Singer did not play, this evening, with that *abandon* required by Beethoven's work, which, by the way, after Joachim's conception and execution of it, has become a very difficult task for every violinist. Herr Singer was certain, sure, and finished—proving himself an excellent violinist—but he exhibited less warmth than I could have desired, both for his own sake and for ours: this, however, did not prevent a large amount of applause from being bestowed on him. It is to be hoped that, on some other occasion, we shall become more nearly and better acquainted with him.

With a small cantata, written in the purest and almost Mozartian style, for a tenor with chorus, by Cherubini, Herr Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, achieved a triumph which must greatly encourage him. This young man's fine voice, and his simple, unvarnished style, especially in the second part of the air, were displayed to the greatest advantage. If Herr Göbbels (who, since last summer, has been a pupil of our Rhenish School of Music, and more particularly of Herr Reinthaler), devotes himself some time longer to his studies, and strictly subordinates the social to the artistic side of the musical career which will then begin for him, he has a fine future before him. Hans von Bülow, Liszt's favorite pupil, who was preceded by a considerable amount of reputation from Berlin, fully justified that reputation. He is, evidently, a very able *virtuoso*, although his master's concerto did not afford him an opportunity of showing himself under any very varied aspect. Perfectly developed technical skill, a full, round touch, great quietness and certainty, were the qualities which, above all others, struck the audience this evening. The composition of the concerto did not find the least echo in the breasts either of laymen or musicians. There may be clever touches in it, just as the first principal

motive is characteristic enough, but the impression produced by the whole is totally inharmonious, and the second tempo, recurring towards the end, obtains, from the continuous accompaniment of triangles and cymbals, a certain character, which I hesitate describing more particularly in spite of all the freedom with which I pen these lines. The public who, generally speaking, took a lively interest in Liszt, did not appear capable of making up their minds to seize the opportunity, the only one during the evening, of bestowing on him willing applause.

The second part commenced with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. However much may be said against this composition, no one will ever think of denying the talent with which the various pieces of the opera are arranged in it, or, especially, the effect of the broadly-imagined conclusion. A more detailed musical analysis would not be in place here, but I cannot refrain from the observation that it is to me incomprehensible why Wagner has appropriated such an overwhelming space in the overture to demonically nervous sensual gratification, while he does not allow the opposite feeling, so strongly marked in the opera, by Elizabeth and Wolfgang, to be perceptible. The matter of *Tannhäuser* (I am speaking of the opera) is not exhausted with the Venusberg and the pious pilgrimages, but where, in the overture, is there anything to remind you of "der Liebe reinstes Wesen?"

This, however, is Wagner's business. The execution, for which Liszt is said (I was not present myself) to have paved the way with especial energy at the rehearsal, was strong and fiery, but, in spite of the presence of the composer's *alter ego*, exceedingly monotonous, and I anticipated more from it. The applause was tumultuous, but did not come up to the expectations of those who had been at the rehearsal in the morning.

The profoundly feeling air (in A) from Gluck's *Iphigenia* was sung by Herr Schneider with such warmth, that it was here and there feared he might overdo it. But he always remained within the limit, so easily overstept, which separates truth of expression from exaggeration, and which, especially in the case of this music, must always be most strictly observed. Herr Schneider gained great and merited applause. Mme. von Milde then sang the air ("Abscheulicher") from *Fidelio*. If I am not totally deceived, the impression she created was the most powerful that had been produced in the course of the entire festival—as people say, she hit the target right in the bull's-eye and carried off the prize. It would only be by the aid of a more magnificent voice that any other singer, supposing her conception to be equal, could surpass her; as far as her style of execution, or rather her pure re-production of Beethoven's glowing tones, she appeared, to me at least, altogether unsurpassable.

The concert concluded with Handel's "Hallelujah," which, as Liszt on this occasion allowed things to take their own course, stood out far more strongly and better than on Sunday.

On Wednesday morning there was a *matinée*, at which I regret I was unable to be present. Mme. von Milde, Singer, Bülow, and Mme. Pohl, were engaged in it. With regard to the latter lady, I must supply an omission in my account—namely: that, by her certain and musical style, she did full justice to the harp solos in "Des Singers Fluch;" as a matter of course, no great triumph of virtuosity was to be achieved, and neither the composer nor the fair performer intended that it should be.

We know that, for a long time, male chorus singing has been cultivated, at Aix-la-Chapelle, with peculiar partiality and with great success. I had an opportunity of convincing myself of this, since, on the evening before Whitsuntide, the Liedertafel assembled under its director, Herr Wenigmann, while, on the following afternoon, the Concordia, under the direction of Herr Acken, kept, so to speak, open house. Both associations contain strong, agreeable voices; and most of the compositions I heard were sung with great precision and delicate attention to light and shade. If I avoid assigning one of these asso-

ciations precedence over the other, I have good reasons for so doing. The courage of every mortal man has its limits—once arrived at the domain of the Männergesang-Vereine, mine ceases to exist. During the sitting of the Liedertafel which was embellished by the presence of some most fair and lovely listeners, Herr von Bronsart, a pupil of Liszt, played with a great deal of bravura, and amidst much applause, a Rhapsody of the latter's. At the *matinée* of the Concordia (where, also, there were a great many handsome women present) Herr — performed a poetical "Welcome" with a great deal of warmth and general approbation. This brings me to the social doings during the days of the Festival, which were rather lively. I belonged to the *Ruellensianers*, and did not go much into other localities. At the mid-day, or rather afternoon meal, as well as of an evening, after the concerts, we led a very agreeable life, with a highly respectable amount of feasting, laughing, drinking, and now and then, I will not deny, with a little complaining, though neither of the wine nor the attendance.

Of foreigners, the Belgians and Dutch mustered in the largest number, but Englishmen, piano-forte players, musical directors, and, in a word, almost all nations were represented. There was a tolerably complete mustering of our leading Rhenish musicians—and, with regard to more distant places, Mangold had come from Darmstadt, and Schmitt from Schwerin. Professor Heimsoeth, of Bonn, was a passionate attendant at rehearsals; but we had to regret the absence of Professor Jahn, who had accustomed us, during the last two musical festivals, to his agreeable presence.

When, in addition to this, I shall have informed you, which, however, you have previously presumed, that all the members of the Committee, with perfect abnegation of self, undertook all sorts of kind offices; that there was, especially to the grand rehearsals, a most extraordinary rush on the part of the public, and that, judging from appearances, at least, there was every hope that the Festival would be more satisfactory in its financial than in its musical results, I think—that I have still forgotten a great deal. But I am completely worn out; never in my life, I believe, did I write so much in one breath. Besides, I have to prepare myself for my journey to Mannheim. How shall I fare there, I wonder? At any rate, if I fare badly, I have, by these letters, deserved no better, and that is a great consolation; for, in my opinion, it is far less hard to suffer when you are guilty than when you are innocent.

At all events, most honored sir, give me your journalistic blessing to take with me on my journey—it will certainly bring me luck!

Yours, ever truly, FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 6th June, 1857.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Memoranda of Western Travel.

ONALASCA, EIGHT MILES ABOVE }
LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN. }

I sit at an unpainted pine table in a shanty on a swell of land ten rods from the Black river, which joins the Mississippi five miles below. The shanty is in an "oak opening," that is, as the occupant defines it, "scattering oaks with little underbrush, on prairie land." At a little distance these oak openings look like old New England orchards. Some of these oaks overhang the shanty, the builder with unusual kindness cutting a place through his shed for one, instead of cutting it down. Beyond the Black river, which is here about four hundred feet wide, is a level green island, about six miles long and two and a half miles wide, formed by the Black river and a "slew" up from the Mississippi, whose course is indicated by the bluff on its right bank. It is about four miles distant. Walking out for only ten rods, my way is lined with prairie flowers, harebells and columbines. I start up wild

pigeons, and the brown thrush, so shy with us, and with the most perfect of wood-notes, lets me look at her sober-suited but beautiful plumage at only twenty feet distance. In the trees over the shanty the blackbirds from the woods join the robins from the open land. These with other birds would almost wake one from sleep.

The West is just what I expected to find it. It is a paradise for farmers, but there is very little, although that little is remarkable, to gratify an artist. I have seen four noble things since I left Niagara:—Lake Erie, a rolling prairie bounded by the horizon, the Mississippi, and the bluffs which shut it in like walls from Southern Iowa to near St. Paul. Having seen one prairie one has virtually seen all, and, consequently, nearly the whole of what farmers call "the West." One panoramic picture of the bluffs for a mile above Dubuque, paints them for three hundred miles above it, and through these fine but monotonous bluffs *one cannot get a glimpse into the country beyond*. From St. Anthony's Falls up, I am told, the scenery is much more varied and picturesque, for in about that latitude the granite formation commences.

Three days ago I was at Niagara, which I have often visited. The ever fresh and young rapids swept on as joyously, and the green on the perilous edge of the main fall was as wonderful as ever. The first thing and the last thing in visiting Niagara is to banish all *nonsense*, whether it be the sentimentalism of the girl, or the mere *fancies* of the poet. One should sit down before it honestly and simply, neither "pumping up" emotion nor falling into the "clothing upon" habit of oriental poetry,—but waiting quietly, with healthy, sensuous enjoyment, to be subdued instead of trying to subdue. Who ever knew anything of a symphony of Beethoven, until, rejecting all theoretic or sentimental interpretation, he came to honest and wholesome apprehension and enjoyment, and thus finally the mind gave it unity and relation? It is thus only that "the sounding cataract haunts one like a passion." It is thus only that it may come at last to "stand up unto the stars and shake scorn on the jewelled locks of night!" I am almost tempted to say at Niagara to persons sensible if not prosaic at home, but here talking of delight they do not feel: "This is nothing but water. It is clear, and when 'craftily qualified,' good to drink. There is a great deal of it. It is, as parson —, just returned from it, once said in a sermon, 'half a mile wide and several feet deep.' It is perfectly unconscious, and of course isn't in any passion or poetic ecstasy whatever. But how *good to look at* it is. What comfort one takes in it. How grateful to the face the moisture is, and how grateful to the eye those colors are. Watch the water after it has just taken its leap from that green edge, and see how that outer clinging foam is separated by the air of the descent and springs up like smoke. How stunned the water is by the fall, and how calm it is there a little lower down.—Why, this is almost as good as a sunrise!"

To speak more seriously I should say, (to use, perhaps, the commonplaces of transcendentalism,) that the healthy mind refuses to be suddenly awestruck by what is grandest in nature,—that it meets with Indian-like calmness her grandest works as the simplest and most natural—that the grand in nature is but the "complement extern" of the grander phases of thought. Standing at

Niagara one does not wonder that Shelley used thought and emotion as illustrations of nature instead of the converse and more common method. The highest recognition and enjoyment of nature is to meet her greatest works at first sight as old friends. I shall never forget that when Webster's great eyes first opened like the dawn on mine, I wondered where I had seen them before—so much grander were they than merely new or strange. Whatever is elementally great in nature, art or literature, only introduces us more completely to ourselves. *

The Lover of Music to his Piano-Forte.

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
Out-values thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no slowness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
Thine answer, kind.

LEIGH HUNT.

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Gallery.

The second exhibition of the Boston Athenæum shows a good many new pictures upon the walls, among them Allston's "Rosalie," and the "Visitation," by Page, beside many others of merit. We wonder that this gallery is not more visited by our citizens. In the hottest of summer weather it is cool there. Once surmount the lofty stairs, and you are among mountains and clouds, and saints and angels, with little thought of the brick pavements and the dirty streets you have left below. Cannot Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci be obtained for exhibition at the Athenæum before going to its destination at St. Louis? It would doubtless attract much attention.

Our Boston artists are busy in this beautiful season, unparalleled for its verdure and luxuriance of foliage, making their studies from nature. We have collected some items of the whereabouts of many of them. Wheelock, the water-color artist, was at the Glen House when last heard from, and from all accounts, the weather in that vicinity has furnished him with a sufficient quantity of material in that line.—Champney writes that he has hardly done anything out of doors yet.—Gerry, Griggs and White of Boston, and Durand and Richards of New York, were at West Campton a week or two since. Mr. Gerry is just at present painting the fogs at Mt. Desert.—Williams is at Manchester, and is making some fine studies there.—Rowse, the artist in black, finds sufficient occupation since his return from New York to keep

him in town.—Hinckley has two dogs at Cotton's which are very good.—Shattuck and Colman of New York are at Conway. The valley of the Pemigewasset has superseded that of the Saco, and the white umbrellas at Conway are getting to be among the things that were.

A project is on foot of having an Exhibition of paintings at Lowell in connection with the Mechanics' Fair which opens on the 10th of Sept. This is a move in the right direction, and if the example should be followed by other cities in our neighborhood, the effect of it would be felt.

Church's Picture of the Falls of Niagara.

(From the London Times.)

We do not know the authority for the anecdote of the young American traveler who, boasting of his father's picture gallery, and being asked of what masters it contained specimens, answered, "Oh, my father's pictures are all Leonardos and Raphaels, except a few Correggios."

The Italian picture-dealers can testify to the fact that American tourists are among their best and greenest customers. There is no investment as to which experience is more essentially to be bought than pictures; and, at the present stage of esthetics in America, there is still a great deal of experience to be purchased by transatlantic buyers of smoked canvases and elaborately worm-eaten panels. Still, John Bull has no right to crow too loud over Jonathan on this score. It is only of late years that our own picture-buyers have begun to learn that modern works of art are a safer investment than old ones, however magnificently christened; and we cannot believe that Yankee shrewdness will be far behind British in this respect, when once a school of genuine American art has come into existence finding themes in the life and nature of the New World. The United States long lived on the literature of the mother country. But now they are beginning to lend as well as borrow. Washington Irving, Cooper and Bryant led the way. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Hawthorn, Longfellow, Lowell, and a score of minor poets and novelists, have followed, and now count almost as many readers in the Old World as in the New.

As it is with literature, we cannot but hope it will soon be with art. American originality and grasp are too great to be long confined to the fields of industrial or mechanical activity. With such a country and such a race we cannot but look forward to a new and national development of painting also. In sculpture, high honors have already been won by Americans. Powers and Greenough rank among the first sculptors whom Florence has educated, and our own Gibson has declared he has nothing to teach Miss Harriet Hosmer, a young American lady, whose statue of Beatrice Cenci formed one of the most prominent ornaments of the sculpture-room at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But in painting—since Allston and Stuart—the United States have not boasted any name of more than local celebrity. It is true that they have given us Newton and Leslie, but they rank as English, and not American painters.

Under these circumstances we note with peculiar pleasure the arrival in this country of a remarkable picture, by an American landscape painter, of an American subject—at once the grandest and the most defiant of all ordinary pictorial power, among the many scenes which the New World offers to the artist.

The painter is Mr. Frederic Edward Church, and the subject is Niagara. Few scenes have been more often attempted by the pencil, and none has hitherto more completely laughed it to scorn. But Mr. Church has painted the stupendous cataract with a quiet courage and a patient elaboration, which leave us, for the first time, satisfied that even this awful reality is not beyond the range of human imitation.

Mr. Church's picture is an oblong of some seven or eight feet by three and a half, if our eye have not deceived us. The view is taken from

the Canadian side, a little above Table Rock, and if includes the whole sweep of the Horseshoe Fall, to the corner of Goat Island. There is no foreground or shore. The spectator looks right along the Canadian rapids, as their swirls converge for the tremendous leap. A shattered tree trunk is caught in the opposing eddies, which churn and chafe into foam over the layers of brown rock, the sun light striking their edges into transparent green where they fling themselves over the lips of the ledges, in their hurrying course to the plunge of the mighty river. About the centre of the picture the bend of the barrier enables us to watch the downward leap of the river, not in a sheet, but in innumerable cascades from every projecting point, shivered into fine fringes of foam, and losing themselves in the spray to which the mass of water is churned by its fall. Across the wet air of this spray cloud the rainbow flings its prismatic arch. Beyond we see the distant lines of foam that mark the rapids, and further still the terraces of the Chippewa shore flushed with the rich hues of American autumnal forest. The time is toward evening. A few streaks of purple cloud break the calm expanse of golden sky. The characteristic merit of the picture is sober truth. It bears throughout unmistakable evidence of the most close and successful study. To paint running water is always difficult. But when the running water is the expanse of a mighty river, broken into countless eddies by rock ledges, and hurrying to such a fall, it may well be conceived what labor has been necessary to apprehend the bewildering fact, what patient mastery to represent them, so as to leave the spectator impressed, as by the presence of the stupendous reality, with the abstraction of motion and sound.

American Women Artists.

[Letter from Rome, in the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Miss Hosmer has been engaged during the winter in modelling a monument to a young French girl, to be placed in the church of Sta Andrea delle Frate.

The sleeping Beatrice, which has received great praise, has left the studio. It is said it will be exhibited in London previous to its departure for St. Louis, its ultimate destination. It is stated that the jailor upon entering the cell on the morning of her execution, found her sweetly sleeping—the artist has chosen that moment—fallen negligently upon her couch, her hand clasping a rosary, she sleeps. The head-dress, the face of Guido's inimitable picture, identify the sleeping form before us with the fair girl whose youth, whose beauty, whose death, shrined as they have been by the genius of poet and painter, render us oblivious to her imputed crime.

How posterity reverses and revenges the judgment of tribunals, the verdict of executioners! To this girl, judged worthy of a felon's death, the scaffold of shame has become but a pedestal of glory. Her name is a synonym for suffering innocence, the type of a sorrowing beauty which, appealing to our sympathies, wins our unconscious homage.

Miss Hosmer's other works are a sitting statue of Enone, the deserted wife of the Shepherd Paris, and a Puck mounted on his toad-stool throne. She has accomplished for this fancy of Shakspeare what Sir Joshua Reynolds did in painting. Miss Hosmer enjoys rare opportunities in the teaching of Gibson, whose studio she shares.

Miss Landor, of Salem, Mass., has been prevented by sickness from accomplishing much, but she has had the benefit of Crawford's advice and criticism in her studies. She is now modelling an Evangeline, which promises to be very superior, and will doubtless, when completed, secure to the artist that esteem and homage which is paid to the evidence of successful achievement. The sad heroine of Longfellow's touching story is represented as having thrown herself by the side of a little stream, and weary with wandering, fallen asleep. The position is graceful and easy, the little bundle fallen from her hand indicates the wanderer, while the sorrowing, longing look expressed upon her fair features, even in sleep, is the very ideal of the faithful girl whose trusting

love never faltered through all the long years of separation and suffering. The figure is two-thirds the size of life. Those who desire to obtain a pleasing piece of statuary, and at the same time to encourage a youthful artist, should remember this embodiment of the fairest creation of our favorite poet.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

ART INTELLIGENCE.—Most of our artists are out of town, seeing how the sunlight falls on the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridges, the Catskills, the White Mountains, Kinneo, Moosehead, Mount Desert, and Katahdin, and withal filling their portfolios. Church, whose *Niagara*, now in England, is highly praised by the *London Times* of the 7th, is still in South America, taking the lines of forest, mountain and waterfall there. James Baker we hear of among the Adirondacks. Oddie is at home. His studio is adorned just now with a number of beautiful Hudson landscapes, in cabinet size. One, of Tappan sea, an oval, is a gem which we coveted, but did not carry away.

Of the three artists to whom Mr. J. M. Wright, of this city, gave his well known order—to Huntington, to paint the groups of literary men, to Baker, the artists, and to Rossiter, the merchants—the first-named is still in England. Some of his studies for the picture, sketches of portraits, are to be seen in his studio. Baker and Rossiter are in town. Elliot is in New York. Bogle, whose portraits are so much esteemed, is busy at his rooms.

At Taggart's, some days since, we saw a picture—we forgot how it was called, either the *Fair Penitent* or *Il Penseroso*—in which he has produced those fine effects in color, which, though not so widely known as the qualities and points of some of his elder brethren, has given his pencil a reputation, well and hardly won, of which he is now reaping the advantage.

Mr. Wright, the same mentioned above, has bought for \$10,000 Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, the *Horse Fair*, and is to bring it out to this country. This picture took the first prize at the Great Exhibition at Paris. Rosa Bonheur is held in France the first living artist of animals, and even some of the English place her ahead of their favorite Landseer. The picture will be received in about six weeks, and will be on exhibition awhile at Williams, Stevens & Williams, Broadway. An etching from it, designed and etched by Thomas Landseer, may now be seen there. We noticed at the same place some new architecture and sea views in photograph by foreign artists, finer, we think, than any previous importation. Somehow, either from the superior architecture, or something else, the foreign photographs of buildings and landscapes surpass ours as yet. But ours are improving fast.

Darley is at his home in Philadelphia, hard at work upon what he designs shall be one of the crowning labors of his life—the illustration of Cooper. The thirty-two tales of the great American novelist, are about to be published by Stringer & Townsend, in square duodecimo, at \$1.50 each. Two illustrations by Darley will be given in each volume. This is a work of great labor on the part of the artist. The views which we have seen, are distinguished not only from their force and spirit, but by careful accuracy of costume and place. The work will be worth to him all the labor it costs, and will connect his name with that of Cooper for all time. He has also contributed two sketches to Mr. Herbert's (Frank Forester's) book on the "Horse," soon to be published in two volumes, octavo, by Stringer & Townsend. This book, to be sold at \$10 00, will be full of portraits of the most celebrated horses in the world, and otherwise will constitute a perfect "equine encyclopedia."

STATUE OF JOHN ADAMS.—The proprietors of Mount Auburn Cemetery will be gratified to learn that the statue of John Adams, by Randolph Rogers, the distinguished American sculptor, has been completed at Rome and shipped for this city, where it may be expected to arrive in the course

of a few weeks. The other statues are in a state of great forwardness. In consequence of the lamented illness of Mr. Crawford, the statue of James Otis may be delayed, but it may nevertheless be regarded as sure of completion, the design and plaster model having been finished by that artist, and placed in the hands of the marble-workers some time before his attack of illness.—*Boston Advertiser*, Aug. 18.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 29, 1857.

Many of our readers are doubtless scattered all abroad over the land in this beautiful midsummer weather, enjoying by the sea-shore, among the mountains, or beyond the sea, the various delights of a season unparalleled for the beauty of Nature, gathering strength of body and of heart for the severer labors of another year. We who are left at home, will this week follow them, in the spirit, (if not in the body,) in their travels, and endeavor to share in their pleasures. We have tracked them every where, the artists at their patient labors, the lover of Nature in the far West and at the foot of Niagara, the pilgrim beyond the sea, beneath the solemn arches of Westminster Abbey, and we gladly receive tidings of them all, hoping that ere long we, too, shall have our tale to tell. The city offers us nothing new, and it may not be unprofitable to turn away from it to other scenes.

Leaves from my Note-Book.

After a visit to the Houses of Parliament, I crossed to Westminster Abbey. There chanced to be a concert in progress, given in aid of a fund for superannuated musicians. A real concert would not be allowed in a consecrated building; but the scruples of the ecclesiastics were met by interspersing a larger proportion of music than usual in the regular morning service. The lesson was read by a priest, wearing a red hood upon the back of his white surplice. He had a low forehead, and a full, rosy face. The Word of God never seems to come with much grace from men possessing such natures as his; one cannot avoid thinking that they must have enough to do to attend to their own sins and temptations. Though, on the other hand, if a man were to be one of the lights of the world, set up as in a candlestick, perhaps a few extra layers of fat would not be amiss. The creed and most of the prayers were droned—(intoned is the term used)—chanted, with a nasal twang, and without the pretence of articulating the words, on a single note, and unaccompanied, and only relieved by the full chord upon the recurring "Amen." In a long sentence the terebration was torture to the ear; the sound of a hive of bees in swarming, or the endless drone of a bagpipe, or of the "picker" in a cotton mill, would be sweet music in comparison.

The performances of the choir were worthy of all praise. One hundred and twenty voices had been selected from twenty of the best cathedral choirs in all England. The music was from the compositions of Purcell, Farrant, Dr. Croft, Handel and others, including a very beautiful anthem, with Mendelssohn-ish harmony, by Rev. Sir F. Ouseley, the present professor of music at Oxford.

It was the flower of English music set forth by the flower of English singers. The effect was very much like that of Mr. Cutler's admirable choir, whose concerts at Tremont Temple last winter gave so much pleasure to all lovers of good church music.

But the Abbey itself, how it magnified every effect, and intensified every emotion! The whole vast space seemed to be full of music, as with a tangible presence; and every chapel, arch and recess sent back an ever increasing volume of sound. I am not used to the melting mood, but I am not ashamed to say that more than once the tears filled my eyes as the rush of emotion swept over me. The associations of the place were of themselves overpowering; an unutterable awe fell upon me from the lofty arches. As I leaned upon the tomb of Chaucer, the spirits of the dead seemed to surround me. There was Milton, a serene listener, with the tones of his father's organ in his memory. Dryden was meditating a new ode for St. Cecilia. And Handel stood leaning forward, not ill pleased to hear, and perhaps to join in his own immortal "Hallelujah" at the close.

The service over, the vergers with the aid of the police soon cleared the aisles, and I was obliged to defer my pilgrimage among the shrines until another day.

The Crystal Palace has been erected with new splendor at Sydenham. It stands upon an eminence, flanked by lofty towers on each wing, and commanding an extensive prospect both of the crowded city and of the exquisitely beautiful country. The palace is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. Its vast extent and the symmetrical arrangement of its parts strike the mind with wonder. Since the age that produced the Gothic churches no new architectural idea has been set forth that can be compared with this. The grounds in front are laid out in the form of a quadrangle, two sides of which are faced by the palace and the long entrance gallery. The gardening has been commenced on a grand scale, and the flowers even now are abundant, and of all rare and beautiful varieties. The air is full of fragrance. Within, also, the beauty of nature comes to the aid of art, for plants are every where; they depend from the walls in emerald veils; they twine about the slender columns; and while they give grace to the otherwise sharp outlines, they relieve the eyes, which would be pained by excess of light.

I do not attempt to speak of the Palace as a Museum of Art and Science. I must leave the galleries of painting and sculpture; the various courts in which the results of the civilization of all nations are shown; the specimens of mechanism and skill of the present day. Nor can I describe the sculptured monsters—ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus—which in the lake and island show the footprints of the Creator in the antediluvian world. Of some accomplished man it was said that to know him was a liberal education. And surely the visitor who sees understandingly the vast and methodical collections in this palace has learned all that the universities can teach.

This day was the last of the great Musical Festival. The oratorio was Handel's "Israel in Egypt." On the two preceding fête days the number of persons present was about 12,000; on this occasion there were 17,000. When it is considered

that the lowest price of admission (in addition to three shillings for railway fare) was 10s. 6d., (\$2.50,) and for reserved seats one and two guineas, (\$5 and \$10,) it is safe to say that no other city in the world could have furnished such an audience. At such prices the festival would have been a failure anywhere else.

There was hardly sufficient ventilation; it was hot enough to ripen Black Hamburg clusters, or the pine-apples which a week before I saw growing so temptingly golden for the Marquis of Westminster. We were human plants in a conservatory. The only consolation came in the shape of ices and slender bottles of sherry (benevolently watered so as to guard against undue hilarity). The audience were in good temper, and the order and decorum were truly wonderful, considering the crowd.

From the great size of the chorus, 2,500 voices, I had perhaps anticipated too much. The memory of the Boston festival was fresh, but I supposed that this stupendous choir with the orchestra of 600 performers and with the colossal organ, would give an impression far beyond any I had ever received. The effect of choral music, however, is always to be judged by the space to be filled. The one hundred and twenty singers in Westminster Abbey, the day previous, made a greater impression upon the ear than this whole army. The choruses in the "Messiah" in our Music Hall seemed to have double the volume. Shut your eyes in the Crystal Palace and the sound seemed to come from a great distance, as though it were the music of a church heard in another street on a still evening. But look around over the acres of space covered with human heads,—or up at the lofty roof and down the long aisles through which the sound swelled and echoed, and the mind received quite a different idea. As the concert went on the power and grandeur of the performance grew upon me every moment. The solos we mostly lost: it was like trying to catch the voice of a friend shouting to you from a hill half a mile away. The outlines of the melodies could be distinguished (by the aid of the printed score) but the quality of tone, and the style of execution could only be guessed at. Sims Reeves was heard in *The enemy said I will pursue, I'll overtake*; and much against his will he was compelled to repeat it. Clara Novello made her powerful voice felt in *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, Miss Dolby has a fine voice and one of great volume, but she was heard with difficulty. The ponderous organ of Herr Formes, too, was far less effective than I had hoped.

But the choruses were magnificent; they were sung with a unity and precision that was remarkable; each part was as clearly defined as though the choir were one of the ordinary size. In this composition Handel has shown his greatest power. The subject allows of no prettinesses, and there is hardly a pleasing popular melody in the oratorio. With stern fidelity the composer follows the successive plagues and closes with the triumph over the drowned Egyptians. The choruses have the rugged grandeur of a chain of mountains—abysses overhung by cedar and yew, precipitous walls of granite, crowned with everlasting snow. Nothing so dramatic in the form of music has ever been presented to the world. My nerves were thrilled as by shocks from a battery. The "darkness that might be felt," the wails for the first born, and the whelming of "the horse and

his rider" were appalling. When the hosts "sank to the bottom like a stone," and "not one was left, not one, not one," the silence in the pauses was like that of the tomb.

The only thing that disturbed the balance of harmony was the tremendous volume of the organ, which when its full power was employed easily overpowered the whole force of singers and orchestra. In some *fortissimo* passages its billowy waves swelled and rolled over the multitude of voices, as the sea closed over the army of Pharaoh.

The performances were closed by singing the national anthem, "God save the Queen." The stanzas were first sung as solos by Mme. Novello, Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, then each was repeated in chorus. It was as sublime as a thunder storm. Cheers filled the air, and handkerchiefs waved in loyal enthusiasm.

The Queen and court attended one of these festivals—to hear the "Messiah," you may suppose, or "Israel in Egypt," the composer's masterpiece? No, it was "Judas Maccabæus," an inferior work. Handel composed this in honor of the Duke of Cumberland upon his return from suppressing an insurrection; in this expedition the "conquering hero" showed a cruelty so severe and unnecessary, that his name has become infamous. But the music was at once popular with the court, and it has always been fashionable since that time.

The Jews in London always turn out in great force to hear the Old Testament oratorios of Handel. The music that illustrates their history belongs to them as an inheritance. I saw a party not far from where I was sitting; their eyes glistened and their heads kept time proudly when the majestic chorus, *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, was performed. It was *their* triumph; it was for *them* that the horse and his rider were drowned in the depths of the sea. Their faces kindled with another light, however, when mention was made of the spoil, the gold and silver which were carried away. Noses grew more hooked, and eyes sparkled as from the reflection of jewels. It was *their* gain; it was only the enemy that was despoiled. I fancied they would have been glad to ticket the plunder on pawn.

* * * * *

UNTERWALD.

Letter from Signor Guidi.

Signor GUIDI's name is associated by many of us with very pleasant recollections of the early days of Italian opera in this city, and very many will be glad to see over his own signature the contradiction of the report of his decease, while they will sympathize with him in his misfortunes and afflictions. We know nothing of the charges to which he refers, but are glad to afford him this opportunity of refuting them, trusting that it will be found amply sufficient.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 21, 1857.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—Domestic duties and the sad misfortune of the loss of one of my children have prevented me from writing a few lines to you requesting the favor of giving them a place in your Journal. They are merely intended to exonerate my character from the stain which the mysterious events of the few past months may lead my friends to conjecture.

The first public statement was that I had come into possession of some \$10,000, left by a deceased relative. Next my departure for Europe; while a few days afterward the papers of Chicago mentioned my arrival and appearance in public with the intention to locate there. This statement must have surprised some persons, especially the congregation of Grace church,

where I had contracted an engagement of a year, and from whom I had received such generous assistance. Had a letter which I sent to a New York editor been inserted in his paper, the mystery would have been solved, and my character exonerated from all blame; but I have ascertained that as yet they are under the impression that all my proceedings have been but deception.

To clear the mystery, therefore, I will simply state that I left New York for Boston with the intention to start for Europe, leaving my family in the care of my wife's mother. Upon my arrival in Boston my money, all I had in my possession, was stolen from me, an advertisement of which may be found in the Boston papers, and a notice in the Police office. By friendly assistance I received \$75, part of which I left with my wife in Boston, and went to New York, in hope that by making known my sad misfortune I might realize the necessary means to proceed to Europe. The statement was considered a falsehood by one person to whom I applied, and under the disappointment I resolved to trust to my ability, and proceeded to Chicago with the intention of getting scholars with the assistance of some persons of my acquaintance. I was advised to give a concert, having been received with marked success on the occasion of my appearance at Mr. Ahner's concert. I exerted my strength to the utmost, and was sadly disappointed with a loss by the concert of all I had earned by toil and labor in lessons. This sad catastrophe was the last stroke to my energy, and the result was that I was taken sick with bleeding of the lungs, and have to this day lost the use of my voice entirely. It is in the hands of God to give me back the only means of supporting my family; but should I recover it I shall consider it one of those acts of merciful kindness which God alone can perform. I need not relate by what means I have supported my family to this time, only I will say that I have tasted of bitter drops, aside from the blame of those who considered me a dishonest man. The last statement of my death I know not by whom it was got into the papers. I have met with friends, and trust that those I left behind will consider me yet worthy their esteem. The weight of misfortune has been severe on me, and I trust that the close of them is the loss of my beloved child, which I consider the heaviest of all.

My health is slowly improving, although not as fast as I might desire. I shall remain in Cincinnati to give lessons, and should my health require, proceed south on the approaching winter, if I can.

I will take this opportunity to return my thanks to my friends in Boston, as well as those of New York, among whom I keep a dear remembrance of the choir of Grace church, and Mr. Isaac H. Brown, the sexton, by whom I have been most kindly assisted. Trusting that this public statement may assure them that I am, however unfortunate, worthy of their sympathy and esteem, I have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully, G. C. GUIDI.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS have been continued during the present week, with undiminished success, the various bands playing in turn on every evening of the week. No entertainment has been given in this city that has been more popular or more successful than this series of concerts. There is a very general desire that they should be continued for a longer period, and not be brought to a close, as announced, at the end of this week.

FREZZOLINI.—We have turned over all our files of French and English papers for some years past, in the hope of finding some account of the new prima donna brought out by Mr. Ullman. We find however nothing but very brief notices of her performances in London in 1842, so that she is no novice upon the lyric stage, and we are somewhat surprised to find so little mention made of a singer whose name, at least, has been quite familiar to us for several years. She sang, we believe, during the past

season in Paris, and her real name is Poggi. The London *Athenæum* thus alludes to her visit to the United States:

Madame Frezzolini is announced as expected in America to sing for a short season in Italian opera. To all conversant with the state in which that skillful artist's voice has been for some years past, it must be obvious that for a new country and for a new public unable to eke out what is inaudible by imagination or by memory, the lady can merely be engaged on the strength of her name.

BRASS VS. REEDS.—Happily all the world does not think alike. The subjoined clipping from the *Traveller's* Montreal letter gives the opinion of the writer upon the British Regimental Bands. *Per contra*, nothing stands so entirely apart by itself in our memory as superior and unlike any military music we have ever heard, as the performances heard several years since at Quebec and Montreal from bands of similar size and constitution to the one referred to in this letter. The feature that the writer condemns most was to us its greatest beauty—the great number of wood instruments.

In the afternoon there was a review of the 39th Regiment on the Champ de Mars, near the court house. Whether it was intended for a scientific display or not I am unable to say; but this much is due—it was a creditable exhibition. The music by the band was good, though not "putting the Boston bands to blush," as the correspondent of the *Courier* is pleased to say. On the contrary, the Brigade, or Brass, or Germania are, all three of them, quite as scientific and skillful. Last autumn, at the railroad jubilee ball, I heard this same band in contrast with Chandler's Portland Band; and those of your readers who were present at Bonsecours at the time will, I think, join with me in giving to Chandler's the highest encomiums. The 39th band is large, but it has some dozen men blowing their breath away on clarinets, bassoons and flutes, to but little purpose. In short, it is a great waste of wind. The band is modelled as our Boston bands were fifteen years ago. Take away the inefficient reeds and give them tubas instead, and this Crimean band would crash out a mighty march; but now it wants body, as an Englishman would say of his beer. The melody is one grand squeak, sounding like the sesquialtra of the organ, and about as well adapted for melody as that stop would be with a swell accompaniment. There is a brilliancy to the American bands not yet attained by the English, if this is a fair specimen of their proficiency.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, is at present in England, making arrangements for the removal thither of his family, which is passing the summer at the village of Oberlesnitz, near Dresden, and has recently been increased by the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Lind-Goldschmidt's voice, it is said, has neither lost in quantity nor in quality, and she would not refuse the offer of another musical tour through the United States.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON has given nothing new. Every opera that has been played there, save the Italian version of *Fra Diavolo*, is as familiar in Boston and New York as it can be to London and Paris. The *Illustrated News* gives the essence of the musical intelligence of the season in the following paragraph:

With the closing of the two Italian theatres, the London musical season has terminated. The season at both houses has been uneventful; every thing at either worthy of commemoration may be comprised in a few words. At neither house has a single new piece been performed. Even the prolific Verdi has ceased to produce, and the genius for dramatic composition, it would seem, is extinct. His music is still that which is chiefly in vogue. The 'Traviata' at her Majesty's Theatre, has had a counter 'Traviata' at the Lyceum; and the two charming Violettas, Piccolomini and Bosio, seem, on the whole, to have been well matched in respect to attraction; though Piccolomini, it may be said, has showed herself the better actress, and Bosio the better singer. To the lovers of classical music the most interesting occurrences at Her Majesty's Theatre have been the revivals of Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, 'Don Giovanni,' and the 'Nozze di Figaro'—both got up with great care and completeness, and admirably performed; and at the other house the production of Auber's delightful 'Fra Diavolo,' adapted by himself to the Italian stage. At Her Majesty's Theatre three new performers—Mlle. Spezia, Mlle. Ortolani, and Signor

Ginglini—have been introduced to the English public, and have been found worthy of their Continental renown. At the Lyceum the new performers have been Signor Neri Beraldi—a good tenor, of the second rank; and Mlle. Victoire Balfe, whose career promises to be a brilliant one. Both houses have been well supported by the public; and Mr. Lumley's season, we have reason to believe, has been a prosperous one. It is currently said that the rebuilding of Covent Garden is to be actively carried on, with a view of its being ready by the beginning of the next Opera season.

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have taken the Lyceum for three months, and are busily employed in organizing a company, of which they themselves are the nucleus. The instrumental band, forty strong, is selected from the bands of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Orchestral Union; and there will be a chorus of corresponding strength and quality. The repertoire will be extensive, consisting of the best English operas and operas adapted to the English stage; and it will include, we understand, an original opera of much merit, by an American composer, which has had great success in the United States. The theatre is to open on the 21st of September, and the performances will continue till about Christmas.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

[Concluded from p. 162.]

Mendelssohn, in the sphere of Romantic Art, is an exceedingly characteristic manifestation. Earlier composers of genius, particularly Beethoven, are also Romanticists; but Beethoven especially was wise enough to merely touch upon the Romantic, merely use it as frame, as attractive background. After him the Romantic rose to the importance of a principle in Art; its happiest epoch dates, as I have said in the article on Weber, from the war of liberation and the national feeling thereby awakened. Körner, Weber and Tieck, especially the last two, not to reckon the plastic artists of that epoch, reaped in it their richest laurels. But they themselves, still more their followers, lived full soon to see the fading of a principle not rooted permanently in life; and the best evidences of this were the later performances of Mendelssohn and Tieck, and the experiences they had to undergo in a life from which they became unconsciously alienated, on account of its continual change of form. Mendelssohn became, like the rest, a necessity to the people of that time; he, of the Berlin professors' coterie, naturally became the Berlin professors' composer. Their clique, (and what class in Berlin does not form a clique, each split up again into little, often sharply distinct, subdivisions!) gave him, so to say, their consecration, created his fame, set him forth as their own product, as the representative of their views and achievements, rivalled the fine ladies' world in making his life pleasant as possible, and thus became in a

great degree guilty of the still-stand in his development.

Mendelssohn's amiability, his inclination to gratify if possible the darling wish of every one, was naturally in many ways abused. As a most remarkable instance I will here adduce only the composition of the Greek choruses of Sophocles, without inquiring who gave him the chief impulse to attempt it. Suffice it to say, the amiable Mendelssohn, when some one suggested the banishing of the clarinets from his church music, as being a too sensual and un-Protestant instrument, not only declared his readiness to do so, but consumed much time in preliminary studies to that end, under the direction of the famous antiquarian, Prof. Böckh. People were in raptures, pronounced the music truly classical, and performed it everywhere, intoxicated with its beauty.

Not to discuss the question whether the muse of Mendelssohn was fitted, by its peculiar development, to make a music to Sophocles, neither he nor any one of all those high and learned gentlemen inspired with the idea of dragging the antique upon our smooth-planed boards, considered, on the one hand, the heaven-wide difference between the music of the ancients and our Art, nor, on the other hand, how music, according to our present conception of it, can only operate in a field which belongs chiefly to the sphere of feeling, or which always includes that as a bridge to the realm of thought. Now look at the Greek choruses in this regard. They are almost altogether didactic, meditative and descriptive. You hear, perhaps, a pair of flutes, like train-bearing, liveried servants; but a composer who is all aglow with musical truth and feeling is fairly cast upon the sands here with his feelings; indeed the language of the choruses is so much music in itself, the few passages which admit of situations are so executed, that the music cannot develop itself without becoming tedious. In fact there was nothing left, but to raise one's self upon a very high cothurnus, and, quite unconcerned about the good lessons which the chorus gives; about the cities it describes, to walk in with pathetic gravity and friendly smiles, and compose a music, to which, it is to be hoped, some day, after the passion for the antique has died out, a suitable text will be appended. That such music may be, notwithstanding, splendid, thrilling, genial, is quite obvious.

Moreover I hold it indispensably necessary to warn those who study Mendelssohn, against weaknesses in declamation, melody and rhythm, also owing to the same still-stand in the development of his powers. One likes to sing his pieces, and yet one is soon weary of most of his choruses. How comes that? His melodies are attractive,

melting, languishing. His description is exceedingly fine, noble and sensible, for the most part true; but the rhythm is often lame in the choruses, and the frequent succession of tones of equal length is what old experience proves the voice cannot easily sustain. Moreover he often strikes repeatedly upon the same tone in pitch; this too is wearisome, though lower tones are intermingled. In the declamation of single syllables he frequently, like Weber and other greater masters, leaves us in the lurch. Only Gluck in the French, Handel in the English, Bach in the German, can be relied on here. From all the other vocal composers you have to take into the bargain much which has not any motive; for instance, short syllables upon a suddenly high tone. As here is not the place to write a treatise upon singing declamation, I refer the reader to Marx's Theory of Composition.

I must be pardoned this, to many, perhaps, harsh, but certainly candid exposition; above all, let the reader banish all suspicion that I am seeking to disparage the great and imperishable merits, the truly genial achievements of this nevertheless great artist. Let him see nothing in it but the performance of a duty, which the writer upon Art owes to society, namely, that of rendering the judgment clearer and more unsophisticated about an Art sustained by men (and not by demi-gods); and for this reason I must add, by way of further exposition and justification of the Romantic, and for the especial benefit of artists, this hint: that Mendelssohn surrendered himself to a far more strongly marked sentimentality than Weber, and that he thus became the consecrated leader and example to a more and more sickly tendency, much relished by that portion of society whom the long peace had corrupted, but avoided by the yet sound kernel, like any other feeble, over-spiced or sweetened dish.

Few persons occupy themselves with the future enough to be able to infer it in some measure from the present, or still more truly, from the past. It remains therefore for the future to decide, from the whole course of events, upon the justness of such criticism; for it is hardly possible for most men to tear themselves free from prejudices and habits, from their unthinking and believing reverence for the judgment of some ruling caste of artists or of writers; they are most partial to those artists, who offer them the most material for losing themselves in a certain *chiaro-oscuro* of thought and feeling. Hence after ages must decide whether the Romantic is still destined as a principle to work out great results, or whether it must fall back to the place assigned it by the great classic masters. But Art itself is brought nearer and nearer to actual life, from

which it has stood too remote to do it all the glorious service, to which such celestial agency is called.

The true Musical Amateur.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

The first duty which Amateurs owe to the art of music is to *comprehend it*. By this I do not mean merely that they must be able to read the characters, to understand the terms and the general rules of practice, and to sing, or perform with a certain degree of skill upon one or more instruments; these I consider as merely the first elements of the education of an Amateur. It is by aiming at nothing more than this, and consequently by vying with professed musicians in a branch in which they are sure to be inferior, that Amateurs have brought their name into occasional ridicule and contempt. The very term *Amateur*, interpreted merely as a performer, implies inferiority.

I would not be understood as depreciating or undervaluing such performances; on the contrary, I esteem them among the most precious ornaments of life, and as adding infinite grace and elegance to the domestic circle. But I would make this distinction; that the performances of musical Amateurs, both instrumental and vocal, while they contribute largely to the happiness and refinement of life, and on this account are of inestimable value, still they are not likely in any direct or positive manner to enlarge the sphere, or to raise the standard of music, considered purely as an art.

While, therefore, it is to be recommended to the Amateur, both for his own comfort and that of his friends, to become as skillful a performer as his circumstances will allow, and above all, to be thorough in whatever practice he may acquire, it still seems this is not his peculiar duty; he is called to a higher and more important sphere; he is to be the judge, critic and arbiter of Music, viewed in the broadest sense as one of the fine arts. The judgment of Amateurs with regard to musical compositions and performances is of the highest consequence. For though we grant that the great Masters of the Art, the Mozarts, Handels and Beethovens, in their compositions, obey only the inward voice of genius, and write simply to give utterance to the art which lies within them, still I would ask, for whom exists the whole vast apparatus of music which the civilized world has placed in array? for whom are opera-houses reared? for whom their long train of dependents maintained? for whom are choirs educated? in a word, for whom first of all is music written and performed? I answer, for musical Amateurs: with them lies the jurisdiction in the empire of music; to them the appeal is made; to them, the composer and the performer equally look for sympathy, remuneration and fame.

In the first place, then, the Amateur must become familiar with music as a science; for without this he can never duly appreciate it as an art. He must know enough of the science of harmony to be aware of the vast and apparently endless combination of sounds. It generally requires a less tutored ear to perceive and enjoy melody, or the air, than to distinguish the richness of harmonic chords. But the ear of the Amateur must become accustomed to the latter, if he would be able to distinguish between truly fine compositions and the flimsy, but perhaps more popular productions of ephemeral writers. Without a knowledge of harmony and some comprehension of the beautiful science of modulation, and an ear accustomed to its changes, it is impossible that the works of the great masters should be duly appreciated.

I do not mean, by these remarks, to recommend the study and practice of the science of music as an ultimate object. The science is chiefly valuable as the ground, or frame-work, of the art: it is to the perfection of music what anatomy is to sculpture, or painting: what the skeleton is to the full-rounded, glowing, living form: and he who rests contented with the science alone, is no wiser than the sculptor who should expect to fashion a

statue out of a pile of dry bones. Yet I believe that this mistake, with regard to music, is not seldom made. I have heard performances of considerable pretension, in which it was obvious that no idea whatever pervaded the piece, and that it was nothing but a tissue of learned chords and modulations—the very pedantry of music. And the performer appeared to me about as judicious as the public speaker who should attempt to entertain his audience by reading the dictionary to them. I have listened to preludes and voluntaries which sounded like a lecture on the geology of music, illustrated by specimens of primary formations and organic remains. I have seen compositions which were written apparently only to terrify the performer, with their chromatic horrors—a burying ground, where the ghosts of departed chords and staves were gibbering, and through which Musical Science seemed to stalk at large—an animated skeleton, in the midst of a howling wilderness of demi-semi-quavers.

This is not music, but only a parade of the foundation and framework of the art. Let the Amateur descend to view the massive rocks and walls on which the temple is reared; let him study their wonderful arrangement, the skill of their contrivance, the eternity which is pillared in their strength: but let him never mistake the foundation for the aerial and sublime superstructure with its infinite array of ornament, its heaven-pointing spires, and its magical proportions.

In the second place, the Amateur must comprehend music as an art: he must be able to measure its compass—to understand its richness, variety and power: what are the legitimate precincts, where are the limits of its capacities? A scientific party have lately sounded the depth of the Atlantic, and the exploring lead has at last found a resting place beneath the great deep. But who has yet fathomed the depths of music? who can say what treasures yet lie undiscovered and unrecked of within its mysterious caves and cells? As the penetrating search of the composer draws forth its riches one by one from their resting-places, the Amateur must examine, and appreciate them, and fix their relative value. All honor be given to the genius which discovers them: to the composer belong the toil, the reward, the glory; the Amateur can but assign to the glittering gems and pearls their place in the casket, or the diadem.

The peculiar province of the Amateur, therefore, is the theory of music; a comprehensive knowledge of the capacities and the legitimate sphere of the art; a taste cultivated to the highest degree; and a judgment unbiased by local prejudices, and free from the influence of any particular school. In this way, far more than by any performance, or composition of his own, must the Amateur expect to exert a salutary influence upon the art.

The Amateur should be, if I may use the expression, a classical musician; that is, he should become familiar, either through his own study, or by a constant attendance on the performance of professors, with the whole literature of music; he must, as far as possible, be acquainted with the principal compositions of all the great Masters; he should recognize the style of each; compare, contrast, and assign their relative merit. To the cultivated mind this study opens a vast field for investigation and thought. Music, as embodied in the writings of the various Composers, approaches nearer to literature than any other art; and presents to the scholar a subject for study, in many respects analogous to the study of language and poetry. The various kinds of music correspond to the various branches of poetry, the Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac and Festive. There is the Opera, more simple in its plot, less rapid, perhaps, and less rich in the ideas it conveys, than the Drama, but more complete and perfect in its representation and expression, and traversing the whole reach of human passion. There is the song, now sparkling with the champagne vivacity of Beranger, now intoxicating with the melody of Goethe; sounding out the trumpet-call of Burns, or gracefully wearing the flowery wreath of Moore. The Oratorio, in its stately march and grand descriptions, embodying some progressive story, with its hymns and choruses, which rival the

flights of Pindar, or Milton, may stand for the musical Epic. The sonata, with its delightful changes and modulations, thrilling with some exquisite melody, or bursting forth into wild and passionate strains, or rolling on in a stately flood of harmony, reminds us of the noble stanzas of Gray, or Pope. The magical rhythm of the Waltz, the most perfect and the most captivating form which music can assume, finds its type only in a few and rare strains in the odes of Horace, the sonnets of Petrarch, or Shakspeare, and occasional passages in Schiller, in Campbell, Moore, or Byron.

But to the cultivated student of the art, music, while this analogy is supported, seems in one respect to transcend all literature. It is an universal language. Here then, it presents a variety and richness of character which are denied to the literature of any single language. In the creation of musical literature, the great writers of all countries have thought in the same language—a language of sufficient power, compass and flexibility to give utterance to all the various ideas suggested both by individual and national difference of character. In the study of music, therefore, the Amateur holds direct intercourse with the mighty geniuses of every land: the misty veil of translation is never interposed between his mind and theirs: he meets them face to face: he converses with them in his own native tongue. He is then enabled to comprehend, enjoy, and compare the efforts of genius in this branch in all civilized lands: he no longer finds himself limited by boundary lines, by rivers, or mountains, which place the limits to language. As a musician, he becomes a citizen of the world: every where at home: every where addressed in his mother tongue. It is the duty of the Amateur to avail himself of these great advantages—to become a critic in a more extended sense than the literary reviewer, or historian. It is his high privilege, and he should not neglect it, to read, compare, and appreciate the literature of the whole world, as embodied in one rich and copious language.

"Punch" on Fashionable Musical Parties.

From my own social experience I should be inclined to say that "a little music"—like "a little knowledge"—is "a dangerous thing." I suppose we shall all agree that of the many varieties of the evening-party-punishment, none can well be more severe than that to which one is sentenced by a card, with the apparently innocent word "Music" at the bottom of it. Let me enumerate the different inflictions of social torture included in this insidious dissyllable.

Imprimis. It means crowding four hundred people, of both sexes and all ages, into a space sufficient to accommodate about half the number.

Secondly. It means that all these four hundred unfortunates are to be planted in chairs, so placed, that not one of the four hundred can get up without disturbing all the rest—like Wordsworth's cloud, the mass must "move all together, if it move at all."

Thirdly. It means, either, enduring trash vocal or crash instrumental, which it is pure waste of time, and degradation of human ears, to listen to, or,

Fourthly. Hearing sweet melodies and noble harmonies under conditions of discomfort and distraction, which utterly destroy the exquisiteness of the one, and the grandeur of the other.

Fifthly. It means conversation prevented.

Sixthly. It means confining one's view of the ladies to their back-hair, or the floral and leguminous ornaments which embellish the female *nuque* now-a-days.

Seventhly. It implies, in nine cases out of ten, an insufferable display either of amateur impudence, or artistic mediocrity.

Eighthly. It shows John Bull in some of his most offensive phases of snobbishness and purse-pride.

Ninthly. It is tedious.

Tenthly. It is costly.

And to conclude, it encourages bad music; keeps up the mischievous delusion that the English are a musical nation; and brings over annually

to these shores a set of impudent and incapable pretenders, who degrade a divine art, and laugh at the British beard. Music! *This* a musical party! These four hundred bored, *blasé*, overheated, over-crowded, sufferers—and at the upper end of the room that knot of dark-whiskered, blue-chinned, black-moustached, short-cropped men—looking like the lately discharged cargo of a continental convict-ship—and that cluster of hard-featured, hollow-eyed, foreign women, entrenched behind the rampart of an Erard's or Broadwood's grand pianoforte, much bethumped by the long-haired Teutonic or Gallic, or Italian accompanist, at a pound for the evening, and refreshments! No, you deceive yourself, Mr. Bull. This is *not* music. What musical appreciation there may be in this audience—what musical utterance there may be in the soul, or throat, or fingers of these vocalists or instrumentalists—finds no outlet in this place under these conditions. The man who bought *Punch* from the puppet-show-man and thought he would squeak and speak, and break everybody's head, without the ingenious artist in the show-box, was not more out in his calculation than any Lord Duke of Drearycourt, or His Grace the Marquis of Carabas, or Mr. Moneypenny, the great City capitalist, when he hires Herr Blausenbalg, and Signor Squallini, and Signor Danari Guadagna, at ten guineas per song, in the expectation of getting music out of them. These people have a contempt for their magnificent employer, as they sit there, in their scornful isolation behind the grand piano. Their music ought to translate itself—both for them and for you—into the clink of sovereigns. "*Sing a Song of Sixpence*," is the motto of both employers and employed. They give their notes in exchange for yours. Hear them talk of England; they are at no pains to conceal their contempt for every thing in and about the country—but its guineas; and you have no right to blame them. You buy their songs, just as you buy your pine-apples, and your plate and your pictures; because opera singers and pine-apples, and plate and pictures, are types and symbols of wealth and consequence.

There have been times when England was musical; but they came long before the epoch of operas, and nobility's concerts, and "musical evenings." Those were the days of good Queen Bess, when scarce a man or woman, high or low, but could bear a part in glee or madrigal or part-song—when in manor, and farm, and village ale-house, and rustic church, cunningly blended voices went up continually, "in linked sweetness long drawn out"—when the maiden of high degree sang at her virginals or lute, the minstrel at the market-cross to his viol or crowd, the milk-maid to the birds over her pail—when music was a part of every man's education and of every woman's accomplishment.

You musical! You might as well call the Mussulman fond of dancing, when he hires his troop of Almés, or Ghawazies, or the Hindoo, with his Nautch-girls rattling their bangles before his lazy eyes.

There can be no music on these terms of a crowded and uncomfortable audience in front of the piano, and a batch of hired singers, sulky and separate behind it. It is at best a weary, dreary serving up of operatic scraps—a meal of musical broken meat, flung as contemptuously to those who sit down to it, as the orts of yesterday's table are flung to a crowd of beggars at a rich man's door. Music demands for its real enjoyment, ample room, silence, general intercommunion of performers and listeners. It is the most social and select of all amusements, in its minor forms. In its grander ones it is the most passionate of all utterances of emotion, or the most sublime and awful of all acts of worship.

I understand a part-song of Master Willbye's in Elizabethan days. I understand the Vine-dressers' Chorus in an Italian grape-ground. I understand the rude round in the fore-castle of an Indian, or the chant that times the heaving of the anchor in a North country coaster. I understand the lyrical swing and passion of the Opera, heard from a curtained-box, with room for one's legs, and a pleasant companion opposite. I

understand the Hundredth Psalm, rung from the thousand children's throats under the dome of St. Paul's. I understand Beethoven at Exeter Hall, or Handel at the Crystal Palace. All these are music. But I do *not*, and I pray Heaven, I never may understand, your drawing-room concerts. There is weariness in them: there is vanity in them: there is money-power in them. But music there is *not*.

Now, remember, nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than their always, whether, in life or art, *knowing the way things are going*. Your dunce thinks they are standing still, and draws them all fixed; your wise man sees the change or changing in them, and draws them so—the animal in its motion, the tree in its growth, the cloud in its course, the mountain in its wearing away. Try always whenever you look at a form, to see the lines in it which have had power over its past fate, and will have power over its futurity. Those are its *awful* lines; see that you seize on those, whatever else you miss.—RUSKIN.

Madame Lagrange.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, under date of Aug. 26, writes from Newport as follows:

I am going to write you about Mme. Lagrange. *Faites attention*—I may say something good.—Don't expect me, however, to discourse about her organ, her register, her delivery, and other terms in which some writers of the present day take delight. How would you like it, if I should undertake to describe the oratory of Mr. Everett, for example, and should say that his participles were all perfect, his conjunctions well-placed, and his use of the noun-substantive highly grammatical and laudable? "Away with your grammar," you would say; "give us the impression of the thing." Yet this simply corresponds with the jargon of your musical critics. "Give us the impression,"—ay, there's the thing; they have no impression to give, and therefore fall into pedantry. The jewel being wanting, as it were, they show us the rubbish of the mine, to make us understand that it is a mine—ay, and a very deep one.

I met this estimable lady and inestimable song-bird on the Western waters last spring. Her travelling retinue consisted of a soprano, a tenor, a baritone, a pianist, parrot, mocking-bird, one husband, and three dogs. I found her grave, modest and sensible, with an artist's enthusiasm for the best things, and acknowledgment of those less good. In Cincinnati I heard her admirable voice, which seemed to have in it pleasant souvenirs of the Cuban climate, in which she wintered last year. In strong contrast with her Western audience, she seemed a vision of the dignity and elegance of Art. She has scattered her sweet notes, like seeds of beauty and civilization, through the wilds of the Far West. Let us hope that the harvest for her and for others shall be golden in all kinds. And now she will sing in Newport. In this congress of follies and fashions, she, having a true message to deliver, shall stand in the midst, commanding all ears. Now, stupid Public, go to hear her. Put on your fine things, not to illustrate yourselves, but to do her honor.

Don't hug the illusion that you patronize her. She has what is inestimable, and you have only money, which is good, attention, which is better. Don't make sitting impossible, either, with your crinolines, nor hearing uneasy with your chit-chat and flutter. Let your rampant splendors be hushed a little by what is truly tender and touching. Forget the hair-dresser a little—let the dancing-master escape your memory. Hear the true master, and the lyre whose sympathetic strings connect age with age, and—

From this meditated diatribe I awoke in the concert-room; but it was not, as I had hoped, the concert of Madame de Lagrange. That lady is still closeted with the mocking-bird. The pair keep their own counsel, and whether she is teaching the mocking-bird, or the mocking-bird is teaching her, doth not yet appear. Doubtless

their conversation is in heaven. At this concert, however, which is a concert and ball, she appears, and is, we think, the most elegant person present. The effect of her rich dress is heightened by a cloak or mantle of enviable lace—a *capo d'opera*, of Brussels workmanship. Her jewels are superb. Her bearing presents the rare combination of modesty and self-possession. The whole assemblage seems brightened when she has entered and taken her place. Why is this? There are many younger and handsomer persons present. Yes: but let me whisper a word in your ear, my pretty little friends. Belles are common enough, but a *femme d'élite* is not found every day.

But I must speak of the music, which is wholly instrumental, not ill-selected, and perfectly well performed. First comes the Miserere from Verdi's "*Trovatore*," which I heretically enjoy—the oboe rendering the tenor solo delightfully, and the best flute straining its sweetness to emulate the Elvira, who is present. Then comes Schubert's "*Praise of Tears*," a deep, heart-broken melody which does not dispose one for dancing. A polka follows, however, a set of Styrian airs, not the prettiest, and a hideous introduction and chorus, by Wagner. The concert is at an end—the benches are cleared away, and the hall fills with ball-dressed fair ones, and the regular work of the evening begins.

Do not fear; I am not going to describe it. Why should I? It is only the ordinary succession of dances, closed by the inevitable German. Neither does the assemblage demand any special attention. It seems to us to-night only powdered with elegance, and that but slightly. Some of the right ones are here, doubtless; among others, a choice deputation of the *nice girls* of Boston; but many look as if they should have business elsewhere. There are women who would seem never to have been in a ball-room before, and who don't know what to do with their heads, not being accustomed to use them, or their feet.—Your correspondent makes thereon this sage reflection: Money can buy horses, but millions cannot buy a *carriage*. Our New Yorkers deserve praise under this head, and coach it in their hoops best of any.

Hints to Musical Misses.

[From the Englishwoman's Review.]

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing any error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this—"I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extremest indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate *most popular*, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbled. Practise your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practise, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "*Ah*," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lackadaisy rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to pout out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for ah's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression,

the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the whites of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who *feels* the music as you do yourself. If you join in a duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages, to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and *talk very little*. (There ladies, what do you think of those two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully, but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore-arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulphing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realized) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music it is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathemas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubenstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the double-dotted semiquaver "splash" of a thousand Rubinstens. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without *this*, you may depend. The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practised ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supple the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano: but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers, it is but waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady; but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.

From my Diary, No. 11.

Aug. 7.—It is a right good thing to travel, even when one does not go far or see anything astonishing. Now, on this day I travelled to Worcester, and spent the day in the said city. Of course I say nothing of the kind reception accorded me by strangers—almost—nor of the ride during which I saw for the first time how pleasantly the heart of the Commonwealth is situated. Such are private matters. But I saw the new Hall, and diarize about it in the hope of clearing my conscience, if the Worcester folks commit that unpardonable musical sin, now in prospect, and that is to shut up their new organ, when they get it, in the

deep niche behind those two Grecian pillars. Good people, do take warning from the Tremont Temple hall in Boston, and not ruin the effect of your instrument by shutting it up, where its tones will be muffled and its effect spoiled. Bring a little common sense to bear and so place your organ that it shall roll its tones full, clear and unbroken into the noble hall you have built, so that it may seem to be filled with and vibrate to the sound. Do not follow bad examples, but rather set a good one.

9th.—What a pleasant Sunday at Northampton! Unexpected meeting with some friends, expected meeting with others, joyous meeting with both; and Monday a quiet ride to sleepy old Hadley, with its streets so wide that it takes fifteen minutes to telegraph across them, and when the people cross to take tea with their neighbors, they start in the morning and carry a cold dinner to eat on the way! In the evening we had Beethoven's Adagios and Andantes on the piano-forte, and blessed the deaf man anew for having lived and written!

11th.—Journeyed onward, following the Connecticut to the northward, with surprise to find it so beautiful, and when I passed away from the Green Mountain ranges, catching their outline in the distance, I had to wonder that the descriptions I had heard and read of them fell so far short of their real beauty. Tired, sleepy and faint for food, late in the evening I entered the boat to cross the St. Lawrence. That glorious river! How it sparkled as its rapid volume rolled onward, carrying news of the mountains and plains of the far West to the ocean! These mighty waters had washed the shores of Lake Superior—my fairy land—they had sung the tune, to the accompaniment of the solemn pines and the lively aspens, which I still remember so delightedly, as it sang me to sleep on the bed of boughs, beneath our tent, the bright fire shining in, and the moon looking down, doubly brilliant in that transparent atmosphere. These waters here and there had borne the light canoe, but alas! rarely, for now they are vexed by the white man's keels, and the red man has almost disappeared with his frail bark vessel. How these waters laughed as they came plunging down the rapids at the Sault Ste. Marie, and tossed the few fishermen that still linger there! Then they wound their way among the 25,000 islands in the farther part of Huron, and laving the glorious isle of Mackinaw, moved majestically onward until they lost themselves in the intricate passages of the St. Clair marshes. But at length they gathered again and swept on, rejoicing in their course, by Detroit, bearing a nation's commerce, through Erie, and dived deep from the brink of Niagara. No wonder they roared there, as they took their awful plunge, and hurried away afterward, shrinking, and swelling, and tossing their white caps, bewildering themselves in the whirlpool, and only regaining their composure again in the calm expanse of Ontario. Among the thousand isles they made their devious way, and so down rapids and through deep channels they have come hurrying on towards their eternity, the ocean. And here I cross them, with the lights of Montreal growing each moment more distinct, as the strong engine smiles at their power and carries the boat bravely across their bosom.

And in Montreal a week was passed. When Sunday came again the deep boom of the great bell called me to the Parish church—erroneously called the Cathedral. In some respects it is a fine church. On the main floor and in its two galleries there are in the aggregate seats for 10,000 persons. Some of my companions seemed strangely impressed with it. I found it, however, a poor specimen of architecture, if for no other reason, for this, that the nave is too wide for its height, and the vaultings not lofty enough, giving one rather the idea of the arch of a huge bridge, than of the heaven-seeking vaulted ceiling of a Cathedral. The numerous paintings are tawdry and bad. The boy choir was not to be compared with that which sang in Boston last spring; their music was of the florid style of the French masses. The old Gregorian chants from the priests in the chancel were given *ore rotundo*, and sounded grandly through the broad spaces of the church. One of these chants only was in our major scale, the others sounded oddly enough

to the unaccustomed ears of the multitude of strangers present that morning, ending on the fourth or fifth of the scale, with no organ cadence to change their character.

Another musical matter to be noted is the band of the 39th Regiment, now stationed at Montreal. This band was in the Crimea, where from casualties and sickness it lost fourteen members, whose places have been since supplied. We had music from this band at two grand entertainments, and one afternoon on St. Helen's Island, and it was greatly admired, especially by those of us whose ears are half ruined by our eternal brass.

I fell into conversation with Mr. T. Sprake, the band-master, and obtained from him the following particulars. The band numbers 35 members, as follows: 10 clarinets, 1 concert flute, 1 piccolo, 2 cornucopions, 1 trumpet, 4 horns, 2 alt horns in B flat, 1 do. in E flat, 2 tenor trombones and 1 bass, 1 euphonium, 4 bass, 1 bassoon, 1 large drum, 1 tenor do. and 1 side do., cymbals and triangles.

At the first entertainment, they played the overture to "Semiramis," a waltz, selection from Rossini's "Donna del Lago," Jullien's American Quadrille, selections from "William Tell," &c. They play very well indeed, yet not with the nicety of the Prussian and, I think, of Dodworth's bands—but the fact of having so many new members renders it hardly possible to have it otherwise.

The great hall in Bonsecours Market, where the entertainment was given, is a curious illustration of the effects of bad acoustical architecture. It is large enough to contain 8 or 10,000 people on the floor—but it is all length—being both narrow and low. The band was at one end of this long room, and the effect of its muffled tones, echoed and reverberated from all quarters, was curious enough—though not curiously musical.

What a view that from Montreal mountain! Below, the city, the St. Lawrence for miles away on either hand, the flat country across the river, away to the Green and Adirondack mountains, which rise dark and beautiful in the horizon, and ships and steamboats, and villages and farms, and old Frenchy spires, bright with tin, and flashing in the sun. I take the brow of the height to be some 550 to 600 feet above the river, and surely, not many elevations of this height give one so extensive a prospect.

One day, in the rain, we spent in Quebec and riding out to the falls of Montmorenci—a party of five, carriage \$5, tolls another dollar, admission to the fall 25 cents each! To my mind the Rhine can show hardly a scene equal to the view of Quebec from the Montmorenci road—but then I love water so much! and what a noble flood here moves majestically along on its ceaseless course! It was our misfortune to have the distant mountains hidden by clouds, but the views we did get, at moments when the sun peeped out, were ravishing. The Rhine view which includes Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz is petty in comparison with this, as the Rhine boats and steam vessels are petty in comparison with the noble vessels which lay at anchor in the St. Lawrence. Quebec is now one of the points to live forever in my memory.

I am before my story, for before going down to Quebec, we had a delightful excursion a few miles up the river, to St. Ann's, where Moore wrote:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime."

Sweet, gentle scenery there, with an old French village half hidden in trees, from which a long tubular bridge spans the Ottawa. The half dozen brass instruments and drums on board our steamboat fortunately could not murder the melody to which Moore wrote his song.

23d.—Spent this Sunday in Burlington, Vt. In one of the churches heard a small organ very nicely played, and a couple of psalm tunes of the namby pamby order, with the sing-song rhythm, *ppp. p. ppp. p.* in which the poor soprano singers labored in vain to keep within about an eighth to a quarter of a tone of the pitch. I wanted to trade my nerves for a set of leather strings. The girls were not to blame. Had they had a tune with a good flowing melody, they would have had no difficulty; but on such a warm

rainy morning, with nothing to assist them to keep in tune, in their long succession of common chords, no wonder they flatted. No man of taste would ever select such tunes, on account of their intrinsic meanness; no judicious leader, because such an one would know the extreme difficulty of singing such sort of things without losing pitch. Because such things are amazingly easy to read is no reason for supposing them easy to sing. The man should have known better.

24th.—Came up Champlain in the steamboat America. Mem. Another time take a lunch with me, for of all shameless extortions, the charge of half a dollar for what was jocosely called a dinner on that boat was the beater! I sat beside a young Englishman, and I could not tell whether his disgust or his amusement was the greater. Last year at this time he was enjoying the good dinners of European travel, and what to make of this exhibition of meanness he did not know. He ordered a piece of roast beef, and after the black, greasy, minute piece of something to which that name was given came, I saw him turn it this way and that, and examine it curiously. I need not say he ate none of it. As for me, after picking what I could from some fish-bones, I called for some mutton, and there came back a "junk" of bone without meat and one grand kidney nicely garnished with the *debris* of the fish aforesaid! Pish! pshaw! a disgusting thing, the whole of it. One party who had tried what was called breakfast, rather than go to that table again, went through the day sustained only by some cake, which they luckily had with them. The boat is a nice one, and if you carry your own provisions you can spend a delightful day upon it.

We crossed over from Ticonderoga in stages, two miles, to Lake George. I was not at all prepared, from what I had heard and read of it, for the very great beauty of the "Holy Lake." It is a costly route to take in coming from Montreal, but certainly few journeys of like extent can show such an accumulation of beauties. We spent the night at a huge caravansary on the site of old Fort William Henry. A band of four brass instruments discoursed sweet jargon, as we landed, and the same men played stringed instruments with a piano-forte in the evening, for the people to dance. I do not dance, but I walked out and looked at the glorious waters and the dark mountains, and drank in full draughts of exceeding beauty.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1857.

OPERATIC PROSPECTS.—The money "panic" and the crash of banks do not appear to cool men's eager curiosity about the coming opera season. For many weeks the newspapers have teemed with hints of two great rival enterprises, each promising unknown delights. Of course in either case it is *Italian* opera. On the one hand, Mr. ULLMAN, acting as the agent of his associates and backers, Messrs. THALBERG and STRAKOSCH, has actually imported and had duly serenaded, posted and announced for Monday evening, Mlle. or Mme. (accounts differ) FREZZOLINI. He has formally announced, too, the engagement of Herr FORMES, the great basso; and it is rumored that he has secured ROGER, the French tenor, (who carries the high C in his chest,) GASSIER, LABOCETTA, PARODI, and others, with a German conductor, Herr ANSCHUETZ, who has a London as well as a continental reputation, and who (it is said) will be occasionally relieved in that capacity by M. VIEUXTEMPS, the great violinist. This party has secured the New York Academy of Music from the first of this month.

On the other hand the rival party holds possession of the Academy in Philadelphia, the Boston Theatre, the Broadway Theatre in New York, and the Tacon Theatre in Havana. Its heads are Mr. MARSHALL, lessee of the Broadway and of the Philadelphia Academy, and Mr. BARRY, of our own Boston Theatre; with whom is leagued the indefatigable, the always "ruined," always new and splendidly beginning MAX MARETZKE. These, it is understood, have secured LAGRANGE, herself a host, besides retaining the chief stars of the last year's company, including Mme. GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c.; and it is confidently rumored that Max, who has been in Europe, has succeeded in engaging Signors TAMBERLIK, RONCONI, TAGLIAFICO—great lights in the London lyric firmament—also RAMOS or RAMOS (who is she?)—BELART, the French tenor who has so pleased the London critics this past summer,—and others. Also a famous Ballet company, of twenty-three principal artists, from Berlin; some say, the Ronzani ballet troupe from the Theatre Royal, Turin.

But the best of all the rumors is that of a grand union of the two armies in one unitary triangular or quadrangular campaign, whereby three alternating courses of Drama, Opera and Ballet, shall succeed each other at the three points, New York, Philadelphia, Boston—four, if we include Havana. Indeed this report is quite confidently repeated in careful quarters. The very magnitude and unity of such a scheme commends it, and is one of the best guaranties of true success. It is said that Mr. Ullman, among his other gifts of "management," has that of knowing when his head is off, of seeing when the enemy are too strong for him; and that, finding himself limited to the New York Academy, with the other strongholds occupied against him, he has well nigh come to terms, happy to share the advantages possessed by Messrs. Barry & Marshall. Should this happy union come about, even if no more of the promised stars arrive, our three cities will enjoy in turn by far the finest operatic company ever yet heard in America.

We trust all this is not mere talk; that this good time is coming; although our experience as collector of musical news has not increased our confidence in the thousand and one newspaper reports circulated by operatic managers and agents. They love to excite and mystify the public. They know that when they have kept us long on tip-toe for great feasts coming, we shall be fain to make the most of what we can get, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that appetite awakened must seek some satisfaction. So it is with the multitude of men. We shall be glad to hear all these great singers; but shall be thankful for a good and complete combination of the force already in the country, provided it can be carried out on the broad and unitary plan above described. Here are singers enough; we are not so anxious that there shall be more, as we are to be assured that such rare quantity and quality of excellence shall not be all expended in singing nothing but *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* all the time; for with all their means in London the past season they have done scarcely more. With so many fine sopranos, tenors, basses, shall we not also hear, not only *Don Giovanni*, but the *Nozze di Figaro*, the "William Tell," nay why not the *Orfeo*, the *Iphigenia*, and other noble, wholesome works of

Art so long excluded by the Verdi fashion? It is something to hear fine singers, but it is more, a thousand times more to be desired, to hear immortal music. Is not Shakspeare more than any actor?

But we are content to leave the question of the repertoire for time to settle, if we can only see this plan of embracing the three cities under one grand economy once realized. There is in such combined economy of means an essential element of permanence, which would ensure us in the long run a hearing of all the important lyric masterpieces of whatever school. And that it will be realized we find no inconsiderable ground of confidence in the connection of Mr. Manager Barry's name with it. At all events, with or without the adhesion of the Strakosch-Ullmann party, his arrangements with Mr. Marshall are so complete as to "allow them jointly to present in the three cities very strong attractions in Drama, Opera and Ballet." The Boston Theatre will open the season with dramatic performances next Monday evening. During the recess the theatre has been newly painted and ornamented; the walls of the auditorium have received a warmer color, brightened with gold, and the old gas sunburner has been replaced by a new centre lamp, which hangs lower. The scale of prices, too, has been reduced, making the price of seats in the balcony fifty cents, the same as in the parquet and first circle; second circle 25 cents; gallery 15 cents. "The stock company," says the *Advertiser*, "includes of old acquaintances the Gilberts, Messrs. Curtis, Johnson, Donaldson, Howe, (who played at this theatre the first season,) and Geo. Andrews, the Yorkshireman of the old Tremont Theatre, Misses Emmons and Vernon, and Mrs. Abbott, formerly of Boston. The principal accessions to the masculine part of the company are Messrs. George Vandenhoff and Pope, who have been shining as "stars" in California and at the West, the latter supporting Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. The other new claimants for public favor will be Mr. Davidge, a low comedian of good reputation, Miss Julia Manners from Liverpool, (on whom will fall the arduous duty of seeking to make good Mrs. John Wood's place in public esteem,) and Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport, a lady of great personal attractions and a very clever actress."

Mr. Thomas Comer remains at the head of the orchestra, which will be equal in numbers and talent to that of the past year, and is one of the best regular theatre orchestras that we have ever heard. Among the eminent dramatic stars, who will appear at some time in the season, are Miss Charlotte Cushman, Miss Heron, Messrs. Charles Matthews, Edwin Booth, Forrest and others. The Ballet will commence in Philadelphia next week, and come round to us in due time. The Opera, it is presumed, will reach us by January or February; and while the Opera or Ballet are in Boston, the dramatic company of the Boston Theatre will play in Philadelphia or New York.

Mlle. Erminie Frezzolini.

The first appearance at the New York Academy of Music of this celebrated prima donna, under the auspices of Messrs. Thalberg, Strakosch and Ullman, is announced for next Monday evening. We have not seen a full account of her career; but by way of contribution to her "ante-cedents," we copy several notices of her first

appearances in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the operatic season of 1842.

Beatrice di Tenda was revived on Tuesday evening, for the debut of Mme. Poggi Frezzolini, a lady whose success in the principal theatres of Italy has been most triumphant, and whose fame has long preceded her. * * *

Mme. Frezzolini's performance was most unequivocally successful, though the effort of Tuesday night was by no means a fair test of her ability; for, during a large portion of the opera, she was evidently embarrassed by the novelty of her situation; and if she won upon her auditors by that very unusual attribute of persons accustomed to such trying public demonstrations, she certainly left much of her merit yet to be appreciated. Mme. F. is of a pure and perfect school—she possesses a sweet high soprano voice, of extensive compass and unbroken register—her intonation is scrupulously correct, and her articulation distinct and finished. She may not be classed as a florid singer, for her organ does not appear to be very agile; and this, to our fancy, is a recommendation rather than a drawback; the brilliant singers who have lately reigned supreme amongst us having carried that art as far as it could go, and, we opine, much beyond what is rational or even pleasing. Hence we imagine, when this new candidate for public favor shall come to be better known and appreciated, her pure and impassioned style may work some considerable reform in our present somewhat vitiated public taste. Mme. Frezzolini has a fine person and expressive countenance, and her action, though perhaps a little too redundant, is graceful, and illustrative of the character she represents, and the situations into which it is thrown. Her latter scenes were most effective, and worthy of the encouraging applause she received—she was called for at the conclusion of the opera. We think we may safely augur for her a distinguished popularity; and for the theatre, success and profit from her exertions.—*Mus. World*, April 28, 1842.

Mme. Frezzolini, by her excellent performance of Tuesday evening, has fully confirmed the previous favorable impression she had created; her singing throughout was irreproachable, and her acting of the most impressive description. Her voice, which is perfect both in intonation and register, seems to be entirely at her disposal; and she has acquired the happy wisdom to choose rightly where she should be florid, where declamatory, and where pathetic, each of which she gives us by turns, with a freshness of organ and feeling truly captivating.—*Ibid.* May 12.

The seducingly mellow flavor of a ripe peach wins the taste back to pure and simple nature.—The performance of Mme. Frezzolini in *Anna Bolena* on Saturday and Tuesday last, has had a similar effect—the less ornate, and as we think, preferable modern style of Italian vocalization of which this artiste is so admirable a specimen, was completely triumphant over two of the most brilliant audiences of the season; and Mme. Frezzolini may at last congratulate herself on having made an impression on the English public which cannot be easily effaced.

Anna Bolena is one of the happiest, perhaps the best, of Donizetti's numerous efforts; and the performance of Mme. Frezzolini in the heroine, gave to it a spring, freshness, and second youth—her acting was full of intelligence, and her singing most eloquent, touching and impressive.—Rubini sustained his old and favorite part with his accustomed winning ability and effect, and Lablache personated the royal wife epicure with surprising truthfulness and potentiality.—*Ibid.* July 14.

On Saturday evening, Mme. Frezzolini took her leave of an English audience in the role of *Anna Bolena*, and has certainly left an impression of her talent, which will not be effaced;—save that she labors too obviously in her performance, and is apt to overstrain her beautiful and delicate voice, we think her entitled to higher praise than any vocalist who has been introduced to the English public during the present and several past seasons.—*Ibid.* July 21.

Mario, Guasco, Persiani were, to use a hospital phrase, all down together. Whether they or any of them suffered from the *Frezzolinian* fever, we know not, but at last, *Beatrice di Tenda* was announced, and Mme. Poggi (for that is Frezzolini's real appellation) appeared. Again a beppuffed continental reputation proved injurious. Ferrara, Pisa, Bologna, Turin, Milan, Vienna, and Heaven knows how many other places, had been galvanised by the illustrious soprano, but she did not electrify London. With a voice as light, or nearly as light as Sontag's, she attempted the triumphs of Grisi, and took little by the motion.—*London paper*. Aug. 25.

The *Evening Post* has received a communication from Mr. Ullman respecting the paragraph about Mme. (or Mlle.?) Frezzolini which we copied last week from the *London Athenæum*. Mr. U. writes:

You will have full opportunity to hear Frezzolini, whom I present as a star inferior to none and superior to nearly all that have appeared on this continent. Please not to forget that I brought here Sontag and Lagrange, and be sure that I possess sufficient *amour propre* not to engage, at a large salary, an artist who could not rank as high as these two great singers.

The musical critic of the *Athenæum* is Mr. Chorley, who took considerable pains to get Mme. Caradori engaged by me. This did not suit my purpose, and I believe this article was dictated by some petty malice.

We doubt not the American audiences will judge for themselves, without much regard to the age, past fame or antecedents of the singer; and, if they like her, will be quite glad to find Mr. Ullman's second thought the best, although he did much depreciate the Frezzolini in the circular with which he heralded his importation of LAGRANGE.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We accidentally omitted, in several late numbers, to credit the translation of FERDINAND HILLER's admirable letters about the Festival at Aix la Chapelle, to the *London Musical World*. . . . A letter from London, from our old correspondent "Trovator," has reached us just too late for insertion in this number; it shall appear next week. . . . The Promenade Concerts at the Boston Music Hall are to wind up to-night with a monster concert by all the six bands combined, for the benefit of the management. If one brass band, blowing its *fortissimo* in that hall, is enough to take your head off, what will six do? blow it on again, to the tune of "Chaos come again"? . . . The good people of Salem have opened a subscription for Promenade Concerts, to be given by Gilmore's Brass Band. . . . Signorina CAROLINA FERRARI, a young Milanese lady of eighteen, has written both the words and music of an opera soon to be produced at La Scala. . . . Dr. HERRMAN ZOPFF, who has furnished us the interesting articles on Weber and Mendelssohn, is the founder and head of the so-called "Opera Academy" in Berlin. He is a native of Glogau in Silesia, one of the most distinguished pupils of MARX, and the author of an opera, "Mahomet," which has been highly praised by Liszt and others of the New School tendency. Articles in Berlin and Hamburg papers and in the *Westminster Review* speak warmly of his talent as a musician and composer. He is certainly a thinker.

Mr. Ullman has out a new batch of cards in the New York papers. M. ROGERS and HERR FORMES will arrive during the latter part of this month. The opera for FREZZOLINI's debut on Monday will be *La Sonnambula*, in which Sig. LABOCETTA and Sig. GASSIER are to appear. Nothing farther yet trans-

pires about the proposed grand union. . . . There is warm controversy between certain New York and Philadelphia papers, as to which city best supports the Opera, and which Academy pays. The *Bulletin* states that the Philadelphia Academy, since its opening last February, has been used about sixty times for opera, more than sixty times for promenade concerts, and several times for balls, and that the manager has made money by all these; whereas the New York Academy in the same period has been used but twelve times for opera, six times for promenade concerts, two or three times for balls, and uniformly with a loss of money. The last of the promenade concerts at the Philadelphia Academy (they have had an orchestra, led by Bergmann, not a brass band!) took place this week, with a crowded audience.

THALEBERG announces three concerts at Niblo's Saloon, to take place early this month. Will he report progress on the *banjo*? Will he give practical evidence of his proficiency? or is the first freshness of this new luxury of "High Art" reserved for the Parisians? PARODI is at Bolton, Lake George, which is like "her Como," so she says. They have "Parodi soup" at the hotel there. . . . Mr. F. F. MUELLER, our Handel and Haydn organist for many years, has accepted the invitation of Dr. Sprague's church in Albany, at \$1,200 per annum, (said to be the largest salary received by any organist in the United States). That society pay about the same sum for singers. . . . The organ at St. Paul's, Albany, to which Mr. GEO. WM. WARREN returns, has been rebuilt by WM. A. JOHNSON, of Westfield, and is one of the largest two-bank organs in the country, containing thirty seven stops, fifteen of which are new, with a superb pedal bass. Mr. Warren's piano and singing classes begin a new term on the 21st.

The "Sanctus," which is the last new book of Psalmody upon our table, compiled and in large part composed by EDWARD HAMILTON, of Worcester, and published by Phillips & Sampson, of this city, should be the paragon of musical perfection, if it fulfil the half of what is set forth as the aim of the composer in a Worcester review of the work, which is: "That the music should be *original*, without *odd conceits* and what may be called *cheap surprises*. The aim of the composer has been, as we infer from his productions, that they should be simple and easy without puerility; rich in harmony, without chromatic redundancy; graceful in melody, without sentimentality; strong, without angularity or roughness; and, in respect to rhythm, dignified without dullness, and sprightly without frivolity." Certainly we have not seen a better description of what a good psalm tune should be and should not be.

ROGER, the tenor, has returned to Paris from Hamburg, where he appeared as George Brown in *La Dame Blanches*, Raoul (*Huguenots*), Fra Diavolo, Eleazar (*La Juive*), and Masaniello. These operas were all given in the German language, in which M. Roger, an immense favorite with the Germans, is a proficient. Mme. LAGRANGE, too, can sing in German, and FORMES is a German; so that the new opera company of the New York Academy will not lack principal singers enough to give *Fidelio*, and other German operas, should they be disposed to do so good a thing. . . . The new Vocal Association in London, under the direction of Mr. BENEDICT, and numbering some three hundred singers, gave their third concert at the Sydenham Palace last month. They were assisted by the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and all the music was selected from the works of Meudelssohn, including four of the Part-songs, the finale to *Loreley*, the "Walpurgis Night," the Symphony in A major ("Italian"), the Concerto in G minor, (played by Miss Arabella Goddard,) and the "Wedding March."

Some anonymous scribbler sends us the following; it is villainous metre, but good meat:

After reading "Satter on the Music of the Future."

Young Germany, buoyant and hopeful, but erring,
For excessive originals set up a claim,
And scorn to be hampered, much rather preferring
Eccentricity to a conventional fame.

Thus to set rules and nature a wholesale defiance
Is a musical whim it were pity to spoil;
But who model from nothing, in art or in science,
Seldom fail to find nothing the fruit of their toil!

When BRIGNOLI was singing in Philadelphia, a poet in the corner of the *City Item* gave utterance to his ecstatic torments in the following

LINES TO BRIGNOLI,

Upon his singing in the opera of "Masaniello."

BY T. H. UNDER.

A voice in the Opera House,
On the stage and under the Hall!
He is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing aloud in the morning of life,
Or, rather an evening in the latter end of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner, and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.
Brignoli, with his exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an April green
Brignoli in the light of his youth and his grace,
Singing a Barcarole, and a duet of Liberty,
Singing How brightly breaks the Morning,
Till I well could weep for a chorus so languid and base,
For a chorus so cold and so very unadorned.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,
But to move to the stage and fall before
Not him, who is not an idol of mine,
Not him, not him, but a voice!

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of the service music in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor:

What visitor is there that can enter St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, without a tolerably vigorous anathema against the smoke-colored window, in which glass was dulled, and old tracery torn down, in order that an oil picture, by good President West, who was only a discolorist, might be counterfeited as closely as possible. A late experience of Sunday music there, suggests to us that reform in more arts than one is wanted to make the solemnity of England's Palace-chapel what it should be. The service music, though carefully performed, and with sufficient force, was as rococo, without being as reverential, as the anthems of *Florimel* Greene, with their quaverings and their progressions *alla Rosalia*, belonging to the time of decadence for cathedral writing. Regarding this, however, we might have been silent, had not a more signal instance of false taste accompanied it,—in the shape of a performance of the *andante* to Beethoven's *Symphony in D*, cut short;—whether short or long, inadmissible, puerile, and ineffective as a movement for the organ. The voluntary was as objectionable as the displays of opera music, with which the ear of the Italian traveller is treated on the organ of St. Mark's, Venice, or the four organs in St. Antony's, at Padua,—or the fine instrument at Como. (exhibitions over which English tourists have been used to make themselves contemptuously merry).—in its way a piece of discord as alien to the spirit of the place as the West window.

Herr SESSELBERG is the name of a new German *basso profundo*, said to have a stupendously deep voice, who has made his appearance at the Grand Opera of Paris in *Le Prophète*. . . . Herr TAUBERT, of Berlin, has composed a new opera on the subject of "Macbeth," for the Royal Opera house. The *Athenæum* says there is an older German "Macbeth," by M. CHELARD, too much forgotten, though it is an opera, the care, cleverness and combination of

which should have kept it alive. . . . The same journal has the following:

The death of the Prince de la MOSKOWA, son to Marshal Ney, claims a word of announcement here because of the leading position held by him during the later years of his life in the musical world of Paris. As an amateur, the Prince de la Moskowa stood first in a circle rather remarkable, inasmuch as it comprised such an admirable tenor singer of the first class as Prince Belgiojoso,—on the right of his accomplishment as a composer. Two operettas by him, *Le Cent Suisse* and *Yvonne*, were produced at the Opera Comique without discredit to his reputation. The concerts of unaccompanied vocal music of the ancient school, which were got up under his superintendence, were during many seasons the rage in Paris.

The Emperor of Russia, on learning that the elder LABLACHE was ordered, on account of his health, not to think of again appearing on the stage, has sent to the great artist his nomination to the dignity of "His Majesty's singer," accompanied with a gold medal enriched with diamonds, bearing the inscription, "*Pour distinction*;" the medal to be suspended from the neck by the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew. M. LABLACHE (says the *London Chronicle* of Aug. 10) is so much improved in health that we understand it is not at all improbable he will return to the Italian opera during the approaching season in Paris. . . . Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, it is said, is about to marry LORD WARD, the owner of the Covent Garden, and other theatres in London. . . . Prof. FISCHHOFF, formerly director of the Conservatorium of Vienna, died in that city in the beginning of August. He has left behind him a rare and valuable collection of MSS., and scores of celebrated masters, which date from a very early period. He had suffered much for many years, and died at the early age of fifty-three. . . . Herr ANTON SCHMITT, a well-known literary celebrity in the German reading world, died on the 4th of July, at Salzburg, at the advanced age of seventy-one. He was the custos of the imperial library in Vienna. His life of "Hof-haimer," a musician of Salzburg, who was born in 1459, is amongst the most interesting and popular of his biographical works.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP OF THE CONTINENT.—Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and of course the ever-to-be-produced *Africaine* is spoken of, the Mrs. Harris of the Parisian musical world. The Italian journals announce the production of a new composer, Signor Sorraio, a pupil of Mercadante. The opera is called *Pergolese*, and was brought out with "great success" at the Fondo, of Naples. Now is the time for singers and composers; never were they better paid or more appreciated. Verdi can get almost as much money as he likes for a new opera, and we have agents in Paris looking out for lady and gentlemen singers, who may almost choose their theatre, if possessing the shadow of a name. America threatens to become a profitable market for the sellers of sweet sounds. In a brief space of time there will be three or four large theatres in the United States permanently demanding vocalists who can sing Italian operas. Mme. Frezzolini is already engaged; Mme. Borghi-Mamo has more than one offer. I met an American agent the other day who said, speaking of the lyrical demands of this country, "If the article can be found, sir, we have a large musical-consuming public, ready to pay their money."

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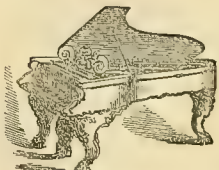
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(From the National Era.)

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,
And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorless grass and grained sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.
On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places, some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.
How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!—
On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!
And jests went round, and laughter made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;
And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores;
And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!
But still the sweetest voice was mute,
That river valley ever heard,
From lip of maid or throat of bird!
For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horseshoe's curved charm,
To guard against her mother's harm—

That mother, poor, and sick and lame,
Who, daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief:
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drev her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And, only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And, witch or not, God knows—not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil eyed!"

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy pan,
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
While in the moonlight's silver rain,

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made Music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered through,

By voices, such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And, through the willow boughs below,

She saw the rippled water shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!"

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name;
A daughter's right I dare not crave,
To weep above her unblest grave!"

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"Oh God have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her? Had he sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"Oh, truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all its household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

My Visit in the Country.

BY A CHORISTER.

Left our quiet city one warm, sultry morning in August, traveled in the cars some forty or fifty miles, then took the stage and slowly rolled for eight lazy hours over hills and through valleys to the snug little village of L—. The village was *very* snug. Six houses and a church comprised the centre. The majority of the villagers resided in all directions from this common centre, at distances of a mile, mile-and-a-half or two miles from each other.

There is a deal of romance in country visits. One often sleeps with his nose scarcely a foot from an unfinished roof, and has a "free gratis" privilege of venting his spite on famished bed-bugs during the spare hours of night. I was once so troubled. A huge mosquito kept up a prolonged hum all night, as a sort of prolonged pedal note to minor ejaculations of analyzed harmonies by myself! Thank fortune, my uncle has a new house, white, with green blinds. I arrived late Saturday night, had a romp with my black-eyed cousins, Hattie and Carrie, for the sake of old times, heard a learned essay from uncle's large experience on farming, and after an evening hymn retired to rest.

Woke Sunday morning greatly refreshed. Raised the window and took a peep out—very quiet—weather cool—the spire of the little white church pointed up from behind a hill a mile distant. Now and then a discreet and prudent farmer slowly entered his barn, and with characteristic sedateness "did the chores." Went down to breakfast. Ah, what a luxury is fresh country cream, on hot "flap-jacks," piled high on generous plates. The girls gave me a polite invitation to sing tenor in the choir that morning, as my uncle is leader, and they the principal sopranos in the choir. I of course was glad of the opportunity of being mixed up with a genuine back-woods "singing school."

The bell had nearly ceased tolling. I with my cousins sat watching the people come in. The choir and musicians were already in their places. Some were whispering, some sucking lemons or eating dill, others, more mindful than the rest, were humming over the opening sentence. But the movements of the orchestra amused me the most. It numbered nine pieces, viz: three violins, my uncle leading with one, a cracked flute, two clarinets in C, a tenor trombone, a fagotto and bass viol! Two of the violinists and a clarinetist stepped into a side closet to tune up, and sundry "quacks," as Fétis expresses it, told us that they were "going it" indis-

criminately. They soon returned—the former gentlemen with their instruments nicely tucked under their arms, the latter looking very red in the face. The flutist, a short man with squint eyes, made so by sympathy with his instrument in its upper octave, was busy wetting the keys with spittle and cleansing the flute with a huge red silk bandanna. The trombone performer, a sturdy blacksmith with jolly red cheeks, was slowly taking out his lunch from the *bell* of his instrument, at the same time maliciously winking to the *belle* of his heart, a fair-haired damsel across the gallery. Mr. Fagotto, a tall, lean, crooked-nosed Yankee, was busy making crosses under all the notes in the opening piece which he was capable of performing, his scale on that noble instrument being limited to eight or ten notes. My uncle was busy assisting the bass viol man to tune; he being rather deaf, needed assistance.

The bell ceased tolling. My uncle rose, flourished his bow twice, and then the orchestra began the symphony. I pitied the performer on the viol; being deaf, he was always behind time; now and then Mr. Fagotto, as he came to a crossed note, gave me brief examples of the beauties of a "reed bass." 'T would have been more to my comfort had the *read* been in the performer.

Mr. Trombone gave us a very brilliant performance; at the end of each blast he would cast his eyes beseechingly to his fair-haired friend to know if *she* heard it! The clarinetists gave coloring to the piece, their faces being, from exertion, of a brilliant red. Mr. Flutist, all alone by himself, warbled in affecting tremulous *8vo*, *con amore*. The violins for a wonder were "up to the scratch," and aided much in the general *ensemble* of the performance.

The symphony being finished, the choir, numbering some twenty-five, rose with one accord, and then came the tragedy of music. Dear me! I was *stunned*—not as Saint Stephen was of old—but by bars of noisy music! In my astonishment I forgot to sing my part; in fact, the book was upside down, and I, in a vain attempt to find them, concluded they were singing the piece *canon* fashion, and quietly sat down to hear them through.

"Well, nephew," said my uncle, as the last amen was reluctantly given, "that's a telling piece!"

"Yes, uncle, very telling."

"Ah, you think so?" rubbing his hands in delight. "I'm glad you appreciate it, for we've practiced it four consecutive Sabbaths expressly for your coming!"

"Indeed, I'm greatly obliged. I plainly see your choir is independent." This remark touched my uncle. It was his favorite hobby. His eyes sparkled, and taking a fresh twist of tobacco from a large antiquated tortoise box, he began:

"My dear nephew, you are right. I plainly see you have good judgment. Why, last fall we had a cattle show here. The committee, says they to me, we are to have closing exercises in the meeting house, with remarks from a crack orator; get up some good music. Says I, I'm your man. We practiced four weeks, three times a week, learned four pieces, had fresh recruits in our orchestra—two fiddles, a bugle, an ophicleide, a fife to come in on double F's, and part of Tinkerville Brass Band. Well, the day came, and just as the exercises were to begin, in comes Dr.

Pillsbury, one of the committee, and leader of the singing in Tinkerville. Says he, John—he always calls me John—I've written an original ode to original music for this occasion, and you will greatly oblige me by performing it; the parts are all copied. Says I, we'll do it. You see, nephew, I was not going to be bluffed down by any Tinkerville musician. Well, we did sing it! To be sure the choir wavered a little in time, yet every *note* was *sung* and *played*. After the exercises, the Dr. comes to me; says he: John, that's the most *feeling* performance I ever heard!" Poor uncle, he did not see the Doctor's sarcasm.

After service the choir stayed to rehearsal, as was their custom. My uncle, glad to promulgate his peculiar views on music, began a "few remarks."

"Fellow-singers, you did remarkably well this morning. Some of you didn't let out your voice enough; always throw your arms back and your chest out, so as to give a free, unobstructed passage for the voice. This young man at my left is my nephew, of whom I have spoken to you before. He is from the city, and his choir sing opera music, written by crazy foreigners. I think the opera music most blasphemous, though I've never heard any of it, and I don't wish to. Give me the music of Billings, of Swan, Shaw and them fellows; there's true worship for you, true spirit, none of your squawking stuff!" Here Carrie pinched my arm and whispered, "non-sense."

"Nephew, I don't mean no offence, for you aint to blame for being perverted; I'm only advising you about proper style, and such like. When you have led twenty years, as I have, and sung through as many books, you will then begin to appreciate your old uncle's remarks. The choir will please turn to the forty-ninth page, first tune, common metre—one—two—begin." At the end of the second phrase I whispered to Carrie:

"Your father is singing an opera tune!"

"Are you in earnest, cousin," said Carrie, with a peculiar smile about her pretty mouth.

"Certainly, he is singing an arrangement from a religious march, in one of Gluck's operas."

"Well, nephew," said uncle, as they finished the tune, "that's prime music—none of your new-fangled stuff."

"Please, pa," said Carrie, blushing with embarrassment, "Cousin says that is opera music, taken from —"

"No such thing, 'tis the essence of church style; it is written by a Mr. Arr. Gluck. A-r-r means Aaron. Mr. Aaron Gluck, a smart man, he lives about fifty miles east."

"Uncle, I beg pardon—I mean no offence"—but the tune is *arranged* from Gluck's opera, called 'Alceste.' Gluck is one of your crazy foreigners. To his insanity the musical world is indebted for great treasures of sweet sounds. You see opera music sometimes has very devotional tendencies. Andante passages without complicated harmonies are —"

"Humph, I see what you are at; you want to argue. The choir is dispersed. Come, girls, put on your things, for nephew and I must have a 'set-to' when we get home!"

TRANSMITTING SIGNALS BY MUSICAL SOUNDS.—The *France Musicale* gives an interesting account of some experiments made in the

presence of the Emperor of the French when at Plombières, to test the efficiency of M. Sudre's plan for transmitting signal sounds. The above named journal says:

During the Emperor's stay, M. Sudre, the inventor of what is called *téléphonie*, or the art of transmitting signals and phrases by sound, had with his wife the honor of exhibiting before His Majesty. Placing himself in the middle of the saloon, he announced that he would with his violin express any phrase his Majesty might please to dictate to him, in such a manner as to enable Mme. Sudre, who was seated at the further end of the room, among a group of ladies, to say what it meant. The Emperor immediately wrote on a piece of paper the words: *Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux*, and M. Sudre produced a few sounds from his violin. Mme. Sudre immediately rose and repeated the phrase, word for word. Another experiment was then made—it consisted in speaking the notes instead of playing them. The Emperor wrote, *Plombières est une ville charmante ce soir*, and M. Sudre, after reading the phrase, pronounced, without any intonation of voice, certain notes. Mme. Sudre at once gave the words correctly. Experiments in *téléphonie* were made. M. Sudre's system reduces the transmission of signals to the three sounds expressed by the trumpet, the drum, or the cannon; or, in the event of high winds preventing sounds from being heard, to three signs. The Emperor gave the order, "Construct batteries on the height," and M. Sudre produced three sounds on the clarion; Mme. Sudre at once repeated the phrase. Another order given by Gen. Espinasse was repeated by the drum, and translated instantaneously by the lady. The order, "Let the artillery paralyze the fire of the enemy's battery," was transmitted by taps on the table to imitate cannon, and was in like manner at once repeated by Mme. Sudre. The Emperor asked if proper names and the names of towns could be transmitted by the system, and being answered in the affirmative, wrote the name of Nabuchodonosor; some sounds from the trumpet enabled Mme. Sudre to repeat the name aloud. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at what he had witnessed. He then graciously invited Madame Sudre to sing one or two morceaux, after which his Majesty dismissed her and her husband with marks of his munificence.

MUSIC AT THE "ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION," MANCHESTER.—The musical attractions of this grand historical panorama of the art of Painting seem to have been both rich and rare, worthy of so artistic a scene, and more than worthy of the crowds who flock to see it. The *Athenæum* says:

The music at Manchester is so well given as to deserve something better than the mere sufferance of a yawning and gossiping assemblage of people (not audience). The band collected by M. Halle is a very good one, thoroughly under the control of its conductor. M. Halle, whom we had not met before in this capacity, is efficient and spirited at the head of an orchestra, and active in research. The programme of the first act of one of the concerts given during our visit to Manchester will speak for the pains and research devoted by the collection of musical "art-treasures." This ran as follows: Overture, "Les Abencerrages," *Cherubini*; Andante Pastorale, in G. S. Bach; Finale, from Symphony Op. 146, *F. Ries*; Scherzo and Notturmo, "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Mendelssohn*; Overture, "Olympia," *Spontini*. The above moiety of a single concert scheme, every component item of which had merit, character, and also popularity, comprised more unfamiliar music than the entire six programmes of our London Philharmonic Concerts! One of the specimens, too, was as precious of its kind as the Memling "St. Christopher," or the Holbein "Anne of Cleves," or the Fiammingo carvings in ivory. This was the

Andante by Bach—a prelude to one of his Christmas anthems, probably never before heard in this country. Rarely has anything more lovely and more interesting been produced than this movement, which is a *Siciliana*, about double the length of Handel's "Pastoral Symphony," and resembling it in character as closely as the diversities of humor in the two masters rendered possible. It is curious, by the way, to note how, as in Painting, certain heraldic and ecclesiastical colors have, by frequent use, been made symbolic, authoritative, and traditional;—so, in Music, one *tempo*, one style, were during a long period accepted as canonical for certain subjects; and not merely in the case of dance-measures, the formality of which is inexorable and inevitable. We cannot recall one Pastoral in common *tempo* earlier in date than Beethoven's Symphony. Here, then—to return—is an art-treasure "of purest ray serene," which passed unnoticed, owing to the prostrated state of mind and body into which picture-gazing had subdued those who "sat under it." The organ in the exhibition, which is the work of Manchester builders, seems to be a fine and powerful instrument, having something of the French quality of tone.

Opera in New York—What the Critics say of the New Singers.

The Operatic campaign at the Academy of Music, under the management of Messrs. ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH, opened on Monday evening with the well-known *Sonnambula*. Three singers, of considerable distinction in Europe, made their first appearance, besides a new conductor. There was a large and eager audience, in which the friends of both the rival operatic enterprises were well represented. VIEUXTEMPS was there, the violinist, who had just arrived, and there too sat the queens of other recent opera troupes, Mesdames LAGRANGE, D'ANGRI and VESTALI. Boquets and other tokens of enthusiasm were plenty. A pretty accurate idea, we fancy, of the qualities and merits of the artists, and of the probability that they will take a deep hold on our opera-loving public, may be gathered from the reports of some of the more earnest and discriminating critics, from which we append liberal extracts.

(From the Tribune.)

There has been so much said about the failure of Madame FREZZOLINI's powers, that we were prepared to hear nothing but a wreck of a voice. The result was, however, better than we expected. Madame Frezzolini's voice is not fresh; it has been injured, along with many others, in the ultra declamatory school which has grown up within the last few years, but still there is enough left to show that she is a great artist. As we have to deal with inexorable facts, we must say that we did not hear one full, voluminous, luscious note, surcharged with lyrical passion, frenzied with beauty; but we noted great delicacy, refined intensity, and pathos within a quiet sphere. In the first solo, the clear, nice delivery of the recitative at once indicated the exquisitely-trained artist. The slow movement was elegantly rendered, but the fast not so well—a certain rapid descent of notes in one place not being quite accurate. The duet at the end of the first act placed Madame Frezzolini higher in the esteem of the audience. The duet in the chamber scene, being a subdued expression, was thoroughly well rendered. The concerted piece which followed was tearfully beautiful, but deficient in abandonment in the slow movements. The finale in action demands the utmost physical prowess and passionate vehemence, and these were wanting. Indeed, the refined, ladylike characteristics of Madame Frezzolini were never laid aside for any ultra-hearty, buxom, rural breadth of grief or joy, such as Amina—a passionate peasant—may be supposed to have; though an under-current of sympathy lay in her musical tone and style. The

final slow movement—given in the dreamy haze of somnambulism, when the soul refuses clear converse with the outward world—was quite within the range of her power; but the transition to the ecstatic finale showed the old want. In a word, Madame Frezzolini has come a few years too late to this country to do herself full justice. A nation, whose heart and head are young, requires, more than does Europe, fresh voices as the symbol of youth and love. There, hierarchical respectabilities, and old memories and antecedents, may cause an artist whose bloom is impaired to be affectionately considered, but here not. We think it probable that, considering how well Madame Frezzolini was received last night, she may have a hold on the admiration of a large portion of the musically-cultivated opera-goers. In person, Madame Frezzolini is attractive; a fine Roman face, well-delineated figure, good carriage, and a *distingué* style. It is well to hear such artists in Bellini's lovely music; for the later singers seem to be losing the gradations of grace and agility in the muscular throes of declamation.

The new tenor LABOSETTA has what the Italians call a graceful, in contradistinction to a forcible, voice. It is very sweet, has great command of the upper notes; executed the few rapid ones that occur in a manner which showed that Rossini would bear to be rendered by the same artist. Of the precise rank of this singer we forbear to speak, as he was suffering with a cold and hoarseness.

The Baritone, GASSIER, made a hit. He has a good, round, sympathetic, manly voice; not ultra-potent or tragically grand, but complete in its class. He sings very well, too. The *Vi raviso* was uproariously encored.

It would be a great oversight in noticing the enterprise of Messrs. Ullman, Thalberg and Strakosch—the managers of the Academy—not to individualize the orchestral Conductor, Mr. ANSCHUTZ. He is a master of his profession: he is quick, firm, mercurial, precise, and all alive. His readings were frequently remarkable. The ghost chorus, as accompanied, was a perfect case in point.

(From the Courier & Enquirer.)

We all know *La Sonnambula* so well and all admire it so much, and it is so well adapted to Madame Frezzolini's style, that she could not have chosen an opera better suited either to awaken our interest or display her talents. She appeared before an audience not only willing but anxious to be pleased, and under these circumstances she pleased them. We cannot say that she did much more. Her voice is still so good that we can see how good it must have been, though it could never have been of the very first class; and her manner of vocalizing is so purely Italian that it is easy to believe that all Italy must have been vain enough to admire her. She evidently deserved the reputation which she possessed. The imperial quality of Jenny Lind's voice—the only really grand soprano of this age; the luscious richness of Alboni's, with her absolutely perfect method; the exquisite sweetness and flexibility of Sontag's, the dramatic utterance of Grisi,—these Madame Frezzolini has not, nor were they ever hers. But she has a fine voice—a real soprano, and an unexceptionable method; she is a very good actress, has a pleasing person, and a charmingly naive and, at times, almost bashful manner; and she adds to all these qualities one in which she is without a rival. While others are grander, more finished or more dramatic, she is the most elegant singer we have ever heard. There is a certain air about her singing which produces an impression akin to that received from an exquisitely dressed and highly cultivated woman. It is quite impossible to tell how this effect is made; for here the style is the woman. Madame Frezzolini did not sing *Come per me* last evening very brilliantly: she took both movements too slowly, and seemed to do so of necessity. Too harsh a judgment ought not to be passed upon occasional false intonations, which were possibly caused by excitement. Her acting and dramatic singing in the second act were very fine, and would have produced a greater impression had her voice responded entirely to her demands upon it. We have

judged Madame Frezzolini by a very high standard: she is by far the greatest prima donna save one, yet heard within the walls of the Academy of Music; and we await her appearance in another opera with interest and pleasurable anticipations.

The new tenor, Signor Labocetta, was evidently suffering from hoarseness and catarrh, and cannot fairly be judged. He has a pure tenor voice of very pleasant quality, and such compass that he was enabled to sing with Madame Frezzolini the beautiful duet, *Son geloso*, at the end of the first act. This was the first time it had been heard in this country. It was written expressly for Rubini, and lies so high as to be out of the reach of ordinary tenor voices.

The most decided success of the evening was that of M. Gassier. His voice is not a baritone, but a pure singing base—*basso cantante*. Clear, resonant, vibrating, freely and easily delivered, above all emotional, it is one of the finest organs we have heard. His style is manly, his method excellent, and his acting good. If he do not make an eminent artist, it is the fault of his thinking, not of his singing. He 'drew first blood,' and was obliged to repeat *Vi ravviso o luoghi ameni*.

(From the Times.)

Signorina FREZZOLINI's appearance is decidedly interesting. Her features are of an Oriental mould; her eyes large and lustrous; her complexion pale and thoughtful, and her figure sufficiently decided for the milliners. The portraits give a good idea of the character of the face, which is youthful and pleasant to look on. Signorina Frezzolini was cordially welcomed, and, without apparent embarrassment, proceeded with the business of the first act. She sang sweetly, pleasantly and artistically, but without displaying any of the power either as an actress or a singer which the audience expected. It was not until the *finale* to the second act that she shone to advantage. Here, with evident intention, she filled the house with acclamation. In the third act she relapsed naturally into a pleasant creamy vein until the *finale*, which she sang with rapture about as well as most prima donnas. Signorina Frezzolini is an artiste in the true sense of the word; she can execute the most florid passages with ease, and is an absolute mistress of song, more so than any of her predecessors since SONTAG. Of late we have been somewhat coarsely addicted to screaming, and for this reason it will be some little time before we can correct the vitiated taste. There is not the faintest approach to a scream or a bawl in Mme. Frezzolini's method. She sings truly; with sentiment, with passion, with intelligence, and with a clear perception of what she is about. Her physical powers are not great, but her voice, a high soprano, is of exquisite purity, and travels far when you have become accustomed to it. We expect, however, that from nervousness, or other causes, her voice was more than usually feeble last evening. Miss Frezzolini is one of those artists who grow on the hearer.

Signor GASSIER (the Count) is the best baritone we have heard since the palmy days of BADIALL. He possesses an organ of rare sweetness and flexibility, and sings like a gentleman who has not been accustomed to go round with a milk-cart.

Mr. ANCHUTZ is precisely the conductor that is needed in this country. He is lovable for two reasons: He can produce a perfect *pianissimo*, and he does not allow his fiddlers to *scrape*. As an accompaniment, he is precisely the man for Mme. Frezzolini, subordinating the orchestra completely to the requirement of the singer. He is neat rather than massive, and with an eye to nice little figures in the orchestration rather than a large regard for broad contrast.

The Boston *Courier* has a New York correspondent who is evidently a German, and quite at home in all the recent musical history of Europe. He writes:

Madame Frezzolini, so justly esteemed and appreciated by all competent judges in Europe, is, nevertheless, not at the present time a so-called

popular singer there. No doubt, when she was in her prime, some fifteen years ago, she created a very deep impression wherever she appeared; but for the last five years, she has not been able to concentrate the attention and sympathy of the great mass of dilettanti in Europe. Besides, the scene of her "triumphs," with the exception of Italy, has been restricted to a very few places, such as Vienna, Paris, and St. Petersburg. Her debut in Vienna was perhaps the most successful, while that in London (1842) only commanded the interest of connoisseurs and critics. Her present position in Europe can be briefly described as being that of a superior artist *on the decline*.

As to the tenor, Signor Labocetta, he is better known in Germany than in other countries, outside of Italy. The reason of this is that he has occupied a very prominent position in second rate troupes, which travel occasionally through Northern Germany, while he holds only a secondary position as regards the first class troupes in Vienna, Paris and London. Six years ago he was a favorite of the public of Berlin. He pleased by the purity of his method, and the fluency with which he sang floriture and similar ornaments. If his voice had been stronger at that time he could have occupied a high position in his art, as he is decidedly one of the best musicians in the profession. Lately he has become quite a violoncello player, and a composer of quintets and other kinds of chamber music.

Signor Gassier, the barytone, has been a successful concert singer for the last two years in London. As to his laurels on the stage, he has yet to win them.

In regard to the new conductor, Mr. Anschutz, I believe that he will prove to be in every respect efficient and commendable. His reputation dates from his first appearance in London with the German Opera troupe which brought the great basso, Formés, to England. Since then he has held a prominent position in London as conductor of operas, concerts and oratorios. There is scarcely a conductor living who excels him in energy and enthusiasm for his profession. He is a thorough musician, and will be a more valuable acquisition, provided he can adapt himself to the peculiarities of the musical world in this country.

But, you ask impatiently, how are the singers? What was their success? Well, Madame Frezzolini sang, *mezza voce*, but this beautifully, and as only a great, a real artist can do. There was no *humbugging*, no sham art, no *viser à l'effet* in her phrasing; everything, with exception of a few of her cadenzas, was done quietly, correctly, with taste and propriety. Her execution is not very great,—not dashing and daring *à la* Lagrange and others, but neater and purer. If she had only more voice she would be the most fascinating singer on the stage. But unfortunately she possesses only remnants of voice, nothing more. Her higher notes appear forced, and seem to obey her only when she shouts them, and the whole range of her tones is like trembling leaves as soon as the situation compels her to sing *forte*. It is just for this reason, that she resorts so much to *mezza voce* singing, the only means by which her voice in its present state can make a deep impression. This she proved best in the third act, where her singing, while she was in a state of somnambulism, could almost recall that of Jenny Lind. But as soon as she awoke, and had to give vent to joy, passion and brilliant execution, her powers failed, and the impression was more painful than agreeable. The same may be said of her grand scene in the second act, where all her fine acting was of no avail, just on account of her want of sufficient voice.

Signor Labocetta introduced himself with the certificate of the medical doctor. If he did not succeed with the general public, he certainly won the esteem of the connoisseurs on this occasion.

The barytone, Signor Gassier pleased the most, perhaps, of the three débutants. He is, of all who have yet been presented to the public, the best with regard to voice, and the weakest with regard to art. His acting shows want of ease and habit.

The chorus was only so-so; the orchestra,

however, was very good, and although this opera offers only a very poor field for the display of the good qualities of a conductor, Mr. Anschutz showed sufficiently that he is the right man, even for an opera of Bellini.

The Paintings of Edouard Frère.

BY RUSKIN.

I do not like to speak much of the French exhibition, because there are characters in the work of every nation which need to be long and specially studied, before a foreigner can do justice to them; and I have not yet been able to give serious study to the French modern school. Two things, however, must strike every one: the general deadness of color, associated with softness of outline, which seem to be enforced upon their feebler painters, and delighted in by their stronger ones. I had intended to try to get at the principle of this, to consider what harm or good was in it; but I have been hindered hitherto, and see no hope of my ever getting liberty in that room to think of, or look at, anything but the six pictures of Edouard Frère. There are, I see well enough, one or two consummate pieces by other men: the "Doctor's Visit" (136.), for instance, by Emile Plassan, is as perfect and finished as work or thought well can be; and Trayer's "Convalescent" (155.), and several other such, show, in various degrees, a peculiar ease in getting at their point, which makes our English efforts, however successful, look clumsy and forced by comparison. But I cannot tell how I am ever to say what I want to say about Frère's pictures; I can find no words tender enough, nor reverent enough. They have all beauty, without consciousness; dignity, without pride; lowliness, without sorrow; and religion, without fear. Severe in fidelity, yet, as if by an angel's presence, banishing all evil and pain; perfect in power, yet seeming to reach his purpose in a sweet feebleness, his hand failing him for fullness of heart; swift to seize the passing thought of a moment in a child's spirit, as a summer wind catches a dead rose-leaf before it falls, yet breathing around it the everlasting peace of heaven;—he will do more for his country, if he can lead her to look where he looks, and to love as he loves, than all the proud painters who ever gave lustre to her state, or endurance to her glory. What truer glory has she than in these her village children? I cannot choose among such pictures, nor reason of them, though, perhaps, the reader may be surprised at my caring so much for what seems slight in work, and poor in color. But its very poverty and slightness are, in some sort, a part of its beauty: at least, if this painting be imperfect, I have never seen perfect painting do so much; and I believe that only the man who can conceive these pictures knows how he ought to paint them. The beautiful "Student" (61.) is, perhaps, the most finished, just because it is the least pathetic; the three other more important ones, the "Luncheon," the "Sempstress," and the "Prayer," are certainly three of the most touching poems that were ever yet written, and, I believe, by far the most lovely ever yet painted, of lowly life. Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?

The first named of these pictures is the most wonderful; but perhaps the "Prayer" is the one which will be most easily understood, and will best teach the spectator how to enter into the character of the rest. It needs no telling of it; surely it will speak for itself:—the little bare feet kept from the stone-cold by the nightgown which the mother has folded for them, bared of their rough grey stockings, as reverently, and as surely in God's presence, as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai; the close cap over the sweet, pointed, playful, waving hair, which the field-winds have tossed and troubled as they do the long meadow-grass in May, and yet have not unsmoothed one wave of its silken balm, nor vexed with rude entangling one fair thread of all that her God numbers, day by day; the dear, bowed, patient face, and hands folded, and the mother's love that clasps them close in a solemn

awe, lest they should part or move before her Father's blessing had been given in fullness.—Return to it, and still return. It should be the last picture you look at in all the year; carrying the memory of it with you far away through the silence of the thatched villages, and the voices of the blossoming fields.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1857.—Arriving in London, after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, and panting for music as the hart panteth for water-brooks, I find myself just in time to be too late; the season is over, the singing birds have flown away and the voice of the operatic turtles is no longer heard in the land. However, if it were any consolation, (which it is not) our own redoubtable Max Maretzek is here, and may be seen any fair day, (which occurs about once a month), promenading up Pall Mall and the Strand as large as life, and vastly more elegant and fashionable in appearance. Indeed, he appears to have renewed his youth like the eagle, and sudden departures from American cities, under a pressure of pecuniary liabilities, do not seem at all to cast a shadow o'er his young heart; on the contrary, he is as blooming and benignant as Mr. Micawber, when Mrs. M. has temporarily laid the Twins on the shelf, and provided him with the ingredients for punch.

One afternoon I strolled over, or more correctly speaking, I rode on the top of a London 'bus to the Royal Surrey Gardens, where Jullien is giving concerts with his unrivalled band, Albani being the vocalist. The hall in which these concerts are given, is now the finest in London, seating over ten thousand people, and admirably arranged for acoustic and optical effect. There are four tiers of galleries, and a spacious area or ground floor, provided with comfortable seats; the building is plain and chaste, the decorations far from gorgeous, and the entire building admirably adapted for just what it is—a cool, pleasant hall for summer use.

You must know that Jullien and his music do not form the only attractions at the Surrey Gardens. The grounds are very handsomely laid out, and illuminated at night in a highly effective manner—lampions dangling from every tree, and paper crocuses and lilies, that adorn the flower beds, suddenly disclosing their artificiality by glowing after dark with theatrical gas-light. Here is a grotto with a hermit for three-pence extra, and an ambrotype gallery where you can obtain your counterfeit presentment for a shilling, and to which, "for fear of accident," as the circulars mysteriously say, you are earnestly requested to hasten immediately upon your entrance into the garden. There are also a couple of bears, which you are forbidden to poke at with your cane or umbrella, thus losing the chief enjoyment of a visit to bears, and the bare loss of this bear-poking amusement it is very difficult to bear. Yet all these glories fade before a lake of real water, around which is arranged some artificial scenery, representing a view of Alpine mountains, crowned with diamonds of snow and ice, and presenting from the Music Hall a very pleasing appearance.

But the crowd is gradually compressing itself into the hall, (reminding one of the great misty giant in Arabian Nights, who gathered himself up into a little box), and to get a seat it is necessary to leave the bears and the lake at once. The entrance to the gardens, concert and concluding fire-works being only an English shilling, there is generally in fair weather a concourse of some eight or ten thousand present, and there were fully the latter number there on the evening I attended. My seat was next to a party with whom I speedily became acquainted, they quickly becoming aware that I was an American, though I have not done the "banner of the free"

into a waistcoat pattern, neither do I use the stars and stripes for a pocket handkerchief. Nor do I even have short striped pants, or say: "Now yeou don't," like the mythical Yankees of the stage; nor yet did I proffer them any wooden nutmegs; but notwithstanding, they quickly surmised the place of my nativity, and one of the ladies asked me if I knew Longfellow?

No, I regretted to say, I did not, except through his works.

Had I never seen him?

No, I had never seen him—at which my fair interlocutor expressed surprise, mingled with pity, and spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure she had derived from his works. She also informed me that when in Italy she had occupied the same room, at Albano, I think, that Longfellow had formerly occupied; and she further asserted that she wanted to go to America, if only to see the author of "Outre-Mer," which had accompanied her on her continental travels. And I have noticed that in England Longfellow enjoys a greater popularity than almost any other American writer. Many of his shorter poems have been set to music, and his name is as familiar as that of any of the great modern poets.

But while we were talking about Longfellow, a corpulent but very fashionable fellow appears on the platform and bows his acknowledgements to the applause of the multitude. It is Jullien, arrayed in all his old magnificence, gorgeous in white pants, white waistcoat, and white kids, a neck tie to which he has evidently devoted his entire mind, and a *tout ensemble*, suggestive of Beau Brummell, Count D'Orsay and Lord Chesterfield combined. He seizes his baton, turns to the musicians, gives a few short nervous taps on the desk, and the concert commences. Here is the programme:

- | PART I. | | |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------|--|
| 1. Overture—Fidelio..... | Beethoven. | |
| 2. Quadrille—Standard Bearer..... | Jullien. | |
| 3. Symphony—Power of Sound..... | Spohr. | |
| 4. Concerto—No 6, (Violin)..... | De Beriot. | |
| | M. Le Hon. | |
| 5. Polka—La Jolie Bouquetiere..... | C. Le Ray. | |
| 6. Rondo—Non piu mesta..... | Rossini. | |
| | Mme. Albani. | |
| 7. Quadrille—English..... | Jullien. | |
| PART II. | | |
| 8. Selections from <i>Trovatore</i> | Verdi. | |
| 9. Air and Variations..... | Rode. | |
| | Mme. Albani. | |
| 10. Polonaise de Reception..... | Jullien. | |
| 11. Solo on Clarinet—Airs from Norma..... | Bellini. | |
| | M. Delafosse. | |
| 12. Galop—L'Estafette..... | Jullien. | |

Of the excellence of Jullien's band it is quite unnecessary for me to speak. Whatever they do, they do well, and seem to expend as much care upon the "King of the Cannibal Islands" as upon a symphony of the old masters. The "Fidelio" overture was, however, almost inaudible, as the audience were not all seated, and numbers were roving wildly about the room, searching for a vacant chair. The Symphony of Spohr, of which only the first movement was given, was finely performed, and well received by the audience. The *Trovatore* selection consisted of a mutilated orchestral arrangement of the short introduction, and the air sung by Ferrando; the *Il balen*, performed with great taste on the ophicleide, by Mr. Hughes, and the *Miserere* scene, the solo on the oboe and cornet, a vocal force of some fifty or more male voices taking up the chorus of monks, and forming altogether a very effective rendition of this gem of poor, abused Verdi's most popular opera. The other instrumental soloists did their share towards entertaining the audience, M. Le Hon being recalled after his delicate and masterly violin performance.

But the great attraction of the evening was the fat and fair vocalist. ALBANI warbled with just the same ease that she did of yore, (the classic phrase "yore" meaning four years ago in America), and looks as untroubled by care and sorrow. She however wears her hair in the preposterously ugly style now so much in vogue, combing it tightly back from

the scalp, so that the most devoted of her admirers can say little in favor of her appearance. By the way, they say she has lately decided never to assume a male character on the stage—reason, conscientious scruples. She was encored in one of her songs, and of course gave in answer her *Piece de resistance*, the Brindisi from *Lucrezia*, which was received with frantic applause. After the concert there were fire-works on the lake, of which, being naturally an amiable and considerate soul, I will spare you a description.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1857.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

The common theories of music are low. The definitions which have been given of it define only the least part of it. Devoted musicians, refined, enthusiastic amateurs, have done no justice to their own inspiring pursuit, when they have defined it to be *the agreeable effect of certain analogous sounds falling in rhythmical succession upon the ear*—as if it all ended there, in a pleasant sensation. But it is not to be expected that those who feel and practice most, shall always be able to give the truest account of what they feel. To abandon ourselves to an emotion, and to reflect upon it at the same time, is perhaps impossible. When the heart is moved we are in no condition to analyze and describe our emotions; on the other hand, as soon as we pass into the cool state of reflection, the feeling, with all its life and glow, is gone, and we talk about organs, and nerves, and sensations, and images, and such old wrecks, and stones, and shells, as we may pick up on the dead bottom of the sea, after the waters have retired. It is almost impossible to define music. Let us only consider some of its characteristics, its extent and resources, its influence upon society, and what it contributes to the general culture of man. With its physical and scientific character we have here nothing to do, except so far as they illustrate its *internal meanings*. We are interested with it as an Art, and not as a Science; with the Literature, and not with the Grammar of Music.

In the first place, the pleasure derived from music is more than a physical pleasure. It is more than an agreeable sensation. It is not all over when the excited nerve no longer vibrates. It lives on in the mind; it becomes an idea, a feeling there. It is not without its lasting influence upon the heart, the imagination, the whole upward striving of the soul. Have we explained the beauty of Nature or Art, when we know all about the eye, and the optic nerve, and the physical laws of light and color? Have we got at the grand mystery of poetry and eloquence, when we have analyzed the vocal organs, and found the rudiments of speech? Will a finer "musical ear" alone make a Mozart? There is nothing in this world without its spiritual meaning. We converse with it through our senses; but it enters the eye, or the ear, only that it may plant seeds in that unfathomed Infinite we call our Soul. That snatch of melody which I hear to-day, never to hear again, perhaps—never to recall even in memory, in its right order—shall not be lost, but shall be part of me in a higher sphere of being ages hence. Some little song,

learned and forgotten in boyhood, even now determines somewhat my affections, my aspirations, and colors the whole ideal that floats before me and that leads me on. All beauty is eternal—the soul creates it; the soul is led forward by it, till it can create and realize a higher beauty. Beauty speaks from us in many forms—in speech, in music, in painting, in motion, and in action; it addresses us in many forms, yet its essence is one. Painting and sculpture address the eye; Music the eye; Words the understanding, through the ear or the eye; but so soon as they pass within the precincts of the sentient soul, they all sink within us deeper than we trace, until they cease to be unlike; the form melts, the spirit, the essence remains and mingles itself with our essence, our spirit, thence to go forth again daily, in our every look, and tone, and act, and passion, giving somewhat of new grace to every expression of ourselves.

Where do we experience music? Not in the senses, as we do food and hunger, warmth and cold; but in the seat of the deep sentiments and feelings, in the seat of reason and imagination, love and faith, where thought, poetry, eloquence, and beauty alone are privileged to enter. There are men who live in music, as others do in philosophy or poetry. It is their world—the giving and receiving of it is their life. Do these men lead sensual lives, amusing themselves forever? In all the harmony which they drink in, or pour forth, or leave written, are they not letting us commune with their spirits? To a musical mind, who can rightly appreciate what he hears, an oratorio, a sonata, a symphony, tells the story of its author; his life is in it, as much as ever poet's life was in his song. There are styles in music, which betray not various art, but various character of heart and mind. There is but one Beethoven, one Rossini. Is it that they have such peculiar ears? and do we say that such an ear loves such a style of harmony? The whole process by which music is produced is analogous to that of literature. It is conceived in the mind, like thought; it is prompted by a heart full even to necessity of utterance; it is written down, and read, and meets response in other minds and hearts; and, when made popular, it tinctures more or less the popular mode of thinking, and feeling, and living. Haydn composed his music much as a scholar writes his books. He kept his musical "common-place book," in which he noted down such original airs and passages of music as had their birth in his fancy, under the impulse of various emotions. To this he frequently resorted for the theme for some sprightly Allegro, or tender, melancholy Andante, when he had to write a Symphony. So does all that is beautiful or sublime in music stand for some deep inward experience, and address itself to sympathizing hearts. Is it still doubted that it is a thing of the soul, and not of sensation merely? Look at Beethoven, totally deprived of the sense of hearing, still ministering in the temple of harmony, composing his sublimest works with an enthusiasm which seemed to need no physical excitement. But who ever knew any sensual gratification to survive the sensibility of the organ? When was ever "the hungry edge of appetite" cloyed "by bare imagination of a feast?" This fact alone lifts music from the rank of mere physical pleasures.

But further, the time devoted to music is not

merely so much spent in pleasure. When we speak of it as an amusement at all, we wrong a noble art. The true lover of music may not be passive. It is an art which always begets enthusiasm, without which there can be nothing noble in study or in action. The man of pleasure knows nothing of this; he is cold and selfish, and avaricious of his enjoyment. With him it is not devotion, but indulgence. But whomsoever the true love of music fires, he may press forward with a disinterested and holy enthusiasm, for he has entered an infinite realm in which every noblest impulse of his nature may freely expand, and all his powers find room for healthy action. The realm of the beautiful tolerates no idlers, no self-seekers; to such it has nothing to show; duty, devotion is the first law there; they who have once entered and caught a glimpse of its glories, must labor, or they shall see no more. So much holier is enthusiasm than pleasure. He in whose breast this chord has once vibrated, whether at the touch of music, of poetry, or of aught in action which may be called beautiful, feels that he has no right to rest longer where he is, that there is something excellent demanding his pursuit—a bright ideal flying before him; if he reaches it, it crumbles in his hand, and another, brighter, from its ashes, soars above him, and so onward, upward to unimaginable perfection.

It is true, the love of music is often called a passion, fatal to all energy of character and steadiness of habits. It becomes, in the low sense, a passion, because it is checked, because not fostered, nor allowed its place in the harmonious growth of the whole nature. A natural and innocent impulse, of which no account is taken, which is not recognized as a legitimate element in education, asserts itself with blind fury against the antagonist principles that threaten to supplant it. If neglected in the nursery of young souls, it will run riot over the whole ground, like a rank weed, exhausting the soil. Train it, and it shall be an ornament to your garden. In this point of view, music would be ennobled in public estimation by an acquaintance with the lives of some of the great masters of the Art. Haydn toiled in his profession with a gigantic industry, hardly second to that of Michael Angelo. Almost in infancy he eagerly improved every slightest opportunity which could develop his talent. Too poor to purchase lessons in Thorough Bass, he got hold of an old treatise on the subject, which with infinite pains he deciphered, studying day and night in an old garret, without fire, almost without food, proving all as fast as he learned, upon a rickety old harpsichord, and making a thousand little discoveries of his own, which astonished the musical world in his own first compositions; till chance threw him in the way of a cross old music-master, and he won his favor by the most sedulous voluntary attentions and menial services, so that he gave him some instruction in counterpoint. He was now prepared to enter the fields as a composer. He drew his inspiration from nature, and delivered music from the stiff, mechanical rules of counterpoint, making the basis of every composition the air, the natural melody of the heart. For food for his imagination he diligently collected those ancient original airs which are to be found amongst every people. From this time forward his studies rarely fell short of sixteen hours a day. And the number of compositions of his

own which he enumerated in his old age is almost incredible. Where in the annals of pleasure shall we find instances of a devotion like this? Handel and Beethoven are still grander instances. The inference to be drawn from this is, not that all the world should be Haydns, but that any pursuit, which can so totally absorb the whole energies of one man, and that a man of genius, cannot be without its significance to all men. That must be a popular element which can completely occupy, without exhausting, any one man's life. An individual cannot long live sundered from the heart of the world. That is the condition of the man of pleasure. The secret of the superhuman strength and perseverance of genius in its own department is, that it labors to perfect one of the everlasting elements of human nature, and thus unites itself with the heart and soul of all times, has the sympathy of all humanity (in the long run) with it in its work. A Michael Angelo, a Handel, a Milton, a Plato, could not have toiled so consistently and so long, if we and all men had not some interest in their labors. Each of these men represented something which is universal, common to all men in some degree, or they had not lived. Mere idiosyncrasies are short threads, and soon run out; they are cut off from the great source of supplies.

[To be continued.]

"The Crayon" and the "Journal of Music."

We heartily endorse the following warm recommendation, which we find in the *Boston Courier*, of that excellent Art-Journal, the "CRAYON," and we must own to not a little pride as well as gratitude at finding the name of our own Journal coupled with it in the same honorable mention and upon the same high grounds. We shall have the vanity to copy the article entire, partly in duty to the *Crayon*, but partly that the chance reader into whose hands this number of our paper may fall, may see what some of the most respected authorities in Art and Literature think of us, and of the duty of a music-loving public to support a high-toned Journal of Music.

Are our readers aware of the existence of a journal called "THE CRAYON"? It is published once a month by W. Hollingsworth, 393 Broadway, N. Y.; and N. D. Cotton, 272 Washington St., is the agent here. Each number is a quarto of 32 pages; and the subscription is three dollars a year. The object of this journal, as stated in the prospectus, is "to furnish valuable papers on diverse subjects, including essays and reviews on Art, Science and Literature, with interesting and amusing correspondence; both foreign and domestic; also tales, sketches of scenery, and sketches of social life, besides a great variety of comment on books, and a gossip about Art throughout the country. Special attention is given to Architecture and Landscape Gardening, the two most popular departments of Art of the day." The object thus set forth has been most distinctly attained. The *Crayon* does furnish "valuable papers on diverse subjects." There will be found in its columns vigorous original thinking, good writing, pleasant sketches of travel, and sound criticism on works of art. Its standard is high; the rules by which it judges are severe and ideal; and there is perhaps a little exclusiveness in its point of view—though tastes would differ in this regard. But it has character—spirit—a distinct set of principles, which it stands by—and, in general, uncommon literary merit. At this moment there is appearing in its columns a remarkable series of papers on Greek art, called *The Torso*, from the German of Adolph Stahr. We have never read anything on the subject which, we think, on the whole, quite equal to these articles, so far as they have gone.

And now that our hand is in, we wish to call attention to a journal dealing with kindred subjects, and conducted in a kindred spirit, and this is "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC," published at 21 School St. Boston, appearing once a week, and sold for two dollars a year, or two dollars and a half by carrier. This, too, is an excellent paper; con-

ducted with energy and independence, and never without valuable and interesting matter. The *Crayon* and *Dwight's Journal* have points of resemblance and sympathy, not merely in the fact that they both deal with art, but also in the further fact that they look at art from the same high point of view. Their conceptions and estimates of art are lofty, ideal and intellectual: they regard it not as a luxury or an entertainment merely, but as an influence and a power commissioned to exalt and purify humanity, and to brace it for the discharge of its appointed duties. The *Journal* stands by Bach and Beethoven as against Donizetti and Verdi, though not unjust to these last; the *Crayon* has a decided inclination towards Pre-Raphaelitism, and is rather more than just to the professors of that austere and intellectual school. We do not object to this: the tendency of the times is towards the voluptuous, the sensual, or the merely entertaining in art; and we are well content to have periodicals that lean backward a little the other way.

Considering the present state of business and politics in the city of New York, we think it a noticeable fact that a journal of such lofty idealism, and of such spiritual views of art, as the *Crayon*, should be published there; and it should serve, as far as it goes, to modify the hasty generalizations we are inclined to draw from a few marked phenomena. Masses of men are neither so good nor so bad as they seem. We hold it to be the first duty of every good man, good citizen, and head of a family, to subscribe for the *Boston Courier*. We doubt if any man can be saved who neglects to do so. But after this solemn and imperative obligation is discharged, the next best thing he can do is to subscribe for the *Crayon* and the *Journal of Music*. Mind, we say both, and not merely one. The rule of interpretation which substitutes "or" for "and" is not here admissible.

The above observations are spontaneous and unsolicited: they are not called forth by a "Please notice" in the corner. We have subscribed to both these journals from the beginning, and paid for them, and we wish all persons of taste, and "the rest of mankind," to go and do likewise.

The Worcester School of Design.

To the Editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

With your leave I would like to call the attention of your readers to an enterprise which has recently been set on foot in our city, and which bids fair to produce results of which any place might be proud. I allude to the *Worcester School of Design and Academy of Fine Arts*, which opened its rooms in December of last year, since which time over one hundred students have received instruction in the various branches of Art which are there taught in the most thorough manner. The principal of the Academy, Miss M. Imogene Robinson, favorably remembered as a teacher in the Art-departments of the seminaries at Charlestown and Auburndale, has recently spent two years in Germany, under the instruction of Schroedter and of Camphausen—bright names in the Düsseldorf school of painting. The assiduity with which she pursued her studies while abroad is shown in the number of works of rare excellence which adorn the walls of the institution. In addition to these evidences of her own talent, she has collected much that is of incalculable value to the student who would study Art in its highest phases; and, in this respect, the school is not surpassed by any in the country. During the short space of time it has been opened, our citizens have testified their approbation of its excellent character in a manner, the liberality of which will do much towards enlarging the sphere of its action. Its students have been of all ages, from the child of six years, taking its first lessons in drawing or design, to the professional man who requires the knowledge he can here so readily obtain.

An able corps of assistants present facilities for pupils receiving instruction in music, ancient and modern languages, and the English branches. The institution is open at all times for the inspection of those who may desire to learn its character.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Promenade Concerts at the Boston Music Hall came to a grand and formal close last Saturday evening, when all the hands played for the benefit

of the management. The hall was crowded to such an extent that promenading was impossible. This week the concerts have been again continued, but, as it has proved, beyond the boundary of success; the opening of the theatres has turned the popular current. Entering the hall on Tuesday evening, we were struck with the gravity, as well as paucity of the audience; all sat in solemn stillness, listening to the music of the Germania Military Band. But to our agreeable disappointment, the band had for the time being resolved itself into a little orchestra, with strings, reeds, flutes, French horns, &c., under the lead of Mr. EICHLER, and played remarkably well the overture to *Martha*, a cavatina from the *Fille du Regiment* and other things, besides the usual brass band pieces, and a quartet for four trombones, from Mendelssohn, which we did not hear. Depend upon it, an orchestra, even as small as that, is better for the Music Hall than any possible brass band.

Our various musical societies and clubs are arranging their winter campaign. The "German Trio," (Messrs. GAERTNER, JUNGNIKEL and HAUSE) are first in the field already with their subscription paper for six Chamber Concerts, and it is intimated in one of the newspapers that they also intend a series of six Orchestral Concerts!... CARL ZERRAHN, our popular and enterprising conductor, will soon return from Europe. He left here in June, full of the determination to give us more and better Orchestral Concerts than ever before, and we doubt not that his purpose will be realized, whether it depend on himself singly, or in connection with some musical society... It is said also that Mr. SATTER has resisted all those tempting offers abroad, and will give concerts next winter again in Boston... To the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" we look for more of our best feasts of music as a matter of course; most of its members are still in Europe, replenishing their stores while visiting their old home.

The Italian Opera in New York, (whose opening we record elsewhere), meets with continued favor. On Wednesday evening *La Sonnambula* was repeated with renewed triumphs of FREZZOLINI and GASIER; but the tenor LABOCETTA was still suffering from cold. Signorina VESTVALI has been won over to the Ullman-Strakosch party, and was to sing Maffeo Orsini to Frezzolini's Luciozia Borgia last evening. MAX MARETZKE has returned from Furore. Among the artists of whose services Mr. MARSHALL and he are sure, are TAMBERLIK, perhaps the most distinguished tenor after MARTO. Signor STECCHI BOTTARDI, another tenor of high repute, the charming MME. GAZZANIGA, and the other artists with whom she sang last winter—The advent of RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO, too, in the course of the month, is officially announced in the *Tribune*. Nothing more yet of the proposed union of the rival companies.

THALBERG announces three Concerts, in connection with VIEUXTEMPS, at Niblo's Saloon, to commence next Tuesday evening. The prince of pianists and the prince of violinists should be a great attraction. It is intimated that these three concerts without orchestra will be followed by others with orchestra. The true power of the solo violin and of Vieuxtemps, requires orchestral accompaniment.—The novelty of the season in the concert will be Miss JULIANA MAT, "who (says the journal above quoted) after years of study in Europe, and with talents which ensured her an engagement in London at the Queen's Theatre, (which she was induced to set aside by promises which we understand have not been kept,) returns to her native country to begin a career which we trust will be one of which she and her countrymen who are devotees of Art, may justly be proud. We look forward to her first concert at Niblo's on Tuesday of next week with interest."

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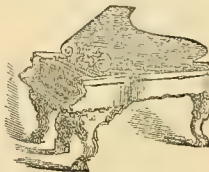
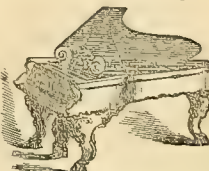
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Carl Maria von Weber.

This noble composer has of late been several times the subject in this paper. Among others the "Characteristics," by Dr. ZOPFF, in Nos. 2 and 3, Vol. XI., are remarkable, as evidently belonging to that kind of criticism which delights in striving to discover new defects in a genius, like the astronomer who again and again turns his telescope to the glorious sun, to find, if possible, some more spots, or to ascertain more closely the shape and nature of the old ones. For the advancement of science such investigations may sometimes prove useful; but in the present case I do not believe that much is gained by trying one's magnifying glasses on a composer who has always been considered a model of dramatic music, and who especially in our time, where the champions of the "music of the future" seem to proscribe anything that is simple, graceful and expressive, should be held up as a beacon to the rising generation. Like most of his countrymen, I think of WEBER with love and esteem, and it was, therefore, long since my intention to attempt a picture of this noble man and composer, as he appears to me from his musical and literary works, as well as from the oral accounts of persons who were fortunate enough to enjoy his acquaintance.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER enjoyed a popularity among all classes of his countrymen, to which no other composer has as yet attained; and though his *Lieder* (small lyric songs), which once sounded from every body's lips, begin now, after more than thirty years, to be forgotten, yet his operas and other larger works retain their lustre unimpaired, and are perhaps more universally appreciated than ever before, as is partly proved

by the great success of "Oberon," lately performed upon the stage in Paris. Besides, the solemn transportation of his ashes from London to Dresden about twenty years after his death, and the earnest efforts since then constantly made to raise a statue to his memory, show sufficiently that his popularity has lost nothing. The "Freischütz," "Euryanthe," "Oberon," "Preciosa," and "Silvana," will remain ornaments to the stage for a long time to come; above all the first named. I do not hesitate to say that no opera, not even "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio" excepted, has made so deep and lasting an impression on the German people generally, as the "Freischütz." In the richly ornamented parlors of the noblesse, as well as in the humble dwelling of the poor mechanic, this music was heard incessantly; the cook sang it in the kitchen, the boy whistled it in the street; in short, it sounded everywhere, and everywhere with equal animation. This was quite natural. What a wealth of beautiful, striking and original, and yet so simple melodies does this musical drama contain! On the whole, Weber's genius strikingly manifests itself in all his compositions by his fine melodies. To invent a beautiful melody, without recalling to mind anything already existing, is a gift bestowed on comparatively very few composers. The present generation, especially, is as barren in melodies as our railways are in flowers. And yet, say what you may of counterpoint and fugue, nothing refreshes the ear more, and the heart too, than a fine melody. Even the gray theorist who employs his time to prove the difference between a *superfluous fourth* and a *small fifth*, so to speak with plumb and square, cannot resist its charm. Perchance you will see a tear glitter in his eye, and he thinks after all it's a poor fuss he is making with his fourths and his fifths; if he were only young again, and could love again,—what beautiful melodies would he compose right from the heart! It is, then, chiefly by his touching melodies that Weber has engraved his name so deeply in the hearts of all classes of his countrymen.*

To return once more to the "Freischütz." It has sometimes been said that its music is not scientific enough. What can this mean? Without discussing how far science is practicable in opera music, I will only allude to the "Wolf's Glen." If this wonderful tone-picture shows no science, I should like to know what does. Sci-

* I am well aware of the charge made against Weber of having borrowed some of the melodies in the "Freischütz" from a piano-forte concerto by the crazy organist, Louis Böhrner. How much truth there is in this, I cannot say; but I can surely say that he, constantly overflowing with melodies, had no need to borrow from a crazy man.

ence in rhythm, science in the combination of tones, and above all, science in the art of instrumentation. The different instruments, singly and combined, speak here, if I may so say, a language of which one never believed them capable; they seem to be so many living beings, each having its own voice, so strange, so fantastic. In the whole range of opera music, I know of no piece which in this respect could bear comparison with it. The finale, too, contains much science, so as to make it a most useful object of study for all rising opera composers. The "Freischütz" has lately been performed several times in New York; but so far as I know, without making a lasting impression. No wonder, in a place where the superficial, sentimental and effeminate melodies of the modern Italian composers are the daily food for the opera-goers, it will take a good time before their spoiled stomachs are able to digest the sound, vigorous music of a Weber. Of "Euryanthe," "Oberon," etc., I shall say nothing, since I suppose there are few of my readers who, at least for the present, will have an opportunity to hear them; but I cannot omit to remark that whenever any of these are to be performed in Germany, it is considered a great event, and masters and scholars in the art of Music come from distant cities to pay homage to the author.

The skill which Weber possessed in instrumentation has always struck me as remarkable; the more so since, for aught I know, he played no orchestral instrument whatever. His operas, as well as his purely orchestral compositions, afford abundant evidence of that skill. But there are, also, Solos and Concertos for nearly all instruments, among which I remember with pleasure two Concertos for the clarinet, and one for the horn, with accompaniment of orchestra. In these the solo instrument does not display empty runs and hollow passages, as is now so frequently the case in solo pieces, but it has the leading, the most eloquent and brilliant part of a fine, sometimes almost dramatic orchestral composition. Of his Piano-forte works the "Concertstück" and the "Invitation to the Dance," are great favorites with our musical public here, as well as everywhere. Less popular are the Sonatas, which nevertheless, as also a great number of pieces for four hands, may well be classed with the best in our piano-forte literature.

Weber has occasionally been engaged in literary pursuits. His writings, mostly on musical matters, are published in several volumes. The impression the perusal of these books leaves is that he was a man of high culture, of a hearty and affectionate disposition, and withal very religious. These latter traits of his character are still more apparent in a series of letters to his

intimate friend, the celebrated theorist, Gottfried Weber, late editor of the musical periodical, called *Cæcilia*, in which these letters were first published.

As a virtuoso on the piano-forte, Weber enjoyed in his time a high reputation. It is said that in earlier days he busied himself much with lithography, for which he showed a decided taste. If this is true, one cannot help wondering that he attained to such mastery on an instrument, which requires fingers of a flexibility rarely to be found with persons engaged in the lithographic art.

Of his life I will briefly mention that he was born in Eutin, a city in Holstein, in northern Germany; a tablet with an inscription marks the house of his birth. Later in life, besides traveling at occasional intervals as piano-forte virtuoso, he held for some time the position of opera-conductor at the theatre in Breslau; subsequently in Prague, when, finally, he was appointed chapel-master of the royal stage in Dresden, in which situation he remained to the end of his life. Dr. Zopf tells us that he was chapel-master to the king of Prussia, in Berlin. I confess that this is news to me. I can hardly believe that Weber would have accepted an appointment under Spontini, who at that time was general chapel-master in Berlin. At any rate, it must have looked queer to see the gentle, sensitive, hunchbacked little German together with the fierce looking Italian, that imposing personage, with his white stiff cravat reaching up to his nose, and covered all over with orders. If the Dr., however, means to say that Weber had only the title of Prussian chapel-master, without being in actual service, I have no reason to doubt it, though I have never heard or read of it.

Weber is often called a "truly German" composer, and, in my opinion, properly so. The reason is partly this. His fame began with the rise of his fatherland after the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo. A feeling of nationality amounting to enthusiasm pervaded the whole German people. The highly beloved poet, THEODORE KOERNER, a model of every manly virtue—who in a fight with the enemy fell, only twenty-two years old, a victim of his valor and his love of country—had left a number of poems expressing the woes and joys, the hopes and disappointments of that grand struggle to shake off a heavy foreign yoke. Not only the sentiments, but also the glowing, powerful language in which they were expressed, qualified these poems to become the favorite songs of the people. But a song in words alone will never become popular: it is on the wings of sound that it is borne through countries and cities, from ear to ear, from heart to heart. Weber being, like Koerner, full of patriotism, found in these poems just what he had long wished for. He eagerly seized the opportunity to echo back, in tones, what the other had expressed so finely in words. Thus music and words became one inseparable whole, created as it were by one mind; and the popularity of these songs was unbounded. Further, Weber may be called "truly German," since the text of his operas treats of events so closely connected with German sentiments, customs and history; but, above all, because he remained true in his art to the principles established by his great countrymen; he did not, like Meyerbeer, Flotow and others, turn apostate. In comparison with the sugar-and-water music of the Italian school, as founded by

Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, etc., and with the noisy, unmelodious productions (to be sure there are exceptions) of the French composers, like Auber, Adam, Halevy, etc., he may well be called a "truly German" composer. Original in invention, careful in execution, bearing the marks of diligence and science, beautiful and true:—such is the music of Carl Maria von Weber; such is in the main the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. True, he was not so universal a genius as those just mentioned, who belong to the whole world. Perhaps his glory will for the greatest part remain confined within the limits of his native country. Yet, even if it be so, his labors in the realm of tones will in one way or another benefit all countries; for what is great and good in a man never dies; it lives on in his works as well as in the hearts of his disciples, his followers, who carry the seeds sown by their beloved master into far distant regions. pp.

Music in Universities.

[From the New York Musical World.]

The Professor whom we would place* in the Choir of Music in a University, we need not say should be something different from the *Professor* of a Yankee Musical Convention; certainly very different from some of them. He must not be a mere psalm-smiter, not a teacher of the gamut, interspersing the shallowest of instruction with the most forlorn of jokes. We have seen such professors, have listened to their vapid teachings, and wondered at the length to which human impudence will go.

Nor would we, to fill our University Chair, go to the other extreme; for that, though far better, would be going further than would be desirable in our academic course of study. We should not choose the man whom we would select for the instructor of a conservatoire, not a Marx or a Garcia. Such teaching is for the education of the professional musician, not for the accomplished amateur of the college. They would go as far beyond the mark of the musical training that we would give in our colleges, as the former would fall short of it.

Some practical instruction we would have given. We would have singing taught; we would have it cultivated with care. Singing for social purposes and also for the services of religion. We would have *all* in whom Nature has implanted any capacity for the divine art, instructed in it, so as to take their part as occasion should require. It is unnecessary to speak here of the occasions in which music should have a part. The daily service of every college chapel throughout the land need only be mentioned: and the daily and nightly reunion of kindred and congenial spirits that meet in every college hall, alone give field enough for the exercise and practice of the knowledge that might be acquired. How is it, in fact, in either of these cases? A half a dozen voices perhaps, ill trained, ill balanced, ill arranged, make up the choir that on Sundays fills the singing gallery of the college chapel. In the social club, one or two individuals can sing a sentimental song, and all can roar out a convivial chorus. And on public days, a dozen flutes and a trombone and violoncello discourse sweet music, (so it is called on the bills of the day,) to the assembled audience. Of *good* music, of artistic, even of amateur-like performance, there is none at all.

A master spirit is wanting; one who shall lead, who shall instruct, who shall inspire, who shall kindle enthusiasm and love of what is truly great by giving knowledge of what is great; who shall criticize, who shall guide to good achievements in the future by knowing and telling of what genius has done in the past. Look for a moment at our Professors of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres, for example, whose sphere, perhaps, comes nearest to that of the Musical Professor. Take Longfellow and Lowell. They are not mere linguists. They are not the drudging teachers of

the alphabets and the moods and tenses of the various languages that fall within their departments. No one who has sat under the teachings of Longfellow can fail to recollect that this is not where the charm of his instructions lay. It is the enthusiasm of a spirit that has drunk long and deep at the fountains of modern learning, that he showed; he gave the outpourings of an overflowing and richly laden mind. He excited you to go yourself upon the search for the singing leaves and the magic waters. He did not pour them down your throat with a spoon, but stirred your soul to go where he had been, to draw for yourself, and showed you that the well indeed was deep. He led you to the feet of Dante, of Cervantes and Goethe, and taught you to love them, taught you to study for yourself what they had done. He took the Faust, the Don Quixote and the Divine Comedy and showed you how grand, how worthy to be studied they were. Dearer even than the well loved poems that he has given to the world, will ever be, in the memory of those who enjoyed the instructions of Longfellow, the recollection of his labors in the professor's chair.

Such a man would we have, if he could be obtained, for the Professor of Music in our colleges. Not a pedant. Let him be as learned as you please, but he must be more. He should be a scholar, who is to speak to scholars. He should be an enthusiast, who is to address young and enthusiastic hearers. He should be full of the spirit of good music, rather than of the crotchets and quavers of which it is made. He should be full of the spirit of the great masters of the Art,—should know their lives and their works, should be able to create a love for that which is truly great, and to impart principles of criticism that shall enable his pupils to distinguish the great from the little, the dazzle of superficial show from the solid and enduring splendor of works of immortal worth. W.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Liszt and his Followers.

(Extracts from the Diary of WILLIAM SAAR.)

BERLIN, APRIL 18, 1857.—Just returned from my excursion to Frankfort, where I paid a visit to the piano-forte virtuoso, Hans von Buelow, and to some other well-known pupils and followers of Liszt. I inquired about Liszt; learned that he takes no pay for instruction; so of course he only takes pupils who have especial talent, and who please him otherwise. He is very sensitive too; if one calls on him, it will not do to say a word about instruction, he must only ask admission to his Matinées. It requires some valor to approach him, since he is very moody; besides he has many scholars, has a great deal to do in his capacity of Court kapellmeister, composes a great deal, and is much taken up with his party, the Wagner-Liszt-Berlioz movement. He is in correspondence with half the musical world; and I heard, too, that he was going to direct the Whitsuntide musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I must make haste, therefore, if I would go to Weimar, since he will commence the rehearsals at Aix a fortnight beforehand, and when the festival is over, he will set out for the baths. I have sought for a letter of introduction, and probably shall get it; still I have the greatest anxiety, since it is a very precarious thing to depend upon the humors of a man. But courage!

MAY 8.—I shall receive to-morrow from a friend a letter of introduction to Liszt.

MAY 9.—While I was at Professor Dehn's this morning, I informed him of my near departure, and he asked me: "Have you an introduction to Liszt?" "Not yet," I answered; whereupon he said: "I will give you one, if you wish. Come this evening and get it." I had

now two introductions in prospect. In the evening I go to Prof. Dehn, who says to me: "See here, my dear friend, I met to-day a person, with whom I spoke about you, and we have talked the matter over; I think it better that I give you no introduction to Liszt, for it would do you more harm than good to be introduced by me, since I occupy an entirely opposite musical standpoint to that of Liszt. Personally we have been and still are the best friends; but, as you know, in all that relates to opinions and to school, our relation to one another is that of cats and dogs, and the maxim of the Weimar party is: Who is not with me is against me; neutrality is not recognized among them."—After a pause Prof. D. continued: "If you go to Liszt introduced by me, and you find him in good humor, he will perhaps listen to you; but if he happens to be in bad humor, he will say perhaps: 'Prof. Dehn,—hem! old school—wears a queue—have no use for such people here.' Now tell me, will you take the risk of an introduction from me? If so, I will write you one immediately; it is for you to choose."—I never found myself in such a dilemma: on the one hand to offend Dehn, on the other hand to injure myself. I reflected. (What he had just said to me, was what I had long known already, and this was the reason why I had never asked him for an introduction). Then I said: "Yes, Herr Professor, it is indeed a ticklish matter; I will think it over a little; at all events I am very grateful to you, etc., etc."—And so I changed the subject, spoke of something else, took my leave and appeared to have entirely forgotten the history of the letter of introduction.

MAY 10.—This afternoon I was at the house of my friend Draeseke, musical writer, critic and composer, and a follower of Liszt. I said to him: "Draeseke, you must give me a letter of introduction; you are on good terms with Liszt and are besides my friend; so make no more ado about it; I do not need an introduction proper, I shall introduce myself; it is only on account of the awkward ceremony of presenting oneself and having to give one's whole autobiography, so that the man may know who I am; and after all he cherishes certain politic doubts about the identity of my person and the honesty of my purposes; I know nobody in Weimar who could recognize me; at last in despair I pull out my passport, exhibit it with rage, and he understands not a word of English,—in short—D. "When do you start?"—I. "To-morrow evening."—D. "This evening I will bring you the letter, I will write it at once."—I. "Good! in the meantime I thank you. Adieu!"—

MONDAY, MAY 11.—*Donnerwetter!* Some one knocks—it must be early yet—I rub my sleepy eyes—look at the clock—half past six. Knocks again. Come in! Good morning, little Saar.—"Good morning, big Draeseke. What's the matter at this early hour; sit down."—"Did you get the letter of introduction which I left here for you yesterday?"—"To be sure."—"You must give it back to me. I was last night at the Soirée at Buelow's with fellows of our party, and I spoke of you and told them, among other things, that I had given you the said letter. "Ah," cried Buelow, clapping his hands together over his head, "unlucky wight, what have you done? Take back the letter, or you will fall in Liszt's regard, and so will the young man, for Liszt has declared, so many come to him with letters of recommenda-

tion, that it drives him to distraction; as he cannot possibly receive all who come so introduced, he offends the introducers, and he does not like to be taxed by everybody."—What was I to do? I gave him back the letter, since he said he would not on any account be guilty of any *faux pas* towards Liszt. Fye! shame on you, ye Liszt-ians! ye are the most servile, slavish-hearted people in the world! What has this man done for you? What has this Liszt done for the world, for Art, that ye reverence him and worship him like a king, and bow down before him as if he were a god?" Nothing, except that he is an amiable man, who fascinates and chains you by his personal qualities, his mind and his *arrogant modesty*." This last phrase is used by Robert Schumann in his musical writings, for example: "Such or such a Symphony, which I composed some time ago, I have thrown into the fire, because it did not please me,"—it is a sort of modesty which compels you at least to say: Ah, what a pity! you should not have done so!—Somewhat such modesty has Liszt. I will not explain it further. His newest hobby is to esteem himself the greatest living genius for composition; this he has ridden now about two years; his latest compositions, to be sure, his "Nine Symphonische Dichtungen," and his great Mass for chorus and orchestra, I do not know, but I esteem it a hobby nevertheless; for it is well known that Liszt, when Paganini appeared and excited a *furor*, had wholly retired from virtuosodom; but Paganini's playing so excited him, that he began anew in Paris, and for three years practised so energetically, till he became the great hero of the keyboard that he now is. Just so when Richard Wagner struck off into his new dramatic and really remarkable direction, his works so inspired Liszt that he too sat down over scored paper, and lo!—he has conceived and brought forth—what? one can only tell who has himself heard it.

One cannot in these days rely upon the musical judgment of those who are otherwise most reasonable men; for all the musicians in Germany just now are crazy; everybody screams and scribbles, criticizes and composes; every one thinks he knows what he will, every one storms and makes a noise, and no one knows wherefore. I often get confused myself, so that I ask myself, to what does all this lead? Is this true, which you say and think, or is it but a momentary illusion, or the influence of a strange element? Frequently I hear something (of course I speak only of more modern compositions) and I am pleased comparatively; I hear it again and I find it really miserably made. I hear in Schumann* and Wagner the sharpest dissonances, and it makes a monstrous, shudderingly sweet, mystical impression on me; and I hear a simple little melody of Mozart and am moved almost to tears. Then there are times when I am seized by an irresistible desire to ridicule the illogical harmonic sequences of the one and the sheer tediousness and sentimentality of the other. . . . But enough of this digression. To come back to facts: Instead of two letters of introduction I had now not one; yet I shall set out this evening.

MAY 12. Arrived here to-day in Weimar. Called first on some pupils of Liszt, and on his secretary. Learn that Liszt is unwell and not to be spoken with; with regard to an introduction

and presentation to him, what I heard in Berlin was confirmed. I have also met here a singer, with whom I was at the Conservatoire in Leipzig. With him I passed the rest of the day, taking a view of Weimar and its environs.

MAY 13.—Called on Liszt's secretary, inquired about Liszt's health, and explained my object. The secretary was friendly enough to tell me, that he would prepare L. for my visit, and bring me word when he would receive me. Actually he came two hours after to my hotel and said, that Liszt would see me that very day between three and four o'clock. With beating heart I made my toilet as elegant as possible and was soon on my way. After all that had been told me it cannot be wondered that I found myself in a state of most feverish agitation; but I manned myself with recalling my good mother's words on such occasions: "He won't bite your head off!"—Liszt received me in a very friendly manner in his study. After the first greetings we sat down; I told him about my studies, about his friends and my friends in Berlin, gave him their greetings as a sort of legitimation of myself, and concluded in about these words: "Yes, Herr Doctor (he has received the title from a university), ever since my arrival in Europe it has been by my most earnest wish to come here, and I believe that I can nowhere complete my studies better than here, where your influence is so friendly and so elevating. Might I then hope, provided you are not displeased with me and my acquirements, that you will occasionally give me your kind advice about my studies? O do, pray do," I said in the most coaxing manner. He bent his head. There was a pause. I knew not what to make of his answer, which, diplomatically enough, was *no* answer. At last he began: "You know, the Princess (with whom he lives and to whom he is privately married) is now very ill; it looks very gloomy here in the house; besides, I feel quite unwell myself. But come and see me again in a few days and play me something. Next Sunday I have a *Matinée*, a few friends and pupils come, I hope I shall see you then. Do you remain here so long?"—"I shall go meanwhile to Leipzig, and pay my respects to you again on Saturday,"—"Very well, I shall be glad to see you. *Au revoir!*"—And so the long expected audience was ended. What should I do the next days here? I will set out in the morning for Leipzig, which is only two hours distant, to see my teachers and friends once more.

MAY 14.—This morning at 5 o'clock started for Leipzig. As I entered the place, a feeling almost of melancholy crept over me, the houses seemed to nod to me like old acquaintances, reminiscences of my first period of study came back again, which had made Leipzig dear as a second home to me. All my old acquaintances and teachers appeared very glad to see me once more, and yet all seemed changed—or was it I? But here too the old unrest came upon me, which had accompanied me on my whole tour; and the uncertainty about my fate in Weimar made me impatient till I got back there on Saturday.

MAY 16.—As soon as I arrived again in Weimar I went to Liszt; he was not to be seen; I must wait till the morrow, at the *Matinée*.

SUNDAY, MAY 17.—To day then, on my birthday, it will be decided: will this bring me good luck? At eleven o'clock I went to the *Matinée*. Liszt received me again very friendly, introduced

* Why couple Schumann with Wagner?—ED.

me to those present, friends, and pupils of his of both sexes. Music was made; pianists played; Liszt sat over them at the piano, directing in some sort, encouraging them, and giving here and there a hint during the performance; new compositions too were tried over; it looked more like a practising hour than like a *Matinée*.

There was very good, indeed masterly playing, in a technical point of view; but much was not according to my taste; it was too French, too far-fetched, too much of contrast and striving for effect. At last he said: "Herr S. do *you* play something." I begged him to make allowance for me, since I had played almost nothing for eight days, and seating myself at the piano, I played the B minor Scherzo (op. 20) of Chopin, according to my previous conception of it. Liszt and those present applauded me; he said: "Bravo! very well played, only I should wish some little things differently rendered." Thereupon he sat down at the instrument and played me a portion of the middle movement; it was in the manner already described, strong lights and shades, with which I had been so much struck in the other piano-players. As he said nothing further, I now asked him quite decidedly whether I might hope to be his pupil. He said: "You see, I have already a great many pupils, and otherwise a great deal to do; and I am going to travel now for three months; but—come here in August and be sure to call on me then." With that he took leave of me, vanished into another room, and the guests were left to themselves.—His answer seemed to me not definite enough; but as all the scholars congratulated me and told me I was accepted, that one can never get any more definite reply from Liszt, that this is his manner, his court manner, I shall return here in August.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, AUG. 20.—As everybody knows, London is divided by the river Thames into two great sections, and one of these sections, the lesser one, lying to the south, is known as the "Surrey side." In this part of the city, and not far from the famous Blackfriars' Bridge, is the Royal Surrey Theatre; and by the way I might remark that almost everything in London is "royal" in some degree; for instance, you can buy a half-pound of crackers of an individual who announces himself as "Royal Biscuit Baker to her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent." The prefix is applied to most of the London theatres, and as the Queen is an indefatigable play-goer, I believe most of them have some claim to the title.

The attraction that drew me to the Royal Surrey Theatre, was the announcement of *Lucia* and an act of *Trovatore*, with LUCY ESCOTT as prima donna. The building is comfortable and ugly, being in fact rather shabby than otherwise; the auditorium is ungraceful in shape, though admirably adapted for commanding in every part a full view of the stage, and the proscenium is a perfect eyesore. The tariff of admittance ranges from sixpence to half a crown, and the audience are chiefly composed, especially in the sixpenny department, of the working classes who attend the opera in shirt sleeves, and who according to an announcement on the staircase, are not allowed to bring bottles with them. Instead of the pestiferous cries of "Op'ra book, book of the op." which we hear at our own opera-houses, the Royal Surrey between the acts resounds with such cries as "Porter, ginger beer, penny a bottle," "Here's your good old porter, porter, p-o-r-t-e-r!" Yet during the per-

formance the audience is as attentive, and appreciative, as any of our more delicate snobs at the Academy of Music, or Boston Theatre, and woe be to the unlucky female whose babe in arms begins to cry during the prima donna's cadenza, as babes in arms at the opera always do.

Lucy Escott is, I think, an American lady, and hails from Springfield, Mass. She appears to be a favorite here, to judge from the enthusiasm with which she is always received, and possesses many claims to popularity. Her histrionic powers are fair, and she sings with considerable taste and sweetness, though I do not think her voice is powerful or of extensive compass. In *Lucia*, by far her best performance was the andante aria in the mad scene, which was exquisitely given. In the concluding air, known in the Italian version as *Spargi d'amaro*, she took great liberties with the score, entirely altering the last half dozen bars, and introducing instead, a series of brilliant but meaningless cadenzas. In *Trovatore* and in *Traviata*, in which I subsequently heard her perform, she exhibits also evidences of taste and cultivation, and should she visit America, I think she will be found to be, if not a great, yet a very agreeable and enjoyable lyric artiste, and one of whom we may, to use the old newspaper phrase, well feel proud.

The company at the Surrey is strong in what all the English opera companies I have heretofore heard in America, are particularly weak—in the department of first tenors. This troupe has two good tenor singers. Messrs. HENRY HAIGHT and HENRY SQUIRES. The former gentleman, a *tenore robusto* of good compass and method, I was told was an American, though like the unlucky Hafed in the Pacha of many Tales, *I very much doubted the fact*. My informant, who appeared to be quite communicative and well versed in the history of the Surrey theatre, also informed me that a couple of seasons ago, Messrs. Cramer and Beale, who are also the proprietors of this English troupe, had attempted a season of Italian opera, which failed, although they had with them *Monns Gasseer*!

"By the way," said my friend, "he was a great fellow; did you ever see him?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Why, *Monns Gasseer*," said he. I answered in the negative, and wondered who *Monns Gasseer* might be.

"Never heered *Monns Gasseer*," continued my friend in a deprecatory tone; "that's too bad, for *Monns* is a capital chap. And perhaps you've never heered *Ky-u-gly-ny*?"

I assured him that I never had had that pleasure; and a glimmering dawned upon my mind that he might be referring to some of the members of a company of Choctaw Indians, that I had heard were exhibiting themselves in some part of the city. So I inquired at a venture if he had ever seen *Monns*, and *Ky-what's* his name, do their national war-dance. This puzzled my worthy friend, and he eyed me doubtfully, and then remarked that he did not before know that Italian opera singers had any particular national war-dance. Then it was that there fell from my mental eyes as it were scales, and I suddenly perceived that *Monns Gasseer* was but an Anglo-Saxon's pronunciation of *Mons. Gassier*, and that by the same process of reasoning, *Ky-u-gly-ny* was happily resolved into *Giuglini*, the tenor, who lately appeared with such great success under Mr. Lumley's management.

As to Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, the other first tenor of Beale and Cramer's English company, I have a vague idea that he too is an American. His voice is pleasant, but he strains frequently in his upper notes; yet on the whole he is the best English tenor I have heard, and is I believe the best on the stage excepting SIMS REEVES. He delivered the male-diction scene of *Lucia* better than I have heard it

done even by more celebrated Italian singers, and his concluding air was a very fine performance. He should visit the United States, and indeed I am inclined to think the troupe would do well there. The baritone, Mr. DURAND, is a careful, pleasing singer, and the contralto, Miss LANZA, possesses more ability both vocally and dramatically than most seconde donne on the operatic stage. The conductor is Mr. J. H. TOLLY, well-known in the musical world as a composer of ballads and dance-music.

The Italian opera companies that have lately been delighting London opera-goers are now dispersed throughout the provinces, and I notice that Mr. Lumley's troupe, or a fragment of it, comprising BOSIO, VICTOIRE BALFE, GRAZIANI, Mme. DIDIER, TAGLIAFICO and NERI BERALDI, are to appear next week at Birmingham, their repertoire embracing *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Farorita*, *Sonnambula*, and *L'Elisir*. Mr. Gye's troupe, comprising GRISI, PICCOLOMINI, MARIO, &c., are shortly to appear again, at low prices, in the Princess's Theatre, London, where a superb performance of *Norma* will be given, with Grisi in her own great role, Mme. GASSIER, who is a very great favorite, as Adalgisa, and Mario as Pollione. On the off-nights of the Opera, these artists, with ALBONI, may be heard for a shilling, in conjunction with Jullien's band and displays of fireworks, at the Surrey Gardens, which, by the way, must not be confounded with the Surrey Theatre, though these two establishments are in the same part of the city.

TROVATORE.

WORCESTER, (ENG.) AUG. 29.—The one hundred and thirty-fourth meeting of the Choirs of Hereford Gloucester and Worcester Cathedrals has taken place in the Cathedral at Worcester during the week just closing, and though these meetings were originally attended only by the members of the three choirs, they of late years have employed so much additional musical force, as to fairly merit the title of Musical Festival. Indeed all the Musical Festivals that so frequently take place in the English Cathedrals, were originally mere meetings of the choirs for the purpose of practising together; but at present the highest vocal and instrumental ability in the country is added to the local talent, and the Festivals now present to the lover of music one of the most attractive features of old England.

Were it not somewhat out of place, I would like to speak at length here of the many interesting features of this noble old Cathedral—of its varied styles of architecture, from the Norman to the Italian—of its wealth of monumental statuary—of its kingly tomb and princely chapel—of its graceful and elaborate tower, a landmark for miles around—of its dark and dismal crypt, where have lain for centuries the bones of Christians that have lived and died when their faith was new among the religions upon earth—and of the wondrous architectural restorations that are progressing, and disclosing to light beauties that have been hidden for ages. But at present I will confine myself to the musical performances that have just taken place within its venerable walls.

The grand nave was the only portion of the Cathedral devoted to the Festival, and the performers were allotted their position on a rising platform, that gradually ascended from the floor to a level with the organ-loft, the gilt pipes of the large organ forming a fine background to the vista as seen from below; a corresponding platform at the opposite end of the nave ascended to the great western window, and was used for the accommodation of visitors, while the body of the nave, and the side aisles, were filled with chairs for the same purpose. The view of this immense space, crowded as it was with as elegant and intelligent a body of listeners as I have ever beheld, was truly impressive. There were all the accessories to make it an imposing scene, viewing it merely in an artistic light. There were the

stained glass windows—the sculptured monuments—the high o'erspread arches—the massive pillars—the marble effigies of dead knights reposing on their tombs—and mingled with these, the gorgeously attired audience, composed chiefly of the ladies and gentlemen of wealth and title from the surrounding district. And here I might as well state, that excellent as these festivals are, and serving a worthy charity as they do, they cannot be at all considered as diffusing a musical taste throughout the masses of the people. The charges of admission are too high for this; on the present occasion they were fifteen and ten shillings to the nave, according to the location of the seats, and three and sixpence, or about a dollar, to the side aisles, whence little could be seen, though the music could be heard equally as well. This latter price is lower than last year, when the charge to the same part of the house was five shillings.

The Festival, which lasted four days, commenced on the 25th inst. The three choirs previously mentioned were present in full force, assisted by a numerous chorus, some of whose members came from distant towns, London and Liverpool giving their share. The orchestra comprised many of the best musicians in the country, whose names I insert below, and most of whom will be recognized at once as men of deserved reputation in their profession:

Violins.—M. SAINTON, Mr. H. Blagrove (Principals), Mr. Willey (Principal Second), Messrs. Bannister, Blagrove, W., Carrodus, Chipp, E., Clementi, Cusins, W. G., Dando, D'Eville, J. H., Elgar, Griesbach, Hill, Hopkins, Jones, S. Kelly, Mellon, Mori, N., Newsham, Perry, E., Prichard, Reynolds, A., Spray, Thirlwall, Tolbecque, Watson, Zerbini.

Violas.—Messrs. R. Blagrove (Principal), Alsept, H., Elgar, H., Glanville, Thomas, W., Trust, Webb, Westlake.

Violoncellos.—Messrs. Lucas (Principal), Phillips, W. L. (Principal Second), Aylward, Chipp, H., Guest, Hancock, Reed, Waite.

Double Basses.—Messrs. Howell (Principal), Castell, Edgar, Mount, Pratten, F., Reynolds, Severn, Winterbottom, A.

Flutes.—Messrs. Pratten, S., Card, E.

Oboes.—Messrs. Nicholson, Horton G.

Clarinets.—Messrs. Lazarus (Morning Principal), Williams (Evening Principal).

Bassoons.—Messrs. Anderson, Waetzig.

Trumpets.—Messrs. Harper, T., Irwin.

Horns.—Messrs. Harper, C., Mann, Rae, Standen.

Trombones.—Messrs. Cioffi, Horton, J., Winterbottom.

Double Drums.—Mr. Chipp.

Mr. ARNOTT, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, presided at the organ, and Mr. TOWNSEND SMITH of Hereford at the piano forte. Mr. DONE, organist of Worcester, officiated as musical conductor during the Festival, wielding the baton with ability. Of the organ-playing of this gentleman, and of the choir over which he presides, I hope to speak at another time. Through his kind attention I was enabled to get a complete insight into the system of a cathedral choir and its arrangements, and hope to have an early opportunity of writing a few lines in regard to that perfected system of ecclesiastical music, the full choral service, as performed in the English cathedrals.

The solo singers engaged were Mme. CLARA NOVELLO, Miss DOLBY, Mme. WEISS, Mrs. CLARE HEPWORTH, Miss LOUISA VINNING, Miss PALMER, Sig. GARDONI, SIMS REEVES, Mr. MONTM SMITH, Mr. WEISS, Mr. THOMAS and Herr FORMES. At the evening concerts, that were given in an adjacent hall, M. SAINTON, violinist, W. G. CUSINS, pianist, and Mr. R. BLAGROVE, concertinist, appeared as soloists on their respective instruments.

The rehearsals occupied the whole of Monday, the 24th, and on the 25th the Festival fairly commenced, with an imposing religious service, held in the nave, which the mayor and city authorities attended in state, arrayed in their robes of office, and bearing swords, maces, and other incomprehensible concerns, the uses of which are not quite obvious to an American, unaccustomed to such emblematic demonstrations. The service, according to the prescribed liturgical form, was intoned, as is usual in the English

cathedrals, the *Venite* and *Jubilate* being sung antiphonally to that simple yet grand chant, known to all choirs in the United States and in this country as "Tallis." The Psalms for the day were sung to a chant composed by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, a composer well known in the United States, and especially familiar to our Episcopal choirs. Mr. Havergal is a resident of Worcester, occupying the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, and for many years it has been his custom to compose chants for the religious services of these festivals. The *Dettingen Te Deum* was next performed, the solos by Misses Dolby, Gilbert and Palmer, and Messrs. Weiss, Montem Smith and Thomas. An old choral tune, "Gloucester," in which the congregation joined, was selected for the metrical psalm, and Mendelssohn's anthem, "Hear my prayer," in which Mrs. Hepworth sang the principal solo, was next performed. Rev. Mr. LEWIS, one of the canons of the Cathedral, then preached an appropriate sermon, and the interesting exercises concluded with an anthem, "Sing, O heavens," composed for the occasion by Dr. ELVEY, the organist of the Queen's Chapel at Windsor Castle, whose organ-playing I had had the pleasure of listening to a few days before. His anthem is a very superior one, opening with a full chorus, followed by a contralto solo, "The Lord will comfort Zion," to which succeeds a chorus, "Joy and gladness," a tenor solo, "Instead of the thorn," two brilliant choruses, and a concluding and elaborated "Amen."

I wish that instead of this meagre skeleton, I could give you some adequate idea of the effect of this imposing religious service. Imagine, if you can, the noble nave overflowing with the tide of melody, supported by a powerful organ, a full orchestra, and a large chorus—the officiating priests in their surplices and gowns—the choristers of the three cathedrals in their white robes—the municipal authorities glittering in gold and purple—and a numerous and attentive audience, now intently listening to the anthems, now responding to the prayers, and now joining in the familiar chorals. It was indeed an event to be remembered.

On Wednesday morning, a still larger audience was assembled to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Seated in a side aisle, whence I was unable to see the performers, I received no intimation of the commencement of the oratorio, until a noble bass voice, that of Herr Formes, was heard throughout the cathedral, and in an instant the rustling of dresses and the hum of conversation ceased, and every auditor gave his or her attention to the performance. The sacredness of the building prevented any demonstrations of applause, but it was easy to tell from the delighted glances the hearers gave each other at times, which selections were most generally admired. Sig. Gardoni, a tenor, who though old to the stage, as he sang with Jenny Lind in opera, during her first engagement in London, still has a very youthful appearance, delivered the air, "If with all your hearts," with great taste, pronouncing the English words quite correctly. The duet between the widow and the prophet was one of the finest performances of the day, Mme. Novello and Herr Formes assuming their parts in a finished style. The lady has a clear, full soprano, and sings with genuine feeling; she is a truly intellectual singer, and I have heard none so fully competent to sing oratorio music. In the air, "Hear ye, Israel," the effect of her noble voice, filling the entire nave with its thrilling tones, was really wonderful. The quartet, "Cast thy burden," was admirably performed by Mme. Novello, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni and Mr. Montem Smith; but that which gave most pleasure to the audience, and the only piece encored [by request of the Dean], was the lovely unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," in which the voices of Mme. Novello, Mme. Weiss and Miss Dolby blended in the most perfect and entrancing harmony. Every listener held his breath, and

for the moment was as motionless as the cold stone effigies that lay on the tombs around him. The choruses were superbly given throughout, especially the striking invocations to Baal, and it was in the passages connected with these choruses that Herr Formes particularly distinguished himself. This singer has the most powerful and yet melodious bass I have ever had the pleasure of listening to.

On Thursday morning a selected programme was performed, including Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and selections from Costa's "Eli," and Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The most successful piece of this day's performance was Sims Reeves's rendition of the war-song in "Eli." This oratorio is already popular with the majority of music-lovers here, but educated musicians complain of its plagiarisms. "Were some half dozen previous works blotted out of existence, 'Eli' would be a really great oratorio," observed a musician of eminence in my hearing the other day. Mr. Costa himself admits that his composition requires the most powerful aid and the very best performers to be effective: "it is not," he says, "intended for country bands."

The selections from "Israel in Egypt" were judiciously made—if it can be considered as judicious under any circumstances to split up such a work into fragments—and included the following:

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "Now there arose a new king."

Solo and Chorus, "And the children of Israel."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "And God sent Moses."

Chorus, "They loathed to drink."

Air, Miss Dolby, "Their land brought forth frogs."

Choruses: "He spake the word," "Hailstone chorus," "He smote all the first-born," "But as for his people," "He rebuked the Red Sea," "He led them through the deep."

Duo, Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, "The Lord is a man of war."

Chorus, "The depths have covered."

Air, Sims Reeves, "The enemy said."

Air, Mme. Weiss, "Thou didst blow."

Air, Miss Dolby, "Thou shalt bring them in."

Chorus, "The Lord shall reign forever."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "For the hosts of Pharaoh."

Chorus, "The Lord shall reign."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "And Miriam the prophetess."

Solo and Chorus, Mme. Novello, "Sing ye unto the Lord."

So much for the present. The Oratorio of the last day, the evening concerts, and some closer description of the principal singers will occupy another letter.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 19, 1857.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

II.

It is not enough, then, to say that Music gives pleasure, or can occupy the mind agreeably. Pleasure is the satisfaction of a want. And the question is: what *kind* of pleasure does it afford? What want does it satisfy? There is pleasure in the gratification of an appetite—but there is a nobler pleasure which all men have in seeing or hearing expressed their own inmost deepest feelings and aspirations, in the simple utterance of those instincts and sentiments, which are eternal, and whose language therefore must be beautiful. We delight in any thing that appeals to the holiest and best there is within us,—anything that realizes, typifies, reflects that something which we cherish ever, but cannot express, until the Beautiful in a scene of Nature, a poem, a work of Art, or a song surprises us as being the fit expression of our very feeling, so that we cannot help thinking that we long ago and always had anticipated it, and should have produced it ourselves if we

had only learned the craft of rhyming, or of coloring, or of composing harmony.

Music is one of the Fine Arts, which all minister in various ways, through various physical organs and senses, to the soul's everlasting want of the Beautiful. No soul is wholly contented with the actual. The Beautiful is all it finds in this world to soothe its discontent. *There is something it can love; there is something it can trust; it can go out without reserve to meet it, for it is an emblem at least of all that in its deepest faith, in its silent longings it had cherished.* The Beautiful in Nature, or in a work of Art corresponds to that deepest want of ours, to which the actual world so seldom corresponds. The sight of Beauty makes us more conscious of this inner want, of this ideal capacity of ours for something better, even for perfection; and it is chiefly this which prevents us from settling down into a mechanical, unprogressive, animal routine. But for the Beautiful, we should not know that we are meant for anything better than we are. It may well be doubted if even Conscience would tell us; that might stand over us as a task-master to warn us to do right; but we should neither love it nor own its authority. The Beautiful makes us yearn to be perfect; it makes us feel that Heaven is our home, and cast about to make to ourselves a heaven. The Beautiful, come in what shape it will, is something we can take home to us; it speaks to our heart of hearts. There is a certain mystery in it which we feel concerns us; we always are the ones spoken to just as some portraits look at every one who comes into the room. No one who is completely entranced by a landscape, a picture, or a song, can doubt for a moment that here he is in his place; these things converse with his ideal nature. In this is the origin and the final cause of Poetry and the Arts, Music among the rest. This is the secret of its spell. It reveals to the ravished listener so much within him, it whispers to him the possibility of embracing so much of the infinite world without him, that he owns the right of the sweet, albeit the severe, influence to control him, follows the voice in the air through whatsoever thorny paths below, and evermore aspires to something nobler.

This ideal tendency in man, from time immemorial, created Music along with Poetry and all the Fine Arts. Music has this in common with them all, that they are all *beautiful*, and that they are all a *language* of thoughts, feelings, aspirations and ideals. It differs from Poetry in being vague, while Poetry calls up more definite images by words. It differs from Painting and Sculpture in the same particular, and also by its being often a direct expression of emotions, feelings, which they never are. Music through feelings calls up the objects with which those feelings are associated; Painting and Sculpture through objects call up feelings. Music appeals at once to the feelings; these set the imagination to work recalling or supposing scenes and images. Painting and Sculpture appeal at once to the imagination; the scene or the form before us, then we feel. Music moves us, in order to describe. Painting and Sculpture describe, in order to move us. A song draws tears of gratitude and fondest recollection, and instantly we think of the old cottage and the family circle. The painter paints us the old cottage, and instantly our hearts yearn to other days, and the tears of gratitude start to our eyes.

Let us now therefore consider Music as to its power of expression.

Music is one way of expressing ourselves. It is a language—as much so as words. Through it alone can we communicate to other minds much that we feel, enjoy, suffer, when words fail us. It is eminently the *language of the heart*, of emotions too delicate for verbal utterance. It is quicker understood than words. Words are more or less arbitrary, and require to be learned before they mean anything—only fellow-countrymen can talk together. Music is a universal language:—the same tones touch the same feelings the world over. Spoken languages address the understanding: when they would interest the feelings, they pass at once into the province of Music—then it matters not so much *what* is said, as in *what tones* it is said. When an emotion would utter itself, words are nothing, tones are everything.

“For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.”

We instinctively recognize the peculiar notes of joy and anguish, triumph and despair, consolation, pity, and entreaty—they need no words to interpret them. These uniform and instinctive tones, modulations, cadences, rhythmic movements, smooth slides and abrupt starts of the voice are the original elements of music; Art only uses its privilege to add to them beauty, or rather to combine them always with reference to a beautiful effect, and then they become Music. Out of the natural, spontaneous utterances of human feelings and passions, combined with the love of the beautiful, Music grew. There is a fine illustration of this truth in a passage from Carlyle's “French Revolution”:

“Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? how their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Glück confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their kaiser: Bread! bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond time*.”

For further illustrations of the fact that all our natural expressions of emotion range through regular musical intervals, greater or smaller according to the nature and intensity of the emotion, we may refer to that gossipy and somewhat superficial, yet suggestive book, “Gardiner's Music of Nature,” where this observation is fully verified by a great deal of ingenious research and extended to the sounds of the whole animated world. He gives us the songs of birds and the cries of animals written down in musical notes. The minor mode in music is but a copy of the plaintive tones of grief, which through lack of energy falls ever short of the note it would reach.

The expressive power of Music is as remarkable in instrumental music as in song—indeed in some respects more so. Instruments, having greater compass and flexibility, and compared with average voices, greater purity of tone, can wind through the most subtle labyrinths of mel-

ody. Instrumental music, too, is freer. Unconfined by any verbal application to definite thought, the heart and the imagination revel in most adventurous excursions upon the “vasty deep.” The feeling which is not fettered by a thought, is most likely to be universal, and if expressed in music, without words, will meet perhaps the widest response. Some of the Sonatas of Beethoven, as we learn to appreciate them, fill us with the most profound emotion; they have all the mystery of some of the most thrilling poetry; they seem to express the deepest undefined yearnings of the soul; if we cannot readily and certainly conjecture their meaning, we instinctively catch their spirit; they win us to the mood in which they were written; the feelings they express are not of time, so that hearts in all times and places and circumstances are not excluded from a full response. It has been said that Beethoven in some instrumental Quartets written during his deafness, “anticipates the feelings of a future age.”

For the same reason, in pathetic songs too much should not be unfolded in the words. In the union of Poetry with Music, the effect is lost, if the poetry be not the simplest possible—if it be more than a single thought, a mere theme, just hinting the explanation of the curiously complicated melody, but no more, it clogs the free movement and deadens the charm of the music. Music claims always to be principal, or nothing. Out of a few words it can unfold infinite meaning, but where the words are a discourse in themselves, there is more thought than feeling, and music is not at all in place. The charm of those old melodies, the songs and ballads of which we never weary, consists in the simplicity of their words, as much as in the beauty and pathos of the strain. In the songs in Handel's “Messiah,” we witness the same. In that song of songs: “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” a few familiar lines, a single verse, just expressing the thought and no more, are expanded into several long strains of music. Hence the air is one unbroken outpouring of triumphant faith and gratitude and serene joy, the richer and the fuller, that it has not to adapt itself to changing thoughts, but is left at liberty to follow the natural course of fervent feeling, and to cling with fondest repetitions to the one ever dear and holy theme. In these few simple words are contained all the deepest and most private feelings of the devout heart. What tender associations, what fond anticipations, what hopes and bright imaginings do they not represent? Those words would cease to be the signs of so much, were they multiplied—but music weaves around them an inexhaustible commentary, never offending by a too particular expression, but faithfully cherishing the mystery which may not be explained in words for the very reason that it means so much, and no heart would be satisfied with the explanation. Our heart's secret lies in words like these, so connected with our earliest religious feelings, and we dare not entrust it to the coarse, prosaic exposition of mere words, but thank the artist who has opened to us this more delicate vehicle of feelings, this sweet music, in which the heart may freely, truthfully confess, yet not expose itself. No less expressive and delicately true to all our associations with the words, is the air: “He shall feed his flock,” and “Come unto him all ye that labor.” What consolation does not that exquisite strain whisper

to the anxious mind! When we open ourselves to that song, we are perfectly happy; it glides invisibly into the profoundest labyrinths of the breast, and unlocks all the fountains of joy and peace within us; it changes the whole aspect of things around us; everywhere we are met with smiles; we feel that we are no longer alone in the world and yield ourselves with sweet resignation into the arms of Providence. Then we discover, perhaps, for the first time, how chaste, and pure and serene a state is that happiness, which we seek with such mistaken struggles of unhallowed, unquiet desire. All the preachings in the world may do less to teach us Christian resignation, than this song, which gives us a foretaste of the very feeling.

From my Diary, No. 12.

Sept. 12th.—The New York *Evening Post* of to-day in its article upon the opera last evening, says:

The tenor, Signor Scola, as stated by the bills, had kindly undertaken at a moment's notice and without preparation, to fill the place of Signor Labocetta, indisposed. It was very kind of Signor Scola to throw himself in the breach in this desperate way; we can only pray, devoutly, that no circumstances may ever induce him to do it again.

This reminds a friend of a similar case some years ago. Salvi, it seems, had taken a pique against Maretzek, and at the last moment refused to sing. No other opera could be substituted, and there was no one to take his place. The consequence was that the management was on the point of returning the money taken and dismissing the audience. It happened that one member of the troupe had learned the part for his own satisfaction, and, this coming to the notice of the manager, he was persuaded to take Salvi's place. A short apology was printed and distributed in the audience, begging indulgence for the tenor, as only by his appearance was it possible for the play to go on. The man appeared and did the best he could—not very well, certainly. Now for a man conscious of his inability to do more than just keep the part alive, and knowing that he is constantly subjected to fatal comparison with such a tenor as Salvi, to be willing, rather than disappoint a whole opera-house full of people, to leave his place in the chorus, and undertake a difficult and prominent part, seems to me to exhibit a most commendable spirit of self-sacrifice. I honor such a man. Well, the next morning every New York paper had its joke upon the poor fellow, and ridiculed him without mercy. Was that right? was it honorable? was it just?

Now here is poor Scola—not much of a singer, but willing, for the sake of enabling the public to enjoy Frezzolini's, Vestvali's and Gassier's singing, to go through as well as he might with Labocetta's part;—and instead of finding something praiseworthy in this, the writer in the *Post* prays that no circumstances may ever induce him to do it again. It is a hard thing to sit out a poor singer—but why ridicule him, when he, knowing his deficiencies, is compelled by the force of circumstances to appear. Is it reasonable to do so?

Musical Chat-Chat.

An amusing account of the "pursuit" of LISZT under "difficulties" will be found in the extracts on another page from the diary of a young New Yorker, who has been for some years studying music in the country of his fathers. It affords, too, a pretty clear peep into the actual status of musical clanship and party war in Germany. The young man relates what doubtless has been and is the experience of many a piano-forte student in like circumstances.... A friend gives us an interesting article about WEBER; he writes as an appreciative and sincere admirer (and who does not admire "Oberon" and "Freyschütz"?), but is, we think, unnecessarily sensitive about some limitations and discriminations stated by another contributor in a cooler and more critical estimate of

the same great composer. Dr. Zopff, we are sure, did not intend to disparage Weber.

Our HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, are preparing to follow up the good work of last season in the best way, by studying that grandest of oratorios, Handel's "Israel in Egypt." Their vigilant President has already imported the music of that, and of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," for the use of the society, and it is now in contemplation to give at least four concerts, commencing with the "Messiah" at Christmas; to be followed by Mozart's "Requiem," with the "Hymn of Praise"; then "Elijah," and then "Israel in Egypt." This programme may be varied in some particulars, but the new features will stand; and any of the four concerts may be repeated—that depending on the will of the public legitimately expressed through—the ticket office.... Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, it will be seen, has made arrangements for a series of concerts at the Messrs. Chickering's saloon.... Some of our best resident musicians propose soon giving a concert for the benefit of Sig. GUIDI, the singer, whose sufferings and those of his family (now at Cincinnati) from sickness and poverty, give them strong claims upon the sympathy of the musical public.

By a card below it will be seen that Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, who is one of our most accomplished pianists and most indefatigable and successful teachers, has returned to the city and is ready to resume her classes and form new ones. Here is an excellent opportunity, especially for quite young pupils, to learn the piano on a thorough system.... Mr. S. B. BALL'S Singing School will commence on Monday evening next, at the Vestry of Rev. A. A. Miner's Church in School St. Mr. Ball is a very earnest and experienced teacher of music in the popular form of singing classes, and ladies and gentlemen will find this a good opportunity to learn to read music. Mr. B. will be assisted by Mr. H. WILDE. For terms inquire of Mr. Ball at the Church, or at his residence, 104 Myrtle St.

VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG have already given two concerts in New York, and with such success that they now purpose to remain there some weeks before coming to Boston. They have been assisted by a new singer, Mlle. CAROLI, and by Signors LABOCETTA, GASSIER and ROCCO, and the orchestra of the Academy.... At the Academy Mme. FREZZOLINI seems to have been gaining ground, and the opera goes on successfully. The *Sonnambula* was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trocatore*; and for last night was announced Mme. LAGRANGE in *Norma*. This new acquisition gives Mr. Ullman two great prime donne; and the advantage is trumpeted with sufficient promise in the newspapers. LAGRANGE and Frezzolini are to appear alternately in a great variety of operas. When to these, with their present associates, Labocetta, Gassier and Rocco, shall be added ROGER and FORMES, they will be enabled, say the managers, to bring out "new operas, and the masterpieces of Mozart, Meyerbeer and Rossini." Heaven be praised, in these dull Verdi times! We have now a hope of hearing the *Nozze di Figaro*—that is if the opera hold out long enough to come to Boston. We are sorry to see no further signs of the proposed coalition with Messrs. Marshall and Barry's troupe.

CATHOLIC CONCERT.—A sacred concert, complimentary to Mrs. M. J. MOONEY, was given at the Tremont Temple last Sunday evening, by the united choirs of the Cathedral and other Catholic churches in and about Boston, under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and the crowd sat somewhat listlessly through some fair performances of Mass choruses, such as the *Gloria* from Haydn's No. 1, the majestic *Credo* from Beethoven's, in C, the *Domine* and *Hostias* of Mozart's *Requiem*, (by no means the most taking selection that could be made from it); but listened with more eager sympathy to solos like Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, sung by Mrs. WERNER; "Consider the lilies," a very commonplace and secular sort of melody, by Topliff; and Schubert's "Wanderer," which was finely sung by Mr. POWERS, who has a most musical and sonorous bass voice, and who improves his gift.

MR. GUSTAVE SATTER

Has the honor of announcing to the citizens of Boston and vicinity his intention of giving a Series of SIX CHAMBER CONCERTS, at the Rooms of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS.—The programmes will embrace only the VERY CHOICEST MUSIC. The Concerts will be given once a week, commencing Saturday, Oct. 17.

Mr. Satter has the pleasure of stating that he has secured the valuable assistance of Miss JENNY TWICHELL, Messrs WM. SCHULTZ, HENRY JUNGNIKEL and others. Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, \$4. Single tickets \$1. Subscription lists will be found at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' Rooms and at the Music Stores.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have in press, and will issue early in October:

THE CHURCH AND HOME. A Collection of Sacred Music, comprising Anthems, Motets, Extracts from Oratorios and Masses, Canticles, Chants, &c. Selected and adapted by GEORGE LEACH.

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LUCEZIA BORGIA, by DONIZETTI. Piano Solo.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Piano Solo (Sept. 26.)

Several other valuable works in preparation, of which due notice will be given.

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Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that she will resume her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte, on MONDAY, Sept. 14th. Applications to be made at 55 Hancock Street.

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI

IS now ready to receive pupils. He may be addressed at the Rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, at Russell & Richardson's and Ditson & Co's Music Stores, or at his residence, No. 86 Pine-kney Street.

Sign. BENDELARI's class of young ladies in singing, for beginners only, will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, where the exercises will be continued every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at the same hour.

For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

MRS. J. H. LONG,

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BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.

THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

Board of Instruction:—B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, LEVI P. HOMER, J. C. D. PARKER, and WILLIAM SCHULTZE. For particulars, address B. F. BAKER, No. 4 Rowe Place. WM. READ, Sec'y of the Corporation.

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TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

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ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pierettes, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thanksgiving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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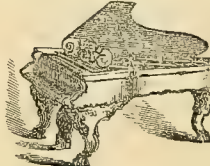
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Concert Italo-Americain.

[Under this title the *Courier Franco-Italian*, of Aug. 6, describes a private concert given by a wealthy young American during a short stay in Paris. Partly as an amusing specimen of the lively way in which the Parisian critics and feuilletonists serve up such tempting subjects, and partly because of the mention of two young American prime donne, in whom so many of our readers take an interest, we translate the entire article.]

The scene represents a magnificent *salon*, white and gold, splendidly illuminated and opening in the rear upon a balustraded terrace. On the right, in the foreground, a large door, the entrance to a delicious boudoir. In the background, a fire-place metamorphosed into a *jardinière*; over the mantel an enormous plate glass, showing through it the *foyer* of the artists. On the left, front and rear, doors leading into a waiting room. Gilt furniture. A Pleyel piano. On the walls, pictures by masters. You remark there the Roman Peasant Girl, by M. May. Vases, baskets, flowers everywhere. Through the windows at the bottom of the room you perceive the trees of the boulevard Malesherbes and the colonnade of the Madeleine, vividly illumined by the full moon.

The hall is filled with invited guests. All countries have there their representatives: the majority are French, Italians or Americans. The ladies are seated, brilliant as well by their toilet as by their beauty; the men circulate about. Among the former you remark the two queens of song, Mes. FREZZOLINI and BORCHI-MAMO, chatting as amicably as two sisters, or rather as two cousins,—Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, for example.... Farther on, a group of admirers surround and completely snatch from curious eyes a very petite lady in pink, with lively and

eloquent eyes, an animated physiognomy, dazzling teeth, and the smile of a fairy. This is Mme. DE WILHORST, the young *Américaine*, who has a form somewhat more slight and much more voice than Mme. Piccolomini. On the opposite side, Mlle. HENSLE, another conquest which Europe has just won from America, in revenge for the carrying off of our best artists and the death of Mme. Sontag,—Mlle. HENSLE, I say, is in white, her robe trimmed with little figures of black velvet. She has a dreamy air. Her beautiful eyes have that vague look of vignettes in keepsakes. She is thinking perhaps of Venice and of Genoa, where she is soon to go, and where brilliant ovations probably await her... or she is thinking of—another thing. Two Italian ladies, Mme. REBUSSINI, her skin slightly browned by the sun of the tropics, and Mlle. CORBARI, seem to rejoice to have quitted, one Brazil, the other Portugal, for a temperature less *torrefying*. So much for counting on the perfidy of latitudes! They have found here ninety-two degrees of heat... in the shade!

Near the piano, a group of artists: the tenors LABOCETTA and BALESTRA GALLI, the baritones ARDAVANI and CIMINO, the basses DIDOT and LOLIO. MM. GIULIANI, BRAGA, LUCANTONI, MODERATI, &c., masters or composers, encourage or congratulate their pupils, who might themselves upon a pinch be excellent professors. In the background, near the terrace, M. Fiorentino with his tall stature towers above another group, where you distinguish M. Achille Jubinal, the deputy-Mecænas; M. le marquis du Hurray-Coëtquen, the representative of French chivalry; M. Montanelli, the author of *Camma*; the sculptor Lanza-rotti, author of the *Penserosa*; M. Craufurd, who plays, for our benefit, a part the very contrary to that of the *Manche*: he unites France to England; M. Tony Révillon, of the *Courrier de Paris*; M. le docteur Declat, of *L'Union*; MM. Paulin and Héquet, of *L'Illustration*; Count Federigotti, of the *Rabelais*; M. Cottrau, of the *Gazette Musicale* of Naples; M. Carini, of you know what journal, and some who write a little everywhere. Some officers adorned with crosses spangle with their gold epaulettes the crowd of black coats. M. Paine, the amateur director, the gentleman impresario, rubs his hands with satisfaction. M. Calzado, the Monte-Christo of the *salle-Ventadour*, rolls his director's eyes, glancing first on Mme. Borghi-Mamo and then on Mme. Frezzolini; then, and as if to console himself, he asks his son Adolphe which of the two, Mlle. Piccolomini or Mme. Wilhorst is the largest—or the smallest. Adolphe answers wittily, that he will know when he hears Mme. de Wilhorst sing.

Mr. HILL, the master of the session, a young man (*grand garçon*) of twenty-three years, of princely form, frank and open physiognomy, finds a charming word for everybody, and multiplies himself,—among the ladies especially,—without having the air of it. At every instant he draws from his pocket a fan and gives it to one just arrived. I saw him give as many as fifty, which was as far as I counted.... What pockets the Americans have!—Mr. King, his inseparable friend, imitated him with all zeal.

A graceful prelude makes itself heard. It announces the rising of the curtain. It is a vague, aerial, undecided sort of music; one would say that all these myriads of flowers which enamel the apartment had taken voice and were singing. Why not? They can dance in *Orfa*!... Apropos of *Orfa*, M. Torre, the lyric poet, the happy husband of Mme. Ferraris, leaning against the side of a door, watches from time to time the clock. He has the air of asking himself what *pas* Mme. Ferraris is dancing at this moment at the Opéra, or rather for what *tour de force* she is applauded. He literally has his head under the feet of the Italian *sylphide*; which is by no means inconvenient: you know those sort of feet touch nothing, they only graze and pass on.

The little overture continues. After it will come the five Italian masters, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante and Verdi. Of the five, two are dead, and two have gone to sleep. The fifth is awake, and no mistake! More than that, he keeps his imitators from falling asleep. You see that the programme has been made by an intelligent man, and above all by a man of taste. Is it you, friend Carini? You have added there perchance, by way of epigraph, these two lines from Beranger:

"Mais on recommande
Goût Italien."

Twelve pieces of music, like twelve scenes of a phenomenal opera, scenes now bright and animated, now tender and delicate, now impassioned and dramatic, succeed each other at short intervals. One breathes an atmosphere of perfumes and melody; one is intoxicated with harmony and song.

The heat has been unable to obtain a little card of invitation. It has staid at the door. The thermometer has been put under arrest with Tom, the little black dog of the *logis*; the one reduced to immobility, the other to silence. They rage. Beware of to-morrow morning!

A colossal buffet, a *buffet monstre*, (on the plan Danaïdes) is charged with utilizing the entr'actes—and there are eleven of them! It lavishes its thousand sugar trifles, its thousand beverages,

of different temperatures, from burning chocolate and tepid Bourdeaux wine to frozen Champagne.

Mlle. Hensler and the tenor Balestra open the concert with the duo from *Roberto Devereux*, that famous duet of the *addio*, one of the most dramatic pages of Donizetti. Mlle. Hensler sings like a Neapolitan and pronounces like a Florentine,—I think I said as much last winter;—Balestra sustains her with his powerful organ, and those fine, vigorous notes, of which he has the secret.

Then Didot, the bass, an excellent voice, robust as possible, sings the air from *Les Vêpres*. I have never been able to learn whether M. Didot is French or Italian. He speaks both languages without the slightest accent. I thought to assure myself of his nationality by his choice between the words of M. Scribe and the translation by M. Caimo. He prefers the Italian translation; he must be a Frenchman.

And now see, Mme. de Wilhorst moves towards the piano; she has nothing great but her eyes and the volume of her voice—ah! I forget her talent! She sings the air from *I Puritani*. It is a voice at once velvety and metallic, and above all of a biting, penetrating quality. Its *timbre* is one of the most sympathetic. She phrases and accentuates to a marvel. M. Calzado père is all ears; his son Adolphe is transfixed. She has sung *Vien diletto, é in ciel la luna* with an exquisite taste; the moon, on whom weighed the responsibility of the *mise en scène*, impressed her silvery disk just then upon the window. The director of the *salle Ventadour* made a note of it for the next resumption of *I Puritani*.

I believe I am one of the first who spoke of Mme. de Wilhorst. If I register this detail, which appears so puerile, it is because I remember to have been the first also to speak of the debuts of Mlle. Piccolomini in Italy, and that proved not very fatal to her. Ask at London, where she shines star-queen; ask at Turin, at Vienna, at all the cities in Italy where she has sung. Observe I have only spoken of her debuts; she was then sixteen years old! . . .

Labocetta, with his sweet and tender voice, sighed out the melodious romance from *Il Giuramento*; I could have believed I was hearing Basadonna in his finest moments. Perhaps because Basadonna was his master. Braga, the pupil of Labocetta on the violoncello at the Conservatoire in Naples, accompanied the charming tenor. Formerly they both played the violoncello; both were first prizes. Braga is now a composer, entering the world by the golden door of success; Labocetta, a tenor of the most distinguished, who expects to go out of it by the not less golden door of rents; that will be in a year or two.

But silence! here is Mme. Borghi-Mamo, who, changed back to an Italian, sings us one of the most melancholy of Neapolitan airs. Alas! when the Neapolitan public is sad, it is no half-way matter; you all know that deliciously plaintive song: *Fenesta che lucive e mo non luce*. MM. Fiorentino, Cimino, Cottrau, and a fourth whom I need not name, all born at Naples, looked at one another while Mme. Borghi sang. You would not believe it, but, God forgive me! they were moved. The piece finished, M. Fiorentino went to congratulate the great artiste. M. Cimino got to talking about Naples and the Neapolitans with Braga, who had accompanied the little song;

M. Cottrau heaved a sigh . . . then went and took an ice to cheer his spirits.

After this song, the illustrious pensionnaire of the Imperial Academy of Music sang the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and taught us

Il segreto per esser felici.

It was malicious, on my word! Whenever she sings and whatever she sings, she tells us the secret of being happy.

Again we have Mme. de Wilhorst. So much the better! This time it is the duo in *La Traviata* which she sings with the baritone Ardavani. That artist's voice is marvellously adapted to the tender and impassioned *scena* of the father of Alfred. Mme. de Wilhorst rendered, among other things, the phrase: *Dite alla giovine*, with a profound melancholy, a heart-rending truth; she has plenty of tears in her voice!

Mlle. Hensler comes, to coo the air from *Rigoletto*. She attacks the final trill with an astonishing purity, an irreproachable accuracy, and softens it by one of the most suave and exquisite *smorzandos*.

Then the three men's voices, Ardavani, Balestra and Didot, put us into ecstasy with the grand *pièce de résistance*, the capital piece of the concert, Trio from "William Tell."—Oh! Rossini, how great you are! Are you silent because this opera is the last word of mortal music, or because your task is finished upon earth? . . . M. Balestra had bursts of voice of exceeding beauty, and excited unanimous bravos. The grave notes of the other two artists married themselves admirably to the fine organ of the Italian tenor.

It was for Rossini to rest us from Rossini. The goddess advances. *Incessu patuit*. A murmur of admiration rises under her footsteps. Mme. Frezzolini is going to sing the romance of *Willow*, the queen of romances, the sufferings of Isaura as sobbed forth by Desdemona. Oh! you are mistaken, madam, or Shakspeare has lied. Desdemona never sang with voice so pure and irresistible; Othello would not have assassinated her.

But the crowd begin to slip away . . . *Non satiata recessit*. Already three o'clock! already to-morrow morning! I begin to be reconciled to eternity, for they sing, 't is said, in Paradise.

M. Cimino, ever courteous, is reminded that the concert is given in Paris, that there are French people in the room; and so he does the honors of French music with a ballad by Victor Massé. It is the romance of *Le Muletier de Calabre*, accompanied by cracks of the whip, and *cliq, claq! hop là!* M. Cimino sang it in a swaggering manner, making us admire his fine organ, and his talent as a perfect musician.

This melodic piece of fire-works required a dazzling bouquet. Mme. Frezzolini undertook it. She sang us her adieux. To-morrow the steamer will carry her away, away . . . Why then are the United States so fond of music?—The *diva* has selected the two most beautiful and largest pages from Verdi, the Quatuor in *Rigoletto* and the *Miserere* in the *Trovatore*. All the genius of the master of Busseto is there! One of these two pieces alone would suffice to place the author in the rank of the first composers of the age. Mme. Frezzolini was pleased to sing them both. One is very rich when one breaks up housekeeping. M. Balestra, M. Ardavani and Mlle. Corbari seconded her. Never has she sung this piece with more *entrainement* and dramatic vehemence. Then, suddenly, without a moment's

rest, Gilda becomes Leonora, and the *Miserere* fills the hall with its lugubrious and solemn notes. Mme. Frezzolini draws from the pain she feels at quitting our continent, the theatre of all her triumphs, those heart-rending notes, those sobs that freeze your veins. All the guests, artists and amateurs, formed the chorus, and I assure you it was not very bad.

Adieu, madame, *partez!* We shall preserve the memory of this magnificent soirée and of your farewell song. New York awaits you. No matter, we retain as hostages Mme. de Wilhorst and Mlle. Hensler. It is so much captured from the enemy.

And now, if you ask me why Mr. Hill has given this musical soirée, and why he has given it during these dog-days, I will tell you that he had no choice. M. Hill adores the arts in general, music and painting in particular, and he is as fond of artists as of art. He was at New Orleans; he had three months before him; he said to himself: "I will take one month to go to Europe, and one month to return; forcing the allowance a little, I will pass four or five weeks in Paris. There I will hear good music. And if the *salle Ventadour* is closed, *eh bien!* I will invite the Théâtre Italien to come to my own lodgings, beginning with its director."

And he did it so effectually that the Brindisi, the romance of "Willow," &c., to which Mes. Borghi and Frezzolini treated M. Hill, have cost him something like thirty thousand francs. . . . counting the flowers in the expenses of the voyage and the installation. *Eh bien!* frankly, it was not dear, in my opinion. . . . and even in the opinion of Mr. Hill, which is much more significant.

So much so that he will resume the sport next year. From New Orleans to Paris, it is only the desire of an excellent concert. That does not frighten Mr. Hill; O, quite the contrary!

ALDINO ALDINI.

New Monumental Statues—Goethe's Birth-day.

(German Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.)

HEIDELBERG, AUG. 29, 1857.

Yesterday the memory of Germany's greatest poet was refreshed by the anniversary of his birthday. A quarter of a century ago the nation was in mourning—for Goethe had departed. More than a century ago a great genius came into the world, a very king amid the nobility of intellect, born to rule millions; the lifting up of whose pen-sceptre brought the world upon the knees of homage. The weeds worn at the funeral have been flung aside; monuments have arisen, whereon the poet's wreath rests unfading forever. The nation, forgetful of the death-hour, but proud and jubilant over the birth-hour; conscious that a great mind, once among men, is among them forever, gives evidence of its gratitude through memorials and anniversaries.

Last night Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris* was presented in the theatre at Frankfurt, his native city, with unusual splendor. The house in which the poet was born seemed conscious of the attention and respect paid it by the people, and looked, as all such houses do, exceedingly knowing. Of course, in these anniversary displays, heroes who have worn swords have all the advantages of banners, cannons and military companies ready for another turn-out; but, doubtless, when our progressive race has passed the barbarous war-period, the heroes of Peace will have their turn. There are those in the world who would withhold from Goethe, probably, any unusual attention. A celebrated historian, his countryman, has within three years called the author of *Faust* "a refined heathen." That he was not a saint, every moral man will deplore. That he has written what were better unwritten, most will acknowledge. But at

the same time it is something to enrich and beautify language; something to give imaginations "form and substance," that shall grace the halls of Art through all time; something to ascend the very Mont Blanc of thought, though it be amid ice and clouds, to show the human mind its capabilities.

In Munich a few days since, there was an exhibition of three bronze statues, just completed, of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland. They are all from Müller's foundry. The first two are from models by Rietschel, of Dresden; Wieland's is by Grasser, of Vienna. They attracted large crowds of visitors on the day of exhibition. It was a significant sight, and one which cannot fail to touch the German heart, to see those two sublime geniuses, rivals in fame, but friends in life and heart, thus brought together. It is something more than a monument of each; it becomes a memorial of their friendship—an impersonation of a beautiful fact. The material itself is of superior quality, and the design more than ordinarily worthy the subject. As a German critic said: "The mien of this immortal poet-pair shines through the splendor of the metal with radiant light." Goethe, of benign countenance, extends the wreath with his right hand to Schiller, while his left rests familiarly upon Schiller's shoulder. The latter stands, with the lofty air and elevated head which artists love to give him, stretching out his right hand toward the wreath and holding a scroll in his left. The novelty of the design, and the spirited execution of the group, place it among the finest works of the kind. The artist attempted, however, rather a hazardous experiment in the matter of costume. One would judge the dress of that time not so suitable and permanently impressive in the monumental art as the flowing robe. Goethe wears the frock, Schiller a long coat; and both with short hose and stockings. The Germans think this more life-like, "true to Nature," and at the same time sufficiently ideal. Schiller has his neckcloth tied loosely, giving the figure a certain air of freedom that is agreeable.

Wieland's statue hardly equals the others in any respect. It is ordinary in conception and characterized by little spirit either in attitude or expression. He holds a half-open book in his left hand, while the right is out-stretched as in recitation. But, if life-like reality is to be carried "unkempt and unshorn" into art, then it is quite right and a real triumph. For Wieland can never stand on the level of Goethe and Schiller.

Speaking of monuments, reminds me that the one commemorative of Victory, erected upon the Drachenfels, has just been unveiled with the usual ceremonies. It stands upon the verge of the precipice, near the ruin, looking down upon the Rhine, the Castle of Roland and the island of Nonnenwerth. It will add another link of attraction to draw travellers up the rugged steeps of the Siebengebirge. It is commemorative of a victory—not that of Siegfried over the Dragon, but of the Germans over an enemy noted for dragonic devastations. The orator of the occasion made a stirring speech, with frequent allusion to the Fatherland, its oppression and freedom, concluding with the following solemn vow: "In all the relations of life, in good and evil days; yes, even to death, show yourselves brave German men, with inviolable fidelity to our king, Friedrich Wilhelm; but especially remain true to the Fatherland in every danger, whenever it may threaten. Firm and immovable, as the rock that uplifts this monument, be our pledged devotion." After a spirited ratification of this by the auditory, the orator closed by reciting a short poem, which had been pronounced at Bonn, in 1826, on a similar occasion, in commemoration of the last decisive battle of Belle-Alliance. One stanza ran something as follows:

"Not empire, nor revenge's brutal might,
Ah, no! but Virtue's aims and deeds of right,
The after world, with joy devout, shall praise;
While Truth's undimmed and ever-quenchless fire
Shall flame from heart to heart—the world's desire—
Forever dear through Time's advancing days."

Vieuxtemps and Thalberg in New York.

When Mr. THALBERG himself will fill a concert room evening after evening, what wonder that on Tuesday, when he and Mr. VIEUXTEMPS appeared together, there were nearly twice as many persons desired to get into Niblo's Saloon as that pretty room will hold. The concert was rich and complete: the success of all who took part in it must have satisfied even that cormorant's stomach—an artist's hunger for praise. Mr. Thalberg can afford to let us pass him by with the mere recognition of his supreme perfection. He was the same absolute, all satisfying, unimpeachable artist that he has always shown himself. Mr. Vieuxtemps is his twin brother in art; and possesses the same qualities in the same degree. He is endowed with that complete knowledge of the resources of his art and of his instrument, and that finely balanced and delicately constituted organization without which a musician, even although he is great, must needs be extravagant. His style may be justly called classic—a term much abused in art, and constantly used merely as a synonyme for 'good.' Symmetry, grace, a serene expression of power, singleness of purpose, a sparing use of ornament, and the highest finish even of the minutest detail—these are the characteristic traits of Mr. Vieuxtemps' style, both as a composer and a performer. We sometimes, even when hearing very good violinists, find ourselves questioning the supremacy of the instrument. But such a doubt never arises while we listen to Mr. Vieuxtemps. In his hands the instrument possesses all its traditional dignity and grandeur. Its tone—as equal throughout the entire compass of the instrument as it is possible to make it—loses all of that quality which suggests a squeak, and becomes pure music in its noblest and most touching form. Exquisite delicacy is a necessary concomitant of great and highly disciplined power; and therefore in calling Mr Vieuxtemps' style massive, we imply no limitation of its variety or flexibility. As to executive excellence, we do not intend to be so superfluous as to offer him the poor compliment of praise for that; and yet his performance is in that respect a marvel. The body of tone which he produces and the quality of it, and the large and simple manner in which he makes his instrument *vocalize*, are hardly more admirable to the musician than the absolute mastery of all the mysteries of bowing and fingering which he constantly exhibits. He will cut out eight square-edged notes in a second with the point of an up-bow, and not move his wrist half a finger's breadth. Thus it is ever with a supreme master; he is as unimpeachable in detail as he is admirable in design; always illustrating the axiom that the greater includes the less. Mr. Vieuxtemps' success with his audience was complete.

No small element of the pleasure of the evening was the singing of Mlle. CARIOLI, a young prima donna heard here on this occasion for the first time. Her voice is not so smooth or so rich as she deserves it should be; but her vocalization is so beautiful, so correct, and of such a fine school, that we soon forget that nature has not given her everything. Her voice is of the most serviceable quality,—a mezzo soprano, and is fresh and firm. Her singing of the principal cavatina from *La Traviata*, richly deserved the unanimous and hearty tokens of approbation which burst from all parts of the room. She is a great acquisition to our available musical material.

The concert was throughout of a high order of excellence, and the satisfaction of the audience complete.—*Courier & Enquirer*, 16th.

PRIZES AT THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.—The Paris Correspondent of the *National Era*, under date of Aug. 30, writes:

The concourse of the distribution of prizes at the "Conservatoire de Musique" closed this year with strong expressions of indignation. Monsieur Auber, the well-known composer of "La Muette de Portici," and director of the Imperial *Conservatoire de Musique*, although at the respectable and sober age of seventy two, seems still to be too strongly influenced by the pupils of the fair sex

to do justice. But his predilection for that class of artists was never before so manifest as this year, when the prizes were mostly given to the friends of certain young artists who had won the seared heart of the old composer.

All passed off quietly, however, until the prizes allotted to the performers on the violin were announced. The first was given to a boy eleven years of age—a prodigy so far surpassing anything ever before heard on the violin, that it was thought an extraordinary prize would not be a sufficient reward for the infant Paganini. The second prize was given to Miss Hummler, causing some expressions of astonishment and dissatisfaction from the violin performers of the Conservatoire and of the grand opera; but when the third prize was awarded to another of the young ladies, the audience burst into a general expression of disgust; hissing was heard on all sides, and continued until the police interfered and closed the ceremony.

The ability of the fair sex is too well established to be contested; but I must acknowledge that the error committed in awarding the 2d and 3d prizes to ladies, for their performance on an instrument strictly the prerogative of men, is too palpable to be doubted—besides its being an unbecoming and graceless instrument in the hands of women, and requiring more muscular strength to draw out its finest tones in an allegro than they are possessed of. Had I any influence at the "Conservatoire," it would certainly be exercised to exclude that instrument for women, and confine them entirely to the harp and piano—two of the finest instruments, and best suited to their sex and attire.

The competitors for vocal music were numerous, and those to whom the prizes were allotted were neither remarkable for school or voice. The classes, as usual, were composed of pupils from various countries and climates—Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and French. Soul-stirring voices are as rare as comets, and the best French voices come from the south of France, where the human organ is softer and more pleasing, even in conversation, than at the north. Auber is much disliked, and is said to be an old miser, elated with the idea that he is the best and only French composer worthy of renown: he is a member of the Institute, master of the Imperial Chapel, Counsellor of Education, besides numberless other dignities heaped upon him. Another prodigy, a youth of twelve years, took the prize for harmony, and his competitors were all men grown.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21.—At home once more, after a long season of summer wanderings; of fresh mountain air, of grass, trees and bushes fresh and green, this year, in September, as in early June; of meetings with dear friends, of every country enjoyment, but alas, very little music. So that, thirsting for this life-elixir of the soul, I am willing at last to give up rural pleasures and advantages, and return to the realization of all the pleasant prospects which this winter's campaign holds out. In such a mood I found myself, a few evenings ago, in Niblo's Saloon, prepared to listen to a "Miscellaneous" concert, in which VIEUXTEMPS was, to me, the chief attraction. I had not heard him during his previous visit to this country, for the reason, which I am now quite ashamed to confess, that I was at that time so full of enthusiasm for Ole Bull, that I quite resented the preference which some more sensible people had for Vieuxtemps, and, from a sort of spite, would not hear the latter. But that was long ago, and I have grown wiser since. Of the concert on Thursday night, I must say that I enjoyed it more than any concert of that kind which I have ever attended. It was, indeed, excellent in almost every particular, as far as the performance went, and though the quality of the music was not altogether what I admire, the fact of its being so well rendered in a measure made up for that deficiency.

After not having heard THALBERG for six months, the perfection of his execution stood forth unmoved by any weariness of its sameness. He gave us *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia*, *Don Pasquale*, a very pretty barcarole (which was also a novelty), and, in answer to an encore, "Home, sweet home," which it was really refreshing to hear played by him, after listening for half a year past, to its execution by all the young ladies in the Republic.

The male singers were, Sig. Rocco, an old acquaintance, who has lost none of his buffo-tricks and grimaces, and Signori LABOCETTA and GASSIER, (or *Monns Gasseer*, as "Trovator's" friend has it.) Labocetta has a fine, sweet voice, though not over powerful, but spoils what there is good in him by affectation. He also appeared to be rather wheezy, which was either owing to the remains of his cold, or to his *embonpoint*, which is considerable. But whatever unpleasant impression these two singers might have made, was completely done away with by the delight with which I listened to Gassier. A full, pure baritone voice, with a tenderness and softness in it which seems more to belong to a tenor—an excellent school, and a truth of feeling and expression such as I have not often met with. His voice is perhaps not as powerful as Badiali's, but it is fresher and sweeter. It is a voice that "has a tear in it." Signora CARIOLI, (I beg her pardon for allowing the gentlemen to precede her, but I wished to give the more space to her,) who comes to us from Rio Janeiro, is a modest, amiable looking young lady, apparently very young, and rather timid. Her execution is very fine; indeed, she sang her *floriture* and her high notes with an ease which I found difficult to reconcile with the slight veil by which her voice is rendered not quite agreeable. This latter circumstance may, however, have been accidental, as I noticed that she coughed slightly several times. Altogether, she makes a very agreeable impression.

Like children, with their sugar-plums and sweetmeats, I have reserved the best to the last, and now I hardly know how to express my admiration of Vieuxtemps. He is certainly the best violinist who has ever been heard here. His tone, from first to last, is like that of an organ, rich and full, and there is something noble and grand in his playing, such as it has rarely been my good fortune to hear. Added to this, there is in him such an utter absence of all humbug and seeking after effect, that one cannot cherish a moment's doubt as to his being one of the truest of artists. He played, on this occasion, only his own compositions, but these are worth listening to. An *Adagio*, particularly, was very beautiful, and in the *Tarantella* which followed, he showed all that he *could* do, without the slightest apparent effort. He ended the concert with a fantasia on *Lucia*, and words cannot describe his exquisite rendering of the death-scene. It was beyond anything I had ever imagined of the power of expression in the violin. I cannot describe it better than that it reminded me of Mario's singing of the same scene, and made me feel, as I did then, that this would almost reconcile me to Italian music.

Mr. Vieuxtemps was accompanied on the piano by his wife, a most agreeable looking lady, of very unassuming demeanor. She is a faultless accompanist, and must be, to judge from what she played, a very fine pianist. It is hardly just to her merits that no mention whatever should at any time be made of her.

A third concert was announced for last Saturday, but, on account of the violent rain-storm, was postponed at the last moment. Messrs. Thalberg and Vieuxtemps made, however, a great mistake in so doing, for quite a large number of people had assembled, (many having come in carriages,) and as the concert-givers were seen walking about in the ante-rooms, no one could understand why the audience should be disappointed. This is taking too great an

advantage of the good-nature of the public, and I have some fear that they will rue it.

Speaking of Vieuxtemps recently with a European friend, I was told, what I have not seen mentioned elsewhere, that two young sisters, violinists, were making a great sensation in Germany now. This is a repetition of the case of the Milanollos, and of these two gifted beings my friend told me some interesting particulars. You are aware that Maria, the youngest, died several years ago, the victim, indeed, of her father's avarice, as he obliged her to travel and give concerts when already quite ill. Theresa, the survivor, who until quite recently has appeared in public, winning all hearts by her wondrous playing, is now very happily married, I think in France. S. told me that he was living in Brussels when the young sisters made their first appearance there. They were then mere children, Theresa being eleven or twelve, and Maria only eight. They were quite unknown then, and their concert was anticipated with ridicule and disgust of musical prodigies. S., with some friends, however, happened accidentally to hear them rehearsing, in the large, empty concert hall, with a candle apiece to read their notes by, and were so fascinated by them, that through their influence a large audience was secured for the next night, which was only the beginning of a triumphant career in that city, and subsequently in all Europe. My informant said, also, that Theresa was then already very serious and precocious, while the little vivacious Maria, away from her instrument, was a perfect child, and as wild as a sprite. He remembers that she would often, when her part was done, run out into the hall, and play at soldier with the little son of the doorkeeper, who would be lurking about there with his drum and sword. When called back to the concert room, to play again, she would pout and struggle, but at a glance from her sister, and as soon as her violin was in her hand again, the genius would regain the mastery over the child, and her playing enrapture all her hearers. Of Theresa's playing a year or two ago, in Berlin, another friend wrote me that it was "as if a maiden's soul had taken up its abode in the strings." —t—

WORCESTER, (ENG.) AUG. 30.—Friday, the last, was the most successful day of the Festival. The "Messiah," as is well known, is a great favorite here, and invariably attracts a crowded house. Before the cathedral doors were thrown open, numbers were waiting for entrance, and the side aisles, the only part of the building which could be entered at a charge coming within the means of the majority of people, were filled immediately. The tombs of defunct knights were quite buried up in black hats, and canes and umbrellas were lain thoughtlessly across the upturned faces of sepulchral effigies. Several reverend bishops, whose marble forms lie in niches around the walls, were used as seats, and as most of them were hopelessly damaged as to noses, and generally flattened as to faces, the "dome of thought" was one of the most comfortable places they afforded. The nave was also crowded by an audience gorgeous in silks, feathers and jewelry, and as the sunbeams poured in through the great end window, they fell upon a scene of dazzling brilliancy. The "Messiah" was given *entire*, even including the choruses which are generally omitted in the performance of the oratorio in America. Not a note was passed by unheeded; most of the audience being provided with the score, and following the performers with eye as well as ear.

The overture, which is often accused of being uninteresting, was given with great precision and effect, especially the fugue movement. To Mr. REEVES's rendition of the opening recitative, it is quite impossible to do justice; it was by far the finest performance of this beautiful gem that I had ever heard.—Mme. NOVELLO particularly distinguished herself in

the "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. WEISS sang most of the bass songs extremely well; he has a fine bass voice, and pronounces English with the purity of a native, which by the way I suspect him to be. Herr FORMES, on the contrary, sang his only air, "The trumpet shall sound," very indifferently; he was careless and ineffective. Miss DOLBY, however, pleased me more than any other solo performer. To a noble contralto voice, she adds a deep expression and a refined taste, and sings with correctness and real feeling; such another performance of that wondrously touching air, "He was despised," I can hardly hope to hear again. Miss Dolby is a singer who can scarcely be surpassed by any living contralto, and it is to be hoped we can hear her some time in America. The choruses were as near perfection as possible. Every singer appeared to, and undoubtedly did, know them by heart, even to the row of little chorister boys in the front of the band, who were selected from the ranks of the Catholic choirs, and rendered most efficient aid.—During the choruses: "Hallelujah," "Unto us a child is born," "Glory to God," and "Worthy the Lamb," the entire audience rose to their feet, and never can I forget the thrilling impression produced by the stupendous harmonies of the "Hallelujah," as they reverberated through the arches of the great cathedral. The effect of the phrase, "King of kings," in unisons, with the full power of voices and trumpets, was overpowering, and it appeared as if in this entire sublime composition the highest musical conception was imaged forth, and in its performance on this occasion it received the most perfect embodiment that could ever be given to it—a glorious result worthy the glorious idea.

Of the three evening concerts, I have little to say. They were given in the college hall attached to the cathedral, an interesting old room that formerly served the monks in days of yore for a refectory. The selections were very miscellaneous indeed; probably my report of the Festival would not be complete without the programmes of these concerts, which may therefore be found below.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th:

PART I.

Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn.
Duet: Mme. and Mr. Weiss, "Paolo e Virginia,".....Weiss.
Romance: Herr Formes, "Dal cor per isacciare," (L'Etoile du Nord).....Meyerbeer.
Aria: Miss L. Vinning, "Tacea la notte placida," (Il Trovatore).....Verdi.
Song: Mr. Sims Reeves, "I arise from dreams of thee,".....H. Glover.
Fantasia, Violin: M. Sainton.....M. Sainton.
Canzonet: Miss Dolby, "The Spirit's Song," Haydn.
Romanza: Sig. Gardoni, "Disperso il crin," (L'Etoile du Nord).....Meyerbeer.
Grand Finale: (Loreley) Solo, Mme. Clara Novello, and Chorus, (by desire).....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Cantata (Robin Hood).....J. L. Hatton.
Maid Marion, Mme. Weiss; Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; Little John, Mr. Montem Smith; Sheriff, Mr. Weiss; Chorus, Forest Maidens and Outlaws.

Ballad: Mr. Montem Smith, "A dear old melody," MS.
Song: Miss Dolby, "Three Fishers went sailing," (Poem by the Rev. C. Kingsley) J. Hullah.
Trio: Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss and Sig. Gardoni, "Con ilavor," (Conte Ory)....Rossini.
Aria: Herr Formes, "Non piu andrai," (Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.
Ballad: Miss L. Vinning, "Home, sweet home," Bishop.

Overture (Egmont).....Beethoven.

On Wednesday evening, the 26th:

PART I.

Selection from the Opera of Der Freischütz...Weber.
Overture.—Chorus, "Victoria."—Scena, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Through the forests."—Bacchanalian Song, Herr Formes, "Life is darkened."—Scena, Mme. Clara Novello, "Softly sighs."—Trio, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Mme. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith, "Oh! does thy heart."—Air, Mme. Weiss, "Thou' clouds by tempests."—Bridesmaids' Chorus, Solo, Mrs. Clara Hepworth.—Huntsmen's Chorus.

Recit. and Aria: Miss Dolby, "Parmi les pleurs," (Les Huguenots).....Meyerbeer.

Canzonetta: Sig. Gardoni, "La donna è mobile,"
(Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. W.G. Cusins, Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony (No. 8).....Beethoven.
Recit. and Air: Mr. Thomas, "O ruddier than
the cherry," (Acis and Galatea).....Handel.
Song: Miss Palmer, "The Arab Maid,".....J. Barnett.
Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims
Reeves, "Amor! possente nome!".....Rossini.
Song: Mr. Weiss, "The Village Blacksmith," Weiss.
Cavatina: Miss L. Vinning, "Ah fors' è lui."
(Traviata).....Verdi.
Quartetto: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby,
Sig. Gardoni and Herr Formes, "Un, di se
ben rammentomi," (Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Grand Finale: "La Benedizione de Pugnali,"
(Gli Ugonotti).....Meyerbeer.

By the way, a curious incident is that of the song by John Barnett in Part II. of the above programme. It was composed as long ago as 1827, and handed to Barnett's London publisher, who however, not finding it convenient to publish it, laid it by for a few years. In 1847 he took it up, and sent it to the composer, asking if it needed any revision before publication; Mr. Barnett revised and returned it; and ten years after that, in the present year 1857, it was published, and first produced at this Festival, no less than thirty years after it was composed. The critics however treat it rather slightly, notwithstanding its venerable age.

On Thursday evening, the 27th:

PART I.

Selection from the Works of Mozart:—
Symphony in E flat major.
Quartetto: Mme. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem
Smith and Mr. Weiss, "Placido e il mar," (Idomeneo.)
Aria: Herr Formes, "Madamina," (Don Giovanni.)
Aria: Mme. Clara Novello, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri,"
(Idomeneo.)
Duetto: Mme. and Mr. Weiss, "Crudel perche,"
(Nozze di Figaro.)
Aria: Sig. Gardoni, "Quando il pianto," (Il Seraglio.)
Aria: Miss Dolby, "Quando miro."
Sestetto: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss L. Vinning, Miss
Dolby, Sig. Gardoni, Herr Formes and Mr. Thomas,
"Sola, Sola," (Don Giovanni.)

PART II.

Overture: "La peste di Firenze," (MS. Opera.)
Frank Mori.
Cantata: "May Day," Solo, Miss L. Vinning,
Macfarren.
Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims
Reeves, and Chorus, "Miserere," (Il Tro-
vatore).....Verdi.
Song: Mr. Weiss, "The Reaper and the Flowers,"
Balfe.
Air: Mme. Weiss, and Chorus, "Daughter of
Error,".....Bishop.
Solo, Concertina: Mr. R. Blagrove,.....R. Blagrove.
Song: Mr. Sims Reeves, "Come into the gar-
den, Maud,".....Balfe.
Irish Ballads: Miss Dolby, "O Bay of Dublin,"
and "Katey's Letter,".....Lady Dufferin.
Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Sig. Gardoni,
(Traviata).....Verdi.
Finale: "God save the Queen."

The song by Balfe in the second part of this programme is very much admired, and the words, by Longfellow, are also considered as extremely beautiful. I referred in a previous letter to the popularity of the American poet in this country, and daily meet new proofs of his happy celebrity. His "Evangeline" is extensively read here, and is instantly quoted as his best work, while poor "Hiawatha" is fearfully and wonderfully snubbed. The English get so frightened at the Shawondassees and the Paupuke-wis, and the other long names that they have not courage enough to read farther and appreciate the beauties of the "Famine," or the "Departure" of the Indian hero.

During the last day of the Festival, my seat was near the orchestra, enabling me to observe closely the manners of the performers, and perhaps a little gossip about the personal characteristics of those whose names are nearly as familiar to lovers of music in the Western as in the Eastern hemisphere, may not be inappropriate. There is first of all Madame CLARA NOVELLO, who is as unlike a conventional prima donna as possible; with a frank open English countenance, easy and lady-like manners, and a very simple style of dress, she at once prepossesses the

beholder. You would suppose her to be a private lady quite unaccustomed to appear before large audiences, and have her name about the streets—for though never embarrassed, she is entirely destitute of the mannerisms or affectations that so often cling to opera or concert singers. Mme. Weiss has what Tennyson calls a "little head sunning over with curls," and arch, sprightly manners; yet there is a little affectation in her deportment before the audience. She has a delightful clear, though light soprano, and would, as far as *physique* goes, make a charming Rosina or Adina, while her vocal abilities would be by no means inadequate to the task. Miss DOLBY is a lady of commanding presence, though not at all masculine in appearance; she has very little affectation about her. SIMS REEVES is a man with a bronzed cheek, and you would at first suppose him to be "one of the marines." He has jet black hair and moustache, and does not look like an opera singer. Mr. WEISS does; he has a splendid personal appearance, and seems expressly made to 'do' the kings of the operatic stage, and withal has quite a youthful air. Herr FORMES is a stout yet very active man, wears his hair long, like a North American Indian, and somewhat resembles the pictures we see of Liszt the pianist, though he does not appear so deeply intellectual. He has a quick eye, and a voice and a half. The other solo singers at the Festival, though without other than local fame, did their parts very satisfactorily. A Miss PALMER, a pleasing young lady with a beautiful contralto voice, made her first appearance at this Festival, deservedly creating a very favorable impression.

It should be borne in mind that every person that took part in the Festival, whether as soloists or chorus singers, or orchestra performers, were liberally paid for their services, according to the usual custom, and were provided with refreshments between the parts of the performance. They numbered altogether three hundred, and the greatest number of auditors present on any single occasion was about two thousand, and this is considered a very large assembly for these festivals.

Yet notwithstanding the great success of the Worcester Festival in a musical point of view, it has by no means paid the expenses, which amount to over £3,000 sterling, while the receipts are officially announced as £980 12s 7d., which is however exclusive of the receipts of the evening concerts, which will probably amount to £500 more. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, the charity, for which these festivals are held, will this year receive therefrom £1,000; and this seeming inconsistency is explained from the fact that the financial concerns of the Festival are managed by thirty stewards, gentlemen of wealth residing in the vicinity, who agree to make up from their own pockets whatever deficiency may arise; and the bulk of the receipts is always put aside for the noble charity before alluded to—the fund for the relief of the widows and children of the deceased clergy. The entire affair concluded with a grand ball on Friday evening; and as it will not interest you to learn the names and costumes of all the titled personages there present, I shall close my lengthy report.

TROVATOR.

Miss Juliana May—Her Debut in New York.

A first appeal of a young feminine vocalist to the public has always a special interest, and in this instance there was a very extraordinary desire felt by many influential persons to witness the most promising lyrical curtesy possible on the part of the young lady. There are two ways of judging of an artist: by the highest and ripest standard, and by the qualifications which are attached to youth, and more or less inexperience. It is fair to judge Miss May by the latter standard. Nature has given her a fine voice, extensive compass, purity of tone, and what is to be so much

prized, strength in the lower scale. Her voice is a positive soprano. The first impression on the hearer very much favors the cantatrice on account of this radically fine quality. In regard to execution, the power to throw forth a tide of notes with a dazzling rapidity and a real or apparent spontaneity that hides all the methods of art, we cannot praise Miss May as a ripe artist. She has much to learn before she can rank with the great mistresses of the art. In these degenerate days, when the greed for money has taken the place of the religion of art, and so few learn to sing at all, Miss May may compare favorably with certain artists who are listened to; but the rank she should aspire to is not one of doubts or qualifications, but of distinct eminence in all the grades and shades of superiority. We think her extremely promising, and we believe she has the good sense to work hard in seeking to attain the supremest place. As to dramatic ability in an artist, no judgment can be formed from a hearing in a concert-room. The dramatic artist may be out of his element in a concert-room, and the reverse. What may be Miss May's ability on the lyrical stage can only be learned from actual fact, and we trust the ambition which, if we are not misinformed, she has of appearing at the Academy, may be gratified. The Academy of Music, according to its charter, is designed especially to encourage American efforts in art, and hence young native artists have claims on it.

The pieces which Miss May sang last night were all dramatic—by Rossini and Verdi and Meyerbeer—demanding the best qualities of the most experienced artists for the stage, and to give them full effect, action, idealization and the foot-lights are all necessary. If we were to hear Miss May with all these accessories, we could judge of her readings better.

The success of Miss May last night was flattering. She was called back after her pieces; and what the Italians denominate 99 parts out of 100 in a singer, namely, the voice, much admired. Now, let her toil until she gets thoroughly to the satisfaction of people the hardest to please, the 100th part.

Mr. Tafañelli, after a long absence from New York, appeared last night and sang, with his original boldness and sureness, several baritone songs, amid the loud plaudits of the auditory.

Mr. Brignoli gave us some tenor songs, showing constant improvement in a voice truly worthy of cultivation. He was loudly encored.

Mr. Kyle, after several years of retirement in the Custom-house, where he officiates, appeared last night amateur-wise, and gave his friends a souvenir of his old musical career, in the shape of a brilliant flute solo, admirably executed with his rich tones.—*N. Y. Tribune*, 23d.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 26, 1857.

NEW VOLUME.—The *Twelfth* half-yearly volume of our "Journal of Music" commences with the number for next Saturday, October 3d.

It is just the opening of the musical season, and we hope our friends will remember us and send us in the names of many new subscribers.

We must also jog the memory of many subscribers who are still delinquent in their payments. In times like these, a Journal that lives by what true love of Art there is in the community, needs all the little that is pledged to it.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

III.

We have spoken of the expressive power of Music; and certainly *expression*,—especially of the emotions, the deep sentiments, the holy aspirations, in a word of what is most human and

immortal in us, is its grand function and chief title to esteem. But the expressive power of Music is not all. It is inexhaustible in *description* also. In some of the most graphic specimens of orchestral music, hearing and seeing become as it were one; we begin to doubt almost if the eye is necessarily the organ of vision, so analogous are sounds with colors and forms the moment we cease to hear them superficially, and become excited and enraptured listening to them. How natural to describe one by the other! How often do we hear the highest, purest, brightest tones of a Lind or Sontag likened to points of light, stars dancing in the air. Every thing which intently occupies the mind, the mind paints to itself again in images—it translates all its notions into vision, and that so rapidly as almost to fancy that it *sees* them in the first instance. By some such law of the mind as this it is, that music becomes descriptive.

But it does not *directly* describe, like Speech or Painting. It interests the feelings first; these quicken the imagination; and then come up the scenes, the forms, the faces, with which those feelings are associated. Our emotions have all a creative power. Our passions are artists; they surround themselves with the fit landscape: they people the void with forms and faces, and all objects familiar or fantastic, or radiant with divine ideal beauty. Music too is vague; and therefore describes even the more powerfully. It wakes the feeling, which is one in all; but it leaves each individual heart to illustrate its feeling with its own hues and forms.

Music too is partly imitative. It borrows many sounds from nature—and the resources of the art are gradually enlarging, and seem capable of indefinite enlargement, by a diligent observation of the sounds which pervade the air. The wind, the ocean, the rustling grove, the murmuring brook, the hum of insects,—the rush, the start, the crash, the slide, the roll, the impatient bound, all appear in new qualities of tone, and new species of rhythmical motion. The reed stop in the organ reminds you at once of the mysterious, soul-like music of the wind sifted through the tiny needles of the pine grove. In Handel's *Messiah*, at the words: "Suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God," the air is filled with the quick undulations of wings, by the stringed instruments of the orchestra. At the words: "I will shake the heavens and the earth," the whole mighty mass of sound seems to quiver to its base. In such music the orchestral accompaniments form the dark back-ground, or the dim undefined distance, the world in shadow, whence the voices emerge into a distinct light, like the prominent figures in a great painting.

But Music never copies nature literally—if it does, it fails. It uses the privilege of Art to idealize whatever it represents; it views all things in a picturesque light; the harshest sounds, in the description of a battle or a storm, are as if heard from a distance, where they are blended in with all other sounds and harmonized. If it use a discord, it is only to prepare an ensuing concord with the more beautiful effect. Beauty, beauty, is the object of all the arts. They may copy nature, but always they do something more—they create—they impart to every picture something of their own. They contemplate nature from a loftier position, and impart a spiritual unity and beauty to that which seems deformed and contradictory to the actual observer. It is a

remarkable fact, however, that Nature herself idealizes. She gives the first hint to the artist. As, seen at a distance, the most vulgar and incongruous objects make up a sweet picture, so all sounds, however harsh and jarring, singly, become blended into the general music of the air, so that one ground-tone pervades them all and swallows up their discords. The tremendous roar of Niagara is musical and pleasing, because it so completely pervades the air; every thing for miles has adopted its vibration, and the effect is one deep, soul-satisfying harmony—it does not disturb but fills and delights the ear, lifts and tranquilizes the soul. So it is with the roar of the ocean; particularly on a beach, where there is grand rhythm with the harmony. But the sharp petulant prattle of smaller Falls, like those at Trenton, forbids all music, and distracts and crazes one whose ear is at all sensitive. The moment an object becomes vast enough to be called sublime, it is beautiful. So with sounds—the moment they become grand enough, not to check, but to swallow up all other sounds, they become Music. The most complicated wonders of musical art, therefore, have nature for their authority.

The orchestra seems a world in itself. In Symphonies and Overtures it reveals inexhaustible wonders to one who has learned how to listen. It needs but a word or two for all interpretation. A mere title gives the mind a clue to the mysteries we are about to hear, and then we may give ourselves up to the composer, and see displayed before the imagination all that is interesting or wonderful in nature or in life. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony explains itself to us by its name. Then we listen, and are soon lost in soft summer sensations, and the hum of insects, and the tinkling of bells, and the murmur of little rills is all around us. To enjoy and appreciate a Symphony requires preparation, as much as the reading of Shakspeare. At first it is all dark and confused before us, like one of those old thick-shaded pictures, which seem to be steeped in night. Gradually one shape after another comes out from the gloom; here and there some light silvery instrument lets in a ray, which is soon darkened over again by rolling massive clouds of Bass, but again is light poured in, till the whole seems beautiful and instinct with life.

Such effects we feel in music purely instrumental. Add now the vocal element, as in some grand Mass, or Oratorio. Voices people the scene. Song interprets what the instruments suggest and vaguely intimate. There is not wanting the simple air, to express the joys or sorrows, the gratitude, love, contrition, or alarm of the individual breast; nor choruses which seem echoed back from the far vaults of heaven, to sound a nation's triumph, or lift a people's prayer.

The whole resources of Music are combined in an Oratorio. For expression and description, this highest form of the Art employs all the known powers of voices and of instruments. The master compositions of this denomination summon up before the soul all that is most stirring and intense in its own existence. By the varied qualities of tone, now soft and soothing, appealing to our gentler sensibilities; now wild and thrilling, inspiring us with awe; by its endless varieties of movement, now light and airy, now majestic, measured, slow; now fluttering, like the breeze; now swelling and subsiding in full ca-

dence, like the ocean-wave; now sweeping, like the blast; now instantaneous and vivid as the lightning; now sinking into gentle undulation, as if the Power that raised the storm had lulled it to repose;—and by its combinations of harmony, expressive of commingling emotions; or the introduction of occasional discords, struggling with and at last absorbed in the harmony—(fit image of the triumph of Virtue):—the mind may be filled with a sense of all that is sublime in the material or moral universe. Lifted in imagination to the Alps, we acknowledge the Creator in his power and grandeur; or again, transported to soft Italian summers, we feel his presence as the Spirit of the Universe, breathing love. It is then that our feelings tend from earth to heaven; it is then that the fire in our inner temple burns free; it is when filled with the same emotions, as when looking on the vastness of his works, that we kindle with devotion to the Omnipotent. There are moments in every one's life, when he feels the Divinity with more intense reality than at ordinary times. Whatever calls up these moments may be called a devotional influence. There are subjects of wonder in the most common things about us—there are wonders in ourselves. Could we always *feel* them, we should always feel the presence of the Supreme Being. But habit intervenes; customary forms blunt our sense of them; we want something to lift the veil, to remove the dull consciousness of habit, to transport our thoughts to the more extraordinary and striking manifestations of power and love, to melt the coldness of every-day consciousness, and set loose our warmer sensibilities;—and then we do not have to *try* to feel devout. The Sublime and the Beautiful are *revelations* to us.

In the Oratorio we *feel*, perhaps for the first time, what we so often vainly strive to realize in our church choirs, the true religious power of Music.

NEW METHOD OF TEACHING SINGING.—The London *Musical World* of the 5th inst. notices a great meeting of the "Tonic Sol-fa Association," which took place at the Crystal Palace, attracting marked attention to an alleged new and *only* "philosophical" method of teaching children to read music. Nearly 3,000 boys and girls, assisted by between 200 and 300 male adults, performed a variety of pieces to the great delight of 30,000 auditors. The most active teacher of the method, Mr. JOHN CURWEN, of Plaistow, in a pamphlet describing its plan and tendency, takes care to state that the "Tonic Sol-fa" system is "not so much intended to supersede the recognized notation, as to lead to its more easy acquirement." This is indeed "consoling," as the *Musical World* says; for all the thousand and one specifics for doing away with all the difficulties in writing and reading music, and for conforming the whole complex musical literature to a new notation, have only served more to confuse the matter. The plan of proceeding is simple enough, to-wit:

All the ordinary means and appliances used in the received musical notation are rejected. In their place we have the initial letters of the Italian musical alphabet—*do, re, mi, fa, &c.*—with arbitrary signs to determine the length of notes, to signify the occurrence of accidentals, and to suggest the rhythmical division into bars. The great feature—the "philosophical" feature—of the system consists in the fact that "*do*" is always

regarded as the tonic note, and starting point, no matter what the key. Relative, not absolute pitch is considered. The tone in which a piece is to be sung being indicated before commencing, the same nomenclature is always employed; and thus a melody will be written in the same manner, whatever its actual pitch. Something of this kind was invented by Rousseau, who employed numbers instead of letters; and the scheme has been reproduced over and over again in variously modified forms. But its inapplicability to anything beyond the very simplest kind of vocal music is just as evident now as it was a century ago, and those who dream of the "Tonic Sol-fa" ever being universally adopted as a system of musical notation are more likely to injure than benefit the excellent object to which it is now directed, without moreover the remotest probability of ultimate success.

Now what is here put forward as the "great philosophical" feature of the plan—that of regarding *Do* always as the tonic or key-note—is nothing new at all. In this country it is in use in schools and choirs, in musical conventions and institutes,—wherever in fact the system introduced by LOWELL MASON, as the "Pestalozzian system," is in force. It is a curious fact, that here in America the innovators wage war against the use of *Do* for every key-note, as against the popular and settled prejudice, while in England the relation between reformer and conservative in this matter is precisely the reverse. But new systems of notation can do comparatively little harm, when we consider that they are for the most part only applicable to the simplest exercises in singing, and that it would be hardly possible to write out a complex composition, say a fugue of Bach, according to any one of them. And meanwhile, at any rate, the "Tonic Sol-fa" professors are doing England and the world a service, if they can inspire thousands of children with a true zeal for learning to sing.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Those of our citizens who owe pleasant recollections to the tenor singing, in opera and concert, of Signor GUIDI, now in distress, with loss of voice and health and means, will have an opportunity to return somewhat of the debt this evening, by attending the Benefit Concert arranged for him in a semi-private way by some of our best artists, at the Chickering saloon. Tickets at 50 cents may be had at the music stores and at the door. Mrs. WENTWORTH, the sweet singer, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, and Mr. LANG, pianists, Mr. SCHULTZE, violinist, JUNGnickel, violoncellist, and RYAN, clarionettist, will contribute to the programme, which contains a choice variety of pieces.

We have received a copy of the new Biography of HANDEL, by VICTOR SCHÖLCHER, reprinted entire in a cheap and handsome duodecimo of nearly 600 pages, by Mason Brothers, New York. It is altogether the most complete and interesting account of Handel that exists, and every page of it bears evidence of the earnest thoroughness, enthusiasm and modesty of the author, who is a French refugee in England. We shall speak more fully of the book, which meanwhile we advise every lover of Handel's oratorios to buy. Mr. J. R. Miller, the Boston agent for the publications of Mason Brothers, has it for sale, at 229 Washington street. Mr. Miller also announces a couple of new musical works of a popular character.

The orchestra at our Boston Theatre is particularly good this season. There, between the acts of fine Shaksperian plays, with young Booth's beautiful and noble acting, the opera dilettanti may hear

served up in potpourris sweet reminiscences of 'Tell,' *L'Etoile du Nord* and the *Traviata*, besides voluptuous waltzes, and occasionally a bit of Beethoven.

Among the passengers by the Canada, which arrived at this port yesterday, were Signors RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO, engaged for the Marshall-Marczek opera troupe. The rival companies are not yet fused exactly into one, but a treaty of "amicable" alliance is announced between them, whereby there will be an interchange of singers, and the whole force of both troupes will appear in turn at the N. Y. Academy, and we presume in Philadelphia and Boston. The treaty has already been ratified in New York by the announcement of GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI and AMADIO, under the Ullman flag, in that most wonderful of novelties, the *Trovatore*. The great operatic event, however, of the week has been the performance of Rossini's "Barber," with Mme LAGRANGE, LABOCETTA, GASSIER and ROCCO in the leading characters. . . . VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG gave their first concert in Philadelphia last evening. . . . In the same city the famous Ronzani Ballet troupe draw crowded and delighted houses by the ballet of "Faust," which is said to be of unprecedented splendor for this country. The principal dancers are said to be truly artists, the performance an artistic whole, complete in all details, and bringing 200 persons at once upon the stage. CARL BERGMANN conducts the orchestra.

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In the former of these departments instruction will be imparted to each pupil individually; in the latter several pupils can participate jointly. All these subjects of study will follow in regular course, each pupil receiving instruction daily. Any person, however, may devote himself either to one or several of the branches, at pleasure.

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Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, \$4. Single tickets \$1. Subscription lists will be found at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' Rooms and at the Music Stores.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have in press, and will issue early in October:

THE CHURCH and HOME A Collection of Sacred Music, comprising Anthems, Motets, Extracts from Oratorios and Masses, Canticles, Chants, &c. Selected and adapted by GEORGE LEACH

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For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.

THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

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The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thanksgiving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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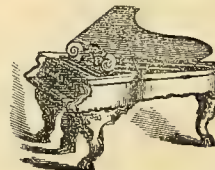
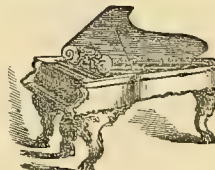
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Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Piano Compositions.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

From the German of ROCHLITZ.

You ask if I will laugh at you, because, in spite of the best will, you cannot relish the piano works of Bach? Do not believe it, my dear A. Good things require time. No tree falls at the first stroke. Remember: there was a time, too, when we found much in Homer tedious; when we scarcely endured the mixture of the comic and the tragic in Shakspeare, and read Goethe's "Tasso" only to copy out beautiful sentences. And we had as good a will about it as you have here, and possibly more zeal. But commonly there is as little done with what is lightly termed good will, as there is with what is lightly called sound human understanding. To such good will, which is the result of various influences of the moment on one's mood, there must be added earnest, persevering and well-ordered effort. This is what I am now to write about. Side by side with your will I will place my patience, and when we have united this respectable but rather faint-hearted pair, I will call up, instead of the former, your sense or feeling for Art, and, with your leave, will introduce to him my experience. A more vigorous pair! Here we may hope a statelier marriage, which, with God's blessing, shall not be without fruits.

In the first place let me repeat to you some propositions, in the way of marriage contract, which we all know and confess, but which, when it comes to the application, we are very apt to forget, like other marriage contracts.

Art is certainly a play, but no child's play. It is meant for recreation, but not for frivolity; its aim is to please, but not to please the low.

Diamonds do not lie in the streets; nor under thin earth, like potatoes; but in deep mines. And when they are brought to light, and even polished, you must still examine them closely, to distinguish them from Bohemian stones or British steel.

Lessing says: No painter can draw a nobler head than his own; and, rightly understood, the statement is unobjectionable; we may add to it, and say: No one can understand and enjoy a nobler. It presupposes not a little, therefore, if one can really understand and enjoy works so unique in their kind as the works of Bach. It requires still more, if one belong to an age when all are nourished upon works which seek the goal by the very opposite path. There is no help for it; one must confess, I am not made for this branch of the beautiful, and cannot appreciate it—which is passing a severe sentence on his own love of Art—or he must form himself for it; that is to say, he must carefully excite, faithfully nourish, and skillfully use, whatever in him lies for such an end.

How so? you ask. There are two ways here: one leads from above down to the centre, the other from below up to it. The former is the theoretic, the latter the practical way. Will you choose the first? No, you say; that is too long and dry for me. If I can reach it by the second, I'll take that—I have no objection. We remain then on the practical way, as being the correct one and at the same time more pleasant. Only we are not to promenade at leisure through a garden of roses.

You smile, and intimate that my precautions are designed to hide my desperation in pointing out this way to you. It divides itself, to be sure, into many footpaths; and who will dare maintain, that mine is the surest? Or must it necessarily suit you, as well as me? I will describe to you how I arrived at an understanding and reverence of the works of Bach; and I am certain, I shall remain my life long not less true to them, than to the quite heterogeneous works of other really great masters of the past and present time. You may then follow me, or turn occasionally from my path; only do not begin what you are not resolved to finish.

While a boy at school, I was obliged to help perform the eight-part motets of Bach: this prejudiced me the more against the master; I was shy of him and of his works. Heaven knows, I only learned to read them firmly through fear of severe punishment; therefore I thought of nothing but to bring out correctly what I found there written; I felt no satisfaction in it, except joy when it was well over, and I often sighed for a new song, or that the Spirit would help me in my

infirmities. Only when I reached the years when a new world gradually opened upon me and closed up my voice for the soprano, was I at times carried away by: *As a father pitieth his children*, and: *Glory and honor*; by the former with devout emotions, by the latter with lively enthusiasm.* But as to closely analyzing what this influence was, or as to reflecting how it was produced,—I was not moved to do it. Enough for me, as for almost all young persons, (and for most, all their lives long,) was the total impression; I had no outward occasion to come nearer to Bach; I was contented with a timid reverence for him.

Then Mozart came to Leipzig. I was often about him, and an eye-witness of his behavior toward Bach's works, as I have before related publicly.† . . . That inflamed me. I got together all of Bach's compositions I could hunt up. With zeal I fell to work on them. It would all go at once, right off—as one thinks in his nineteenth year; but nothing went—as one finds by experience in his nineteenth year. I set before me Bach's Motets, and also some of his Cantatas; by far the greater part of it seemed to me like a fermenting chaos, and I saw, in my haste, no more than one sees in the show-box of the hurdy-gurdy man at Rag Fair:

How all four elements
Are mingled and confused—

* "Sing to the Lord a new song," and "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities," are two of the most difficult of Bach's motets. "As a father pitieth his children," is one of the most humbly pious, and "Glory and honor" one of the sublimest movements among all Bach's works of this kind.

† *Anecdotes from the Life of Mozart*, in the first year of the Leipzig *Musikalische Zeitung*. The following words refer to our present purpose. "At the suggestion of the then cantor of the Thomas-Schule, Doles, the choir surprised Mozart with the execution of the eight-part motet: *Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied*, by Sebastian Bach. Mozart knew this master more by hearsay, than by acquaintance with his works; at least, his Motets, then unprinted, were entirely unknown to him. The choir had scarcely sung a few bars, when Mozart started; a few bars more—when he cried out: What is that? And now his whole soul seemed in his ears. When the singing was over, he exclaimed, full of joy: That is something once more from which something may be learned! They told him that this school, in which Bach had been cantor, possessed and guarded as a sacred treasure the entire collection of his Motets. That is right! that is good! cried he. Show me them!—But they had no score of these vocal pieces; so he had the copied parts handed to him; and now it was a delight to the silent observer to see how eagerly Mozart sat down, placed the parts all around him, in both hands, on his knees, on the nearest seats, and, forgetting all else, did not get up till he had carefully looked through all there was there of Sebastian Bach. He begged a copy, which he prized extremely."

That was vexatious. I tried to help the understanding through the ear, and took out the piano pieces: I was not more fortunate. Modern piano-forte concertos I could play, but not such pieces for one pair of hands. That was still more vexatious; and what I brought out tolerably, would not sound at all well to me: that was the most vexatious of all. I threw away the whole collection, and exclaimed, like St. Jerome, when he had the same luck with Lycophron's Cassandra as I had with Bach: *Si non vis intelligi, non debes legi!*—Not until several years later, when I was invited to work publicly for music by editing a journal especially devoted to it, did I return to my collection, less from inclination than because I held it a duty to know the most excellent in every kind, before I undertook to speak about it. But, not to make another vain attempt, I be-thought me of a plan, as well for my study, as for my execution of that master's works.

What was Bach's main object in his labors? I thought it best to understand that first of all. His leading purpose is not hard to discover, since scarcely any composer has ever pursued his purpose so strictly, putting all else aside. I found the following:

1. If you consider Bach's works in themselves, in their internal structure, it is clear: The artist will not only combine the greatest unity with the utmost possible variety, which every one should; but he will rather sacrifice somewhat to the last than to the first. Look at his best works, my dear A.: for only by the best a man does, only by that in which his will expresses itself the clearest, and in which he comes the nearest to what he has willed, ought we to judge him—look at these works of Bach: for each one of his pieces he chooses only one main thought, with which he then associates one or more accessory ideas, which, however, correspond so perfectly with that, and attach themselves to it so naturally, that it seems for the first time to come fully out and perfectly express itself when in their company. These ideas now he brings, with inexhaustible depth, into ever new and extremely various relations to one another; he separates, unites, turns and twists them in all conceivable ways, and even till they are exhausted; so that one may maintain of many of his works, as of those old German church architects, that it would be impossible for the most practised eye of a fellow artist to perceive all, until he had carefully examined every part, and made himself intimately acquainted with it. Hence everything in Bach's most perfect works seems necessary, (as if it could not have been otherwise without injury to the whole,) and yet at the same time all seems free, each part as it were only self-conditioned.* This obstinate economy, this tenacious and extremely sparing use of material, must seem like poverty, meagre monotony and dryness, to those who cannot keep hold of the inner form, but would fain be interested by multiplicity of masses and varieties of outward forms and manners of expression.

* Both of these excellencies the master—strange to say—accomplished in the most different kinds of his art, from compositions with the greatest number of real parts ever conceived by any artist, down to pieces for a single violin, to which it is impossible even to put a bass; nay, he did it not only with melodies of his own invention, but with the most difficult given melodies, as those of the old church chorals in his Cantatas, &c.

2. If we consider Bach's works with reference to those who hear them and are to feel their effect, it is clear: Our artist makes his appeal, as all true artists do, to the whole man; but he reverses the order which the most mark out for themselves, or which they, following their individuality, adopt instinctively. He is very seldom what we commonly call agreeable, or flattering to the outward sense and to what passes over unconsciously from sense into feeling. Least of all is he so in his best known compositions, in those for the piano and the organ, as well as in those for the voice alone. In the works for voices and orchestra he employs indeed for this end not unfrequently the peculiar charm of this or that instrument, and herein he is at times as tender, as peculiar, as strange and piquant, as he must have been (according to Hiller's testimony) in the use of the various stops when he played the organ.—Bach, then, gives little in the way of sensuous charm and excitement. He offers indeed rich matter to the imagination, but seldom by direct appeals to it, always rather through the medium of thinking. He often takes hold of the feelings, but for the most part on a side where most men are not very susceptible, and where even the most capable and best cannot at all hours follow him: namely, on the side of the sublime and grand. But when he has once taken hold of this feeling, he holds it powerfully and unalterably up to the very climax. But mostly he excites and occupies the understanding; not the cold and dry, but the living, glowing and all-penetrating intellect. Hence to one, who cannot think during his artistic enjoyment, his works are very little; such an one will never take home to himself their most essential excellence, nor will he even find it out.

[Conclusion next week.]

Disputed Points about Handel's Music.

(From the *Athenæum*, July 4.)

Dr. Crysander, the German gentleman entrusted by the Halle Committee with the task of writing the biography of Handel, to be ready for the centenary performances of 1859, and to accompany the new German edition of Handel's works advertised—is now in England in quest of materials. The old sources, the old lives, and the old errors, lie, we know, within a small compass, and are ready at hand. It seems like offering a piece of Job's comfort to a willing laborer to say, that the difficulties of clearing out new channels of information, and of really settling the disputed points which belong to the music of this greatest of musicians, demand the devotion of twenty rather than of two years if they are to be completely met. Yet we must hope that they will not be lost sight of; since if sources of inquiry are only indicated, musical antiquaries of 1959 perhaps may be found willing to explore and to admit what is now left unsearched and unquestioned. How loth the world is to receive testimony and to examine evidence, we are reminded by the new Preface written by Mr. Macfarren for the authorized work of "Israel" put forth by the Sacred Harmonic Society. In this, we find the puzzling discovery years ago announced and verified by the *Athenæum*, of the identity of the Kerl *Canzona* with the chorus "Egypt was glad," acknowledged for the first time, by any writer unconnected with this journal. Along with this are other admissions and acceptances which are no less remarkable.

"The First Part [of 'Israel,' writes Mr. Macfarren] contains two appropriations of inconsiderable importance from the composer's 'Six Fugues for the Harpsichord'; there are in it also four prominent ideas derived from an Italian 'Serenata' for three solo voices and orchestra of Alessandro Stradella, of which M. Schelcher possesses a manuscript, and, what is

much the most remarkable, an adaptation of an organ fugue (or, as the author defines it, a *Canzona*), by Johann Caspar Kerl, with whose writings, as with those of all his contemporaries, Handel was familiar, and who, according to Sir John Hawkins, was at the height of his career as a writer for and performer upon the organ at the time of Handel's infancy. The Second Part includes many more adaptations of very great importance from an unknown work of which it is here necessary to give some brief account. This is a 'Magnificat' with Latin words, of which a copy (most likely the original) in Handel's handwriting is in the collection of his MSS. in Buckingham Palace. The copy is defective of the last three pieces; but there is a complete transcript of the work in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which supplies the deficiency. For the collation of the transcript with Handel's MS., and the proof this affords of the work being Handel's composition, the musical world is indebted to the researches of M. Schelcher, whose biography of the composer affords most copious particulars upon this interesting subject."

By the above we now have "four prominent ideas" in the first part of "Israel" given to Stradella. Yet the *Magnificat*, which is described in one manuscript as "by" Erba is once again unhesitatingly attributed to Handel, because an incomplete copy of the work exists in the handwriting of Handel, who was known to have copied music by "Kerl, Fröhberger," &c. &c., and who is here further admitted in "Israel" to have quoted four prominent subjects from another Italian master. Ours is not quibbling, under the notion of making a stir by keeping alive a paper war; but a sincere effort to encourage all who deal with a subject of its kind as difficult as Shakspeare's text, to take some pains to get at the truth, whether it makes a concord or a discord with their own particular crotchets!—Meanwhile, to turn from what is grave and tedious (however it be necessary), let us mention an illustration of Handel's procedure at this moment trudging up and down London streets, which is about as quaintly-picturesque a thing to see (however bad to listen to) as we have been often treated with. This is the *Zumpagnatore*, who plays on the Italian bagpipe, with his comrades. We met him last under the trees in the Champs Elysées at Paris. In that fantastic place no curiosity nor exotic man, woman, or child looks misplaced. Here, beneath the leaden sky of London, these bright-faced, dirty, picturesque shepherd folk, who apparently wander about with a craving to find any creature that will endure their music and look kindly on themselves, is a sight a little sad and strange. Suspicious and comforting prudence whispers that, after all, these Southern peasants may not be genuine—any more than were the Bohemians who, some twenty-five years ago, were got up in Whitechapel to rival "the original Tyrolese" at the West-End of London. But experience replies that the music of our *Zumpagnatore* and his assistant pipers is as shocking and crude as if it came from the *Campagna*; and thus, it may be feared, the party is a real thing. Nevertheless, this curious group, that emits such excruciating and droning sounds is linked with Handel's "Messiah" and Corelli's "Nativity Concerto"—since any one who, with cottoned ears and close-buttoned pocket, can have patience to follow them and endure the appeal of their mute yet merry faces, down "all manner of streets," will hear, in its turn, the *Motivo* of "The Pastoral Symphony" and the well-known phrase which was wrought up for the orchestra by Cardinal Ottoboni's guest (the Roman violinist) in their fresh, if not pure, state, and played with a true piper's gusto. Never was the alchemical power of Genius to transmute and perfect the rudest ware, more clearly brought before us than while we were abiding the coarse, searching, screeching indications of that which the world has been made to love as a strain of perfect and celestial melody—under the blaze of a fierce noon, on a London causeway.

Dr. Marschner's Music.

From the London *Athenæum*.

The quality of the music by Dr. Marschner presented at the late concert claims a word of retrospect,—due to one who gained a good name more than a quarter of a century since, and who has continued to work indefatigably,—of later

years, we suspect, more indefatigably than hopefully. Three of Dr. Marschner's operas, "Der Vampyr," "Der Templer und die Jüdin," and "Hans Heiling," have a place in the universal German repertory. The first two made it evident that their author entered on his career with that instinct for the stage which no study can give. It is true that throughout "Der Vampyr" the influence of Weber is to be traced, as clearly as the influence of Signor Rossini in Signor Pacini's "La Schiava in Bagdad"; and it is true that to this resemblance, possibly, the opera owed such popularity as it gained at once. Traces of a resolution to fling off Weber's influence are discernible throughout Dr. Marschner's later and best opera,—that on the "Ivanhoe" story: which may be called the "Euryanthe" to his "Der Freischütz." There is a rich and real color—something oriental and Jewish—in the trial scene. Friar Tuck's song is jolly and English,—a ditty to be sung and chorused beneath the shade of oak trees; and the "Templar's March," though built on curiously few notes, is a characteristic march,—as such to be classed with Weber's gipsy tune in "Preciosa." But from this point in Dr. Marschner's career, his vigor—not his willingness to produce—seems to have failed him; and without his having established a manner of his own, as Dr. Spohr did in his early works, our late guest has followed the law of a similar career, and has since thrown off much music (if the truth must out) apparently without reality or enjoyment, or success in any respect commensurate with his industry. That the system of life establishment for musicians has helped at producing such results, we cannot but think: observing that no such progress is to be traced among the second-rate composers of Germany, whatever be their fecundity, as marked the lives and operas of the Donizettis and Bellinis of Italy;—men buffeted about, compelled to attempt here, to concede there, to educate themselves up to the conditions and requirements of the public by whose enthusiasm or condemnation they were to live or to starve. Too many of the German composers who wrote subsequently to the great period of creation—let us instance Lindpaintner, the Lachners, Gläser, Lowe, that we may not be thought invidious towards one man alone—seem to have become languid, tame, undecided; and the majority of them, we must add, (seduced by a few brilliant examples,) have fallen into their "solemn drowsyhead" without having won the right to sleep by previous academical labor. So far from this, as a body of opera-writers, they have been curiously unlearned. Because Beethoven despised his singers,—because Weber (natural melodist though he was) had never mastered the science of vocal writing,—these gentlemen, appealing to such high precedents, produced operas so unpleasing for the voices, that they have done their part in paving the way for the men of the present, who declare that a voice is only good when it does not sing, but declaims. There is a *faute* in Dr. Marschner's "Falkner's Braut" which lives in our recollection as the most ungrateful musical piece for every singing creature concerned in it to sing in tune, and, of course, to get by heart, that we ever came near,—without one phrase to redeem the ungraciousness. The inevitable counterpoise to this vocal torture is a triviality and triteness of melody when a tune is wanted. Let us consider what manner of melodies have come from Germany since the days when Schubert's songs were unearthed after his death—*Lieder* by Küken, Proch, Speyer—a faded phrase or two by Conradin Kreutzer—and such specimens as Mendelssohn has left us. It may be observed as a universal fact in the career of all the estimable men—of whom Dr. Marschner is one—that a time has come when grimness and mystery have been rated at their proper value, and at which the tune-chase has begun.

The foregoing remarks are forced on us by the music given the other day; which was not bad, not ugly, not altogether ill made, but not new—and how flat! There was the overture to "Hans Heiling," which is an overture in a minor key and an agitated movement, such as could be turned out of a kaleidoscope, full of vapid phrases;

—less real and excellent than the flimsiest bit of French nonsense, timed by a triangle, and vulgarized by the tune being scored for cornet and piston. There was a dancing duet for two sopranis, which never came to an end—and heavy was the dance, and trite was the tune. There was a *Lied* about a "kiss" (encored), in which the tune was as common-place, but not so sweet, as the transposition to which it was devoted. In Dr. Marschner's long piano-forte trio, again, the triteness of phrase, and the absence of interest and style, must have been felt by every listener as depressing. To ourselves, the other day's experience, conjointly with remembrance of other works from the same hand that we have encountered abroad (an Oriental cantata, "Klänge aus Osten," among the rest,) suggested the "rotteness" in the state of German art and ambition, which has rendered such a maturity of mediocrity not merely possible, but frequent too, with persons whom modest study (and a little struggle) might have ripened, and freshened. It is not pleasant to say this: but having been obdurate to the sorceries of Herren Wagner and Liszt,—having spoken of them as delusions,—we cannot receive such an impression of such a cause of such an effect,—not touch such a seed of such a fruit, as this concert made us do,—without pointing out how the present German frenzy is ascribable, partly to the former too facile acquiescence of the public,—partly to that German antagonism to a real and universal knowledge of music, which may be dated from the moment when some mighty men began to set themselves up in opposition to what Herr von Raumer has pertly called the "sing song" of Italy,—otherwise to the idea of beauty, omnipresent, if not paramount, in an art which is nothing if not poetical, symmetrical, harmonious.

(FROM SCHELCHER'S Life of Handel.)

Perversions ("Adaptations") of Handel's Songs.

In spite of their reverence for Handel, the English will only see in him the composer of sacred music; and, outside of a certain musical sphere, there are many persons who will be very much astonished to hear that Handel ever wrote an opera. They will go to the theatre to listen to such rubbish as *Rigoletto*, but no manager dares to risk such works as *Otho*, *Admetus*, *Alcina*, or *Julius Cesar*. Meanwhile, they sing with admiration the religious air of "Lord, remember David," which, like the "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is, after all, only a secular air disguised—nothing but "Rend'il sereno al ciglio" of *Sosarme*; "He was eyes unto the blind," is made out of "Non vi piacque" of *Siroe*; "He was brought as a lamb," of "Nel riposo" of *Deidamia*; "Turn thee, O Lord," of "Verdi prati," a sublime air of *Alcina*; "He layeth the beams of his chamber," of "Nasci al bosco" of *Ezio*; and "Bow down thine ear, O Lord," of "Vieni, o figlio" of *Ottone*.

I have only cited here the best known examples of these transmutations, but there are a multitude of others, many of which have been printed over and over again, while the original airs have remained buried in the old editions of Walsh, and are known only to amateurs. The Italian repertory of Handel has been sanctified (as it were) in this manner, and almost always fraudulently; that is to say, the source has been concealed. The smallest vice in these pieces of scrap work is to render unnatural, and consequently to spoil the most beautiful things by putting them into dresses which were never made to fit them. Nothing can be said against a translation when it is executed with ability, and preserves the spirit by changing only the words of the original; but to adapt a cavatina of the theatre to a strophe from the Bible is almost invariably tantamount to an entire change of the composer's idea, since there is no analogy in the sentiments which it is made to express. Music is not "a horse for every saddle," and although it is not a precise and determined language—although it can frequently express diverse ideas, it can not adapt itself indifferently to every description of words. It is known that Handel himself wrote four choruses

of the "Messiah" out of "Chamber Duets." He has taken a phrase of a chorus in *Acis*, "Behold the monster," in which the expression of fear and horror is admirable, from another chamber duet, of which the sense was not at all analogous. "Let old Timotheus," of "Alexander's Feast," is perfectly similar to the first part of the chamber trio, "Quel fior che al alba ride." Many similar examples might be quoted. But although an air which has been composed for one subject may sometimes be suitable for another, such is not always the case. Music is an excessively delicate art; it is the most sensitive of all the arts; the slightest modification—even the alteration of a note—is perceptible; the acceleration, or the prolongation of the time often entirely changes the character of a song; and it is the composer only who has a right to effect such transformations, for he alone can judge of their propriety. There may be different ways (and all excellent) of singing the same thing, and yet all ways may not be good. There are a hundred thousand plaintive melodies which will very well express *I wish to die*, and some of these may be very well applied to *My grief is great*; but some of them would not agree with the latter phrase, and if you applied them to *I wish to dance*, the result would be horribly incongruous.

The acrobats who give themselves to this kind of trick are still more culpable, when they do not inform the public of the fact. For example, in the "Holy, holy, Lord," which is usually printed as "by Handel," the word "holy" occurs *thirty-one times over*. But it never falls together oftener than twice, although the text invokes God as thrice holy. Surely Handel would not have been so prodigal of this word, and he would not have altered the biblical text, which repeats three times, "Holy! holy! holy!" He knew that the number three was a sacred number in the Bible, like the number seven. Still less would he have clothed the invocation of a praying people—"Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty!" with the accents of a man who is calling upon his love, "Dove sei amato bene," "Where art thou, my beloved treasure?"

And, besides, many of these adapters have not even respected the music which they have meddled with. Corfe, in his substitution of "Turn thee, O Lord!" for "Verdi prati," has not contented himself with transforming the Italian air into a duet, but he has found it useful to change certain passages of it. And what could be worse than to apply a melody which breathes of "Green meadows, lovely forest," to "Turn thee, O Lord?" Arnold has, indeed, preserved in all its integrity the air of "Verdi prati," while he adapts it to "Where is this stupendous Stranger?" (*Redemption*.) But it is easy to imagine what would have been the anger of the choleric Handel, if he could have heard his ideas about green fields applied to any stranger, be he ever so stupendous.

The mania for putting every thing into their prayers has betrayed the English into some most unworthy actions. If Handel had written a "Vive l'amour!" or a "Here's to wine!" they would have made a canticle of it. In 1765, they had the audacity to introduce into *Israel in Egypt* a dozen such things as "Great Jehovah, all adoring," fitted to the music of "Di Cupido impiego i vanni" ("I borrow Cupid's wings"), from *Rodelinda*; thus daring to set Cupid's quiver upon the shoulders of Omnipotence itself—an act which seems to me monstrous, in an artistic point of view, and I am astonished that the English, generally so religious, do not regard it as positively blasphemous.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when he was reproached with similar practices, wittily replied: "But the devil must not have all the good tunes." A man of wit can always extricate himself by a joke; but that does not satisfy the question of propriety, and it is astonishing that churchmen do not regard this more seriously—for to sing a psalm to an air taken out of an opera seems like decorating the altar with the detested rags of the theatre, or dressing up a bishop in the costume of "the comic man."

Even those who have inherited Handel's own books have left in them traces of similar profana-

tion. Thus, in the copy of "Deborah," which Handel himself used for a long time, and which contains a number of notes, and even entire pages in his own hand-writing, the original air of Jael, "To joy he brightens my despair," is folded down as if to be suppressed, and is replaced by three new pages, with "To joy he brightens" set to an air from *Siroe*, "Sgombra dell'anima"! Many other examples of this might be cited; for really some persons seemed to think that they might take the most incredible liberties with music. In the eighteenth century there were editors who had the barbarous audacity to correct Shakespeare, in order to "render him fit for the stage," but no one has dared, in imitation of these musical arrangers, to put the description of Queen Mab into Othello's mouth, or Hamlet's soliloquy into that of Falstaff.

Even while Handel was living, this adulteration of his compositions was practiced. All collections of songs about that date are full of things "by Mr. Handel," but of which he was certainly guiltless; and these are always airs from his operas, and even from his oratorios, adapted to English rhymes. The *Thesaurus Musicus*, for example, contains "A bacchanal—Bacchus, god of mortal pleasures," by Mr. Handel; which is simply a gavot from the overture of *Otho*, out of which the adapter has manufactured a toper's duet. And not only did they distort the great master's music by marrying it to words which bore no sort of relation to the ideas which he had intended it to express, but they even degraded it by coupling it with low comedy matters. In the British Museum there is a song, "On the Humours of the town," a dialogue between Columbine and Punch, to a favorite air of Mr. Handel's, "O my pretty PUNCHINELLO!" It is an air from *Rodelinda*, "Ben spesso in vago prato," which is here lent to Columbine and PUNCHINELLO for the interchange of their amenities. Harry Carey, the original profaner, had at least the good faith to point it out; but Bickham inserted "O my pretty PUNCHINELLO!" in his "Musical Entertainer," merely observing, "The musick by Mr. Handel."!!!

* * * "Comme avec irrévérence
Parle des dieux ce maraud!"—*Amphytrion*.

The Humble Confession of a Tenor.

(From Dickens's Household Words.)

I live in a suburban village, which fast begins to be a town. London bubbles up here and there all along our line of railway. We have improvement commissioners, gas-lamps always a-light when there is no moon, and postmen with red coats. We have our squabbles about church-rates, and boast a newspaper, which, by the way, is quite able to boast for itself. In summer we have our cricket-club, (the match between little Toddlecombe and Ourselves is a marked era in the history of cricket;) we have our boating, too, for we live near the river; now and then we have dancing and evening parties. Still, I required in the winter something more; when behold Hullah, like a ripe plum, jumped into my mouth; a music-class was formed A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

I am a shy man, and I understood, from a very reliable quarter, that ladies were about to join the class. I drew back. How was I to stand up and to be looked at, worst of all, to be *heard* by those fair creatures? However, I ventured. In my first attempts at harmony, our master stood beside a large black-board—we were ranged on benches row behind row; and I confess that I ungallantly left the ladies to bear the brunt of his observations and corrections, myself shamefully retiring behind the tallest and stoutest of the lovely singers. Other gentlemen followed my example; and, for some time, we were left to ourselves, although now and then alluded to, rather than addressed by our teacher. Often have I felt that his eye was upon me when I forgot for a moment my fears, and ventured a little way from my shelter. Sometimes he said that he could not hear the gentlemen's voices. This simple but too true observation filled me with trepidation. At last we were obliged to come forward, dragged into the light with all our false notes and bad time; and it is impossible to

describe the agony of our situation. Mr. Batten, (Mr. Hullah's deputy,) our able and kind master, exhorted us to make mistakes, rather than not sing at all. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish that you would make some mistakes." In this respect I soon became his best pupil.

Miss Sophia Lute was, from the commencement, a member of the Hullah class; taking her place at once among the soprano voices. I do not know why she joined us, for she knew music sufficiently well before. I believe that she did it out of pure good nature. Sometimes, when I made abortive attempts to reach G—a note to which I have a fixed dislike—the other ladies of the class smiled. One young lady even laughed, and I hated her. Two other tenors, who confided their dislike to me, also hated her; but Miss Sophia always looked at me in a manner so kind and encouraging, that, although I never properly reached G, I felt pleased with my mistakes for bringing out such a look. G, indeed, has never been attainable to me.

There is always more shyness among the gentlemen than among the ladies. Several gentlemen on the stock exchange, a lawyer, and a Greek merchant, have successively come to our classroom with the intention of joining us; but have never summoned sufficient courage; Jones Smith (brother of Smith of the Admiralty, our best bass) actually ran away one evening, after knocking at the door.

We have three facetious members; one of whom, instead of singing, imitates all the others, one by one, in a ludicrous and covert manner, between the pieces. They give us, in addition, puns, conundrums, and witty observations. Miss Sophia does not like this. She says that it interrupts the singing. The humorous gentlemen were on the *qui vive* a few days ago in consequence of an observation made by a very sharp solicitor, who, seeing 6-8 at the beginning of a piece of music, (to indicate that there were six quavers in the bar,) could not imagine what it signified. He thought that he had seen the figures somewhere else, written in a line, but could not distinctly remember where.

There have been several jealousies. Those who live on the common looked down on us whose houses are not so stylish. They were quite angry when we called them the common people; but harmony was soon restored.

We have formed a Hullah madrigal club. Simpkins is secretary, and the committee meet every month. Hence, several most delightful parties. Besides, we have a Hullah picnic, and a Hullah boating association. And from the formation of that society I date my present ecstatic state of happiness.

It was on a Thursday in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, (I was brought up to be very careful about dates,) that we had our first picnic. Jones—the bass Jones—who sometimes comes to our practicings and *réunions*, has a villa on the Thames, between Teddington and Twickenham; a very pretty place it is, but more favorable to bass than to tenor voices in winter. I am told that a catarrh quite improves a bass voice; but, at the same time, Nature seems to have settled that the tenor requires more care, and, being scarcer, is the more valuable. So I could never live so very near the Thames as Jones.

It was arranged that there should be four boats—one respectively for the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. Of course the sopranos and altos did not row themselves—four gentlemen of the tenors rowed the soprano boat, four gentlemen of the basses the alto. I was stroke-oar of the sopranos, and sat just opposite to Miss Sophia. It was agreed as soon as we had made a little way, to sing "Since first I saw your face," a very pretty madrigal. But it all went wrong in consequence of my unhappy self-consciousness and my intractable G. In the second verse, at

"No, no, no, my heart is fast, and can not disentangle,"

I broke down completely. The words were so true, and the notes so false, that there was no help for it—the madrigal was a failure through my mischance, and I felt such a tingling and blushing all over me, that I believe my very oar would have tingled and blushed if it could.

We arrived at our destination without any further misadventure, and found the hospitable Jones anxiously awaiting us with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, whom he had invited to his house for the day; and certainly we had come to a lovely spot. A smoother and greener lawn was never seen, very gradually sloping to the water's edge. Here and there a willow dipped its branches into the river, while at one end of our friend's property was a little harbor into which our fleet was taken, and where it was safely moored. The house is a long building with verandahs; although glistening in the sunshine, still suggestive of coolness.

Either the sunshine, or the music, or something else, drew Miss Sophy and myself together, and made us take great delight in one another that day. The words of each song had a new meaning. Then I did not fully know who the kind interpreter was; now I do know, and he has since made a translation of my whole life, turning the dark into the bright, the bitter into the sweet, the miserable into the happy, the silent into the chatty, the lonely into the sociable—in fine, the bachelor into the Benedict.

This small and ubiquitous dragoman was particularly busy as we were singing Mendelssohn's "Winter, surly Winter." I felt deeply the melancholy feelings intended to be conveyed by the first part, which is in a minor key—I was *minimus*; but, when the words "Summer, joyous summer," burst forth in the major, I was *maximus*. I was something beyond *maximus* when we came to "Beside her daily I stray," and "I press her close to my heart."

We were ranged on the lawn in our usual order—Mr. Batten before us. I have heard since, that Captain Coppercap, R.N., was all the time making a caricature of us, which he did in his best style. There was Smith of the Admiralty, who looked as if he were a disconsolate widower trying to cry. There was Robinson, too; he wrote a celebrated pamphlet on the currency, (it was very kind of him to send me a copy, and I mean to read it.) He has a way while he is singing of staring up at the roof or the sky, as if he were looking out for an eclipse. There were three others, all of whom have contracted a habit of jerking out their hands at each note, not unlike hens pecking at a grain. These were represented with fatal fidelity. Coppercap caught also the expression of my face just as I was standing with my head somewhat aside, gazing sentimentally at Sophy.

What a delightful afternoon that was! Most especially delightful toward its close, when I won from the lips of Sophy herself the tenderest of all avowals in the sweetest of all tones. The magnificent cold collation, during which Jones proposed the health of the tenors, and I answered in a manner which drew applause from everybody—tears of sympathy from some; the archery, all but fatal to a stout gentleman fishing from a punt in the middle of the river. Smith has always been suspected of having shot the poor man on purpose: as he is only one step above Smith at the naval department of the Circumlocution Office. All faded from my memory—wholly concentrated on one blessed moment, a few precious words.

Our return home was by moonlight. Calcott's "Mark the Merry Elves of Fairyland" was a signal success. To me every thing breathed enchantment. The moonlit river, the dark trees, the murmur of the distant weir, the measured plash which marked our progress, the light drip of the suspended oar—nay, the appearance of a deputation from the elves in any impossible bark, from a nutshell to a leaf of the Victoria regia, would not have astonished me at all—nor did I astonish Mrs. Lute (what a mother-in-law she makes!) the next morning when I spoke to her about Sophy. She had seen it all from the beginning, and was sure that we were well suited to each other.

Our wedding was the most splendid that had been seen in the neighborhood for many a day. The whole Hullah class attended—Mr. Batten also gave us the pleasure of his company, and conducted us to church.

My dear wife and myself still continue members of that admirable conductor's class, and find

that our love for music increases steadily with our love for each other. It was only last week that Yawhaw, of the twentieth Dragoon Guards, to whom I had lent, in a moment of unsuspicious friendship, five pounds, repudiated the debt in the most audacious manner. I was very angry at first; but, on my return to Tottleton in the evening, Sophy asked Smith, Barker, Matilda Long, and May Burgoyne—and after two catches and a madrigal, I utterly forgot the existence of Yawhaw, the twentieth, and that such things as five pound notes ever existed.

What can I recommend better to the inhabitants of small towns and villages in general, than a Hullah singing-class. Although the case of the Parish of Twiddledum *versus* the Rector is very important in the eyes of the world; although the present beadle of Hoggleton-cum-Poggleton is an outrageous despot; although the curate of Talkum Parva does take snuff; although Mrs. Fitz Urse de Courcy Vernon de Vere is much to be blamed as the daughter of Sir Augustus de Tadpole, while Mrs. Figgins is still more to be blamed as the daughter of old Bugginson—although all these matters ought to worry all our lives and make us all hate one another—I wish that a Hullah class were established in each of these great centres of thought and intelligence; for peace and harmony are heavenly gifts.

GOETHE'S SMALLER POEMS.—The singular facility with which Goethe's poems were produced, resembling improvisation or inspiration rather than composition, has contributed in some cases, no doubt, to enhance their peculiar charm. "I had come," he says, "to regard the poetic talent dwelling in me entirely as nature; the rather that I was directed to look upon external nature as its proper subject. The exercise of this poetic gift might be stimulated and determined by occasion, but it flowed forth most joyfully, most richly, when it came involuntarily, or even against my will.

"I was so accustomed to say over a song to myself without being able to collect it again, that I sometimes rushed to the desk, and, without taking time to adjust a sheet that was lying crosswise, wrote the poem diagonally from beginning to end, without stirring from the spot. For the same reason I preferred to use a pencil which gives the characters more willingly; for it had sometimes happened that the scratching and spattering of the pen would wake me from my somnambulist poetizing, distract my attention, and stifle some small product in the birth. For such poetry I had a special reverence. My relation to it was something like a hen to the chickens, which, being fully hatched, she sees chirping about her. My former desire to communicate these things only by reading them aloud renewed itself again. To barter them for money seemed to me detestable."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1857.

The Want of Concert among Musicians.

No one of our social interests seems to suffer more from want of organization than what we may call the musical interest. There is no unity, except the most ephemeral and uncertain, among the musical materials. If you hear a good orchestra, or a good opera company, or a good church-choir, or a good orator, *once*, you have no certainty that you will find the same inspiration in the same place when you visit it again; the rarest combination has all exploded or crumbled away after the few first successes.

In no branch of activity do interests diverge more hopelessly than among the professors of this divine art. Devoted to the fairest type of

spiritual and social harmony, to a science which is the most perfect actual illustration of the laws by which the Primal Love distributes itself in infinite ascending and descending series of discreet, but yet harmonious varieties; devoted to Music, the all-reconciling, in whose universal utterances there can be no antagonisms, no opinions, sects, or parties,—these men, by some most cruel fatality, seem thwarted in all their efforts to co-operate as ministering priests of Beauty and of Order to the rest of us poor, anxious, jealous, irritable members in the general dislocation of humanity.

A cruel thing it is, this universal necessity, this *inverse* providence, of competition. It upsets all harmonious designs, gives the lie to well-meaning instincts, balks the heavenly economy of means and forces, robs society of the best fruits of its choicest talents, tantalizes mankind with the sense of a possession never realized!

Surely, one of our most heavenly inheritances is Art, and especially Music. It is a dispensation not to be *dispensed* with; a revelation, far above sectarian constructions, of the Divine love and wisdom; a permanent awakener of the emotions that connect us consciously with the whole universe and with its Source.

Such is Music. The passion and the talent for it are thickly strewn among the multitudes of civilization. Every city now is full of skilful musicians, many of them truly *artists*. It is astonishing how much talent can be counted up in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and even smaller cities. Germany sends over colonies of her Bach-Beethoven-Mendelssohn-inspired violinists and pianists; Italy of her opera singers; England of her organists, bred up in the school of Handel, with the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" at their fingers' ends. Whole orchestras come over on the wave of revolution, excite their audiences to rapture, and soon disperse to seek out poor individual livelihoods by teaching and by drudging in theatres and balls, still multiplying copies of the "Pegasus in harness."

There is a plenty of this talent, but how unavailable, either for its own material support, or for the gratification of the hunger for good music, which no doubt exists much more widely and more deeply than appears! There has been too little union among artists. They too have had to *compete* for a livelihood. Each depends upon an individual reputation. He must be *the* star, eclipsing all the rest, or he is eclipsed in the public favor. The solo-playing *virtuoso* will not combine his talents with other talents on any condition but that of making his own instrument at all times paramount and central. He stands between you and his music. Catch him, if you can, condescending, like a true artist, who studies only how to bring out the soul and meaning of a composition of Beethoven or Mozart, to play the *second* violin, or anything of that sort! No—he must be first, be all in all; he knows that if he lose his *prestige*, he will never win another audience; for, with the public, the last comer is always the best, and all that came before are naught, are quite neglected and forgotten.

Now Music is essentially the art that calls for combination. Its true effects are only known where numbers and varieties of talent are organized to one end. The orchestra, the Sym-

phony, is the true type of harmony. But what a fatality has almost everywhere attended orchestral experiments! The elements could never be kept for any length of time together; as soon as there got to be some unity of feeling and of purpose among them, some common consciousness of what they were expressing, some *style* and character to their performance, they would break up; the ideal, once approached, could not be reproduced a second season. The civilized necessities of trade and competition had sapped the little musical republic and disorganized it utterly; and still the music-loving public, whose appetite had grown by what it fed on, complained of lack of music, when there were plenty of excellent artists, drudging on and starving without concert, within a stone's throw of each other.¹

One is tempted to the conclusion that there can be no genuine production of music, no steady, unadulterated supply of the musical want, no such thing as a good permanent orchestra or choir, in the present phase of social progress, where competition chokes all confluent vibrations, and stuns all finer sensitiveness with profane clamor. We may have to wait till a true organization of all industry shall have worked out this crazing discord, this *wolf*, as the tuners call it, from the vexed strings of the social harp, and realized a peaceful, cordial unity of interests and occupations; till all persons shall be placed beyond physical want, all brought into their natural spheres of chosen and attractive labor, and all educated and refined;—we may have to wait for *this*, before society can have the means, the organized economy of forces, for producing the great compositions of the masters, frequently enough and well enough, to make them really available for the delight and edification of mankind.

One who should go much among the low places of music, and look into the orchestras of theatres, where so many plod obscurely on, for the amusement of the sovereign people and a poor minimum of personal support, would be astonished at the amount of genuine musical feeling and even genius which has there shrunk into itself, living a dull and moody life of habit. Art is so poorly appreciated as Art, that hundreds of good artists are reduced to this servitude. The humbleness of their position somewhat shelters while it disguises the artist soul within.

The reigning favorite, the star, that shines successfully until another star eclipses it, the solo-singer, the Sontag, Ole Bull or Thalberg, suffers quite as much by it. They have to prostitute their higher nature in repeating old tricks to procure applause. Their sphere is always that of exhibition of individual prowess, before great crowds, pampered to excess with feeding upon novelties and prodigies that yield no sustenance. It is not so much *their* fault; it is the tendency of the age. It is the form into which the musical genius of the age is forced. It is a form in which genius cannot thrive. It becomes necessarily dissipated. Its creations are restless, fragmentary, wildly aspiring, and without repose. It is the intense *individualism* of the times, as it affects the sphere of Music. It is indeed a sad time for all artists. In such a restless period of transition from an old exhausted life to an order of society that shall do more justice to man's wants, genius of all kinds beats the air with random wing, like the eagle in a storm. Competition and Individualism have

done one good for Art as for all things: they perfect and refine to the highest pitch the elements which are hereafter to form harmony. So in Music, this solo-playing is wonderfully developing the powers of voices, instruments and fingers. When shall we have them all combined in a true Unitary Concert? Is it not a strange anomaly that you can hardly get two great players to play together, to meet as equals, and merge *themselves* in any common effort to bring out the meaning and the glory of a great composition? On the contrary, each requires to stand alone, and dwarfs the rest to mere accompaniment. He had rather use the orchestra to set off his concerto with variations, than loyally and heartily conspire with them in rendering justice to a symphony of Beethoven. The higher aspirations of artists can create only *dissipated* music in this sphere. When worldly interests shall harmonize, when fit sphere shall be open to the education and the use of every inborn taste and talent in each member of the social body, when Unity shall be the law of society, there will be orchestras and choirs of genius, and all this labor now expended in an ill-requited drudgery or in vain show, will be inspired to work together *con amore* to the highest ends of Art and of Humanity. This is a hope respecting Music which perhaps only the believers in a better Social Order have the privilege of entertaining.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The TWELFTH half-yearly volume of our Journal commences with the present number. It is just the opening of the musical season, and we hope our friends will remember us and send us in the names of many new subscribers. We must also jog the memory of many subscribers *who are still delinquent in their payments*. In times like these, a Journal that lives by what true love of Art there in the community, needs *all* the little that is pledged to it.

The concert for the benefit of Sig. GUIDI is necessarily postponed. Due notice will be given when it takes place.

Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER has been appointed organist and pianist to the Handel and Haydn Society, in the place of Mr. MUELLER, who has gone to Albany. We congratulate the Society and the lovers of Oratorio music on this appointment. Mr. P. is a young Bostonian, of liberal culture, in whom the love of music prevailed over professional tastes and interests, and drew him to Leipzig, where he earnestly availed himself of every means to make himself a sound musician. And that he is; very much at home in the great works of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and the other classic masters, and especially in their oratorios and other sacred works. He is a quiet, modest gentleman, as well as a musician, full of zeal for Art, and constantly improving himself in knowledge and in practice. Success to him and to the old Handel and Haydn! CARL ZERRAHN, the conductor, was to sail from Europe on the 1st of this month, and will doubtless be here in a couple of weeks, when the rehearsals of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the oratorio of all others which our music-lovers should hail with joy) will be commenced in earnest. . . . The Italian opera season at Paris commenced Sept. 15. Among the stars announced were Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Graziani and Lablache, who it appears "still lives." . . . Verdi's *Arolo* has had what is called an "immense success" in Rimini, Italy. The composer was called out thirty times the first night, and so was the librettist once. After the performance, the whole theatre, audience and all, with the orchestra at their head, and with flaming

torches, marched to Verdi's hotel, and made a noisy glorious night of it. . . . On the Austrian emperor's birth-day a concert was given at the Imperial Lunatic Asylum in Vienna. STAUDIGL, the great basso, whose melancholy infirmity has made him there an inmate, attended, and gratified a party of friends after the concert with Schubert's "Wanderer," which he sang with "such a depth of feeling and expression that not a dry eye remained in the circle." . . . Bronze medals, of the size of a five shilling piece, have been distributed among the performers at the late Handel festival in London. . . . VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG are still vibrating between New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, &c., and are expected here some time this month, stopping to give concerts by the way at Bridgeport, New Haven and Hartford.

ALBERT D. ALLIN, a young man of musical promise, and an occasional contributor to this Journal, died last week in Springfield, Mass. He was the only son of the Master Armorer at the U. S. Amory, and is deeply lamented by all who knew him. The Springfield Republican says:

Young Allin had just attained his majority, crowned with the fruit of an industrious and well-spent boyhood. We all knew him, and loved him. He was a genius. Since we have been connected with the press, he was the boy-publisher of a newspaper, and, in connection with other boys, wrote the articles, set the type, and engraved the cuts. Since he was ten years old, he has been passionately devoted to music, and it would be hard to mention the number of instruments he could play upon. For some time past, he has been the organist at Christ church. He was a writer of little operas and oratorios, which were performed by chosen companions to delighted audiences. If music was to be arranged for an occasion, his was the ready and skilful hand to do it. For some time past, he has been engaged in the work of draftsman at the Armory. The last time we met him in the street, he said he was accumulating funds with which to visit Germany for the further pursuit of his musical studies. In fact, life was opening upon him with the full flush of golden promise; and the eyes of many friends were fixed upon him with high hopes. He is gone, and the dream is over; but he went with the Christian's character and the Christian's hope. The family which has been thus sorely bereaved have the sympathy of our whole community.

Our Boston School Committee did a good thing in passing the following Orders for the further introduction of music into the public schools:

Ordered, That the study and practice of vocal music, as a part of the system of public instruction, be authorized by this Board; and that two half-hours each week in the Grammar Schools, and such time in the Primary Schools as shall be sufficient, be devoted to it.

Ordered, That the pupils shall receive the same credits for proficiency and undergo the same examinations in this as in other studies pursued in the schools.

Ordered, That singing constitute a part of the opening and closing exercises of each session of the Primary Schools; and that in the Grammar Schools the morning session be opened and the afternoon session be closed with appropriate singing; and that in addition to the instruction already given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music, be practiced twice a week by the lower classes, under the direction of the teachers.

Ordered, That it shall be the duty of the Music Teacher, for the time being, at the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as may qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools.

A contemporary has the following tribute to one of our most accomplished native soprano singers:

Mrs. J. H. LONG, of Boston, has recently been taking a part in the State Musical Convention, held at Waterville, Me. The press and those present at the Convention speak of Mrs. Long's delicious voice in the most enthusiastic terms. This reminds us that a gentleman of this city, who is considered the best authority, recently stated to us, in remarking upon music in England, that there was not a singer among the resident vocalists of England who possessed a more pleasing voice, or was a more acceptable vocalist, than Mrs. Long, of Boston. The gentleman has just returned from England, and is familiar with musical matters in Europe.

The Masonic Temple, that seat of the Muses, now occupied as Piano-forte warerooms by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and redolent of pleasant memories of the best chamber concerts, has been purchased by the U. S. Government for a Court House! That is indeed a profanation. . . . The New York Philharmonic Society announce their sixteenth season. The first day rehearsal, open to associate members, takes place on the 10th inst., Mr. EISFELD conductor. The pieces will be Spohr's descriptive Symphony: "The Consecration of Tones," Beethoven's "Leonora" overture and Schumann's overture to "Manfred." The number of performers is now *eighty-one*, and of associate members *eighteen hundred*; five years ago these numbers stood at 67 and about 500 respectively.

The New York Courier & Enquirer has a quaint correspondent at Cape Ann, a dear lover of good music and good poetry, who has been put upon good country fare in the way of reading. From a popular book of Psalmody, which he found there, he extracts the following delightfully fresh and verdant bit of history, regretting that he cannot also give the music to which it appears as appendix:

History informs us that Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in 1791. There is something strikingly touching and beautiful in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the "REQUIEM." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it his last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his cyrenian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emelie awoke him. "Come hither, Emelie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love!" said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, Emelie; take these, my last notes; sit down by my piano, here, sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emelie obeyed, and with tenderest emotion sang the following stanzas:

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun," &c., &c.

As she concluded, says an account before us, she dwelt for a moment on the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.—From the "American Vocalist" Collection of *Times*, &c.

History, it seems, (adds the letter-writer) kills Mozart one year sooner than biography. His wife and two sons outlived him, and he had no daughter and her name was not Emelie. The only thing true about the above is the "satin refreshing;" "Cyrenian strain" is not in my dictionary. . . . But the sentiment!

The French Opera season in New Orleans promises as well as ever, to judge from the following list of artists engaged:

Messrs. Delagrave and Julian, first tenors grand opera; Junca, first basso grand opera; Villa, first basso comic opera; Maillet, second basso of comic and grand opera; Holtzern, first tenor comic opera; Debrinay, second tenor comic opera; Rouche, first barytone; Venkel, second barytone. Mmes. Paola, soprano; Bourgeois, contralto; Colson, chanteuse legere; Latouche, dugazon. Mr. Ronx, stage manager. For drama and choristers. Messrs. Vankel and Maillet, Mrs. Vankel, Mme. Deligne, Miss Marie Leider. The new members of the troupe are now on their way, having sailed from Havre on the 4th September.—*Picayune*.

The opera, they say, goes on swimmingly in New York; great merchants, factories, banks "suspend," but that holds out; its notes are not protested. This

week they have had *Ernani*, with LAGRANGE, Mlle. VESTALI (in the character of Charles the Fifth, baritone!) Sig. MACCAFERRI, tenor, and GASSIER; and *I Puritani*, by LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and COLETTI, (the last three of the Philadelphia troupe.) To-night Mme. FREZZOLINI sings in *Lucia*, and on Monday in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. So it goes on, the old story—not a word of Mozart yet, or Weber, or Beethoven. But they have had "The Barber"!... Last evening Frezzolini sang in concert, with THALBERG, VIEUXTEMPS, &c. To-morrow (Sunday evening) under the same auspices, a "Grand Oratorio," Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, is announced at the Academy, when Lagrange breaks the ice in oratorio, aided by Vestali, Mme. Strakosch, Labocetta, Gassier, Rocco, &c., with large orchestra and chorus. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the March from the "Prophet" fill the programme. It is stated that Messrs. Ullman & Co. have made arrangements with the Sacred Harmonic Society (conducted by Mr. BRISTOW), to unite the opera solos and orchestra with their chorus, and give eight oratorio performances, including the "Messiah," "Creation," "Elijah," &c. Miss JULIANA MAY announces her second and last concert, before going to the South, for next Tuesday.

On Monday evening the Italian Opera succeeds the Ronzani Ballet at the Philadelphia Academy. Mr. Marshall announces his stars, engaged for him by Maretzek, with much skill of rhetoric; the novelties are,—

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Signora RAMOS, Prima Donna from Turin, and Signora TAGLIAFICO, from the Theatre Royal, London.

To which galaxy add the old favorites: Mme. GAZZANIGA, Signors BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, ASSONI and COLETTI; with a gleam of coming glory beyond all, for the manager "is proud" to announce that TAMBERLIK, the tenor, is engaged to come after the termination of his engagement at St. Petersburg.—When will it be our turn? Next week, answers Rumor, but we know her not.

The London Committee, who managed the concerts, readings, &c. given "In Remembrance of the late Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD," address a statement of results to the *Musical World*. They say:

They have considered their personal responsibility a sufficient refutation of any untrue and preposterous statements that have obtained circulation as to property asserted to have been left by Mr. Jerrold, and they now merely add, that unless they had thoroughly known, and beyond all doubt assured themselves that their exertions were needed by the dearest objects of Mr. Jerrold's love, those exertions would never have been heard of.

The audited accounts show that the various performances, readings, and lectures have realized, after the payment of all expenses, a clear profit of £2,000. This sum is to be expended in the purchase (through trustees) of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor.

We are happy to add, in conclusion, that, although we have been most generously assisted on many hands, and especially by members of the musical profession, we have never consciously accepted a sacrifice that could not be afforded, and have furnished good employment and just remuneration to many deserving persons. We are, sir, your faithful servants,

CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.

ARTHUR SMITH, Hon. Secretary.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.—In entering upon a new volume, in these hard times, we do not see why we may not do like others (though it has not been hitherto our weakness), and produce a few of the good words of encouragement and commendation that have come to us spontaneously from our contemporaries. The first is from the *Worcester Palladium*:—

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.—The twelfth half-yearly volume of this journal commences Oct. 3d. To those familiar with the manner in which it has always been conducted, we need say nothing of its excellence; but to those who have the misfortune to be strangers to its pages, we would say that it is the best musical paper published in this country, and probably has few equals in the old world. This may seem high praise; but it is the result of many years' close acquaintance with its columns, and will be echoed by all who have been its faithful readers. Its contributors are among the best musical writers, and its news items are always carefully made out. Its editorials are the productions of a deep thinking, earnest mind; and the translations which it has given with lavish hand, have always been of rare worth.

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Mr. Dwight, the conductor of this excellent journal of music, announces its sixth year. During its existence, he says, it has never once failed to make its appearance punctually every Saturday, and has earned, he thinks, a right not only to continue to live, but to begin to remunerate, much better than it has done, the incessant, anxious care and brain-work which have thus far kept it up to its first promise. It will live on, (says Mr. Dwight,) if we live. Long life, say we, to both!—*N. O. Picayune, April, 1857*.

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Why don't every one subscribe for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which is full of useful information and valuable news to the musician and amateur, and we could not possibly do without it now.... Those who do not subscribe to *Dwight* lose a fund of entertaining and instructive reading.—*Albany Times*.

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WHOLE No. 288.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

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Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Piano Compositions.

From the German of ROCHLITZ.

[Concluded from p. 210.]

3. If we consider Bach's works in relation to the means, which he employed to reach his end—leaving out of the account those which he has in common with others—we find this peculiarity (and even Handel is inferior to him in this respect): that with him each and every part or voice is treated as a free (technically termed, a *real*) and melodious part; each as it were sings its own song, and yet all together form one closely interwoven whole. Therefore one must be extremely attentive in these works to hear not the whole alone, but all parts in the whole, and the whole *as such* at the same time with the parts. That is to say: one must so concentrate and collect himself, as that he may follow each part in itself (the separate movement of the voices, &c.), and yet not let the whole escape the ear, or even escape the mind and heart.

These were the most considerable results of those inquiries as applied to Bach. You must now test them for yourself.—With less presumption, but more earnestness, than before, I attacked the works of Bach anew. Now, thought I to myself, you know what you have to expect; now it will not be your own fault, if your expectation be not satisfied. My expectation really was not satisfied, and yet it was my fault that it was not. I saw and heard now, to be sure, much that was grand and beautiful, of which I had no conception in my more youthful experiments; but I saw and heard *too much*—I could not, either by sight or hearing, take it all in as a whole, could not comprehend and master it and make it mine. The works not only developed their parts before me, but they

completely disentangled and exposed them; and I had a most profitable and instructive intellectual exercise: but nothing more. But I already recognized too much, and had an obscure intimation of too much more, to leave off now. On *this* way, however, I was not to continue, unless I would be contented to reap nothing from it but a certain knack for learned seeming criticism. You must go farther, said I: but you must *go back*!

I took up now in the first place Bach's Chorals, which are known to you. Here too is Bach *himself*; but the given church melody holds him back. Here I could easily perceive the progress of his voices, each by itself and all together; which I did the more readily, since I was familiar with the leading melodies at church. While I followed the master here, while I learned the *rationale* of things which at first sight seemed strange, if not even faulty—(as for example, his frequent crossing of the parts, his many alternation and transition notes, &c.), but still referred all to the whole and heard it sing itself as such in my mind: I gradually acquired a clear and positive impression, image, feeling, of what before had been but mere reflection in me. To hold this more firmly and impress it on myself more deeply, I tried to render the Chorals as perfectly as possible upon the instrument, so that every peculiarity and beauty in them should be expressed. Then I discovered, how the delivery of the other works of Bach should be managed; why I had found it so difficult and unsuccessful. I accustomed myself more and more to this manner of delivery. I must tell you something about it. That I may not have to return to this hereafter, I anticipate what I learned only later to abstract for myself in the rendering of Bach's freer works.*

The thoroughly melodious movement of all the parts is, as we have seen, a leading characteristic of the works of Bach. In performing them, therefore, this must be brought distinctly before the ear and impressively before the mind. Especially, as is self-obvious, must the principal theme, wherever it lies, stand out always prominent, and its every entrance must be sharply marked—without disturbing at the same time the other voices in their flowing course. To ensure this latter point, you must be very careful to observe the many *ties*; and, since the middle voices often in one flow of melody pass over from one hand to the other, the thumbs particularly must stand in a very close and tender bond of

* I strike out this passage, since the reader will find what I have written now more fully treated in Forkel's little treatise on the life and works of Bach. (See Vol. viii. of this Journal, pp. 25 *et seq.*) I only retain some particulars, which have not so much occupied the attention of that writer.

friendship. All this is doubly necessary in the Fugues and fugued pieces of Bach. His less strict compositions, which he calls *Fantasias*, *Preludes*, &c., facilitate this; but they require the strictest attention to be paid to the *fundamental harmony*; for what does not Bach sometimes introduce upon one and the same ground-tone, and where do not his figures, which relate to that tone, run! And now the delivery of the figures must be so rounded off, by increase and diminution of force, &c., that the hearer not only shall never lose that fundamental harmony, but shall even clearly apprehend the gradual departure from and gradual return to the principal accord, without having to calculate it.

All this indeed is very hard to execute, partly in the nature of the case, partly because we, especially in what concerns the middle parts, are not accustomed to it. But do you control yourself and persevere in your control, and it will certainly succeed. To return now to my course.

I passed from the Chorals to "The Well-tempered Clavichord.*" Here, too, it was a long time before I could satisfy myself; and the fault was partly, but not solely, owing to my far from entire success in the aforesaid manner of delivery. Whether the cause lay in the thing itself, or in my being accustomed to an entirely different kind of music, or in the limitation of my faculties, I still often lost the thread, and ere I was aware of it there I sat and reckoned. You need still, said I, a preparation. I fell upon Handel.† He writes

* "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, in all the keys, for the Piano." A nice edition of this invaluable work has just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—En.

† Of the little exercises, which Bach wrote for his scholars, and which are now (1830) newly printed in the Leipzig collection, I did not know. They might answer the purpose, but may in part appear too dry. With more confidence I recommend the fifteen short pieces, found in the same collection, under the title of *Symphonies*. These are easy, and yet have very beautiful passages. Handel's piano compositions were for a long time almost unknown in Germany. Herr Nägeli, in Zurich, has the honor of having prepared a beautiful edition of several of them. The second volume of his collection of "Works in the strict style," contains such beautiful piano "Suites" by Handel, that there is nothing to be said to the musician who throws them aside as antiquated rubbish. Even one who is not in earnest in the art of music, but who has a sense for what is best in various forms and styles, will not go away empty from them. I have often made the experiment of playing pieces from them—such as the Variations in E major or D minor, the Largo with the fugue in F sharp minor, the Fugue in F minor, &c.—before persons who, without any school, had only music in their souls, and a not unpractised ear; I have purposely concealed from them that the pieces were by a great master: and yet no one listened to them without pleasure.

also in the strict style, I thought; but less artificial and difficult. If many of Bach's piano pieces have more depth of mind, Handel's have more fullness of soul. Since he approaches more the popular style (in the best sense of the word), he is easier to follow; his works too are more easy to perform. I sought out therefore the dusty so-called Organ Concertos and Piano Suites of Handel; and I cannot tell you, with what delight, increased with every repetition, I went through the most of them. My hand, too, almost imperceptibly, accustomed itself to their sure and exact rendering.

I now returned to the "Well-tempered Clavichord." As I had no idea of exercising merely my understanding and my hands upon Bach's works, I marked the pieces which seemed best adapted to me, (without any special reference to their learnedness, their ingenuity, &c.) with the purpose of confining myself to them alone. They now afforded me a great deal of delight whenever I returned to them, not to while away a vacant hour, but with collected mind. Frankly confessed, among the considerable multitude there were not many pieces which I thus distinguished. I did not allow that to concern me, for I had not now to do with seeming, even before myself. On a repetition, however, after some time, of the whole work, I necessarily made a respectable addition to the number of marked pieces. I had made progress, and become more at home in this kind of music. In the sequel I could not refrain from singling out more and more, so that now in the first part about half, in the second part perhaps two thirds of the pieces had their marks in the margin. For your use and edification I will name to you the pieces, with which I found myself on friendly terms during my first and second course, particularly since I count them even now among the more excellent ones, without, however, placing several of the rest below them. I name them according to their keys, that you may find them in any edition you may chance to have.

FIRST PART.—Prelude in C major (to be performed on the piano for the most part with the dampers raised); Fugue in C# minor; Fugue in D major; Prelude in D minor (again partly without dampers); Prelude in E# minor; Prelude and Fugue in F# minor; Fugue in A major; Prelude and Fugue in B# minor; Fugue in B major; Prelude in B minor.

SECOND PART.—Fugue in C major; Fugue in C minor; Fugue in C# minor; Fugue in D major; Fugue in D minor; Fugue in E# major; Prelude and Fugue in F# minor; Fugue in G minor; Fugue in A# major; Fugue in B# minor; Fugue in B major; Prelude and Fugue in B minor.

I could now proceed with confidence to the polyphonic compositions of Bach for voices and orchestra. I went to work with earnest inclination, not without industrious perseverance, and, as I had the opportunity in Leipzig, I heard several of them performed repeatedly; but I never approached them without first collecting my mind. I soon remarked, that it *now* no longer required any special preparations, to understand and to enjoy the most of these works. But without this collectedness of mind, my dear A., one is lost for them, as he in fact is for all the nobler works of Art. Therefore I advise you: If you feel a certain languor or impatience overtake you on the way, let the following movements out of Bach's Motets, the same that are above named, be sung

to you: *As a father pitieth, &c.*; *Be praise and glory, &c.*; *Ich lasse dich nicht, &c.* Your choir can do that, since they are not hard to execute. Then you will feel yourself strengthened, I am sure, and cannot fail to keep on with true zeal and perseverance. That Bach's works now afford me very high enjoyment, you may well infer from the fact that I write you such a long letter, to help you on toward the same enjoyment.

"Yes, that is all very well," you say in a sort of despair, and the forefinger of your left hand slips behind the left ear—"but does the man not think, when he stakes out roads here, like a surveyor, that his road is by no means a short one, and not agreeable either, especially at the beginning, where the hedges by the wayside only bear hips and thorns, but no roses?"—But no; you will not say that. You know well, that we mortals can bring nothing of any consequence to pass without earnest and persistent labor; nothing out of ourselves, how much less in ourselves.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Christening of Bells, at Bonn on the Rhine.

(From my Journal, July, 1849.)

The market-place of this city would be a very fair right-angled triangle, were not one extremity truncated by the town-house, and the hypothenuse somewhat curved. The Brücke gasse (street) pierces the hypothenuse about the middle, and at the opposite angle is the opening from the market into Wenzel and Bruders streets, as you go down to the Flying bridge—or ferry-boat. In Bruders street stands the church of St. Remigius, and in the church, over the grand altar, is a very good picture of that saint, in bishop's robes and paraphernalia, baptizing Clovis, King of the Franks. Well, yesterday forenoon, July 29th, the Bruders gasse people were all in commotion: indeed to some degree all the people were, who dwell in the streets leading thence down to the flying bridge. I *thought* I had seen a street decorated before, as in Boston on occasion of some great procession; but I gained new ideas on the subject yesterday. The street—not a very long one, to be sure—was dressed completely with branches of trees, garlands and wreaths; Prussian and other German with Ecclesiastical flags were suspended over it in such numbers as entirely to shade it: in two or three places long wreaths extended across the street, with bells formed of wicker work and green leaves suspended from the centre; and the population, rich and poor, was crowding back and forth as in an avenue leading to Boston Common on the evening of the 4th of July. The two little bells upon the church, which was trimmed inside and out with flags, wreaths and the like, were jingling and jangling—and, upon the whole, a foreigner could not but feel that some extraordinary excitement prevailed. What could be the cause of it? The parish of St. Remigius had purchased three new bells for the church, the largest weighing about a thousand pounds, and they were to make their triumphal entry at two o'clock, P. M. All the trouble and expense of the "demonstration" were to welcome the arrival of these three little bells. At two o'clock I plunged into the crowd and made my way towards the ferry. Soon there was firing of cannon, and the broad boat swung from her wharf on the opposite shore of the Rhine, crowded to repletion with people, and,

like the church, decked in flags, garlands and flowers. In six or eight minutes another discharge announced its arrival at the wharf, and soon the procession approached, but turned up another street, to the great disappointment of the good ladies who dwelt in that in which I was standing. Making my way back to the church, I found a house opposite its entrance, into which the plea of being a stranger and an American gained me instant admittance, and a good stand at an open window. By and by along comes the procession, but turns down Wenzel gasse, so we must fain wait a spell longer. However, in time virtuous patience is rewarded. Down the street, which curves a little, we see a flag or two advancing and opening a way through the dense crowd; then a band, not all of brass, and with abundance of bass, follows, playing lustily that opera chorus by Balfe, "In the gypsy's life we read," &c.; then come the boys of the schools with their teachers, or at least so many as belong to the parish; then come a few members of the citizens' guard, dressed uniformly *but not in uniform*; then four splendid red horses, drawing the bells in a long wagon, all decorated, wagon and bells, in the same style of flag and garland; and, finally, gentle and simple, rag tag and bobtail, rich and poor, wise and foolish, male and female, in a dense mass, bringing up the rear. And now I had a fair view of the bells; they looked so small, that I involuntarily repeated to myself: *Montes parturiunt et nascitur ridiculus mus!* Why do not the priests apologize, like Scholastikos, who expressed his shame at making so much funeral over such a little child! So after winding through the streets for an hour they came to a stop at the church gate, and singing was heard from within, but what ceremonies were performed I know not.

This morning (July 30th) I went to the church. It was fitted up very tastefully with garlands and wreaths, and in the choir—that part of the church wherein stands the high altar—was a great number of plants, most luxurious in their growth, showing as plainly as yonder fat priest, the advantage arising from a living in the church. A host of elegant shrubs in large tubs, on the floor, on the steps of the altar, and indeed high up that structure, with large bunches of white lilies interspersed, did make the choir very beautiful. Just in front of the few steps which lead from the main floor to the choir, was a beam, resting upon two stout posts, to which were suspended the bells, both frame and bells covered with evergreens and flowers. And now it is eight o'clock. All who are to take part in the ceremonies are in their places. Directly in front of the bright, flower-decked bells, are the bishop and several priests, with reading-desks and missals, standing with their backs to the crowd, which covers the tessellated pavement. Beyond the bells, upon the upper one of the choir steps, is a line of little girls dressed in white, with wreaths upon their heads, and all except the central one, who bears a bright crucifix, holding a stalk of the brilliant white garden lily in their hands. Behind them, on the floor of the choir, stands a chorus of some twenty-five or thirty male and female singers. And now all, save the sound of the feet entering and departing, a sound which never ceases in foreign catholic churches—is still, and from the choir *streams* forth a six-part hymn, with Latin words, composed by Orlando Lasso some 300

years ago, and sung with no instrumental accompaniment whatever. It was simply this in English; "In dedicating the bell, let the people sing praises, and let sweet sounds resound from their mouths." And how sweetly did it sound! The long-drawn tones held by one part while the others were making cadences—now all combining in a burst of the most delicious yet, to me, strange harmony—now dying away, till a few, perhaps a single rich female voice continued the strain, and then the others came flowing in—now in fugue and now in plain song—the hymn drew to a close, like the soft voice of an Æolian harp.

Then followed the blessing of the salt and water which were to be used in the baptismal ordinance. This took a long time. Latin psalms were recited in a manner which put me in mind of a class at school reading together aloud; bishop and priests went through with—I suppose they know how many prayers; then taking the salt, the bishop sprinkled it into the water, being careful that it fell in form of a cross, saying, in Latin still: "I mingle the salt and the water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Then followed another prayer, after which the washing. The bishop dipped a bunch of herbs—at a distance it looked like box—into the salt water, brushed the bells a few times with it, and passed it to a priest who finished this operation by going thoroughly over them all, inside and out. I could not hear whether during this ceremony the names were given, but they did receive, sometime during the ceremonies, the names, Remigius, Mary and Joseph. The washing through, the chorus again sang; it was also a Latin psalm, in ten parts, composed by Gabrielli, a contemporary of Lasso—"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my prayer come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me, in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me in the day when I call; answer me speedily."

Would that you, whose souls can enjoy music of the highest order, could have heard those ten parts beseeching the Lord to hear their cry! Such pleading tones—the effect uninjured by any sounds other than the human voice—the combinations so singular yet so sweet and touching. I begin to see now that I am in a Catholic country, where Mendelssohn found that style which is so sublime and tender in "Elijah."

Now followed the recitation of sundry other psalms—a ceremony with a bunch of thyme and sundry other herbs, which I lost—and then a five-part hymn, by Palestrina. It was a hymn in praise of the Trinity, indescribably beautiful:—"Let all creatures laud thee, adore thee, glorify thee!" Had the singers been votaries of Jupiter, you would involuntarily have bowed and adored.

A psalm followed, chanted by men's voices responsively, as the psalms have been chanted in the Catholic church for a thousand years—not melodious, but solemn—to me strange and quaint. Another prayer—the passage from Luke—a sermon—and a repetition of the composition of Lasso, by the chorus—and the ceremony of consecrating these three rather insignificant church bells was complete—and high time too, those little girls must have thought, who had been standing there in the face of all the people nearly two hours with the lilies in their hands!

All this took place in Bonn, the seat of one of the principal German universities, on the great highway of European travel, the Rhine, and on

the 29th and 30th days of July, 1849, the middle of the nineteenth century. If at this time and place the ceremonies I have described could awaken such interest as was manifested by the successive crowds which filled the church, how abiding and powerful must have been the impression made upon the mind of the peasant or humble mechanic of the dark ages! A. W. T.

The State of Music in England.

BY V. SCHÖLCHER.

(From the Critic, June 2, 1856.)

Those who have never lived in England usually deny that there is in that country any taste for or knowledge of music. Never was there a greater mistake. Without excepting either Germany, or France, or Italy, there is no country where classic compositions are more eagerly sought for, listened to, and appreciated, than in England; there is no country where one may hear better music, or where it is executed on a more magnificent scale.

England, it is true, has not produced a single great composer. Purcell, who lived about the end of the seventeenth century, was, with all his high merit and his boldness, only a man of the second rank. We may say the same of Dr. Arne, who was a true composer; for, although little known out of England, and scarcely appreciated even in his own country, he had one great quality of genius, namely, an individuality of style. Handel was a German; he arrived in London ready-made, as it were; and his style remained, after fifty years' sojourn, precisely what it was when he arrived. England has never created a school, or a style peculiar to itself. The *Glees* of the sixteenth century will always charm, just as the Irish melodies do; but they are mere fragments of the simplest kind, and have nothing in them tending to high eminence. The English know this; and they prove their good taste by never playing their own music, and by only playing the best music of other countries.

Another fact, little known on the Continent, is, that the cultivation of music is of very ancient date in this country. It is not even known when the Doctorship of Music was instituted, a degree still conferred in the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; but we find mention made of a man named Hambois who bore that title in 1470. (Busby's *Dictionary of Music*). That wild beast called Henry VIII. composed glees which deserved to survive him. In the reign of Elizabeth it was part of a gentleman's education to be able to read at sight the music of any song which might be presented to him. Among the subscribers to some of Handel's operas, which were published by subscription, may be found the Apollo Society at Windsor; the Musical Society at Oxford; the Ladies' Society at Lincoln; the Salisbury Society of Music; the Musical Society at Exeter; and at London, the Philharmonic Club; the Philharmonic Society; the Monday Night Musical Society; the Wednesday Musical Society; the Society of Music at the Castle, in Paternoster Row; the Crown and Anchor Musical Society; the St. Cecilia Society. Mr. Townsend enumerates the following societies as existing in Dublin in 1741, the year in which Handel went there: The Charitable Musical Society in Fishamble-street; the Charitable and Musical Society in Vicar-street; the Charitable Musical Society on College Green; the Charitable Musical Society in Crown Street; the Musical Society in Werburgh-street; the Academy of Music, and the Philharmonic Society. The name of this last seems to indicate that it occupied itself more particularly with instrumental music. The Dublin journals of the same period make mention of similar societies at Cork, at Drogheda, and other places. Their names prove at the same time their noble purpose; for nearly all were destined to succor some particular misfortune.

The England of to-day has not degenerated from this brilliant past. She can number more musical societies than we know of elsewhere.—

There are—The Sacred Harmonic Society; the London Sacred Harmonic Society; the Union Harmonic Society; the Hullah Society; the Cecilia Society, whose existence dates since 1785; the Amateur Musical Society, directed by Mr. Henry Leslie; the Society of British Musicians; the Madrigal Society; the Bach Society, whose object is to reproduce and popularize the works of the great man whose name it has assumed, etc. All these societies, with orchestras of from 200 to 600 members, meet every year from twelve to twenty times, and find a public willing to support them. Their choruses are composed of amateurs and professional singers. The Philharmonic Society of London, founded in 1813, served as a model to that celebrated French *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*, which only dates from 1827. It was the Philharmonic Society which purchased the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, and purchased this immortal work for one hundred guineas! Many of Haydn's delicious symphonies were composed in London in 1790; and Haydn often observed that "it was England that had made him celebrated in Germany" (*Dictionary of Musicians*). The New Philharmonic Society, organized only three years ago by Dr. Wilde; the Orchestral Union, conducted by a very able leader, Mr. Alfred Mellon;—give, each of them, twelve concerts yearly, in which grand symphonies are performed. The Quartette Society, and the Musical Union, which devote themselves religiously to the instrumental chamber music of Boccherini, Haydn, Pleyel, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Onslow, etc., can also adduce their existence for many years in proof that there is no lack of amateurs. All this is exclusive of the Opera-houses, Italian and English, and two or three special concerts which occur every day during those three months which are called "the season." That this is no exaggeration, may be proved by the advertisements of a single day of "the season." The list is really curious; for, so far from having collected it with difficulty, it has been taken bodily from the *Times* of Monday, the 14th of May, 1855:

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—On the 25th of May will be repeated Haydn's "Creation." The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of nearly 700 performers.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall. May the 21st, Haydn's oratorio "Creation," preceded by the Royal Birth-day Cantata, with band and chorus of nearly 800 performers.

MUSICAL UNION.—To-morrow, May 15, at Willis's Rooms, Trio in E minor, piano-forte, etc., Spohr; Quartet No. 2, in G, Beethoven, etc.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mozart's "Requiem," Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, etc., will be performed under the direction of Mr. John Hullah on Wednesday evening, May 16.

HARMONIC UNION, Hanover Square Rooms.—May 30, Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The Annual Series of Morning Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms on the 28th of May, and 4th and 11th of June.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Fifth Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms this evening, the 14th inst. Programme:—Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart; Concerto piano-forte in E minor, Chopin; Sinfonia, Pastorale, Beethoven; Overture, *Preziosa*, Weber.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—On May 23, Symphony in B flat, Beethoven, &c.

MR. WILLY'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The Third and last Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on May 18.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will give her Two Annual Matinées of Piano-forte Music, at the Beethoven Rooms: the first on May 19.

MR. H. COOPER'S Second Soirée of Violin Music will take place at 27 Queen Anne street, on May 16.

MME. CLARA NOVELLO will sing in "Immanuel," on May 30, at St. Martin's Hall.

MME. PUZZI'S Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place on May 21, at Willis's Rooms.

MISS DOLBY and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S Annual Grand Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on June 13.

CHARLES SALAMAN'S Musical Lecture and Entertainment, illustrated by his own performances on the Virginals and Harpsichord, etc., to-morrow, at the Marylebone Institution.

MR. BENEDICT'S Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place on June 15, at the Royal Italian Opera.

SIGNOR MARRAS'S Annual Grande Matinée Musicale will take place on May 20.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI'S Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on May 16.

SAPPHO GLEE CLUB.—Southwark Literary Institution, Borough Road.—This evening a Concert will be given by the members of the above Society, comprising Glee, Madrigals, etc.

Surely it will be admitted that the country in which so much music is to be found, in one single day, must be musical.

The societies which we have made mention of above occupy themselves with the highest and most difficult class of works. In 1854, the Bach Society (with an excellent musician, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, at its head) executed twice the *Passion* of the great fugist of Leipzig; and the Sacred Harmonic Society played twice, and with admirable development, about the commencement of last year, Beethoven's colossal Mass in D. The New Philharmonic Society has produced Cherubini's Mass in C. Where but in England can you hear these exalted productions? Where but in England can you depend sufficiently upon the public to risk the outlay of producing them? And what proves still more the elevated taste of the English is, that these works belong to the sacred music of the Romish Church, of that Popish religion which the majority of them dislike; in deference to which feeling Cherubini's Mass is called a "Grand Choral Work," and Beethoven's is advertised as "Beethoven's Service."

We may go so far as to say that the English have a passion for music; and this is all the more striking, because, in spite of the facility with which they become infatuated, they are, after their American descendents, the people of all others who have the least enthusiasm. A gentleman met Haydn in the middle of the street, stopped him, stood opposite to him for some time, examined him, and said "You are a great man!" having said which he passed on (*Life of Haydn*, by Stendahl). This is not a French enthusiasm, but it is enthusiasm nevertheless; and music has occasionally inspired the English to manifestations quite French or Italian. A beautiful lady, carried beyond herself by a cavatina of Farinelli, rose up and cried out, "There is but one God and one Farinelli!" (Hawkins, p. 887.)

The English have always sung, and still sing, much more than is generally imagined on the Continent. There belong to this country several collections of from one to six volumes in octavo, in quarto, and in folio, consisting of songs and ballads. It is something alarming to see. The *British Musical Miscellany*, published from 1735 to 1737, would be alone enough to turn the head of the most fanatical of Italian melomaniacs. It contains not less than 900 pages in quarto, closely covered with music, which howls uproariously the pleasures of Bacchus, and sighs out the amours of an innumerable band of Phillises, Chloes, Nancies, Damons and Corydons. To speak the truth, the English even abuse music: they seem unable to do anything without it, and mix it up with everything less discreetly than beseeems so delicate an art. If you go to the annual floral exhibitions you are deafened by the red-coated bands of such and such a regiment blazing away in all the pride of brass; if you go to a panorama, or to an exhibition of Turkish costumes, or to hear Mr. Gordon Cumming, the lion-slayer, recounting his exploits, or to a wax-work, everywhere you find a gentleman who pianofies away in a corner, with his nose in the air. Even the Crystal Palace has a permanent orchestra.

"Aimez vous la muscade? On en a mis partout."

Boileau.

It is also a fact worthy of notice, as proving this extensive and popular taste for music, that at the Middlesex Sessions held in October, 1856, out of 100 applications made to the magistrates for licenses to play music (without dancing) 51 were granted, and these were in addition to the old list of 305 licenses which, with one or two exceptions, were renewed. If we consider the licenses granted by the magistrates of the city of London and for the county of Surrey, it is certainly not too much to say that there are from five to six hundred places for the performance of music alone (without dancing) in the metropolis. What other capital in the world can boast of a similar fact?

[To be continued.]

The Prince de la Moskowa.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

On the 25th July, died in Paris, of a neuralgic affection, the Prince de la Moskowa, son of Marshal Ney, who gained his title of Prince at the passage of the Borodino.

Born in the year 1803, he witnessed, as a boy, the splendor of the first Empire, and remained, as a man, true to the political principles and views required by the grand reminiscences bequeathed him by his father. In the year 1828, he married the daughter of Jacques Lafitte, and assumed an important position in the military and political world. Richly endowed by nature with mental qualities, he combined, with a thoroughly serious yearning for the arts and sciences, an extraordinary facility in comprehending and mastering the most opposite subjects, so that it would not be an easy task to find, in the higher ranks of society, any one who combined so varied an education with so much profundity and such practical experience, as the Prince de la Moskowa.

We cannot here enter upon what he did in his military and political career: we dedicate these lines only to the service he rendered music, for which his death is a real loss.

He received from Nature a great aptitude for music. This was manifested very early, and its development accelerated by an uncommon partiality for the art. When no more than thirteen years of age, he had already composed a mass, performed at Lucca, and favorably received, even by good judges. What was considered particularly striking and unusual, was the fact of a boy studying the old sacred masters, and uniting with this a happy imitative talent.

This tendency for the old Italian sacred-music the Prince followed up, fostered and cherished, from his earliest youth all his life; and, by collecting, performing, and diffusing this music, did a very great deal to advance it. In spite of his predilection for this style, in which, also, he tried his hand in several original compositions, his musical taste and exertions were not at all one-sided. He appreciated the Beautiful in every kind of composition, and even labored himself in the most opposite style, since he subsequently turned his talent to comic opera.

Even while yet a youth, he devoted a great deal of money, time, and trouble, to collecting the autograph compositions of the great masters of the sixteenth century, and soon had one of the richest libraries existing, as far as old sacred music was concerned. He was not, however, contented with merely collecting, but exerted himself, likewise, to make public many of the treasures thus dug up by himself, and endeavored to restore them once more to life for the lovers of art at the present day. For this purpose, he founded, in conjunction with Adolphe Adam, the Société des Concerts for sacred and classical music. The performances of the Society attracted the most select members of the musical world in Paris, and tended very much to purify and awaken a taste for sacred compositions. He had, it is true, to struggle most, in this respect, with the Parisians' love of novelty and change, as well as with the horrible state of sacred composition and organ-music in France generally; but he followed up his object with indomitable perseverance, and his efforts are far from having proved ineffective. Besides, we must appreciate such efforts for art more by the will than by the deed.

That such a man, so highly gifted and educated, artistically speaking, and holding so high a position in society, was distinguished for advancing, supporting, and patronizing artists and art, is a fact which scarcely requires to be mentioned. He devoted his sympathies, both verbally and practically, to the cultivation of music in its entire scope, but more especially to that branch of it to which he was especially partial. Hence it was that historical concerts, such as those got up by Fétis, in Paris, in the first place, and afterwards those started by Delsarte, were particularly favored with his patronage. The founding of the Conservatory for Sacred Music, by Niedermayer, too, met in him with a strong supporter.

In the midst of his archaeologico-musical labors,

he found time and inclination for composing comic operas—a rare occurrence in the case of a musician with so serious a turn of mind, but which was formerly often to be met with in Italy. As an instance of this, we may mention Pergolese, who gained as much praise by his comic opera, *La Serva Padrona*, as by his *Stabat Mater*. The Prince de la Moskowa produced his opera, *Le Cent-Suisse*, in June, 1840, at the Opéra-Comique. It met with an equally favorable reception from the critics and the public at large, and ran a hundred nights. Mlle. Darcier, one of the most pleasing and clever singers of Paris, made her first appearance in it. His second opera, *Yvonne*, was given, at the same theatre, in 1855, but was not so successful, although it is said to be rich in melody. According to a Paris newspaper, the Prince was employed, during the latter years of his life, on a grand dramatic composition, which, according to report, is nearly completed.

As a literary man, the Prince first tried his hand on a subject perfectly unconnected with music, namely, a pamphlet on the amelioration of the breed of horses, for among his favorite pursuits was that of horse-racing, in which he played a principal part in 1828 and 1834. The opinions of one of the first sportsmen in Europe could not fail to produce a sensation, and procured him a reputation of a very different kind and in very different circles to that which he enjoyed in musical matters. At a later period several articles, mostly of an artistic nature, written by him, appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, the *France Musicale*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the last-named journal especially was published a very attractive series on Algeria, describing, in a characteristic, acute and clever manner, the impressions produced on him by his journey through the French possessions in Northern Africa.

Verdi's New Opera.

(A STORY OF RIMINI.)

Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aroldo*, was produced at Rimini for the first time on the 16th of August. We must, however, state that the opera was not altogether new, a part being adapted from one of the master's previous scores. The theatre was crammed in every part with the townspeople and foreigners, assembled to witness the work of the master so impatiently desired, and which was to close the season, one of the most brilliant ever known. Before the rising of the curtain, before the termination of the overture, the impressions of the public were manifested in such a manner as to leave very little doubt as to the result of the representation; several outbursts of applause denoted the enthusiasm of the audience during the progress of the overture, and at its close the *maestro* was unanimously recalled three times before the curtain. The execution of the overture, under the direction of the Cavaliere Mariani, could not have been more perfect. In fact, from the beginning to the end of the opera, Signor Verdi obtained a continuous succession of legitimate triumphs. He was recalled after each piece, and this was done so frequently, that we cannot state the number of times he was obliged to appear before the public. These manifestations were displayed not only at the theatre, but in the street, after the opera was over, and before his house at a late hour in the night. The interpreters of this new opera all did their duty. Madame Lotti played the part of Mina, Signor Pancani that of Aroldo, Signor Ferri that of Egberto, Signor Cornago that of Briano, and Signor Paggiali that of Godvino. They all highly distinguished themselves. The highest satisfaction was repeatedly expressed towards Signor Mariani. The costumes and decorations were magnificent, and in good keeping with the plot, and the character of the parts.

To give some idea of the value of this opera, and of the principal pieces introduced by the composer, we shall merely confine ourselves to stating that this new work is in every respect worthy of the author of *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata*. We may, however, remark, that with the exception of the symphony, the duet between the soprano and baritone, and the *largo*

finale, which first appeared in the opera of *Stiffelio*, all the rest is new in the first act; all is new in the fourth act, which contains a very effective village chorus without accompaniment. The libretto contains many good situations. The name of the poet is Signor Piave.

On the succeeding nights, the enthusiasm of the public was still greater. On the 26th instant the theatre closed, with the benefit of Madame Lotti. The following inscription in honor of Signor Verdi will give some idea of the enthusiasm which this new opera has excited. It is, we believe, written by Signor Casaretto.

"Hail, Giuseppe Verdi. Rimini rejoices that thy sublime *Aroldo*, which appeared for the first time on the stage of its new theatre, has contributed solemnity to its inauguration. To thee, modest and great, may the gratitude which we shall ever feel for so much honor be more acceptable than the tribute of our praise. 17th August, 1857.

"Beloved son! glory of our Italy! we applaud thee for the splendor thou hast shed on the name of our mother.

"Thou hast vanquished envy, and thou hast taught foreign nations that the light of our sun may still inspire and produce great minds.

"For harmony in thy hands is as the brush, the chisel, and the compass, were in the hands of Michael Angelo. We salute thee as a brilliant ring, destined to unite our past glory with the glory which shall be as long as Italy exists.

"And even as real beauty cannot die, so thy great name will be immortal, O mighty creator of sweetest melodies. So that posterity will perhaps envy our present age, to which Providence has granted so great a genius."

[The above glowing apostrophe, and the not less glowing record that precedes it, are translated from the *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan, the proprietor of which paper is also the publisher of Verdi's opera.—Ed. M. W.]—*London Musical World*.

Moving Music.

The "Calliope" has hitherto held a very low rank as a musical instrument, and although we may hope for much improvement hereafter in its construction, still there are certain obstacles to its ultimate success which we think will baffle all the refinements of art. Rapid motion in a musical instrument interferes with its performances in three different ways. Changing distances modify the force of sound, and changing velocities modify both the key and the time of a musical performance. Whoever has had the misfortune, while riding in the cars, to meet another train with its whistle in full blast, may at least have had the consolation of a curious phenomenon in acoustics. As the whistle passes it suddenly changes its pitch, falling quite perceptibly in the scale. This fact might have been anticipated from well-known principles of sound; for the pitch of a note depends upon the interval between the pulses, and if the musical instrument and the ear, by a motion of either or both, approach each other, the pulses of sound come to the ear in more rapid succession, and consequently the pitch is raised; and if, on the other hand, the instrument and the ear recede from one another, the pulses are delayed, and the pitch is lowered. Thus in the meeting of two trains of cars, the ear and the whistle approach at first, and after meeting recede by the sum of their motions. Hence the pitch of the whistle falls. The effect is the same as if the velocity of the sound were increased and then diminished by the relative motion of the trains; so that, knowing the velocity of sound, it is easy to compute the effect of this motion on the pitch.

If the trains, for instance, are each moving thirty miles an hour, the change in the pitch of the whistle is a little more than one note of the scale.

While the relative motion of the ear and the musical instrument is uniform, the melody of music is not affected, since all the notes of the music are raised or lowered in the same proportion; but any change in this motion changes the key, so that the "Calliope" on the locomotive or the steamboat, beginning a piece of music as it approaches, and ending the piece after it has passed, will "flat out" most lamentably to the ear

of the listener who is so unfortunate as to be a-foot.

The time of the music is affected in the same manner by this change of relative velocity, for, as the interval of time between the pulses of a note is diminished or increased by the approach or recession of the musical instrument, so the intervals between the notes themselves are shortened or lengthened in the same way and in the same proportion.

This change of time tends to add solemnity to the lugubrious wail of the changing key. To some ears the change of time would perhaps be the more painful, while other ears would be more keenly alive to the change of the key. These changes of the force, the key and the time of the musical performance are unavoidable, however perfectly the "Calliope" may be constructed. The Muse is essentially sedentary in her habits, and she will never endure the migratory steam-whistle, even if art should cure its wheezing and soften its tones for her service. The only remedy is to take the bull by the horns and ride with the music; or else to keep at a safe distance, where the change of relative velocity is not so abrupt.—N. Y. *Evening Post*.

A Finger in a Sling.

Do you know who *Bessy Bodkin* is? Ask the first young lady under five years of age, whom you may meet. She will tell you that *Bessy* is the sister of *Billy Wilkins*, *Long Hester*, and two others, and will point her out to you as the third finger of your hand. Well, somebody has discovered that when *Bessy* was made, nature utterly forgot the noblest use to which the human hand can be applied, namely, the playing on the pianoforte, and, in her negligence, so tied up *Bessy* with ligaments and tendons, that she cannot come down on the keys with the *aplomb* of her brothers and sisters. And somebody, aforesaid, has contrived a thing called the *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast*, which is to be affixed to *Bessy*, and is to enable her to acquit herself better than nature intended. The profound ingenuity displayed in the title of the invention is as preternatural as the thing itself. What Tritons, Dactyls, or Gymnastics have to do with pianoforte playing we do not affect to know, but we are just as much delighted as if we did. What a wonderful age we live in!

What miracles of perfection our artists ought to be! What a great creature Mendelssohn would have been, had he only had a *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast*! We always felt that there was something wanting, even in his most exquisite compositions. It was the want of *Trito-dactylo-gymnastic* treatment. We are intoxicated to hear, however, that Mr. Ella has patriotically undertaken to go through all Mendelssohn's works, with a *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast* on both hands, and write up the music to the mark the composer would have attained, had he known of this unutterably important invention. A new era in music is at hand—or at least at third finger. Moreover, we observe that "medical testimony" to the merits of the machine is proffered. To be sure the name of the proposed medical witness is one that would not infallibly insure the insertion of his advertisements in a respectable paper, but that is a trifle. *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnastics*. We linger over—dally with such a poluphlossboyothalassesetic name, and mildly recall the deep wisdom of the venerable J. P. Harley, who quaintly remarked with a grimace of disfavor directed at some polysyllabic puff, "the more Greek the more —."—*From Punch*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 10, 1857.

Organ Concert.

The beautiful organ just erected in the Hollis Street Church (Rev. T. S. King's) by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox (late Simmons & Fisher) of this city, received a formal opening last Saturday

evening. The church was crowded with the members of the parish and invited guests, including a large representation of our most musical people. A number of our best organists tested the powers of the instrument in turn, in various styles of organ music, from grave to gay, from fugue to favorite melody and variations, according to the following programme:

- PART I.
 1—Opening Voluntary, performed by Mr. A. U. Hayter.
 2—Quartet by the Choir of Hollis Street Church:—
 Miss Franklin, Mrs. McFarland, Mr. Low, Mr. Upham.
 3—Organ—Selections, ending with Fugue in E flat. Bach
 Mr. S. A. Bancroft.
 4—Song—"With verdure clad," Haydn
 Mrs. Fowle.
 5—Reminiscences of Rossini, by Mr. Baumbach.
 6—Extempore Performance, by Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
 7—Quartet—"Where are thy bowers," Rossini
 Mrs. Fowle, Miss Humphrey, Mr. Low, Mr. Wright.
 8—Chorus—"Gloria," from the Twelfth Mass, Mozart
 Mrs. Fowle.
 PART II.
 9—Extempore Performance, ending with Fugue on Bach, Rink
 Mr. J. H. Willcox.
 10—Sextet—"As pants the hart," Spohr
 Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Coverly, Miss Washburn, Miss Humphrey,
 Mr. Stone, Mr. Wright.
 11—Andante, with Variations, Rink
 Mr. Wm. R. Babcock.
 12—Quartet by Choir of Hollis Street Church.
 13—Chorus—"The Lord is great," Righini
 14—Flute Concerto, Rink
 Mr. B. J. Lang.
 15—The "Old Hundred," in which the audience are invited to join.

We lost the doubtless excellent performances of Mr. HAYTER and Mr. BANCROFT, and got but an indistinct impression (owing to our bad seat at first) of Mr. PARKER's improvisation upon a well known Russian air, well suited to the organ; so far as we could hear it, his work seemed musician-like and solid. We were afterwards more fortunate, and really *heard* the organ from a favorable position. Mr. WILLCOX, always one of our most accomplished organists, who has a peculiar talent for putting an organ through its paces, and weaving a fair display of all its peculiar stops and combinations into a free and rambling, yet well-connected and expressive fantasia of a taking character, is now a partner in the firm who built the instrument. His performance gave especial pleasure, eliciting equal admiration for itself and for the power and beauty of the instrument. He has an easy, graceful mastery of the stops, meeting the character of each half-way with an appropriate musical intention, letting each sing a fitting, characteristic melody, and combining several or all to just the right harmonic coloring. Rink's fugue on a theme represented by the notes B A C H, which is the German for what we should write B \flat , A C B \sharp , (Bach himself also used the same theme,) was played with consummate neatness, clearness and distinctness, and proved that a Fugue can interest a general audience.—Mr. BABCOCK, whose earnest and high-toned devotion to the pure, classical models of organ composition is worthy of all praise, especially in a young American who has not been abroad, gave an excellent rendering of the ingenious and well-contrasted variations by Rink.—Mr. BAUMBACH's reminiscences of Rossini were brilliant and gracefully rendered; but a less serious and church-like set of motives could hardly have been selected even from Rossini, they consisting mostly of the most secular and also hacknied melodies from the opera "Moses in Egypt."—Mr. LANG's rendering of Rink's Flute Concerto was an exceedingly neat and fluent performance, exhibiting the beauty of the flute stop to great advantage.

Every one regretted not to hear among the rest the organist of the church, Mr. TRENKLE, who is one of the most accomplished, sound and classical, as well as singularly modest of the Ger-

man musicians, who have made their abode in our city. But he has other opportunities, and he loves those of service better than those of show.

The singing was for the most part excellent, the fuller choruses, such as that especially by Righini, (sung by twelve voices of uncommon power and richness,) having much the best effect of any. Yet the Sextet by Spohr, and Mrs. FOWLE's solo were much admired.

The Organ, which has a very tasteful and unique exterior, the case being of rich mahogany, and the displayed pipes of a grey or leaden color illuminated with gold, is remarkably effective for its size; rich, euphonious, well balanced in the ensemble of tone, and the several stops finely voiced and characteristic. It has three Manuals, each from C to G, 56 notes, and Pedal, two octaves and two semi-tones. The Great Organ has eleven registers; the Choir Organ, eight; the Swell, ten; and the Pedal, two; there are also eight mechanical stops (couplers, tremulant, &c.) The diapasons have a rich and lusty quality of tone; the pedal bass is full and grand; the finer stops are very musical and sympathetic; the trumpet speaks with remarkable promptness and vigor; the Cremona sings a baritone melody with admirable tone; and the mixtures are sufficiently *criant*, without making the pyramid of sound top-heavy. The mechanical action seems to be singularly perfect. Altogether, it is an organ in which the Society, if they have music in their souls, must feel much satisfaction. With such an organist as Mr. Trenkle, and a pastor who so well appreciates the religious ministry of music, it must add not a little inspiration to the worship in that place.

Orpheus.

Such is the name, as many of our readers know, of the German *Männer-Gesang-verein*, or Glee Club in this city; for we have but one, while New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, &c., count such clubs by the dozen. But this one is a noble one, and bore away the palm at the last great congress of part-song singers in Philadelphia. Their concerts were among the purest and most inspiring of last winter's musical occasions. Since then, all summer they have met two evenings every week for practice, in their cozy club room, (naturally, by old traditional Teutonic affinity, under the same roof with a *lager-bier* saloon,) hung round with banners, trophies, pictures, and divers emblems, musical and patriotic, Orphic and Germanic. A very genial and friendly, very German, very tuneful, and in truth very smoky atmosphere pervades the place. There is freedom without rudeness, conviviality without excess, familiarity without vulgarity. There is a fine blending of the social element with the artistic, of recreation with improvement. Music is the bond of union—music and that German sentiment of brotherhood and freedom, to which so many of the beautiful and stirring songs of Deutschland owe their inspiration.

It is an exceedingly pleasant, free and easy, friendly place to drop into of an evening, sure of hearing some of the best of music, while the sight and clink of foaming glasses, even if you are not disposed to taste the national beverage "which cheers but not intoxicates," does much to place all parties upon easy, equal terms, and dispose you to drink in music at every pore. Indeed it is only in such easy, free conditions that one is truly open

to the charm of music; your stiff concert, fashionable dress opera or music party, is nothing to it.

We never drop in at the "Orpheus" without thinking, what a sensible way, for young men, ay and older men, of passing an evening! When will Young America learn to do anything so sensible? Not perhaps until we are as truly musical a people as the German; not, at least, until we *love* music as earnestly, love it *as Art*; above all, not until we come to have some sense of what is meant by *geniality*. Observe it is not a question between having a good time of an evening or not, between convivial and serious hours. Pleasure, society, excitement of some sort the young men do and will have. The only question is: shall it be of a sensible, truly social, inspiring and improving kind—a happiness that does not hurt but help the growth of what is good in us; or shall it be stupid, vulgar, sensual, idle, uninspired by any generous, beautiful ideal? The Germans seem to us in a good degree—remarkable, compared with our own people, who know not the art of amusing themselves—to have solved the problem. We forgive them the thick envelopment of smoke, for the sake of the pure bright flame that glows within; we positively think well of the beer accompaniment (waiving the physiological and dietetic question—as also the æsthetic) for the moral good it seems to do by way of social stimulus, so innocent compared with those in vogue among more Puritanic races. Better the wholesome moderate indulgence, than the terrible reaction of our sanctified and theoretic abstinence. Why will not our young men form singing clubs, uniting the practice of fine, noble music with such cheap and innocent material stimulus, instead of lounging about bar-rooms, stultifying and brutalizing themselves with the coarse and dangerous expedients of idle, sham society? They have in the average better voices than the Germans; they have a certain love of music; why will they not exercise it on something higher than negro songs, and the poor, stale, vulgar convivial choruses, which so often ring in street and tavern? What so simple and sensible as to unite in circles of twenty or thirty, employ a good musician-like teacher and leader, take a room, and make it the business of an evening or two each week to thoroughly learn some of these noble German part-songs, or English glees, or choruses from the best operas, thus cherishing the artistic and the social element at once? Most of the members of the German clubs are plain mechanics, clerks, &c., by no means artists, who find in the club meetings their best means of refined and elevating culture. With them mingle not a few, who are men of means and culture, some who are artists, and the occasion is a good one for all. All feel better for it, and better fitted to enter with a cheerful spirit, and with a sense of self-respect upon the serious cares of the next morning.

We are led into these remarks, by thinking of a delightful entertainment at the Orpheus room this week. It was one of their reception nights, or parties, to which they sometimes invite their room full of friends and in the usual dishabille of beer and smoke, treat them to a programme of their choicest and best learned pieces. The room was divided midway by a fine Chickering Grand Piano, and closely packed at one end, (seated all at tables) were the singing members, to the number of some thirty, while the other end was equally packed with listeners, smoking cigars, or

smoked, also around tables. The excellent KREISSMANN presided and conducted. There were three of our best pianists present, Messrs. DRESEL, TRENKLE and LEONHARD. The former played the accompaniments to such pieces as require it, viz. songs, trios, opera choruses, &c. The proper German part-song needs no instrument. The singers rose, the conductor waved his stick, and forth rolled in rich, full, organ-like harmony, from thirty manly voices, the sublime chorus of priests: *O Isis and Osiris*, from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. We were at once struck with the improved collective quality of tone of the Orpheus; the voices blended into a richer and more euphonious whole, than they did last winter. They have gained some fine accessions, particularly in the tenor. And the fruits of practice were quite obvious.

Next came the Scena from *Freyschütz*, "Thro' the forest," &c., sung with much spirit by the younger of the brothers SCHRAUBSTADTER, who has some admirable high tenor notes, and whose voice and talent are a great addition. A Trio with chorus, from Weber's *Euryanthe*, was superb; it only needed a larger room. Delicious, too, was the Trio (Kreissmann and the brothers S.) from Mozart's "Seraglio." Such selections are not heard at any of our concerts; perhaps they will be this winter. These were interspersed with part-songs by Mendelssohn, a sentimental one by Kücken (whose compositions are clever imitations of the Italian); a ballad or two by Schumann, with quaint accompaniment and melody; a singing *waltz* (!) by the whole club, with introduction and all, quite droll and graceful; comic songs and choruses; a piano-forte Romanza, by Schumann, delicate and rare, and exquisitely played by Trenkle; and a sparkling bravura Mazurka, by Schulhoff, finely executed by Leonhard.—The music gave unqualified delight, and warranted the most agreeable anticipations of the next series of Orpheus Concerts.

We have a letter from CARL ZERRAHN, who was to sail from Hamburg in the steamer Borussia on the 1st, and will be among us in a few days. Then, in spite of the hard times, nay all the more, by necessary reaction from the soul-consuming gloom, we may look out for inspiring concerts of orchestral music. Mr. Z. has had a delightful time, revisiting his home, and travelling on the Rhine, in Switzerland and France and England, hearing fine music, making the acquaintance of Richard Wagner, who seems to have made the pleasantest impression on him, &c., &c.

In such blue, suspicious times, when "money," "credit," are the themes of all our music, when "panic" sets the key and tempo, concord is put off by unendurable "suspension," and the whole orchestra is one sulphurous Freyschutz "tremolo" of terror and misgiving, it is pleasant to hear one sweet snatch of wholesome, human re-assuring melody steal in amid the murky chaos. We cannot resist the temptation to quote one of the *pleasing* incidents in the dark times, which has already found extensive circulation and been read with a thrill of new confidence in human nature, Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, the extensive piano-forte makers, employ about three hundred mechanics and many laborers, and have a large pay-roll to meet, of course, each week. Saturday before last, in consequence of the non-arrival of remittances here from all parts of the country, and with business paper maturing which required all their available funds, this perfectly solvent firm were unable to pay off their hands. The workmen met, and without a dissenting voice, passed resolutions expressive of sympathy and confidence in their employers, and of their ability and willingness to wait till better times, and even tender-

ing them a loan of six or eight thousand dollars out of their own earnings. That was noble, and speaks volumes in praise of the relation that has existed between employers and employed, a relation alike honorable to both parties.

The New York Academy of Music will be closed for a fortnight, to give time for the preparation of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, &c. The new season will probably open with *Semiramide*, in which Madame D'ANGRI will make her debut on the stage as Arsace. Herr FORMES is now on his way to this country.

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA.—Lumley's company gave some extra performances of Italian opera in the last part of September; among other pieces, *Don Giovanni*, with Miles. Piccolomini, Spezia, Ortolani, and Signors Giuglini, Beneventano, Belletti, &c. The *Traviata* and the *Trovatore* of course followed, to show the progress art has made since Mozart.

The following notices of new music, in the *Athenæum*, show how seriously the art is cultivated by some Englishmen and English women:

Symphony, No. I. (in E flat, for Orchestra, by Joseph Street. Op. 4, Score—[Symphonie, &c.] (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel; London, Ewer & Co.) A first Symphony, by an Englishman, published in score at Leipzig, is an appearance which appeals to bystanders as a sign of production such as has not been made, we apprehend, since Professor Bennett's "start" in Germany. Though no perusal will represent to us how far our countryman is successful in the management of orchestral combinations, the eye can gather from this published score the satisfactory assurance that its writer is not among those who have "eaten nightshade"—otherwise, who have been infected by the new doctrine, the tendency of which is to dethrone idea, so far as clearness of form, pleasantness of melody, and symmetry of structure are involved in it. The Symphony is obviously clearly imagined and intelligently wrought out. In the introduction, however, there are more silences than can be effective, let the plea of suspense be urged ever so strongly. By a less timid employment of counterpoint, the phrases might have been tied together with some filament of sound, destroying the apparent formality of the movement, not impairing the curiosity of the listener. The *allegro* seems to us too long drawn, though well conducted in its middle portion. The *adagio* and the *scherzo* apparently exceed it in interest. Echoes of Beethoven may be heard, we imagine, from the beginning to the end of this meritorious Symphony, but they are echoes of Beethoven's beautiful and not his crude phrases. A composer only at his fourth work is permitted to show his models, and pardonable if he even fall into quotation without knowing as much, since, if he have anything to say, emanation and originality are pretty sure to come later. We shall look with interest for future music signed by the composer of this symphony.

Six Pedal Fugues, of which five are upon English Psalm tunes, and Eight other Movements for the Organ. By Elizabeth Stirling. (Novello.) We have here another reminder of the amount of serious musical thought and knowledge which exists among our countrywomen. The remarkable organ playing of Miss Stirling will not be forgotten by any one who heard it some years ago; and while some of our men have been frittering time over *divertimenti*, *bagatelles*, opera-airs spoiled, and other trumpery calling itself music for the piano-forte, the lady seems to have been not only playing on, but also thinking steadily for, her instrument; and the fruits of her labors here put forth may be placed on the same shelf with most of the modern music produced in England for the organ. The Fugues are ingeniously treated, with a fair amount of variety and enterprise. To be new in fugue-writing at the present time is almost as hard as it would be to produce new combinations *alla Palestrina*. Thus Miss Stirling's invention will be best studied in the "Eight Movements," which seem to us sober and solid (as organ music should be), but not stupid, clear in design, clever in construction, and giving scope to considerable executive power, a little natural timidity in the claims made by the lady on the pedal-board allowed for. To sum up, this is a book to which Englishmen as well as English women may appeal with pride when the soundness of their musical accomplishments is inquired into. Here we may mention (though by no means classing the two publications at the same figure of merit) *Two Movements for the Organ—an adagio non troppo*, and an *andante pastorale*, Op. 3, by Charles Edward Stevens.

PARIS.—The *Africaine* is again spoken of. Does this mean we are to have the *Africaine* once for all? Not a bit of it. Meyerbeer is doubtless a great mu-

sician; but he is also the greatest diplomatist of our times. He possesses the art of stimulating public curiosity, of raising expectation, of keeping managers on the alert, of monopolizing dramatic and musical glory, and all the while he is quite at his ease. The *Prophète* followed the *Huguenots* at an interval of fifteen or sixteen years, during which time, every trip the composer took from Berlin to Paris, or *vice versa*, caused the greatest possible excitement. The *Africaine* was in existence even then. We must feed upon hope.

Rossini is better pleased than ever with his stay at Passy; he is not afraid of music now—quite the contrary; he has even taken to composing music again. The celebrated maestro has written several scenes; amongst which we may mention the *Titan*, for Levasseur, and an *O Salutaris*. Let us hope that these are symptoms of a musical resurrection.

A monumental tomb has just been raised to Zingarelli in the church of St. Domenico Maggiore, in Naples, by his friend Benedetto Vita, by means of a national subscription. On the day of the installation, high mass was executed by a hundred and fifty instrumentalists and chorists, under the direction of Mercadante, who succeeded Zingarelli in his situation as director of the Academy of Music.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, *Euryanthe* has been produced with questionable success. Weber wrote *Euryanthe* after *Der Freischütz*, and before *Oberon*. At the onset it was coldly received, and obtained little more than a *succès d'estime*. This is, however, explained on reading the *libretto*, which is ill-constructed and devoid of interest. MM. de Saint-Georges and de Leuven have remodelled it. The story of the old novel, the point of which consists in the fact that Euryanthe has a mark on her bosom resembling a violet, is retained. A recreant knight contrives to gain admission to her bed-room, and, having discovered her secret, makes use of it (like Iachimo with Imogen, in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline") to damage her reputation. Euryanthe (according to the new version) has an affianced lover, a knight named Odoard, and is also loved by Reynold, who resolves to supplant his rival. The prince, Euryanthe's guardian, has fixed the marriage day, and commanded the necessary festivities. On his return from Palestine, Odoard has brought over a sorceress, called Zara, who is in love with him, but, in spite of her charms, fails to win his regard. She persuades Reynold to make a wager with Odoard that he will obtain from Euryanthe an irrefutable proof of her favors. Odoard accepts in presence of the Prince and the whole court. Reynold is at a loss how to proceed, when Zara relates the story of a Babylonian princess, who had a flower of eglantine imprinted on her breast. She then waves her hand, and the wall opens and discovers Euryanthe in a deep sleep. Reynold, thus enlightened, presents himself at court, states the circumstance, and claims the bet. Odoard leaves Euryanthe without explanation, while her knights overwhelm her with reproaches. Odoard, however, returns, declares himself Euryanthe's champion, and defies Reynold to single combat. Zara then presents Reynold with a sword, which no armor can resist. The combat is about to take place, but Reynold loses confidence, when the prince orders the champions to exchange weapons. Zara, who still loves Odoard, now repents, and confides the whole secret to the prince. The combat is suspended, Euryanthe's innocence is proclaimed, and with this clumsy catastrophe the curtain falls.

The romanza of Odoard has been reduced to two couplets, there being three in the original scene. An air and a duet of the second act have been transferred to the first. The third act has been almost entirely changed. Among other interpolations are the march from *Preciosa*, and the *Invitation à la Valse*.

The piece is well got up, both as regards the scenery and dresses. Mlle. Rey, from the Opéra-Comique, is Euryanthe; Mlle. Borghese, Zara; M. Michot, Odoard; and M. Balanqué, Reynold—mediocrity on all sides. The orchestra, under M. Deloffre, did its best, but that was not superlative. The audience was cold and apathetic.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*.

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From a Lecture on Bells.

BY A. W. THAYER.

We Americans have at home little opportunity to know the grand effects produced by bells of a large size, as they roll forth their tones of an indescribable dignity and solemnity—a deep bass to all the varied sounds of city life. The only large bells I know of in America, are: that on the city hall of New York, said to weigh 21,000 lbs., and two at Montreal, one upon the Cathedral weighing some 30,000 lbs., which is the largest ever cast in England, unless the new bell for the Parliament clock, be larger, the weight of which I have not seen. The largest bell in England, except perhaps that just mentioned, was cast in 1845 for York Minster, and weighs rather more than 27,000 lbs. The most noted of the other English bells are the "Great Tom," at Oxford, 17,000 lbs., that at Lincoln, a little more than 11,000 lbs., and the principal one on St. Paul's, a little less than that.

But the bells on the continent of Europe far surpass those of Great Britain. At Erfurt in Germany is a very famous bell, weighing over 27,000 lbs., which was baptized by the name of Susanne, and is distinguished for the excellence of its metal, having the largest proportion of silver. It was cast in 1497, while Columbus was still exploring the Antilles, and Martin Luther was a child at school. As I stood by this noble bell, I thought, how often a few years later, with his exquisite sense of musical effects, must the future Reformer have listened, delighted with its deep tones, as he went from house to house begging bread for himself and his brother monks. And what recollections must its voice have awakened within him, when he stopped at Erfurt and

preached, while on his way to Worms; or towards the close of his life, when he came thither, the great apostle, honored and beloved by the third part of all Christendom!

The principal bells at Paris, Vienna, and Olmutz, weigh respectively, 340, 354, and 358 cwt., or 38,080, 39,648, and 40,336 lbs. [Some doubt as to the correctness of these figures.] The disciples of the Greek church, especially in Russia, have however paid the greatest attention to bells, and theirs cast all others into the shade. A quaint writer informs us that the amount of saving grace obtained by presenting a bell to the church depended upon the size of the offering; and thus successive Czars and Czarinas vied with each other in casting them of extraordinary size, until Empress Anne, in 1730, caused one to be founded, which, like the Vicar of Wakefield's picture, could not be moved from the spot of its construction. Whether the church in this instance took the will for the deed, the patriarch has not informed us. Allow me to quote a passage from Clarke's Travels, a book now read but little if at all. He is speaking of Easter week in old Moscow, before its destruction in the wars of Napoleon.

"The numberless bells of Moscow continue to ring during the whole of Easter week, tinkling and tolling without harmony or order. The large bell near the cathedral is only used upon important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the belfry of St. Ivan, beneath others which, though of less size, are enormous. It is 40 ft. 9 in. in circumference, 16½ in. thick, and it weighs more than 57 tons. The great bell of Moscow, known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. The history of its fall is a fable, and as writers continue to copy each other, the story continues to be propagated: the fact is, the bell remains where it was originally cast—it was never suspended. The Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first rate line of battle ship with all its guns and stores. A fire took place in the Kremlin, the flames of which caught the building erected over the pit in which the bell yet remained; in consequence of this the metal became hot, and water thrown to extinguish the fire fell upon the bell, causing the fracture which has taken place. . . . The bell is truly a mountain of metal. They relate that it contains a very large proportion of gold and silver, for that while it was in fusion the nobles and the people cast in as votive offerings their plate and money. . . . I endeavored in vain to assay a small part. The natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off; at the same time, it may be said, the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell-metal in general, and perhaps its silvery appearance has strengthened, if not given rise to a conjecture respecting

the richness of its materials. On festival days the peasants visit the bell as they would a church, considering it an act of devotion, and they cross themselves as they descend and ascend the steps leading to the bell."

Mr. Clarke gives an amusing description of his visit to the deep, dark pit in which the bell then lay, but I will not quote farther from him, as the huge object no longer remains beneath the surface of the earth. In the spring of 1837, the Czar Nicholas caused it to be raised and placed upon a massive pedestal of granite, near the tower of Ivan Veliki, where it now is exposed to the astonished gaze of every visitor. The Czar Kolokol—the Monarch, as it is named—bears the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes, beneath which is a border of flowers. It has been consecrated as a chapel, and the fracture, near which stands the piece which fell out, serves as the door. But this chapel is not so very small—it is 21 ft. 3 in. in height, and 22 ft. in diameter! Certainly a fair sized room or dome. The weight is above 443,000 lbs.—more than 200 tons!

Iron, brass, steel, gold, silver, glass, and even wood have been used in the construction of bells—though the more precious metals of course have never been formed into the large class of bells of which I am speaking. One or two ancient wooden bells still hang in European towers; having never heard one of them, I am unable to describe the tone they make—doubtless wooden. Compounds of metals seem to produce the best effects, and the compound of copper and tin in about the proportion of 100 lbs. copper to 23 lbs. of tin, gives the substance which, in considering excellence of tone, cost of material, and liability to injury, is best fitted for the purpose. By adding a small quantity of the precious metals to the compound, the tone is thought, probably with no good reason, to be improved; I have often speculated whether the sweetness and purity of the tones of old European bells were owing to superiority of construction, to their centuries of service, or to the gold and silver thrown into the fused mass, when cast, by devotees. As our bell-metal has stood the test of long experience, so also has the form we give to bells, especially to those of large size. The dish form, which molten lead allowed to cool in small quantities in hemispherical vessels assumes, has been found to impart sonorousness to that sluggish metal, and from this hint we derive the form of bells in clocks, and those which are attached to locomotives and station-houses upon German railroads, and which are struck by small hammers. To my ear, however, the peculiar richness of our church bells is wanting in these. My impression is, that owing to that form the vibrations give a simple note

only—though the material may have some influence. At all events a great proportion of the cost is saved, as we get an equally loud sound from a smaller quantity of metal. The worst form I take to be that which approaches nearest to flatness; from the Chinese gong we get but a hideous roar. The celebrated bells of Nankin, now destroyed, were barrel-shaped—one was 12 feet by 7½, and weighed 50,000 lbs. What its tones were I do not find recorded. Others at Peking reach the size of 120,000 lbs., but being struck with mallets, the effect is poor. I doubt, however, if their tones would be found equal to those of our common form.

The State of Music in England.

BY V. SCHÖLCHER.

[Concluded from p. 220.]

In fact, not only is England a more musical country than is generally supposed, but it is a country in which music has been cultivated to a very high pitch for a long time past. To this is due the idea of those great musical reunions called Festivals. At the Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, was assembled, for the first time in the world, an orchestra of 526 artists, singers and instrumentalists.

In the present century, when the spirit of association communicates to every thing colossal proportions, it was reserved for England alone to surpass herself. That which took place at the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham on the 10th of June, 1854, will doubtless be recorded. Upon that occasion Great Britain not only showed that she could create the most magnificent utilitarian institution of the nineteenth century, but also that she could arrange a musical spectacle upon unparalleled proportions. Three hundred and eighty-seven instrumentalists, and twelve hundred and forty-eight choral singers, organized by the Sacred Harmonic Society, executed remarkably well, after a single rehearsal, "God save the Queen," the Hundredth Psalm, and the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah." Although almost every body in England knows those three pieces by heart, it is none the less extraordinary that such a mass as sixteen hundred and thirty-five performers could be brought to execute them well together after a single rehearsal. The next Handelian Festival, announced for the month of June, 1857, will number two thousand five hundred performers! The entire musical arrangements also are undertaken by the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose ordinary orchestra of seven hundred performers will be the nucleus of this colossal display. It is a new title for this Society to the esteem of all friends of art. These things appear to indicate not so much an accidental increase as a progressive law, the result of scientific labor in connection with the extension of buildings; for it will remain, as an honorable fact in the musical history of England, that

In 1784 there were 526 artists brought together.

In 1791 " 1068 "

In 1854 " 1635 "

In 1857 " 2500 "

But it is not in London only that music is thus cultivated. Every year there are in the provinces two or three festivals, for each of which the locality in which it takes place pays not less than three or four thousand pounds sterling. There is not one town of any importance in the kingdom that has not a building more or less specially destined for these feasts of art. The Music Hall at Manchester is one of the finest modern edifices in this country, and will contain 4000 persons; the concert rooms in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Philharmonic Hall in the same town, and the Music Hall at Bradford, are admirably adapted for great musical displays. In 1854 I attended a festival at Norwich, given, according to custom, for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the county. The artists who executed these pieces, under the direction of that able conductor, M. Benedict, were three hundred in num-

ber. The receipts of the five concerts amounted to £4000. A perusal of the programme will serve to give some notion of the style of music which, even in the provinces, is considered most likely to attract a crowd: Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and "Messiah": the overture to *Leonora*, the Symphony in A flat, and the Grand Mass in C, by Beethoven; Haydn's "Creation"; several morceaux from Mozart and Weber, and selections from Guglielmi, Festa, Stradella, Cherubini, etc. About the same period Manchester and Gloucester had festivals of quite as high an order.

Last year, in the month of September, the Birmingham Festival, with M. Costa at its head, held seven meetings, and collected £11,537 from 13,038 auditors. Extraordinary as they may appear, these figures are authentic. In this town, which seems to be entirely devoted to manufactures, where you can see no other colonnades but the chimnies of factories and steam-engines, where the sun can scarcely penetrate the black canopy of smoke—these great solemnities are always performed with equal success. In 1852 the sum collected was £10,638. It would be puerile to cite a more extraordinary proof of the power of music than these great inroads upon the purse of a community. At the same time it should be recorded that in these festivals the neighborhood always supplies amateurs capable of taking part in the chorus and the orchestra, and everywhere there are critics who really understand the science, and who criticize the performances in the public journals. And so interested is all England in these matters, that the principal London journals usually give some account of these musical doings in the provinces.

The English press undoubtedly puts forward strange opinions upon occasions: as, for example, we are told that Haydn's "Creation" is weak and small!!! (see the *Times* of the 11th of December, 1855); that "the music allotted to the soprano in the "Elijah" is of a far deeper meaning and a far loftier beauty than anything Haydn ever imagined." (*Times* of Dec. 18.) But apart from these eccentricities (and where is it that there are no incendiaries for the Temple of Ephesus?) it is certain that musical criticism in England is more serious, and, above all, more learned than the French.

There is another proof that England loves music, to be derived from the great number of books published upon that art, and the high prices which are set upon them. The four volumes of Dr. Burney cannot be purchased for less than £4; a second edition of the five volumes quarto, by Hawkins, has been published by Mr. Novello; and, nevertheless, there are five or six more Histories of Music, by different authors. If, on the other hand, it is urged that a portion of the English public runs after bad music—and we are reminded of those concerts at which the pit, transformed into an open arena, is filled with men who walk about, hat on head, and conversing with women—we reply that these facts prove nothing. Classical music is a thing so delicate, so beyond all other, that it requires a certain culture to appreciate it. Among people of the highest civilization, it is appreciated only by those who are endowed with artistic taste, and necessarily the mass of the population acquires it last; but even in this respect England appears to me to be the most advanced. Nowhere do the masses get better music, which is as much as to say that nowhere are the masses more enlightened with respect to music. At Mr. Hullah's concerts, where the prices of admission are one and two shillings, only the highest class of works is performed, such as the "Requiem" of Mozart, the "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, and Handel's Oratorios; and these great works are performed with the greatest taste and exactness. In the programme of a concert given at Canterbury, where the prices were the same, we find the names of Handel, Haydn and Mozart. In what other country in the world can shillings purchase such exquisite delicacies? In France, as in Germany, the happiness of listening to a symphony is a sort of privilege reserved exclusively for the rich. The history of the art must assign to England the

honor and the merit of having brought that noble and beneficent pleasure within reach of the poor. And here let us do honor to a modest, but really useful man, Mr. Hullah. Music is not only a pleasure, but it is one of the most healthy kinds of nourishment for the mind. Consult the criminal statistics, and it is extraordinary how small a number of musicians are to be found there. Of all the professions, it is incontestably this which furnishes the smallest number of recruits to the prisons and the hulks, and the smallest number of victims to the scaffold. Every thing, therefore, which renders good music more attainable to those who are destitute of wealth, is a real moral service to society, and the efforts of Mr. Hullah in this direction deserve the greatest respect.

But what we have said proves not only the good direction given to music, but also the progress of the people. These *chefs d'œuvre*, requiring a numerous and able orchestra, necessitate great expenses; and therefore the speculator who risks his money upon such undertakings must have certain confidence in the taste and spirit of the million.

By dint of searching among the remotest villages of the Germanic Confederation, a man may be found who does not know the name of Mozart; and perhaps it would not be impossible to meet in the Pontine Marshes with a goatherd who never heard of Rossini; but the Englishman does not exist who is not familiar with the name of Handel. The admiration felt here for him is really universal; his name has certainly penetrated deeper into the population than those of his rivals in their own countries. Far more English have heard the "Messiah" than Germans the *Don Juan* or the Symphony in D, or Italians *Il Barbiere*.

France is very far indeed from having made equal progress. Classical music is there confined to a very restricted circle; and the works of the great masters are forgotten, or at least neglected, with the exception of the symphonies and such music as may be connected with theatres. Since the death of the austere Baillot, there have been none of those instrumental quatuors and quintets, which form one of the most exquisitely beautiful branches of the art. An amateur has given, in a too short series of concerts, some music of Palestrina, Orlando Lassus, Pergolese, Allegri, etc.; but this laudable experiment did not spread beyond the walls of a private house. As for oratorios, nothing but the "Creation" has been heard since the Directory, with the exception of "Judas Maccabæus" and the "Messiah," feebly executed a few times before an audience of subscribers by a society of amateurs. France, it must be confessed, is, in this respect, unworthy of herself; she has done nothing to emulate the annual festivals of Germany and England, where imposing choral and instrumental masses are used to render fitly the epic poems of music; and let us add, that in England they are executed in the highest style of excellence. The choruses, consisting of from three to four hundred voices, are good, when they are well conducted; the orchestras are powerful; and for the solo parts they have Mesdames Clara Novello, Lockey, and Dolby, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, all genuine artists, and all natives of England. Ever since the now remote era in which the admirable Garcia and Pelligri, Mesdames Pasta and Piesaroni flourished, I have heard all the singers who have been celebrated; and, without asserting that Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are equal to the most illustrious of these, I am not afraid to say that they are only second to them. Neither do I hesitate to state that whoever has not yet heard an oratorio executed in London, or at one of the provincial festivals, has not tasted the full amount of delight which music is able to give him.

Thus, then, it seems that the bad reputation which England has on the Continent as a musical nation, arises from a prejudice; and it may be that these few words will do something toward dissipating it—not because I have the vanity to suppose that my voice is powerful, nor because I have stated anything particularly new, but be-

cause I have stated material and undoubted facts. Nor have I done this to flatter England (for I have lost any such desire), but simply to record the truth.

On the other hand, the English entertain some prejudices with respect to the French. Out of contempt for French music, none of the charming works of Monsigny, Catel, Grétry, Daleyrac, Mehul, Boieldieu, or Berton, has appeared upon an English stage for nearly a century. M. Halévy's *Juive* has indeed been given, but without (what is generally considered to be of some importance in an opera) the music! *Richard Cœur de Lion*, when translated, could win no admirers. Burney himself, in spite of his excellent taste and his fine judgment, has not escaped that patriotic prejudice. His enthusiasm for Gluck is very moderate, because his genius was "Frenchified." "Gluck's music is so truly dramatic," says he, "that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect upon the stage are cold and rude in a concert(1). The situation, context, and interest gradually excited in an audience, gave them force and energy." He reproaches Piccini and Sacchini with having had "a complaisance for the ancient musical taste of France" in their operas for our stage. To his eyes, Grétry himself, "who brought with him to Paris all the taste of Italy, in compliance with the French language, has been frequently obliged to sacrifice it, in order to please his judges, and he has, at least, improved our taste as much as we have corrupted his." (p. 624.) After which, he adds in the most serious manner: "If good music and performance are ever heartily felt in France, it must be progressively; a totally different style of singing must be adopted; otherwise it will be in vain for the greatest composers, with the assistance of the best lyric poets in the universe, to attempt the reformation." Burney did not perceive that all his criticisms against the French school actually prove the individuality of that school; that it has a style, which must be something after all, if "in spite of the language," that style has produced Gluck's *Armide*, Piccini's *Didon*, Sacchini's *Œdipe à Colonne*, Salieri's *Tarare*, Spontini's *La Vestale*, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, Monsigny's *Le Déserteur*, Champen's *La Mélomanie*, Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, Lesueur's *La Caverne*, Catel's *L'Auberge de Bagnères*, Steibelt's *Romeo et Juliette*, Nicolò's *Cendrillon*, Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, Mehul's *Joseph*, Berton's *Montano et Stéphani*, Daleyrac's *Maison à Vendre*, Della Maria's *Le Prisonnier*, Devienne's *Les Visitandines*, Boieldieu's *Ma Tante Aurèle*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Herold's *Le Pré aux Clercs*, Halévy's *La Juive*—in fact, all the old *répertoire* of the French *Opéra Comique*, in which Mehul shines conspicuous, with his style so vigorous, so strong, so eminently French. The best judges declare that it cannot be denied that the music of Rameau is a creation, that that of Philidor, the author of *Le Sorcier* and the *Maréchal*, is remarkable for the novelty of its forms, and they speak of Gossec as a composer of the first order. Is it not also to the French school that the following singers belong? Carat, Martin, Lais, the Nourrits, (father and son,) Mme. Branchu, Mme. Rigaut, Mme. Damoreau, M. del Sarte, M. Ponchard, and, finally, the greatest of all modern singers, M. Duprez.

Since I have adventured upon this ground, let it be added that France has not taken up a position in musical history only to-day. From the fourteenth century to the end of the sixteenth, the French and the Flemish were the sole cultivators of that divine art. At that time Italy produced nothing, and only performed the works of the composers of France and Flanders. In the catalogue of Petrucci, the inventor of music printing, (at Venice, 1502,) nothing but French and Flemish masses are to be found. It is also a French composer, Claude Goudimel, who had the honor of being Palestrina's master. The Pope's chapels were at that time served only by French and Flemish singers. The old French school began to decline under Henri Quatre, and expired in the reign of Louis XIII., because Richelieu was not fond of music; but it flourished anew after Louis XIV. attained his majority, and the

Opéra Française was founded in 1761. Although this was inspired at first by Italian taste, it quickly assumed its own colors, and we have already seen what it produced. It should not be forgotten that Gluck and the Italians who have written for the French, have written in the French style. Rossini himself, in spite of his characteristic individuality, has not escaped that powerful influence. No one will say that the wonderful author of *Il Barbiere* and the profound author of *Guillaume Tell* are not two different kinds of genius in the same man. Choron, in spite of his Italiomania, confesses that Lully, the creator of the French opera, formed a style for himself—"composed as much French as Italian melody." But even this opinion reflected some of his prejudices; for Lully was brought to France in 1647, when only fourteen years old, and his style is thoroughly French. But this would carry the discussion to too great a length for my present purpose, and therefore I will here conclude; hoping, for the future, that the two countries will henceforth render each other more justice in matters appertaining to music.

Parisian Gossip.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1857.

That solemn event, the opening of the Italian opera season, which, beyond anything else in which people are slightly interested, enjoys the privilege of text for waste talk and newspaper writing in the capitals of all civilized communities, takes place in this town at eight o'clock in the evening of the 1st of next October. Mario, Grisi, Alboni, Steffanone and other celebrities in E and I, the high priests and priestesses of the dilettanti idolatry, are paraded in large capitals on the walls of the temple in the place Ventadour. Mario receives 15,000 francs per month; the season is to last seven months; that is one hundred and five thousand francs, or \$21,000, for uttering his notes some sixty nights. Then to cap the climax, Lablache, whom I interred in a former letter, forbidden by his physicians to fulfil his engagement at St. Petersburg, and just now seeking health from the soft Italian air—Lablache the Great, whose death one would say must leave a hole in the world, may possibly be able to sing three or four times. And it is also rumored, a new composition by Rossini, which, if anything, is probably a revision of one of his several earlier operas, never performed at Paris, and scarcely known to the present opera-going world, is to be brought out. The following little morsel of statistics may be relished:—The composers whose music has been oftenest performed at the Italiens since 1849 are Rossini, whose different works have been played there 237 times, Verdi's 141, Donizetti's 132, and Bellini's 107 times. Meyerbeer surpasses them at the French Opera with 306 performances of his *Huguenots* and 216 of his *Prophète*.

This composer's annually-heralded *Africaine* is announced, as it has been any time the last three years, to be brought out next season. It is said that he has recently really sold the MSS. to the Grand Opera. The cause of its delay to appear before the public is supposed to be the want of that rarest gift of God to man, a sound tenor voice of sufficient pulmonic powers. A tenor, equal to the requirements of the modern opera, is as rare a phenomenon as a comet or a good country tavern. And when one is vouchsafed to our ears, he can rarely "save his chest," in his nightly five hours' struggle against the waves of harmony surging over him from the orchestra, for more than five or six years. If he comes to something nearer deification than other mortals, and gets higher wages for his service than poets, statesmen or saints, he gains his fortune and short-lived glories at a complete sacrifice of himself as tenor, and deserves much indulgence for his arrogance of capitals and salary. "The tenor," as Mery wittily says, "is the modern Pan. Under the circumstances in which the music of the day has placed the tenor, his exacting demands seem to me quite just. We do not go now-a-days to the circus to see a gladiator fight with a tiger, but to applaud a tenor struggling with a note raised a thousand feet

above a human throat. The tenor is the gladiator, the note is the tiger. After five years passed in the circus, the gladiator—the tenor I mean—utters his last cry, and dies a martyr; he is killed by the orchestra, the composer and the public; and the Attorney-General does not recognize it as his duty to interfere and prosecute the guilty. Why, then, quarrel with a tenor, that *rara avis*, if, knowing the brevity of his life, he puts forth all his efforts to acquire a fortune in five years, so as to live honorably as a silent citizen when he is dead as a singer?"

Meanwhile, Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, which was written and performed more than twenty years ago as a comic opera, is in rehearsal at the Grand Opéra, the dialogue changed into recitative, and new music added. A similar operation was successfully performed on *Fra Diavolo*, with an Italian libretto, in London last year.

Meyerbeer has also completed a comic opera, which cannot be represented at present, owing to an agreement he made some time ago with Scribe, the distinguished dramatist and librettist, that he would have no work performed at Paris until after the appearance of the above and frequently before mentioned *Africaine*. And M. Scribe holds him to his bargain, with all the more tenacity that he has recently had a law-suit with the manager of the Opéra Comique, to force the latter to put on the stage a posthumous work of Adam, for which Scribe wrote the words. The Court has decided that Adam's notes and Scribe's words, must be rehearsed and said and sung, or else Manager Perrin must pay heavy damages, although Manager declares the public won't hear them, and adds that the public will show their taste by their refusal. There is no class of men in Paris who give more occupation to lawyers and courts of justice than theatre managers, dramatic authors and actors.

Speaking of tenors and the honors that do befall them, His Holiness the Pope, Pius IX., has lately made Antonio Poggi and Domenico Donizelli, tenors, both on the Italian theatres, knights of the order of Saint Sylvester; and yet these Europeans laugh over the inaptness of honorary demonstrations in favor of sweet singers by New York firemen!

Rachel is going to pass the early autumn and winter at Cannes, already celebrated for its mild climate, olives and anchovies, the landing of Napoleon on arriving from Elba, and for having an estate of Lord Brougham in the neighborhood.

Ristori has gone to Spain, where she has an engagement for two months, at Madrid and Barcelona.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Henri Vieuxtemps in 1843.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser and Patriot, Dec. 22, 1843.)

The arrival of this young artist, is perhaps the greatest musical event, which has yet occurred for Bostonians, (always excepting those associated efforts which, persevering in an humble way with such means as we had, have partly succeeded in domesticating among us Beethoven's Symphonies and Handel's "Messiah.") Solo-playing virtuosos, with their marvellous feats of dexterity, have too often raised here an excitement, which their no less marvellous vanity and superficiality have since made us blush for. They used the divine art to attract attention to themselves. The music was made subordinate to their performing of it. Honorable exceptions to this, like Knoop the violoncellist, have had to play to bare walls. It is a sacred duty, then, to record a calm and earnest word of deep-felt acknowledgment, when, amid all these dazzling "lights that do mislead," the genuine artist comes, modest, demanding nothing, and therefore possessing all. Or perhaps the true reception of the artist now were sacred silence, leaving words to those who, more easily than deeply moved, multiply them on every occasion,—had we only faith enough to refrain from speaking and trust that he has his reward without our spoken thanks. The concert of the great violinist on Tuesday night, before a not crowded audience, called forth a degree of enthusiasm seldom, if ever, witnessed here before;—and such an enthusiasm as the chastest worshipper of what

is truly Art in music could indulge without shame at the thought that Beethoven and Handel might see what he was doing. We did not feel that *Music* was insulted by this involuntary homage to a performer. Our pleasure in listening to him was akin to that deep, still, soul-occupying pleasure which we have when we muse upon a great musical composition, a great poem, or the face of nature; it is one of those pleasures which is stored up in our hearts forever; something more than the charm of surprise; there seemed nothing strange about it, it was so perfect; the means employed, the skill seemed nothing, but the effect upon the mind who can express or forget? It is so with all true works of genius, with all that is properly Art. The artist and his instrument and his skill retreat behind his own divine creation. It is the first time we have clearly felt all this of the great performers who have visited us. This time, thank Heaven, it was beyond a doubt.

Of the peculiarities of Mr. Vieuxtemps's playing we cannot, and we need not speak. Indeed there seemed to be so little peculiarity—was not that the very virtue of it? Such tones too must be heard; they defy description;—so pure that there seemed to be no intervention of strings, no resistance offered to the bow and hand that wooed them forth. Yet it was not a merely sweet and characterless tone; it came out as nervous and as strong, as it was sweet and willing. We felt more than ever that we had heard the violin. He did not seem, like so many who polish their tones away to nothing, to wish to get rid of the violin sound, as if he were ashamed of the nature of the beast. There are those who prefer the sugary softness of a flute or flageolet; these tones had parted with none of their manliness, their sharp and racy *violinity*;—while at times they could be as glossy and limpid as water itself.

Vieuxtemps's compositions, too, have ideas in them; they are not empty variations of mere finger-work. This agrees with what we said before of his artist-like subordination of his own personality to the musical spell which he weaves around both us and him. He does not thrust himself between his music and the hearer. His perfectly modest and unstudied, slightly awkward bearing, his fine ingenuous countenance, the deep sensibility of face, form and manner, controlled by the ideal music brooding over him, not by any tact or calculation of his, were full assurance to every one that there was no possibility of trickery here. Here was a public performer, whom the public could not spoil. So young too, only 23; and yet so self-possessed, betraying no wandering glance of the superficial aspirations of youth. His style is the most chaste we ever heard. The playing was so perfect that it seemed not wonderful. Every piece was classic in its character;—and only at the end, when insatiable *encores* drew him back for one more parting strain, did he sport any of those wild dexterities, which are the fame of Paganini and of Ole Bull. Then he showed how easily such things may be done by one who can exercise the higher and less dazzling mastery, with which he had honored us all the rest of the evening. Why has he not drawn the greatest crowd in New York? Because, from his youth, his fame is not yet at its climax; because he does not trumpet his coming beforehand and travel in state with two secretaries: because he does not stoop to low arts of managing and "preparing the public" as it is called, but means to owe what welcome he gets to the intrinsic charm of his music and his unsullied fidelity to his Art. D.

Mendelssohn and his Critics.

(From the London Musical World, Sept. 26.)

We have inserted elsewhere two articles upon Mendelssohn—one from the pen of Dr. Hermann Zopf, of Berlin, the other by the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston). The first professes to be a general view of Mendelssohn, both as a man and a musician; the other is simply a critical analysis of his "Elijah." We are much mistaken if our English readers do not at once appreciate the hearty enthusiasm of the American writer, and as quickly see through the shallow sophistry of the Berlin "philosopher."

Dr. Zopf's rhapsody (written expressly for Mr. Dwight's paper) is a curious example of what now passes current on the banks of the Spree—no less than at Weimar, Leipzig, and other infected towns—for profound criticism.

You may examine it from end to end, and, with wits as subtle as those of Hermogenes, make nothing out of it—at least nothing that induces any better understanding of Mendelssohn's claims to consideration as a musical composer. Greater nonsense was never uttered than the sentence which affirms that the public recognize Mendelssohn through the medium of the "Oriental series of tones," which he employs in all his writings; or than that in which the *Lobgesang* is pronounced an "off-set" to the Ninth Symphony; or than that where a distinction between Beethoven and Mendelssohn is derived from the supposed partiality of the one for the *ascending* and of the other for the *descending* scale. One would have thought that only the brain of a *Zukunft* critic could have given birth to such strange chimeras as these and twenty more to be found in the same essay.

It would be waste of ink to argue seriously with such a writer as Dr. Zopf, who belongs to a class of visionary speculators with whom, in the present dearth of inventive genius, Germany is teeming. These gentlemen have a *theory* for everything; and it is astonishing how they differ in their æsthetic appreciations of the same subject. On one point, however, they are all of a mind. Mendelssohn *must* be depreciated, and the best way to do that is to patronize him. Thus he is caressed and patted on the head, while the process of undermining his reputation goes on. All sorts of fantastic reasons are produced to account for his defects. He was a Jew, and economized his musical ideas, or lent them out at usurious interest. He was a pet of the ladies, and this gave a half-dandified, half-melancholy air to his music; or he belonged to a coterie of professors, and hence assumed a certain tone of pedantry. He was a passionate devotee of Bach, and wrote *Paulus*, with the "chorals," in imitation of that master. Steeped to the soul in the Ninth Symphony, he slavishly worked at a parody of that colossus, and gave the world a *sinfonia cantata*. What resemblance these word-splitters can detect between the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn is wholly beyond conjecture. Now the "Jew" was aimed at his acquirements as a contrapuntist and master of fugue, the greatest since Mozart; the "ladies' pet" typified the author of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and so many exquisite little songs; the copyist of Bach and Beethoven meant the ardent and honest reverer of the mighty masters who had preceded him. So that the virtues of the man and the noble qualities of the artist were alike tortured into pretexts for arraigning him.

Not to advance further into the morass of sophistry, it is as well to lay bare the origin of all this deterioration of the foremost musician of his time, and *the last of the race of giants*. Most of our "critics" and "philosophers" began life as musicians themselves—unsuccessfully. They could forgive the dead Beethoven; but not the living Mendelssohn. His triumphs everywhere, and especially in England, afflicted them with sleeplessness; and, as one after another their own attempts at composition failed to interest or amaze the public, they built up a theory to prove that abstract music had ended with Beethoven, and that there was no reason why Mendelssohn should succeed better than themselves. Either we must go back to Beethoven, or go forward with Schumann, who pointed the way to some stage of art, the nature of which has never been intelligibly described by any of these *illuminati*. When Wagner came he ignored them all, and boldly set up on his proper account. But Wagner—to use his own definition of Beethoven at a certain epoch in that great man's career—is a "genial madman," just as amusing as the pedants of the Zopf school are dull. His impudence is as charming as his egotism is stupendous, while his notorious want of real musical knowledge furnishes him with a wholesome contempt for those who just know enough to turn critics, and con-

struct theories out of the muddy materials that choke up the stream of modern German thought. Wagner's abuse of Mendelssohn is extremely diverting, and if he had no other claim to consideration he must still be esteemed as the phenomenon which scared away the Schumannites, and reduced poor Robert to his normal insignificance. The men of the future, it is true, instead of King Log have gotten King Stork, and we wish them joy of the exchange. As for poor Franz Liszt, he can only be likened to Sinbad the Sailor, at that crisis of Sinbad's life when he was compelled to carry the Old Man of the Sea on his back. Depend upon it Wagner won't lose his hold until the *Nibelungen* shall have swamped *absolute music*, and Germany has followed at the funeral of her musical reputation.

A passage in the paper of Dr. Zopf has given us real pain. We allude to the citation from "one of our most intelligent critics," which bears reference to Joseph Joachim and the violin concerto:—

"It was remarked of Joachim, that he played the concerto with *disinclination*—something like *displeasure settled on his features*. His powerful genius felt constrained within the narrow, precise forms of the *conversazione* style," etc.

Now the "powerful genius" of Herr Joachim being "constrained" within the limits of an intelligence so inferior to his as that of Mendelssohn, and forced to be the interpreter of such mediocre music as the violin concerto, is a pretty pleasantry enough; but it behoves one who owes so much as Joseph Joachim to the deceased master to express publicly his disapproval of such an insinuation against his own heart and judgment. His friends will expect this of him; and if he allows the opportunity to pass, we in England at least shall be compelled to infer that silence implies consent.

CHAOTIC RHYMES.—A Mr. Haydn Wilson favors the readers of the London *Musical World* with the following extraordinary version of what Haydn intended to describe in the introduction to his "Creation."

HAYDN'S REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

Before this master set down to compose
The music to his work "The Creation"
Inspir'd, he let not his calm mind repose
Till he pray'd to God for inspiration.
Impress'd with a just sense of his subject
To carry out, a task laborious
He weigh'd well in his mind its great object
So noble, sublime, and so glorious.
Commenc'd with Chaos so far fetch'd in thought
With full band parts rang'd numb'ring twenty-three
In strains with slow crude combinations fraught
Describing confusion, not yet set free.
The first note *forte* played in unison
Then learned, abstruse, unresolved chords,
Conveying ideas by comparison
Suspensions, harmonies and strong discords.
Amidst this mass of instrumental sounds
The bassoon strives itself to extricate
In phrases intervals of thirds resounds
Mists, masses trying to disintegrate.
The basses, tenors, violins succeed
Each other, rising softly into space
The clar'net next from abyss gets freed
Some order promis'd on this gloomy face.
Next an eruption as from vaulted cones
Low in a cavern deep in the dark space
A crash, convulsion on the three trombones
With transitions which seem it to replace.
Then a still sound like muffled thunder's hum
From the dark space around so gloomy crude
Made by a soft roll on the kettle drum,
While all is "without form and void" still rude.
When order strives to rise, then to assume
Describ'd in phrases, transitions resolv'd
String'd and soft wind kind, each its place resume
To represent, each phrase becomes evolv'd.
Then strains with gravest accents, unity
In closer form,—presum'd hypothesis;
When God from heav'n descends in Trinity,
Performs the record in book Genesis.

From the literary works of Haydn Wilson, in three books.

September 24th, 1857.

We do not wonder that the editor of the *World* is impatient to procure a copy of Mr. Haydn Wilson's literary works.

M. Jullien in trouble—His Speech.

The Royal Surrey Gardens, London, where Jullien has been enthroned all summer at the head of his great orchestra, are closed, the company having become bankrupt. Jullien loses £2,000 by his shares, and all his salary. One can fancy the impassioned eloquence of the conductor at an indignation meeting of the shareholders. His speech is thus reported.

M. Jullien, in a very excited manner, addressed the meeting at some length, and in the course of his remarks said that Mr. Beale, at the first meeting of the committee of directors retired in disgust, as he would have nothing more to do with the concern. Mr. Chappell has lately done the same. Those of the committee who remained—viz., Mr. Coppock, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Barnes—he saw it was their intention to break up the affair as soon as possible; they wanted to be rid of it. It seemed to him that their object was to sell these gardens for £14,000, which were offered to him (M. Jullien) for £12,000, and then for £10,000. The building upon the grounds had been put on at the expense of the shareholders; it was then mortgaged, and was now to be sold for nothing. He had been at every meeting of the committee, and such was the difficulty of transacting any business, that if he wanted to put a nail up in the gardens, they said, "Wait till the committee meets, and you will get authority to do it." They were often very much divided, and there was no executive power among them to execute what was decided. The committee did in these gardens what was done in the beginning at Sebastopol—there were too many generals. What he wanted was some executive power—even in the American Republic they have a President to sign what is wanted. "Mr. Coppock had," said M. Jullien, "so much power in the committee, that the others were sitting round him like mouses (A laugh) and trembling; they never decided anything; and he says, 'I vote for that,' 'I vote for that,' and it is done. Some day I give some objections, but no use, and then I say, 'You don't understand public amusements—I could better trust you to make members of Parliament than for amusements.' There was the same system of opposition to everything I proposed. I show you how I made the orchestra pay. Mr. Lumley pays £350 for my orchestra, but I never paid before more than £250 or £270 in the season. Mr. Gye was spending £400 and £500 for an orchestra, and was making money fast when I was with him. The conclusion, I have to say, is that Mr. Beale retired, as he saw it was impossible to go on. Mr. Chappell had some more patience, and I should have retired too if I had not given £2,000 by my salary, and £400 by a cheque on the Bank of England. Since these gardens were open I never received anything for my salary, although my nominal salary was very great. But I was working very hard. The only part they accept of my proposition was the musical festival. I came back to my home satisfied that day, and say, 'They begin to take my advice.' I said the expenses will not be more than £1,200, and they will take £3,000 or £4,000. I engaged all the artists and everybody for this festival, and I asked the committee to vote me £1,200, and I never passed that sum. The receipts came to a little more than I said—£3,400 (Cheers), and left a clear profit to the company of £1,000. The receipts were taken away every night, and the artists who made the money came were not paid (A laugh). All the money disappeared. I lose £2,000 by my shares, and £2,000 for my salary, a great deal of which I paid for repairs and fittings, and money which I advanced to the artists, and I took a house in the neighborhood, that I might be near. All these things cost me a loss of £6,000 altogether and twelve months hard work, for I never work so hard in my life. If the place is not shut, it is because Mr. Beale and Mr. Chappell have come forward to help me. This year the directors have only paid me a £500 bill, which was dishonored, and a cheque for £250, which was dishonored too (Shame). I put up all

the counters for the supply of iced champagne, and the second row of chandeliers, as the musicians could not see to read their parts, and when I told the directors they had no light, they said, 'If you want more light put it up yourself' (A laugh). As to the gardens, if 10,000 people were to go in every night, they would not pay under such management. I have seen 2,000 people myself go in without paying, and there was no check upon the money received (Cries of "shame, shame").

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 17, 1857.

M. Vieuxtemps and the Art of the Violin.

Our readers just at this time will be interested to read what one of the most eminent musical writers and critics of Paris has to say of the remarkable violinist who now, after an interval of fourteen years, makes his second visit to America. We translate from *La Musique Ancienne et Moderne*, being a second collection of miscellaneous papers of musical literature and criticism, by P. SCUDO, (Paris, 1854.)

"The art of playing the violin is contemporary with the art of singing, and has shared all its vicissitudes. The great violinists have been almost all of the same country which has produced the great singers, that is to say, Italy, the cradle of vocal melody. With Corelli commences the chain of famous violinists which extends to Paganini, and of which Geminiani, Locatelli, Vivaldi, Tartini, Nardini, Pugnani and Viotti are so many marvellous links. The French school connects directly with the Italian school by Somis, who was a pupil of Corelli, by his nephew Chabran, above all by Leclair, who had studied with Somis, and successively by celebrated virtuosos who came to settle down in Paris, and of whom the most illustrious was Viotti, the last representative of the fine Italian school. The history of the art of violin playing may be divided into three grand epochs, each marked by a celebrated artist who expresses its character. The first epoch commences with Corelli and extends to Tartini; the second extends from Tartini to Viotti; and the third from Viotti to Paganini. Corelli, Tartini, Viotti and Paganini:—here we have four violinists of the first order, in whose style and compositions is summed up nearly the whole history of the violin from the seventeenth century to our days. Each of these epochs of the art of playing the violin corresponds to an evolution of vocal music and of what is the most complicated form of it, the lyric drama.

"Before the birth of lyric drama, and until the first half of the seventeenth century, the violin, like almost all the other instruments, except the organ, had neither style nor music proper to itself. It followed and it imitated the human voice, and never passed beyond its compass. Corelli emancipated the violin from this servitude by composing for this instrument his charming Sonatas, in which we find the style and delicacies of the vocal music of that period. Tartini, who was a man of genius and a great harmonist for his time, made great progress in the art of the violin. He increased its difficulties, and applied himself particularly to developing the power and delicacy of the bow, on which he wrote a treatise, which is still the best thing we possess upon this interesting part of mechanism. In the hands of Tar-

tini and his numerous pupils, the violin acquired a power of sonority, a richness of melodic and harmonic combinations, and a propriety of style, which it had not before this master. Still following the traces of vocal music, of which he must not lose sight for a moment, the violinist of the Tartini school multiplies the ingenious traits, the complicated and arduous ornaments, and his imagination, served by a more learned mechanism, displays a marvellous fecundity. We may affirm, that all the difficulties of the art of playing the violin are found in the germ in the music of Tartini. Pupil of Pugnani, as the latter had been of Tartini, Viotti, who died at London, March 10, 1824, at the age of 71, develops in his admirable Concertos all the properties of the violin, of which he makes an instrument of the first order. It is no longer a virtuoso who plays the violin to make all the world admire the suppleness of his fingers; it is an inspired artist who transmits the transports of his soul in a severe and touching style. Viotti occupies in the history of the violin the place which Clementi has made for himself in the history of the piano, that luminous point which is perceived in all the directions of the human mind, and which seems to indicate the limit of the beautiful and true. Genius impetuous and eccentric, born at an epoch full of audacity and of vicissitudes, Paganini impresses upon the art of the violin the boldness and powerful singularities of his imagination. A prodigious virtuoso, he plays the violin like a juggler who fascinates and lures the credulity of the public. It is a magician that laughs, that weeps, that sings, to draw you into that fatal circle where he accomplishes his mysterious incantations. In the playing as in the music of Paganini, you find the vigor, the individuality, which characterize all the productions of the age in which he lived.

"M. VIEUXTEMPS was born at Verviers, in Belgium, on the 20th of February, 1820. The son of an old soldier, he manifested his musical instinct very early. From the age of four years he was entrusted to the care of a good professor, M. Leleux, who developed the happy dispositions of his pupil. The progress of the young Vieuxtemps was so rapid, that at the age of eight years he was taken to Brussels, where he made the acquaintance of De Beriot. Struck by the rare talent manifested by his young countryman, De Beriot gave him lessons which have had the happiest influence on the future of M. Vieuxtemps. In the spring of the year 1830, M. De Beriot led his pupil to Paris, where he was heard in a concert given at the hall of the Rue de Cléry. Vieuxtemps there produced a very great effect, and from that time his reputation has done nothing but increase.

"One of the qualities which is first of all remarked in the talent of M. Vieuxtemps, is the power and purity of the sounds he draws from his instrument. When he proudly and nobly places the bow upon the string, you would say that it was a whole orchestra directed by the intelligent hand of a sovereign artist. One loves especially to hear him disengage the deep notes of the lower register, which fill the ear with a sonority full of charms. No hesitation in the attack of the sound, no vexatious grazing of the bow upon the string which it caresses, even when the artist ventures into the upper regions of the sonorous scale. At the most, one may reproach M. Vieuxtemps with occasional abuse of the super-

acute harmonics, of which he is fond of surmounting the sterile difficulties. We should pardon the virtuoso these temerities of mechanism the more willingly, if they had better motive in the nature of the piece where they are produced, if they were a luxury of fancy abandoning itself to the hazards of improvisation; for it must never be forgotten that the greatest *tours d'adresse* can only find excuse in the idea they serve to manifest. M. Vieuxtemps has made a patient and victorious study of the mechanism of the violin; he knows all its resources, all its inmost secrets. His bowing is full of vigor, his style ample and severe, and his left hand accomplishes the most difficult turns without betraying any effort.

"It is plain that M. Vieuxtemps is preoccupied with a lively impression of Paganini, whose characteristic boldnesses he has endeavored to appropriate, such as the frequent employment of the harmonic sounds, the use of the double and the triple string, simultaneous action of the bow with *pizzicato* effects, produced by the left hand, and then those grand arpeggios which unite the two extremes of compass in so brusque a manner, and a multitude of other melodic details which enter into the tissue of style, like those minute ideal flowers which are sown along the border of a precious tissue. All that M. Vieuxtemps has not been able to snatch from the Italian artist, is the fluidity of genius; it is the power of imagination and the poesy of the heart. M. Vieuxtemps lacks a little sensibility, a little of that profound sentiment which absorbs the vanity of the virtuoso and charms the deeply moved public into such forgetfulness that it shall seem to hear a poet and not an admirable violinist."

This article is dated November 1851. It is followed by another paper, dated February 1853, in which the merits of Vieuxtemps are well compared with those of another great violinist who has given concerts in this country. It is as follows:

"VIEUXTEMPS AND SIVORI.

"Two celebrated violinists, MM. Vieuxtemps and Sivori, are just now in Paris. M. Vieuxtemps, whose merit we have already appreciated, has given two concerts, which have been well attended, since which he has been heard twice at the Opera, where he has produced less effect than in the *salle Herz*, a room better suited to the nature of his talent, which is more energetic than tender. In fact, M. Vieuxtemps, who is unquestionably a virtuoso of the first order, possesses the rarest qualities of a severe violinist, a grandiose style, a powerful sonority, a remarkable exactness and a perfect neatness in the most arduous difficulties. The stroke of his bow is magistral; he marches with an air of nobility over the shuddering chord, which always sings and never cries. The effects of the double chord accompanied by *pizzicato*, the most acute harmonic sounds, the grand arpeggios which embrace simultaneously two or three octaves, in short all the artifices of mechanism seem mere play under this artist's fingers.

"In the midst of these prodigies of execution, one regrets not to find in M. Vieuxtemps a sensibility more expansive and more penetrating, an imagination more colored, some rays of that divine spontaneity which is the sign of superior vocations. The compositions of M. Vieuxtemps, without attaining, as some have ventured inconsiderately to affirm, to the height of the music of the masters, are nevertheless remarkable for solid qualities.

The Concerto in D minor which he has played at his two concerts, contains excellent portions, the *Andante religioso*, and the *Scherzo*; and we may say that in M. Vieuxtemps the composer and the virtuoso support and complete each other in a manner quite remarkable.

"M. SIVORI is an Italian. He is from Genoa, from the same city which gave birth to Paganini, of whom he is a pupil. Thus, of all the violinists who have rushed upon the track of the admirable virtuoso, M. Sivori is the one who approaches nearest to his model. Fire, impetuosity, *brio*, passion, an exquisite sensibility, an extraordinary bravura, and all with a truth, a finish, a *désinvolture* quite incredible:—such are the principal qualities of M. Sivori's talent. He sings, he weeps, he laughs on his violin like a very demon. One should hear him play the great Concerto in B minor of his master Paganini. What charm, what good humor, what frank and naive gaiety! There is something of the poet in the imagination of M. Sivori, something of that luminous and childlike *estro* which we find in Ariosto or in the *fabbie* of Gozzie. M. Sivori is a born violinist, and he plays quite as well the music of Mozart and of Beethoven as that of the Corellis, the Tartinis, the Viottis and the Paganinis. MM. Vieuxtemps and Sivori are at present the two most able and most celebrated violinists that there are in Europe. A young German, by the name of JOACHIM, who came to Paris in 1849, who lived for a long time in Leipzig, and who now resides at the court of Weimar, will not be slow also to launch himself on that career, where it will be no easy thing to beat him and dispute with him the first rank to which his ambition aspires.

"Although born in Belgium, M. Vieuxtemps is a violinist of the French school, and possesses its most salient qualities, while M. Sivori could not deny Italy for his mother, who has nourished him upon her fruitful breast. If we were asked to characterize in a few words these two artists and the two countries which they represent, we should say that the one plays the violin like a great professor and a consummate musician, the other like a spoiled child of nature, who has endowed him with the most precious gifts. Intrepid wrestlers, both, and masters of their instrument, they each employ a different manner. M. Vieuxtemps never lets you forget that he plays the violin, that the wonders of mechanism which he accomplishes under your eyes are of the greatest difficulty and have cost him great pains, whereas M. Sivori has the air of being ignorant that he holds in his hands one of the most complicated instruments that exist, and he sings to you like Malibran, or like a *fanciullo*:

"Che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia."

The First Concert.

VIEUXTEMPS, THALBERG AND LAGRANGE.

We have had a concert. We hardly dare to call it the first concert of the season. It remains to be seen whether we are to have a season. This was but an episode, a cheerful one indeed, in the unrelieved "suspension" and unmusical *agitato* of the times. For one evening at least, for a few hundreds of people, there was good cheer and solace in the shabby-looking little temple of the Melodeon. It seems in sad harmony with the pinching times, that we leave our splendid halls and go back to the narrower, homelier haunts of music in our earlier days of progress. The

Melodeon is small, but on Wednesday evening, it was not crowded,—just comfortably filled. It is old, and bare and dilapidated; but light, and good company gave it a cosy, pleasant aspect (air we cannot say, for it is shockingly ill ventilated) and it was always good for sound, particularly for a concert of solo pieces.

Such a concert was that of Wednesday evening; entirely solos—nothing like overture or orchestra, or any manner of concerted music, saving one duet. It presented us three artists, virtuosos, of world-wide celebrity; three unsurpassed in their respective spheres. It is the talent of execution, the perfection of bravura, the consummate mastery of an organ, whether violin, pianoforte or voice, which alike constitutes the distinction of VIEUXTEMPS, of THALBERG and of Mme. DE LAGRANGE, and hence we call them virtuosos. For the only foil to this triple lustre we had a clever artist, Signor ROCCO, (the buffo of the SONTAG troupe), who opened each part with Italian comic extravaganzas, accompanying himself at the piano, somewhat in the John Parry and Hatton style, but with far less variety of humor. These were the Signor's own productions and were called "The Family Party," (*Ballo di Famiglia*), and "The Drum,"—the latter approaching very near to the climax of wit and fun, if that lies at the anti-climax of Art.

Next—to take the artists in the order in which they emerged from the curious little hen-coop behind which they were huddled, half-hid, on the stage—came THALBERG, who moved to the piano with the same cool, quiet, gentlemanly air as ever, and played in the same cool, perfect way, the same Fantasias which have served as frequent samples of his stock in trade ever since he became famous. These were the "Prayer of Moses," the "Masaniello," (containing the Tarentella,) and the "Lucrezia Borgia," (containing the Trio); with the "Last Rose of Summer" for an encore. We need not tell how these were played, upon a Chickering Grand of surpassing richness and beauty of tone. From the frequent repetition of these Fantasias, as well as from the superficial nature of the kind of composition in itself, we anticipate weariness when we see them again announced. Yet we found ourselves enjoying the thing for the time being;—a pleasurable excitement, to be sure, which is over with the hearing, and which does not feed the memory and the imagination afterwards. But there is something in such clean, bright, perfect execution of a graceful idea, though it be not a great one, which is always enjoyable; and in these troublous times, when the mind is filled with vague, indefinite, intangible intimations and suggestions of things, in the chaos of the business world, there is something really refreshing in the sight or sound of anything so sparkling, clean-cut, jubilant, and at the same time so fluid and so graceful, as these tone-figures under the pianist's fingers. It is a comfort to meet somewhere a tone of certainty—to meet it somewhere in human endeavors, as we do in stars, and autumn leaves and shells and pebbles. But the same certainty, with a far deeper meaning, out of a far deeper experience, would speak to us just now with a peculiar and wholesome power from the tone-poems of a deeper kind of Art. If the virtuoso could refresh and re-assure us, what could not Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart do! Their word would be as the everlasting mountains and the sea itself, compared with the pretty leaves and shells.

Mme. LAGRANGE sang *Robert, toi que j'aime*; the most florid aria from *La Traviata*; the sparkling comic duet with the Dr. Dulcamara from *L'Elisir*; and Rode's Variations: all with undiminished brightness and perfection of bravura execution, and with just that unflinching degree of expression in the tenderer melodies, which seems more a matter of taste than of feeling with this very versatile and finished dramatic singer. The hard and worn character of some of her tones, especially the highest, was too apparent, in spite of exquisite art, in that small hall; and the husky, forced and swollen volume of those lowest contralto tones required the impassioned situations of the stage to make them less unnatural. With the half voice she warbles exquisitely, like Son-tag; and with whatever little drawbacks, it is a very rare treat to listen to such singing.

Of VIEUXTEMPS it is as hard to say anything new, as it is of Thalberg. The merits of the great violinist are clearly set forth in the preceding article; and all there said of him was on Wednesday night precisely realized. We have allowed ourselves, also, by way of comparison of first with last impressions, to produce in another column our own record (written for a daily paper) of Vieuxtemps in Boston fourteen years ago. Naturally we find its tone more enthusiastic than we could be now under the same influence; then we heard almost for the first time a thoroughly musician-like and classical solo artist, of the first class, who did not do *all* for "effect," and whose whole air and performance were modest and genuine, in contrast with the showy clap-trap to which we had been used. Now our audiences are better able to contrast the *whole* virtuoso tribe with the inspirations of real musical creative genius. We cannot see in M. Vieuxtemps the spark of genius. So far as we know his compositions, some of which are of higher pretension than those he played this week, they are masterly in form and grace, but uninspired; they have ideas, but not of positive originality. But he is a complete musician and a perfect master of his instrument. Tone, so rich, so pure, so admirably prolonged and nourished, so literally *drawn* from the instrument, we have scarcely heard before; nor such vigor, certainty and precision, such nobility and truth in every motion and effect. We recognize, too, the one little weakness which M. Scudo points out—the fondness for the "sterile difficulties" of the extreme harmonies. His "Introduction and Rondo" was the most substantial composition, contrasting an admirably rich *cantabile* with a piquant and vigorous *bravura*. His Fantasia on *I Lombardi* was a wonderful piece of fire-works; and Paganini's "Witches' Dance" was perfect in its way. For an encore he gave the everlasting "Carnival," which seemed a waste of such an opportunity; for Vieuxtemps do not grow on every bush, but "Carnival" players do. And this lament of wasted opportunity must apply to his selections generally. Here we had the first classical violinist, perhaps, of the world; one who can play Beethoven as well as he plays Paganini; one of the greatest of *quartet* players;—side by side, too, with one of the greatest pianists. What a comfort it would have been to have heard at least, say one of the Sonata-duos of Beethoven, interpreted by Vieuxtemps and Thalberg!—Should they see fit to give another concert (which we all hope, although we fear the times forbid for some weeks), we trust we may hear something of this sort. It seems but fair, so long as we cannot hear Vieuxtemps in a grand Concerto with an orchestra.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Signor CORELLI has returned, having successfully fulfilled his patriotic mission to Sardinia, and is now ready once more to train voices, singly or in classes. No one is more competent, and never were song and all the arts of cheerfulness more truly worth a small investment. His sliding scale of prices, to be found below, is graduated to the times. . . . The same of learning the piano; and we can refer with pleasure and peculiar confidence to the proposals of Mr. MEERBACH, who is one of our most judicious, cultivated and artistic teachers.

Mr. SATTER's proposed concerts are *suspended*, following the humor of the times. We trust the example will not be imitated to the stoppage of all musical circulation. By the way, those thrifty individuals, who are always hunting after seeming novelties under which plea to present a new instruction book of some sort, that shall pay, would do well in their next attempt to borrow a new musical nomenclature from the current phrases of the financial world. Commerce no doubt would be glad to sell out and hear no more (at least on 'Change and in plain prose) of its own big words; it were a relief to consign them to the singing books. . . . The following is one of innumerable just and hearty tributes which we find in journals from all parts:

PRIZE PIANO. One of Chickering's incomparable Pianos took the premium at our St. Louis Fair—as they have, indeed, at almost all the great Fairs of Europe and America. There are, it seems, no such pianos made in the world as Chickering's. For brilliancy of tone, for durability, and for style of work, they are *perfection*.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Our usual New York letter is in type, but must lie over. The Opera there, after some brilliant performances of *Don Giovanni*, with FREZZOLINI and LAGRANGE together, is still *suspended*, with promise to resume a week hence. . . . In Philadelphia the opera opened last week with GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI and AMODIO in *La Traviata*. This was followed by *Il Trovatore* (so the world goes), by *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Ernani*, *La Fille du Regiment*, &c. In the last Signora RAMOS made her debut; satisfactory, so far as acting and sweet singing, it would seem, but without power enough of voice; and in the two last the basso TAGLIAFICO sang.

WEIMAR.—Liszt has lately completed two grand instrumental works: the first is the *Himmenschlacht*, after Kaulbach's celebrated picture. He forwarded the perfect score to Kaulbach, in Munich. Kaulbach, who is on very intimate terms with him, sent back a wonderful cartoon: the genius of music, sitting on a lion, which he tames with the sounds of his lyre. This splendid drawing, half the size of life, was presented to Liszt on his birthday. The second instrumental piece, which Liszt has only completed a few days, is the *Schiller Symphony*, destined for performance at the Weimar Festival, in September, at the inauguration of the Schiller and Goethe Monument. Schiller's poem, "Die Ideale," has been taken as its poetical programme. It contains four movements. The first three closely follow the ideas of Schiller's poem, while the fourth, which is independently conceived, contains an apotheosis of Schiller himself. Liszt has, also lately much extended his *Faust Symphony*. The three instrumental movements, "Faust," "Gretchen," and "Mephisto," are now immediately followed by a final chorus, the text of which consists of the concluding strophes of the sacred part of *Faust*: "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," etc. This symphony, also, is perhaps destined to be performed at the Weimar Festival, as a companion to the *Schiller Symphony*.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Advertisements.

INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.—Considering the deplorable condition of the financial world, which tends to discouragement and to a lack of patronage of all the professions, SIGNOR CORELLI proposes to form Singing Classes at a price reducible according to the number of pupils.

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Applications may be addressed to Messrs. Chickering's rooms, Masonic Temple, where Sig. Corelli himself will be found every Monday and Thursday from 9 till 1 o'clock—or at the principal music stores.

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Mr. F. W. MEERBACH begs leaves to state to the citizens of Boston and Roxbury that he is prepared to give instruction in Piano-Forte playing to small classes.

Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends.

For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

LUCIA.—PIANO SOLO.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have just published—The Opera of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Piano Solo, being the Ninth volume of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." In Press, LUCREZIA BORGIA, Piano Solo, of the same series.

A CARD.

CARL ZERRAHN begs leave to announce to his pupils and friends, that he will commence his course of instruction in music shortly after his return from Europe, which will be about the 15th of October.

Please address at Chickering & Sons', or at any of the principal music stores.

WANTED, by a Tenore, an engagement in some Choir in or near the city. Terms moderate. Address by mail, CHARLES MOZART, Boston, Mass.

Boston, Oct. 8, 1857.

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Terms for Music lessons, \$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$80 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have in press, and will issue early in October:

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GIVES instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY OF MUSIC. Address at his residence, (U. S. Hotel), or at the Music Stores.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LANOTTE has the honor to announce that she will resume her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte, on MONDAY, Sept. 14th. Applications to be made at 55 Hancock Street.

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI

IS now ready to receive pupils. He may be addressed at the Rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, at Russell & Richardson's and Ditson & Co's Music Stores, or at his residence, No. 86 Pinckney Street.

Sig. BENDELARI's class of young ladies in singing, for beginners only, will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, where the exercises will be continued every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at the same hour.

For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

AUGUST HAMANN,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

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Translated for this Journal.

Roger at the Grand Opera.

(SEPT. 1850.)

From the French of P. SCUDO.

M. ROGER, who returns to us from Germany, laden, certainly, with all sorts of triumphal crowns, has made his *rentrée* at the Opera in the rôle of Fernando, in *La Favorita*. This rôle, which was created by Duprez six years ago, is one of the most agreeable and perhaps the easiest of all that form the series of that great artist. One would think that, finding himself more at ease in the music of Donizetti than in that of Meyerbeer, M. Roger would at least realize the hopes which his friends have conceived of his future. Has M. Roger gained all that his courage promised? Has he repaired somewhat the check which his ambition had to experience in the part of Jean of Leyden, and can the Opera at length flatter itself to have found in him the tenor who shall bear the burden of its grand *répertoire*?

It is full fifteen years since M. Roger made his début at the Opéra Comique. An agreeable *physique*, a charming voice, understanding of the stage, and a good taste won for him a most honorable reputation. Without possessing the distinction of Elleviou, nor the vocal skill of M. Ponchard, M. Roger was very good in that class of works proportioned to his means, and made for himself a good and solid fame in that time.

But who is contented with his lot in these times? When one may become a minister by rushing out of the back-room of a demagogue newspaper, can we be astonished that an artist of talent, who is the first in the Alps, should think himself destined also to occupy the first rank in Rome?

The friends, the *complaisant* journals who see from further off, the crowd of blind admirers who talk the language of the fine arts as the socialists talk that of Bossuet, have so often told Roger he was a great singer, that he has taken them at their word, and has foolishly left a theatre where he reigned master, to come and display the spectacle of his impotence on the first lyric stage in Europe. What then does M. Roger lack, to raise his talent to the height of his ambition?

In the first place his voice has already suffered the irreparable outrage of years! Its texture is damaged in the extreme chords, where he is obliged to force its emission, to cover up the holes: his respiration is too short for the ample expression of phrases of imperious accent, which obliges him continually to retard the movement indicated by the composer and the situation. These defects, imputable to nature, might easily be palliated, if M. Roger had style. Style: what is that? *It is the man*, says Buffon. There are several sorts of style: there is the noble, the temperate, the low, the trivial style, as there are different species of characters. The great difficulty in the arts is, to have a style which belongs to you, which is the revelation of the qualities of your soul and intellect. * * * * *

There is a good taste in music, which is neither Italian, nor French, nor German; a taste which consists in feeling and in rendering the true relation of things, in siezing on the wing the laws of reason by means of the phenomena of sensibility. A bad singer is of no school. He can argue from no principle, which authorizes him to allow tricks of vocalization to be heard in the midst of a pathetic scene.

It is a great error to believe that the famous Italian singers of the eighteenth century permitted in themselves the monstrosities which we are condemned to hear in our days.

M. Roger wants style: that is to say, character and individuality. Determined at any cost to aim at grandeur and produce heroic effects, he set himself to imitating Duprez, whose pauses and inflexions of voice he exaggerates. So what happens to all imitators has happened to him: he has taken the material receipt of his model without comprehending its spirit, and the phrases with which Duprez thrills the public, come out inanimate from the mouth of M. Roger. He sang very badly the beautiful romanza of the first act: *Un ange, une femme inconnue*, and he knew not how to render the expression, full of serenity, that is found in that of the fourth act: *Ange si pur!* which Duprez exhaled like a last sigh of the ideal. Ah! monsieur Roger, it is not enough to raise the heels of one's boots and magnify one's voice, to reach the height of an artist who has

passed his youth in the bosom of a celebrated school where one is nourished on the spirit of great masters. It is not at the Conservatoire that one learns the art of phrasing and of giving to his tones the purity, the largeness and the *horizon* that constitute the lofty style. Of the final duo of *La Favorita*, one of the happiest inspirations of the lyric drama, M. Roger and Mme. Julienne made a patriotic song, worthy of the provisional government.

Can one imagine that this last burst of passion, this radiant transport of love was intoned (chanter) by M. Roger and Mme. Julienne, like a strophe of the *Marseillaise*, or like the *Chant des Girondins*, of fabulous memory! And so the Gauls of the pit, who ought to know what they are about, in the matter of barricades, were transported by those dramatic howls which recalled the great days of February, 1848! . . .

Chimes.

From a Lecture on Bells, by A. W. THAYER.

One of my first observations in Bonn was that the bells upon the tower of the old cathedral, where for more than a thousand years the mass has been regularly celebrated, are not rung as with us, that is, thrown up into a perpendicular position, and there balanced—but simply swung from side to side, as when an alarm is rung in our steeples. The ropes of these bells hang down through the ceiling into the body of the edifice, and it used to afford me much amusement when the hour of high mass approached, to see the janitor and his assistants clutch them, and in the midst of the congregation tug away as for dear life, to make a noise in the world by the booming and clatter, "the wrangling and jangling of the bells." I have found this mode of ringing general wherever I have been on the continent of Europe. In England it is otherwise. Bells are there hung with yoke and wheel, a fashion we have followed, and when several bells are placed in the same tower, they are carefully tuned to each other—which is not so often the case in musical Germany. A set of bells thus tuned to each other is called a "peal of bells." Thus we say a "peal of five," a "peal of six," or of whatever number. The phrase, a "chime of bells," though in very common use, is incorrect. The term chime seems to be properly used only in relation to the music made upon a peal of bells, by the striking of hammers moved by machinery, or by striking the members of the peal without setting them. The term "peal" has two significations, that just given, and one implying all the changes which can be rung upon a peal of bells. The phrase, "ringing of changes," implies the striking of all the bells in regular and rapid succession a great number of

times, but without in any case repeating the order in which they have followed each other. The impossibility of producing any true musical effect upon so small a number as six or eight bells, the number of notes in such a case not being sufficient to allow of harmonies, or any other than the simplest melodies of very limited range, is probably one great cause, that in England bell-ringing is confined almost entirely to the ringing of changes. There is hardly anything more monotonous and wearying to a musical ear, than to hear an old choral, confined within a compass of an octave or less, hammered slowly out, every time the clock strikes, from one year's end to another; while the ringing of well arranged changes two or three times daily, becomes connected with most delightful associations, as we see in the whole body of English poetry.

At first thought it might seem as if these changes would soon be exhausted; but apply the simple arithmetical rule of permutation to the matter, and a moment's reflection will show that there is little danger of this. For instance, with a peal of three bells, you can change thus: 1,2,3, 1,3,2, 2,1,3, 2,3,1, 3,1,2, 3,2,1, giving six changes. To four bells are 24 changes; to five, 120. In England each peal has its name. The 120 changes which form the peal upon a peal of five bells, is called a Grandsire. The Plain Bob, or Grandsire Bob, or Single Bob minor, implies the ringing of the 720 changes of a peal of six bells. The 5,040 changes of seven bells, is the Grandsire Triple. In Hone's Table Book, an inscription copied in an Inn at Bromley records the ringing of this peal in three hours and six minutes by a company of ringers in that town, as a great feat—such indeed it was.

A full peal upon eight bells is a Bob major; on nine, it is called Caters; on ten, Bob royal; on eleven, Cinques; on twelve, Twelve-in, or Bob Maximus. The number of changes in this last, the Bob Maximus, reaches the satisfactory number of 479,001,600. Suppose the twelve ringers strike ten changes to the minute, that is, each man two strokes per second, and that they ring without interruption to eat, drink, or rest, day and night, and they will finish their peal in 91 years. Add two bells to the number, and at the same rate the fourteen ringers will close their peal at the end of some 16,575 years. Make the number twenty-four, and the peal will at the same rate last one hundred and seventeen thousand million years. None of us will probably live to hear this peal rung. Without attempting, therefore, upon a peal of an octave of bells, to play regular melodies, it is clear that the charming succession of tones is to all intents and purposes endless.

But, as the tones of bells are compound, (that is, each tone accompanied by its *harmonics*.) the simple striking of the successive notes of the musical diatonic scale, up and down, produces a very sweet and beautiful effect, and one involuntarily attaches words to them. Five hundred years ago Bowbells in London were but six in number, and the runaway apprentice heard them distinctly calling, as the scale ascended,

Turn again, Whittington,

and as they descended,

Lord Mayor of great London.

When Panurge had exhausted every art of divination as practised by the ancients, and which

could be tried in a Christian land, in hope of obtaining a decisive answer to the question, whether he should marry, as he had exhausted the yeas and nays of Pantagruel, he turned to Friar John of the Funnels. "Hearken," quoth Friar John, "to the oracle of the bells of Varennes. What say they?" "I hear and understand them," quoth Panurge; "their sound is, by my thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's great kettles in Dodonæ. Hearken! Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry. For if thou marry thou shalt find good therein: here in a wife thou shalt find good; so marry, marry. I will assure that I shall be married." By and by they are nearer the bells. "In good faith, Friar John, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry. Hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: Do not marry, marry, not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not. If thou marry, thou'lt miscarry, thou'lt repent it, resent it, 'sent it!'"

Southey quotes a similar story from an old Dutch author, where a widow consults her confessor upon the knotty question, should she marry. He refers her to the bells, and she heard them distinctly say: "Nempt een man, nempt een man,"—take a spouse, take a spouse:—and his own Doctor says, on that happy morning when he made himself a whole man by uniting to himself the rib until then wanting, he heard from the eight bells of Doncaster, as distinctly as Whittington or the Flemish widow,

"Daniel Dove brings Deborah home."

New York Philharmonic Society.

(From the Fifteenth Annual Report.)

The continued vitality of our Institution has been attested by another brilliant season. This is gratifying evidence of its soundness. In Art, as in Nature, there can be no legitimate or healthful growth which is not based upon an interior life and energy. The sunshine may visit the tree, and the air and the showers; but if the root be not sound, these exterior influences prove, eventually, more a blight than a refreshment.

It is the belief that the Philharmonic Society is *sound at the root*, which causes the friends of Art chiefly to rejoice in its success, and to believe in its future. The root of our success is *not* fashion—although this animating exterior sunshine, we admit, very lavishly has visited us; it is not the spirit of clique and nationalism—are not our ranks open to all nationalities, and have we not already the representatives of many such among us?—it is not private or individual interest—we are an Art-Democracy, in constitution as in spirit; it is not pelf or annual dividend—our increasing numbers and expenses holding very much in check the individual dividend from an increasing pecuniary success; a dividend at best too moderate for any man's ambition; but it is *Art*—as we sincerely believe. It is the pure love of a pure object of pursuit which combines us, which constitutes our vitality, and which causes us to live and thrive. When there is any change in this, when Art dies out at the root, the natural and inevitable decay of our Institution will commence—and not necessarily till then.

Unsustained, then, by State patronage, or by the purses of an opulent few, the New York Philharmonic Society has completed its fifteenth season, as an outgrowth from internal resources; self-existing, self-sustained, self-controlling, and in these respects, perhaps, a salient instance of success among similar musical institutions.

But we do not shut our eyes to the admitted *perils* of success. One of these perils is the engrafting upon us of a certain amount of popular preference, which may be based, perhaps, less on

a sincere love of Art than the musical fashion of the hour.

Now, no foreign graft can be undesirable or unwelcome to a sturdy tree, where there is prospect and expectation that such will not remain a dead graft, but will eventually be pervaded with its own vitality. The Philharmonic Society finds nothing undesirable, of course, in the fact that it may have become the fashion; there is nothing to fear from this for the best interests of Art, provided it succeed, as it has already to so great an extent succeeded, in infusing its own musical nature into this external graft, and incorporating it with itself. The Philharmonic is, or should be, an *educating* institution; and, indeed, it is not too much to say, that during the period of its existence, it *has* succeeded in educating and securing a large public for itself, from among the most varied classes of the community, quite independent of that more variable number attending the performances from the mere caprice or whim of the moment. This permanent public is constantly experiencing transfers to it of the more variable one. It is only while the process of assimilation is going on, that such an outside influence is unfavorably felt.

This influence may be manifested in two ways, either by tending gradually to swerve us from our high aim in Art, or by a virtual indifference to this aim, an indifference which makes itself uncomfortably felt. Our difficulties would seem to resolve themselves, in fact, into what may be termed *music and manners*.

Touching the former, we cannot think that in our choice of compositions for performance, our lofty and true aim will ever be lowered to an *ad captandum* and less worthy style. Indeed, we believe we have shut ourselves off from the possibility of this, by having educated our really permanent public beyond it. They would hardly assent thereto, should we ever propose it—leaving, perhaps, but little danger after all, to be apprehended from this source.

But with the latter difficulty, we are having now to contend, as regards a minority of our audience. Due allowance of course must be made, and is cheerfully made, for youth and vivacity; for the long period of attention required; for the exciting attrition of so many elements of beauty and attractiveness. But the interests of Art are positive and insisting, as to the degree of order and attention required. We must, necessarily, insist upon musical *good manners*. The inattention, and heedless talking and disturbance of but a limited number of our audience, are proving a serious annoyance at our Philharmonic performances. The remedy for this, after all, lies rather with the audience itself, than the Society authorities. If each little neighborhood would take care of itself, and promptly frown down the few chance disturbers of its pleasure, perfect order would soon be secured. We hope this will be done. In foreign audiences it is ever effectually done. But may we not rather hope that those to whom these remarks may refer, appreciating the delicacy and difficulty of our position, will relieve us of all *onus* of discipline—a thing so obnoxious, and so foreign to the purposes of our assembling—and very competently and sufficiently, as they are able to do, take care of themselves.

During the past season, many good musicians have been examined for performing-membership. It may be stated, that our arrangements in this matter are of such a character, that none but thorough-bred and capable musicians can well find a place among us. Of the number applying for membership, seven have been admitted the past season, nine having been admitted the preceding season.

As showing the gradual increase of the Orchestra, it may be mentioned, that while the number of performing members during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth seasons was sixty-seven, during the fourteenth it was seventy-three, and during the fifteenth and last, eighty-one.

The following is a table of increase of other members, Associate and Professional:—

Associate Members.—11th season, 489; 12th do. 555; 13th do. 747; 14th do. 1091.

Professional Members.—11th season, 58; 12th do. 116; 13th do. 144; 14th do. 166.
The last, 15th season, 1773 Associate Members.
" " " 213 Professional do.

The number of *subscribing* members, so called, is gradually diminishing. This is a favorable omen for the cause of Art, when it is recollected that these are members who obtain tickets only for public performances, and not for rehearsals. These persons are gradually being merged into the more desirable number, who value the rehearsals as well as the more formal concerts, for purposes of musical culture.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held on Saturday, May 9th, 1857, the annexed accounts of the Treasurer, Secretary and Librarian were read and adopted, after which the following members were elected to constitute the board of Directors for the ensuing season:—

H. C. TIMM, *President*.
THEO. EISEL, *Vice President*.
L. SPIER, *Secretary*.
D. WALKER, *Treasurer*.
C. PAZZAGLIA, *Librarian*.
C. BRANNES, } *Assistants*.
J. NOLL, }

General Fund.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Balance on hand from last season..... | \$634 10 |
| Received by Scharfenberg & Luis..... | 6,648 50 |
| " " C. Breusing..... | 1,877 50 |
| " " L. Spier..... | 5,521 25 |

Total Receipts..... \$14,681 35

Disbursements, as detailed in Secretary's Report.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Amount of Dividends..... | \$10,246 50 |
| Rent..... | 606 00 |
| Professional Aid..... | 231 00 |
| Music and Copying..... | 145 58 |
| Printing..... | 416 13 |
| Advertising..... | 118 89 |
| Salaries, Appropriations, &c..... | 715 75 |
| Testimonial..... | 145 75 |
| Sundries..... | 329 49 |

Total Expenditures..... \$13,955 09

Recapitulation.

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| Amounts Received..... | \$14,681 35 |
| " Paid out..... | 13,955 09 |

\$726 26

Surplus belonging to the Sinking Fund..... 00 44

Leaving in hands of the Treas'r a balance of \$726 70

Sinking Fund.

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Balance from last year's accounts..... | \$799 94 |
| Interest on this amount from May 10, 1856, to Feb. 10, 1857, at 5 per cent..... | 20 50 |

Total..... \$829 44

The moneys of this Fund are invested as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------|
| In the Seamen's Savings Bank, No. 78 Wall st. | 429 00 |
| In the Savings Bank, No. 57 Bleeker street.. | 400 00 |
| In the Treasurer's hands* | 00 44 |

\$829 44

* By depositing the Sinking Fund in two different Savings Banks, this sum was not accepted.

Statistics of European Theatres.

The *Musical Review* translates the following items from a *Guide for Theatrical Statistics*, by Kustner, former manager of the Royal Theatre in Berlin.

There are one hundred and thirty-six French, and sixty Russian companies of actors. In Spain they have one hundred and twenty; in Portugal, twenty; in England, forty; in Sweden, ten; in Denmark, eight; and there are one hundred and thirty-four Italian troupes. Germany has thirty-seven theatres, of which, fifteen are "court," and twenty-two "city" theatres. If we add to these all the German theatres and acting societies in foreign lands with exception of America, we should find two hundred companies, consisting of twenty-three court theatres, one hundred theatres of cities and communities, and about seventy-seven travelling companies. All the German court theatres receive support from their respective governments. Of the twenty-two city theatres, only eleven have subventions, consisting generally in free use of the theatre. The theatres at Breslau, Cologne, Hamburg, Stettin, etc., are heavily taxed by rents and per centage to the poor. The

amount of money transactions in the largest German theatres varies from 100,000 to 400,000 Prussian dollars; with second rate court and city theatres, from 50,000 to 100,000; with smaller theatres, from 18,000 to 50,000 dollars; and with travelling companies, from 6,000 to 18,000 dollars. The receipts have generally increased for the last three or four years. This increase amounts for the Royal Theatre at Berlin to between 40,000 and 50,000 dollars; for the Royal Theatre at Vienna, 50,000 to 60,000 florins; for the Grand Opera at Paris, 100,000 to 150,000 francs; and for the Royal Theatre at Dresden to about 20,000 dollars.

As to the expenses, the Burg Theatre and the Royal Opera-house in Vienna have to pay \$590,666 a year; the Royal Theatres in Berlin, \$400,000; in Dresden, including the Royal orchestra, \$200,000; in Munich, including orchestra, \$176,000; in Hanover, also including orchestra, \$147,000.

The expenses for the theatre at Hamburg are \$80,000; for the Royal Theatre at Stuttgart, \$102,857; for the theatre in Frankfurt, \$89,142; for the Thalin Theatre in Hamburg, \$80,000; and for the theatre at Leipzig, about \$72,000. The expenses of the Imperial Theatre at Petersburg are \$1,102,026; for the Academie Imperiale de Musique at Paris, \$501,333; for the Comedie Francaise at Paris, \$270,666; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, \$369,333; for the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, \$135,000; and for the one at Copenhagen, \$215,000.

The subventions are as follows:

The Burg Theatre at Vienna receives 100,000 florins, (about \$50,000;) the German Opera of the Royal Opera, at the same place, 123,000 florins; the Royal Theatre in Berlin, \$140,000; the Royal Theatre at Dresden, \$30,000 to \$40,000, and for the orchestra, \$40,000; the Royal Theatre in Munich, 78,000 florins—for the orchestra, also 78,000 florins; the Royal Theatre at Hanover, \$87,000; at Stuttgart, \$125,000; at Karlsruhe, 100,000 florins; at Mannheim, from the State, 8000 florins—from the city, 31,500 florins; at Frankfurt, 8000 florins; at Weimar, \$44,000; at Koburg and Gotha from the State, 15,300 florins—from the Duke, 22,800 florins. The subvention for the Grand Opera at Paris, amounts to \$181,333; for the Comedie Francaise, 240,000 francs; for the Opera Comique, to \$64,000; for the two theatres at Marseilles, to 120,000 francs; for the two theatres at Bordeaux, to 90,000 francs; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, the subvention amounted till 1848, to \$73,333; but now the government has taken the theatre entirely in its own hands. *La Scala* at Milan receives 300,000 Austrian liras; the Royal Theatre at Stockholm has \$30,000; and the one at Copenhagen, \$50,000 subvention.

Several German theatres are, as we stated before, heavily taxed instead of sustained, by the respective governments. The theatre at Breslau has to pay \$7900 for the rent of the house; at Cologne they must pay \$7000 for the same purpose; at Hamburg, 14,750 marks, (\$4000;) Stettin, \$6000; Bremen, \$4600; Konigsburg, \$4000, and two performances for the benefit of the poor, etc., etc. In Germany, the number of dramatic or theatrical personalities is about 6000; if you include the members of the choruses, the orchestras, and the different administrations, it will be about 10,000. This is four thousand more than in France, for there the whole number for the same personalities would not be more than 6000.

The highest salary at the Burg Theatre in Vienna is 7000 florins, with six weeks for recreation; at the Opera, about 12,000 florins. In Berlin, the salaries for the royal actors rise as high as \$5000, with two months' leave of absence; for the members of the opera, about \$6000, with from four to six months' leave of absence. The same can be said of the members of the Royal Theatre at Dresden. At Munich, the highest salary is 3600 florins; at the Grand Opera in Paris, 100,000 francs. Here the mere *Figurante* receives from 240 to 373 dollars! Mlle. Rachel received at the Comedie Francaise 72,000 francs. The highest salary for the members of the Italian Opera at

Petersburg, is 20,000 R. S.; for those of the French troupe, 10,000; and for those of the Russian troupe, 1143 R. S. An easy chair at the Italian Opera in London, costs seven (Prussian) dollars; the ticket for the pit, \$2.33. At Drury Lane, a ticket for the best seat is sold for \$2; a ticket for the pit costs \$1. The easy chair at the Italian Opera in Petersburg, costs \$8.66; at German performances, \$1.75; at Vienna, a ticket for the best seat at the Imperial Opera can be had for \$1.50; a ticket for the pit costs about 40 cents of our money. In Paris, at the Grand Opera, the best seats are sold for \$3; a seat ticket for the pit costs \$1.33. At Berlin, you have to pay for the best seat, one Prussian dollar; for the pit, only half a dollar.

As to so-called *tantiemes*, (copy-rights,) which are paid in Germany to authors of dramatic pieces and operas, the Imperial Burg Theatre at Vienna pays about \$6000 every year. Poets and composers at Berlin receive about 5000 to 6000 dollars. At Munich, this part of the expenses amounts only to \$2300, for, as in Vienna, they do not allow *tantiemes* to composers.

The author of these interesting statistics says not a word about the theatres in America, which is a pity, not only for the sake of the completeness of his book, but also on account of the importance which such statistics must have for any intelligent observer of the theatrical affairs in this world.

Church Organ.

The Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook have just completed, at their manufactory, on Tremont street, for the Beneficent Congregational Society, Providence, (Rev. Dr. Clapp,) a first class organ, which is deemed by good judges to be one of their finest productions; and in variety, power and richness of tone, to be unsurpassed by any instrument of its class in the United States.

It has 49 Registers, as follows:—

Great Organ, 14 Registers.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1 Clarion. | 8 Quint. |
| 2 Trumpet. | 9 Wald Flute. |
| 3 Mixture. | 10 St. Diapason. |
| 4 Sesquialtera. | 11 Melodia. |
| 5 Fifteenth. | 12 Open Diapason. |
| 6 Twelfth. | 13 Bourdon Treble. |
| 7 Principal. | 14 Bourdon Bass. |

Choir Organ, 8 Registers.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 15 Viol d'Amour. | 19 Principal. |
| 16 Bassoon. | 20 Flute. |
| 17 Cremona. | 21 Open Diapason. |
| 18 St. Diapason. | 22 Dulciana. |

Swell Organ, 11 Registers.

| | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 23 Clarion. | 29 Open Diapason. |
| 24 Trumpet. | 30 Gamba. |
| 25 Hautboy. | 31 St. Diapason. |
| 26 Principal. | 32 Bourdon Bass. |
| 27 Fifteenth. | 33 Bourdon Treble. |
| 28 Cornet. | |

Pedal Organ, 4 Registers.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 34 Open Diapason. | 36 Violoncello. |
| 35 St. Diapason. | 37 Trombone. |

Accessory and Composition Registers.

| |
|-------------------------------|
| 38 Coupler Gr. to Pedale. |
| 39 do Choir to " |
| 40 do Swell " " |
| 41 do " " Gr. Unison. |
| 42 do " " " Super Octave. |
| 43 do " " " Choir. |
| 44 Great Organ Separation. |
| 45 Choir to Gr. Sub Octave. |
| 46 Full Organ, } Composition. |
| 47 Chorus, } |
| 48 Diapasons, } |
| 49 Bellows Signal. |

Compass.

Manuals,—CC to g in alt, 56 notes.
Pedale,—CCC to Tenor e, 29 notes.

The Swell extends through the entire compass of 56 notes.

It has upwards of two thousand pipes, in the mechanism of which the Messrs. H. make use of several different compositions, some of them peculiar to their manufacture. An abundant supply of wind is furnished by two bellows of three-inch pressure. The Registers are arranged in triple rows, and are grouped for the separate departments, which brings them more within the scope of vision, and the control, of the performer. The stops are also so arranged as to facilitate the proper

grading of the combinations, ranking from below upwards,—the longest pipes being represented by the lowest Registers in the respective manuals. The key and stop action evince the highest mechanical skill, the Registers and keys working with the utmost ease and precision, the action of the latter seeming no heavier in the Great Organ, when all the Couplers are drawn.

We wish to mention two other particulars in the mechanism of this instrument, by which both the comfort and convenience of the organist have been consulted; and they the more especially deserve mention, from having never before been applied to any organ built in this country. 1st, The composition of the stops in the Great Organ may be effected by Registers (numbered 46, 47 and 48, in the above specification,) placed at the performer's left, in lieu of the common arrangement by pedal shifting—movements: by this plan, the organist has the Great organ at the command of his left hand, which can make the desired changes more readily, and can be better spared, than the feet. 2d, The Pedals are radiating, so as to converge to a point behind the performer, and they are concave both lengthwise and transversely. This arrangement is exactly conformable to the movements of the feet, and brings the pedals under their control, without forcing the point and heel into awkward and painful contortions; and as the short keys are beveled, all chromatic passages may be played with great facility and smoothness: it is, we believe, an improvement of Dr. Wesley's, and was first used in England, at his suggestion, in the immense organ built by Mr. Willis for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

The case is in Romanesque style,—beautifully proportioned, chaste and rich, and delights the eye with its graceful foliage, and the genial blending of its colors: it is an eloquent testimonial to the genius and skill which devised and executed it.

We have enlarged no more upon the external appearance and arrangements of this organ than truth and justice require. Its appeals to the ear, when its grandeur and variety of tone are displayed by a skilful performer, are charming and deeply impressive. The voicing of the whole organ evinces the skill of a long experienced master in the work. The Secondary and Compound Registers have been made to impart unusual brilliancy and vivacity to the full organ, and they are finely balanced with the Foundation Stops, which are characterized by great depth and body of tone, whilst the ear is delighted beyond measure with the skilful blending of that cheerful, ringing quality which we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of fine old English and German organs.

The many excellent points in manufacture which the Messrs. H. have acquired during an experience of thirty years in self-sacrificing devotedness to their noble art, and which have come to be considered as characteristic of their organs, are clearly seen in this, their latest production. The prompt yet silent working of the pedal and key action, the clear and sure intonation of the lower octaves in all of the Manuals, the great compass and effectiveness of the magnificent Swell, the melodiousness, depth, and grandeur of the Great organ, the subdued and placid harmonies of the Choir, are all conspicuous.

The several Diapasons are constructed and voiced according to their relative position; those in the Great Organ being bold, clear and sonorous; those in the Choir, of a sweet, mellow, singing quality; while those in the Swell are peculiarly adapted to give a rich, full volume to that department of the Organ; and it may be remarked that they are all free from that forced hissing sound which is so often heard in Organs less skilfully voiced.

The Solo stops evince that delicacy and sweetness of tone for which the Messrs. Hook enjoy an unrivalled reputation: each one of these stops, when played with accompaniments, stands out in bold relief, and maintains its distinct character, as if it were a separate instrument in the hands of an orchestral performer.

Among the Stops which deserve especial men-

tion, is the Pedal Trombone, a 16 foot reed Stop, made on an entirely new principle, in which the too frequent harshness is supplanted by a smooth, rich body of tone, prompt in speaking, and blending finely with the full Organ.

This organ is, we believe, the fourteenth that the Messrs. Hook have built for churches in the city of Providence,—a fact which speaks volumes in their praise, proving, as it does, the very high estimation in which they stand as builders, where their works are known, and have stood the test of time, the only sure criterion by which to judge of the merits of the instrument. In this connection, the following testimonial of the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, furnishes abundant evidence:

"PROVIDENCE, April 23, 1857.

I can most cordially and conscientiously give my testimony to the unsurpassed excellence of the Organs manufactured by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. I have never known an instance in which there has been any dissatisfaction with the workmanship, quality of tone, balance of parts, or the general effect of their instruments. The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an Organ from their Manufactory may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money.

THOMAS M. CLARK, Bishop of Rhode Island."

The organ was exhibited on Wednesday afternoon last before a large audience, many of them amateurs, and gave unbounded pleasure and satisfaction. It is now in process of removal to Providence. The lovers of music in that city will be pleased to learn that it will be opened there by Prof. Geo. W. Morgan, of N. Y. city. We hear of several who will be present, on that occasion, from Boston. We congratulate the citizens of Providence on their good fortune in possessing so noble a specimen of the grandest of all instruments.—*Traveller*, Oct. 19.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci.

The statue of Beatrice Cenci, by Miss HARRIET HOSMER, now open for public inspection at Mr. Cotton's rooms, has claimed our attention, and, so far as we could possibly afford it, our study. We have great pleasure in declaring our opinion, that it is a very beautiful, as it certainly is a very interesting, piece of workmanship. We have heretofore examined the several specimens of this young lady's skill in the noble art to which she has devoted her life, as yet so briefly reckoned by years, as they have been exhibited in the same manner in this city. We thought of them all, that, with obvious deficiencies to a practised eye, rather than absolute faults, they manifested unmistakable evidence of those peculiar characteristics in the sculptor, which indefinitely mark the difference between genius and talent. Her conception transcended her execution. But the germ of promise had developed its flower so clearly, that we might look with certainty, in due time, for the perfected fruit. Nor does it involve the least derogation from Miss Hosmer's success, in this particular effort of her art, to say, that we believe she will yet produce something still more creditable to herself, and which will contribute to elevate still higher the reputation of our country in this department of the Fine Arts. As it is, we should be proud to welcome this statue, as the production of a fair countrywoman, in any collection of the results of modern sculpture.

The subject of the statue is of all others the most interesting—a young girl. But this girl is Beatrice Cenci, a name which, even after the lapse of two centuries and a half, still excites in Italy a profound interest, similar, yet more tender and compassionate, to that which in more Northern Europe veils the imputed crimes of Mary Stuart, with that sort of palliation, conjured up by the imagination and warmed by the impulse of all our gentler feelings, in the contemplation of her beauty, her sufferings, and her wrongs. The terrible crime for which Beatrice was condemned and executed by order of the Pope, notwithstanding the most earnest intercession of the principal persons in Rome, was parricide, committed at her instigation, in concert with

her brothers and step-mother, against her father, Count Cenci. Scarcely another such fiend incarnate as this man is chronicled in the history of the world. He could have maintained his existence only under the shadow of such a court as that of Rome, at such a period as that in which he lived. He purchased exemption from the consequences of innumerable and often unmentionable crimes, by his powerful influence as the head of an ancient and noble house, and by means of his great wealth. He hated and persecuted his children with implacable hostility; but towards his daughter his demoniac violence and cruelty assumed another form of infamy, which finally induced the execution of the fatal deed for which she suffered. We must admit that the act of this young and lovely maiden, subjected as she was to indignities from which every instinct of nature revolts, and hateful to every principle of human and divine sanction, was not in conformity with the sublime requirements of Christian perfection. But on the other hand, her sufferings were superhuman, calculated only too surely to bewilder the moral sense, and to obliterate the very affinities and distinctions of nature. And then, too, in her times, escape from the persecution which overwhelmed her was impossible, and the hope of protection beyond the walls of her unnatural father's palace equally in vain. Perhaps those who at this moment acknowledge the force of that dreadful necessity, under which English officers in India have immolated wives and children, in order to anticipate and prevent a worse fate, will at least pity Beatrice Cenci. Indeed, reason about it with whatever casuistry we may, the story of this young, most beautiful and most unhappy lady has inspired the involuntary sympathy of every age in her favor, from her own to the present.

Beatrice Cenci went to her doom sorrowful but composed; and the legend is that Guido, access to the prison being denied, caught, as she passed in procession to the place of execution, the soft and mournful yet most impressive lineaments of those lovely features, which have endured upon his immortal canvas. According to other accounts, however, the great painter did obtain, at the prison, that more deliberate opportunity for his art, which such an exquisite creation as his portrait would seem to have required. Miss Hosmer has chosen the night before the execution for the idealization of her subject, and Beatrice appears recumbent and sleeping, upon a block of stone, to which the ring affixed reminds us, as far as well could be in the accompaniments of a statue, of the prison itself and the fatal condition of the condemned slumberer. Her attitude gives the impression of profound, yet of exhausted, rather than easy, repose. She reclines partly on her side, yet the upper part of her person is thrown forward and brought into such a posture, that her chest presses the pillow of her pallet. The elbow of the bended right arm extends above the head, which rests upon the back of the hand beneath it, while the left arm falls easily across the body, the back of the open hand resting upon the base of the marble beneath; and slightly intertwined with the delicate fingers is the rosary appropriate to her religious faith. One of her lower limbs is drawn up, beneath its fellow exquisitely moulded, which is extended in a natural and graceful posture, falling beyond and beneath the upper line of the edge of the block upon which she reposes. And if we have any critical remark to urge in this respect, it would be that either the blocks of stone in the Papal prison were of altogether too brief dimensions to permit the enjoyment of natural rest, or else the block here represented should have been made more conformable to the length of the figure, even at the expense of depriving us of some variety in the attitude of the sleeper. And, perhaps, we ought to say, that we cannot get rid of the impression, that the position of the statue, in certain particulars, is somewhat constrained, and, as we are inclined to think, not anatomically correct. The drapery has fallen partly from the person of Beatrice, leaving some of the upper portions of it not immodestly exposed. Indeed, no idea could be conceived of the statue, except as that of an

innocent, sleeping girl. In representing the texture of her more closely fitting inner garment, we observe the marble has been skillfully made, as much as marble can, and in this particular the material is admirably wrought, so as to distinguish the fabric and fit of the garment in question from the looser drapery of the couch. The head is enveloped in those snowy folds which covered her golden hair in the bloom and purity of her maiden life, long locks of which, escaped from their confinement, fall about her neck. The face is of marvellous beauty, and pleases us most of all. It is copied, as it seems to us, with remarkable fidelity and success, from that famous portrait of Guido already referred to, of which the common engravings afford us such an inadequate conception. We shall quote a description of this picture from an eminent authority, in order that our readers may compare its details with those of the head of the statue, so far as they are applicable:

The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death could scarcely extinguish; the forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic.—Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwelt together, without destroying one another; her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries, in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

We have thus endeavored to point out some of the characteristic merits, as well as to indicate some of the defects of this charming work of art. Of a country woman, so young, and yet so distinguished, as Miss Hosmer, already taking a high position among the eminent sculptors, who make Italy their field of study and the theatre of their early successes, we may well be proud. Perhaps the truest point of inspection, from which to appreciate the general effect of the statue to the best advantage, is from a position in front, diagonal to a line crossing the top of the head. And although the lovely face is thus concealed from view, yet this will claim its own special and delighted consideration. Sorrow, and the sweetness of a sad yet not despondent spirit, are on its features; but the vision of that gentle rest is untroubled by any forebodings of the morrow.

ENGLISH MUSIC TO "FAUST."—At the late Festival at Norwich, England, a novelty was introduced in the form of music to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by Mr. PIERSON, composer of the oratorio of "Jerusalem." The Norwich *Mercury* says of it:

The selections for a festival should never be governed either by cliquism or a mercenary object, any more than the selection of a vocalist. In this instance the music of "Faust" has followed the fate of "Jerusalem," for it can be looked at only as the incarnation of an unhealthy and not an inspired imagination, and following as it did directly after Beethoven's immortal "Pastoral Symphony," it fell with heavier weight upon the audience. Whatever may have been the intention of the composer, the audience, even with the description before them, failed to comprehend, and in the course of an hour and a half many had taken refuge in the balmy oblivion of sleep, whose claims, even the most unwilling were scarcely able to deny. Mlle. Leonhardi was the Ariel, and although exhibiting much vocal capability, still it was only sufficient to show how much more it was necessary to accomplish. The music was intended to describe Faust upon a "flowery turf, weary, restless, and in an uneasy slumber, by moonlight." The elves hover round, and Ariel directs them "to guard him," and charm "his senses with the finest magic," and "entice him to the cheerful realms of day." A choral incantation and solo succeed, and the sun rises as they disperse. An instrumental

piece follows, which is intended to describe the effects of a dream upon Faust, who, "having discovered his ideal of beauty in the Grecian Helen, invites her to rest in a beautiful valley of Arcadia." Then comes a chorus in homage of poetry. The dream continues, in which Faust supposes himself to appear as a knight of the middle ages—a march and chorus descriptive of a procession of knights; and then an orchestral *intermezzo*, to express the return of Faust to "philosophic retirement," who, abjuring the aid of Mephistopheles, becomes a Christian. A scene follows in which Mr. Weiss, as a warder of the castle, sings a song descriptive of the "world as it lies," as shown to his spirit from the "skies, and their glory to surrounding nature." A Chorus of Anchorites succeeds, one of whom is supposed to show Faust the "confines of heaven." A Chorus of Beatified Spirits sing of mercy and comfort to the dying Faust, and the last chorus gives him "the palm eternally," and he is shown "the spirit of his love smiling from the clouds on him." This is the subject upon which the music of "Faust" was founded, and had the books not described what was intended, no one would ever have imagined the scenes. The Chorus of Anchorites and the Song of the Warder are the nearest in approach of sound to sense; but even these indicate the unsettled and irregular impressions of the composer's imagination, and possess no sufficient melody or rhythm to retrieve the rest. The whole, in fact, bears the impress of a brain without form, and the substitution of extravagant ideas, without regard to whether they convey any notion of what is to be described. The best proof of the effect upon the audience, where somnolence did not prevail, was the restlessness which increased as the music proceeded, and by the relief which their countenances expressed when it terminated. A very few personal friends near the orchestra applauded, and some of the auditory in the five-shilling gallery stamped, but in vain: the verdict was too decidedly pronounced to be mistaken.

From my Diary, No. 13.

Oct. 10th.—Somebody has given the *Tribune* to-day a long article upon Expresses and Express-men.—Speaking of Adams, founder of Adams's Express, he gives some musical historical information(?) which is worth saving! *Ecce*.

On arriving in Boston, Adams "after seeking in vain for some days such a situation as he wanted, offered his services to the proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, on Washington street, opposite Boylston. At that time that hotel had just been erected and named in honor of the Marquis, who was very popular in Boston. It was then the crack house, and held in high esteem, especially by the jovial members of that potential and numerous, but always harmonious body, the Handel and Haydn Society. This musical institution, from time immemorial the pride of Boston, was then, and still is, we believe, located in Boylston Hall, opposite the new hotel, and—as the members met several nights in the week, either for rehearsal or public performance of an oratorio—partly from patriotic veneration for the Marquis, and partly to recuperate after their musical labors, they visited the bar of the 'Lafayette' very often, and sometimes they would come in great numbers, rendering an assistant bartender very desirable."

Is n't this rich, exceedingly!

14th.—This is the book I have been waiting for, for many years—Schöelcher's Life of Handel. Not that it contains all. That is not easily possible. But it clears up so many points, which since the days of Hawkins and Burney have been stumbling-blocks. Droll that what no Englishman has undertaken to do, what should have been done fifty years since, at last a Frenchman has undertaken, and apparently with the best success—and that is, a thorough examination of the Handelian manuscripts. What light is at once thrown upon that mighty man's career! and how wonderful it was!

I ask not whether Mr. Schöelcher might not have improved the work in some particulars, in matters of style, arrangement, and the like; it is enough for me that the great labor has been performed, and that we know what the Queen's and other libraries possess of Handel, and what light those relics afford.

It is unfortunate that the author is ignorant of the German language, for some additions might have been made to the account of Handel's early life, which would be interesting, and some slight errors might have been avoided.

The book pleases me vastly; and now—can our musical people not be persuaded to buy and read it?

The melancholy fate which has thus far fallen upon attempts at laying the foundation of a musical literature in this country, is a sad commentary upon the professions of love for music which one is constantly hearing. The ignorance that is constantly manifested of the most common facts in musical history is a shame and disgrace to the profession.

Those who get their living by music should hang their heads in shame if they do not read this book and Holmes's Mozart. What would they say to a member of any other profession, who was as ignorant of its history as most of our musical people are of theirs?

All praise to Apollo! the time is coming, though, when Dogberry will not cry in vain, "Oh that I had been written down an ass!" when the music teacher must be a man of some culture at least!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 24, 1857.

The Musical Prospect.

Could it be more unpromising? The winter is upon us, and the orchestra have not even begun to tune their instruments for the usual six months' Symphony. So far no operas, no oratorios, no concerts, with the exception of a solitary one in a small hall by Vieuxtemps and Thalberg! This does not sound like Boston. This report is in quite another key from that in which we have usually welcomed in the season. Music hath pause, like every other occupation that depends on money. In the other cities there have been beginnings, with unusual promise and array of forces, but beginnings only. The singers, like the birds, fly southward; how can they breathe in a chilly atmosphere of panic and of poverty?

There seems to be but one topic for our usual musical editorial:—to wit, the total want of music,—the suspension of all musical industry,—the poverty and most prosaic dullness of the times. For want of a better, we accept the topic. Let us look around us, and see how bad it is. We take a grim satisfaction in enumerating the great and smaller signs of discouragement. Let us amuse one another, in this lack of something better to do, by adding up indefinite quantities of zeros.

In the first place the music-teachers; with whom our cities swarm, come back from rustication or from trips to Europe, full of zeal, and of all sorts of methods, approved or original, some for the voice, some for the piano,—enough of them to make the rising generation musical: but—there are no pupils! None for many—not enough for any, for the best of them. Our music publishers have opened their superb new stores, with everything on shelves and counter, from the fugues of Bach and oratorios of Handel to the last negro melody or polka:—but there are none to buy! Engravers are dismissed, presses are silenced, and the loud foaming stream of music-selling and buying contracts itself within a moderate channel, waiting better times. Musical instruments find few purchasers; half the hundred hands of every piano-forte-making Briareus are idle. For any music-lover, who is blessed with a few spare hundreds, it were a capital time to purchase at large

discount the best piano that our factories afford. (We offer our services to any of our subscribers to execute an order of that kind for them;—we dare say it would be for our interest as well as theirs,—you see, we are getting worldly—it is the humor of the times.) And as to musical journalism? If we knew how long we should have a subscriber left to ask the question, we might answer. Suffice it to say, there is nothing to journalize about, and nothing is the subject of this article. There will be no musical critics—no Sir Oracles—their occupation's gone—the world sinks into Cimmerian darkness in the article of taste. (It was a *simmerin'* darkness, Mrs. P. might say, before.) And then, most terrible of all, there will be no "dead-heads"! because no theatres, no concerts. Thousands of those respectable and useful members of society suddenly thrown out of employment! What a lamentable condition of the labor market does not that indicate! So far a goodly pile of minus quantities and ciphers have we added up. Pleasant, as blowing soap bubbles, or whistling to keep the courage up in these hard times! And now for music-making proper; now for that industrious army who coin the elastic air into significant sweet notes, to thrill the inmost soul with harmony. We count up the operas and concerts that we are (not) to have.

The grand Opera in New York, as we have seen, suspended operations for a fortnight—for the purpose, it was said, of mounting several new pieces, such as the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Robert le Diable*, &c. The fortnight has expired; no announcement as yet of a resumption; the prevailing epidemic made it no loss to stop; perhaps it would be, to go on again; and meanwhile appears this significant little hint in the announcement of Vieuxtemps and Thalberg's concert for Oct. 23: "Last appearance but one in concert of Mlle. ERMINIE FREZZOLINI, prior to her departure for the West and South"! This looks a little like indefinite postponement. Perhaps the Opera will resume when the banks do. So we must set down naught for Opera in New York—as things now look. Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch, however, have much machinery and raw material on hand; it is damaging to let the works lie idle; they will certainly get their steam up with the first indications of a market. Or, to change the figure, they lie ready to hoist sail with the first breath of favorable breeze, and crowd on all their canvas, of which they have a plenty furled, if they can get a chance. Let us pray for a wind.

Turning to Philadelphia, to the Marshall-Maretzek Opera Company, we find that they have been singing since the first of this month hacknied operas, like *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Lucia*, &c., to discouragingly thin houses, spite of the would-be cheerful crowing of the newspapers; for, to the surprise of every one, and after all the grand announcements of great "stars" coming and to come, Tamberliks, Rogers, &c., the present (only the third) week is proclaimed the last chance of hearing this splendid company, who are positively engaged to sail immediately for Havana! It is a sign of coming winter, when the wild geese fly southward. No doubt the tamer singing fowls regard their case as somewhat analogous, and mutter something about never being geese enough again to accept an operatic engagement in America. So much for Philadelphia; set down naught and carry one—to better times.

Here in Boston, the operas in prospect are indeed most charming, if it be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Far off we see the shining plumage of the song-birds dwindling to fine specks in the Southern sky. When fairer financial weather shall recall them to New York and Philadelphia, we too shall have our turn. Perhaps not.

Our noble Boston Theatre, itself, is it appears in danger; we hardly know if it stand there substantially, a *bonâ fide* theatrical brick and mortar structure, or whether it be anything more than an Aladdin's palace, a fictitious thing, like so many banks and speculative bubbles, so sadly has the financial panic shaken the faith of its projectors and stockholders. In their alarm, they have even held a meeting and voted to sell the property. We recall the meeting in which the grand scheme was initiated, and have not forgotten the glowing speeches of the leading men, who set forth its claims so purely on the ground of the artistic pride, the new attractiveness to strangers, &c., of our good city. Then no one thought of investing for the sake of profit; it was all for public spirit, patriotism, Art! Now, when it appears that the theatre has in no season met the current expenses out of the nightly receipts, (which some charge wholly to bad management, to the corporation having tied its hands by an unprofitable long lease, whereby the Manager says: "Heads, I win; tails, you lose"); now, too, that the times are dark, every body feeling poor, the financial aspect of the theatre looms fearfully into the foreground, to the overshadowing of the artistic, and to the dismay of stockholders. The theatre cost \$416,000. The debt is \$205,000, principally mortgages. The immediate sum to be paid, however, is but \$15,000. To get over the whole difficulty, the Committee have recommended, and a meeting of the stockholders have adopted, the following plan:

To authorize the Directors of the Corporation to make a sale and conveyance of all the real and personal property of the Corporation to such persons or associations as will become the purchasers thereof at the amount of the present indebtedness of the Corporation, say \$205,000; each of the present stockholders to be allowed, if he pleases, to take for each share one two-hundred-and-thirty fifth part of the property. In other words, to form a new Company, with a capital equal to the debts of the Corporation, and abandon the act of incorporation, vesting the property in Trustees. Each of the new shares, if the whole debt should be paid off, would cost about \$885; but as a large portion of the debt is not yet payable, and can remain on mortgage if desired, and as the Melodeon estate can be sold for at least \$90,000, so soon as we are well over the present crisis, it would probably be entirely safe to limit the par value of the new shares at \$500. Of this sum only \$100 per share need be paid at present, and perhaps only \$50, and an additional \$100 would be all that would be required for a year to come, and the residue need be called for only as the mortgages have to be paid off. The new Company, after the sale of the Melodeon estate, would own the Theatre with its furniture, wardrobe, and properties. The land alone would be worth the entire sum to be paid. After the termination of the present lease, say March, 1859, your Committee think the Theatre could be rented for at least \$15,000 a year; and if the rights appended to the shares are worth their present market price, \$30, the new stock would probably yield a sum equal to 18 per cent, on the investment. Of this, however, each shareholder must form his own opinion and estimate. As an additional inducement, each share might be vested with the right to free admission, and the selection of two reserved seats instead of the alternate privilege belonging to the present shares.

The original value of a share was, we believe, \$1,000. It is not probable that the property will be purchased for any other than theatrical uses;

the sale of the Melodeon adjunct will materially reduce the debt; under a new system of management, whereby the company may lease it by special contracts, now to Italian opera, now to a Ballet troupe, &c., it may yield a much larger rent; so that, after all, we have little fear that our grand Boston Theatre will take to itself wings and fly away. Nor will the Genii transport it elsewhere, if the public will be just to genius here.—But as for Opera, so far as we see at present, we must set down naught for Boston.

As with the Operas, so with the "stars" and virtuosos that had begun or were about to begin to give miscellaneous solo concerts. The VIEUX-TEMPS-THALBERG works are evidently put upon half time. Miss JULIANA MAY has vanished in the South. Mr. COOPER, the eminent London violinist, has returned to England, (partly on account of domestic affliction,) but waits a better season to return.

Happy shall true music-lovers be, and not quite inconsolable at the loss of Italian opera and other imported splendors, if we shall be able to fall back with less distracted interest and less spoiled relish on the plainer, sweeter, far more nourishing and more inspiring fare of good wholesome classical oratorios and concerts by our own societies. Our Handel and Haydn Society should have commenced rehearsals this week. But the Hamburg steamer, *Borussia*, of Oct. 1, which was to bring our CARL ZERRAHN, to conduct them, is reported to have put back to Hamburg on the 7th,—cause unknown. Hence nothing is yet sure of Oratorios. And for the same cause, nothing with regard to orchestral Symphonies, &c. The same steamer is supposed to have contained the brothers FRIES, and other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; which makes the Chamber Concerts count for nothing yet. Mr. SATTER has postponed; and of the "German Trio" we hear nothing more. There is good hope, however, from the German "Orpheus"—and for all, let us believe, as soon as times grow settled, if not prosperous. But for things actually in sight, our telescope sweeps the horizon in vain; there is nothing!—In New York there seem to be enough wise men left to save the city—musically. Thanks to permanent organization, her best in music, her Philharmonic concerts, will go on. In Philadelphia, the retreat of Opera is covered by the announcement of Germania (Orchestral) "Rehearsal" Concerts, at prices for the million.

There—we have presented a beggarly account of empty boxes. It can do us no harm to contemplate the worst. Perhaps we all feel better now that we have looked it in the face. Now we may look round again, from a new and honest stand-point of no false hopes, and see if we cannot find some crumbs of comfort. Perhaps we may yet see our true musical good in all this. Perhaps we may yet save from the wreck what is really worth saving. Perhaps, now that the showier ones, the formidable armadas of the speculators are scattered, there will be the more chance for those who are modestly in earnest with their art. Perhaps, by some mysterious law of spiritual Calculus, we may yet be able to carry one or more units to the telling side of all these ciphers, and learn how he that loseth his life may find it!

Of this hereafter. Meanwhile, if our theme was nothing, our readers will at least admit that we have made nothing of it. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

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HANDEL.

(From MATTHESON'S "Grundlage Einer Ehrenforte." Translated for this Journal.)

OCT. 25, 1857.

MY DEAR DWIGHT,—Nearly all the circumstances of Handel's early life, as they stand in the various sketches which have been written, rest upon the extracts made by Burney from Mattheson. With these extracts for three fourths of a century all the English writers seem to have been satisfied. I find not a man of them who seems to have taken the trouble to examine the original. But now that M. Schœlcher, a Frenchman, (!) has taken up the history of the great composer, he has had the good sense to go from Burney to the fountain. Unfortunately he does not know German, and slight inaccuracies—but great enough to mislead him—have crept into the translation of sundry passages. Burney was even more incorrect in passages which he selected.

Under the circumstances, it seems to me worth while, that Mattheson's sketch should be at last put into English entire, that the readers of M. Schœlcher's excellent book may be able to read the other also for themselves. Having had occasion for another purpose to translate a pretty large portion of it, it is no great labor to put the rest into English—and here you have it. No attempt has been made to be elegant—the original is not so—but perfect faithfulness to the original has been observed, so far as my knowledge of the language would permit. One date given by Mattheson is evidently wrong—that of 1709—when he makes Handel leave Hamburg for Italy. Schœlcher shows that it must have been in 1706 or 1707. Otherwise I put great faith in him.

It must not be forgotten that when Mattheson wrote (1740), Handel was not known, as now, by his Oratorios. He was then one of the great composers of operas—whether on the continent considered the greatest, I have my doubts—but very great.

There is to me something very interesting in reading such a chatty contemporaneous account of him, which I find nowhere else. I hope you and your readers will find the same to be true.

How Mattheson's account agrees with the facts

which Mr. Schœlcher has collected from other sources, I leave for the reader to see by reading the work of the latter.

A. W. T.

GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL, of Halle in Saxony, passed his fifty-sixth birth-day on the 25th of February last.¹ He studied composition and the organ with the celebrated Friedrich Wilhelm Zackau, together with other sciences in the high schools there; the living languages, however, as Italian, French and English, he learned thoroughly in his travels.

Anno 1703, in summer, he came to Hamburg, rich in talent and good will. He made almost his first acquaintance here with me, by means of which he was introduced to our organs and choirs, the opera and concerts, and especially into a certain house where all were in the highest degree devoted to music. At first he played second violin (*andre violine*) in the operatic orchestra, and appeared as if he could not count five, for he was by nature fond of dry humor.² As there happened once to be no harpsichordist present, he allowed himself to be prevailed upon to take his place, and proved himself a man; no other person but myself having suspected it.

At that time he composed very long, long airs, and really endless cantatas, which failed of the true spirit and a true taste, though they were indeed perfect in harmony; but he soon became quite changed in this respect, through the influence of the high school of opera. He was strong on the organ; stronger than Kuhnau, in fugue and counterpoint, especially extempore; but knew very little of melody until he came into the Hamburg Opera. On the other hand all the compositions of Kuhnau were throughout melodious and singable; also those written for instruments. In the last century hardly anybody thought of melody; everybody aimed merely at harmony. For the most part at that time he dined with my deceased father, and in return taught me sundry peculiar contrapuntal effects. As I on the other hand did him no small service in the matter of dramatic style, one hand was made to wash the other.

We journeyed together, also, on the 17th of August, that same year 1703, to Lübeck, and made many double fugues in the coach, *da mente*, *non da penna*. I had been invited thither by the Geheime Rath's President, Magnus von Wedderkopp, as the future successor of the very able organist, Dietrich Buxtehude. I took Handel with me. We played nearly all the organs and harpsichords in the place, and formed the conclusion in regard to our playing which I have recorded elsewhere;—namely, that he should play only the organ, and I only the harpsichord. We heard also the above-named artist, in his church of St. Mary, with all due attention. But

as a marriage proviso was connected with the matter, to which neither of us had the slightest inclination, we departed, after having received many honorable attentions, and enjoyed many merry-makings. Johann Christian Schieferdecker aimed closer to the mark; after the father, Buxtehude's death, took the bride home, and received the fine situation, which at this present Johann Paul Kuntzen so famously fills.

Anno 1704, while I was in Holland, with the intention of going to England,³ I received on the 21st of March in Amsterdam such an earnest and impressive letter from Handel, in Hamburg, as to form a main inducement for me to start on my journey homewards. Said letter is dated March 18, 1704, and contains, among others, this expression: "I am often wishing for the enjoyment of your most delightful conversation, a loss, however, which will soon be supplied, as the time draws near in which nothing can be undertaken in the opera, without your presence. I pray you therefore heartily, to notify me of your journey, so as to give me the opportunity of showing my feelings of obligation, by coming to meet you with Mlle. Stülens,"⁴ &c. &c.

On the 5th of Dec. of the year above-named, my third opera,⁵ "Cleopatra," being performed, and Handel being at the harpsichord, arose a misunderstanding between us, which with such young people, who are striving for honor with all their power and with little reflection, is nothing new. I was directing, as composer, and at the same time performing the part of Anthony, who puts an end to himself a good half hour before the close of the play. Now I had been in the habit hitherto, after this scene, of going into the orchestra, and accompanying the rest myself; which of course every composer can do better than another; but this time I was refused. Urged on by some other persons, after the opera, in the public market place, and in the presence of a multitude of spectators, we got into a duel, which might have turned out very sadly for us both, if God's providence had not so mercifully provided, that my sword, striking upon a broad metal coat-button of my opponent, snapped in two. No special damage therefore was done, and we, through the mediation of one of the most respectable city counsellors of Hamburg and of the then lessee of the Opera, were soon made friends again; for I on the same day, that is on the 30th of December, had the honor of having Handel to dine with me, and immediately after, in the evening, we both attended the rehearsal of his "Almira," and became better friends than before. Sirach's words, chap. xxii., therefore, were fulfilled exactly:—"Though thou even drewest a sword at thy friend, thou actest not so badly (as in railing). For you

may well become friends again, if thou dost not avoid, but talkest with him."⁶ I relate this affair with the real circumstances attending it, on this account, that it is not so very long since it has been wrongly related by wrong-headed people.

Thereupon Händel, Anno 1705, the 8th of January, successfully brought out his first opera, "Almira," above-mentioned. On the 25th of February followed the "Nero." Then with pleasure I bade the theatre farewell, after having performed the principal personage in the two beautiful operas just mentioned, with universal applause, and after having devoted myself to this sort of labor full fifteen years,—perhaps in fact a little too long; so that it was high time for me to be thinking of something more substantial and enduring; in which also, God be praised! I have succeeded. Händel, however, continued four to five years longer by the Opera, and had besides a great many pupils.

In 1708, he finished the "Florinda," as well as the "Daphne," which however did not equal the "Almira." Anno 1709, he composed nothing. Thereafter an opportunity occurred of a free passage with von Binitz to Italy; where he, Anno 1710, in the winter, at Venice, on the stage of Saint Giov. Crisostomo, produced his "Agrippine," in which, when it adorned the Hamburg stage eight years later, people, not unjustly, thought they could detect various passages exceedingly like imitations of originals in "Porsenna," &c.⁷

The other musical dramas from Händel's pen,—as "Rinaldo," 1715, "Oriana," 1717, together with the above-mentioned "Agrippine," 1718, "Zenobia," 1721, "Muzio Scevola" and "Floridante," 1723, "Tamerlane," "Julius Cæsar," and "Otto," 1725, "Richard I." 1729, "Admetus," 1730, "Cleofida," (otherwise called by its proper title, "Porus,") and "Judith," 1732, finally, the "Rodelinda," 1734,—have been performed in his absence here in Hamburg, having been sent hither from abroad. This was the case also with the music to Brocke's "Passion," which he also composed in England, and in a remarkably closely written score sent hither by post. The following information in regard to this Oratorio was given in a preface, printed in 1719:—

"It is not a matter of surprise that the four great musicians,—who as such have gained immortal fame through the many and exquisite masterpieces which they have given to the musical world,—Herr Keiser, Herr Händel, Herr Telemann and Herr Mattheson,⁸—should take the greatest delight in setting such a text to music; in doing which they have been so uncommonly successful, that the most careful, accurate judge of beautiful music is forced to admit that he knows not what is left to be desired in sweetness, art, and the natural expression of emotion, or which he can place highest without exposing himself to the danger of making a false decision. Herr Keiser's music has been given several times with the highest approbation. That of Herr Mattheson,⁹ already heard twice this year, left with its hearers an undying monument to his *virtu*. But now it is the intention, next Monday (in the holy week) to perform the music of Herr Händel, and on Tuesday, that of Herr Telemann, &c."

In the mean time Händel's operas have been produced here, partly in the Italian language, in which most of them were composed; in part, however, they have been, through translation and

patching, exposed to the greatest changes. Such a course may with good reason frighten any composer from sending his works to such places, where men are governed only by their own notions and play the *absens carens*. Also a lesson! In all, nineteen or twenty of his dramatic pieces have been known here in Hamburg; in London perhaps several others, of which the airs have been engraved on copper there, and are pretty dear.

About the year 1717, Händel was in Hanover, and became, if I mistake not, Capellmeister to the then Crown Prince, now the King of England (George II.) I received also at that time, from the said Hanover, letters from him, in relation to the dedication of the second "Opening" of my "Orchestra," which is called the "Protected," and which was inscribed to him and others. In regard to that work he sent me his opinion still more fully from London in 1719, which has found its proper place in the "Critica Musica," pp. 210, 211, vol. ii. In that letter he promised to send me the most remarkable occurrences of his life; it is a great disappointment to me that this has never been done; on the other hand, in answer to another appeal to him, at the time when, as is well known, I dedicated my "Fingersprache"¹⁰ to him, the following came to hand on the 5th of August, 1735.

LONDON, JULY 29, 1735.

Mein Herr:—Some time since I received one of your obliging letters: and just now I have received your last and the fugues accompanying it.

I thank you, Sir, and assure you that I cherish all respect for your merits; I wish only that my position was somewhat more favorable, that I might prove to you how well disposed I am in fact to serve you. Your work deserves the attention of musicians, and so far as within me lies I will see that they do it justice.

As to the account of my life, it is impossible for me to execute it, on account of my constant labors in the service of the Court and nobility, which cuts me off from every thing else. In the mean time I am with perfect respect, &c.

Since that time, in fact Nov. 10th, 1739, as the Court and nobility, yes, the entire nation, had occasion to think more of the ill effects of war than of theatres and public amusements, and thus he was deprived of this excuse, my urgent request was pressed again as politely as reasonably, and with many reasons for granting my request; but this has proved just as fruitless as my former ones. It has been hinted to me in confidence(?) that this world-renowned man is so excessively occupied in the solution of a certain *canonis clausi*, which begins thus: *Frangit Deus omne superbum*, &c., as to let every thing else go. But I will not be in the slightest degree responsible for the truth of this report.

I record therefore nothing but what I know, and what I can with certainty recall by means of letters and diaries, and what I have seen with my own eyes, among which are several anthems or pieces for the church, especially a very celebrated *Te Deum*, &c., several times performed in London with applause. But this so far as I know has not been printed. On the other hand, among other things, he had engraved in London in 1770, "VIII Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin," which are very beautiful, and which have been since continued or increased in number. The high price of these compositions, however, together with the operatic airs above-named, has prevented me from sending for them all. In the

mean time a man, for whom I did so much upon his first rather feeble appearance before the public, to whom I have even, in addition to the deserved praises accorded him in my writings, not only publicly dedicated the "*Beschützte Orchestra*," but very recently an important engraved work, which I sent to him, not without cost, as to a prince in Art,—might have communicated, if not to me personally, at least to the admiring musical world, some adequate proof or other of his talents, or at least some notice of his honorable professional labors. For we were fellow members of the opera, comrades and companions, fellow travellers, and dined at the same table. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

There was a report at one time, that, owing to the knavery and persecutions of the Italians, matters were upon a very bad footing with him. That was just before the time that he, as noticed before, spoke of his *unfortunate circumstances*, in a letter.* And we received a letter from a trustworthy source, stating that if the royal purse even had not been opened for him, which took place upon the presentation of a new opera, the prospect would have been bad enough for him.¹¹ So far as I have been able to learn, excepting what he receives from the Princesses, he has no certain position or service at court; but covers his expenses, which are not small, by operas, concerts, and music upon extraordinary occasions, such as coronations and the like.

The King of England employs, as king, no foreigner as Capellmeister: but his church music must as a general thing be in the hands of natives. The Musical Chapel consists of one music master and twenty-three musicians under him, who wear a particular livery furnished at the king's expense. The following perfectly trustworthy notice was received by the Embassy here, dated at the Royal Chancery, Whitehall, 9th and 20th of August, 1729: "His Majesty has been pleased to command to be delivered annually, to John Eccles, esquire, Master of the Royal Music, and twenty-three other royal musicians, for their livery, so long as they remain in his service, 14 English ells of camelot, for a long priest-like overcoat, 3 Eng. ells black velvet for the seams and trimmings of such a coat; 1 fur lining of lambskin; 8 Eng. ells black damask for the undercoat; 8 ditto fine silk for the under-lining; 3 ditto velvet for the waistcoat; 3 ditto of fustian for the lining of the last."

Now as the English chapel is upon such a footing, it is easy to conclude that Händel can have no regular connection with it. Each new King of England, upon his elevation to the throne, or not long after, makes some provision of this kind, which is based upon an act of parliament, and in which, without the consent of that body, no material change can be made. Such a decree is thought to be of so much importance, that information of it is sent to all the English ministers resident abroad.

Händel, some years since, I think in 1729, at the time when, owing to the conduct of the Italians, he was without singers, made a journey to Dresden, &c., in search of good voices; he is said to have passed through Hamburg, as I have

* I believe that he had an idea that I was expecting some sort of a present from him. But he was wide of the mark! One can do me no greater favor, than when he is affording the public a gratification.

heard: Heidegger, at that time undertaker of the London Opera, went for the same purpose to Italy: but, so far as is known, did not accomplish much. Johann Gottfried Reimschneider, our best baritonist, at present Cantor in the Hamburg Cathedral, went, it is true, that year over to London, and sang there in Opera; came back again however in August, 1730.

At one time it is said that Händel has been made Bachelor, then Doctor of Music; and again, that upon his visit to Oxford, he with all due politeness refused this latter honor, &c. But in this matter, without his concurrence, nothing can be said with certainty. We have heard also that he is married; at all events it is high time:—this has been often mentioned in the English Court Journals, that some private persons have erected a marble statue to his honor in Vauxhall Garden; which is indeed something worth while. In this garden, into which any one can enter and enjoy himself, many concerts are given for money.

Finally, the never-too-extravagant praises of our world-renowned Händel, in my works, for instances in the *Musica Critica*, *The Musical Patriot*, *Kernel of Melodic Science*, *Perfect Chapelmaster*, &c., may be hunted up by means of the indexes, and found in great numbers; so that it would be superfluous for me to repeat them here. *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

FINIS.

As a curious and characteristic specimen of Mattheson's lugging in all sorts of matters which interested him, and which he thought would interest his readers, I will add here a note which is called out by the mention of Eccles.

"In the catalogue of musical works, issued by John Walsh, (Royal Instrument-maker, at the sign of the Golden Harp and Oboe, in Catharine street, near Somerset House in the Strand,) appears among other works, Mr. Eccles's "New Music for opening of the Theatre," and in his "Monthly Masks for August, 1706," a singular Lion song by the same composer, which requires a compass of fourteen notes. It is noticeable that on account of his office he has the title of Esquire, which implies something more than a common gentleman; although he was merely a citizen by birth. Just as I am writing this, comes a journal with the news that in Dec. 1739, the distinguished Gordon, professor of music in Gresham college, died, who it is supposed will be succeeded by Dr. Barrowby, Jun. A committee of twelve members belonging to the city of London has been engaged since the 22d of Jan. 1740, in selecting some person to fill the vacant chair. Of twelve candidates they first selected six; then of the six they chose three; two of whom, namely, Mr. Gore and Mr. Broome, were finally left as the only candidates; but as each received six votes, no decision was reached, but the matter was deferred until the 27th. There were three organists among the candidates, but they fell through. On the 23d of January of this year died at Westminster, in the 90th year of his age, Dr. Turner, Doctor of Music."

NOTES.

1 The "Ehrenforte" appeared in 1740.—T.

2 (Note by Mattheson.) I am sure when he reads this he will laugh in his heart—for outwardly he laughs little. Especially in case he calls to mind the deaf pigeon-seller who rode with us that time to Lübeck by post, or the pastry-cook's son, who had to blow for us when we played in the Mary Magdalen Church. That

was upon the 30th of July, 1703, for on the 15th we had been out upon a water excursion. And a hundred such like occurrences float in my memory.

3 My wish was ever towards England; and lo! I found it fulfilled in Hamburg, much more comfortably.—M. [Mattheson refers here to the fact that he was secretary to the English Legation in H.—T.]

4 Mlle. Stülens—who was she? Not the future wife of Mattheson—for he married Catharine Jennings, of Wiltshire, Eng.—T.

5 My first complete opera, 'Pleiades,' I had already composed, directed, and acted the leading part, when I was hardly 17 years of age.—M.

6 "From we know not what great philosopher," says M. Schælcher. See "Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach," Mr. S. But Mattheson's quotation from the German Bible does not correspond with the English version.—T.

7 'Porsenna,' an opera composed by Mattheson, and first produced at Hamburg in 1702.—T.

8 To avoid all misconceptions, these names are given here in the order in which the compositions followed each other in the time of production. (These are the words of the writer of the preface.)—M.

9 Although mine was the latest composition, it was often performed, sometimes in private and sometimes in public, in the year 1718, before that of Händel; although that had long been here, as well as Telemann's.—M.

10 A dozen Fugues, with this queer title.—T.

11 See the preface to the "Kleinen General-Bass-Schule," p. 5.—M. The reference is to this passage: "The king throws out annually [i. e. into the Operatic fund] £1000; this year [1735] his Majesty has given £2000 toward the support of the Lyric Drama."—T.

Optical Study of Vibrations.

Among the Memoirs recently issued by the French Academy of Sciences, is one, of which the Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following abstract.

It is an optical study of vibratory motions, which was laid before the Academy of Sciences by M. Lissajous. Acoustics is that branch of natural philosophy which studies the production, qualities, and propagation of sound. It is by the sense of hearing that we discover the existence of sound and appreciate its different qualities. Nevertheless, the natural philosopher regards sound as existing independently of the sensation it excites; it is a vibratory state of ponderable matter, a phenomenon of motion whose laws it is his duty to determine. The qualities of sound certainly depend upon the particular phenomena which attend vibration, but these wonderfully various qualities give us directly no idea about the nature of the motions the sonorous body executes. For instance, *à priori* nothing could lead us to suppose that a sharp sound requires a larger number of vibrations than a grave sound, nor that the sort of consonance called octave is that of two sounds whose number of vibrations differ from the simple to the double. It is only after vibration itself has been studied by a method in which the sense of hearing has no part to play, that the ear can be appealed to with profit to compare sensation and number and deduce notions which have now become the most elementary portion of acoustics. In studying in this way the vibratory motion natural philosophers, instead of appealing to ordinary musical instruments, invented instruments which enabled them to determine the number of vibrations: such as the Syren, invented by M. Cagniard de la Tour, and the tooth wheel invented by M. Savart.

When the natural philosopher seeks to measure the sound furnished by any instrument, by one of these apparatus, he is obliged to take their unison, and consequently to rely on his ear. It is, consequently, clear that this numerical valuation of sounds is limited in its precision by the degree of sensibility of the natural philosopher's ear. M. Lissajous has invented a very different method, which enables him to effect, as he says, the optical study of vibratory motions. Does the natural

philosopher desire, for instance, to know how many vibrations the diapason gives—he experiments upon the diapason itself. He applies a small mirror to the exterior face of one of the branches, and directs a sunbeam upon it; this beam is reflected, and so long as the instrument remains silent the beam marks on a screen placed in a proper position a motionless image, which is concentrated by means of a convergent lens. But if the instrument be made to vibrate, the reflected beam vibrates in the same plane, and its extremity vibrating on the screen with rapidity traces a lengthened image, the extent of which is in proportion to the amplitude of the vibratory motion and to the square of the intensity of the emitted sound. It is not, consequently, necessary to hear this sound to know that it exists, that it swells in volume, or that it diminishes; the natural philosopher has but to glance at the screen, and follow the variations of extension of the figure traced by the reflected rays. But this is not all: the natural philosopher would know whether this diapason is indeed of accord with another diapason which is represented as being susceptible of vibrating in unison. This other diapason is provided with a second mirror, care being taken to make the two planes of vibration perpendicular to each other; the beam reflected for the second time will at last be thrown upon the screen of observation.

If both diapasons be vibrated in an isolated manner, the luminous image will be lengthened in one, or the perpendicular direction. If the first diapason produces a vertical elongation, the second will produce a horizontal elongation; and when both vibrate together, we shall have at every instant the figure which results from the combination, that is, two rectangular motions. This figure must be a circle or a straight line, or one of the intermediate ellipses. The two diapasons are shown to vibrate in unison by the figure (whatever it may be) remaining permanent, and like itself, while gradually diminishing by the progressive weakening of the initial motion. If, on the contrary, some difference exists between the two velocities of vibration, the experiment-maker will be warned of it by the deformations of the optical figure, which, passing through every possible form, will make a complete evolution during the time one of these diapasons will require to gain an entire vibration on the other. In this way, the eye detects differences which must certainly escape the ear. If, instead of being in unison, the diapasons are in octaves, the optical figure becomes a sort of 8, which may degenerate into the summit of a parabola; and here, too, the constancy or change of the figure indicates that the octave is more or less exact. All the musical intervals which are represented by the commensurable relation of the number of vibrations have their curves, in which there are found, as it were, both terms of the fraction expressed in geometrical language. Mirrors are not necessarily required in this method, which consists in magnifying by optical means and composing together the vibratory motions of the two bodies which it is desired to compare, so as to attain (without consulting the ear) a precision which has no limit, except the irregularities of the mechanical phenomena, or its too brief duration. The modes to be employed in every particular case vary with the nature of the vibrating body. After having described all the experiments he has made with this new mode of observation, M. Lissajous devotes the second portion of his memoir to the mathematical exhibition of the generation of the curves observed. I cannot enter here upon this discussion. Those scientific readers it is likely to interest will find the whole memoir at length in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*.

Suspensions.

[From the New York Musical World.]

..... The musical portion of the world is so intimately blended and mixed up with the rest of the community, so absolutely dependent indeed—wherever music is followed as a profession or vocation in life—upon the very superabundance of the general prosperity, that it cannot but feel

with most sensitive acuteness any disastrous check to the common weal.

If an individual find himself involved in embarrassment, and under the necessity of reducing his expenditure, he naturally begins by retrenching whatever he considers a superfluity; especially every thing occasioning an outlay which can be avoided without making any apparent change in his domestic establishment, every thing which can be knocked off without diminishing his external respectability. In every such case, the music-teacher is invariably one of the first to suffer. He can be dismissed until better times; and accordingly he soon receives an intimation that his further services will be dispensed with.

Instances of this kind, even in the best of times, are of no very rare occurrence; and no great inconvenience results. A pupil or two lost in one family will be soon replaced by others found elsewhere. The teacher's annual income is not seriously affected.

But in a time of wide-spread distrust and monetary instability like the present, when the foundations of commercial credit are shaken as by an earthquake, when mercantile firms and enterprises, although supported by all the resources of vast nominal capital, are in danger of toppling over into shapeless ruins, and some such have actually yielded and fallen amid the terrible moral commotion, when men's hearts are failing them for fear and the help of friends is appealed to in vain because *they* also feel as though the ground on which they recently stood so firmly were sinking beneath their feet, the position of many a music-teacher depending upon his daily exertions for his daily bread, may well be imagined to be lamentable indeed. All his resources, at once dried up; all his means of living "suspended;" what is the poor fellow to do? what prospect has he before his eyes for the coming winter? what—but privation and misery?

Now mark! This extreme view of the case is founded upon the extravagant supposition, that, in the present state of alarm and apprehension, the music-teacher will be forthwith dispensed with by every family in the community. At the *worst*, however, we may presume the musical affairs will hardly assume so bad a shape as *that*. Yet there is reason to fear that the principle of retrenchment in this particular direction has already begun to operate *very* largely, and, we may also say, very disproportionately.

When a man, feeling the pressure of the times, looks around him to see which branches of his past expenditure he can best prune away, he does not select the *butcher* and the *baker*, and say he will have no further dealings with them. That may not be. He may, notwithstanding, retrench a little, even with regard to those important functionaries. He may inculcate economy in the selection of joints, as well as in the mode of culinary preparation for the table; and he may limit his consumption of bread to the wholesome, rather than the fanciful. He will not come to a resolution to employ neither a *tailor* nor a *hatter*, but he may find it expedient to order clothing less frequently than he did before, and to make a hat do duty for a longer period than usual.

He may put into requisition a similar principle with regard to all other details of his domestic economy, and thus a very considerable reduction of the aggregate expenditure of a household may be brought about without occasioning any unpleasant change in the general mode of living. There will be no painful revulsion, no domestic revolution; only a consciousness of the present expediency of avoiding all unnecessary disbursements. But how does the principle work when the head of the family comes to review the cost of the *education* of his children, more particularly of those branches of education which are styled *accomplishments*? Too frequently perhaps, under the circumstances supposed, they are lopped off altogether. The functions of the teachers are summarily *suspended*.

"The girls must wait awhile before they go on with their music lessons. Perhaps next year things will look better. Meanwhile they must keep up their practice as well as they can." So says the paterfamilias, and his word is law.

Now the painfully distressing effect of suddenly stopping the action of a large mill or manufactory, in which large numbers of industrious people have been steadily and laboriously engaged from day to day, and to which they had been accustomed to look as the source of supply for all their domestic comforts and enjoyments, is but too well known. When hundreds of families deriving their support from *one* such establishment are at one fell swoop bereft of their accustomed mode of earning a livelihood, the heart sickens at the scenes of woe and desolation which necessarily follow. But when, as now, not merely a single manufactory, but *several* such establishments have found, or fancied themselves compelled to suspend operations, by the cessation of which, *thousands* of families are exposed to the horrors of wretchedness and want, the imagination recoils from the contemplation of such accumulated suffering.

Some humane and considerate proprietors, however, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs, instead of totally suspending all manufacturing operations, have adopted the truly judicious and commendable course of working upon what is called "short time." It is a homely, exceedingly homely, but as true as homely, proverb, that "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Many a hard-working honest man will have occasion to bless God for disposing the hearts of those humane proprietors to pursue so liberal a policy. They will have their reward; and let us hope that their example will be extensively followed.

We should not have adverted to this topic, were it not to afford opportunity for the offer of a suggestion with regard to the treatment of those in whose welfare we are more immediately interested,—the domestic teachers of music, many of them highly respectable and truly estimable members of society, and parents of rising families.

If our voice could be heard amid the din of disaster now ringing in so many ears, we would say to those of our friends who may be contemplating the dismissal, or—what is equivalent—the non-renewal of the engagement of the parties who have been accustomed to instruct their children in music,—“Good people! be not too hasty in this matter. See if an arrangement may not be made, whereby you may reduce your music expenses by one half, or even more, and by virtue of which the teacher will yet derive some small revenue, and your children will continue to make progress rather than go backwards.”

There seems to be an idea prevalent, that music lessons, to be at all useful, must be given just twice a week. This is a mistaken notion. For young beginners, (who can accomplish nothing at all by themselves,) it is desirable that the lessons should be given more frequently; and for *very* young pupils, it is expedient that the lessons should occupy a much shorter period of time than the stereotyped duration of an *hour* on two days of every week. Whilst those who have made some progress may get along very well with instructions communicated at longer intervals. We remember the case of a young lady pupil, who took her lessons at the rate of one every *fortnight*, and continued the habit for several successive years. The reason, however, was, not that there existed any necessity for economy on the part of her parents, but, the fact that she had to travel for each lesson some four and twenty miles over an ordinary turnpike road.

The suggestion we offer then is this, that in cases where it is thought proper to curtail expenditure in this particular direction, agreements be made for lessons *once a week*, or even more rarely, as circumstances may dictate. This, at all events, will be much better for both the instructors and their pupils, than an abrupt termination of the customary course of tuition.

Let us now turn to a more cheering subject. Suspensions of banks, suspensions of manufacturing processes, suspensions even of music lessons, are not pleasant themes of contemplation. They are all productive of more or less melancholy results.

But how much more grievously melancholy, how incalculably more severe in its effects upon, not merely the causal comforts and enjoyments,

but the continued existence of the race of man itself would have been the suspension of the *laws of nature*, or rather of the action of the good providence of God, for but a single season, yea, for but a single *hour*!

There has been no such suspension as *that*. Seed time and harvest have not failed. The earth has yielded her increase, in even more than usual abundance; and instead of gloom and sadness our hearts *should* be filled with joy and gladness.

We intended to talk of *musical suspensions*; passages of harmony in which the ear is for awhile kept in suspense by the prolongation of one chord, or portion of a chord, after another, or part of another, has been introduced; and by means of which, combinations of sounds that would affect the ear as abominably discordant, if abruptly introduced altogether, are rendered not simply *tolerable*, but highly agreeable to the cultivated taste; and which by ultimately resolving into perfect concords enhance the enjoyment of the music: but we have insensibly been led into a rambling dissertation upon the troubles of the times. Musical suspensions may come in for notice hereafter; we have no room for them now.

Let us express our cheerful hope, that, as a suspended discord in music, when rightly managed, has but the effect of heightening the pleasure derived from the harmony which follows, so the present painful experiences of the community will lead to a grateful enjoyment of the season of renewed prosperity which we trust is in store for us.

H.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, OCT. 1.—The months from July to October are in Berlin and in most places the period of artistic ebb. It is vacation with the Royal Opera, which for whole months remains shut, and a time for pleasure journeys with our artists. Berlin during this time of greatest heat upon its dry plain of sand seems to have died out, for everybody flies from its intolerable atmosphere to the baths and other refreshing summer residences. By far the most of the music, heard by those whose mournful lot it is to be confined to this dense and unwholesome element, is made in the open air; especially our "Thiergarten," the far renowned park oasis of our sand plain, resounds with all sorts of concerts in its numerous *cafés*. This is the season of those unwieldy monster concerts of several hundred trumpets, drums and cymbals,—a palpable emblem of our Prussian military regime, under the direction of our General Director of all the military bands, Herr WIEPRECHT, who, being an excellent director of masses, is the more delighted the greater the military spectacle, and who actually sometimes, by way of alternation, treats his public to a sentimental sweetish lullaby with an accompaniment of some twenty drums(!), in which about as many trumpets and trombones, *castrati*-like, sing the melody in *pianissimo*. The several thousands of paying audience, amid the clatter of coffee cups and beer cans, are in raptures with this nuisance, which, to crown the intoxicating impression, is usually followed by a solemn piece of battle music, with brilliant illumination of the garden and fireworks; while outside of the enclosure many thousand families, nicknamed in Berlin "Zaun-gäste" (hedge-visitors), listen devoutly. Most of these monster concerts, however, have a charitable object. In the season of greatest heat occur the greatest conflagrations, and such calamities continually afford occasions for this favorite class of entertainments.

It is in this garden, too, that the famous LIE-

BIG'S "Capelle" exercises a wholesome attraction in the opposite direction, affording a sole opportunity to lovers of classical orchestra music. But meritorious as it is in our highly honored Liebig, to give to people of small means, among whom the greater portion of our musical world must be reckoned, so rare an opportunity for studying our classical Symphonies, yet he appears as a director to be already growing weaker with increasing age, and frequent complaints are heard about worse execution than formerly. It really seems as if the stimulus of competition were lacking here.

During this time, too, are the great singing festivals of our working men's unions, under the direction of FRANZ MUECKE. This man is peculiarly well constituted not only for the direction of great choruses, but also for imparting to them that spirit of cheerfulness and elevation which is suited to assemblies of the people. In his downright address he hits the true popular tone, which goes right to the heart of the working man; he wakes and cherishes in them the spark, which may one day, amid important commotions, contribute much to an advantageous overturn of existing relations. It requires great tact to do this unchallenged under the eyes of an anxiously suspicious government, which hardly tolerates such gatherings, as being echoes and products of the revolutionary time, and which has especially long sharply watched Mücke himself; this it proves by the fact that it lets the most deserving of these men starve and will not employ them. This year the festival, in which commonly six or eight hundred singers from all northern Prussia take part, and often make a further pilgrimage, was not held, as formerly, in the woody vale of Neustadt-Eberswalde, but in the ravine of the Rüdersdorf chalk mountains, which lie still more freely and picturesquely on the Spree. At such festivals the place is festively adorned with flags and laurel garlands; the choirs, as they arrive, are welcomed with choruses and speeches; each choir bears its own distinctive badges and colors, and the joyful feast is closed with a competition in song, to which throng many thousands of families from the capital and the surrounding country; while all day long there is an unbroken succession of extra trains arriving and departing by the railway, and the most picturesque groups are seated everywhere with their eating apparatus on the grass. Doubtless your German Männergesang gatherings in New York and Philadelphia give a true picture of our own.

Of Operas and Concerts proper there is little in this dead time worth notice. It is often used by beginners for their first appearance, because then criticism and the public are more weakly represented and more lenient. Thus at the Royal Opera, Fraülein WIPPERN made her trial in the part of Agatha in the *Freyschütz*, a lady gifted with a fine voice of good compass, and a very captivating exterior. She has already had the advantage of good school; she only lacks the art of uniting the registers, and experience in acting, in which she is yet very naïve and deficient; but we may hope, since she is engaged here, to find in her a good singer. The chorus, once so celebrated under SPONTINI, grows worse and worse, and made the most incredible blunders in this *Freyschütz* music, which is here so popular. . . . After the vacation a notable performance was that of Rossini's "William Tell." This genial creation appeared, at a time when the

maestro was supposed to have written himself out and to be resting on his laurels in Paris, as the fruit of studies, which nothing short of a rare genius could have mastered in so brief a time,—a wonderful mixture of three styles: Italian melody, French dramatic pathos, and in part German conception. If we consider the "Siege of Corinth" as a transition step, still the way in which Rossini knew how to adapt so unexpectedly and so skilfully the whole French orchestra to his mode of writing, was a surprise of genius. The performance left much to be desired. The best were Herr FORMES and Fraülein TRIETSCH as Arnold and Matilda. Herr FAHRENHOLZ was not in a condition to sing the favorite Barcarole with harp; it had to be omitted. Herr BOST as Melchthal was guilty of gross exaggerations; Herr KRAUSE, as Gessler, was tedious by a too church-like declamation, and Herr RADWANER lacks the necessary energy for Tell. The choruses, which in this opera are particularly beautiful and essential, went always badly; but orchestra and ballet, on the other hand, were excellent.

Our most admired singer, JOHANNA WAGNER, is so materially impaired in voice, that the mildest criticism can but advise against her further appearance on the stage. She appeared as Clytemnestra in Gluck's *Iphigenia*,—a rôle adapted to the genius and noble style of this great singer; and although she still succeeded always in deeply thrilling the public by the power and earnestness of her delivery, yet not once was the once rich middle register of her voice entirely pure. . . . As a first winter novelty, a light French opera, "The Cadi," by Thomas, has been rehearsed. Anything like a thorough, scientific groundwork of text and music was always foreign to French comic opera, which is true to the French nature; on the contrary, superficial show and striving to excite a little momentary entertainment, has become a stereotyped thing with it since Auber's time and even during his time. One consequence of these efforts was the predominance of the libretto over the music, which went so far, that the text became the essential and the music the dispensable element of the Opera. All these traits predominate in the "Cadi," which has amused the musical part of Paris more than one winter since 1849. The music of this opera shows on the part of the composer a clever reproductive rather than inventive talent, which in its unsophisticated *naïveté* and naturalness, often running to excess of freedom, is quite taking, and also does not lack a certain local coloring. Of individual style in the whole opera we find none, but a respectable routine, an off-hand knack of making up a whole out of Auber, Balfé, David, Verdi, Donizetti, &c. The manner in which the work was put upon the stage by the singer WOLFF was very skilful, full of comic effects, often running into the burlesque. Both Wolff and Mme. HERRENBURG were remarkably full of humor, versatility and charm in singing and in acting. As a general matter the powers of our singers are much better suited for such light comic wares. But it is a pity that such pieces should be represented in the far too great space of our splendid opera-house, instead of in our smaller, homelier play-house.

While for years past the other Berlin theatres have been obliged, after many unfortunate attempts, to give up Opera entirely, the Friedrich-Wilhelm-städter theatre has commenced the ex-

periment anew. Under the able music-director TELLE, it has so far been successful, and we may hope it will continue so, provided they will limit themselves to light and easy operas. Especially attractive was the star performance of the comic singer, DUEFFKE, in Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, Fioravanti's charming *Dorf-sängerinnen*, and Lortzing's *Waffenschmidt und Wildschütz*.

Just now we have here the once celebrated tenor, DUPREZ, of the Parisian Opera, who a few days ago brought out some fragments of a biblical opera, "Samson," of his own composition, in a concert of the Sing-Akademie, to which he had invited all musical Berlin. One could not but be again struck on this occasion with the great importance which we Germans, still so wanting in all national feeling, attach to everything foreign. It was truly comical to see how all thronged to "assist" or listen, how every one was happy who secured an invitation to hear or glorify a made up affair, which, although rising now and then to passages of deeper meaning, yet in general is composed of all sorts of reminiscences out of Duprez's rich repertoire, containing innumerable, often utterly unæsthetic absurdities, and presenting us a pack of solos which might be a great collection of the long published *Solfeggi* of Duprez. Almost everywhere it lacks the necessary seriousness for so sublime a theme as Samson. The often disagreeable staccato melody, with the most adventurous angles and sharp corners, was no compensation to our German ear for the want of deeper feeling. The execution, by our first singers and best chorus of dilettanti, was superior.

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GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, OCT. 12.—Apart from its commercial importance, Glasgow has but little to recommend it to the tourist, and especially the tourist after Art—the hunter after the Romantic, as Jules Sandeau aptly expresses it. Glasgow is a reproduction of the best portions of New York or Boston; there are long rows of fine stores, splendid bank buildings, unsurpassed public edifices, wide avenues, glaring shop windows, and streets filled with a lively, bustling population, who speak the same language, wear the same clothes, and appear to be bent on the same business as the thousands that throng Broadway or Washington street. You might readily imagine yourself to be in some prominent American city.

I arrived at the place on Saturday night, the most busy and active of the week. The sidewalks were crowded with people making their market purchases, and Argyle street, the chief avenue of Glasgow, was radiant with the illumination from the brilliant store windows, from the innumerable fruit-stands, and similar private sources, which quite paled the ineffectual fire of the lamps provided by the municipal authorities. Everything was bustle and activity, rendering the contrast the next morning much more striking—for the following day happened to be Sunday, and there is probably no city in the world where the Sabbath is more strictly regarded, than Glasgow. Not a store was open when I looked out, and only a few persons were to be seen, as it was yet too early for the congregations to meet at the churches.

At the proper time I sallied forth on a church exploring expedition, and having asked for the principal Episcopal Church, was directed to St.

Mary's, a spacious edifice of freestone, in the perpendicular English style, and though comfortable, far from elegant. The interior forms a perfect square, around three sides of which is thrown a wide gallery, a portion of it, over the entrance, being used for the choir, and containing a very handsome organ. The services were opened with a pleasing voluntary, introducing on various stops a sweet air from one of Mozart's masses. Then followed the usual service, according to the liturgical form of the Church of England, the music presenting few features worthy of comment; the canticles were sung to plain chants, by a miscellaneous choir, apparently volunteers, aided by the majority of the congregation, and indeed I have seldom heard congregational chanting better done. The metrical selections were familiar to my ear, and I notice, by the way, that in all the churches and cathedrals of this country and England, the practice of playing interludes between the verses of the hymn is avoided. Sometimes, however, previous to the last stanza, the organist will introduce a voluntary of several minutes in length, as if to revenge himself for being debarred the pleasure of playing interludes. It is not customary to sing the doxology at the end of every hymn, as in the American Episcopal churches. From what I have heard of the music of the ordinary English churches, I do not think it of equal merit, on the average, with the music heard in the American churches of the Episcopal denomination. The cathedral music is, however, unique, and for ecclesiastical purposes, unsurpassed; coming to this country as I did, with all my prejudices arrayed against the "intoning" and the "choral" system, it is with humiliation that I confess my error, and acknowledge the vast superiority of the musical services of the English cathedrals. They seem to have attained the happy mean between the frivolity of the music of the Papal church and the insipidity of that of the more puritanic classes of Protestants. But of this I hope, after visiting a few more of the cathedrals, to write more fully.

In the afternoon I started for the two o'clock service at the Glasgow cathedral, which belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, answering to our Presbyterian Church. Passing through Argyle street, with its princely rows of mercantile palaces, I turned up High street, one of the oldest avenues in Glasgow, flanked by high old-fashioned houses, inhabited by the poorer classes, and bearing a strong resemblance to the famous Canon-gate of Edinburgh. At the head of this street, on an elevated part of the city, and indeed quite in the suburbs, stands the Cathedral, a sombre massive building of granite, much plainer in external appearance than any cathedral of its importance I have yet seen. If you are interested in old fogy statistics, it may be a gratification to you to learn that this cathedral was erected in 1133 or 1136 (authorities differ, you see, on this point) by one Achaius, bishop of Glasgow under the reign of David the First. This David, you must know, was possessed of a hobby, and this hobby was the building of cathedrals, churches and monasteries; almost every ancient ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland can be traced to his pious monomania. To him we are indebted for Jedburgh and Kelso Abbeys, the latter being the first-born of his holy zeal, and above all, to that delicious remnant of early refinement—Melrose Abbey. He was canonized by the grateful monks, and though he impoverished the state to carry

out his designs, and won from James V. the title of "a sair sanct for the crown," yet I am sure all travellers from the New World, ravenous for ivy-crowned, gothic ruins, will bless in their hearts the good Saint David, who built the Abbeys of Scotland.

The Glasgow Cathedral has an additional interest from the fact of its being the scene of Osbaldistone's warning to Rob Roy. Sir Walter (they never call him by other than his first name here) thus describes the crypt:

"Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other churches, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The parts of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In these waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once doubtless 'princes in Israel.' Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passenger to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by these receptacles of the last remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer."

I too found a numerous congregation in the act of prayer—not in the "low-browed, dark and twilight vaults," but in the lofty, spacious and over-lighted choir of the cathedral. Service had just begun, and while waiting for the close of the prayer before entering, I had time to admire the nave of the cathedral, which, as is usual, stands in silent grandeur, empty, and bare, yet filled with an ineffable glory, that seems to hang around all these noble cathedrals. Every cathedral has a peculiar beauty of its own, and though resembling each other in general style, the infinite variety of detail gives to each an individuality of its own, so that seeing one you do not as the common proverb says, see all. This of Glasgow, though inferior in eloquence and finish, is still a truly glorious edifice, and is capable of affording a gratification to the beholder that cannot be expressed in words. How stupid it would sound to say that the triforia of Glasgow cathedral consists of triple arches, surmounted by double arches of the clerestory, the whole being embraced by a general arch, spanning all the arches of the clerestory, with its fluted columns reaching down to the base of the triforia! Yet these are the only words, that can give any notion whatever of the architectural arrangements, and yet, who can form therefrom any idea of the nave of Glasgow cathedral? Indeed to one fond of these noble ecclesiastical edifices, it is tantalizing to visit them unless you have sufficient funds to obtain either accurate engravings or correct photographic views of almost every pillar and arch in the United Kingdom. Every cathedral is overflowing with architectural beauties, and deserving of careful and patient study.

But now the stifled drone of the prayer was ended, and with several others I was ushered into the choir of the cathedral, which is entirely filled up with pews, like a parish church. The elaborate organ loft contains no instrument, and is filled with the seats, that are occupied by the Queen or by the municipal authorities, when on State occasions they attend service here. The singers, about half a dozen in number, sit near the pulpit, and the noble cathedral, instead of echoing in general reverberations, to the roll of the organ, hears only the feeble squeak of a pitch-pipe, with which the leader gives the pitch to the singers.

The hymn about to be sung as I entered, was given, with considerable accuracy and effect, by the singers, who are certainly admirably trained, and then followed the sermon.

Seated as I was behind a large column, that supported the roof, and where I could not see the clergyman, nor favorably hear his words, it is not surprising that my attention was directed more particularly to the church in which I was sitting. The nave of this cathedral, as I before remarked, is exceedingly plain, but the interior of the choir is nearly as elaborately finished, as any I have yet seen. The foliated wreaths of the capitals are equal to the famed ones of Melrose or Roslyn Chapel, and some of the decorations are the most grotesque that can be imagined. I shall not soon forget one little wretch in stone, who, crouching under an exquisitely carved leaf, looked down at me with a most humorous leer; with his finger in his mouth, he was stretching the latter to one side, and with a mingled air of mischief and malignity, kept all the time staring down steadily at me from underneath his leafy canopy. His grotesque countenance quite mesmerized me, and I could with difficulty keep my eyes off of him. When I did look around, I could not but be struck with the apparent freshness of the edifice, which has little of that appearance of venerable and almost decrepit age, that is characteristic of most cathedrals. Every capital, every stone ornament, seems newly cut, and though this is probably owing in a great degree to the durability of the material, different from the dark red sandstone used in Melrose and others, yet it is chiefly due to the noble stand taken by the tradesmen and mechanics—remember that, not the lords and nobles—but the honest working people of Glasgow, who at the time of the Reformation, when misdirected iconoclastic zeal was destroying the elaborate workmanship, the rich glass, and foliated stone-wreaths of other ecclesiastical edifices, stood firmly in defence of their loved cathedral; and though they could not or would not save the popish images with which it was decorated, yet they would not allow one stroke of the destroying hammer to fall upon their holy temple itself. The glass is gone, it is true; but all the original stone ornaments that were woven in the building remain, though these are by no means as numerous as in other cathedrals. A noble building indeed it is—grand, massive, and yet simple, it seems a type of the Scotch character.

TROVATOR.

(Remainder next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 31, 1857.

THE TIMES.—If there is any class whose situation in these times approaches nearer than another to that of the operatives in factories, it is the class whose livelihood depends upon the artistic or æsthetic interests of society. We speak for the musician. Amid the general retrenchment, often necessary, often, too, (it must be owned) spasmodic and unreasonable, the musician and the music teacher stands in imminent peril of finding his occupation gone, and with it his only means of earning daily bread. With the most earnest and high-toned, those who serve their Art with purest purpose, those who cater least to low and superficial tastes, the case perhaps is hardest. Yet relatively these perhaps have always most to suffer amid the general Vanity Fair of prosperous times.

They are used to the most moderate patronage; and now when all complain, when it is fashionable in high quarters, and almost made a merit, to complain of poverty, they may say (like one of a certain family): "We were always poor; we are so used to it, that we do not feel at all *stuck-up* about it." It should be a serious consideration, however, with the cultivated and culture-seeking portion of the community, what shall become of those who at best have eked out a poor subsistence by inducting us and our children into the knowledge and delights of an Art so cheering, so refining, and so human. If we believe that life is yet to be, in spite of the present rough grip of necessity, something more than a mere uninspired routine of toil, and sleep, and eating and drinking; if we believe we need the arts, and must have poetry and beauty to make life worthy, then indeed does it behoove us not to exclude wholly from our list of necessities some, all possible employment of the musician's and the teacher's talent. We may not afford him *as much* material support as usual, but it would be suicidal to high social interests, as well as ungrateful to him, to say we can and will dispense with all hearing of fine concerts and all music lessons for our children.

As for the concerts, oratorios, &c., they are the cheapest of all luxuries in proportion to the good we get from them. A tithe of what is daily spent on the "vile weed," or many other materials of mere sensual solace,—a little more economy in dress, in style of living,—the sacrifice of one or two afternoon drives, would more than offset all it costs one to enjoy all the really valuable series of musical performances. It will be better for ourselves, and it will keep the artists in existence, and in good tone, until better times.—As for the music teachers, we copy on another page some very pertinent and practical suggestions under the head "Suspensions," written by Dr. EDWARD HODGES, organist at Trinity Church, New York.

Last week we surveyed the musical horizon and found the prospect truly barren. Yet we hinted of some crumbs of comfort. It is one, already, to have confessed the worst, and looked it in the face. Hope begins the moment we touch bottom, and confess it. We are then resigned, we settle to a sort of sleep, followed by a calm waking, in which we come out as it were from the hot chains of mere terrorism, and look calmly round. It is something to be getting settled, and in ordinary possession of our minds, even in view of manifold privations. As soon as we are all ourselves, and verily possess our souls in patience, we begin to find a way—an humble one it may be, but one that leads towards the light. We do not believe that this spasmodic economy which now leads every body to say: "We can't afford to go to any concerts, these are superfluities," will last unqualified. We shall, we must come to consider that a little money spent in means of cheerfulness, in arts that lift us up and make us feel superior to our troubles, is a wise investment. We shall study positive economy in keeping alive, the inspiring influences of Art, and not the negative economy of flinging them away. Again, for the sincere music lover we find another crumb of comfort, in the very fact that this frosty financial air has proved so fatal to the peculiarly fashionable and hot-house products of musical industry. In the absence of Italian opera and showy virtuoso concerts, which burn over the soil with fanatical and rapid flames, there is some chance of a quiet hearing for those more genuine and soul-satisfying performances of music, which are furnished by our permanent societies;—for Symphonies, and Chamber Concerts, and Oratorios, and choice vocal miscellanies, in the form of part-song and solo, such as our "Orpheus" friends can give us. These are the cheap, the economical, as well as the best forms of musical entertainment. Let us at least try to support these. Doubtless they can be and they will be

made cheaper than usual. Fortunately the prices of bread and meat and rents are falling. The musician, rather than do nothing, will sing or play for somewhat lower wages. The concert-goer, feeling poor, may yet afford the concerts at a reduced price of tickets. It is one simple rule of necessity which must govern all.

Last week we saw nothing in view. Now one set of concerts, and those of the most cheerful and delightful kind, has taken shape. The announcement of the "ORPHEUS" will be found below....CARL ZERRAHN, too, has arrived: bright, strong and hearty, in spite of the times, and fully in the humor of essaying some fine Orchestral Concerts, if not on a grand, then on a moderate and nice scale. Of the best mode he must take a short time to consider and consult....The brothers FRIES and colleagues of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, too, have come. Chamber Concerts cost comparatively little to give; the love for such music, where it exists at all, is something deep-seated; and at moderate prices we cannot doubt that they will have their room full....The rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn Society ("Israel in Egypt") will commence at once. Would you encourage all these to venture out of harbor, then see to it that you encourage the "Orpheus," grant it a prosperous voyage, and the larger craft will follow.

As for the Opera enterprises, we see them put out timidly from time to time a little way from shore, and tack about, finding the sea too stormy. That at the New York Academy was to have resumed this week, but has not done so. It is now promised next week: *Semiramide*, with FREZZOLINI and D'ANGELI. FORMES has not come. The two managers are at discord again, and rival performances are threatened. Meanwhile the FREZZOLINI wanders off with STRAKOSCH, &c., in search of concert audiences; it is said they may commence here in Boston in the Meinaon.

Fitzgerald's *City Item* informs us that MARETZKE, when in London, was offered \$600 a month for three years to conduct Lumley's opera, but that Max declined, and recommended his friend ARDITI, who was forthwith engaged. Also, that LUCY ESTCOTT, SIMS REEVES and wife, HENRY DRAYTON and wife, and others, will visit us in the spring in English opera. Also, that Mme. ANNA BISHOP, after great successes in Australia, will return here next spring. Also, that the only great opera house in the country, that is not encumbered with debt, is the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

☞ We regret to say, we have received but few responses to our reasonable appeal in last week's paper, which we here repeat with emphasis:

☞ PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Hundreds of our subscribers and advertisers are still owing us for one, two, or THREE years! To many we enclose bills with the present number, and beg them to consider that on the prompt payment of subscribers (in advance) depends our ability to furnish a musical paper; that it takes a great many of these little subscriptions to cover the expense of issuing a single number; and that in such times as these, especially, we must have all that is due to us.

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OCTOBER, 1857.

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Music in North Italy.

From the London Athenæum, Oct. 10.

Here are a few notes of what was—and what was not—to be heard during a fortnight of this autumn in North Italy. The period, it should be remembered, is "out of the season"; yet in former visits it has yielded something:—no grand representations of accepted operas, it is true, but essays by struggling composers, who are not yet "up to the mark" of Carnival commissions—once or twice some popular singer (has Italy any great singers, or singer, now?) "starring it" for a night or two, and occasionally open-air music, pleasanter to listen to than *Norma* shrieked, or *Lucia* drawled, in a theatre redolent with the fumes of gas and garlic.

At Trieste, the opera was to open with a company, including Madame Goldberg-Strozzi, and Signori Pancani and Ferri, as principal tenor and baritone. Two of the four works promised for the season were Signor Braga's *Estella* and *Gli Ugonotti*, which last opera seems now as strongly rooted in Italy as if there was any chance of its music being fairly given, and not in a style to make angels weep and Meyerbeers stop their ears! Even at La Scala I have heard of such curiosities of execution as the dreary Anabaptist Three, in *Le Prophète*, starting in three different keys. What I heard in Trieste was simply a splendid serenade, executed by the band of a Wallachian regiment. I met with another band of the same kind, no less excellent, in St. Mark's Palace, Venice. The pompous and varied sonority of the Austrian military orchestras justified a remark made by a master of his art, when discussing the French bands fitted out with perfected instruments all by one maker. This he objected to, on account of the family likeness of tone inevitable; and the case he urged is one in which contrast, not homogeneity of tones, is desirable. Certainly, I should sooner tire of the music of *Les Guides* than of any among the three Austrian bands which I have been hearing lately; though, separately, every French instrument, and player to boot, is more

unimpeachable and accomplished than the corresponding piper or trumpeter in the South German regiments.

In more senses than one, the idea of Austrian fifes, clarionets, cornets, and serpents, jars on all the poetical and patriotic notions of the "sweet barcarolles" the traveller longs to hear in Venice,—

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes the cool air.

But, this harmony-music set aside, it would be difficult to settle whether the September silence or sounds of that lovely city were the less encouraging. The *Teatro San Benedetto*, which used to offer some resource, was shut; the *Venice* was advertising for a manager, its past season having been a ruinous one, owing to the failure of Signor Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*. (That opera, let me say in a parenthesis, has been tried elsewhere, but as yet without success.) I do not think that the organs in St. Mark's were touched during the days I was in Venice. Had the street musicians been also dumb, it would have been no loss; but they were loud with their scrapings and screechings of opera tunes—little better than an attempt upon the *finale* of *I due Foscari* by our Christmas "Waits" might be. This was hard to bear in the city of Marcello and *Il Buranello*, once so liberal in its music schools, so choice in its *dilettanti*, so affluent in melodies that match its soft, musical dialect. Formerly, before Florian's and Suttill's coffee-houses one might hear, on a September evening, some melody, by Perrucchini, or like composer, tastefully and tunelessly sung, to guitar. Now *La Notte è bella*, or *La Biondina*, or *Benedetta sia la madre*, or *La sorte mia tiranna* might never have existed, for aught that was to be heard of them: nor is this altogether owing to Austrian occupation which is symbolized by that glorious and arrogant military band. Though one encounters in Lombardy more spoken German than is congenial to English sense of right and wrong, the Venetians still cry as they please in all their uncorrupted dolefulness of wild, whining accent, and prolonged emphasis. Roast gourd, fresh water, beautiful grapes, "Caramel" are recommended by the old chants. The gondoliers have kept their water-wit as well as their water-signals; while A glides down the Grand Canal, his Damiani will keep up an idyllic fire of sarcasm and irony against the sallies of yonder Checco, who is taking those two upright English gentlewomen (scared at the freedom and the fun) to San Zanipolo, or some other sight of Venice. The folk are anything but melancholy, but their music is gone. The place seems literally, to borrow Byron's epithet, "songless," and the cadences of melody are dolefully missed from canal, *calle*, and *campo*, which, whether they be day-lit or moonlit, decaying or reviving in the prosperity of their inmates, will never, so long as one stone clings to another, cease to be suggestive of music!

No: Austria is not to blame for this. I could not help being reminded (even in the pieces played by that brave military band) how largely the popularity of Signor Verdi's bombastic style is responsible for this extinction of the delicate graces of Italian Art. That he has succeeded in simplifying and improving his melodies must be admitted as his due. But his amendment has come too late. His faded phrases of slow melody,

bearing little meaning, except by the pressure of a *sforzato* applied to every note,—his *caballettas* chipped up into sparkling bits, by audacious jerks and ejaculation,—his sequences of ascending *apoggiature* had demoralized the taste of a public thirsting for excitement, long ere the quartet in *Rigoletto* and the *Miserere* in *Il Trovatore* were written. But the extent of mischief for which Signor Verdi has to answer occurred to me noisily in Venice. I had ear-splitting proof in support of the charge a day or two later in another Italian city of renown.

I may mention elsewhere the theatrical things which were to be seen and heard in decaying, dejected Mantua,—decay and dejection how doubly oppressive in a city where that riotous and fertile artist, Giulio Romano, has left such gigantic traces of his affluence and despotism on its walls! At Cremona I hunted not for music so much as for Campi frescoes and brick churches,—(directed to the latter, let me say in gratitude, by Mr. Street's ingenious book.) Had I stayed another day there, I might have heard Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergi*, but that, being so averse to depreciation, an Italian landlord honestly assured me that the company was not worth staying to hear; and I acted on his hint. If such matters go by proportion,—and the relative importance of the towns is considered,—I could implicitly believe in any amount of badness in the Cremona troop, after having visited the handsome Canobbiana Theatre, at Milan. The repertory there did not promise badly, one night displaying the *Roberto* of M. Meyerbeer, the next *Gli ultimi Giorni di Suli* by Signor Ferrari. I heard the latter opera; and it was performed, every one agreed, by the better of the two companies assembled. I could not but say to myself, Can such things be in one of the old centres of musical culture? as I listened, first in dismay, then in diversion, to the noises emitted by the ladies, who seemed to have but one idea, but one agreement, which was to scream as if all their hearts were breaking. I am sorry to add that one was a Londoner, who had been singing for some years in Italy without having learnt to sing. The tenor and bass were a shade less outrageous, but neither of them worth naming. Nor did the opera offer a melody, a phrase, a chord, by way of compensation for an exhibition so flagrant. The music is of the Verdi school, with an added reminiscence or two,—here from Donizetti's *Lucrezia*, there from Signor Rossini's *Le Siège de Corinthe*, such novelty as it possessed lying in a hardy disregard of much that the ear has been used to require in modulation. What Signor Ferrari might have achieved had he lived is past guessing; but the selection of so poor an opera, without the excuse of immediate interest in its composer, tells its tale of the state to which taste has fallen. The orchestra was not altogether bad, though coarse; pains had been taken with the scenery and the dresses. The opera was endured, but little enjoyed, and sometimes a little hissed; but the hisses, I think, belonged to the singers, and not to the music of the defunct maestro.

The operas given, during the same time, at the *Teatro San Radegonda* have been the Maestro Ricci's *Crispino e Comare*, and the *Fiorina* of Maestro Pedrotti. The latter has been tried in Paris with limited success; but the composer is considered one of the men of promise in North

Italy,—and I may have another occasion of speaking of him. How pleasant *Crispino* sounded, by contrast, after that dismal transaction at the Cannobbiana theatre, it would be hard to tell; yet it may not be equal in musical value to its composer's *Scaramuccia*, and hardly rises to the level of one of Mr. Balfe's second-best operas. Of the libretto and music, you may presently have a fairer opportunity of judging; since it forms one of the repertory of operas named for your opera buffa at the St. James's Theatre. Then the singers were incomparably better than those who appeared in the grim, Greek tragic-opera. The voice of the prima donna, Signora Marziali, though small and sour, had been exercised; and her execution was (by comparison) piquant and voluble. The part was acted with a coarse liveliness, befitting low comedy. Signor Ciampi, too, the buffo, is more comical than either Signor Rovere or Signor Rossi, though, by a long interval, inferior to the Lablaches and Ronconis. He sang honestly, and acted busily, and not without glimpses of rough, whimsical fun. But the vice of the time has tainted even these better comic singers. Both were perpetually on the full stretch: there was no piano, no play, no delicacy, no relief, but flare and force without remission. It is not hard to understand how all the new arrivals from Italy criticize those who sing in London, either as over apathetic, or as having lost their voices. The mischief cannot spread further, unless steam actors, of fifty man-and-woman power, can be fitted up; but can there be a reflux of taste, and, consequently, a return to the old methods of training the voice, to be capable of every gradation of strength, which implies every refinement? The thing appears hardly possible in Italy, to judge from the steady and rapid deterioration of her vocal art during the last twenty years. But in place of offering dreary vaticinations, let me close this letter with a few facts and rumors. The *Teatro Carignano*, at Turin, is on the eve of opening, and the *Aroldo* of Signor Verdi (an amended edition of his *Stiffelio*) is to be the first opera given there. For the Carnival season at *La Scala*, Milan, the management has engaged Mesdames Albertini and Rosa Devries, with Signori Negrini and Mongini as tenors, Signori Morelli and Guicciardi as baritones, and Signori Selva and Biacchi as basses. Signora Gassier (*quære* our Madame Gassier) is to be queen of the Carnival at Rome. A report, inspiring more confidence than any of the foregoing ones, announces that, early in the year, a second Mdle. Duprez will appear at the *Teatro Carcano*, at Milan. That her father's pupils know how to sing has been already proved in Madame Van den Henvel and Madame Miolan-Carvalho. The chances of another coming artist thoroughly prepared for her profession are to be watched with more than ordinary interest in these days of vocal degeneracy. C.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

In the United States the professional musician is but now beginning to occupy the social position which has long since been accorded to other artists, and which he has held for many years—generations—in Europe. Indeed, in some parts of the country within our own recollection, to be a "music-teacher" has been positively discreditable; and the "Yankee singing-master" has been made the object of ridiculous portraiture in other novels and tales than Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." But one of the reasons for this is to our present purpose, and this only shall we notice. It is this: the teachers of music in our country, in former years, have not (as a class) been men of such culture and knowledge in their art, beyond the mere routine of their duties, as to awaken any deep feelings of respect in the minds of others for the art and science of which they were the representatives. They did not properly respect the art themselves; took no pains to inform them-

selves of its history and the history of the great men whose names stand as high on the roll of fame as those of any devotees of the other arts; neglected its literature and its higher forms; contented themselves with giving their courses of lessons, and drawing their remuneration. They seem in general to have had no high aim—to have made music their *business* only.

How otherwise has it been with painting! West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, Peale, were through their high mental culture and refinement equal to the requirements of the highest social circles, and took their appropriate places in them. They, and men like them, have made the profession of painting honorable and respected. So it has been with sculpture; so it is beginning to be with music. We know at least three graduates of our oldest college who make music their profession; a fourth, beyond the necessity of a profession, devotes himself to the art; and two others of her sons are trying the somewhat doubtful experiment of seeking a sustenance in the field of musical literature.

The musical professor has, however, had this excuse: that the means of high culture in his art were wanting. With the exception of books of psalmody and other "practical" works, as the Germans classify them, until quite recently the American press has furnished him with nothing upon his art. Musical *belles-lettres* have been unknown. We can at this moment recall no work properly to be so classed, previous to the publication of Beyle's plagiarism of Carpani, published under the name of Bombet, on the "Lives of Haydn and Mozart," in England, and republished at Providence about 1820. Another edition of this work; Gardner's "Music of Nature"—a most interesting and valuable work for young musical people, notwithstanding its occasional droll errors and queer mistakes; Holmes's "Life of Mozart"—fascinating as a romance; a collection of ridiculous novelettes—partly original and partly from the German; two or three small collections of musical biography; a republication of Malibran's Life; Moore's Encyclopedia; Dr. Mason's excellent Musical Letters from Abroad; some half a dozen works of small extent relating to the history of psalmody in New England and New York; Mr. Havergal's History of the "Old Hundredth;" Hastings's "Musical Taste;" quite a list of musical periodicals, mostly short-lived and not generally of a very high order, with occasional articles in other periodical works—this list, we fear, is too nearly a complete catalogue of American Musical Literature—beyond those classes of works which are strictly professional.

The very meagreness of the list, however, is an unfortunate proof of how little our music-teachers have cared for a higher degree of culture; for had there been a demand for books, it would of course have been instantly supplied. It is a cheering sign of the times, however, that the more ignorant teachers are falling into the background, and those of the better classes are beginning to find it worth their while, not only to seek the best instruction our own cities afford, but to risk the expense of studying in Europe. The demand for teachers of greater cultivation is steadily increasing; and the establishment of permanent music schools, however they may fall short of the highest standard, is a most cheering sign. The day of physicians, lawyers, and preachers of no education has passed; we venture to hope the sun of the music-teacher without cultivation and with no love or enthusiasm for his art as such, will also soon set. For our own part, we would never recommend as a teacher,* nor in any manner lend our countenance to one as such, who cares so little for his art as not to be a regular and *paying* subscriber to at least one of the musical periodicals of the day. A man who cares so little for music as this indicates, however well he may have the mere technical and mechanical part of his profession, can hardly be fitted to inspire a pupil with any love and enthusiasm for art. We should as soon think of applying to a physician or lawyer whom we knew would not spare the small sum necessary to keep himself acquainted with the literature of his profession.

* Nota bene!—Ed.

Another indication of improvement we find in the fact that three musical periodicals appealing to different classes of readers, though perhaps not properly sustained, still do live; but above all we place the republication of the work whose title stands at the head of this article, and that too in a style so creditable to the publishers. Booksellers have the best opportunity to feel the pulse of the public, and that this work has been undertaken proves a faith on the part of its publishers in the increasing desire of musical knowledge, which we hope and pray will be justified by the sale of the work.

Some twenty years since, an English quarterly suggested the necessity of a new biography of George Frideric Handel, founded upon the works of Hawkins, Burney, and Mainwaring, but which should clear up their discrepancies, correct their errors, and, by a due examination of the Handelian manuscripts in the Queen's and other libraries, with a thorough digest of German authorities, give us a clear view of that extraordinary man and of his imperishable compositions. Since that time we have been looking for such a work—but in vain. We had hoped that Holmes, Hogarth, Macfarren, Chorley, or some other of those writers, whose names have become familiar as household words to us through the medium of the English press, would be moved to undertake a work so interesting in its nature, and one which afforded so noble an opportunity for doing a most important service to the cause of musical history.

It is a very singular circumstance that this work should finally have been undertaken not by an Englishman, nor a German, but has waited until a music-loving Frenchman—the last person we should have expected to be an enthusiast for Handel—was driven from his country, and induced to devote the years of his exile to it. The result of M. Schœlcher's three years' labor we have in the volume before us. We have read it with intense satisfaction—indeed, from the moment we began it, we opened no other book until we had finished the last page of the appendix.

The most important of the author's labors in its results is the searching examination to which, with the assistance of Mr. Lacy, he has subjected the Handelian manuscripts and the contemporaneous periodical literature of England. The full value of this examination we shall not comprehend until the appearance of the complete catalogue of Handel's works which is to follow this biography;* yet, from the light thrown upon this history in the present volume from this source, we are led to consider the information thus attained as the finest addition to the history of music for many years. The few only who are familiar with Hawkins, Burney, etc., and have made the history of Handel and his works a special study, can well judge of the value of this information.

On the other hand, it is very unfortunate that M. Schœlcher is ignorant of the German, and has been obliged to depend upon others for such extracts from German authorities as have come within his knowledge. Of some of these authorities he is ignorant. Extracts from others have been so translated as not, in all cases, to do the originals justice, and in some to mislead M. Schœlcher. Upon the whole, they seem to have been judiciously used.

The leading defect of the work arises directly from this cause. Had M. Schœlcher been able personally to explore the collection of musical literature in the Royal Library at Berlin, for instance, we think he might have added much interesting matter to his account of the master's early life, and especially to have given us the means of judging the relation in which Handel stood to Keiser and Steffani as a composer. The impression left upon the mind of the reader as the case now stands is that Handel, at a single bound, from the writer of church-music under Zackau, became the great operatic composer of his age. We can not believe this. Mozart acquired his power by practice. We believe the same must have been true of Handel. Happily, upon this branch of the subject we may expect soon to

* A Life of Handel. By Victor Schœlcher. 492 pages, 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25. Published by Mason Brothers, New York.

* We may note here, that in 1851, we saw in the collection of the late Aloys Fuchs of Vienna, an autograph motet belonging to Handel's Italian period.

receive a most thorough and complete work from the pen of the accurate and indefatigable Dr. Chrysander, who has already for several years been laboring upon it with all the zeal and devotion characteristic of the German scholar. With the works of Schœlcher and Chrysander the musical student will find little left to be desired to enable him to follow Handel's career from beginning to end.

In the mean time, we will lay before our readers a few notes which have been suggested in perusing the work, and which may aid in filling up the outline of Handel's early history, until Dr. Chrysander's labors shall be available.

"Besides the work of Mattheson, and that of M. Förstemann above mentioned, all that German literature possesses respecting the great musician is as follows."—Page 10.

M. Schœlcher should have inserted after the word "possesses," "which has come to my knowledge." As it now stands, the reader naturally concludes that the Germans have, for some reason or other, been very indifferent to the merits of "the great musician." As the greater part of Handel's life was passed in England, the Germans would naturally look thither for his history. The list of works given by M. Schœlcher shows that they did not neglect him; still we are able to add something to it.

Valuable matter is found not only in the two works of Mattheson noticed by M. Schœlcher, but also in his

Organisten Probe. 4to. Hamburg, 1719.

Critica Musica. 2 vols., 4to. Hamburg, 1725.

Musikalische Patriot. 4to. Hamburg, 1728.

Kern Melodischer Wissenschaft. 4to. Hamburg, 1737.

Der Vollkommene Kapellmeister. Folio. Hamburg, 1739.

In other works of this author, Handel is also mentioned with high praise.

Historische Critische Beytrage, by Marpur. 5 vols., 12mo. Berlin, 1754-60.

Critische Briefe, by the same. 2 vols, 4to. Berlin, 1760-63.

Ebeling's Translation, with notes, of Burney's Tours. 3 vols., 12mo. Hamburg, 1772-3.

Musikalische Nachrichten, edited by Hiller. 4th vol., 4to. Leipzig, 1770.

Cramer's Magazin der Musik. 12mo. Hamburg, 1783-86.

Historisch Biographisches Lexicon, by Gerber. 2 vols., 8vo. Leipzig, 1790.

Michaelis's Translation of Busby, with notes. 2 vols., 8vo. Leipzig, 1821.

Anekdoten und Bemerkungen, by the same author. 12mo. Leipzig, 1820.

Encyclopædie der Musikalischen Wissenschaften, by Dr. Schilling. 7 vols., 8vo. Stuttgart, 1840-42.

Reinheit der Tonkunst, by Thibaut, 3d ed., 16mo. Heidelberg, 1851.

Die Erste Stehende Deutsche Oper, by Linder. 16mo. Berlin, 1855.

As to Handel's position in recent German musical periodical literature, it will suffice to state, that the notices of him and of his works, with performances of them, in the 50 vols. of the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, (4to. Leipzig, 1798-48,) fill over two pages—four and one half closely printed columns of the Index.

[To be continued.]

Bach's Sonatas for the Violin.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

J. S. BACH wrote for the violin six sonatas without any accompaniment whatever. Compared with his compositions for the piano-forte, they are very little known, although they are a perfect musical treasure, and, despite certain difficult portions, belong to those compositions in which the peculiar genius of the master is exhibited so wonderfully, as the compass and nature of the instrument limited, in an extraordinary manner, the polyphonic style, which, in this instance, he neither could nor would abandon. The six sonatas contain thirty-two movements, of which, however, by far the most (even to three-part

fugues) are fairly worked out and of considerable length, displaying an inexhaustibly rich store of fancy. It is true they are very difficult to play, and we cannot help feeling considerable respect for the violinists of those days, if they mastered them. More than five-and-twenty years ago, I heard most of them played by one of Spohr's most distinguished pupils, Probst, then Ducal Concertmeister at Dessau, who executed them—especially, for instance, the adagio and the grand fugue in C minor from the Sonata No. 1—most admirably, not merely playing them through, for he was so much master of all the difficulties, that the effort to overcome them did not in the slightest interfere with his mental conception and rendering of the composition. Subsequently violinists preferred tormenting themselves with Paganinian *Etudes*, to the study of old Sebastian; most of them, probably, scarcely knew that something already existed which united brilliancy of technical execution with the true musical subjects for their instrument.

Of late years, Mendelssohn and Schumann once more directed attention to Bach's violin compositions. Mendelssohn, as we know, wrote piano-forte accompaniment to the Ciaconna, and people then, at least, heard it again; sometimes very well played, by Joachim, for instance; nay, it became, for a time, the fashion, so that even very mediocre fiddlers ventured to attempt it. But Bach's sonatas contain many other pieces, in which a violinist of elevated sentiment might display his powers to advantage, and which would, perhaps, prove more attractive for the general public than the Ciaconna. In our opinion, however, they ought to be played as Bach wrote them, that is to say, alone, and without any accompaniment. Let any one attempt this only once, in musical circles, with some of the shorter pieces, such as the *Adagio* and *Siciliano*, from the G Minor Sonata; there is no chance of his not being successful.

The author of the edition of these violin-sonatas arranged for the piano alone, which now lies before us with the following title, has quite another object in view:

J. S. Bach's Six Violin-Sonatas for the Piano-forte alone, arranged by Carl Debrois van Bruyck. Leipsic, published by Fr. Kistner. Price of the whole, 6 thalers, 15 neugroschen. Each part separately, 1 thaler—1 thaler 10 neugroschen. (The violin-parts are printed in a complete form with the above, for the sake of comparison.)

This undertaking may certainly be called a bold one, for it could not be carried out without material additions, and to add anything to J. S. Bach is, after all, a very daring act. Apart from this, too, a great deal may be advanced against such an arrangement. This, however, has been duly felt by the arranger, who has himself touched upon it in his somewhat long but well-written preface, which was certainly required. The idea may be considered a new one, since the method in which it is carried out is completely different, for instance, to that pursued in the arrangement of Beethoven's violin-concerto as a piano-forte concerto, and of Paganini's *Etudes* for the piano-forte, by F. Liszt.

The author, speaking of the origin of the present work, gives us to understand that the far greater portion of it sprang, without any secondary object, purely from his plunging enthusiastically into the separate parts of the peculiar original. We will, however, allow him to speak for himself, and give the pith of his preface, stating the motives that induced him to undertake the work, as well as what his object is:

"During my inward enjoyment of the work, in one place, supplementary ideas, and in another, amplifications attached themselves to what was given me, and which is often only hinted and half pronounced, and I could not withstand my impulse to complete, in my own mind and for my own satisfaction, the building of the palace, of which I saw merely the rows of columns and the golden cupola standing before me. It was in this manner, for instance, that, in the first place, the Sarabande of the second Sonata arose in its present form; this was followed by the *bourrée* and *double* (No. 4), of the same Sonata, then the

Fugue and Presto of the first one, the Ciaconna, and so on by the other pieces, just as I was captivated by them. At last, I perceived I was fairly engaged in a regular work, and, for the sake of completing it, I arranged, in the same spirit, the few remaining pieces I had hitherto left untouched. If I were called upon to assign a more material motive for the continuation of my labors, I must confess that I continued it simply because I looked upon it, at the same time, as a kind of practical course of study.

"This originating process at once proves how far I necessarily was from any tendency effort to write as much as possible 'in Bach's style.' According to my notions of artistic style, I could not have been guilty of any greater piece of folly than proposing to myself the task—only to be accomplished idealistically—of necessarily publishing the new work as Bach himself would have created it, supposing his mind had originally matured it in this shape, or as he—for all I know—would write it, were he now alive. This, however, is a path on which so many 'ifs' and 'buts' lie concealed, like so many steel traps, that I prefer not entering upon it at all. But in order not to be misunderstood, I must, by the way, here make a difference between the congruity of material points of inward style and outward casualties, if I may so express myself. I had to rely on a happy instinct, supported by some study of the art, to prevent me from sinning against the first, otherwise I was lost, and others must decide which of the two is the case. With regard to certain incongruities in the last, as, for instance, in my technical treatment of the subject, I am able to console myself with tolerable ease. The present work, so far as it is mine, is destined, as much as possible, to produce the effect of an organic whole, created all at once, without any regard (except so far as is consequent on the nature of the thing itself) to the particular century of its birth. If it produces this effect, I am perfectly satisfied, and my object is attained."

Musical Correspondence.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, OCT. 12.—(Concluded.)

—So while I thought, and pondered, and admired the architecture, and held silent communion with the little wretch under the stone leaf, the invisible minister brought his sermon to a close, the clerk gave out a hymn, the pitch-pipe gave a squeak, and the singers sang to a curious old tune the words appointed. I was again struck with the remarkable evidences of careful training exhibited by these singers, and noticed how admirably they managed the *diminuendos* and *crescendos*. Indeed, they seemed themselves to be quite aware of their own ability, and after the hymn sang a very beautiful little anthem, in which the principal soprano, whose rich, powerful voice was heard in the hymns above all the others, sang with exquisite effect a short solo, that re-echoed through the choir, and then seemed to fly away like a bird, far into the silent, empty nave. It was certainly a beautiful performance; but how much it would have been aided by an organ! And I thought, as I left the place, that the Presbyterian form of service is cold and unfeeling when heard under the lofty arches of these mighty cathedrals. It has done its duty nobly among the rocks and hills, where the Covenanters lay hidden, or in the quiet village church, far away from the bustle of man. But for these cathedrals, these solemn temples that afford a holy and silent sanctuary amid the noise and confusion of towns and cities, something more is needed to impress the mind—some jewel more fitting to the elaborate casket. It is here that the liturgical form of service, which would be in its turn unimpressive when repeated under the covert of rocks,

or in the rude village chapel, alone should be given; and of all the liturgical forms, that of the church of England stands pre-eminent in its noble yet simple grandeur. I speak now of form, not of doctrine; and though it would ill become me to place one form of religion above another, all being acceptable to Him to whom *all* praise and honor are justly due, yet I must maintain that no one can enter these glorious English cathedrals, and listen to their liturgical service well performed, without feeling that none other could be as fitting or appropriate, as expressive or sublime.

After leaving the cathedral I strolled over the "Bridge of Sighs," as it is appropriately called, which leads to the "Necropolis," where lie many of the most eminent men of Glasgow. Prominent among the monuments is one huge column, surmounted by a colossal statue of John Knox, and intended rather as a memorial of the great Reformation in which he was an honored instrument, than of the individual himself. Not far from this lie, in a tasteless mausoleum of the Byzantine style, ornamented with the unchristian device of inverted torches, the remains of Rae Wilson, Esq., an author and editor of some repute, but who will be chiefly known as the subject of Thomas Hood's satiric "Ode to Rae Wilson," commencing with the quaint couplet—

"A wanderer, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee."

But perhaps the monument that attracts the most attention is an elaborate affair of *cast iron*, representing the proscenium, footlights, and curtain of a theatre, and erected by his wife over the remains of John Henry Alexander, a favorite actor of this city. This being, by the way, a purely theatrical item, is perhaps better adapted for the columns of our Philadelphia friend *Fitzgerald*; but still it may be worth while to send you the inscription on this singular tomb:—

"Fallen is the curtain; the last scene is o'er;
The favorite actor treads Life's stage no more.
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone
For virtues not enacted, but his own;
A constancy unbroken unto death,
A truth unswerving, and a Christian faith.
Who knew him best have cause to mourn him most.
O, weep the man, more than the actor lost.
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end
His best were those of Husband, Father, Friend."

TROVATOR.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, OCT. 16.—From Glasgow I took a steamer, or more properly a steamer took me, to Dublin, the voyage being as stupid as all voyages usually are, and productive of unlimited sea-sickness. The famed scenery of the Bay of Dublin, which, say the Irish, rivals that of the Bay of Naples, was hidden from view by dense clouds of fog that have continued during my entire stay, obliging me to see the capital of the Emerald Isle as through a glass, darkly, thus losing all the fine vistas from the bridges, concerning which the guide-book is so eloquent.

Taking a peep at the paper, while waiting for breakfast, I was delighted to see the advertisement of an opera now playing at the Theatre Royal, and noticed that Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* was announced for the evening's performance, with PICCOLOMINI, BELLETTI, and LUCCHESI in the chief rôles. So, when evening

came, I presented myself at the door of the theatre, and mounting upwards, obtained a favorable position among the "gods."

Accustomed to the beautiful, airy theatres of American cities, I have been surprised at the extreme ugliness of those in the provincial towns, and this of Dublin is another to be added to the same catalogue. Though spacious, and tolerably comfortable, it is quite destitute of decoration, and most miserably lighted, there being no chandeliers higher than the first tier of boxes. Between the proscenium and the tiers, as usual in theatres, there is a slight concavity, and this space, near the stage, is occupied by the most remarkable contrivance I ever beheld—a private box, crouching low on the floor, and surmounted by a low, blue, striped canopy, the whole strongly resembling in appearance a huge clam, with the shell slightly opened. The drop curtain, of the conventional green baize, presented no feature of attraction, and my survey of the house being speedily completed, I centred my attention upon the audience.

It was quite a fashionable audience, though not near as brilliant as I have seen in the Academies of Music at New York or Philadelphia, or in the Boston Theatre. In a private box was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carlisle, a brother of the famous Duchess of Sutherland, and one of the philanthropic noblemen of England who improve their estates, give prizes for model lodging houses, endeavor to spread education among their poorer tenants, and condescend to deliver owlsh and old foggy lectures at lyceums. The Earl of Carlisle, a few years ago, when Lord Morpeth, visited America, and has published in pamphlet form the result of Transatlantic observations. He is very popular in Ireland.

But by far the most unique feature of the audience were the "gods," who occupied the higher tier. Such a roysterous, jolly set of gods you need never hope to meet again: they are chiefly composed of the students from Trinity College, and go with the express intention of having fun, though they never allow it to interfere with the performance. It is their assumed duty to act as Mentors to those in the pit below, (which, as with our parquette, is a fashionable part of the house,) and should any unlucky wight appear therein with a white hat, he is immediately requested to take it off by a chorus of some five hundred voices. To look at the gods through an opera glass is a liberty they will not allow for an instant, and the rash person who raises his lorgnette towards their part of the house is greeted with hoots and hisses, and imperative demands to "take that glass down." Should this request not be complied with, the inquisitive proprietor of the lorgnette is "exposed"—that is, he is made the butt of some local allusion; and one the night I refer to was asked by the five hundred voices what he did with the eight hundred chests of tea? This is in allusion to a recent fraud in the custom house, to detect which a reward of eight hundred pounds has been offered. Of course these sallies are at once understood, and received with applause.

But by and by the "gods" get tired of this, and relieve their tedium by singing, generally selecting some of our popular negro melodies. "Wait for the wagon" and "Nelly Bly" are frequently sung on these occasions, everybody in

the upper tier joining in with spirit. Then some unlucky wretch enters the clam-shell private box, and if he wears the obnoxious white hat, is at once made aware of the fact. Perhaps the Lord Lieutenant is here recognized, and greeted with three cheers; then miscellaneous cheers are given at the suggestion of various individual gods, and I shall not soon forget the scene of uproarious mirth, in all parts of the house, when, after cheering Sir Colin Campbell, General Havelock, &c., and groaning dismally at the mention of Nena Sahib, the Indian tyrant, now the bugbear of England, a stentorian voice roared out, "Three cheers for Nena Sahib's grandmother!"

At last the orchestra appeared, led by ARDITI, the same, I believe, so well known in America; and at the touch of his baton on the desk the house was perfectly still, to listen to the overture. As is almost universally the case, the first part of this overture to *La Figlia* was omitted, the orchestra commencing with the pretty Allegro movement by violins. Can you tell any reason why the opening part of the overture is always omitted?

Well, the curtain rose, and the chorus of villagers was heard, and the fussy old marchioness related her troubles to her servant; and then they all vanished, and Belletti, the baritone, appeared as Sulpizio, followed by the Piccolomini as the Vivandiere. What a shout greeted her appearance! Three cheers were given, handkerchiefs were waved, and it was several minutes before she could proceed. In person she is *petite*, and of American singers I know none whom she resembles more than Cora de Wilhorst; but her voice is better balanced, and more fully under her control. The opening duet with Sulpizio was admirably done, and received with frantic enthusiasm; the *ad captandum* air, *Ciascun lo dice*, was encored, though the best performance in this act was her exquisite rendition of the sweet air in which Marie bids farewell to her companions. Piccolomini was twice called before the curtain at the close of this act.

Now it was that the "gods" grew rampant again. Somebody, invisible to me, performed a burlesque solo, in airs from the opera, upon a little tin fife, a species of instrument that are just at present taking the place of jewsharps among amateurs of limited musical science. Some other bodies indulged in a popular custom of requesting certain individuals in the parquette whom they recognized to be put in charge of the police, while others made diabolical clucking noises, as of grouse, chickens, and guinea hens. Then, as if by a sudden impulse, the whole tier broke out into song, transforming into a chorus and to extempore words the favorite air of *La Figlia*, the familiar *Ciascun lo dice*.

An individual was seated next to me who appeared to have something on his mind. We entered into conversation, and the individual took an early opportunity of referring to the singers, especially Belletti and Lucchesi, declaring that the latter sang in a "stony" manner.

"As to the tenor," said the Individual, "any one can see, poor fellow, that he sings cheesy."

I said, "Indeed!"

"Yes," added the Individual; "but, after all, it's only his luck."

I said "Indeed!" again; but this did not seem to satisfy the Individual. He glanced at me several times, and then suddenly, poking me play-

fully with his forefinger, asked me if I did not take. I replied, with stern and almost severe dignity, that I did *not* take. The Individual said that he had remarked that it was the luck of Lucchesi to sing cheesy to-night. It was only a little pun of his, he said. I replied that it was a very little pun, indeed; and the curtain rising, prevented further remark.

The Piccolomini—I copy the usual affectation in prefixing to her name the definite article—was even more successful in the second than in the first act. Throughout the music lesson scene she acted with great spirit and effect, the rattle-plan duet being encored. The trifling part of the Marchioness was admirably taken by the contralto of the troupe, one Madame POMA, who played the piano-forte accompaniments to Marie's romanza extremely well. Of the rest of the opera it is only necessary to allude to the air known familiarly as the *Salut à la France*, which was reproduced by Piccolomini, with vocal variations, as a finale.

When the curtain fell, there were, of course, loud cries for the performers; and the beautiful young prima donna was led out by Belletti, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Bouquets were thrown to her, which she picked up herself, with childish glee, and, bowing her thanks, disappeared; but this was not enough for the enthusiastic audience, and she was twice again called upon the stage, her fresh young countenance beaming with renewed delight at the compliment. Indeed, I have never seen a singer to whom applause appears as grateful and intoxicating as to Piccolomini. Every feature of her face expressed her rapture; and it is this, more than her artistic merits, that makes her receive so many ovations. She is young and enthusiastic, and infects her audience with a lively sympathy. This is not her first appearance in Dublin, however.

There are few instances in operatic annals where an artist has made such a sudden success as this same Piccolomini, and for this success she is in a great measure indebted to the excitement attending her London debut in *Traviata*. Her voice is by no means sweet, or even sympathetic; and though tolerably cultivated, she cannot do any of those vocal gymnastics that are now so popular. Were she an ugly woman—were she any thing beside a fresh, pretty, lively, enthusiastic young girl, free from the conventional affectation of the stage, she would never have created the sensation she has done.

Dublin is a musical city, I believe, and claims to be one of the most discriminating of judges in musical affairs. A Dublinite informed me that if a singer once passed the ordeal of a Dublin audience, his or her success was ensured; at the which I quietly laughed in my sleeve, for never yet have I been to a prominent city that did not make the same claim. London claims this rank, Paris claims it, Milan with its everlasting La Scala claims it, Naples talks about her San Carlo, and claims it, and we all have some vague ideas of the intense musical taste of St. Petersburg. In America I have always been a firm believer in the musical supremacy of New York in this line; for have not newspapers there been constantly saying, for the last five years, that no European artist now considers his reputation made until endorsed by a New York audience? As to Boston, the people there are so completely

impregnated with the idea of their vast musical superiority, that I am quite convinced no amount of operatic failures can shake their self-complacency; and then we more recently have Philadelphia—the little musical upstart—clapping her hands for glee, prating about her new Academy of Music, and setting up *her* claim to the proud position which so many other cities assume as their own. Now is there any way of deciding which of these claimants is right? Would it not be a good subject for discussion for some debating society: Which is the most musical city in the world?

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 7, 1857.

Musical Criticism in England.—Wonderful Coincidence.

MR. SCHÖELCHER, in his interesting Life of HANDEL, speaks of the popularity of that transcendent work, "Israel in Egypt," which he regards as a "proof of the high point to which musical education has arrived in England." For further proof he cites what he seems to consider a remarkable piece of criticism from one of the London newspapers of the day after a performance in 1853. He says in a note (page 239 of the American reprint):

"Let those who doubt this read the following article, taken from the *Era* of the 20th of November, 1853, on a performance of the previous evening: 'It is always good to inhale the bracing mountain air of Handel. His music beats with the strong pulse of a wholesome, humanitarian, universal feeling. No theme ever seems too great for Handel; he moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea. In the bold certainty and inexhaustibleness of his inspiration, he calls up the image of the old prophet who smote the rock, and the waters gushed forth. It is music to make one grow strong as he sits and listens. *Israel in Egypt* is mainly a series of colossal choruses, almost exclusively a mountain chain of immense choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative, and a very few green vales of song, into which we are permitted to peep. These choruses are all wonderful specimens, in their way, of most consummate musical treatment. But there is a poetic force of conception in them that still more commends them.'

"It is in this style that the diapason of musical criticism in England is occasionally heard. Such articles as these are written *currente calamo*, with a rapid pen, and their writers do not even care to sign them. Such things as these are cast into the rapid torrent of daily publicity—bright flashes of light which illuminate the dawn of a morning, and then are seen no more."

Now all this may be very fine; at all events, we should be the last person in the world to quarrel with the general thought and spirit of the criticism; but it seemed strangely familiar when we read it, and we could not get over the suspicion that both the thoughts and the expressions had passed through our mind before. If so, then M. Schœlcher will have less cause to lament that "flashes which illuminate," &c., are "seen no more;" for *this* flash, it would seem, has been repeated. And if it is to pass for any evidence of musical education, we say very well again, but beg leave to correct and add in *New England*, instead of in *Old England*. The reader shall judge. The following (which will perhaps derive some interest from the fact that "Israel in Egypt"

is now in rehearsal by our Handel and Haydn Society) appeared in the Boston *Commonwealth* newspaper, of March 15, 1851, previous to a performance by the Musical Education Society, and two years and a half earlier than the reflected "flash" of the London journal above cited.

ORATORIO TO-NIGHT.—We must not forget the second and last chance of inhaling for a couple of hours the bracing mountain air of Handel. Seeking in the natural world a type for the great choruses of "Israel in Egypt," we think of the solemn, tranquil grandeur of our own "White Hills." It is almost exclusively a mountain chain of choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative and a very few green vales of song. The sentiment of the work is too great, too universal for any but the amplest chorus treatment. Handel moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea; and he perfectly reconciles miracle with humanity, with the deep common instincts of the whole race.

These choruses are all wonderful specimens in their way of most consummate musical treatment, whether in plain solid counterpoint, or in all the intricacies of fugue. But there is a poetic force of conception in them which still more commends them. Each is unlike the others. Each perfectly embodies a spiritual and an outward experience, uttering a sentiment and painting an image or a scene. The children of Israel *sighing* in bondage is one. Their *loathing* of the river turned to blood is another, whose fugal subject, passed from voice to voice, sickens most expressively through the interval of the "extreme flat seventh." Next, *The Lord spake the word, and there came all manner of flies, &c.*,—a double chorus, like most of the others—and grotesquely descriptive, as the air swarms and shivers with the fine figures of the violins. Then the great "hail-stone chorus," *fire, mingled with the hail, ran along the ground!* The musical movement translates that most vividly.

As opposite from that as possible is, *He sent a thick darkness*; the dull, groping, chromatic harmony, as far from common-place as the most modern modulations of Spohr or Mendelssohn, almost makes you shudder; voice after voice utters singly little fragments of the words; and how palpable that darkness, when the instruments drop away and in distinct unison the bass voices pronounce "which might be felt!" Then the contrast of the tough, terrible double fugue: "*He smote the first-born of Egypt*, with the smooth pastoral style of *But as for his people, He led them, &c.*" and was not strong Handel in his glory when he brought all the voices together upon the words, *There was not one feeble person among their tribes?* What a feeling of strength and unanimity there is in it! "NOT ONE," "NOT ONE," sounds like the ring of grounded arms along a vast line of infantry: from top to bottom we are one, we are all here! Even more wonderful is, *He led them through the deep*, where the musical intricacy of movement is indeed as *through the wilderness*.

But we have no room to speak of miracle after miracle of chorus; of the waters overwhelming Pharaoh's hosts; of Miriam's trumpet song prelude to the stupendous chorus of *The horse and his rider*; of *With the blast of thy nostrils*; of *The people shall hear and be afraid*, and the melting away of *Canaan*. "They shall be as still as a stone," sing the basses in solid unison, suddenly sinking an octave; and as they lie there fixed, and deep, and cold, the passing on of the Lord's people, group after group, begins in little travelling phrases of melody. Handel is almost humorous in the felicity of such sublime description.

Music Abroad.

The first of the usual twenty Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig, took place on Sunday, Oct. 4. The vocalist was Fraulein Ida Krüger, from Schwerin; and the pianist, Herr Hans von Bülow. The programme was as follows:

PART I.
Overture, "Meeresstille,".....Mendelssohn.
Scena and Aria from "Fidelio,".....Beethoven.
Concerto for Piano, No. 5, E flat,.....Beethoven.
Scena and Aria from the "Freischütz,".....Weber.
Hungarian Rhapsody for Piano,.....Liszt.

PART II.
Sinfonia Eroica,.....Beethoven.

A friend who is passing a year at Vienna, and is brought much into the society of musicians there, and from whom we hope to hear more at length, writes us:

"You know the capabilities of the place for news of interest, though you may not be aware how fine the opera is. I was in Dresden about six months, and in Berlin three months, some years since; but I think this the best. In Berlin they have great force and great talent; but they are wanting in the poetry, in the witchery of music. In Dresden they have the spirit, but fail in force. In Vienna they have all, and in addition they have the quick, warm, sympathetic feelings of the South.

"For instance, *Der Freischütz* was given a few nights since, as a farewell opera for a beautiful fresh girl, who has been singing here a year, and is now to be married to a rich man. It was heavenly; the orchestra played exquisitely, and the singers were delightful. I have heard the same opera in Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, but never so well played or sung as here."

At Paris the manager of the Italian Opera announces an extraordinary novelty for the coming season, namely a new opera by ROSSINI, entitled *Un Curioso Accidente*. It would indeed be a curious accident, should this prove real.—A literal translation of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" will be represented at the Odéon in December. The *traducer*, says the *Athenæum*, is M. Emile Deschamps. The play will be preceded by Berlioz's "Introduction," or Overture. MEYERBEER is here, with two portfolios in his pocket; one, the *Africaine*, which has grown so old waiting for a competent first lady and gentleman, that the *Charivari* symbolizes it in the form of a decrepid negress; the other, a comic opera, with three principal characters. The managers, who thought they had secured these operas, are doomed to disappointment. M. Meyerbeer is busy as a bee at the Académie Impériale, but only with rehearsals for a fiftieth revival of *Robert Le Diable*, for the sake of bringing out Mme. Gavaert-Lauters in the part of Alice. The Baroness de Vigier (Cruvelli) is talked of for the lady in *L'Africaine*, and Tamberlik for the tenor; but that gentleman seems to be too warmly cherished by the Russians, who possibly will thank the "hard times" in America.

The frequenters of the Grand Opera, while awaiting the *Magicienne* of MM. St. George and Halevy, are "alternately regaled with the mediocre ballet of the *Corsair*, the French adaptation of Verdi's thread-bare *Trovatore* and M. Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*." The *Prophète*, too, has been performed, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Fides.—Of the other theatres the Paris correspondent of the London *Musical World* writes:

At the Italiens we have had nothing remarkable of late. Mario has been singing nobly in the *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, and is in higher favor than ever. Mad. Nantier Didié has captivated the Parisians as Maddalena in the last-named opera, which gave her a better chance of succeeding on her own account than Azucena, where she had to contend with the formidable impressions left by Viardot Garcia and Albini, to say nothing of the much-puffed Mad. Borghi-Mamo. A débutante, Mdle. St. Urbain, has appeared three times in Gilda (*Rigoletto*) when the

indulgence of the public even outweighed the prejudices of the Frezzolini clique, which is as clamorous in the absence as in the presence of its idol. Nevertheless, Mdle. St. Urban has everything to learn (and a vast deal to unlearn) before she can lay claim to be called a singer, while the upper tones of her voice are woefully Verdi-bitten. As an actress, she exhibits both intelligence and feeling. Corsi's *Rigoletto* is a remarkable performance. The voice of this artist has departed to the tomb of the Abbadias, Albertinis, and others who sacrificed to the screech-owl of Busetto; but the soul—Verdi-proof—has resisted; and were it not for Ronconi, I scarcely know what we should think of Sig. Corsi. He certainly was allowed no chance in London.

The real attractions of the Opéra-Comique, at the present season, are not new operas, but old operas. The revival of Nicolo Isouard's *Jaconde*, a work which time cannot kill, is an event of far more interest to lovers of music than the appearance of such a weak production as *Don Pedro*. *Jaconde* is a masterpiece. Its drama and its music are equally admirable, and M. Faure, by his performance of the hero, has risen another step in the estimation of connoisseurs. Not less excellent is the prince of M. Mocker, who, though the small voice he once possessed is extinct, sings with so much taste and expression that it is scarcely missed, while his lively and genial acting recalls the best days of Chollet and Coudere. Boieldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin*, a composition of less importance, is nevertheless well worth hearing, as an example of that celebrated composer in his least ambitious mood.

Our Boston prima donna, Mme. Biscaccianti, is at St. Petersburg, where she made her début at the opening of the Grand Imperial Theatre, Sept. 16th, in her old rôle of Lucia: she was moderately successful. The tenor, Sig. Mongini, was also a debutant, and created a decided impression; and Sig. Bartolini, formerly at the Royal Italian Opera in London, and now an excellent baritone, was Ashton. The second opera was Verdi's *I Lombardi*, in which Mme. Loti, an immense favorite at St. Petersburg, made a great impression as Griselda. Tamberlik and Bosio were expected, and a whole batch of Verdi's operas were to delight the Russians, including *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Luisa Miller*, and the last but one of his productions, *Simon Boccanegra*.

In Italy Verdi reigns as usual. We copy on our first page a very entertaining record of impressions of the state of music in North Italy from the pen of Mr. Chorley, which bears internal evidence of accuracy. Mark the felicity of terms with which he hits some of the peculiarities of Verdi's melodies.

In England the Festivals are over; the singers are wandering about the provinces; the *Musical World* is half filled with reports of the Surrey Gardens bankruptcy case, and Jullien's disastrous connection therewith. Jullien has commenced concerts at the Haymarket, with Jetty Treffly to sing *Trab, trab* for him. The London Sacred Harmonic Society has commenced its winter season at Exeter Hall with Handel's oratorio, "Belshazzar." The committee of the great Handel Festival have at length wound up their accounts, and the net profits reach the handsome sum of \$45,000! The gross receipts were £23,360, of which £11,000 was the result of the last day's performance, "Israel in Egypt."

DEATH OF CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.—It is but little more than a year since he was with us, in the full glow of perfect health, one of the finest types we ever saw of manly strength, of every generous social quality, of inexhaustible creative faculty and impulse. Artistically he had achieved wonders, both in quantity and quality, for a man of forty-two years, and the promise of his future was indeed of the highest. He had been to see one of his last and greatest works,

his Beethoven, as it had been placed amid fit surroundings in our Boston Music Hall. He looked upon his work, and it was good. Henceforth with whatsoever of noble and sublime suggestion proceeds from that statue, there will mingle sad yet proud associations with its author. THOMAS CRAWFORD, the progress of whose terrible disease (a cancerous affection behind the left eye) had been chronicled with anxious interest for many months past, until there was no room left for hope, ended his sufferings in London on the 10th of last month.

He was born in New York, on March 22, 1814. He was designed for a commercial career, but the artistic passion was too strong. The *Tribune* says:

He studied in this city under Frazee and Launitz; modeled busts with meaning and promise; and then, before his majority, in 1834, went to Rome, and placed himself under Thorwaldsen. Afterward, setting up for himself, he commenced to make busts. In 1839, he designed his "Orpheus," which was purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Then followed busts of "Vesta," "Sappho;" next statues, "The Genius of Mirth," "Adam and Eve," "David, the Conqueror of Goliath;" next bas-reliefs, "David before Saul," "The Shepherds and the Wise Men presenting their offerings to Christ," containing twenty-four figures; another bas-relief, "Christ disputing with the Doctors," twelve figures; "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," a bas-relief; "Christ blessing little Children," "Christ ascending from the Tomb," "Christ raising Jairus's Daughter," all bas-reliefs; "Prayer," a statue; three severally distinct statues of Washington; an equestrian statue of Washington; statues of Jefferson, Franklin, Channing, Allston, Henry Clay, and Beethoven—the last in bronze, and now in the Music Hall of Boston.

Fortunately the designs for the crowning great work of his life, the Washington Monument at Richmond, were all completed. They consist of statues of Virginia's great sons, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Judge Marshall, Gen. Lewis, Gen. Nelson, and George Mason, in the centre of which will rise the colossal equestrian shape of Washington. This central form is cast in Munich bronze, and has already reached our shores. During his last visit here, Mr. Crawford also was commissioned by the government to execute several works for the adornment of the capitol.

The character of Crawford's genius was of the most classical and noble, yet at the same time most fresh, ideal, vigorous, of modern sculptors. He is a loss to his country and his age. We have not had the opportunities for a full estimate of his achievements and his genius. A friend, who has long known him intimately, and who knows how to appreciate the artist and the man, has promised to embody his impressions in an article for the Boston *Courier*, which we shall take the liberty to copy when it appears.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MR. AHNER, with his usual enterprise, has given in Chicago three Promenade Concerts, with an orchestra of twenty-six performers, and the vocal aid of Mme. JOHANNSEN, who sang the Romanza from "Tell," songs by Abt, an air from *Ernani*, the "Ricci Waltz," &c. Also piano solos by Mr. HEHL, one of Mr. A.'s brother Germanians. Among the orchestral pieces were the overtures to "Tell" and *Das Nachtlager in Granada*; introduction and chorus from *Lohengrin*; Schubert's *Ave Maria* with solos for different instruments; Strauss waltzes, &c., &c. "Hard times" thinned the audiences, but the concerts gave great satisfaction. One of the newspapers is in raptures with Mme. Johannsen, thinks her "worth a dozen Parodis, to whose concerts the quackery and puffery of Strakosch has attracted so much attention," and who in the opinion of the critic is "an artistic screech owl." Mr. Ahner was to commence his Afternoon Concerts this day.... Mrs. J. H. LONG sang at subscription concerts in Fitchburg, lately, to an enthusiastic audience, and has now gone to fulfil an engagement in New Brunswick. She will also appear

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Musical Correspondence.

DUBLIN, OCT. 15.—One of my objects in coming to the Emerald Isle, was to be present at the inauguration of the MOORE Testimonial—a bronze statue, that has been recently erected to the memory of the author of "Irish Melodies;" and yesterday I witnessed the ceremony. It took place in one of the principal squares of Dublin, where the statue, a bronze figure nine feet in height, stands upon a pedestal eighteen feet in height. The Lord Lieutenant was present, the entire municipal authorities were on hand in preposterous fancy dresses, or "official robes," as they call the red, yellow, and gilt garments, and there were Irishmen without number, of all classes. A band played several of the old Irish airs, commencing with one that brought up at once a sad remembrance of Moore. It was the sweet strains of—

"The harp, that once through Tara's halls
Its soul of music shed,
Now lies as mute on Tara's walls
As though that soul were fled."

Then followed appropriate addresses, of which very few of those present heard a word; at a given signal, the veil was dropped from the statue, and there stood Moore, a pen in one hand, a scroll in the other, and in the act of listening to some strain of an old Irish air. He is dressed in modern costume, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders.

As a work of art, this statue is not admired, and it certainly does not appear worthy of the really great poet to whom it is dedicated. But yet it is better than nothing, and for my part, I am very glad that I was enabled to be present at

the inauguration. It will be something to remember with delight for years to come, and it is something which every musician will feel interested in. Than Moore, there never lived a poet that was more charged with musical sentiment—his poems and their music are inseparable, for however excellent "Lalla Rookh" and his larger works may be, it is undoubtedly by his lyric ballads that he will be chiefly remembered. How many hearts have been delighted by these exquisite productions, it is impossible to compute, and the beautiful airs of Ireland owe their wide spread popularity to his words. I should feel tempted to speak of this a little further, had not a few paragraphs in one of the local papers met my eye and induced me to let you know the opinions of a real Irishman in regard to Moore and his music. The writer says:—

We cling with grateful recollection to the name and fame of the greatest lyric poet the world ever produced. He might be rivalled or surpassed in other departments of literature, but in lyric poetry Moore stands immeasurably above all who preceded him. As Irishmen we owe him much. Few have done so much for our country. His fame is interwoven with the national sorrows, and in the Melodies he has wedded to his own immortal verse the most perfect music that ever gave expression to human woe. Critics may prefer the Doric naturalness of Burns, or the joyous simplicity of Beranger, but the world has long ago disregarded the reasoning of critics and revelled in these delightful poems which charm the ear while they touch the heart. The song of sorrow caused a pure and chastening influence wherever it was heard, and the thoughtless fly in the gilded saloons of fashion was wrapt in as fervent adoration as the Irish Exile singing the "songs of his dear native plains" on the banks of the Mississippi or Missouri. In a peculiar and emphatic sense Moore is the poet of music—in truth, his poetry is ideal music. In this character no poet of any age approaches him and few even resemble him. Every one with the slightest susceptibility for music must be aware of the readiness with which some emotions of the mind are excited by it—that there are some sentiments which seem to respond immediately to particular tones, independently of all prescribed or recognized associations of thought. Moore's peculiar skill lay in giving voice to this inarticulate language. Take any of the old Irish airs. He found them associated with unmeaning or worthless words. He detected, by inspiration, the language of the air under the disguise, and so expressed it in verse that the words alone now convey precisely that class of emotions which are suggested by the music. This is one of the rarest faculties. Burns had a little, of it, not much—Beranger a little more, but in Moore it is pre-eminent. He stands above all rivalry in bestowing on an expressive air the gift of articulation. Another characteristic of his poetry is the deep charm of pathos which pervades it. When the heart is predisposed by recent sorrow, or when it dwells on the remembrance of its past emotions—when it is attuned to love, or romance, or gaiety—or to the soft and dreaming sadness which past

illusions leave behind them, then the enchantment of his poetry is peculiarly felt. It penetrates and searches the very heart. We fondly dwell on the peculiar excellencies of our national Poet, though critics have long ago exhausted all that could be said on so fascinating a subject. Moore lives and will live for ever in the Irish Melodies. Indeed, he had a presentiment that Time would deal harshly with all the gorgeous orientalism, the gracefulness, and brilliancy of description of his more ambitious poems, but would spare those magical numbers which will pass from the memories of Irishmen only with the extinction of the Irish race and name.

In the evening a concert was announced, the first part consisting exclusively of Moore's melodies, and at a certain hour of the day, a new cantata by Mr. FERDINAND GLOVER, a young musician of Dublin,—the "Fire worshippers," the words from Moore's well-known poem, was performed. Unfortunately I did not hear of the intended performance, until half an hour after it had taken place, and thus probably lost a musical treat. The journal from which I have previously quoted, gives a favorable opinion of the composition.

"It was" says the critic, "a tribute of native musical genius to the greatest lyric poet who has wedded so sweetly the melodies of his country with immortal verse. As a musical composition the cantata possesses great merit in point of originality and dramatic effects, and some of its passages are marked by vigor and expressiveness, whilst others are exquisitely figurative, tender, and melodious. Some of its strains partake of a great deal of the manner of the modern style of German composition, but in many of the rich and melodious passages with which it abounds we could trace some of the gifted young author's Italian impressions which he no doubt received during his long sojourn in the south of Europe. The concerted passages harmonize beautifully, and evidence in an unmistakable manner Mr. Ferdinand Glover's knowledge of his profession, to which we believe he is destined to be a great ornament. It is admitted on all hands that the cantata is a wonderful musical production for one so young, and gives high promise of future triumphs for him in musical art composition. The performance opened with the contralto recitative, "Tis moonlight over Oman's sea," which was rendered with considerable ability. The quartet, "Sleep on," with its accompaniment, elicited general approbation. The soprano airs, "Oh, what a pure and sacred thing," and "Yes, yes, she cried," are certainly amongst the most beautiful bits of melody we have heard for a considerable time, and were done every justice to by the young lady who sang them. A tenor solo, "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile," and the succeeding chorus, "Fond girl, nor fiend or angel he," were loudly and deservedly applauded. The concluding tenor solo and chorus, "My signal lights, I must away," were very fine, and were effectively given. The cantata, while in some parts it possesses minor faults, on the whole may be regarded as a highly successful effort of musical genius."

The same afternoon I attended an organ exhibition at the Dublin Music Hall, a comfortable but small concert-room. The admission to the body of the house was twopence, and the performance, consisting chiefly of fantasias on Irish melodies, was rather mediocre. The organ is not a new one, having been recently removed from Christ Church, one of the old Dublin Cathedrals, and stands at the rear of the orchestra platform. It is a tolerable instrument, with three banks of keys, the great organ containing two open diapasons, stopped diapason, double diapason, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtera, doublette and trumpet—the choir containing open and stopped diapasons, dulciana and flute; and the swell, open, stopped and double diapasons, dulciana, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, doublette, trumpet and hautboy. There are also two octaves of pedals. To celebrate the erection of this organ in the concert-room, Handel's "Messiah" was performed here a few nights ago, entirely by resident talent.

In the evening I went to the opera house to hear PICCOLOMINI in her great rôle—*La Traviata*. The house was crowded to excess, and the "gods" were rampant as usual. They sang "Wait for the Wagon," and "Old Folks at Home," and "Nelly Bly" in full chorus. They renewed the never-failing combat with the men with white hats, and were vociferous in their denunciations of those who presumed to inspect their movements with the lorgnette; and, indeed, they did not cease their noise until the curtain rose, thus quite drowning the delicate movement for violins with which Verdi prefaces this opera.

The appearance of Piccolomini was the signal for a tremendous ovation, which was renewed when the popular tenor, GIUGLINI, joined the festive company on the boards. He is an ungainly, awkward-looking man, yet appears to be an old stager, and manages his voice with exquisite skill. In the beautiful air, *De miei colanti*, he was encoored; and certainly he made a more effective piece of it than I had supposed possible. He acts with care; but that is all. He seems to have little real histrionic genius; and his voice not being powerful or astonishingly sweet, I cannot help wondering how he can for a moment be compared with Mario. But he is one of those singers, who, while they perform no startling vocal feats, yet improve upon acquaintance, and as he never sings a false note, or allows his attention to be diverted from his rôle, wherever he sings he wins a substantial popularity. Signor BELLETTI, as the Germont père, sang with the finished taste of a true artist. His style is something like that of Giuglini—careful, excellent, and gratifying to the ear, without arousing any sudden outbursts of enthusiasm.

And now, having reserved Piccolomini to the last, I will dismiss her in a few words. We have all heard of her wonderful rendition of the rôle of Violetta—how ladies faint, and men are affected to tears thereby—how brilliant and lively she is in the banquet scenes, how pale and ghastly in the dying passages. Perhaps I had expected too much, or, more probably, my ideas of the rôle had been too completely realized by Gazzaniga's rendering of it, but certain it is, that, acknowledging all the graces of Piccolomini, I have failed to discover in her Violetta that excellence which created such a sensation in London and Paris. To be sure it is a very fine perform-

ance, and vocally superior to that of Gazzaniga; but as an actress the latter surpasses her more famed professional sister. Piccolomini made no point in her entire performance to equal the *Gran Dio! morir si giovane*, with which Gazzaniga so completely electrifies her audience; and I am certain that if the latter were to appear in this rôle in Dublin, she would create a sensation to which the Piccolomini excitement would be as the twittering of a swallow to the full song of a nightingale.

I spoke in my last about the pretensions of the Philadelphians to musical superiority, and it must be admitted that they have some right to feel proud. Here in Dublin I have heard, in a celebrated opera house, the troupe to which the most *distingué* circles of London, the greatest city in the universe, have listened night after night with rapture, and whose successes have been echoed till the names of Piccolomini and Giuglini are as familiar to the ears of lovers of music in America as those of any of our own singers; yet I look back to the magnificent style in which *Traviata* was brought out at the opening of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and cannot help acknowledging, that, both musically and intrinsically, its rendition was vastly superior to that of the great London troupe, while, as to the scenic decorations, the appearance of the house, and the brilliancy of the audience, the Philadelphians are infinitely in the advance.

By the way, we had a "scene" between the acts which I had nearly forgotten to refer to. The "gods" were enjoying themselves as usual, when they were stilled by the sound of a clear, musical voice, that soared far above their Babel of confusion, and in a few moments every other sound was still. A young man was standing in the first row of the upper gallery, and holding up what appeared to be a piece of music, was singing a familiar air which was quickly recognized as the *Di pescatore* of Donizetti's *Lucrezia*. His voice was pleasant, and he sang the Italian words intelligibly. All the house was still; and it was a curious sight to behold the upturned faces below, for every one, both in the orchestra and auditorium, were intently listening to and gazing at the musical "god," the shirt-sleeved Apollo in the gallery. When he ceased, his efforts were applauded vehemently, and honored with a peremptory encore, and again, in response to the vociferous request of the audience to continue, he next attempted the *Libiamo* from *Traviata*. This appeared to be too much for the patience of Arditi; whether he feared that the new singer would outrival his friend Giuglini, or whether he was merely tired of waiting, I cannot tell, but certain it is that he gave a signal to his musicians, they went to work tuning their violins with excruciating fidelity, and the tenor in the gallery was quickly drowned by the scraping of the catgut in the orchestra. Who the ambitious youth was, no one seemed to know; but he really possessed an admirable voice, and sang with considerable feeling. Perhaps in years to come some future Rubini or Mario will refer with pleasure to his first debut one evening in October, in the Year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, in the upper gallery of the Dublin Opera House. Yours, &c., TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 11.—After the manner of all artists, whether *soi-disant* or real, THALBERG

and VIEUXTEMPS have been giving "positively last concerts" without number. But as everything mundane must have an end, the end seems to have come even to these "last things." These concerts were, of course, all built upon the same frame with the previous ones, the only difference being in some of the minor decorations, i. e. the singers and secondary players. They reminded one of a set of old-fashioned variations by Herz or Hüntten, with Thalberg and Vieuxtemps for the theme. And as these compositions, empty, cold and brilliant though they were, could afford a certain sort of enjoyment when executed with perfection, so these concerts, too, please from the excellence of performance which they afford. In point of true music, alas, the one are generally as deficient as the other. The few choice bits with which we are refreshed, only serve to show still more plainly the inferiority, in this respect, of the accompaniments.

FREZZOLINI, D'ANGRI, CAIROLI, GASSIER, ROCCO, LABOCETTA, and a violoncellist rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of FERI KLETZER, were the satellites which clustered around the two planets upon their several last appearances. D'Angri and Rocco, jolly and brimming over with fun, gave us an exquisitely comic duet from the *Italiana in Algeri*. The former won show-ers of applause (which made my heart heavy at the public taste) by her *rrr—rrr—rrr—ratalan*, but also well deserved praise for her wonderful execution in *Nacqui all'affanno*. Frezzolini I heard for the first time at one of these entertainments, and was not very highly edified by her weak voice and not particularly brilliant vocalization. In the latter, indeed, she does not equal the innocent, good-natured little Cairolì. I fancy her forte lies in her acting. Gassier's voice and singing I like better—Labocetta's affectation and grimaces less than ever. Thalberg gave us, among other things, the funeral march of Chopin (such a crescendo!) and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"—both exquisitely. In two duets from the *Huguenots* and *Don Giovanni*, both he and Vieuxtemps surpassed themselves; the *Batti, batti* and several other airs sounded deliciously from the violin of the latter. The two also played accompaniments to the trio from *I Lombardi* in a masterly manner. The second time I heard Vieuxtemps I was a little disappointed, and thought I had been carried away by enthusiasm on my first hearing; but last Thursday my first impression was completely renewed. His rendering of the *Lucia* fantasia is perfection. Could we but hear him in some classic work, or in one of his own great concertos, or even in a quartet, in which, as one of our first musicians tells me, he is really grand!

The Sunday concerts at the Academy, with all the opera forces, vocal and instrumental, Thalberg, and Vieuxtemps, and others to sing and play oratorios, symphonies, &c., are said to be well attended and attractive. I can only regret that they are not on another day. To-night a new music hall, Mozart Hall, is to be opened by a concert of Italian music, given by Mme. LAGRANGE for the benefit of Mlle. HENRIETTE SIMON, to enable her to study in Europe.

Obituary Notice of Thomas Crawford.

[From the Boston Courier.]

It is now a little more than eighteen years since we first heard the name of Thomas Crawford.

Mr. Sumner, in a letter dated from the neighborhood of Rome, July 26, 1839, spoke of him in language which we venture to quote, and which will now be read with melancholy interest on account of its prophetic spirit. "In my last letter dated from Rome I mentioned that there was an American sculptor there, who needed and deserved more patronage than he has. I wish now to call your particular attention to his case, and through you to interest for him such of my friends as you may choose to mention it to. He is Mr. Thomas Crawford of New York; he commenced life humbly; learned something of sculpture in the study of Frazee, where, among other things, he worked upon the heads of Judge Prescott and Judge Story; here he saved some little money and gained a love for his art; and on this capital (of which his devotion to his profession was the larger part) he came abroad to study here the great remains of ancient sculpture. Here he has studied diligently, and formed a pure, classical, and decided taste, loving and feeling the antique and Thorwaldsen. The latter, I have occasion to know, has shown him much kind consideration, which of itself is no mean praise among the thousand young artists of Rome, and from the greatest sculptor of modern times. The three principal English sculptors here, whose names are well known in their own country, though they may not have reached you, speak of Crawford as a remarkable artist. And I will add, that I think he gives promise of doing more than they have done. I have seen his bas-reliefs, the heads he has done, and some of his most important studies. They all show the right direction: they are simple, chaste, firm, and expressive." Then follows a description and high praise of the Orpheus which he was then engaged in modelling.

Crawford, at the date of the letter from which the above extract is taken, was twenty-six years old, having been born in New York in 1813, and he had been for four years a resident of Rome. His life had been up to that time, and was indeed for some years afterwards, one of uncomplaining privation, patient toil, and gallant endurance. He had but few acquaintances beyond the circle of art: his manners were reserved and uncourtly; his commissions were few and small, and there were doubtless many moments when the burden of expectation rested heavily upon him, and his ardent spirit, conscious of unoccupied power, chafed under the discipline of inaction. But his was one of those vigorous natures that are never paralyzed or weakened by the want of present success or immediate recognition. Come what might, he could not and would not be idle. His hands must find something to do; and he would do it with all his might. Many years afterwards, when we were standing with him before the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican, he remarked in a quiet way that he had once made a marble copy of this work, for the sum of four hundred dollars, if we remember right: at any rate, it was an incredibly small sum, such as could hardly have secured to him, during the prosecution of the work, the wages of a day laborer. With a man of such genius, and such resolution, success was simply a question of time.

When Mr. Sumner returned home in 1840, he procured by subscription among his friends the means of sending to Crawford an order for a marble copy of the statue of Orpheus for the Boston Athenæum. This work arrived in the course of the next year, and the admiration it awakened fully justified Mr. Sumner's report of its merits, and at once gave the sculptor a high and sure place in art. The reception of the statue in Boston was an era in his life, such as so frequently occurs in the career of the artist; marking the moment in which the star of his genius begins to rise above the horizon, and to attract the general eye. Commissions now began to come to him in moderate measure. The Cupid, owned by Mr. Jonathan Phillips, the group of Mercury and Pandora, in the possession of Mr. Parker, and the head of Medora, of which Mr. J. J. Dixwell and Prof. Parsons have copies, belong to this period of his life.

In 1844 he came to this country, and in the course of the same year was married to Miss

Louisa Ward, second daughter of the late Samuel Ward, of New York, a union which secured to him the most entire and exquisite happiness, and acted in the most favorable manner alike upon the development of his genius and the ripening of his character. To a reserved and concentrated nature like his, which found little satisfaction in the light pleasures of society, and still less in the riot and excess of that wild life in which so many artists waste their time and impair their powers, the soothing and tranquilizing influences of domestic life were of great importance; and they were given to him in as large measure as the lot of humanity will permit it. From this time forward his whole being turned upon two poles; his art and his home. He worked with impassioned diligence in his studio, and the refreshment which exhausted nature demanded was drawn from the purest and sweetest sources that earth can furnish.

From the date of his marriage his life flowed on in an unbroken current of occupation and peace: his genius every day drawing the materials of growth from the calm air of happiness. His devotion to his art, which had carried him so heroically through his long years of waiting and struggle, kept the firm temper of his spirit from yielding, in the least degree, to the blandishments of comparative ease. Success, recognition, the assurance of work, acted upon Crawford's nature like dew and sunshine upon the flower. With him to be occupied was happiness: to be idle was torture. We never knew a man to whom might be more truly applied that fine illustration of Luther's, which compares the human heart to a millstone which, when wheat is put under it, grinds the wheat, but when there is no wheat there grinds and tears itself. He was never happier, never in higher spirits, than when he had as much to do as could be accomplished only by the most resolute and uninterrupted industry. What to most men would have been a burden was to him only a spur.

The writer of this notice spent the greater part of the winter of 1847-48, and a portion of the spring of 1848, in Rome; and not a day passed without seeing more or less of Crawford. He was then living in the Corso, in a suite of rooms not long afterwards exchanged for the second floor of the Villa Negroni. His studio was in the Piazza Barberini. Two young children were already blooming around his hearth. How busily, how happily, his days went by! In the winter season there are always many Americans resident in Rome; and all who had any claims were received at his house with that cordial and sincere hospitality which brought back to the wanderer's heart the sweet sensations of home. How distinctly do these pictures of the past rise up before the mind's eye! the pleasant room, lighted up with the genial wood fire; the warm grasp of the outstretched hand; the beaming smile, that was a heart-smile as well as a lip-smile; the sweet, stammering Italian of the little girl, not forgetting the friendly wag of Carlo's tail—a good dog—but who would hunt the sheep on the Campagna, and always came back from our walks with one end of his master's handkerchief tied to his collar, and a very penitent expression in his pendulous ears.

Crawford was at that period busily engaged in his profession, but not so absorbed by it that he could not give to us many precious and profitable hours of companionship. With him we rambled in long walks over the Campagna, visited the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol, and explored all the highways and bye-ways of Rome; listening to his instructive conversation on Art, and to those fresh and interesting revelations of Italian life and manners which his long residence in the land and his familiar acquaintance with its people so well qualified him to make. Occasionally, too, though rarely, he would let drop an incidental reminiscence or two of his own early struggles and privations, but in the most simple and natural way, as one not disposed to magnify or parade his claims to sympathy on that behalf. Should we ever visit Rome again, there would hang over its temples and fragments a more pensive shade than that cast by those solemn teachings of Time which address all experiences alike:—

"But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We live by memory and hope: in the sharp sense of present bereavement, in the consciousness that a light has been taken away from the path of life, let us not forget what we have had. Those vanished hours are forever locked in the heart, and cannot be taken from it till it has ceased to beat. If "a thing of beauty be a joy forever," still more so is the memory of the precious moments passed in full communion and deep sympathy with a noble and affectionate nature, by whose influence our own was quickened, elevated and inspired.

In 1849, Crawford visited America with his family, and remained here some months. While he was here, the State of Virginia invited competition from artists for a monument in honor of Washington, and he was induced to enter the lists. The design which he presented was at once preferred to all others, and we believe without a dissenting voice among those upon whom the duty of selection was devolved. He felt, and, with the frank simplicity of his nature, expressed, great pleasure in this success. It was, indeed, the crowning triumph of his life, and gave him entire assurance that all his future was sure, both in comprehension and occupation. His genius had hitherto moved exclusively in the region of the beautiful: there, indeed, it was at home, and no artist's imagination was ever more fruitful than his in shapes of loveliness and grace; but in the core of his heart there was a deep longing for the opportunity of soaring into the higher sphere of the grand, the heroic, the sublime. He had an instinctive conviction—and it was a true one—that his best strength lay here. The execution of the monument to Washington called forth and tasked all his faculties; and he addressed himself to his work with no misgiving or self-distrust, but with the serene composure of a mature and disciplined mind, perfectly conscious of its powers, and calmly welcoming the occasion that taxed them to the utmost. Several private commissions, of a most gratifying kind, were given to him; the statue of James Otis, for the Mount Auburn Chapel, was entrusted to him; and, at a later period, a new and proud professional triumph was won by him when he was selected to execute so many of the works in sculpture designed for the embellishment of the Capitol.

From his return to Rome, in 1849, till his last fatal illness, his life was one of intense and incredible labor; and the amount of work he accomplished was proportionably great. His toil was commonly protracted far into the night, and sometimes extended into the morning hours. In the space of eighteen months, if we remember rightly, he designed and modelled upwards of twenty statues,—some of them of heroic size,—an achievement to which the annals of art hardly afford a parallel. Without doubt, he worked too hard, and overtasked his powers, though we believe the disease of which he died had no connection with this fact. The Washington Monument, his labors for the Capitol, the noble statue of Beethoven, the group of the Children in the Wood, the Hebe and Ganymede, were executed during this period. A long life of the highest achievement, crowned with the most enduring triumphs, seemed to be before him; for he was of a vigorous frame, and, with the exception of one of those fevers incident to Rome, his residence in that city had been marked by uninterrupted health. But it was not so ordained; and the summons went forth to withdraw from earth the light of his genius just as it had reached its full meridian height.

He came to America in 1856, and returned to Italy in the autumn of the same year, leaving his family behind him. Knowing how severe and protracted his toils had been, we were struck with the unworn vigor and energy which animated his countenance and beamed from his movements. There had always been the stamp of power upon his presence, but it had never seemed so marked as now. There was no touch of languor or weariness in him: there was not a fibre in all his frame which did not seem informed with vital force. His spirits, too, were high and

radiant; hope and joy were sparkling upon his crest; and there was in him a delightful mixture of grand manly power and boyish lightheartedness. He had grown in all things since we last saw him. With what delight, admiration, and pride we looked upon him! What a glorious future we saw before him! But even then the shaft of death had been sped to its mark.

During the latter weeks of his residence here his friends had observed a slight protusion of the left eye. This proved to be the first indication of a cancerous tumor upon the brain. The evil kept slowly but steadily increasing after his return to Rome in the autumn. He made light of it, at first, in his letters to his wife; and probably he wrote as he felt; for he had a brave spirit, and never anticipated or magnified trouble. But he was soon obliged to bow his head under the weight of the burden that was imposed upon him. Sadly and reluctantly he laid aside his chisel, and turned away from his unfinished plans, but could not yield to the conviction that his earthly work was done. He was tenderly and carefully nursed by a beloved sister, with whom his relations had always been of the most intimate and affectionate character. But we need not recount in detail the successive steps of a long path of sorrow growing darker at every moment. The seat of his disease was examined by an operation in Rome, but with no very hopeful result. In compliance with the advice of his physician, he was removed to Paris, where he was joined by his wife; but there, after due examination, his case was pronounced beyond the resources of surgical skill. From Paris he was taken to London in the hope that something might be done for him by a distinguished medical gentleman, a countryman also, who had long given particular attention to the disease under which he was languishing. The first results of the new treatment gave birth to a few faint gleams of hope; but the dark cloud soon settled over him again. His decline was gradual; for his powerful constitution and strong will fought inch by inch against the foe of life. His sufferings were most severe and protracted; but they were most patiently and heroically borne. His sickness, indeed, brought out traits of character not suspected by those who knew him but superficially. He was of a naturally impatient spirit, and sometimes chafed at trifles; but underneath this external impressibility there lay a deep heart of reserved endurance and fortitude; and now, when the trial had gone so far beyond the temperament, and the great burden was laid upon the inner soul, it was serenely and calmly borne, as God's appointment, at which no child of his should murmur. The noblest work of his hands—his *Washington* or *Beethoven*—was not nobler than the grandeur of his death. On the 10th of October, after nearly a year of suffering, the merciful summons of relief came.

Crawford's whole life and entire powers were given to his art. From his very boyhood he had no other hope, purpose, or aspiration, than to be a sculptor. No stone-cutter ever labored in his trade more assiduously and steadily than he did in his studio; and thus, in considering his claims to be remembered and honored, we are, first of all, to ask what is his rank in his art? To this question there can be but one answer: that it is very high. About his exact comparative place there may be a difference of opinion; but there can be no difference among candid minds as to his positive rank. In our judgment there is no sculptor in modern times who can be pronounced his superior, unless, perhaps, Thorwaldsen may be excepted—we do not speak of Rauch, as we have not had the opportunity of seeing his works—and had Crawford lived to the age of the great Scandinavian, posterity would have given him, at least, as high a place upon the roll of fame. But this is vague commendation, though strong: he deserves a more discriminating praise.

[Conclusion next week.]

Notes on a Passage in Hawkins's History of Music.

By A. W. THAYER.

The passage relates to *HANDEL*; is found in vol. V., (original ed.) pp. 266-7, and is as fol-

lows, save the letters which I have inserted for subsequent reference:—

The reception which Handel met with from Steffani was such as made a lasting impression upon his mind; the following is the manner in which he related it to the author of this work:—

(a) "When I first arrived at Hanover I was a young man under twenty; (b) I was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and he had heard of me; (c) I understood somewhat of music, and," putting forth both his broad hands, and extending his fingers, "could play pretty well on the organ; (d) he received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the princess Sophia and the Elector's son, giving them to understand that I was what he was pleased to call a virtuoso in music; (e) he obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behavior during my residence at Hanover; (f) and being called from the city to attend to matters of a public concern, he left me in possession of that favor and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years."

When one reads this statement, as given by honest though not seldom inaccurate Sir John Hawkins, the air of truth which pervades it is such that he takes every word for gospel; and, indeed, according to Hawkins's chronology of Handel's early years, it is consistent enough with the rest of the history. But turning to Schœlcher, and fixing the chronology as he has done by the dates of Handel's own MSS., the tale becomes one succession of absurdities. Let us compare the two chronologies.

Hawkins. Schœlcher.

| | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Handel in Berlin,..... | 1698 |1696 |
| Produces <i>Almira</i> ,..... | 1698-9..... | 1705 |
| Leaves Hamburg,..... | 1701-2..... | 1706 |
| Produces <i>Roderigo</i> , in <i>Florence</i> ,.... | 1702 |1706-7 |
| Comes to Hanover, (under 20)..... | 1704 |1709 |
| Goes to England,..... | 1710 |1710 |

Dwell for a moment upon the story in the light of Schœlcher's dates.

(a) Upon his arrival in Hanover, towards the close of 1709, he was not *under*, but nearly five years *over*, twenty. (b) Was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and Steffani had *heard* of him; and yet, say Mr. Schœlcher and other authorities, the two had become personally acquainted in Venice in 1707. Absurd. (c.) Handel knew something of music, and could play pretty well upon the organ;—was that all he could say of himself after all his Hamburg and Italian compositions for the stage, the church, and the concert room? Absurd. (d) Steffani introduces him as a *virtuoso*. What! a mere instrumental performer, when he had known him as the Rosini of his day, making a triumphal tour through Italy? Absurd. (e.) Steffani obliged him with instructions for his conduct and behavior while at Hanover, and this after being the guest of cardinals and princes for three years in the most polished cities of Italy! Absurd.

Are we, then, to conclude the story to be a fabrication of honest Sir John? Schœlcher seems to think so. He says (p. 428) "Hawkins pretends to have been told by Handel himself," &c. On the other hand, I believe every word of it, making allowance for a mistake which I hope to be able to explain before I get through. There is hardly a member of that system which used to revolve around Dr. Johnson so well known to the readers of this generation as Hawkins; and though we know him to have been often inaccurate and mistaken, we also know that when he positively states that Handel told him so and so, he is worthy of that perfect confidence which unblemished

honor and unsuspected veracity always inspires. There is a mistake in Hawkins in this matter, that's clear; but what is it? I think it to be one which Mr. Schœlcher and all the authorities have followed; i. e., the statement, a few sentences before, in these words: "He determined to return to Germany. He had no particular attachment to any city, but *having never seen Hanover, he bent his way thither.*" The error is, I venture to suggest, in making Handel's visit to Hanover after his return from Italy his first appearance there. If we suppose him to have been in that city in 1703, the whole story becomes perfectly clear and rational; and this I suggest as a fact which has escaped the biographers, but which is not susceptible of positive proof from any authorities which are at hand. Still there seems to be enough collateral evidence in my possession to confirm Hawkins's positive assertion that Handel told him he was in Hanover before he was twenty years of age.

Let us examine the passage again, clause by clause. (a.) The idioms of a man's native language will invariably exercise more or less influence upon his expressions, when talking in a foreign tongue. If Handel's words had been "the first time I visited Hanover," they would have been an exact translation of the *meaning* of a German phrase the *words* of which he would naturally translate "when I first arrived," and Hawkins would have doubtless so understood him, had he not previously become impressed with the idea that this first visit was after the Italian tour. At all events, he has given us the right date, 1703; and if Handel really was under twenty upon his first arrival, my theory would be correct. We know, from the date of the death of Handel's father, 1697, as given by Schœlcher, that the young musician had returned from Berlin at least six years before his appearance at the organ in Hamburg, where Mattheson made his acquaintance on the 9th of July, 1703. Now, during all this six years we know absolutely nothing of him, beyond some obscure intimations from his biographers that he resumed his studies with Zuckau, and gave lessons, except what Telemann has recorded. Let us examine Telemann, employing his autobiography as given in Mattheson's *Ehrenpforte*.

He was born at Magdeburg—now-a-days three hours by railroad due east of Hanover—March 14th, 1681. At thirteen years of age he went to Zellerfeld (across the brook from Clausthal) in the Hartz Mountains. In his seventeenth year he crossed the Hartz and entered the Gymnasium at Hildesheim, where he composed much music, yet took the third place in his class of 150 pupils, making the works of *Steffani*, *Rosenmüller*, *Corelli*, and *Caldara* his models. "The two neighboring musical establishments at Hanover and Brunswick," says he, "which I visited upon extraordinary festivals, during all the fairs and often besides, gave me the opportunity to learn to know and distinguish in the former the French, in the latter the theatrical style—in both especially the Italian." Finally he wished for a "higher school," and returned to Magdeburg to make arrangements to go to Leipzig to study law. His musical studies were so distasteful to his widowed mother, that he left all his instruments and music at home, and, he adds, "took my way in 1701 toward Leipzig, having upon the journey very nearly taken the poison of music again in Halle, through the ac-

quaintance of the already at that time powerful George Fried. Handel." He relates how he became plunged again into musical matters, and at last obtained his mother's consent to devote himself to music; how he wrote a piece for the church every fortnight, and soon was made director of the opera, for which he began to compose; and then says "the pen of the excellent Johann Kuhnau served me as a model in fugue and counterpoint; but in melodic movements and their examination, Handel and I had constant occupation in the frequent visits we paid each other, as well as in our correspondence." (Halle and Leipzig are 24 miles only apart.)

In their intercourse with each other did not Telemann describe to his friend—four years younger than he—what he had seen and heard at Hanover and Brunswick? describe Steffani and his music, the bands, orchestras, and operatic company of those cities? Strange if he did not; still stranger if Handel was not excited by what he heard.

There is no intimation whatsoever of the duration of this acquaintance between the two young composers—nothing to show that Handel was still in Halle as late as 1703. We only know that on the 9th of July that year he was in the organ-loft of the Mary Magdalen church in Hamburg, and met Mattheson there, who took him home with him. Now how did he get there? and why?

Let us answer the last question first. Handel's genius was essentially dramatic. He had had a taste of Opera when a child in Berlin. His intercourse with Telemann must have fanned the flame; and his friend's position—at the head of an opera, although so young—must have given a powerful impulse to his ambition. The little town of Halle—whose university had only existed since 1694—could give little opportunity for the display of his abilities, for the attainment of wealth and a position, or for study. But circumstances had decided him for opera, just as they had at this precise time decided for Bach—less than four weeks younger than he—his destiny as the great contrapuntist and writer for the church.

But whither shall Handel turn his steps? Leipzig, with its few operas during the time of its annual fairs, and with young Telemann as their director, was exhausted; Brunswick, so far as we know the history of that stage at that time, could offer no very great inducements for an extended residence; Berlin was distant, and, as well as Dresden, given up to the Italians, with composers and musicians who were appointees of the Court, and tied to their duties—not therefore places for the independent Handel. Hamburg, on the other hand, was a free city; its German Opera was then the finest in Germany, and, above all, it had Reinhard Keiser as its composer.

Hasse, who was for many years during the middle of the last century, after the wane of Handel and before the rise of Gluck, altogether the greatest of the then living operatic composers, was for some years tenor singer under Keiser. His testimony in his last years was that Keiser "was the greatest composer that ever lived," and yet he had sung in Handel's works, knew them thoroughly, and refused to visit England to compete with him. This, then, was why Handel went to Hamburg. Now how did he go?

In those days, as now, upon leaving Halle, he would travel north by the great road to Köthen, and thence to Magdeburg. Here two ways were

open to him: to take a boat, and float down the long, tedious windings of the Elbe, or follow the great post road to Brunswick, where he might hear the music which Telemann had doubtless so often described to him, and thence onward to Hanover, where he might see Steffani and hear the "music in the French style." From Hanover the road was almost due north to Hamburg. There was little if any difference in the distance by these two routes. There can be little doubt which route Handel chose.

(b) "I was acquainted with Steffani's merits, and he had heard of me." Of course Telemann, who had been so often in Hanover, and who had made Steffani's works his models, had made his friend well acquainted with that singer and composer's merits; and, on the other hand, the story of the wonderful boy who had astonished the Court and composers of Berlin could not be unknown to him. But how absurd the statement if they had met before the time referred to in Venice! But they did *not* meet in Venice. Steffani was busy all those years in North Germany with his music and politics, as we shall see.

(c) This clause needs no farther comment.

(d) "He received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the princess Sophia," &c. This princess was married to Frederick William, Swine the First, of Prussia in 1708, and removed to Berlin. Handel's introduction to her therefore *must* have been before his Italian journey.

(e) This clause also requires no farther comment.

(f) We come now to the resignation of the Kapellmeistership by Steffani in Handel's favor. Mainwaring (1760) originates the story of Handel's having made the acquaintance of Steffani in Venice. His words are: "This person (whose character is elegantly sketched by a lover of his Art and friend to his memory) he had seen at Venice, the place of his nativity." Again: "Those who are inclined to see a fuller account of him may consult those Memoirs of his life, consisting, indeed, of a very few pages, but sufficient to do him great honor." I know nothing farther of these memoirs; but in 1764 an article appeared in the "Hamburgischer Journal," copied in 1784 into Forkel's "Musikalischer Almanach," which I suppose to be a translation of the memoirs in question. This article expressly states that the information is mostly derived from Handel, "dem man auch das meiste von den Lebensumständen des Steffani zu verdanken hat." Hawkins says the same in his sketch of Steffani, (History, vol. IV., p. 287.) He evidently uses the same memoirs.

Steffani was born, then, according to Handel, at Castelfranco, a small city in the Venetian territory; proved, as he grew up, to have a fine tenor voice and genius for music, and, while still "in his teens," went to Munich to sing and study with Bernabei. There he was invited by Ernest August, father of King George I., to Hanover, to take the place of Kapellmeister, notwithstanding he had taken orders in the Catholic church, and was nominally a priest. Several of his operas were performed not only in Hanover, but in Hamburg, before the year 1700.

In the meantime Steffani had entered upon a new phase of his career. In 1689 the Emperor proposed the elevation of the Duke of Brunswick to the dignity of Elector, but soon had the Cath-

olic Electors of Cologne, Treves, and the Pfalz arrayed in opposition. Through the skill of Steffani, the Catholic, however, their opposition was conquered, and the dignity nominally conferred, for Ernest August died without taking his seat in the Electoral College. The matter was kept along for several years, and not until 1708—note the date—was George, the successor of Ernest, admitted to that body. Steffani was recognized as a statesman, and from this date produced no music in his own name, that of Gregorio Pina, his copyist, being used in its stead. But the Elector's aims were not yet fully reached; he sought also the dignity of Archtreasurer of the Empire. In 1710* this wish was fulfilled, and Steffani received his reward in the form of a handsome annuity, (for those days,) and the Pope made him Bishop of Spiga—a place, according to Heglin, in Asia Minor, by other authorities in the Spanish West Indies. At all events, he never had occasion to visit it. Now Hawkins, Forkel, Gerber, Schilling, the Dictionary of Musicians, all agree, upon Handel's authority professedly, that Steffani resigned his Kapellmeistership in 1708. Forkel's words—copied from the Hamburg Journal, 1764—are: "In the year 1708 he fully resigned his Kapellmeistership. This he did principally out of good will towards Herr Handel, whom we must thank for the most of the circumstances of Steffani's Life."

That is, when Steffani's efforts were crowned with success, and George took his seat in the Electoral College, the event was a glorious one for the diplomatist; and he might well ignore his former position, and resign in favor of Handel. But Handel at this time (1708) is composing music in Naples, as Mr. Schœlcher has fully proved. Steffani has *not* known him in Venice, as we have already stated; first, because we find him too much occupied to make the journey thither during Handel's residence there; secondly, because such a journey is nowhere intimated; and, thirdly, because we read in the sketch just quoted as follows: "Steffani had been so long away from his native land that in 1729 he felt a desire to visit his relations. He passed the winter in Italy," &c.

All agree, however, Mr. Schœlcher with them, that Steffani had personally known Handel before he resigned in his favor. He knew him, then, before his departure for Italy. Now in those days people did not go about soliciting Kapellmeisterships, or engagements as composers. They were called to these offices. Steffani was called from Munich to Hanover, Telemann from Leipzig to Hamburg and Frankfort, &c., Attilio and Bononcini to London. Hasse was called from Venice to Dresden, and afterwards to London, Keiser to Copenhagen, &c. So Steffani, knowing the talents of Handel, and keeping himself informed of his career in Italy, especially if "a certain Baron Kilmanseck" was then there enjoying the composer's acquaintance as is stated, would naturally, upon laying down his musical honors and duties, advise the appointment of the rising young man as his successor. On my theory that Handel was in Hanover in 1703, and probably also on his return from Hamburg home, on his way to Italy, there ceases to be any difficulty in these dates.

[Conclusion next week.]

* I should state that according to Knight's Penny Encyclopædia George received this dignity in 1706; but I prefer my German authorities, and make it 1710.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 14, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

[In recalling last week one of our own old newspaper sketches (1851) of this great Oratorio, (provoked thereto by the strange literal coincidence of a London article of a later date, cited by M. Schœlcher,) we quite forgot that we had used its principal sentences a few months afterwards as the germ of a more extended analysis of the entire Oratorio, which appeared in *Sartain's Magazine*, for January, 1852. It was from this latter, doubtless, that the London critic stole his plumage.

Probably the article in *Sartain* found few readers here, though it could boast of at least one in England. The day for "Israel in Egypt" had not yet come with us unmusical Americans. The performance in 1851, by our Boston Musical Education Society, (to whose efforts, at the instance of those enterprising and excellent leaders, Messrs. Webb and Mason, we owed the pleasure that moved us to write about it,) was not of course appreciated at half its value, and excited but a short-lived interest outside of a very narrow circle. To-day the circumstances are changed. Handel is now one of the absorbing topics. The great Festival of the past year in London, and our own in Boston, the new Biography of the composer, the fresh perception of the grandeur of his "Israel" awakened now in England, and the fact that our own Handel and Haydn Society have taken hold of it in earnest, and are studying it with the hope of bringing it out on a sufficiently grand scale, all tend to draw to it that amount of expectation and attention which must surely make its greatness recognized and felt.

We would do all in our power to call attention to this noble music,—too happy could we excite the musical public, or the singers, to seek a closer and a deeper insight into the marvellous beauties and excellencies of such a work of Art. And as we hardly dare to risk a second experiment, in the way of descriptive analysis; we shall be pardoned for falling back upon the first, which seems to us to have been not altogether unsuccessful, and for summoning from the shades of the old Magazine the unnoticed or forgotten article. What follows is essentially just that; only we reserve to ourselves the privilege of adding, subtracting, altering, as the new impressions of the music may suggest.]

It is always good to inhale the bracing mountain air of Handel. His music beats with the strong pulse of a wholesome, humanitarian, universal feeling. He knows not how to be otherwise than strong;—strong in faith, in conception, and in will, and large in sympathies. Really, if you study him in his music (where along it is fair to read the character of a musician), he is one of the strongest and largest representative men of our race. He has expressed, in the enduring form of Art, what the whole race in common needs to have expressed; he has done his full share to keep alive the noblest hopes, to strengthen the inmost, unsectarian faith, and to promote the noblest destinies, of Man, the image of his Maker. Will not after ages look upon him as a sort of prophet?—for surely it required a prophet so to illuminate and, as it were, revivify the grandest texts of Scripture, as he has done in his music:—Music, which alone solves the problem of a universal language.

No theme ever seems too great for Handel. He moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea; and he perfectly reconciles miracle with humanity,—with the deep, common instincts of the race. In the bold certainty and inexhaustibleness of his

inspirations, he calls up the image of the old prophet, who smote the rock, and the waters gushed forth.

Perhaps our readers will not be wholly uninterested by some feeble reminiscences (feeble indeed must all attempts in words be to reproduce the impressions of music!) of his great Oratorio—"Israel in Egypt." The piece is mainly a series of colossal choruses, describing the plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the triumphant delivery of the Israelites, with great anthems of praise, built upon the song of Miriam. These are very individual and descriptive in their character, from the sublime to the sometimes (not offensively) grotesque. It is music to make one grow strong, as he sits and listens. The sentiment of the work is too great, too universal, for any but the amplest chorus treatment.

Seeking in the natural world a type for the great choruses of "Israel in Egypt," we think of the solemn, tranquil grandeur of our own "White Mountains." It is almost exclusively a mountain chain of immense choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative, and a very few green vales of song, into which we are permitted to peep. These choruses are all wonderful specimens, in their way, of most consummate musical treatment, whether in plain, solid counterpoint, or in all the intricacies and beautiful "hide-and-seek" of fugue. But there is a poetic force of conception in them, that still more commends them. Each is unlike the others. Each perfectly embodies a spiritual and an outward experience, uttering an emotion, and painting an image or a scene. Hear "Israel in Egypt," and you will discover that there may be poetry, there may be feeling and dramatic pathos in the severe and, as many suppose, dry, cold, merely technical form of a strict fugue. * * * *

There is no overture or orchestral introduction. The origin of the whole matter is simply and briefly laid open in two lines of recitative, (No. 1.) by a tenor voice: *Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph; and he set over Israel task-masters, to afflict them with burdens; and they made them serve with rigor.*

Here is the cause: now for the effect, which is portrayed on a vast and gloomy field in a great double chorus, or chorus for two choirs, (No. 2.) which is in C minor. In long, slow notes of six-four measure, the altos of the first choir begin, with their rich and sad low tones: *And the children of Israel sighed, sighed by reason of the bondage.* They pause two measures, which are filled up by the steady, heavy movement of the instruments, and then all the female voices of both choirs add, in unison: *And their cry came up unto God.* Another pause: then in shorter, equal notes, the sopranos climb the scale, an octave or more, by stages, with tenors accompanying, to the words, *They oppressed them with burdens, and made them serve,* holding upon the high G on the word *serve*, while the altos echo the movement in their way, the sopranos adding emphatically twice, as they go on, *with rigor*; and then the basses fill all up below with the preceding figure: *And their cry, &c.* From this point all the choral floods swell onwards, and all the figures are mingled together in those complicated forms of counterpoint, which, of course, it is useless to attempt to describe. Once it gives way, indeed, to the sighs with which the altos opened, this time with the full, mournful harmony of all the voices; one

choir still utters the sighs at intervals, while voice after voice of the other begin again to roll in the burden of the second subject, *They oppressed, &c.*, which is soon rejoined in all the basses by the third subject, *And their cry*, and all the subjects are worked up together as before. One more pause, and the chorus closes with a grand simplicity, by the whole mass of voices blending in a few bars of plain and solid harmony, in long-drawn notes, upon the words, *And their cry came up, came up, unto God.* The grandeur of this chorus warns you of still greater grandeur coming. Miracle begins not yet; but here is the call, the deep, sufficient cause, the looking up, for miracle. The mind is brought into a disposition to expect it—it is prepared for it by being made first to feel the Infinite within itself,—by being put in sympathy with the oppressed, and led with them to make the appeal from the natural to the supernatural, in obedience to that sense of justice and of order which relates us with both worlds. This chorus is the solemn portal by which Handel introduces us believably into the realm of wonders.

No. 3. Recitative, tells of Moses and Aaron showing signs, and turning their waters into blood; which is followed by the remarkable single chorus in G minor, *They loath-ed to drink*, whose fugal subject, passed from voice to voice, and multiplied through all the forms of chromatic counterpoint, sickens excessively through the continually-echoed interval of the "extreme flat seventh."

But from this imagination of disgust we are soon humorously relieved by one of those pleasant freaks of Handel's happy fancy. Presto! what frolicsome, grotesque hops and jumps between the figures of the violins! There is no mistaking the subject of the air (mezzo-soprano) which follows this droll prelude: *Their land brought forth frogs; yea, even in their king's chambers*: how the voice prolongs and plays upon the first syllable of that word *chambers*! The strain grows more sober at the thought of the cattle given over to the pestilence; but the frogs hop back in the accompaniment, and wind up with a merry ritornel. This hop-skip-and-jump song fitly precedes the double chorus, No. 6, which is in the same vein, and happily suggests the universally-pervading presence of the small plague which it describes. *He spake the word*, is uttered in strong unison of the male voices; and *there came all manner of flies*: answer the silvery sopranos and altos, with their light and airy harmony; and the whole air swarms and shivers with the fine demi-semi-quavers of the violins. The fiat and the image are several times repeated, now alternately, and now in simultaneous distribution among the various voices. The heat of the movement increases, till, at last, the orchestral basses are stirred up from their depths, and roll along, like the roar of a fire across a prairie, to express the all-devouring plague of locusts. Here is a success which one would have pronounced impossible in music. Another composer could not have handled such a conception with any hope of not coming off flatly ridiculous; but the Handelian health and vigor could riot in the full humor of the thought, and dare to paint the images so literally, without violating the dignity of Art. It has been well suggested that Haydn doubtless "had been a close observer of this and other descriptive figures of Handel; and it is very pro-

bable that he caught the idea of the sporting of the leviathan, the crawl of the worm, the bounding of the stag, the tread of the heavy beast, and other passages of dangerous precedent, from his great predecessor."

No. 7. Now the creative energy of our composer is thoroughly roused; his resources are no more exhausted by this last effort than are the vials of the heavenly wrath. Look out for worse than locusts now; a pure elemental tempest, a wholly awful and sublime type of destroying force. The orchestra arrests attention to the hush before a storm, with now and then a big raindrop, then pattering notes that increase thicker and thicker, till out bursts the famous "Hailstone Chorus." How simple, but terrifically graphic in its movement! *Fire, mingled with the hail, ran along the ground!* There is nothing intricate in its construction, the vocal masses are soon possessed by its crackling momentum, and it almost "runs along" of itself.

No. 8. As opposite from the last as possible is the next chorus: *He sent a thick darkness.* The dull, groping, chromatic harmony with which the instruments prepare the thought, is as far from commonplace as the most modern modulations of Spohr or Mendelssohn, and almost makes you shudder. Voice after voice, uttering separately little fragments of the sentence, in recitative style, make the bewilderment appalling; and how palpable that darkness, when the instruments at last drop away, and in distinct unison the bass voices pronounce: *which might be FELT!*

We shall resume the thread next week.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The musical waters are beginning to stir. They could not always stand congealed by "panic." Some of the safer, smaller ventures in the way of concerts are announced; and these, though small, are of the best kind, sweet to the core. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give us classical string quintets, quartets, trios, &c., and revive the best thoughts of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, at Chickering's saloon, which, thank heaven, is not yet turned into a court room. Their prices are reduced, their audience is always found among those who value music beyond mere amusement,—and an hour spent with Beethoven as spent *with* and not *away from* the Muse. The night of the first concert will soon be fixed. The Club have also made arrangements for a series of six (lighter) concerts at Jamaica Plain, and a short private series (classical) at Cambridge. They are also considering the plan of giving cheap popular concerts in the city, several times a week, at Mercantile Hall.... Read, below, the programme of the first "ORPHEUS" concert, to be given at the Melodeon next Saturday evening. A more sterling and more fresh selection of truly genial pieces has never yet been offered us. The beautiful ensemble of the male choir, as well as the fine solo-singing of Miss DOANE, Mr. KREISSMAN, the Messrs. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, and others, will surely give delight. By the way, we were amused at finding the following in the Boston correspondence of the Philadelphia *City Item*:

The concerts about to commence are not by any *Orphan's* Glee Club, as my last letter read, but by the *Orphans*, whose triumph at the convocation of German singers in Philadelphia, last summer, will be recalled to mind.

We beg to assure this writer that the "Orpheus Glee Club" are no *orphans*; Boston is not ashamed to father them; besides, they are true sons of *Vaterland*.... The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Philharmonic Socie-

ty lead off this season in orchestral concerts. Their first takes place this evening, with Mr. EISEL as conductor, and with a programme which it does one's heart good to read, containing as it does Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Weber's to *Oberon*. If it succeeds, shall not our own orchestra take courage? People, it seems, can go to the Ballet. Every night this week has the Boston Theatre been *filled*, with enthusiastic witnesses of the exquisite harmonies of motion presented by the Ronzani Troupe.

In New York the smouldering embers of Italian Opera still flare up with occasional *Trovatore* flashes. (for now Italian Opera means *Trovatore*, with a few equally hacknied alternatives.) The last was called a "star performance," when BIGNARDI sang the troubadour; LAGRANGE, the lady-love; D'ANGRI the gipsy; GASSIER, the cruel count, &c. Signor BIGNARDI, who made his debut in *Rigoletto*, the *Courier & Enquirer* says, "is the happy possessor of that rare gift, a decided, pure, yet manly tenor voice. Its quality is as fine, with two exceptions, as any that we have heard: he delivers it with great freedom and purity: his style is severely chaste, and his method of singing is formed in the most correct Italian school. Added to all this (perhaps by reason of it) his enunciation is distinct and clear—a great aid to pure vocalization in the highest style. Mr. Bignardi sang on Wednesday night with feeling, though hardly with fervor: but the opera gave him little opportunity for passionate utterance."... VIEUXTEMPS, THALBERG, and Mme. FREZZOLINI, it seems, only looked at Boston this week, but went (on second thought) to Philadelphia. The concert managers cannot lay down their course with any certainty until the storm passes. "Germania Rehearsals" (after the model of the Germanians) appear to find encouragement in the City of Brotherly Love. They play waltzes, overtures, and now and then an extract from a Beethoven symphony. CARL SENZ—whilome the drummer, whose drumming used to reflect the intention of the whole music, and not merely pound out the time—now wields the bâton to the delight of the young and pretty Philadelphians.

CHARLES ZEUNER, well-known in Boston for so many years, one of the best-educated musicians and organists in America, the author of the only thing like an original collection of psalmody, "The American Harp," committed suicide in Philadelphia, where he has resided for some years past. He was about sixty years of age, and his friends had been distressed about him on account of his interest in Spiritualism.

An Organ concert took place at the Beneficent Congregational Church in Providence, last Wednesday evening, when the new organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city, was "opened" to the delight of a fine audience. Mr. G. W. MORGAN, organist of Grace Church, New York, performed Variations by Hesse, the Wedding March by Mendelssohn, an Andante, Minuet and Trio by Mozart, a chorus from "Israel in Egypt," the overture to "Oberon," a Fugue by Bach (in G minor), and other things less worthy of the instrument.

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Respectfully inform their friends and subscribers that their FIRST CONCERT (of the series of Three) will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 21, at the Melodeon, under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN, on which occasion they will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, and Mr. WM. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I
1—Chorus of Priests (Magic Flute) Mozart
2—Duet (Cosi fan tutte) Mozart
3—Trio, with Chorus (Euryanthe) Weber
4—Aria (Fidelio) Beethoven
5—Terzet (Entführung) Mozart
- PART II.
6—Wandering Song Mendelssohn
7—Solo, Violin, 10th Air Variée De Beriot
8—Prayer before Battle Weber
9—Waltz (to be sung) Vogl
10—The Forest Haeser

Subscription Lists may be found at the music stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, E. H. Wade, and Oliver Ditson & Co.; also at N. D. Cotton's store. Single tickets at 50 cents each can be had at the same places, and at the door on the evening. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

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Oct. 19, 1857.

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Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends.

For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

LUCIA,—PIANO SOLO.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have just published—The Opera of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Piano Solo, being the Ninth volume of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." In Press, LUCREZIA BORGIA, Piano Solo, of the same series.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

HISTORICAL REMARKS INTRODUCTORY TO AN EXPLANATION OF
BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE SONATAS.*

The SONATA is the most comprehensive and the most peculiar product in the field of pure piano-forte music. It is its greatest task, its highest goal. The idea of Beauty, the essence of all works of Art, may also realize itself upon the mere piano, but most perfectly only in the most perfect form.

Such must we consider the Sonata form. The establishment of this proposition upon grounds of musical theory has been undertaken by MARX, in the third part of his "Theory of Musical Composition," and with the most complete success. Marx here develops the single forms of piano music in organic sequence; he begins with the *Etude*, then turns to the *Fantasia*, to the *Variation*, to the *Rondo*, and at last reaches the *Sonata*, as the highest, ripest form. By a different method KRUEGER, in his "Contributions to the Life and Science of Music," arrives at this result. In the chapter, "Scientific Theory of Art," in which he subjects Marx's system to a critique, he lays down, under a reference to Marx, a scheme of musical Morphology (doctrine of forms), as whose point of departure, or criterion, he denotes the Song form, and in the following manner: "First, what precedes the Song form, viz. the *Prelude*, the *Toccata*, the *Fantasia*;—second, the Song form, including *Variation*, *Rondo*, *Fugue*;—third, that which goes beyond the Song form, the combination of several developed song forms, the *Sonata*, the

Symphony. Krüger, then, makes the *Prelude*, the *Song*, and the *Sonata* the three fundamental forms, out of which, in his opinion, all the others are developed.—But what more striking proof can there be, that the Sonata should be regarded as the highest product in the field of piano-forte music, than the living works themselves, to whose consideration the following pages are devoted, the Piano-forte Sonatas of BEETHOVEN? In what other piano music is there presented such a wealth of deepest, most significant ideas, such an image of the soul's inmost, deepest life? Has the history of Art any piano music of a higher import it can point to? Certainly not. Wherever we may look around us on the field of piano-forte literature, before or after Beethoven, we meet a multitude of noble and of characteristic products, but we always come back to the Beethoven Sonatas as to the highest, unique, and unrivalled flower in this department. But at the same time we comprehend and feel the necessity, that such fullness of matter and of meaning could only fully manifest itself in the Sonata; the greatest and richest substance must take the greatest, richest form, and that is the Sonata. In fact, too, Beethoven has created most of his piano works only in this form; nay, the general Sonata form at bottom underlies all his principal creations.

What are the Symphonies, considered as to form, but Sonatas for the entire orchestra? What are the Quartets but Sonatas for two violins, viola and violoncello? The Trios, but Sonatas for piano, violin, and violoncello? And so on.

But the greatest importance of the Sonata form, as the highest, appears in the fact that it possesses the capacity of being the higher unity of other forms, especially of the Song form, the Variation, the Rondo, and the Fugue. This has been already intimated by Krüger in the expression, "combination of several developed Song forms." In the Sonata, in fact, all these forms are resumed and blended to a concrete unity; the Sonata, viewed on this side, is an organic product of these forms. This is clearly shown by an examination of the works of Beethoven. You find in these Sonatas, Symphonies, Quartets of his the most intimate blending of the forms of the Song, the Variation, the Rondo, the Fugue, into a higher, perfect, individual whole, as will appear more particularly when we come to examine the Sonatas singly.

I must content myself with these general theoretic hints and observations, lest I should be led too far from the object of this volume, and for fuller treatment of the subject would refer to Marx. But before passing to the discussion of the Beethoven Sonatas individually, I deem a survey of the general historical course, which the

Sonata has followed before Beethoven, and down to his time, to be the more desirable and the more necessary, since this alone will place the significance of these great piano works in the clearest light; it is only when we have traced this history down that we shall fully realize the height which Beethoven has reached. In this survey, I must limit myself to the most necessary and essential points for the understanding of the historical development; and for the period prior to Haydn shall take the liberty of using for the groundwork of my remarks the excellent contribution to the history of the Sonata by Immanuel Faisst, which appeared in the musical journal, the *Cecilia*, for some years extinct. I shall give a condensed abstract of his paper.

The first beginnings of our present Sonata are found near the end of the seventeenth century. According to Winterfeld the name Sonata was used at the beginning of that century to distinguish such instrumental compositions as did not have a periodic song, or Choral for a subject. The first Sonatas appeared in 1681, by HEINRICH BIBER, for *Violino solo*. These were followed in 1683 by twelve Sonatas by the violinist CORELLI, for violin, bass, and clavichord. But greater importance as a composer of Sonatas was gained by JOHN KUHNAU, Sebastian Bach's predecessor. At first he wrote a Sonata in B flat, in the *Neuer Clavierübung* ("New Piano Exercises"), second part. The form of this work is generally the present form; consisting of a quick, a slow, and again a quick movement. The manner of writing is polyphonic; the work is wanting in internal æsthetic connection. Kuhnau's next work appeared in 1696 under the title: "John Kuhnau's fresh piano fruits, or seven Sonatas of good invention and manner to be played on the piano." These Sonatas show progress in form and matter; they are full of energy, of boldness, of fresh grace, indeed of depth of feeling. They consist sometimes of five, sometimes of four movements. The contrast of quiet and of lively movements is found in very various combination. The polyphonic mode of writing predominates, yet now and then the homophonic breaks through with free, spontaneous melodies. Single passages show greater artistic meaning. Kuhnau is akin to Handel in his free polyphonic treatment, in the fervent, noble, and clear conduct of his melody. An intrinsic æsthetic connection is felt in single movements of these Sonatas.

[To be continued.]

ROSSINI ON MOZART.—In a letter, with the inscription "To Guelfo," Rossini describes his first acquaintance with Mozart, that is to say, his feelings on first hearing *Don Juan*. The letter contains the following remarkable passages;—

* Beethoven's Clavier-Sonaten, für Freunde der Tonkunst erläutert, von ERNST VON ELTERLEIN. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1857.

"Guelfo, do I still live without dreaming, or are my senses obscured by a kind of drunkenness of which I had previously no notion? I went to the opera yesterday, when Mozart's *Don Juan* was played. At last! At last! but what were my sensations after hearing this music! Before then I had possessed only a confused idea of the essential attributes of theatrical music! Divine Mozart, what genius inspired thee! thou speakest to our inmost heart with tones that need no words, and paintest passions with a fire, compared to which the power of speech is nothing. I loved with *Don Juan*; I was intoxicated with him; I wept with *Donna Anna*, went mad with *Donna Elvira*, and coquetted as *Zerlina* sang. But as the ghost appeared I shuddered at the world of spirits, and—Guelfo, I am not ashamed to say so—the marrow froze in my bones. Guelfo, take back thy praise; no, I am not a composer. Guelfo, do not accord me that praise until the genius of Mozart has embraced me. Thy Joachino."—*Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Obituary Notice of Thomas Crawford.

(Concluded from last week.)

The range of sculpture is limited, compared with that of painting. It can only reproduce the forms of men and of animals, the former draped or undraped, singly or in groups. Two sculptors cannot differ from each other as widely as two painters may. In judging of the merits of a work in marble or bronze, we have to consider first, whether it is a faithful representation of external forms; and second, whether it truly and vividly expresses the passions, emotions and sentiments of humanity. The latter includes the former. A figure which had character and expression, but was defective in anatomy and proportion, could only please in a very imperfect degree; like poetry which was original in conception, but marred by bad grammar. Thus, there is an obvious division of sculptors into those who are merely imitative, and those who are also imaginative and inventive. Crawford, without question or dispute, was of the latter class. He was an original thinker in his art; and his works are not merely reproductions of forms, but speak a language which addresses itself to the mind of the spectator as well as his eye. Take, for instance, the *Beethoven* in the Music Hall in Boston: we have here not merely the stature, the features, the limbs, the garb of the illustrious composer, but his inward and intellectual character is stamped upon the bronze. His great genius is here visible, and his sorrows, not less great: his ideal splendors and his real distresses: the glorious music that rang and streamed through his soul, and the deep frost of silence that sealed the external sense: the vehement temperament: the passionate sensibilities; the roughness, the sternness, the tenderness—all are here. We do not think of saying of this statue that it is a correct likeness, that the costume is well managed, that it is admirably cast,—though all these are true,—but we pronounce it noble, pathetic, heroic: our most obvious epithets are those which express intellectual and not physical perceptions. And this was more or less characteristic of all his works, especially of those executed in the latter part of his life. They are not merely forms, but symbols.

He was also remarkable for the range and variety of this creative power. He was equally at home in the regions of the sublime and of the beautiful. At his touch, the ideal forms of Grecian mythology started into lovely life; and the same hand reproduced with the same skill the character, the expression, the costume of to-day. The whole range of humanity, from the heroic grandeur of his *Washington* and *Jefferson*, to the pathetic tenderness of his *Children in the Wood*, was open to him. Were all the productions of his life brought together, the observer could not help being impressed with the rich creativeness of his inventive power. Some sculptors would suffer by such a test; because it would be seen that their works, however beautiful separately, were mainly variations of the same essential type; but Crawford would gain by it. It would then be seen that he was no mannerist: that he did not copy

himself: that his fancy was not haunted and tyrannized over by any one set of ideas, which were always breaking out into substantially the same shape, but that he drew from the ever-living fountains of imagination and invention fresh conceptions and new forms.

From the vigor of the inventive faculty that was in him, it happened that the patient finish of his works was not always equal to the beauty and power of the original conception. Laborious as he was, the toil of his hands could not keep pace with the fervid movements of his spirit. A new idea would start to life within him, and demand embodiment in marble. And so, when the work in hand had so far made progress as to express and reproduce the ideal image which stood before the eye of the mind, he turned from him to welcome the coming shape around which the morning purple of promise played. And as he was an artist, and not a mechanic, an inventor, and not an imitator,—as he moved where the spirit of his inspiration moved,—it followed that there was in his works that inequality which is one of the signs which distinguish genius from mere cleverness and manual skill.

Crawford made no pretensions to any wide range of general cultivation. His eminence in sculpture was attained by a devotion so exclusive as to leave no time for anything else. He did not claim to be a scholar, or even to be learned in the literature of art. He was very averse to anything like display; never made ambitious discourses or declamatory harangues; never brought theories into the drawing room, or gave lectures from the sofa. But he had read much and thought more upon subjects connected with art; and his vigorous understanding turned everything to use that it grasped. His conversation was always interesting, from its freshness, energy, and sincerity: his criticisms were instructive, from their independence and originality. He had lived so long in Italy, and for many years so much among its people, that he had acquired a very accurate knowledge of the national life and character; and his own observation had furnished him with many interesting traits and anecdotes. He had lived in Rome through the horrors of the cholera; and a competent literary faculty might have found the materials for most moving narrative in the fearful pictures which that terrible experience left upon his memory.

Crawford's character was strong and peculiar. He was always manly, truthful, sincere, and brave; and there never was a trait of meanness, jealousy, or treachery in his soul. Time, which developed his genius, also improved him in other respects; it softened and mellowed him; and made him more genial, engaging, and attractive. In youth and early manhood there was a certain roughness and bluntness about him which repelled casual approach. Up to the age of thirty his life had been one of struggle, solitude, and privation: and eight years of it had been passed among strangers in a foreign land. These influences, acting upon a peculiar temperament, had affected his manners, and even, to some extent, his character. In society he was apt to be reserved and abstracted; and he would sometimes break his silence by a vehemence of expression a little startling to the smooth surface of polished life. He had very warm friends; but apart from the admiration awakened by his genius, and the respect inspired by his character, he neither sought nor gained general popularity. But his marriage, and the brilliant professional success which came after it—the former more than the latter—brought a benediction with them. The tenderness which had always lain hidden in the depth of his nature now came nearer to the surface. The peace which brooded over his soul extended itself to his manner: as his affections deepened, his sympathies too were expanded, and more readily moved. His character lost nothing of its manliness and its sincerity; but, externally, he had no longer anything to suppress, and the air of happiness diffused a graciousness and gentleness over his bearing in general society which had not been observed in former years.

A remarkable peculiarity about Crawford was his freedom from those weaknesses of character

and infirmities of temperament to which artists are most exposed. He never envied another man's success, nor was jealous of another man's reputation: he was not given to evil speaking or disparaging criticisms: he was indeed not in the habit of comparing himself with others, and his ruling motive was the love of excellence, and not the love of excelling. He was not greedy of praise, or desirous of attracting attention to himself by any peculiarities of speech, manner, or costume. He rarely spoke about himself or his art at all, and never except in the freedom of the most unreserved intercourse with his friends. He was, of course, not unsensible to the love of fame; but he had not that love of praise which craves daily food, and languishes if it be withdrawn. His character was marked by transparent simplicity: he neither concealed what he was, nor affected to be what he was not.

Nor was Crawford's vigorous nature assailable by those temptations which proceed from the temperament and the blood. Artists are apt to have clamorous and exacting senses; and the nature of their pursuits is not generally such as to lay a curb upon them. In the chase after beauty, the soul is in danger of being led into slippery paths. Many artists, too, so far from putting a moral law upon themselves, and living in the bracing air of self-denial, rather encourage these wild movements of the senses, or at least permit themselves to seek relaxation after toil in indulgences which spot the life and impair the powers. But Crawford's "genius had angelic wings" that were never clogged with the weight of the senses or soiled by their stains. To temptations of this class he was as insensible as one of his own marble statues. There was in him that same combination of wealth of imagination and simplicity of life which so exalts the name of Milton. With work, opportunity, the sense of progress, he could have lived on bread and water without a murmur. In all his domestic relations, he was the manliest, the truest, the tenderest, the most unselfish man that ever held up the fabric of a home. Beyond that charmed circle, his thoughts, his wishes, his hopes never strayed. He had no need of the excitements and exhilarations of society; and would not have given a handful of marble chips for any amount of those social triumphs which are as fleeting as the cut flowers of a ball-room.

If this life were all—if through the gate of death the mind did not pass into a new sphere of growth and development—if the beauty of earth did not bloom anew, and put on splendors before unknown in the air and light of heaven—the thought would be hard to bear that all these powers were taken away at the age of forty-four. We can measure what we have, but who can tell what we have lost in the future of so great an artist! And yet, looking at such dispensations from this "our bank and shoal of time," we can find in them some soothing and consoling elements. The image of a man which is transmitted to posterity is generally of the age at which he died. Thus we always think of Titian, of Michael Angelo, of Goethe, as old men. But if age be venerable, youth is lovely. The world cherishes with peculiar fondness and tenderness the memory of men who, like Raphael and Mozart, have accomplished much, and yet died young. The blossom of promise hangs on the bough beside the matured fruit. Into that choice company Crawford has passed. He has not died prematurely, for he had put the work of a long life into his forty-four years: and yet he has died in his prime. What Goethe said of Schiller, whose earthly career was closed when only two years older, is applicable to him: "We may well hold him fortunate that he rose to the world of spirits from the summit of human existence, that he was taken by a short agony from among the living. The weaknesses of old age, the decline of intellectual power, he never felt. He lived a man, and went from hence a man complete. Now he enjoys in the eyes of posterity the advantage of appearing as one eternally vigorous and young. For in that form in which a man leaves the earth, he moves among the shades; and thus Achilles remains present with us, a youth eternally striving. It is well for us also that he died early. From his grave comes

forth the breath of his power, and strengthens us, awakening in us the most ardent impulse to continue lovingly, forever and ever, the work which he began. Thus he will ever live for his nation and the human race, in that which he accomplished and planned."

In Delaroche's fine work, the "Hemicycle of the Arts," we see the great artists of modern times,—painters, sculptors and architects,—brought together and disposed in natural groups, standing or seated. Some, like Titian, Palladio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, are represented as old men: some, like Rubens and Rembrandt, are in the fullness of ripened prime: and some, like Raphael, and Massacio, are in the bloom of youth. Into that great assemblage Crawford has been received; a worthy compeer of the worthiest. There his image stands forever, in the glow of early manhood: the morning light not yet vanished, and the evening shadows afar off. Hope yet elevates the brow, and parts the lips: there is no retrospect in the ardent glance: the future yet smiles and beckons. The thick locks, the vigorous frame, the firm tread, speak of unworn energies, of the elastic heart of youth; of that fervid sense of power that eagerly seizes opportunity, and grapples fearlessly with toil. Weakness is not there; nor decay, nor disappointment: the spirit yet says, Come; and fame, the newly-won bride, is still wooed as a lover woos.

Notes on a Passage in Hawkins's History of Music.

By A. W. THAYER.

[Conclusion.]

But now comes up another point, which adds force to the theory. All the authorities concur in giving to Handel's visit in Hanover a considerable duration. We must do this to reconcile what we know about it, although if we make it "ten months or a year," as Mr. Schœlcher does after his return from Italy, we wonder as much as that author what he could have been doing all that time. Mr. S.'s argument is good that Handel must have passed so much time at some period of his history—can we, however, find this time in the years 1709–10? Mr. Schœlcher does find it—I do not.

That Handel reached London in the autumn, or, rather, to be exact, towards the close of 1710, is fixed. But immediately previous he had "paid a visit" to Holland. This implies more than a passage through. There was much to be seen and heard there. We must give him some weeks at least. Previously to that he had paid a visit to the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf, from whom "he could scarcely tear himself away; for he wished to keep him at any price." (Yet he was a Catholic, and Handel was Protestant.) This implies a visit of some duration; and before this he had been down to Halle to see his old blind mother, and comfort her with the story of his fame and success, after their years of separation. This was probably something more than a day's visit. Unfortunately I have not the means at hand of finding when George left Hanover to join the Electoral College and assume his new duties as Archtreasurer of the Empire. This event was in 1710, and in all probability it was at the breaking up of the Court on that occasion that Handel started for England via Halle, &c. At any rate, we have disposed of some three or four months, at least, of the close of the year 1710.

Let us turn to the beginning of that year. According to Mattheson, Handel produced *Agrippina* at Venice in the winter—i. e., the Carnival of 1710. Mr. Schœlcher puts no faith in Mattheson's dates, since he erred so lamentably in

the time of Handel's departure from Hamburg,—a point upon which one would suppose he could not have been mistaken,—and therefore dates the *Agrippina* in the Carnival of 1707, three years earlier. By this process he finds no difficulty in bringing Handel to Hanover in 1709, and in thus gaining for him ten months or a year in that city. We must, if possible, find some collateral evidence in the case, or Mattheson's date is of no authority. Luckily for him I find this evidence in a duodecimo volume printed at Venice in 1730, only twenty years after the event in question, and ten years before Mattheson's note. Its fine long title is as follows:—

"Le glorie della Poesia e della Musica contenute nell'esatta Notitia de Teatri della città di Venezia e nel Catalogo purgatissimo de Drami musicali quivi sin' hora rappresentati con gli Autori della Poesiae della Musica e con le Annotazioni a suoi luoghi proprii."

This catalogue gives for the year—

1706, seven titles of operas—none by Handel.

1707, fourteen " " " "

1708, ten " " " "

1709, eleven " " " "

1710, thirteen " the first of which is, "Agrippina, the Poetry by an unknown Author, the Music by George Fr. Handel."

As the New Style had then long been adopted there, there can, it seems to me, be no doubt on the subject. M. Schœlcher is doubtless right in supposing that this opera was produced during the Carnival, and this agrees with Mattheson's "in the winter." The opera runs twenty-seven nights,—equivalent to four weeks at the least, probably seven, for we do not know how many nights per week the opera was given. Then Handel has the long journey—as it was in those days—to Hanover. Four or five months, then, is the most I can allow him there.

The result of this investigation seems to be this: Handel, a boy of some twelve years, returns from Berlin, and devotes himself to the studies in which Bach has become so famous, and old organist Zackau. When he is sixteen he becomes acquainted with Telemann, and has his attention called to Opera. He hears about Steffani, and as soon as he is of a proper age to leave home he journeys to Brunswick and Hanover. He meets with Steffani, who finds in the young German what he was himself at the same age. He appears as a virtuoso for a space, and then, with the advice of his new friend, continues onward to Hamburg, where he studies with Keiser for three years, and then—in the meantime having refused to leave that excellent school to accompany the Tuscan prince—he accepts the offer of Von Binitz, (see Mattheson) and departs with him for Italy, almost of necessity passing through Hanover again. Steffani keeps him in mind, and when in 1708 he bids farewell to his public career as a musician, he selects Handel as his successor. Handel is in no haste: he lingers still in the beautiful land, until in February or March he produces *Agrippina* at Venice, and, after its run of twenty-seven nights, journeys homeward. He reaches Hanover some time in May, concludes the negotiations, and accepts the Kapellmeister-ship, and then departs on his tour, which occupies the rest of the season, and brings him to London late in autumn.

This solution of some of the difficulties attending the early history of the great musician is sim-

ply suggested, and is founded upon reasonings which may have less force in the minds of others than of its author.

Musical Correspondence.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, OCT. 18.—Passing through the wonderful manufacturing cities of England, one does not see much, at first, that would be appropriate for description in a musical paper; on the contrary, enraptured yet confused with the incomprehensible developments in machinery, you feel an almost irresistible desire to write something about cogs and cylinders to the *Scientific American*. Nothing meets the eye but huge factories, immense chimnies belching forth the blackest of smoke, and long rows of splendid warehouses; still, musical items can be gleaned here, for with all the preponderance of the industrial and mechanical sciences, Art is by no means neglected in these grand cities, throbbing as they are with their unnumbered hearts of iron, that vitalize and quicken the entire body.

Take, for instance, Liverpool. I landed there from Dublin in a dense fog—(by the way, I bade farewell to the sun about three weeks ago, and have not seen him since)—and was put ashore at Clarence Dock, a perfect labyrinth of stone wharves and huge basins of muddy water, with ships floating therein. Extricated from this, I walked up a mile or so of busy street, and while thinking what an ineffably stupid place Liverpool was, and how little regard the inhabitants had for anything else than making money, I came at once upon a structure that proved their liberality to Art as well as their devotion to business. It was St. George's Hall, one of the most superb edifices in the world, and, though really the headquarters of the municipal authorities, yet chiefly known from its great concert room, perhaps the finest in existence.

It is certainly the most gorgeous; and as it is always open to gratuitous public inspection, I had an opportunity of admiring it as it deserved. The great hall is something beyond my feeble powers of description, and though I have a vision of its mosaic floor, inwrought with verses from Scripture, its high and richly-decorated roof, its polished pillars of red and black marble, its gorgeous organ, and the indescribable air of luxury and refinement that pervades it, yet it is only a remembrance I cannot impart to others. But if this be its appearance by the cold light of a dark, foggy day, what a scene must it present at night, when the polished marbles and the crystal chandeliers reflect back the glare of innumerable lights, when the auditorium is crowded with a richly-dressed audience, when the orchestra is filled with musicians, and when JENNY LIND—for this is the scene of some of her greatest triumphs—is standing on the platform, singing, "Rejoice greatly!"

One feature in these manufacturing towns is the series of concerts given once a week for the working classes, at very low rates of admission. For this week, at St. George's Hall, three artists, well known in Boston,—MR. HARRISON MILLARD, MR. ALLAN IRVING, and MR. GEORGE HARRISON,—are engaged in addition to other talent, and the organ performances of Mr. BEST. Admission ranges from threepence to a shilling. At Birmingham I had the pleasure of attending

one of these concerts, and the following programme will give you an idea of the musical fare served up for threepence :

PART I.

Solo, Organ : "To Thee cherubim and seraphim," Handel.
Duet and Chorus : "Hear my prayer,".....Kent.
Air : "Then shall the righteous,".....Mendelssohn.
Trio : "On Thee each living soul awaits,".....Haydn.
Motet : "Laudate nomen Domini," [1553]. Dr. C. Tye.
Quartet : "Lo! my Shepherd,".....Haydn.
Solo, Organ : Kyrie, from Imperial Mass,....Haydn.

PART II.

Solo, Organ : Overture to Tancredi,.....Rossini.
Ballad : "What will you do, love?".....Lover.
Glee : "The sun is high in heaven,".....Monk.
Ballad : "Come into the garden, Maud,".....Balfé.
Solo, Piano-forte : The Concert-Stück,.....Weber.
Duet and Chorus : "Let the tambour sound,".....Bishop.

The performers, though not first class, were all possessed of considerable ability, and sang with care and correctness. The organ performances of Mr. STIMPSON, organist of the Birmingham Town Hall, as Mr. Best is of St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, were the greatest treats of the evening, and elicited the loudest applause. As to the instrument itself, it is incredibly splendid, the exterior presenting an appearance of imperial splendor that is unequalled, far surpassing that of the Liverpool organ. It possesses five rows of keys, and the diapasons are especially admired; but it is alleged that it is too massive in tone for concert purposes, and better adapted for a cathedral organ. The Liverpool organ goes to the other extreme—is said to be shrill and cutting in its tone, and deficient in body; and I am told that the new organ building for the Music Hall at Leeds will, by avoiding the faults of each, surpass in its adaptability for concert purposes either. As far as I could judge, the famous Birmingham organ seemed perfection itself. It is, of course, impossible to give you on paper any idea of its power, and the perfectly overwhelming effects it can be made to produce under the hands of a good performer. * * * * *

I have just spent the Sabbath at Manchester, in which there is, amid the great smoking chimnies, and surrounded by cotton factories, as interesting an old cathedral as you would wish to see, and which a letter of introduction from the organist of York Minster to Mr. HARRIS, organist of the Manchester Cathedral, afforded me unusual facilities for examining. As an edifice this cathedral is very interesting; it was formerly an old collegiate church, and only during the last ten years has enjoyed the rank of a cathedral. Contrary to the usual custom, the service is held in the nave, which is fitted up with comfortable pews, and as it is flanked by double aisles on each side, affords accommodation for an immense congregation. These double aisles give a peculiar appearance of immensity to the building, and indeed in width it is surpassed only by York Minster among the English cathedrals. The nave is separated from the choir by a glazed screen, and in the distance may be seen the chancel, altar, and communion table, with the rich stone carvings of the choir. In the afternoon service, the gas burners—(how strange it sounds to talk of modern gas in a venerable cathedral!)—were lit, and the effect of the natural and artificial light was very singular. In the choir,

— the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,

while in the nave the last light of day was mingled with the bright cheery glare of the numerous gas burners.

The musical service, in the usual cathedral style, was very effective, the anthem, by Dr. Boyce, containing an elaborate bass solo, with staccato accompaniments for the organ. It should be borne in mind that in these English cathedrals the singers stand at one end of the church, with the organ at the other, and the effect of these solos is much heightened by this arrangement. The organ is an inferior one, of some twenty-six stops.

To the musician, Manchester Cathedral possesses an additional interest, as being the place where MALIBRAN was buried, and where she lay for two years. You are probably aware that she died suddenly in this place, where she had come to sing at a Musical Festival. After remaining interred in the cathedral for two years, her remains were removed by her husband, DE BERIOT, to Brussels, where they now repose under a splendid mausoleum, in a cemetery near that city.

TROVATOR.

From a Teacher.

FARMINGTON, CONN., NOV. 12.—Having noticed, on several occasions, that you take some interest in what is done for the musical education in schools, I take the liberty of sending you several of our programmes.

In this country, men, as a general thing, do not cultivate Music: this art is confined to the ladies. Hence ladies' schools are of importance for the culture of musical taste. Now, as far as this knowledge goes, very little is done in these institutions besides drilling the girls to perform some "brilliant" pieces, and letting them off at occasional soirées. In my opinion, these soirées ought to be more than merely an opportunity to show off the progress the pupils have made in playing, or to accustom them to play before others. Their principal object ought to be the education of taste, and this we endeavor to make it in our school.

For this purpose we often perform classical works, not only original piano-forte compositions, but also arrangements from symphonies, quartets, quintets, &c. A good deal of the best orchestral music is arranged for two pianos and for eight hands. These arrangements have a double advantage—an educational and an artistic. The original is thus rendered in a very complete form; indeed, I prefer a symphony played by four good players, after a careful study, to a careless orchestral performance, as I would prefer a good engraving of a picture to an indifferent copy in oil.

For the better understanding and enjoying these larger works, we have them preceded by the reading of an analysis. For this the older volumes of your Journal have been of great service. (I long have wished to express to you my admiration of your critically-correct and poetical analysis of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.) For more miscellaneous concerts I write programmes, with critical and biographical notices; as a specimen I include one of our next soirée.

PROGRAMME.

Soirée Musicale, Friday, Nov. 13th, 1857.

PART I.

1. *Rossini*, (born 1792.) Overture to William Tell. Misses Buckingham and Rhodes.
One of the most brilliant overtures. It opens with a trio of violoncellos, with some additional alto violins, which give a sombre and mysterious coloring to the 1st movement. 2d movement is a description of a storm, rising, raging, and abating. 3d movement—Pastorale, shepherd's horn in the Alps, brilliant variations for the flute. Last movement—somewhat unconnected with the preceding, finishing the over-

ture in a dashing galop style. This is not a "character" overture, like Beethoven's *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, nor a "picture of mood," a piece descriptive of some peculiar state of mind of the hero, like the overture to *Faust* by Wagner. It is simply a pretty, interesting, and rather noisy introduction to an Italian opera.

2. *Jungmann*, (still living.) Spanish Serenade.

Miss Forrest.

A light piano-forte composition, not very original. Moonlight, guitar, a sentimental song, and ditto answer from the lady-love.

3. *Kücken*, (born 1710.) Gondoliera : "O come to me".....Misses Faber and Woolson.

In the same style as the preceding. Kücken is very clever in writing for the human voice—melodious, flowing, graceful.

4. *Chopin*. Impromptu.....Miss Buckingham.

One of the most original writers for the piano-forte. His compositions belong to the so-called "romantic" school. The strictness of the old forms of composition was not congenial to his nature: most of his works are in the free style, such as *Etudes*, *Nocturnes*, *Mazurkas*, and *Polonaises*. He never oversteps the boundaries of the Beautiful, not even when he is full of vehemence, of passion, as often in his *Polonaises*, where he seems to pour out his love of his native country and his deep, burning grief over the misfortunes of down-trodden Poland. This yearning for the liberty of his beloved country is indeed a key to the understanding of many of his works. Some one said that none but a Pole could perform his compositions. But he is not always sad and melancholy. Touches of caprice, playfulness, tenderness, and coquetry are frequently found even in his most serious works, especially in his *Mazurkas*—gems of composition for the parlor. Then, again, the calmness, the earnestness, the unexpected harmonies, the exquisite embroideries of delicate, airy passages in his *Nocturnes*, *Ballads*, &c.! The present piece is rather in his lighter style, a refined, salon conversation, impetuous, but not passionate, languid, but not trivial. It serves the student as an introduction to his peculiarities, which are not here strongly marked. Of his manner of performing, which was as original as his style of composition, we shall speak on a future occasion.

5. *Schubert*, (died 1828.) The Erl-King. "Who rideth so late through the night wind wild?"

Miss Beebe.

The words are by Goethe, one of his earliest ballads. Several composers have written music to these words, but none so successfully as Schubert. Words and music are here one and indissoluble. Observe the local tint, the northern sky, night, the rushing of the wind, the galloping of the horse, the almost dramatic distinction of the different persons speaking, the progressing, the dissonance in the screams of the child, always half a note higher, the brief but expressive recitative at the sudden close.

6. *Göckel*. Souvenir de Ricci. Valse de Concert.

Miss Smith.

One of those pieces that young ladies are, alas! too fond of. Very showy and brilliant, but soulless, meaningless, noisy, and vulgar. Its only merit is its brevity. Göckel was a pupil of Mendelssohn, and lived for some years in this country; but it seems that the climate did not agree with him, and we give this as a sample how far a true artist can degenerate among — dollars and cents.

PART II.

1. *Lefebure Wély*, (living.) Scherzo. La Poste à 4 hands.....Miss Brown and Ch. Klausner.
Light, elegant, and graceful.

2. *Beethoven*, (died 1827.) Funeral March on the Death of a Hero.....Miss Williams.

Sublime in its simplicity. Oulibicheff says of it: "For six measures this melody consists of one note only, the dominant E flat sounding like the bell which struck the last hour of the hero, while the bass shows the figure and rhythm of the march. One imagines that death has just struck one of those blows which shake the world, and fall sadly upon the heart of nations. Suddenly the major succeeds the minor, the drums roll joyously, the hautboy and the fifes answer them from above, by cries of triumph; the effect of an electric shock is felt. Is it not the winged and radiant image of the glory which hovers over that historical tomb, to consecrate it for ever? Then the minor returns, and the march recommences. That is truly grand, that is sublime!"

3. *Abt*, (living.) "Stay with me.".....Miss Faber.
A sentimental love-song, without much merit, but melodious, and showing the voice to advantage.

4. *Spindler*, (living.) The Wood-Birds. Miss Clark.
A clever piano-forte composition, neat and elegant.

5. *Heller*, (living.) *Fantasie on the Romance*, "My Love changes to Respect," from the opera *Charles VI.*.....Miss Rhodes.
In *Heller* one is never disappointed; he is always interesting in his original compositions, as in his *Fantasies* on other themes. No one knows so well as he the resources of the piano, *Liszt* excepted—what can be done, what will sound well, and no one is so minute in his musical punctuation. It is sufficient that the player observes all the marks given, and he can hardly fail to do justice to the piece, provided he has dexterity enough to make his fingers obey his eye.

6. *Beethoven*. First Movement from the 5th Symphony. "Fate knocking at the door!"

Miss Smith and Ch. Klausner.

This Symphony has been a favorite with us; and on the occasion of its performance in full, arranged for 8 hands, we had the excellent analysis of Mr. Dwight. This time we give only part of it as a memento, hoping very soon to have the whole again for 8 hands.

From time to time we manage to get artists of merit to give us concerts. As our limited means do not allow us to have a full orchestra, we confine ourselves to chamber music. And of this kind of music I flatter myself that you will not find programmes more chaste and unexceptionable than ours. The artists themselves enjoy playing what they consider the most refined, with exclusion of clap-trap pieces, before an uncorrupted and thankful audience. Thus they are as enthusiastic of us as we are of them.

It would be of inestimable service for the cultivation of taste to give lectures on the *history of Music*. But this is a difficult task, most of the music teachers being foreigners, and not sufficiently masters of the language, and most of them being, alas! too ignorant of the subject themselves. It would be a great service to the musical community if some able person would undertake to write such a work, to be used as a text book in schools.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOV. 16.—An event so notable as the establishment of a musical society on the general plan of the Philharmonic of New York, is certainly worthy of record in your valuable "Journal." Such an event has occurred, and in a manner that excited the highest hopes of the most sanguine. Every year some important steps are taken, something is done to enable Brooklyn to live more independently of New York,—not as a matter of rivalry, but from necessity. Those who have tried the experiment know that it requires energy and perseverance enough to make a modern hero (heroes are cheaper than in olden time) go to New York of a snug winter night to any place of amusement. Those having families of children found it necessary to deprive them of the advantages of hearing good music, or subject them to the exposure and fatigue of going to New York.

I mention these reasons for the establishment of the "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," to show that it is not from any desire to rival or to be independent of New York merely, but, as I said before, from a necessity. Several gentlemen of wealth and influence took hold of the matter, and their efforts have been crowned with complete success. The society starts with a list of 450 paying members. Besides this paying list, extra tickets both for the rehearsals and concerts are sold, which insures success financially, the first thing to be looked after in every new enterprise. As to the "value received," which the subscribers are to get for their five dollars, the following programme of the first of the four concerts to be given is a fair indication of what this musical quality will be:

PART I.

Eroica.—Symphony, No. 3, Op. 55.—*Beethoven*.
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Adagio assai. 3. Scherzo allegro vivace. 4. Allegro molto.
"Hear ye Israel," from "Elijah."—*Mendelssohn*.
Miss Behrend.
Concerto for Cornet a Piston.—*Schreiber*...*Schreiber*.

PART II.

Ruy Blas.—Overture, Op. 95.—*Mendelssohn*.
Ave Maria.—Cornet a Piston.—*Schubert*...*Schreiber*.
O Luce di quest Anima.—Scena ed Aria, from "Linda."—*Donizetti*.....Miss Behrend.
Oberon.—Overture.—*Weber*.

Of the performance of this first concert I will say but a word. The orchestra were selected by Mr. EISEFELD, the conductor, from the members of the New York Society, and I doubt if this wonderful composition, the *Eroica*, was ever given by the same number of performers with better effect. Miss BEHREND has improved very rapidly, and sang "Hear ye, Israel," very acceptably; but *O Luce di quest Anima* was entirely beyond her capacity or ability. Why will amateurs and "young artists" essay to do things that are impossible for them? There are so many things they can do, that would please far better. Those who listened to Miss Behrend at this concert had heard Jenny Lind, Sontag, and Lagrange, each in their turn, sing this very song, and it was no light tax upon even their great and wonderful powers; how, then, can a mere amateur expect to make a favorable impression when she places herself in a position where a comparison so unfavorable to herself is unavoidable?

Mr. SCHREIBER is a genuine artist—has perfect control of his instrument, mastering its difficulties with great ease. He certainly will at least compare favorably with the great *Cornetist* of the celebrated Jullien Band, Herr Kœnig. The audience, which was both large and select, enjoyed his playing very much, calling him out after his first piece, and insisting on a repetition of the *Ave Maria*.

The society have two new symphonies, which are to be given in the course of the winter; but as they have not as yet been received, I cannot now give all the particulars. This, with other matters relating to the "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," I will reserve for another letter.

In New York Mr. Ullman's opera troupe are playing to good houses. The casts are unusually good, which, in spite of the hard times, enables our enterprising manager to make it pay. The Sunday evening concerts are not so well attended. Last evening the house was thin, and those who were there did not seem to appreciate the really most excellent bill of fare, which was: a Concerto and *Fantasie* by VIEUXTEMPS; "With verdure clad," and "Rejoice greatly," by Miss MILNER; *Beethoven's* "Adelaide," by Mr. PERRING; an Overture by Mendelssohn, and *Beethoven's* Seventh Symphony.

The Seventh Symphony composed the last half of the concert; and although the concert began at 7½, so that it was not late, yet about one quarter of the audience left before the symphony began, one quarter more at the close of the second movement, and the last movement was played to an exceedingly small though select audience.

I do not propose to comment on the above. It speaks for itself. Miss Milner is an English lady, who came to this country with Mr. Cooper, the violinist. She has a clear, even mezzo-soprano voice, sings with excellent taste, and decidedly well. In oratorio singing Miss Milner will be a great acquisition. I am sure she will please the Bostonians. Mr. Perring's "Adelaide" was well done, but rather tame. Mr. P. has a good voice, and can do other things much better.

BELLINI.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 21, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

II.

Next follow two choruses so strongly and happily contrasted, as to be complements to one another. No. 9 is a double fugue, or fugue with two subjects: *He smote all the first-born of Egypt*. From the first orchestral chord, it smites with a terrible emphasis; and the voice-parts writhe and struggle in their tough and angry embrace, like the splinters of an oak twisted by lightning; after a while they drop the fugue form, and all smite together with the instruments; but the movement passes off in a spiral whirlwind (strongest natural type of force) as it came on. This is in the key of A minor; and the minor mood, if it is usually soft and tearful, yet admits of more modulations of a hard expression than the major. Pleasant as our bland Indian summer after pinching November blasts is the blithe, smooth, pastoral style of chorus No. 10: *But as for His people, He led them forth like sheep*. It is a cheerful Andante in G. The first clause is given with a degree of bold exultation; the second, *He led them*, is sung in soft, smooth, flowing cadence, sustaining the last note through several bars, first by the altos, then by the sopranos, and so on—a serene and lovely picture; the third clause: *He brought them out with silver and gold*; is one of those clear and simple fugues, which the mind easily follows by the sense of hearing, without the aid of the eye to trace out its intricacies upon paper; and was not strong Handel in his glory, when he brought all the voices together upon the words: *There was not one feeble person among their tribes*? What a feeling of strength and unanimity there is in it! "NOT ONE, NOT ONE," sounds like the ring of grounded arms along a vast line of infantry: from end to end of the whole line, we are one, we are all here! No. 11, Chorus: *Egypt was glad when they departed*, is a fugue in A minor, though the strange intervals and modulations make you doubt the key continually. (It is written in one of the old ecclesiastical, or Greek, modes, and you have a cold sense of barbaric antiquity in listening to its crude and sometimes cruel harmonies.) The whole has, it must be confessed, a dreary and ambiguous expression. It closes with the words, *fear fell upon them*, by a half cadence, on the dominant instead of the keynote, leaving a painfully-unfinished, unresolved feeling. Perhaps, as the writer before cited suggests, Handel meant this chorus to describe "the doubtful or equivocal willingness or gladness of Egypt for Israel's departure."

No. 12. Here, as in frequent later instances, the full force of a double chorus is employed on a brief sentence of narrative, or introductory text, instead of a recitative for a single voice. In long Grave measure, fortissimo, in the natural key, the voices all pronounce: *He rebuked the Red Sea*; then all is silent, and in a whisper, resolving into the harmony of E flat, they all add: *and it was dried up*. Once more the rebuke is given fortissimo, in the last key, and the whispered effect ends in G minor. Brief, bold, impressive as a thunder-clap echoed on the mountains! The contrast of keys adds much to the startling effect.

What follows (No. 13) is worthy of the imposing announcement. It is another of those great musical miracles, with a miracle for its subject, the descriptive double chorus: *He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness*. It is one of the most difficult and complicated choruses in its structure, full of fragments of melody or *roulades*, running in all directions, yet all tending so sensibly to one end, that the effect of the whole is easily intelligible to one who cannot analyze it. *He led them through the deep*, forms the first musical theme, which is a stately, firm ascent (of bass voices and instruments in unison) from the key-note as high as the fourth, then dropping on the word *deep* to the fifth below, to commence the ascent anew from that "deeper deep," and rise again to the same height. It is in quadruple measure, a quarter note to each syllable. As the tenor voices take up the same stately movement, the violins lead off the second theme in scattering streamlets of semi-quaver runs and *roulades*, like the "mingling of many waters;" and bits of these the several voice-parts catch and imitate, to the words: *as through a wilderness*. A very wilderness indeed; and yet a most harmonious one, of melody! for all the while the steady, stately, ponderous ascent of the first theme: *He led them through*, heard in some part, gives uniformity and providential, sure direction to the multitudinous and seemingly bewildering movement.

No. 14. How opposite the next! In ponderous octaves the double-basses of the orchestra begin to heave and roll in unwearied triplets (key of C minor); the other instruments adding all their strength to the terrible narrative of the voices, which they chant in plain syllabic counterpoint: *But the waters overwhelmed their enemies!* The relentless billows roll and rage with unabated fury to the end, while the voices again and again, in breathless awe and wonder, simply tell the terrible fact, without comment, that *there is not one, no, not ONE of them left*. The surging sea of harmony swallows up all other thoughts, even of the most careless listener, as the Red Sea swallowed up the hosts of Pharaoh. And Handel was the Moses who "stretched forth his hand, that the waters might come."

Nos. 15 and 16. Another of those short double chorus sentences: *and Israel saw that great work, that the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord*; and the very solemn, antique, church-like harmony, in long equal notes, of the chorus: *and believed the Lord and His servant Moses*, close the miraculous display and the first part of the oratorio. In the severe absence of rhythmic variety, this chorus charms by its wonderful wealth of harmony. Its religious and profound composure, monotonous as it might seem to many, is singularly welcome to the soul of the true listener, after the faculties have been so long kept on the stretch by this astounding accumulation of chorus upon chorus (like "Ossa upon Pelion"), each a vivid tone-translation, palpable to one of our senses, of an outward miracle.

Here then let us rest awhile, and take advantage of a short interval between the parts, to think over what has passed before us. Each present moment of those thick-coming wonders was so all-absorbing, that thought had no liberty of looking back or forward. We only *felt* the past and

coming in the present; felt the unity and natural development throughout; felt, what it is the property of all high Art, like every heavenly inspiration, to make us feel, namely, that kind of consciousness above time, to which "a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day."

Think, in the first place, of the bold, unprecedented, and gigantic plan, which could have entered no other head than Handel's to conceive, still less to execute, for the musical illustration of so immense a subject. The music of the first part has been nearly all descriptive; and the objects described, miracles, with their accompanying emotions. Later composers, since the great development of orchestral resources, have given us admirable specimens of descriptive *instrumental* music, like the "Pastoral Symphony," the accompaniments to the "Creation," the overture to "William Tell," &c. But Handel paints us his stupendous pictures mainly through the instrumentality of a vast choral multitude of voices, eking out the effect with only such secondary suggestions as he could draw from the meagre (to borrow a term from painting) almost *monochromatic* orchestras of his time. He wields the vocal masses to harmonize and spiritualize, and lift above all sense of mere physical jugglery, those old Mosaic wonders, which it is dangerous for human faculties to attempt to realize too vividly, lest in so doing we degrade them.

Think, too, of the extreme literalness and minuteness with which he fears not to take up and treat mean, ludicrous, or repulsive images and sensations. Clad in thick proof of sound health and humour, he takes us safely through all this. He so blends the *piquant* individuality of his small creatures with the *all-pervadingness* of the plague, so tempers the actual with the ideal, as fairly to conciliate, and more than conciliate, our imagination. In a word, he succeeds where another would have been a fool for his pains. He is Handel still, the sublime artist, though he have the homeliest sitters. Frogs and lice and commonplace predicaments cannot reduce him into even momentary equality with commonplace men.

It is also worthy of remark, how the character of the music rises with the gradation of the plagues. Putrid water, frogs, and flies, and lice, devouring locusts, "fire mingled with the hail," darkness "which might be felt," death, and the overwhelming flood:—here is a regular ascent from plagues literal and mean, and shaming and annoying, to higher and higher types of doom, more spiritual, and elemental, and sublimely terrible. And Handel understood and reproduced it. When men violate the truth and morality of nature, the first reaction or penalty comes in forms that irritate, disgust, and shame us; moral corruption feels its own natural consequences, and sees its own material image in these same little animated forms of uncleanness. As the sin goes on deepening, darkness comes, and death and elemental chaos; colossal shadows, and the blasts and lightnings, and abysses of impersonal, relentless, elemental fury smite the soul with spiritual awe, the terrors of the Infinite. We know not what "interior" or "second sense" the great interpreter by correspondence, the seer Swedenborg, found in the order of the plagues of Egypt; but we doubt if he could have stated the spiritual side and moral of the matter more completely than Handel renders it, in the emotional language

of this great choral music, at the same time that he keeps so close to the material image.

[To be continued.]

MUSIC IN SEMINARIES.—An excellent example of what may be done for music in our young ladies' schools and seminaries, where musical culture is too often such a mockery and sham, will be found in the letter which we publish to day from a teacher at Farmington, Conn. The specimen programme there presented is a curiosity, and in wholesome contrast with the mere sentimental, clap-trap "monster" programmes of musical school exhibitions which we have sometimes held up as a warning to ambitious shallowness. Of course the notices of the various composers are not always very original or profound—nor was that necessary—but they are in the main discriminating, and heroically honest. The pupil must benefit by such hints; and we think the tendency of such performances, with such explanations, must be to lessen the proportion of those who admire Ricci and Gockel rather than Beethoven, or even who prefer the Italian commonplaces of such Germans as Kücken to the really imaginative songs of Schubert. It may be a question, however, how far it is safe to go in introducing poor things among good things by way of illustrating the difference. Human nature, alas! and in nothing so much as in matters of taste, is exceedingly weak and liable to temptation—the boy will catch what he can whistle, and the girl what she can hum or thrum, and skip the glorious inspirations of the masters. It is as easy to prepossess the young mind with a love for fine things as for poor things, if you will only let the former have sufficient start.

One frequently laments the locust-clouds of miserable sheet music, that go forth from the music shops, devouring, over all the land. The boarding schools are the great markets of this trash. Were there more teachers like this one in Connecticut, there would be much less poor and trivial music published. The publication simply follows the law of supply and demand; this law it must obey, as the tides the moon. The publishers are not the ones most to blame. Think you they would not be as glad to sell Beethoven's Sonatas by the thousand, as they are the Fantasias and Variations of Strakosch, the thousand and one arrangements of the "Anvil Chorus," the popular negro melodies, or any thing else? Indeed we must give some of them the credit of thinking less sometimes of instant profit than of the dignity of their trade, in publishing as they do such nice editions of Sonatas, Songs without Words, Masses, Oratorios, and choice German songs, which must find comparatively few purchasers and fewer appreciators. The teachers are far more responsible for what is liked and what is printed than are the publishers themselves. A dozen or two such schools as this at Farmington would do much to lighten those dustier shelves of the music-sellers, which now groan under piles of solid classical works.

We heartily congratulate the young ladies of Miss Porter's School, in Farmington, Connecticut, on having so earnest and intelligent a music teacher as Mr. CHARLES KLAUSER. That school, or that town, has been fortunate in its music teaching. Its former teacher, Mr. OLIVER, as our readers may remember, set the example of the same sort of earnest inculcation of a taste for genuine and solid music, and is now following up the experiment very successfully in a new field, Pittsfield, in this State. Thus we have two examples, whose progress we shall watch with interest. In the mouth of two witnesses shall this good word be established. We doubt not there are more, and shall be glad to hear from them.—Mr. Klauser has kindly sent us all the programmes of these school concerts for the past two years; we think they will interest our readers when we find room to present them.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

It is generally known that MENDELSSOHN, until his death, was considered the greatest living composer; and that as such he was, by a very large class, not only respected and admired, but almost worshipped. His genius, combined as it was with a most amiable character, could not but gain him hosts of friends, who made it their delight to sing his praise and promulgate his fame. Soon after his death, however, an opposition rose against him, which has increased in numbers and in strength up to this day. First, it was whispered that his genius was, after all, of no very high order, and that he owed his unlimited fame mainly to a certain clique of the "old school," who had lifted and carried him, till at last some openly declared that he was fortunate to die just then, since, had he lived longer, he would have found opportunity to meditate, like Scipio on the ruins of Africa, on the ruins of his fame. To speak more plainly, they endeavored to show that the want of creative power was sadly perceptible in his last works, and that, accordingly, he would have fallen more and more into mannerism. It is not the place here to reflect long on the cause and the result of this opposition.

It would appear that both champions and opponents went too far in their zeal, more especially the former. The artist, as well as any man whose life is devoted to the progress of humanity, has good reason to exclaim in those famous words: "Only save me from my friends, my enemies I shall manage alone," especially if the friends belong to that class who have nothing but unbounded applause for their chosen master, and abuse, nothing but abuse, for all who dare to think and act

differently from him. There seems to be a certain balance to be preserved in the praise or blame bestowed on public men; we cannot lavish it all on one without taking at the same time from the rest. The sense of justice, which is so deeply rooted in man, will always watch that praise is dealt out fairly. When Mendelssohn was at the height of his artistic career, there were ROBERT SCHUMANN and others, who also followed the course of true and high Art, though in a different direction; but they were little appreciated. A natural consequence was that their friends, few in number, rose up to challenge a more general acknowledgment to their just merits; in doing which they could not avoid coming in collision with the host of great and small admirers of Mendelssohn. Provoked by the vile attacks of the worshippers, they strove to find and expose the defects of the idol, more—as it must appear to every impartial observer—to annoy and punish these his vassals, than to disparage the master himself. Thus we have the sad spectacle of seeing the memory of so marvellously gifted, so thoroughly trained a composer as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, distorted.

What he was, and what he did, let the many musicians and amateurs tell, who have been instructed by his invaluable advice; who have been inspired and stimulated by his great example, and, above all, who have been charmed and edified by the many beautiful and incomparable tone-creations which he has given to the world. But whatever friends and foes may say, they agree in one point, namely, that his smaller compositions, such as the songs for one or more voices, many pieces for the piano-forte and other instruments, &c., are most charming, and deserve to be highly recommended. The "Songs without Words," for piano-forte, especially are mentioned as belonging to the fruits of his most inspired muse, and are considered a new and very valuable addition to the literature of parlor music. To call attention to these anew is the object of this article. The seven books, containing forty-two songs, were long since republished in this city by O. Ditson & Co., in an elegant volume, and lie, we trust, on the piano-forte of every accomplished player. But it is a question whether every person who possesses these pieces really knows what he has got in them; whether he is aware of their excellence and high beauty, as well as of the wholesome influence they exercise on taste and feeling.

As may be expected from so thoroughly cultivated an artist as Mendelssohn, there is in the whole collection of the "Songs without Words" nothing that could be called paradoxical, tasteless, or worn out. On the other hand, it must be

admitted that in his works for the piano-forte in general he has but little, if at all, availed himself of the important enlargements in the technical treatment of that instrument, as displayed in the productions of his contemporaries, Chopin, Liszt, and Thalberg; much less has he himself made discoveries as to new and before unheard effects. His style is that of the classical school, so called, of which Hummel is generally named as the most prominent representative; but Mendelssohn writes fuller and richer, more in accordance with the demands of his time. In the "Songs without Words" are so many fine and ingenious little traits of instrumentation, that one must acknowledge the fertility of his genius in this respect too; and it seems as if it had been one of the consequences of his exceedingly pure and fine taste, to make him unduly despise that wealth and fullness of sound in which the piano composers of the present time are so fond of indulging, though not unfrequently to the degradation of the Art.

But what gives the pieces in question, above all, an inestimable value, is the beautiful sentiment which pervades each, and which they express as strongly and decidedly as the language of tones is capable. As the title indicates, they are *songs*; hence their force lies in the melodies. These are deep and touching, always peculiar and striking, which excludes, once for all, any thing that might be called a reminiscence. The accompaniments are tasteful, characteristic, and piano like. Melody and accompaniment form a whole, which shows the hand of the master everywhere. This relates especially to those contained in the first six books. In the seventh book, a posthumous *opus*, there are some to the publication of which we have reason to believe Mendelssohn himself would never have given his consent. Two or three, however, in this book are likewise in his best vein.

We shall now try to indicate briefly the sentiment of the most prominent of these pieces, hoping that it may be a help to some players to understand and enjoy them better, and may remind others, who have neglected and forgotten them, of the wholesome influence which such simple, noble, and expressive music exercises.

There are among the "Songs without Words" many which in character and expression resemble each other so well that they may be reviewed in groups together. As the first group, then, let us mention the five which are written in E flat major. The poet Schubert calls this key the key of love. And, indeed, these songs breathe a tenderness, a sweetness, with a flavor of melancholy, which must warm and expand the heart of every person of sensibility. They bring back the time of youth and love, with every thing that once

was sweet and dear to us, but which is now, alas! passed, never to return.

"Ah, Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

One might also call them evening-songs, especially the three slow ones.

"Once more the light of day is gone,
And evening bells sound o'er the lawn."

In one of the latter, No. 1, Book VI., on the second page, you really hear the evening-bell with its measured strokes beating time to the solemn melody and its harp-like accompaniment.

Of nearly the same character, only a little more cheerful, is another group, formed of the three in E major. We will call them Spring-Songs, a term which most appropriately might be applied to the second one, No. 3, Book III. But all the three excite the feeling we experience when, after cold, grim Winter has taken his departure, the first golden days appear, the days of blossoms and flowers, of hope, and all that gladdens the heart of man. As Uhland sings:

"The gentle breezes are blowing bright,
They're weaving and heaving day and night,
And waking the buds and the blossoms.
O sweet perfume! O magic strain!
Now, my poor heart, cease to complain,
Now all, all will be better."

A peculiar group is formed by the three Venetian Gondola-Songs (*Venetianische Gondellieder*). They are written in the minor mode. A deep, painful longing is expressed in the melody, while the accompaniment, in the undulating six-eight measure, conveys the idea of a boat rowed along:

"Our bark, love, is near;
Now, now, while there hovers
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'T will waft thee safe over
Yon silent lagoon."

The first, No. 6, Book I., in G, is the smallest and least significant. To choose between the second, No. 6, Book II., in F sharp, and the third, No. 5, Book V., in A, we consider difficult. Possibly the third finds more admirers, because it is more brilliant and grateful to the performer. Remarkable in this piece is the motive of two notes, in the interval of a fourth, by which the melody is preceded, and several times interrupted. It sounds like the signals of the gondoliers, or like any other mysterious voice which is heard in the stillness of a beautiful Italian moonlight night. But the second of these three singular songs, though it looks unpretending in melody and accompaniment, is nevertheless of wonderful expression. If you do not appreciate it at once, play it over and over again, and it will grow in beauty under your fingers. Observe the long trill on the high C sharp in the second part. Generally a trill is only an embellishment; but here it is a means of grandest expression. What does it express?

"What you don't feel, you'll never catch by hunting."

[Conclusion next week.]

Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

[Continued from last week.]

The next composer to be named in this department is MATTHESON. A Sonata by him appeared in 1713, "dedicated to the person who will play it best." It consists of only one movement; the execution of single parts is richer;

the theme has value; the *working up*, however, shows more outward brilliancy than inward wealth.

We come now to DOMENICO SCARLATTI. He wrote: 30 *Sonate per il clavicembalo* and 6 *Sonate per il cembalo* in the first part of the eighteenth century. Each Sonata contains two parts; the present second, or *worked up* part, and the third are melted into one; there is a resemblance to the two strains of the song form. A two-voice tendency prevails; the manner of writing is more suited to the instrument than that of his predecessors; the crossing of hands is one feature to be remarked in them. These are the peculiarities in form. As regards the substance, Scarlatti himself designates these Sonatas as an "intellectual sport of Art." Deeper intentions are wanting; it is a bright, lively, genial play of tones, often of an over-bubbling humor; yet we find traces of a gentler and more serious emotion.

Scarlatti did not give the world a new form of the Sonata as a whole, composed of several movements; it was only the form of the single movement of the Sonata, regularly developed out of the earlier germs, and in a style of writing emancipated from the chains of polyphony, and better suited to the true nature of the instrument. This form, as being that which gives the law, if not for all, yet for the most important movements of the Sonata, and chiefly as being the most significant among the non-polyphonic forms of an instrumental movement, had first to be developed to a degree of perfection corresponding to the high intentions of the Sonata, before it was possible to do, what was done afterwards, namely, to give a rational and regular form to the Sonata as a whole composed of several movements.

We must also mention the Italian, FRANCESCO DURANTE, who published *Sonate per cembalo divise in studii divertimenti*. This is an entirely isolated appearance. In regard to form, these Sonatas are a transition from the Song form to the Sonata form, and are homophonous. And if, viewed with reference to historical development, they stand below those of Scarlatti, yet as compared with Kuhnau they show a progress in the freer and more natural mode of writing; while in respect to intrinsic matter they may be more rich and significant.

We now approach that musical giant, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, whose two Sonatas in C minor and D minor are especially noteworthy. In him again we find the Sonata-like combination of several movements into one whole. In the Sonatas just named he stands, to be sure, with regard to form and manner of writing, not on the same free standpoint as Scarlatti; he is more in affinity with Kuhnau. But he is far superior to the latter in his wealth and free control of means; and on the other hand he shows progress, as compared to Scarlatti, in the fact that he unites several movements into one whole, in the manner peculiarly suited to the Sonata, so that a higher spiritual, inward signification is more strikingly recognized than in any before. Bach is a mediating transition step to all that follows.—Another transition work is the twelve Sonatas of the Padre MARTINI *per organo e'l cembalo*. These Sonatas seem not peculiarly adapted to the organ; their whole style of writing points to the piano. They stand in respect to form midway between the so-called *Suite* and the Sonata proper; they are a mixture of polyphony and of homophony, and

with all their artificial elaboration are full of life and spirit.

From the middle of the eighteenth century to the death of EMANUEL BACH in 1788, when the Sonata had acquired a regular form corresponding to its idea, a new period begins. Here the literature grows richer; Faisst cites in all 208 Sonatas, with 35 composers. After the true form, at least what is most essential in it, was found for the single movement of the Sonata, the next problem was, availing oneself of this, to give a regular and characteristic form to the Sonata as a whole of several movements. But this combination of several movements in one whole takes place in very different ways; it is not to be regarded as a greater freedom, but as a state of indecision, a seeking after form more adequate. Three movements become the rule, two and four movements the exception; in the latter class the Minuet appears already as the second movement. As regards the form of the single movement, it partly resembles that of Scarlatti, and partly appears more developed. Movements already occur with a second theme; but this is more an episode, a thing aside, than a counterpart to the first theme. It is not so characteristically distinct in idea; often its existence is doubtful; hence the wavering in this period. We have further to notice an enrichment and extension of the song form; but only externally, for its enlargement internally leads into the Rondo and Sonata form. Passages with variations already occur; and of the dance forms, the Minuet and the Polonaise; the Rondo form more seldom.—The most significant appearance in this period is EMANUEL BACH, the proper predecessor of HAYDN. Next to him one thinks of JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH and LEOPOLD MOZART.

Christian Bach's Sonatas are full of fire, humor, freshness, grace; in their style of writing they already resemble Haydn and Mozart. In the Sonatas of Leopold Mozart you already seem to hear his great son, such strong resemblance do they betray in general outline and spirit.

Emanuel Bach's works show everywhere a fine, intellectual, thoroughly sensuous and charming character; you feel that with him all is the expression of an inward experience; in all there is freshness, fervor, and a noble feeling. We have called him the forerunner of Haydn, and he is indeed so, both as respects the form and matter of his works. With him the three movements, in their full development, become the principle of form; generally, his Sonatas have a first movement (Allegro, in short Sonata form), a second movement (Andante, in song form), and a third movement (Presto, in Rondo form). Bach's manner of writing is mostly homophonous. The intrinsic substance of his works has been already intimated, in a few words. I will only cite the judgment of F. BRENDL, in his excellent lectures on the history of Music. He says: "Emanuel Bach, while, unlike the earlier composers, he represented in his music the peculiar spirit and mode of feeling of the artist, was the one who immediately ushered in the modern instrumental music; by the representation of the shifting, multifarious moods of individuality he became the founder of the modern direction of music,—that is to say, the immediate forerunner of Haydn. As his principal work we may regard his 'Sonatas for Connoisseurs and Amateurs.'"

[To be continued.]

Handel's Instrumentation—His Love of Noise.

From Schöcher's Life of Handel.

In his second English sacred composition, he developed that distinctive character of modern oratorios, the preponderance of choruses, and he also greatly augmented the accompaniment, as he had already done in his anthems. Prejudice will take advantage of every thing. Those powerful choral combinations, which he invented, were accused of excess and violence; he was reproached with having exaggerated the orchestra, while he, on the other hand, complained of want of means to express his conceptions.

He was beyond his century; but, like all men of even the boldest genius, he was subject to the influences which surrounded him. Boldness must be estimated relatively. He dared not make use of the big drum, from which Rossini has extracted such fine effects in his finales; and perhaps he did not refrain from doing so without manifesting some regret; for, with satirical exaggeration, he is accused of having one day exclaimed: "Ah! why can not I have a cannon?" The fastidious may, perhaps, object that Handel is outraged by supposing him capable of such a regret. But why so? The big drum requires to be used with great discernment; but it seems to be as useful as any other bass instrument. It is to the side drum exactly what the bassoon is to the hautboy, the violoncello to the violin, and the double-bass to the violoncello. It has only become odious through the stupid abuse which has been made of it; but must we proscribe the trumpet because every showman blows it at a fair? must we abolish the side drums on account of *Drum Quadrilles* at the Surrey Gardens? If Burney is to be believed, Handel would have gone far beyond the big drum, for he speaks of a bassoon sixteen feet high, which was used in the orchestra in the commemoration of 1784, and which John Ashly attempted to play upon. "This bassoon," says he, "was made with the approbation of Mr. Handel," for John Frederic Lampe, the excellent bassoon player belonging to his company. It may be, however, that Burney, who, like all men of wit, was something of a wag, wished to amuse himself at the expense of the credulous, with the wind-instrument of sixteen feet in height; but it is certain that monster bassoons were made in August, 1739, and that Handel made use of them in January 1740. The *London Daily Post* of the 6th of August, 1739, announces:—"This evening, the usual concert at Marylebone Gardens, to which will be added two grand or double-bassoons, made by Mr. Stanesby, junior, the greatness of whose sound surpasses that of any other bass-instrument whatsoever; never performed with before." Six months afterward, in the accompaniment to the air, "Let the pealing organ," of *Allegro, Penseroso ed Moderato*, Handel wrote *bassons e basson grosso*. He deemed it impossible to increase the orchestra more than he did; but he carried it beyond all the dimensions to which it had attained up to his time. Pope makes allusion to this in the *Dunciad*, when he compares him to

"—bold Briareus with a hundred hands."

There is, nevertheless, an opinion prevalent now-a-days that Handel's instrumentation is very poor; but this criticism is only just by comparison with the vast dimensions which have been given to modern symphony. In the *Julius Caesar* of 1723, there are flutes, hautboys, bassoons, trumpets, a harp, a viola da gamba (the violoncello had apparently not yet absorbed this instrument), a theorbo, kettle drums, and four horns, besides what is called the quatuor of stringed instruments; the first and second violins, the viola or tenor, the violoncello, and the double-bass. These form certainly a very respectable orchestra. Many of his airs have a simple accompaniment of violoncello with harpsichord, but this was the result of a principle which did not prevent him from exceptionally making use of more extensive resources. A solo in *Rinaldo*, given in 1711, is accompanied by four trumpets and kettle drums (4 *trombe e timpani*). Composers were then extremely careful not to smother up the voice with the harmony, and, without desiring to retro-

grade, it must be admitted that the development of the theatrical orchestra is not invariably a merit. It has now stepped out of its proper place; for it no longer accompanies, but takes an equal share of the performance; and the artists, in order to domineer over its thunders, are often compelled to sing with all the power of their lungs. This prodigality of sound has enlarged our pleasures, but at the expense of their delicacy. It has given birth to the bellowing system—a contagious and very dangerous malady. How many ruined and shattered voices are we compelled to listen to, without counting those which can no longer make a public exhibition of their sad state! And to what shall this be attributed, if not to the manner in which singers are compelled to abuse their vocal faculties, in order to make head against the excess of instrumentation?

With the exception of the clarionet, the cornet-à piston, and the ophicleide (which were not then invented), Handel had at his disposal all the instruments which are now known, as well as many others which are no longer used—such as the viola da gamba, the violette marina, the theorbo, the lute, the double-lute, and the cornet; but neither at the opera, nor in the church, did he employ them all, as it is now the custom to do. To have done so would have seemed monotonous to him. According to his fancy or his judgment, and according to the subject which he had in hand, he neglected the use of some one or other. But let no one be deceived by this: he knew very well how to make a noise when he was so disposed. In the MS. of his *Fireworks Music*, the overture has twenty-four hautboys, twelve bassoons, nine trumpets, nine horns, three pairs of kettle drums, a serpent, and a double bass! The serpent is scratched out, for it was a recent invention, and very probably the composer could not find any one clever enough to please him upon it; but he evidently wished to use it, and (serpent apart) what remains must have counted for something in 1749. Nevertheless, Handel had been already preceded in that direction. There is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps the sun itself is an imitation of a mastodon sun, which formed the centre of some planetary system anterior to ours. But while we wait patiently until the disciples of Herschel and Arago put on their spectacles to read the history of the ante-solar system, let us refer to the *General Advertiser* of the 20th of October, 1744, where we shall find this advertisement:—"At the Lincoln's Inn Theatre will be performed a serenata and an interlude, called *Love and Folly*, set to music by Mr. Gaillard. To be concluded with a new Concerto Grosso of 24 bassoons, accompanied by Signor Caporale on the violoncello, intermixed with Duettos by 4 double-bassoons, accompanied by a German flute; the whole blended with numbers of violins, hautboys, fifes, trombonys, French-horns, trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, etc."

The *et cetera* is superb! It may be supposed that the bassoon had then become a favorite instrument, since twenty-four bassoon-players, without reckoning the performers on the four double-bassoons, were so readily obtained.

Handel knew how, upon occasion, to blow, at a single blast, fifty-six horns, hautboys, trumpets, and bassoons; but he reserved such effects for symphonies to be played in the open air. Nevertheless, his ordinary orchestra was much stronger than it is commonly supposed to have been. People are certainly deceived by his MSS., and by the editions of his publisher Walsh. Walsh used to economize the expenses of engraving by suppressing many of the accompaniments; and he, to save time, only wrote the leading parts when he composed, leaving it to the copyists to multiply them according to his instructions. * *

If the instrumental portions of Handel's oratorios, as they were executed under his direction, had not been burned at the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre in 1808, we should doubtless have been astonished at their amplitude, for we should there have found the "Briareus with a hundred hands." A few scattered fragments serve to show that he sometimes added extra accompaniments. The Buckingham Palace treasures have hitherto remained unexplored, and the

fact does not much redound to the honor of the English musicians. They have only examined the MSS. of a few popular oratorios, the publication of which seemed likely to profit some publisher. Mr. Lacy has subjected the whole collection to a professional examination on my account; and his labors, which certainly did not extend over less than three months (the fruit of which will be found in the "Catalogue of Works"), have revealed facts which nobody suspected. Mozart introduced flutes, trombones, and French-horns into his instrumental addition to *The Messiah*; but in so doing he only partly did over again what the author had already done! The volume of MSS. (which has been entitled *Sketches*) contains a piece of instrumentation which evidently applies to the chorus: *Lift up your gates*. It is thus arranged:

Violin 1^oViolin 2^o

Viole.

Corno 1^oCorno 2^oHautb 1^oHautb 2^o

Bassons.

Corno 1^oCorno 2^oHautb 1^oHautb 2^o

Bassons.

Violini tutti (literally, all the

large violins—that is, the double-basses and violoncellos).

If the examination of Handel's MSS. had not been deferred until now, this page would certainly have lightened the labors of Mozart!

And this is not an isolated fact. In the same volume there is an arrangement of the same nature for *Jehovah crowned, Through the nation, and He comes*, in "Esther;" and for *He found them guilty*, of the "Occasional Oratorio." Who can say that there were not many similar things in those leaves which, having been abandoned to the copyists, are now lost?

Music in Paris.

(Correspondence Lond. Mus. World.)

PARIS, OCT. 22, 1857.

After all—if the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* may be credited—the new opera (not the *Africaine*—that is an old opera) of M. Meyerbeer will be put in rehearsal without fail at the commencement of May, which, allowing between three and four months for rehearsals (and M. Meyerbeer is not the man to be satisfied with less), justifies the public in anticipating the first performance somewhere about the first week in September. It is to be hoped that no further accident may again render necessary the postponement of this long-expected novelty, since M. Perrin cannot be expected to dig up the whole repertory of the first imperial epoch. Still less would he be authorized in trusting the fortunes of the Opéra-Comique to the heavy inspirations of M. Ambroise Thomas, or to the lighter effusions of M. Poise, one of those pupils of the late Adolphe Adam, who, following the example of their master, write with equal ease and want of reflection, as though to produce no matter what in as brief a time as possible constituted the sole mission of a composer. *Joconde* and *Jeannette et Colin* have proved that Nicolo Isouard deserves a better fate than oblivion; while *Jean de Paris* and the *Fête du Village Voisin* are creating a new sympathy for the justly renowned author of *La Dame Blanche*; but Boieldieu and Nicolo, with all their genius, cannot now pretend to monopolize the theatre in the Place Favart.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, with the Lyceum additions—minus the recitatives and the *cavatina* from *Le Serment* (so inappropriately substituted by Mme. Bosio for the original air of Zerlina)—is to be the next revival. How that may take, it is impossible to guess. We look in vain among the actual company for a gentleman possessing a tenor voice and histrionic capabilities for the effective impersonation of the hero. MM. Coudere and Mocker have little or no voice left, while M. Barbot is a

mediocre actor, and M. Jourdan an inexperienced beginner. One serious deficiency is, therefore, likely to militate against the success of *Fra Diavolo*, with which, in other respects, the actual generation of Parisian amateurs will doubtless be quite as much enchanted as their fathers and mothers before them—for the music has lost none of its freshness. However—in spite of revivals—in spite of Hérold's *Zampa*, where weakness and inspiration go hand in hand—and in spite of the coming opera of M. Thomas—the director and the patrons of the most essentially popular theatre in the French metropolis are looking forward with equal anxiety to the next comic work by the composer of *L'Etoile du Nord*. It is long since there has been a stirring novelty at either of the great national establishments, and MM. Royer and Perrin can hardly be satisfied to leave the task of assuaging the public appetite entirely to their comparatively plebeian rival in the Boulevard du Temple.

This allusion to the Théâtre-Lyrique may be accompanied by a word or two about the present doings in that establishment. The Weber-operas—*Oberon* and *Euryanthe*—would entitle the manager and his officials to unqualified praise, but for certain drawbacks which must tend to make connoisseurs rather offended than pleased at witnessing these German pieces in a French dress. Though not quite so bad as the original French adaptation of *Der Freischütz*—which, under the title of *Robin de Bois*, met with just censure at the time—the works above mentioned, and *Euryanthe* in particular, are very nearly so. The comic business interpolated in *Euryanthe* is deplorable, and destroys at once the legendary character of the drama, and the design of the composer. The incantation scene (the forging of the magic sword) is equally absurd. About the execution of the music I would rather say nothing at all—so indifferent is it, so incorrect at times, and so invariably undistinguished by the German tone and spirit which are its life. It is to be feared that in this essential our neighbors will always be wanting, their idiosyncrasy and that of the Germans being utterly and irremediably at variance. The real feature, the genuine attraction (to strangers at least) of the Théâtre-Lyrique, at present, is the singing of Mme. Miolan-Cavalho, who, in the *Reine Topaze* (a very flimsy opera), exhibits vocal facility in a certain style little short of prodigious. Mme. Miolan left the Opéra-Comique when Mme. Marie Cabel, formerly the leading star at the Théâtre-Lyrique, joined the first-named establishment; and there seems to be a prevalent opinion that one (I need not particularize) has lost almost as much as the other has gained by the change. Certain it is all Paris, some three or four years since, was humming either “*Les Fraises*,” or “*Dame, on m'a raconté ça*,” but those strains are now silent; and what do we hear in place of them?—nothing from *Jenny Bell*, or the *Fille du Régiment*, at any rate. Meanwhile the jocosely venomous *Figaro* makes fun of a special and very elaborate cadence at the Opéra-Comique, which is, nevertheless, much the same kind of thing that used to drive the Parisians frantic, in a part of the city as near to the Bastille as the Opéra-Comique is to the Madeleine, at the period above mentioned. *Tempora mutantur*—and *cantatrici*?

They have spoiled the *Cheval de Bronze*. First, the introduction of a dreary length of ballet—which is dragged in by M. Scribe with much the same skill and propriety as the sentimental ballads in the libretti of Alfred Bunn, Esq.—makes it top-heavy, and induces an anti-climax. Next, in the whole cast of the *dramatis personæ*, there is not one actor endowed with a spark of comic humor, which—when it is remembered that the whole piece is a *buffonnerie*, and almost every character in it essentially comic—will be admitted is a serious drawback. Then the singers being all “doubles”—not one *première sujet-tenor* among them—renders the execution of the music (which is by no means easy) to use a mild epithet, *doubtful*. Lastly—but why go on with a catalogue of objections that would fill a column? Suffice it, a masterpiece of vivacity and esprit (the music alone is comprehended in this defini-

tion) is tortured out of its original shape, and turned into a mere vehicle for dancing and spectacle. What matters that the new dance-music furnished by M. Auber should be exquisitely fresh and tuneful, when it is inevitably *de trop*? The idea of making the success of such a work as *Le Cheval de Bronze* depend upon a dancer—be that dancer Mme. Amalia Ferraris, or her young and very competent successor, Mlle. Zina Richard (who excels her predecessor in vigor and *entraine* if not in finish), is monstrous. It contains a store of musical beauties enough to constitute the fortune of a dozen comic operas, besides a *finale* (that to Act II.) in the largest and most ingenious manner of its composer, and a *morceau d'ensemble* for the eight principal characters (to some nonsense-verses of M. Scribe), which has not been surpassed by M. Auber himself in quaintness, spirit, and piquant originality. All this is sacrificed, however, to show and tinsel, and saltatory evolutions; and though M. Auber, by his irresistible music to the concluding *ottor*—“*Oh, divin Fo-li-fo*”—has soared as high as his *collaborateur* has descended low, and breathed life and sense into a literary *mugot*, it is to little purpose under the actual circumstances. The *Cheval de Bronze* must be led over to its old home on the other side of the Boulevards; and then with the ballet curtailed or omitted, the new *finale* will be appreciated and the opera endowed with renewed vitality.

Mme. Deligne-Lauters is ill, and *Robert le Diable* postponed for a time. Meanwhile there is some talk of Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which M. Théophile confesses to have recommended on the strength of his detestation of music. Let them give the “music of the future” at the opera—he says—and make an end of it. D.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, OCT. 30.—A new opera by BALFE! It was only produced last night for the first time at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, and I had the pleasure of “assisting” at the production, admiring the music, and laughing at the words. Indeed, the libretto is more ridiculous than most libretti, and this you will acknowledge to be saying a good deal. The opera is called “The Rose of Castille,” and the plot is something like this:

Elvira, the Rose of Castille, Queen of Leon, has just ascended the throne, and the King of Castille has made a formal demand of her hand for his brother, Don Sebastian, the Infant. Elvira hears that Sebastian is about to travel into her dominions, disguised as a muleteer, to satisfy his curiosity in regard to his intended bride; and she, on her part, determines to intercept him on the way, disguised as a peasant girl, taking with her an attendant. At a country inn they meet Manuel, a muleteer, whom Elvira supposes to be her disguised betrothed, though Carmen, Elvira's attendant, who is disguised as a boy, has some doubts on the subject. Elvira and Manuel of course fall in love. Three noblemen of the kingdom of Leon, who are plotting against the crown, meet the peasant girl here, and are struck by her resemblance to the queen. However, Elvira maintains her rustic character so well, that they at last conclude the resemblance to be accidental, and seeing in this accident the means of forwarding their own plans, induce the peasant girl to pass herself off for the queen, little thinking they are talking to the real queen herself. The damsel puts herself under their instructions, but often astonishes them and arouses misgivings by the hints and remarks she lets fall. The resemblance between the queen and peasant now seems more striking, and the confusion arising therefrom affords much opportunity for *buffo* music, of which

the composer has liberally availed himself. At last the conspirators determine to arrest the queen, and confine her in prison, while they palm off the supposed peasant as Her Majesty; but by a little stratagem Elvira causes one of her duchesses—a proud, silly, old woman, on whose vanity she works by allowing her for one day to wear the robes and assume the prerogatives of majesty—to be arrested in her stead, and then, when the conspirators have taken the duchess by mistake, the real queen steps forward and charges them with treason.

Manuel appears at court in his muleteer guise with a petition, and recognizes in Her Majesty his rustic lover. He is charged with a mission to the queen privately, though why or wherefore it is impossible to say, and, at an interview, charges her with her identity with the country damsel, which she and Carmen pretend to laugh at. The queen, having outwitted the conspirators, and being firmly seated on her throne, subsequently selects a husband, and chooses the muleteer, still supposing him to be Don Sebastian. The courtiers know he is not the Don, as the said Don has sent a communication to the court of Leon, announcing his marriage to some other princess. The courtiers, anxious to depose the queen, thus desire that she should marry this ignoble muleteer, as such a low marriage would deprive her of the right to the throne. The wedding takes place, and immediately after Elvira receives the communication from Don Sebastian, proving that he is not the muleteer. Elvira, shocked at the idea of being the wife of a poor mule driver, at first, is about to leave her husband; but better feelings prevail, and she then decides to forsake her throne, and seek humble happiness in the cottage of Manuel.

Now, of course, it would never do to end an opera in this way. There must be a happy finale; so, it turns out that the muleteer, though not Don Sebastian, is after all a still greater personage, being none other than his brother Sancho, King of Castile, whereat the conspirators are confounded, but pardoned by the queen; the chorus express jubilant sensations, and the queen sings a bravura air as the curtain falls upon all the happy dramatic personæ.

So much for the story, in which are also introduced quite a number of minor characters. Perhaps it may be as well to glance at the music. The following was the distribution of characters:

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Elvira,..... | Louisa Pyne. |
| Carmen,..... | Susan Pyne. |
| Manuel,..... | W. H. Harrison. |
| Don Pedro,..... | Mr. Weiss. |
| Don Sallust,..... | Mr. St. Allyn. |
| Don Florio,..... | Mr. Geo. Honey. |

At the rising of the curtain, for the first act, we have a rural view, before a Spanish Posada, and a miscellaneous collection of peasants, who, led by one of their number, sing a sprightly chorus, “List to the gay castanet,” accompanied by saltatory and terpsichorean motions. Elvira and Carmen (the latter dressed as a boy) then enter, and in a quaint little duet say that they have been lost, and beg the hospitality of the Posada. They are asked to dance, but decline; and Elvira sings a very brilliant *scherzo*,—a species of vocal waltz,—which, as delivered in the charming style of Miss Louisa Pyne, of course brought an encore. Manuel, the muleteer, now appears, and, after a considerable amount of time spent in snapping his whip, sings a characteristic song: “I am a simple

muleteer," to a refrain of "clie clac," accompanied with renewed snappings of his whip-lash, and the sound of a tambourine. Of course these Jullienesque adjuncts create a sensation, and the muleteer is obliged to repeat his song. Then comes a weak spoken dialogue between Elvira and Manuel, followed by a commonplace ballad by the latter: "Couldst thou, dear maid," to which succeeds a rather insipid duet, in which the two parties own a mutual affection, love having sprung up in true operatic style, in the space of about ten minutes. The three conspirators then enter, Don Pedro, Don Sallust, and Don Florio, the former of whom is the head and front of that offending, and who wishes to seat himself on the throne, while the latter is the dupe of the others and the *buffo* of the piece. They partake of the cheer of the inn, and sing a bold bacchanalian trio: "Wine, wine, the magician thou art," one of the finest things in the entire opera; then perceiving Elvira, and noting her likeness to the queen, they endeavor to persuade her to assume the rôle of majesty. She seems to consent, and sings a quaint but unmelodious rondo: "O, were I queen of Spain," and a concerted piece of only mediocre merit closes the act.

The second act opens with a good expressive chorus of conspirators, the orchestration being very peculiar and effective. Don Pedro expresses his hopes, ambitions, and fears in a very Balfé-ish ballad: "Though Fortune darkly o'er me frowns," and then enter the queen and ladies of the court, to the music of a handsome brilliant chorus, which, by the way, is effectively worked into the overture of the opera. The queen (Elvira) then sings a little ballad to a guitar accompaniment, and Manuel, entering, recognizes her, but does not speak. *Exeunt omnes*, excepting the queen and the ladies; and Elvira then, moved by a reminiscence of her early days, warbles forth *sotto voce* one of the most exquisitely beautiful ballads that Balfé or any one else ever composed. The words are not as bad as they might be.

THE CONVENT CELL.

Of girlhood's happy days I dream,
My home the house of prayer,
As in the bosom of a stream
Seemed heaven reflected there.
In regal halls where oft I sigh,
Fond memories with me dwell
Of many a blissful hour gone by
Pass'd in my convent cell.

Oh! call it not a solitude,
When silence reigns profound,
With placid smiles the sisterhood
Keep angel watch around.
The vesper hymn sings day to rest,
To wake with matin-bell—
Oh! peace no home has like the breast
That sleeps in convent cell.

Manuel returning hastily, as this ballad closes, shocks the ladies of the court by demanding an audience with the queen, on business relating to her own safety. She grants an interview, beckoning the ladies to depart, with the exception of her confident Carmen, who remains with her. Manuel then tells how he had met a lovely peasant girl, the realization of his ideal, the consummation of his hopes and all that sort of thing, and then charges the Queen with having the lady in question, and Carmen with being the boy who accompanied her. The Queen and her attendant treat the idea with derision, while Manuel remains firm in his opinion, and a delicious little trio *buffo* ensues, one of the most successful features of the evening. It must become really popular, and deserves to be so. After this

Manuel informs the Queen of a plot to imprison her, as she proceeds that very afternoon in her carriage to the Palace of Leon, and then retires. The ladies re-entering, Elvira selects a proud old Duchess as her dupe, induces her to assume the robes of the Queen for a day, and feigning indisposition requests her to keep her veil over her face, and proceed to the palace in the royal carriage. The plan succeeds, the duchess is arrested instead of Elvira, and conveyed to a convent. In the next scene we have some more excellent *buffo* music between Dons Pedro and Florio, to the latter of whom had been entrusted the care of the supposed peasant girl, but who is quite distracted with anxiety at her sudden disappearance; for Elvira had accompanied the courtiers to court, where on her arrival she had at once assumed her real character of the queen. To the relief of Florio, however, the peasant girl now enters, being of course our protean queen, again in disguise. Here, in a peculiar *scena*: "A simple peasant girl I be," she states what she would do were she really on the throne, dropping hints that arouse the suspicions of the courtiers. Manuel now enters, the queen announces herself and her intention of wedding the muleteer, and the act closes with a concerted piece.

Act III. commences with a stupid song about Love being the greatest plague of life, by Carmen, which, both in words and music, is quite unworthy a place in the opera; and a *buffo* duet follows between Carmen and Florio, who agree to get married. The queen and court then enter, and after a dialogue, the drift of which it is difficult to tell, the court go away again, and the queen sings a very brilliant but by no means striking *bravura* air. It is evidently intended to afford Miss Louisa Pyne an opportunity of exhibiting her vocal ability, but can lay no claim to real melody. Manuel enters, a short dialogue ensues, Carmen brings a message from the Don Sebastian announcing his marriage, and thus proving to Elvira that the muleteer before her—her wedded husband—is not, as she supposed, the Don in question; and, in her first burst of disappointment, she upbraids Manuel bitterly. He in return sings a lovely ballad—one which must in time enjoy a popularity equal to any Balfé has ever composed. The sentiment is adapted for a ballad, and the words are in the usual *jack-a-dai-sical* style.

BALLAD.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
'Twas Empire charmed thy heart;
But Love was wealth—the world to me—
Then, false one, let us part.
The prize I fondly deemed my own
Another's now may be;
O yes! with Love, life's gladness flown,
Leaves Grief to wed with me.

Though lowly bred and humbly born,
No loftier heart than mine;
Unloved by thee, my pride would scorn
To share the crown that's thine.
I sought no empire, save the heart,
Which mine can never be.
Yes, false one, we had better part,
Since love dwells not with thee.

At this dulcet strain the woman's love of Elvira revives, and she declares her intention of still clinging to the muleteer. Then *exeunt omnes*, while Don Pedro, exultant at the supposed success of his scheme, enters, and in a fine martial song—

Hail! hail! methinks I hear
The clarion sounding near,

gives vent to his joy. The next scene is the throne room; and after some desultory conversa-

tion, Manuel, in a strain that is very suggestive of the favorite "Fair land of Poland," in the "Bohemian Girl," announces that he is king of Castille, mounts the throne, and the opera concludes with a *bravura* air by Elvira.

The opera was a decided success in every respect. The artists were frequently encored, and the composer four times called before the curtain, while, at the conclusion, Mr. Mellon, the leader, received a similar compliment. The performers all did admirably, and Louisa Pyne has if any thing improved since she was in America. I must say the same of her amiable sister, who took the rôle of Carmen excellently, and whom I heard the other night do the part of the Gipsy in the *Trovatore* in a very effective manner.

Though the "Rose of Castille" is not as full of striking melodies as is Mr. Balfé's famous "Bohemian Girl," yet it exhibits a greater power, or at least a greater variety, of orchestral composition. One feature of it is the redundancy of *buffo* music, most of which is really brilliant and pleasing, with orchestral accompaniments reminding the hearer of Rossini. The opera will probably be produced in America; for though the plot is harassingly intricate, the dialogue weak and puny, and the humor tame and lukewarm, yet the music is really excellent, and must give the "Rose of Castille" a high rank in the list of modern English operas.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 24.—Last Saturday was the opening night of our Philharmonic season. The hard times and the influence of the young rival in our sister city told sadly on the ranks of our audience. Even in so large a house as the Academy, the difference of a thousand cannot but be very perceptible. There might, indeed, be some compensation for our loss, if it only involved that of the loquacious portion of our audience; but unfortunately this does not seem to be the case. Those individuals who were not ashamed to have their voices distinctly heard during the breathless stillness of the rest of the house while Mr. MOLLENHAUER was playing, cannot be offended at having the fact mentioned here. One old gentleman was so annoyed thereby, as to call out in a loud voice which startled the whole assemblage: "Can't people be still! I want to hear something! Isn't it possible for folks to stop talking!" This energetic proceeding, though novel, might perhaps do much good in the end, if others had the courage to imitate it. Yet who knows? I fear the only effectual measure would be for the conductor to put a sudden stop to the music! We could then easily discover the delinquents, and the lesson of wholesome shame might secure us peace in future.

I regret that I cannot give you as favorable an account of our concert as you have received from our Brooklyn neighbors of theirs. But as they took the precedence of us in point of time, so they were before us, too, in their programme. I hope fervently that we have heard Spohr's Symphony for the last time! The overture to *Manfred* is finely instrumented, and free from the far-fetched combinations and harmonies which Schumann often delights in; but it is also wanting in the inspiration and melodiousness which characterize many of his works. Altogether, it leaves neither a very clear nor a deep impression. Beethoven's glorious *Leonora* is always beautiful, wafting along on its mighty tones sweet reminis-

cences of that gem of gems, *Fidelio*. In Berlin, where it is always played between the two acts of the opera (its themes occurring in the second act), while the overture to *Fidelio* begins the whole, we used to suffer much from an unlucky trumpeter, who could never perform the two solos for his instrument without a blunder. His colleague of the Philharmonic did better.* In point of execution the orchestra gave great satisfaction. At this concert I heard, for the first time, Miss ANNIE MILNER, whose name has been frequently mentioned in the musical world of late. She has a clear, true, though not very powerful voice, and an excellent school. She is far above the mediocre, and yet just as far from extraordinary. Her voice is not sympathetic, and her singing somewhat cold. She sang the grand aria from the *Freischütz*, the rhythm of which was quite spoilt by English words (an English, not an American translation), and *Qui la voce*, in which she showed great facility of vocalization. The remaining numbers consisted of a couple of solos on the violoncello, by Mr. HENRY MOLLENHAUER, brother of the two violinists. A gifted family these Mollenhauers must be, for this Henry is as thorough a master of his instrument as his brothers are of theirs. The compositions which he gave us, though, for a wonder, not by himself, were merely calculated to show what he could do in his line. In the first, indeed, there were some fine passages; but the second, a set of variations on "Weber's last waltz," (!) was but a combination of tricks and *tours de force*, which seem less appropriate for the violoncello, that speaking soul, than any other instrument.

The musical horizon is still very dark. Of EISENFELD'S Soirées we hear nothing as yet. It would be a great grief to many were they to be given up. The opera was announced as abruptly closed on account of pecuniary difficulties; but these being adjusted, it has reopened. Last week there was a second matinée, at which crowds of ladies assembled to hear a "stale performance" of *Trovatore*. To-morrow another one takes place, with *Sonnambula* and a concert. Saturday night there is a grand "Combination Opera and Concert Night," for the benefit of the Fire Department Relief Fund. On Monday FORMES makes his first appearance in *Robert Le Diable*, with LAGRANGE and CAIROLI, BIGNARDI and LABOCETTA. Little Cairoli, who is announced to appear for the first time in Opera, has many liberties taken with her name. In the first place, this will not be her first appearance in Opera, for at the first matinée, where Mme. Lagrange gave out at the last moment (for the first time, to her credit be it said, since her sojourn here), Cairoli most obligingly took her part as Lucia, and acquitted herself to general satisfaction. Another time, the *Musical Review*, in speaking of a concert where FREZZOLINI was indisposed, wisely says: "Cairoli sang in her place, thus making her appearance for the season earlier than was expected." Another mistake, for not only was Cairoli announced to sing that very evening, with Frezzolini, so that in taking the place of that lady she merely increased her own duties a little,

but she had appeared in at least three or four concerts given by THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS earlier in the autumn, and had already won a place in the regard and good will of the public.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

III.

In a tolerable performance, such as we are supposing ourselves and our readers to have just been hearing, even the least technically musical of us were plainly much impressed by the wholesome strength and grandeur of this first part of "Israel in Egypt." Some, perhaps, thought such a perpetually *crescendo* series of great chorusses monotonous and stunning; the strain upon the mind and nerves was too seldom relieved by the gentler melody of song, quartet, or instrumental symphony. No one, however, can charge these chorusses with lack of variety; they are an ever shifting, wonderfully contrasted, wonderfully harmonious range of mountain scenery. It was the fault of the performers, perhaps, if we did not so feel them. Their boldness would have been at once relieved and heightened by more decided contrasts of loud and soft, on the part of choir and orchestra. It is very natural for such music,—being in the fugue form, which is flame-like, wave-like—to work itself up into a very storm of harmony; but even storms have partial lulls, and there is no musical effect so soothing, satisfying, and sublime, as the *pianissimo* of a vast multitude of voices.

But now for the Second Part. For, see, the singers have resumed their places, the players have re-tuned their instruments, and the conductor's baton is already raised. We may be sure that there are even greater things in store, for Handel grows as he goes on; his energy is never too soon spent; in doing so much for us, he has been opening deeper springs of inspiration in himself; we shall witness with what new force and fulness they gush forth. The subject-matter of the Second Part is the sublime Song of Miriam, contained in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. To bring out and illustrate the full sentiment of this, by all the resources of his art and genius, seems to have been Handel's aim.

And now hear what a prelude! a sort of *universal* prelude; as if filled with the magnitude of the theme, and conscious that this heavenly passion of divine praise, which now craves expression, contained all the primal, unperverted passions of the human soul. The orchestra begins, and in as many bars tries, hurriedly but boldly, all the harmonies of one key after another, to the number of seven,—a whole octave of distinct scales. Of course the starting-point is the centre of the whole musical system, the natural accord of C; with a quick, spasmodic grasp, Handel's strong hand (as it were) sweeps through the several positions of this chord; in the next bar, he tries those of the chord of A; in the next, of D, and so on, traversing the circle of varieties and returning into the noonday fulness and repose of unity in C. It is like feeling every chord successively of the great harp of humanity, to satisfy himself

that each is sound and true, and ready in its turn to yield response worthy of the great occasion. Then with the instruments the voices with their full strength and volume burst forth: *Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord*, traversing essentially the same circle of harmonies from the same point of departure. Upon this noble prelude follows the stupendous fugued double chorus: *I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea*. But as this chorus is repeated at the close of the oratorio, we suspend till then our remarks upon it.

In No. 19, we have for once the relief of a sweet soprano duet; for now the miraculous display is over, and sentiment may follow its own law, sometimes absorbed with all hearts into the great choral act of praise, and sometimes "musing at its own sweet will" in individual melody. *The Lord is my strength and my song: He is become my salvation*: is the text, on which one voice commences musingly a minor strain, climbing through several short, liquid, rhythmical divisions, but soon, by a regular cadence on the key-note, relapses into silence. Meanwhile the other voice has commenced a little later, and is finishing the same melodic fragment. Again they start, one after the other, as before, with the same little rhythmic *motif*, and this time carry it several stages higher; and before the second voice can finish its imitation, the first with three bright notes upon that highest height, plunges down into a bolder strain, full of exulting *roulades*; and before the end, the voices riot in triplets, and in still finer and more curious divisions, with bird-like ingenuity warbling through all forms of melodic *floriture*. The form is quaint, antique, full of the Handelian mannerism, and not much to the taste of this day yet it has an intrinsic beauty that will live.

Nos. 20–22 are 1. another short introductory double chorus sentence: *He is my God*; 2. the chorus in old ecclesiastical style: *And I will exult Him*, in which two fugue subjects are regularly worked up; and 3. the famous bass duet, known in concert-rooms: *The Lord is a man of war*. This last is in the bold, declamatory, as well as elaborately ornate style, which Handel can employ with great effect, given the singer great enough to enter into the spirit of it, in spite of its not being modern. True Handelian singers and players, who get at the *life* of his peculiarity, are rare in this day; and his turns and phrases seem a dull and antiquated mannerism, when not taken up with nerve and *con amore*. These songs, therefore, in the hands of such solo-singers as can be made available in ordinary performances, seldom amount to more than accurate, but feeble and inanimate readings, to save the completeness of the oratorio. Handel has indulged in some exuberance of accompaniment in this duet, contrasting the pastoral oboes and bassoons with the string instruments.

The depths have covered them (No. 23) is a chorus, beginning in the cheerful key of F, but modulating into colder harmony at the thought: *they sank*, till at the close the basses heavily drop through the intervals of the chord of A minor down to the E below the lines upon the words; *to the bottom, like a stone*. This very brief chorus is followed by one more elaborate: *Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power* (No. 24), whose last clause: *hath dashed in pieces the enemy*, introduces a striking theme, answered and

* By the way, I hope the "Gossip" of the *Musical Review* will excuse me for again referring to my Berlin experience. He thinks he should hardly appreciate a Berlin Symphony Soirée, as I described it, and would prefer "such a dose" at "safe distance, say from New York to Berlin." Very likely he would.

imitated with great skill in the several parts. Double choruses still continue to rise, like mountain beyond mountain, in unabated majesty and novelty of form. The choral sentence: *And in the greatness of thine excellency, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee*, seems to convey the idea of a power transcending all our limited ideas of natural order, by the daring use of discords and their triumphant resolution. Of No. 26: *Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble*, we need but name the subject, which Handel has of course wrought out at length in the fugue form, the correspondence whereof with the spiral movement of consuming flame is perfect. Indeed, to convey an idea of the fugue to those not musically initiated, we have often been obliged to liken it to flame.

No. 27: *And with the blast of thy nostrils*, is a single chorus, wonderful in structure and expression. Miracle itself could not more hold one breathless, than that monotone passage of the basses in octaves, telling how "the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea." The separate clauses of the verse form four distinct and characteristic musical subjects, which continually cross and interweave.

[To be continued.]

Orpheus Glee Club.

FIRST CONCERT. The shabby and dilapidated Melodeon—rich in musical memories of years gone by—looked light and bright with a numerous, intelligent, and happy audience last Saturday evening. The hall was indeed filled, and the occasion one of life and enthusiasm. It was really encouraging in these dark days. Allowing for free invitations, there was enough of substantial, paying audience to yield good profit. Everybody was pleased, and many must have been relieved of somewhat of their scepticism about the practicability of some good concerts in an economical view this winter.

Musically the satisfaction was without alloy. There was no dullness. Every piece yielded a fresh, individual charm, and the programme as a whole seemed short and sweet. The Club, numbering some forty singers, were in excellent condition, as was at once evident by the beautiful and harmonious blending and shading of tone, as well as perfect precision and mastery of expression, in rolling out those rich organ-like harmonies of Mozart's simple but sublime chorus of priests: "O Isis and Osiris," from the *Zauberflöte*. The waves of sound were sensitively obedient to the conductor's wand, and our friend KREISSMANN might feel happy in such fruits of his training. The beauty was not merely technical; the spirit too was there. The only accompaniment, here and throughout the evening, was a Grand Piano, played by OTTO DRESEL, who seemed to have his whole heart in the matter.

A duet from *Così fan tutte* was finely sung by Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN, and a repetition enforced.—The Trio, with Chorus, from Weber's *Euryanthe*, was a new thing to the audience. Such a first opportunity of making acquaintance with a rare and perfect gem was a legitimate excuse for the *encore*, and it was well the audience availed themselves of it, since twice hearing was essential to the right perception of such power and beauty. The trio was a group of one central figure, tenor, (Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER,)—who sang the florid and peculiar Weber melody with much skill and fervor, and a fine, clear, ringing voice, especially the high tones,—and of two supporters, basses, (Messrs. C. SCHRAUBSTADTER and LANGERFELDT, who did well their parts. The full tide of chorus swelling in at intervals from the background gave some superb effects of harmony, and the whole was quite characteristic of the composer of the *Freyschütz*. When shall we hear such operas? How would a Verdi chorus have sounded after that!

Miss DOANE deserves especial credit for her ren-

dering of the great, but singularly difficult recitative and aria from *Fidelio*. Much of course was due to the very sure, intelligent, suggestive accompaniment, though only sketched on a piano. But none of the fine intentions of the piece were lost. We have never heard Miss D.'s voice sound more finely; she had studied the piece to good purpose, and the dramatic contrasts, in the declamatory bursts of indignation and horror in the recitative, in the tenderness of the Andante: *Süsse Hoffnung!* and in the inspired, wild delight of hope and triumph at the end, were most effectively yet chastely rendered.—A humorous trio for two tenors and bass, from the first scene of Mozart's "Flight from the Seraglio," where the burly old keeper disputes the lover and deliverer's entrance to the harem, was made quite effective by Messrs. Kreissmann and the brothers Schraubstädter.

So far a remarkably rich series of operatic selections, but not one of the Part-Songs proper, which are the peculiar music of these Clubs, or *Liedertafeln* ("Table-Songs" are another name for them). They are sung without accompaniment. Part II. gave us three of these. The first, the well-known *Wanderlied*, we cannot find to be one of the most striking or original of those by Mendelssohn. Its musical idea is somewhat commonplace; the fruit has not so rare and piquant a flavor as some. Weber's "Prayer before Battle," to Körner's words, is an extremely rich and thrilling piece of sombre harmony, and was grandly rendered. Häser's *Der Wald* was fresh and wood-like, and devout enough for the subject, as conveyed in the following version of the words:

O wood so green and sweetly smelling,
I greet thee many thousand times!
Here all the day I'll make my dwelling,
And climb thy hills and weave my rhymes.

Of love and freedom gaily singing,
Along thy leafy aisles I'll go;
The heavens return their echoes ringing,
All full of fond devotion's glow.

Beneath thy shades I'll lay me, dreaming
Of Love's supreme and perfect bliss;
Through thy fresh green, lo! Hope is gleaming,
And Love gives back Love's sweetest kiss.

Thou art a temple sweet and holy,
Where willing thoughts do heavenward rise;
And here I'll render homage lowly
To God revealed in earth and skies.

There was a fourth, if it may be called a Part-Song,—an extravaganza, very ingenious and graceful,—namely, a whole set of waltzes, with slow, sentimental introduction, *a la* Strauss and Lanner, sung, both theme and accompaniment, by men's voices. There was some lack of nice balance in the responsive phrases between the four parts; but the solos, and most of the harmonies, were sung with spirit, delicacy, and precision, and the thing took to a charm, and was *encored*, as was the humor of the evening with regard to almost everything.

It only remains to mention Mr. SCHULTZ's very finished and expressive rendering of De Beriot's 10th *Air varié* for the violin. This excited immense enthusiasm, which the young artist acknowledged by playing a beautiful unaccompanied solo by Alard.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah" in Christmas week, as usual. On its success then (peculiarly) will depend the production of "Israel in Egypt," and other noble works. It rests with the public, who will have their own indifference (not poverty altogether) to blame, should we lose it. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will commence their concerts a week from Tuesday evening, (Dec. 8). . . . The second concert of the "ORPHEUS" is set down for Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . The Athenæum exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture closes for the season with this day.

ERRATUM.—We attempted last week to say a few words of fitting recognition of the beauty of the Ballet at the Boston Theatre; but the types cunningly made nonsense of a sentence by putting "cunning" for "commingling."

"W. D. B." of Philadelphia will oblige us by his name in full. We cannot publish communications of which we know not the author.

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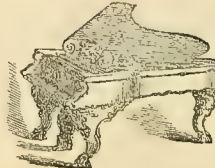
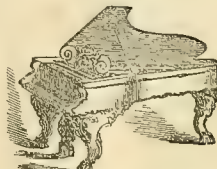
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4—Mary's Dream, 5,..... 40
5—"T was within a Mile of Edinburgh", 5,..... 40
6—Blue Bells of Scotland, 5,..... 40**EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.**

The letters after the name of each of the above pieces, signify the key in which the piece is written. To express the comparative difficulty of execution of different pieces, we have introduced a scale of figures, running from 1, [which represents very easy,] inclusive to 7, [which is applied to the most difficult music.]

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

(Concluded from last week.)

Another group of three, fast and cheerful, we have in Nos. 3 and 6, Book IV., and No. 2, Book V. But the cheerfulness is only moderate; there are frequent glimpses of sadness, sometimes even of passion and anger. Altogether they form a trio which one must love to play and to hear as long in life as the fingers are flexible and the ears not struck with deafness.

Again a group of four in the minor mode, wild and stormy, namely, No. 5, Book I.; 4, Book II.; 5, Book III., and 2, Book VI. In the before-named bound edition of Ditson & Co. there is no tempo marked over No. 5, Book III., which must be *molto agitato*. These four songs, owing to the fast tempo as well as to the minor mode, which in general admits of not so fluent a fingering, belong to the most difficult and least grateful in the whole collection. No. 4, Book VI., has a somewhat softer nature than the rest, and more especially than the last mentioned. In No. 5, Book I., the exciting, passionate stream of tones is relieved by a choral-like melody in the relative major key towards the close of the first part, which in the second part reappears in the original minor, where it accordingly effects less contrast.

There are some pieces in this collection, which, from their harmonic structure, seem to be songs originally intended for male chorus. Their manly, vigorous, and lively character reminds us of those "table-songs" which once formed so prominent a feature in the literature of the German male glee clubs. The desire to enhance the pleasures of a well-furnished table by an appropriate song called forth this species of lyric com-

position. The dishes, and especially the liquids, were found to taste better when the sweetest of the muses contributed her part to the enjoyment. Champagne, friend—bring us Champagne; we are merry to dying. Three cheers—hurrah! Now let us have a song:

"Edite, bibite, collegiales,
Post multa sæcula
Pocula nulla."

These pieces are Nos. 4, Book III.; 4, Book V., and 5, Book VII. There is in them not the usual distinction between melody and accompaniment, but, as observed before, the harmonic element is predominant. They are periods composed, not of single tones, but of chords. Each is preceded by a gay prelude, which also serves as a postlude, and which, plainly betraying that it originated on the keyboard, contrasts much with the powerful song. The first and last have the cheerful key of A major in common, and, on the whole, resemble each other as closely as two twin brothers. In the last may be noted the energetic prelude, with trumpet obligato, as it were. The second, in the softer key of G major, is more pleasing than powerful. In this group we might have included the two short songs in the first and second books, known as *Volkslieder* (people's songs), as well as No. 5 in the fourth book, which lately has become famous here by Thalberg's playing. But the structure, which is more melodic, and the expression, which is more earnest, musing, or religious, than that of the former, justify their being classed in a separate group. The two people's songs are in regard to form exactly the same, but differ somewhat in expression, the one in the first book being manly and powerful, the other gentler and sweeter. We confess our preference for the latter, hardly knowing why. The gentle, musing flow of this exquisite little song is twice in succession interrupted by a short but powerful motive of piercing chords, but presently it goes on in its former subdued and tranquil mood. No. 5, Book IV., is far larger and more brilliant than either of these. The vigorous and earnest song is introduced by a prelude, which afterwards several times reappears, and which, with its short, hasty motive, forms a strong contrast to the measured melody of the main body.

Here we have two which also may go hand in hand. The first, No. 3, Book I., fresh and vigorous, like morning air in October, sounds like a hunting piece. Observe how in the beginning the motive for the right hand dashes forth, immediately pursued, as it were, by the horn-sounds, which chase it up to a screaming pitch. But this is only an attempt. Presently the chase begins in all earnest; the excitement increases still more in the second part; towards the close

a shower of sparkling tones begins at once to rustle, through which those horn-sounds are heard, first as if near by, then more and more from the distance, till all has died away, leaving nothing but a single tone—the key-note. This piece will have a large circle of performers, as it is brilliant and graceful, qualities which never fail to attract the player. The other, No. 2, Book II., in B flat minor, is also lively, but by no means gay. Though in the quick 6-16 measure, it fails to excite cheerfulness; the minor mode, to which it is doomed, paralyzing every attempt at that. The transition to the relative major key (13th measure from the beginning) is of deep effect. It is in the spirit of Beethoven's most soulfelt strains, but by no means a reminiscence of one of them. What a world of wonder and beauty such a melody calls up!

"Sweet tones, are ye dreams
From the unknown fatherland?"

Towards the end the piece leaves the minor mode altogether, and takes the major of the key. We cannot but confess that this change has never pleased us. The spirit of this part has little affinity with the preceding; it sounds too prosaic, too profane, or we know not what; and hence it is that one feels as if one were roused from a warm, pleasant dream to the cold reality; in short, we could wish the piece had a better close. This is our own opinion; others may think differently.

So far we have spoken of the songs in groups, according as their affinity to each other demanded. A few are still left, which, by their too individual character, admit of no classification, and which we shall, therefore, mention singly.

No. 2, Book III., in C minor, is as beautiful as any in all the seven books. It is so restless and plaintive, but yet so charming, that one hardly knows what to say about it. Let the poet define it:

"Heart, my heart, what is this feeling
That does weigh on thee so sore?
What new life art thou revealing,
That I know myself no more?"

Near the end there is a lively dispute going on between the treble and bass, both insisting on a part of the motive with which the piece begins. The bass, as may be expected from so powerful a medium, carries the day and keeps the last word.

No. 6, Book III., is the well-known "Duet," which, like the no less well-known "Frühlingslied" (Spring-song), No. 6, Book V., is more played in public than any of the rest. Both are brilliant and effective. There is a story told as to the origin of the "Spring-song," which, in the main, runs thus: During Mendelssohn's stay in London an excursion into the country was once

proposed by himself and some of his friends. When they were about to start he met with an accident which obliged him to remain at home, the rest of the company going on their way. To cheer himself, he sat down at the piano-forte; and while he fancied to himself the great pleasure his friends were enjoying in the country on so glorious a Spring day, his hands glided over the key-board and drew forth tones that depicted the images of his fancy. The piece which thus arose he called properly "Spring-Song." And, indeed, it reminds one of the blue sky and the golden sun. An innocent cheerfulness pervades the melody, and the accompaniment, with its continual groups of grace-notes, suggests the green grass, which early in the morning sparkles with innumerable dewdrops, looking like so many diamonds of the purest water. It is no wonder that this piece is so general a favorite.

Finally we will mention three, which, though short, are most exquisite, the character of each peculiar and striking. No. 4, Book IV., begins with a slow and solemn song, after which follows another melody, or, rather, the fragments of it, consisting of piercing diminished seventh and minor chords. The bitter sentiment excited by these chords is the more striking, since they appear all at once, and in a region where the tones are most penetrating, thus forming a strong contrast with the preceding low melody. It sounds as if a shriek of despair suddenly escaped from the oppressed heart. The piece throughout is as suggestive as a tone-picture in so small a frame can be. No. 3, Book V., with its pace-like movement, has the semblance of a funeral march. There is once a slight allusion to the *march funèbre* in Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. In general, however, it is quite original and quaint. No. 3, Book IV., is no less original. The syncopated notes, which, from beginning to end, hop behind the beat of time, give it a singular expression. The close, especially, is surprising and beautiful.

The talented player will find more, far more, in these songs than we could indicate in the slight sketches which we have attempted. There are places in many of them which speak in a wonderful way. But how shall we find words that could render an adequate impression of what the composer has expressed so beautifully in tones? Is there no Tom Moore living who can set words to this music? That were the only, the proper way, to describe it; neither speculation nor analysis will reveal its meaning. You may just as well speculate on the meaning of a beautiful rose, with its sweet perfume, its delicate hues, and its hundred leaves and thorns. If Heaven has endowed you with a poetic mind, play the pieces over and over again, and the meaning of each—that is, the sentiment which the composer breathed out in it—will rise unconsciously before your mind as a dream in a midsummer night. Do not attempt, however, to make display with them; the punishment would immediately follow in the small applause attending your performance, even if you were Thalberg himself. With very few, if any exceptions, the "Songs without Words" are not fit to be carried to concert exhibitions and served up to a large, mixed crowd for money; they are too delicate for that. Alone in his private room, perhaps late in the evening, when the day with its stir and bustle is at peace, the player will best feel the force of this music, and gratefully cherish the memory of the master by whose noble mind it was created. AD. K.

Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

(Concluded from page 274.)

After the Sonata had in EMANUEL BACH acquired a definite principle of form, a new epoch could begin,—the fairest, greatest, richest epoch, which the Sonata until now has had,—the epoch of HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN. To see how HAYDN appears in the principal kinds of instrumental music as a path-breaking, epoch-making genius, one need only be reminded of his Symphonies and Quartets. The Piano-forte Sonata also owes to him an important progress and expansion both in respect to form and matter. If, in the first respect, Emanuel Bach must have the credit of establishing the custom of three movements, Haydn's progress consists in the fact that he repeats the leading theme of the single, or first, movement in the third part of the same; that he first properly settled the second, so-called *working-up*, and the third, so-called *repetition* part, for the Sonata form;—that he established as an unchangeable principle of form, what before him had been merely a caprice of the composer and was not found at all in many of the earlier works;—that then he raised the single, (or first, usually Allegro) movement (which properly constitutes the Sonata form), to a higher and a richer organism; that he reached a higher unity, created a higher, a consistent whole. Closely connected with this progress was that on the side of matter, musical ideas and contents. By the repetition of the leading thought this necessarily gained importance and significance; the more so, since Haydn gave to the leading theme a definite expression in and for itself, and adhered to it throughout the whole course of the movement. In fact a fundamental uniformity of mood and character is firmly and decidedly stamped upon the principal movements of Haydn's Sonatas. It is not the single movement alone, that shows this unity; the collective movements of each Sonata form a unitary whole resting on a definite fundamental mood, and standing in a relation of organic mutual dependence. What is it most like, this unity of character, this predominant and fundamental mood? It is that spirit of naïve, childlike cheerfulness, that cunning play of jest and merriment, that arch and roguish humor, in short all those states of mind which distinguish Haydn's whole artistic nature, and pervade all his instrumental music, especially his Symphonies. Limited as his world in itself may be, compared with the infinite circle of vision that opens before us in Beethoven; little as Haydn's childlike nature may reveal the truly deep soul mysteries, yet in his sphere he shows such manifold inventiveness, such gushing geniality, that to him a place belongs among the first of the great masters of tones; and one who has become wholly absorbed in the gigantic creations of Beethoven, will yet return occasionally to a Sonata of Father Haydn, as if to enjoy once more an artistic image of his own past childhood, and live once more in that first paradise of life.

The faithful follower of Haydn in the field of the Sonata is MOZART.

He developed the Sonata farther in various respects. He also does homage to the principle adapted by Haydn, of placing at the head a definite expressive theme, and making that the groundwork of the single (first) movement. But this did not satisfy him; he wanted something, by

which a greater variety might be reached at the same time with unity of thought and spirit; and this something was the *cantilena-like middle* or *second* leading thought, which Mozart first domesticated in the first movement of the Sonata. Especially he created longer and more tuneful melodic passages, larger and broader periods; introduced, too, a more careful distinction of light and shade, distributed both over larger groups of measures and more ample sections, and thus attained to a distinct separation of the soft and tender from the stronger passages, as well as to a greater clearness and definiteness in form and in connectedness of thought.

As a further characteristic of the Mozart Sonatas, we remark an exceeding *beauty of form*, an admirable symmetry, proportion, regularity, in great and small. These peculiarities, however, are the natural consequence of a perfectly harmonious design, conception. The artistic personality of Mozart reveals throughout and from the very centre the purest harmony of soul and spirit, a tranquil, even balance of the inner life; an inner state, wherein the moral conflicts are silent or form at most the distant background,—all which is admirably shown by Brendel in his history of Music. This original reconciliation (at-one-ment) in Mozart's music allowed him to attain to that grace and loveliness of soul, which forms a further characteristic of his works. So essential is it to him that, even where he yields to earnest passion, he must clothe all in a graceful garb, so that the passion appears muffled, so to speak. For even at times when passion fills him, he shows himself reconciled from the bottom of his soul. It is only the *artist* Mozart that contends; the *man* Mozart has long since conquered and outlived the fight. In all this Mozart is the opposite of Beethoven. This peculiarity of his is found fully stamped on his piano-forte Sonatas. Although he may not appear so great in this field as in other departments of instrumental music,—(his real greatness lies by general consent in Opera),—yet he has also given to the world admirable models in the Sonata. His Sonatas in C minor and A minor offer splendid pictures of self-controlled, noble, gracefully moved passion; his Sonata in A major with variations is a revelation of tender loveliness and grace. Also his Sonata in F major, for four hands, is noteworthy.

On the foundation laid by the Sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, BEETHOVEN reared his gigantic Sonata edifice, which we shall now proceed to consider more at length.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 251.]

"All the biographers—English, French, German—agree in stating that he [Handel] was born on the 24th of February, 1684."—Page 26.

This statement is somewhat too sweeping. Eschenburg (1785) gives the following note in his translation of Burney's "Commemoration:"

"Dr. Burney, and all biographers of Handel, hitherto, give 1684 as the year of his birth. In Walter's Lexicon [Leipzig, 1732] only do I find 1685 instead, and the 23 of February for the 24th. But from the records of the Lieb-Frauen church in Halle, and from an extract from the same, made for me by the worthy preacher there, Herr Pockels, it appears certain that Handel was born there on the 24 of February, 1685. His father, in that record, bears the title Kammerdiener and Amtschirurgus."

Gerber follows Eschenburg, but, oddly enough,

Marx, in Schilling's Lexicon, returns to 1684. The lesser lights adopt sometimes one, sometimes the other. Thus the mistake, evidently arising from the confusion of Old and New Style, is not made by all the biographers.

"Handel commenced by entering this theatre as *violin di ripieno*."—Page 35.

The passage from Mattheson, upon which this statement is founded, is not quite correctly translated. The original is, "Anfangs spielte er die andre violine"—that is, second violin; and in his notes to Mainwaring, Mattheson says expressly: "Handel had at first played only the other, or second violin." That Handel was not a great violinist is clear enough, but he was hardly a mere ripienist.

The names Kaiser and Buxtehude on the same page, should be Keiser and Buxtehude. The latter was the great organist, whom Bach, a year or two after the adventure mentioned in the text, journeyed on foot from Arnstadt to hear, and was so pleased with, that he remained in Lübeck three months—not to take lessons of, but simply to hear in church!

M. Schœlcher's account of the quarrel between Mattheson and Handel is scarcely satisfactory. The reader can hardly see how the simple refusal by Handel to leave the harpsichord half an hour before the close of an opera, should have so nearly cost him his life. The sketch may be filled up by means of other passages from Mattheson's works.

The composer of an opera, at that time, directed his work from the harpsichord. When, therefore, Mattheson produced his third opera, *Cleopatra*, Oct. 20th, 1704, in which he sang the part of Anthony, it became necessary for him to find a substitute, and he invited his friend Handel to take his place at the clavier. The opera had a run of some weeks, during which, after the death of Anthony half an hour before the curtain fell, he respected the right of the composer and resigned the seat. In the mean time, the British minister, John Wich, had concluded to employ Mattheson as the tutor of his son, Cyril, who entered upon his duties upon the 7th of November, and prepared to give up his connection with the opera—indeed, his last appearance upon the stage was the next spring, in Handel's *Nero*.

Wich's house was one into which Handel had been introduced by Mattheson immediately after his arrival in Hamburg, and after a time he had been employed as Cyril's music-teacher. Mattheson says: "The young Herr von Wich had, it is true, previously had a few unimportant lessons from Handel; they would not, however, succeed, and therefore the tutor took his place, under whom," adds Mattheson, with his usual modesty, (!) "the said gentleman in course of time reached great perfection." We get farther insight into the matter from a passage in Mattheson's sketch of his own life: "This call"—to the tutorship of Cyril Wich—"was the foundation of his (Mattheson's) good fortune, but at the same time one cause of a new misfortune. For previously, a certain man, whose name has already appeared, had half the duties of the office, that is, in so far as music was concerned; its duties, however, he had to some extent neglected. He therefore had cherished a secret ill-will against Mattheson, [for depriving him of his pupil,] which, in the first week of Advent, at the last performance of *Cleopatra* before Christmas, found vent. The above-mentioned virtuoso, who then under Mattheson's direction played the clavier, would not content himself to pay due observance to orders in matters musical; this had, however, when it came to a fight between them, nearly cost him dear." Mattheson's character, as it displays itself in his writings, is such as to lead one to suppose that Handel had cause to feel aggrieved at being supplanted in the house of Wich. At all events, this was doubtless the real cause of the quarrel. The conclusion of the story will bear retranslating.

"No great damage, therefore, was done, and we soon became reconciled again, through the mediation of one of the most distinguished members of the City Council of Hamburg, as well as of the then lessees of the opera, [Keiser and Drüsike,] for upon the same day, Dec. 30th, I had the honor of having Handel to dine with me, after

which, in the evening, we both attended the rehearsal of his *Almira*, and were better friends than before. Syrach's words, chapter 22, therefore, met this case: 'Though thou drawest thy sword against thy friend, thou dost not so ill as in railing against him; for ye can well become friends again, if thou dost not avoid him, and talkest with him.'"

Our translation, the reader will perceive, removes a discrepancy which appears in Schœlcher, page 36, in relation to the opera *Almira*. According to him, Handel and Mattheson assisted at a representation of that opera on the 30th Dec., and yet its first representation was on the 8th of January following.

"It [*Almira*] was immediately followed on the 25th of February, by *Nero*; or, *Love obtained by Blood and Murder*, then by *Daphne* and by *Florindo* (in my opinion) in 1706."—Page 37.

We feel very certain that M. Schœlcher's opinion here is erroneous. The confusion of dates in regard to Handel's early life, which has perplexed all writers of his history, seems to be most fully cleared up by the manuscripts of the Italian period, which M. Schœlcher has examined. But though it is thus proved that the young musician had left Hamburg before 1708, it by no means follows that the *Florindo* and *Daphne* were not put upon the stage during that year, as all authorities state.

In 1728, Mattheson published a list of all the operas produced in Hamburg for a period of fifty years. We will extract from it a few items.

Anno 1704. No. 109. *Almira*, music by Herr Capelmeister Handel; poeise by Herr Feustking. Added to it was an epilogue composed by Herr Keiser.

[Thirty years afterward, after New Style was adopted, Mattheson corrected the date to Jan. 8, 1705.]

Anno 1705. No. 110. *Nero*, music by Herr Handel; poeise by Herr Feustking.

[Two new operas by Keiser, fill out the list for the year.]

Anno 1706. Nothing by Handel, but six new operas by other composers, the last of which is recorded thus:

"No. 118. *Almira*, of Keiser's composition, in other respects the same as No. 109."

Anno 1707. *Dido*, by Graupner, and *The Carnival of Venice*, by Keiser.

"Anno 1708, No. 121. *Florindo*, composed by Herr Handel; text by Herr Hirsch.

"No. 121. *Daphne*, by the same authors."

The next mention of Handel is:

"Anno 1715, No. 145. *Rinaldo*, music by Herr Handel; translation by Herr Feind."

Mattheson closes this list thus:

"Anno 1728, No. 217. *The Peasant's Marriage*, [Die Bauern-Hochzeit,] a by-play. This was already performed in 1708, in the opera *Daphne*: but as it was not mentioned in its place there, it may close the troop here. Herr Cuno, formerly cashier of the bank, wrote the text. This register, such as it is, I myself completed out of my own old notes, and afterward have compared it with the notes of a friend. In most cases we agreed; in a few, were of different minds."

In one of his notes to Mainwaring, in which Mattheson is numbering the errors of a certain passage, he writes thus: "The error, No. 10, relates to *Florindo*, a man, and not *Florinda*, a woman. It was also not the second, but the third opera of Handel, which bore the title of *Florindo*, and was produced in 1708, three years after the *Nero*, during which time not only had Keiser composed an entirely new *Almira*, an *Octavia*, a *Lucretia*, a *Fedella coronata*, a *Masagnello furioso*, a *Suena*, a *Genio di Holsatia*, and a *Carnival of Venice*; but Schieferdecker had produced his *Justin*, Grünwald his *Germanicus*, and Graupner his *Dido*. In the above-mentioned 1708, Handel brought out also a *Daphne*, which was the fourth of his Hamburg operas, and has been omitted by his eulogist, to the irreparable loss of his idol—because he knew nothing of it." Thus far Mattheson.

* The reader will see by turning to chapter 22 of Ecclesiasticus, in the Apocrypha, that the English and German versions do not agree.

Marpurg, in his "Historisch-critische Beiträge, (1754–60,)" gives a list of German operas and the cities in which they were produced. The list for 1708 begins thus:

Der beglückte *Florindo*, componirt von Handel; die Poesie von Hinschen. Hamburg.

Die verwandelte *Daphne*, von vorigen Verfassern. Hamburg.

This testimony is not to be overthrown. It follows, then, that Handel was still in Hamburg—but the Italian manuscripts disprove this—or that the operas were performed in his absence, having lain waiting for a convenient season. Perhaps the following facts may give us some light.

[To be continued.]

From my Diary, No. 14.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14. Hungering and thirsting for some music, I went to the Academy last evening, and heard (for the first time) *Il Troratore*.

Musical "hunks that the swine do eat."

Nov. 16. A noble programme last evening at the same place:

PART I.

Overture—Fidelio, Beethoven.....The Orchestra
"With Verdure Clad"—Creation.....Miss Milner
Adelaide, by Beethoven.....Mr. Perring
Fantasie—Caprice (by request)...Henry Viextemps
Ah, mon Fils—The Prophet.....Mme. D'Angri
Rejoice Greatly—Messiah.....Miss Milner
Mendelssohn's Overture—Meeres-Stille....Orchestra

PART II.

Grand Symphony (the 7th).....Beethoven
by the orchestra of Fifty.

Audience very small in numbers, and after the vocal pieces were over grew beautifully less, so that the Symphony was played to an almost empty house. Miss MILNER's voice is quite full, clear in the upper notes, and pretty powerful. She would be a fine addition to our oratorio force in Boston. Mr. PERRING's voice is decidedly good; but as his "Adelaide" was sung rather tamely in Italian, there was no means of judging how he would do in Oratorio. Being from London, and an Englishman, as I was told, he ought to understand the true English style. If so, why can we not have "Elijah" and the "Messiah," with him, and Miss Milner, and FORMES? I heard FORMES once in "Elijah," and it was sublime! Mme. ANGRI is, to my taste, one of the noblest of singers, and the *Ah mon Fils* from her is never hack-nied. Think of her as Gluck's Orpheus! I asked one of the "powers that be," "Why not give that opera?" He said, "We should get one crowded house, and nobody at the next performance; and that, you know, would not pay expenses."

Too true, I fear.

ANSCHUTZ is a capital conductor, but the orchestra has not yet got to working with perfect smoothness in such works as the Symphony; but what of that? The Seventh Symphony was there!

Nov. 18. Last evening, *Lucrezia Borgia*.

I have rarely if ever heard the leading parts of this opera better filled, as a whole, than by this company—LAGRANGE, D'ANGRI, BIGNARDI, GASSIER. It is my misfortune, however, to dislike the *tremolo* style of Lagrange so much, that, while everybody else was in ecstasies, I sat upon thorns, and fervently wished never to hear her open her lips again. But the clear, full, sustained notes of Angri, perhaps, were all the more delicious from contrast.

Those who miss hearing this company miss much. The audience was not large, and the prospect of giving by and by English and German works is not very encouraging. That was in contemplation.

Nov. 21. A specimen of highly cultivated taste, viz., a programme of a sacred concert in one of our country towns, comprising pieces from oratorios,—solos, duets, choruses, &c.,—closing with Handel's "Hallelujah," and opening with a voluntary on the organ, namely:

Overture to "Masaniello"!

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 23. A short visit here has been enlivened by the appearance of Dr. MASON, who has lectured upon the subject of "Congregational Singing." It is amusing to note how people from the most diverse points contrive to reach a common centre. DWIGHT, a few years since, advocated the plan of confining the psalmody of our congregational churches to a few plain choral tunes, and was taken roundly to task therefor. On different grounds Dr. Mason advocates now nearly the same thing, and others of us are disposed to do all we can for the movement, as a means of leading, as we think, to something better.

Taking choir singing as it is found in our country in general—indeed, with but very few exceptions—it is a ridiculous failure. It neither inspires nor gives vent to religious or any other emotion, save when it excites disgust or contempt. The objects of music in the church are twofold: 1. fine music to awaken emotion, introduced into the church for the same reason that fine architecture, fine sculpture, and fine paintings are introduced, viz., to make Art the handmaid of Religion; and, 2, simple psalmody, to enable the congregation to find vent for the emotion—to enable its members to bear a share in the public worship. Quartet singing of psalmody satisfies neither object. We might as well send out and hire a couple of good hands at prayer and exhortation, to attend evening meetings for social worship, and lead off, as to employ three or four persons to do the psalmody.

Dr. Mason, in his lectures, shows conclusively that this part of the public worship belongs to the people, and that its transfer to the gallery is an abuse. He is now laboring untiringly, and with an energy which in a man of his years is remarkable, to bring it down again into the pews. God speed him! But, some one asks, will you abolish choirs? Certainly not; but I would have choirs that are choirs. I would introduce a musical service founded upon those of the cathedrals abroad. I would have motets, anthems, choruses. I would, in short, have the noblest of music in addition to the psalmody of the congregation.

As the matter now stands, we get nothing. Could we once have every voice, old and young, which is able to sound a note in tune, in a large congregation, ready to take part in the psalm, it would be no difficult matter to separate some forty or fifty to lead off the exercises in some simple motet, sentence, or anthem. Practice would lead to better and higher efforts, and at length we might truly hear sacred music.

So long, however, as our congregations divide as soon as they reach a respectable size, and the principle obtains that the true ideal of public worship is to be sought in a snug little church, where it seems "so like a family meeting," so long shall we seek in vain for anything like the "great congregation" of the Scriptures, or a musical service which shall carry out the ideas of David and Solomon, as expressed in the Psalms, and acted upon in the Temple. You cannot have congregational singing where there is no congregation. That is clear.

But if, instead of spending five times \$25,000 in building five small churches almost within a stone's throw of each other, and supporting five clergymen, five organists, and ten or twelve "leading singers," half that money had been expended in erecting one or two noble edifices, with grand organs, we might have the biblical idea of the great congregation, with its sublime music, and all its ennobling and Christianizing influences fully carried out, at least in the large cities.

SCHILLER says of Art: "To one, she is the heavenly goddess; to the other a good cow, which has to provide them with butter."

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. I, OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.—"L'ETOILE DU NORD."—MME. CABEL, M. FAURE, &c.

PARIS, NOV. 5.—It seems to me, that no one fond of operatic and musical entertainments, can help taking an interest in those famous opera-houses and concert-rooms of Europe, of which we hear so much in America. It is my intention, if possible, to visit most of these—to take a peep at La Scala—at San Carlo—at La Pergola—at La Fenice—and others of the well-known Italian homes of the mythological old lady who represents the lyrical stage—Euterpe, if I am not mistaken. Perhaps some readers of DWIGHT'S may feel interested in glancing with me at these nestling-places of operatic genius.

So to begin, let us take a peep at the famous *Opera Comique* at Paris. If you are a person whose purse is not as long as his merits would lead a stranger to suppose, you would during your stay in this gay capital follow the example of "Trovator," and engage a little room *au quatrieme* of a great tall house in the Quartier Latin, near say Rue Bonaparte, and not very far from the Church of St. Sulpice, and the Palace of the Luxembourg. So you see you will be in quite an aristocratic neighborhood, after all. Having dined luxuriously on 30 sous, obtaining therefor your soup, and your plate of fish, and your two plates of meat, and your bread at discretion, and your *demi-bouteille* of wine, and your dessert, and your addenda of white grapes—having likewise glanced over the *Siecle*, and translated with great pain and labor a very easy sentence, you will walk down the Rue Bonaparte, to the Seine, and crossing over by, say the Pont des Arts—yes, better say the Pont des Arts, for there are only footpassengers crossing there, and you won't get your pants spattered—so crossing over by the Pont des Arts, you will of course come against the Louvre. Then as everybody knows, at turning a little to the left you will pass into the Place Carrousel, and glancing patronizingly at the Palace of the Tuilleries,—as you would at an old acquaintance, whom you met every day—you will cross Rue de Rivoli, and follow up Rue de Richelieu till you come to the Boulevards Italiens.

You will stand a little while on the corner to reconnoitre, and then turning to your left, a few steps bring you to Rue Favart in which is the Opera Comique. Supposing you do not patronize the expensive part of the house, you will then join a great string of people who are marshalled along the sidewalk waiting for the doors to open. The people are all and singular talking away as fast as they possibly can to each other, while a few police officers, with cocked hats and swords, walk slowly up and down, each one looking exactly like the pictures of Louis Napoleon—and indeed it is a peculiarity of the French police that every individual member bears such a striking resemblance to the Nephew of his Uncle, that you wonder how the people can forbear crying out *Vive l'Empereur*.

You wait here three quarters of an hour, the crowd constantly augmenting, and while away the time by listening to a vociferous discussion upon the relative merits of certain opera singers, and perhaps venture a careful question in French to a silent neighbor, who politely answers, and makes some further casual remark. Delighted to find

you understand him, you respond; whereat he commences quite a lengthy harangue, the sense of which you lose at the fourth word. Unwilling, however, to betray your ignorance, you look wise, say "Oui" occasionally, with an air of deliberate assent, until his glance of surprise tells you that you have put a "Oui" somewhere in the wrong place; whereupon you become covered with confusion as with a garment, and relapse into silence. Your companion speaks no more.

Then a man wants you to buy *Figaro*, and a woman wants you to buy some pears, and the Louis Napoleon police officer tells you to move on a little further. The crowd condenses, and you murmur out a *pardon* to a lady for sticking your elbow into her face. Then there is a movement ahead, and the doors of the Opera Comique are opened.

Being an economical person, and having suffered severely by the late monetary panic, you decide to go up to the amphitheatre for a franc, instead of the parterre or parquet for two francs and a half, or even the second gallery for two francs. As to the stalls, with their eight and ten francs, they are out of the question for a *pauvre diable* from the Quartier Latin.

So you buy your amphitheatre ticket for a franc at the same counter where they sell all the other tickets (for they do not have different entrances to the different portions of the house, as with us), and pass on with the crowd, up a flight of stairs to a lobby, where a man sits and receives the tickets. He gives you a blue bit of pasteboard in exchange; though *cui bono*, is more than I can tell; for you give up your last ticket to no one, and I have mine before me now. The inscription thereon is susceptible of a varied meaning. Here it is:

Theatre de l'Opera Comique.
ÉCHANGE.
AMPHITHÉÂTRE.

13

C

The printed words are all plain enough, but 13 C is certainly a poser. My private theory is that 13 signifies the number of long staircases you have to climb up to get to the amphitheatre. As to the C, it is, I confess, to me an alphabetical sphinx. I give it up. I cannot C through it.

On each floor there are females who direct Monsieur which way to go, and are as polite to you as if you had a private proscenium box, instead of merely a vague chance of getting a seat on a bare bench in the cheapest part of the house. Thus the amphitheatrans enter at the same door with the frequenters of boxes, and pass through the same lobbies, the "gods" mingling with men in the most fraternal harmony. If any one be too poor to go elsewhere than to the amphitheatre, and too snobbish to let it be known, no one need know what part of the house he frequents, for he goes in and comes out at the same door with the more aristocratic opera goers.

The amphitheatre is limited in size, and a view of the stage is quite blocked out by the enormous crystal chandelier, which, depending from the ceiling, forms, with its innumerable jets of gas, the only means of illumination the auditorium possesses. The interior of the Opéra Comique is in the horse-shoe form, and the house, though spacious, is not as large in area as the Boston

Theatre, but is higher from the floor to the ceiling. The lower floor, or parterre, corresponding to our parquette, is provided partially with chairs and partially with benches. The first tier has two front rows of chairs, the remainder being used as boxes. The second, receding, and leaving part of the lower tier exposed, is occupied exclusively by boxes, while in the third the arrangement of seats is similar to that in the first, and in the fourth to that in the second. The fifth and highest tier is the amphitheatre, and presents a series of low semicircular openings between the pillars that support the roof. The lower tiers are supported by brackets, the use of columns being thereby avoided; and were it not for the chandelier, a good view of the stage could be obtained from all parts of the house.

The ceiling is elaborately frescoed, though it now presents a rather dingy appearance, and the names of several eminent composers—among which I could from my position only discern those of Gluck, Paesello, and Grétry—are painted in different places. The proscenium is rectangular in shape, not presenting the usual arching curve overhead, as in most theatres, and is quite plain. The curtain represents a mass of looped-up drapery, with a perspective of landscape in the distance. The prevailing color of the decorations appears to be green, and there is, of course, a profusion of gilding; yet the famous Opéra Comique does not equal in size or splendor those magnificent temples of harmony, the opera houses of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

The opera, the evening I attended, was Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, with MARIE CABEL, as Catherine; M. FAURE, as Pierre; JOURDON, as Danilowitz, and Mme. BELART, as Prascovie. The dialogue was spoken, of course, in French, and the opera was only tolerably given, calling forth little applause except from the claqueurs—indeed, a colder audience I have rarely seen. Mme. Cabel is a little woman, with a little, flute-like voice, admirably cultivated, always true in intonation, but without the slightest atom of expression or feeling. She can never be a great singer, for she can never arouse a sympathy in her hearers, from the simple reason that she has no genius in herself to evoke such sympathy. You can only feel a cold admiration at her calm, pure vocalization. How different from Lagrange was her rendition of the rôle of Catherine! How vastly inferior! The one all feeling and passion—the other all studied care and propriety!

The baritone, M. Faure, is really an excellent singer and a true artist. In an introduced air in the third act he exhibited the exquisite cultivation of his voice, while in the general requirements of the rôle he manifested considerable histrionic ability, especially in the tent scene, where Pierre recovers from his fit of drunkenness. The other characters call for no comment.

On the whole, the opera has been given in New York in a style vastly superior to this. The orchestra here is very strong, but the choruses quite weak, and the solo performers—Cabel, Belart, and Jourdon—are far below Lagrange, Bertucca, and Brignoli, who introduced this opera to an American public. The scenery here presents nothing peculiar, unless I except the effect produced in the tent scene by the very simple means of placing some crimson muslin before the footlights, so as to imitate the reflection of the crimson drapery of the tent. The footlights are pro-

vided with similar screens of different colors; and, judiciously used, they produce an excellent effect.

One feature of the Opéra Comique which you do not see in America is the *claqueurs*—the famous Parisian claqueurs. They are here in all their glory, and occupy fully one half of the parquette, under and a little to the rear of the great chandelier. They clap hands in unison, though I could not discern any preconcerted signal. But such dead, cold, flabby applause you never heard. The artists do not acknowledge it at all, and the audience only look at each other and smile. The claqueurs themselves seem to feel that it is a sort of farce, though I must do them the credit of saying that they do not break out into the middle of a half-finished cadenza. They are staunch old opera goers, and know when to make a noise and when to be silent. But, noisy or quiet, they all acted like automata, and like people who felt they had a duty to perform, and would perform it—would sit out the opera, or perish in the attempt; and this reminds me of a good and reliable operative anecdote, of the authenticity of which I would give the word of a Troubadour. But no—not now. Having written so much already, I will save my anecdote for the next communication of

Trovator.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 28.—Our two musical Societies, the "Philharmonic" and the "Cecilia," have both of them given their first concerts of the season, and promise, in spite of the hard times, to treat the public to a great deal of good music this winter. Mr. BARUS is leader of the Philharmonic orchestra, and Mr. RITTER conducts the Cecilia chorus. Both of them are very thorough musicians, and bestow all their energies upon the advancement and success of their respective societies. The Cecilia, at their concert this week, gave us the beautiful *Ave verum corpus* by Mozart, two charming choruses by Schumann; "Gipsy Life," and Chorus of the Houris, from "Paradise and the Peri," and a very characteristic chorus by Beethoven: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*. Our Philharmonic (like the similar societies in Leipzig, and in Brooklyn, N. Y., as I see by your Journal) has commenced the season with the "Heroic Symphony." Your readers here are surprised at the lack of energy in Boston in getting up orchestral concerts. It seems very strange to outsiders that old Boston should not have a permanent orchestral society.

x.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., NOV. 28.—Our little village was highly favored last evening with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of your city, assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH, also from Boston. We could offer no pecuniary inducement to these artists for wandering so far from their usual course at this dreary season; but an old acquaintance with Mr. E. B. OLIVER, of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, was a motive which led them to respond to his wishes that we might hear some of the *genuine music* upon which you are feasted every winter. Our little hall was well filled with an audience, which, if all did not appreciate the music performed, had the good sense to refrain from preventing the enjoyment of others by whispering, &c., which, I regret to say, is too often indulged in here as elsewhere. Although several of the pieces were of a highly classical order, they were all listened to with apparent enjoyment and frequent applause. Among the best of the evening, were an Adagio from Mendelssohn's Second Quintet, in B flat; also an Adagio from one of

Beethoven's symphonies; Larghetto, Tema, &c., from Clarinet Quintet by Mozart; and one which afforded not by any means the least enjoyment was a Fantasia for Clarinet, on an original theme, by Mr. RYAN, one of the accomplished members of the Club. Mrs. Wentworth charmed her audience by her simplicity of manner, purity and sweetness of voice, especially in its higher tones. For us, who so seldom have a concert that we can enjoy, last evening must be reckoned as a bright spot in our existence, and we hope the taste of all who listened may be so elevated and refined, even by this morsel of the beautiful, that henceforth all negro melodies, jigs, "Pop goes the weasel," &c., may be banished from social and domestic performances. If sonatas, songs without words, and such beautiful compositions, could take the place of such trash, of the polkas and opera music now found upon most pianos, whose owners, alas! imagine themselves *musicians*, how different would be the influence of music in society, and upon the young, who now only listen when it calls to the dance. But we must take courage, and keep the Quintette Club busy every evening in our country towns and villages as much as possible, for if the people will hear with admiration and eagerness such music as they give, it is certainly a sign of better times coming.

ANDANTE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 5, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

IV.

Passing over two elaborate songs: (No. 23) *The enemy said, I will pursue*, and (No. 24) *Thou didst blow with the wind*, in which the words *pursue* and *blow* furnish a key respectively to the musical treatment;—passing, also, the double chorus, *The earth swallowed them*, and the duet, *Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people* (30—32), we come to one of the most sublimely descriptive choruses (No. 33), *The people shall hear, and be afraid*. The agitated movement of the accompaniment, modulating wildly from E minor, gives the shuddering image of fear, which is kept up in the breathless, fragmentary utterance of the voices. *The inhabitants of Canaan*, is pronounced firmly by all the voices; but, *shall melt away*, is given in little vanishing fragments of melody by one voice-part at a time. These are long kept up, and imitated from voice to voice. *By the greatness of thy arm*, is given in long notes of solid harmony; *they shall be as still as a stone*, sing the basses in heavy unison, suddenly dropping down an octave; and as they lie there motionless and cold, the *passing over of the Lord's people*, group after group, begins, in little travelling phrases of melody, or short scale passages, now in the major and now in the minor, ascending all the time in some two or more of the voice-parts.

This is followed by a delicious, serene melody for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice, in the warm, spring-like, happy key of E: *Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established*. It breathes the grateful repose of a sweet and pious home feeling.

We have now reached the sublime close of the whole. Handel's strength has been steadily growing towards this climax. It consists of several

numbers. First, the sentence of plain and majestic double chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The words are first given in unison by altos and tenors, accompanied by the stately, ponderous tread of a ground bass; then they are answered, in a full blaze of vocal harmony and instrumentation, twice. This is, as it should be, in the key of C. Then a brief recitative (No. 36): *For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, . . . but the children of Israel went on dry land, &c.*: and then, again, the choral burthen of: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN**, which represents the highest moment of a universal act of worship, all thoughts, all feelings absorbed in the thought of the Eternal. Then another sentence of recitative (38), telling how *Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them.*

Finally, as if to raise expectation to the highest pitch, a single high soprano voice, with clear, silvery, clarion tones, delivers the first line of the great double chorus, *Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!* reaching the highest note, which it prolongs, bright and firm and clear, on the first syllable of *gloriously*. And again bursts out in full chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The clarion voice of Miriam continues: *The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea*, with a triumphant trill upon the note above the key note, which terminates the strain; and still again the choral outburst of: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN!** after which the altos give out the fugue-subject, *For he hath triumphed gloriously!*; its long, rolling cadence upon *gloriously* is thenceforth heard echoing about from one quarter to another of the vocal heavens, throughout the whole chorus; and, mingled with it, you hear short, spasmodic fragments:—"the horse," "and his rider," "hath he thrown," &c.; also, "a sober, chanting kind of countersubject" (as Dr. Burney calls it) on the words, *I will sing unto the Lord*, swells and subsides continually amid the roar and tempest of triumphal harmony. Once this gently-swelling, joyfully-solemn chant becomes the leading theme, and draws responses from all parts of the choir,—a pure heaven of serenest rapture, just before all the subjects are again brought together for a full and final close in the perfect accord of C. This is essentially a repetition of the opening chorus of the Second Part, and is by many esteemed Handel's greatest chorus. "The effects of this composition," says Dr. Burney, "are at once pleasing, grand, and sublime. Voices and instruments here have their full effect; and such is the excellence of this production, that, if Handel had composed no other piece, this alone would have rendered his name immortal among true lovers and judges of harmony."

As a whole, "Israel in Egypt" is one of giant Handel's mightiest works. We shall not say, in every sense, *the* mightiest. For colossal proportions, laid out as it is upon an immense scale; for bold conceptions, even exceeding the boldest of Michael Angelo in another art; for most triumphant execution; for power to keep the mind of the hearer strained up to its fullest comprehension of the sublime throughout so long a journey; for musical learning and invention, and strong application of creative will, this oratorio is perhaps unrivalled by any other work of music, or of any other art that will admit comparison.

But we cannot agree for a moment with those who call it greater than "The Messiah." The books of Moses are sublime; but who will say that Isaiah and the Gospels are not greater? "The Messiah" is as much a greater oratorio, as its theme is greater. It is the difference between Judaic and Christian; between the old dispensation of Power, and the new dispensation of Love; between the Old Bible love of Justice, and the New Testament justice of Love. The sublimity of "Israel in Egypt" is more material; that of "The Messiah" is more spiritual. One brings mighty miracles, as it were, palpably before us; the other utters the prophetic aspirations of the soul of all Humanity, and their fulfilment in Humanity's MESSIAH. This last, then, was the true predestined theme for Handel, for the culminating effort of his genius, up to which all his other oratorios, as well as his forty operas, and all before that, had been so deeply and broadly educating him. Necessarily, therefore, besides "Hallelujah" choruses, that theme required deep songs of love and grief and faith. "The Messiah" has more variety, and, as a work of Art, as well as sentiment, more unity. It is a wonderful, organic whole, vitally connected everywhere. "Israel in Egypt" is grand in detail; a succession of astounding pictures or events, wonderful, because the strength of the composer flags not to the end, but seems ready to begin again and build as many more such choruses as you will find him texts. In "Israel in Egypt," Handel is a mighty miracle-worker, a colossal strong man; in the "Messiah," he is the loving, deep interpreter of the best instincts and aspirations of the human soul,—a prophet of Humanity made one with Man, with Nature, and with God.

Liszt in Weimar.

The great pianist of ten or twenty years ago has now given up playing in public, and dedicates his life to composing grand works for the orchestra, and to bringing out new compositions of contemporary musical artists. His career has been a most wonderful one. For fifteen or twenty years he has gone through all the stages of an eccentric virtuoso, who is adored by the musical world, and receives all imaginable ovations from the princes, the aristocracy, and the people. During the same period he has composed a vast deal for the piano, but only his *arrangements* have won him reputation. Original creative power, to any extent, was denied to him. Ten years ago, when about thirty-five years of age, Liszt gave up the strolling life of a virtuoso, who at intervals had been heard in Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, and all the smaller cities on the continent, and settled in the quiet little town of Weimar, the residence of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the great literary centre of the Goethe and Schiller time, situated in the heart of the beautiful Thuringia. There he reigns supreme, a musical king in the midst of students, who flock to him, and visited almost daily by musicians, composers, artists, and poets from all parts of the world. He is on as intimate terms with the present Duke as Goethe was with the latter's grandfather, the celebrated Carl August, and has all the musical forces of Weimar at his command. Liszt is, as Ferd. Hiller, says, the great man "à la cour et à la ville." His influence is probably greater than that of any other musician now living.

During the first years of his residence in Weimar, Liszt took upon himself the herculean task of introducing the composer of the operas *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, the great innovator and reformer, RICHARD WAGNER, to musical Germany. Wagner himself, as chapel-master to the King of Saxony in Dresden, had failed in the production of his *Tannhäuser*, but Liszt succeeded beyond all measure. After five years, this same *Tannhäuser* was one of the most popular operas in Germany, and at present Wagner's reputation as a remarkable genius is scarcely disputed by those who attack many of his innovations. Liszt at the same time won himself a considerable name as a conductor and a most subtle musical critic.

For five years past, or more, Liszt has given himself up principally to composing for the Orchestra, and has proved a most astonishingly fertile writer. Up to this time he has composed about a dozen of so-called "Symphonic Poems," each of which is at least as long as the later symphonies of Beethoven, besides several masses, he being a Catholic, and a number of smaller compositions. His labors are on a gigantic scale.

As a composer, Liszt, like Wagner, takes the position of an innovator. As yet, he is praised principally by his immediate party, but evidently his reputation is fast gaining ground amongst the public at large. His last productions, the "Faust Symphony" and "The Ideals," after Schiller, which were performed first in September at the Goethe and Schiller festivities in Weimar, where the writer was present, have made a considerable impression. Most musical judges in Germany seem to admit that Liszt shows a great deal more creative power in his orchestral than in his former piano compositions, and his manner of treating the orchestra seems pretty generally to be looked upon as wonderful.

Liszt is a conglomeration of different nationalities: Hungarian by birth, French by education, and German in spirit. However opinions about him may differ in detail, he must be admitted to be one of the most marked individualities of the present age.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The letter from our New York correspondent in last week's paper speaks of a "stale performance" of the *Trovatore*; it should have been "star performance." A trick of the types, quite natural considering their great familiarity with the name *Trovatore*. . . . We are to have our first feast of classical Quartets and Quintets next Tuesday evening from the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who offer a rich programme (see announcement). The vocalist of the evening will be Mrs. HARWOOD, who has a splendid soprano voice, which she has been cultivating very assiduously under the instructions of Mme. ARNOULT, and who made quite a sensation in a concert of the Club last week at Jamaica Plain. The Quintette Club have lately given some very successful concerts in the Western part of the State, at Greenfield, Northampton, Pittsfield, &c., assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH. . . . The "ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB" are practising the choruses which Mendelssohn composed to the "Edipus" of Sophocles, and will produce one or more of them at their next concert, on the 19th. The Orpheus also have it in contemplation to give a concert for the poor. . . . The performance of the "Messiah," the Saturday after Christmas, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, will be for the benefit of the poor, and the proceeds of the concert will be added for that purpose to the funds of the Boston Provident Association.

Have we a Mus. Doc. among us? The Pennsylvania legislature, determined that there shall be plenty of them, have passed an act authorizing the Sacred Harmonic Society of Philadelphia to confer degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music; which authority they have at once proceeded to exercise (*autoritate eis commissâ*), by creating three musical doctors, viz. Messrs. L. MEIGNEN, W. H. W. DARLEY, and ADOLPH HORNSTOCK, all of Philadelphia. These gentlemen will officiate as professors in a course of thorough musical education to be organized under the auspices of the Society, which expects to turn out an annual crop of musical Baccalaureates. What if New York, Massachusetts, all the States, should follow the example, in order not to be behind their sister? The whole land would swarm with musical Doctors, as it does now with "Professors." But at all events, it is good to see a State as a State formally recognizing Music as an essential branch of a Republican education.

The Newport (R. I.) Musical Institute gave a concert on the evening of their anniversary, Nov. 20, for the benefit of the poor. Mr. EBEN TOURJEE conducted, and an address was delivered by Col. CHAS. C. VAN ZANDT. A correspondent speaks in high terms of the performance of the *Quoniam* and *Dona Nobis* from Mozart's 12th Mass., as also lighter choruses, and a variety of English glees, quartets, songs, &c., which gave great pleasure to a well-filled house. . . . Mr. JOHN W. TUTTS, long time organist and teacher at Bangor, Me., has removed to Portland; and the latter city has gained one of the most earnest, well-informed, accomplished of our native musicians,—one truly high-toned and classical in his tastes. . . . PARODI, whom the newspapers certainly consigned to Europe by one of the steamers a few weeks since, has turned up again in Philadelphia this last week, where she has sung in one or more concerts with VIEUXTEMPS, ROCCO, Miss MILNER, and Mr. PERKING.—The Germania Orchestra, now giving Afternoon Concerts there, under the direction of CARL SENTZ, numbers twenty-five performers, of whom, says our informant, "some have talent, while the majority are second or third rate. There are four 1st violins, two of which by their rough and harsh playing offend the ear, while the others would do credit to any orchestra. The second violins (two in number) seem to struggle through their parts with difficulty; which, with the very feeble Tenors, very effectually mars the strength and finish of the stringed instruments together. The Horn Player Mr. Rudolphsen, who is probably known to the Boston public does his part in his usual felicitous style—as for the rest of the Brass they manage to make noise enough to nearly drown the strings." They have performed movements from Beethoven's 5th and 8th Symphonies; overtures by Mendelssohn, Flotow, &c.; Polkas, waltzes, &c., &c. . . . A letter from Havana (Nov. 17) in the New Orleans *Picayune* states:

All the principal artists of Maretzek's troop have made their debut before the Havana public, in the two operas of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Il Barbiere di Sevilla*, and have been received with every mark of satisfaction. It is needless to say any thing of RONCONTI, whose personation of the Figaro far surpasses any thing we have ever yet had in the Tacon. Miss PHILLIPPS sang the part of Rosina with a great deal of taste, and, considering her short experience, her movements throughout the whole opera were very much admired. She is quite a favorite among the Habaneros, who greeted her with an abundance of bouquets. The theatre was crowded to an excess on each night, and no company that has ever yet visited Havana, has been, so far, so eminently successful. Seats in the parquette were selling among the outsiders for more than three times their cost, as none were to be had at the office twenty-four hours before.

Herr FORMES made his debut at the New York Academy last Monday night. The crowd was excessive, owing to the double attraction of the great German basso, and so rare an opera as *Robert le Diable*, of which the *mise en scène* on this occasion

was complete and splendid. Herr FORMES had a cold, but everybody seems to have been delighted with him and the whole performance. The same opera was repeated Wednesday and Friday evenings. The cast, if we except Herr FORMES, is not so much better than that of six years ago, when it was brought out at the Astor Place house. Compare the two:

| Dec. 1857. | Dec. 1851 |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| ALICE Mme. De La Grange. | Mme. Steffanone. |
| ISABELLA Miss Caroli. | Mme. Bosio. |
| ROBERT Bignardi. | Bertini. |
| RAIMBAUT Labocetta. | Vietti. |
| BERTRAM Formes. | Marini. |
| PRIORISS Miss Rolla. | Mme. Celeste. |

They announce as in rehearsal at the Academy that astounding novelty, *La Traviata*, and Flotow's *Martha*. . . . A new pianiste, Mme. MADELINE GRÆVER JOHNSON, from London and Paris, announces a Concert at Niblo's for Tuesday next. Madame will have an orchestra, led by Mr. EISEL, and will play Liszt's *Les Patineurs* Litolf's third Concerto, and Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*.

See NOVELLO's advertisement for a fine list of Christmas Anthems, Songs, and Carols, beautifully printed and cheap. And for musical presents what can be better than Novello's elegant octavo editions of the Oratorios by Handel, Haydn, &c.? We have to thank the publisher for two new numbers of this series—namely a beautiful copy of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, tastefully bound in scarlet cloth, having both the original Latin and English words (the latter a paraphrase from Scripture texts and parts of the English service); and Spohr's Cantata: *God, thou art great*. The latter is short, 24 pages; but contains some of Spohr's finest choruses and the beautiful duet for alto and tenor: *Children, pray this love to cherish*. Novello is now issuing *Centenary* editions of all Handel's Oratorios and Cantatas in vocal score, for 1s. 6d., or 2s. each, "in order to facilitate the universal celebration of the Centenary commemoration of the great composer's death (in 1859)." . . . The Providence papers are full of the praises of the new organ built for the Beneficent Congregational Society by the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, and of the masterly performances upon it by Mr. MORGAN of New York at the opening, a couple of weeks since. The *Traveller* has a most glowing letter about it, containing among other things this remarkable statement: "As a descriptive piece, it (Mr. Morgan's 'Storm') satisfies the imagination better than a similar scene in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven!"

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S First Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 8th, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mrs. HARWOOD, Vocalist, who will sing an Air from "Figaro"; Romanza from "La Juive"; and the Page's Song from the "Huguenots." Beethoven's E minor Quartetto, for the first time, Mozart's D Quintette, etc., will be given. See programme. Concert at 7½ precisely.

Package of Eight Tickets (reduced price) Four Dollars. Single tickets will be 75 cents each.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

The SECOND CONCERT of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN, on which occasion the Club will be assisted by Miss DOANE and some other eminent artists.

Among other novelties the Club will introduce for the first time in Boston two double choruses from Mendelssohn's music to the Greek tragedies. Particulars hereafter.

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OCTOBER, 1857.

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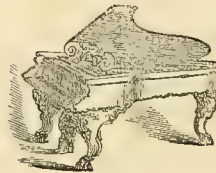
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| 4—Choral, (G) 3, | 15 |
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| 9—Little People's Song, (F) 4, | 15 |
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Translated for this Journal.

The Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

By ERNST VON ELTERLEIN.

BEETHOVEN, in his Sonatas, as in all his instrumental music, took his point of departure from Haydn and Mozart. But when he had arrived at greater maturity and independence, he forsook their paths, struck out new ways, new directions, raised the Sonata to higher importance both in form and matter, breathed into it a spirit wholly foreign to Mozart and Haydn, and, in a word, lent it that peculiar grandeur which, un-reached by others, challenges the unqualified admiration of the true friend of music. While Haydn and Mozart attached less importance to the piano Sonatas in comparison with their other instrumental compositions; while they appeared for instance always more significant in Symphonies and Quartets for strings, Beethoven entered most profoundly into this kind of music; he embodied an essential side of his genius in it; he appears about as great in it as in the Symphony and string Quartet,—a fact which has led HAND in his "Aesthetik der Tonkunst" to assert that Beethoven's peculiarity is chiefly to be recognized in his Sonatas. This is maintaining altogether too much, for the centre of gravity of the Beethoven music lies essentially in the Symphonies and Quartets; but it is true that for the fullest comprehension of the great genius the Sonatas form one of the most essential moments. It is precisely in the Sonatas that we most clearly recognize the steps of Beethoven's artistic development; in them, and only best in them, can we follow the unfolding of his genius to the point of perfect independence.

Beethoven, like every great mind, did not all

at once become what he was in his full bloom and maturity. We have already said, that in his Sonatas he at first walked in the paths of Haydn and Mozart, and only when he had traversed this sphere did he attain to self-sufficiency. This transition from greater or less self-reliance to fully pronounced individuality—certainly the most interesting psychological moment in the development of a great artist—is better shown in the Sonatas than in what Beethoven has created in the other kinds of music. Take, for instance, the Symphonies. Between the first and second on the one hand, which stand essentially upon the Haydn-Mozart standpoint, and the third, what a gulf! Who, after hearing the D major Symphony, has any presentiment of the gigantic build of the *Eroica*? Again what a bold and sudden stride from the Quartets op. 17, to the three of op. 59 (dedicated to Count Razoumoffsky)! The examination of particular Sonatas on the contrary will show, how already in his earlier works the individuality of the master works itself out in single passages; how here and there, more and more, the later ripeness and greatness flash out lightning sparks.

If we approach the Sonatas now more nearly, we find, what has just been indirectly expressed, that these works belong partly to the epoch of the growing and becoming, partly to that of the matured artist. We have, then, in the Sonatas to distinguish a Haydn-Mozart period on the one hand, and a period of fully developed independent, individual creation. But this by no means exhausts the main points of view, under which we have to consider the Beethoven Sonatas. It is well known that Beethoven in the last years of his artistic career withdrew more and more within himself; that he, partly from outward, partly from inward influences, isolated his soul's life, cultivated and increased his subjectivity, his inmost self, up to a point, where the artist, torn entirely free from all objective life and all objective moods, appears an isolated being and reveals an individuality developed to the very extreme within itself. This marks the last or third period of the Beethoven creations; it is distinctly cognizable also in his Sonatas. These three principal periods are strikingly characterized by BRENDL in his lectures on the History of Music thus: "The first, in which Beethoven, while his peculiarities stand out decidedly, yet on the whole, in the character and style of his compositions, approaches Haydn (and Mozart, we might add); the second, where his direction appears fully stamped, and Beethoven meets us in his sound and proper nature; the third, where for the most part only the mental states of a complete recluse, estranged from all human intercourse, are represented;—the period

of his sickly" (this seems to us to need considerable qualification) "subjectivity, turned back upon itself."

But as regards the Sonatas especially, we must, to recognize them quite distinctly in their peculiarity, assume still another, a transition period from the first to the second epoch, as has before been hinted; for we find among them works, which already stand so far out from the first epoch and approach so near the second, as to form a peculiar group by themselves.

Finally there are among the Sonatas some productions, which seem to lie even before the first period, and which, in comparison with the more completed works, may be regarded as mere attempts of the as yet far from self-sustaining youth and pupil; pieces in which we find not the slightest trace of the Beethoven that already shines out here and there in the Haydn-Mozart period. The result is that we have found five several groups of Sonatas.

[To be continued.]

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 283.]

Towards the end of 1703, the opera was undertaken by Keiser and Drüsike, and under their auspices Handel's *Almira* and *Nero* were brought out—the last two plays in which Mattheson acted. He of course could not be mistaken in the reception they met with. He does not say that the former was "very successful," as M. Schœlcher has it, but simply that Handel "produced it happily;" and to Mainwaring's story that it ran thirty nights, he says: "There were but forty-eight days between the two [*Almira* and *Nero*]—at the most, seven weeks. In the seven weeks were seven Sundays, seven Saturdays, fourteen Post-days—Marien and festival-days not counted. Where, then, can you get the thirty representations which he will have it the *Almira* had uninterruptedly?" That it was *not* very successful, is fully proved by the fact that in the succeeding year Keiser set the same text again to music, and brought it out. Of *Nero*, we never hear again.

We explain the matter thus: Keiser was altogether the greatest operatic composer of his time, as well as one of the most fertile. He had already had the experience which the production of thirty operas upon the Hamburg stage alone could give him, when he allowed the young fugue-writer and organist, Handel, to produce two works. They did not meet with such success as could warrant him in producing more from the same pen. Besides this, to the *Florindo* and *Daphne* there was a particular objection, which the following note by Eschenburg to Burney's "Commemoration," will explain:

"These two operas, in fact, belong together. In the last, the fable of the former is continued, and in the preface to them, [the theatre libretto, doubtless,] it is stated that on account of the great length of the music, the whole has in this manner been divided into two parts."

So long, therefore, as Keiser and Drüske had the opera, Handel's work lay upon the shelf; but upon their failure, and a change in the direction, it was brought out with doubtless pretty feeble success.

These views, and some other points sustaining them, we find so well given by Dr. Lindner, in his "Die erste stehende Deutsche Oper," that we can not forbear translating a page:

"People generally," says he, "when they speak of the German opera at Hamburg, fall into the error of speaking of Handel and Keiser in one breath as equals; indeed it has gone so far that here and there Handel has had attributed to him a very powerful and reformatory influence upon this opera. This is altogether wrong. Not only was Keiser much earlier there, but from the very first had exhibited such a talent and perfection as operatic composer, that not only must we give him alone the credit for all that was especially good in the Hamburg opera, but, upon closer examination, it appears clear that it was mainly through his works that the rough diamond which Handel brought with him thither, received its first polish. When the latter came to Hamburg, he was in the habit of setting 'very long, long arias, and really endless cantatas, which had neither true proportions nor correct taste, although the harmony was perfect,' and when he set his first opera, *Almira*, he hardly knew how to set about it. As, at that time, according to Mattheson, he knew how to do hardly any thing but to make regular fugues; and as imitation was as new to him as a strange tongue, and therefore as perplexing and annoying, he was in the habit of showing this first opera to Mattheson, scene by scene, and coming to him every evening for his opinions. To hide the pedant, cost him great pains. This may be, as we have said, literally the fact; especially when we consider that the few operas which Handel, in the succeeding years, composed for the Hamburg theatre, had even less success than the *Almira*, which itself two years later was placed completely in the back-ground by the new music with which Keiser had clothed it. When, however, Mattheson adds to his relation of these circumstances: 'Let nobody wonder at this—I learned from him as he did from me—docendo enim discimus,' he evidently makes too much of his influence upon Handel. For if Handel was very soon made another man through the influence of the high school of the opera, as he says in another place, this was doubtless due mostly to the numerous and constantly occurring new works of Keiser. A proof of this may be seen in the musical appendix to this work, in the masterly alto air [by Keiser] from *La Forza della Virtù*, (1700); but another and the best is found in the score of Handel's *Almira* itself. The airs, and particularly the German airs of that work, are so thoroughly in the style of Keiser, that some of them may be viewed as copies. They have nothing at all original in them, and show clearly, how Handel, during the early part of his dramatic activity, followed the school of Keiser, and at first was completely subject to him. Afterwards, no doubt, Italy, and his intimate acquaintance with Steffani, wrought very beneficially in many respects, upon him."

But we continue our examination of Mr. Schöelcher's able work:

"We have also to regret the cantatas, the sonatas, and a great quantity of vocal and instrumental music which the author of *Almira* composed at Hamburg. Mainwaring says: 'Two chests full were left at Hamburg.'"—Schöelcher, page 37. Note.

Mattheson says to this:

"We Hamburgers have until now, (1761.) never heard of these two chests. In Wich's music-book for 1704, are two minuets and half an air. That is all."

Again Mr. Schöelcher:

"He first of all turned his steps [upon leaving Hamburg] toward Florence, in which city we may conclude that he arrived about the month of July, 1706, having resided three years at Hamburg." Page 38, and Note.

Mr. Schöelcher's discoveries in the manuscripts of Handel seem conclusive of the fact that the

composer was in Italy in 1707, at the latest, and that Mattheson was the victim of a most extraordinary *lapsus memoriae*. As a matter of curiosity, we will collect a few of his assertions upon this point:

"On the 25th of February, (1705,) followed the *Nero*. * * * * Handel remained still four to five years connected with our opera, and had, moreover, very many pupils."—Ehrenpforte, p. 95.

"In 1708, he finished the *Florindo*, as well as the *Daphne*, which, however, did not compare with the *Almira*. Anno 1709, he composed nothing. Thereupon he had an opportunity of making a journey free, with von Binitz,* into Italy, where in the year 1710, in the winter, at Venice, upon the stage of San Giov. Chrisostomo, he produced his *Agrippine*, in which—when it was performed eight years afterwards in the Hamburg Theatre—people not unjustly imagined they found very striking imitations of original passages in *Porsenna*." (!) (The joke here is, that *Porsenna* is an opera produced by Mattheson, in 1702.)—Ehrenpforte, page 95.

"On the 9th of June, [July?] 1703, he (Mattheson) made the acquaintance of Handel at an organ," etc.; then follows the journey to Lübeck, and their playing for a wager, Handel winning upon the organ, and Mattheson upon the harpsichord. "So they agreed not to stand in each other's way—an agreement which they faithfully kept five or six years."—Lebensbeschreibung Handels, page 22.

"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. * * * * After his six years' stay in Hamburg, we leave this celebrated man to the Italians and English; not believing, however, that the moon is made of green cheese."—Ibid., page 33. Note.

"Anno 1709, at the time of his departure from Hamburg, Handel was over twenty-five years of age."—Ibid., page 45. Note.

"In that year, [1710,] he produced his *Agrippine* at Venice, and in 1709, he was not yet away from Hamburg."—Ibid., page 61.

But enough—perhaps too much of this.

"Hawkins pretends—and some other biographers have repeated after him—that the Abbe Steffani voluntarily resigned this post [capellmeistership to George of Hanover] in his favor; but it has been observed, with truth, (?) that Steffani, who was a Catholic priest, could not have held such a position under a Protestant Prince."—Schöelcher, page 46.

Hawkins's History appeared in 1776. We think we can show authorities earlier than that for the statement. Let us look into Mattheson's list of Hamburg operas, (1728.)

"Anno 1695, No. 64. *Der Hochmüthige Alexander*, music by Sigre. Steffani, at that time Capellmeister in Hanover, afterwards Abbé, and finally Bishop."

In Marburg's list of German operas, 1758, is the same. In Forkel's *Musikalische Almanac*, Leipzig, 1784, is a sketch of the life of Steffani, introduced by the following note: "This account of the life of one of the greatest of men in the musical profession, whose treatise, 'Quanta certezza habbia la Musica ne suoi principii,' and masterly duets, by real judges, are still greatly valued, is copied from the *Hamburg Journal*, 1764." We copy a passage or two from the sketch:

"Ernst August, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, father of George I., King of Great Britain, invited him to Hanover, to take upon himself the office of Kapellmeister."—Almanack, page 171.

In 1710, the Pope made him Bishop of Spiga, in the Spanish West-Indies. He remained, however, in Hanover.

"Steffani was henceforth looked upon in general as a statesman. Hence he no longer attached his name to his musical works; but his copyist, Gregorio Piva, had to place his upon them. In the year 1708, he gave up his Kapellmeistership fully. This he did principally for the benefit of Herr Handel, to whom we are indebted for the most of what we know about Steffani."—Ibid., page 175.

* Mattheson records Handel's journey with Von Binitz also in another place.

It is as well proved that Steffani was Kapellmeister to the Elector, as that Handel ever was, although a Catholic.

"How it came to pass that he [Thomas Britton] learned to play the viola di gamba, is not known; but he played upon it," etc. Note, to this. "It is therefore an error to suppose that the viola di gamba was introduced into England by Attilio in 1721."—Schöelcher, page 58.

Very decidedly an error, unless when Shakespeare makes Sir Toby Belch say of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "He plays o' the Viol-de-Gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book," it only proves the existence of that instrument—in Illyria! What is the six-string bass, in Mace's "chests of viols," which is to be "set Down between the *Cu'bes* of your *Legs* and *Knees*; so, as by *Them*, *It may stand steadily without Help of your Left Hand, and so fast, that a Stander-by can not easily take It Thence*," but the viola di gamba?—Musick's Monument, fol. London, 1676. Page 247.

If there should be any doubt as to the instrument referred to by Mace, there can be none upon that for which John Playford gives several pages of Instructions. He calls it *viol de gambo*, and prefixes a picture of the instrument. See his "Introduction to the Skill of Musick, 16mo. London, 1674."—Page 91, *et seq.*

Handel, it seems, (Schöelcher, page 40.) introduced one of these instruments into his *Resurrezione*; but he was surpassed by his great contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, as appears by a manuscript cantata in Dr. Mason's Library, entitled, "Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit," scored for two flutes, *two viole di gamba*, soprano, alto, tenor, basso, and fundamento."

"A Hanoverian Baron named Kilmanseck, a great admirer of Handel, and a friend of George I., undertook to bring them together again," etc.—the famous story of the water-music.—Schöelcher, page 61.

Query. Whether the mediator, or rather mediatrix, was not George's mistress, the Kilmansegg—known as "La Baronne"?

[To be continued.]

THE BALLET.

What a 'wilder sight, what a maze of delight;

Was ever anything like it?—

Ambient swarms of fairy-like forms,
Beauty and grace of figure and face,

Exquisite grouping,
Delicate drooping,
Rocket-like rising,
Briskness surprising,
Boundings aerial,

Drapery airily scant at each end;
Gauzy material,

Scarcely betraying where flesh and frock blend;
Muslin and dimity,
Half-hidden symmetry,
Ribbands and roses,
Passionate poses,
Lithe shapes revolving,
Clusters dissolving,

Ever fresh beauties artistic unfold,
Limbs neat and tapering
Volatile capering,

A living labyrinth rare to behold,—

Oh!—what a vision of charming confusion,
Simple and complex, all at a glance;
Half a reality—half an illusion,
Such is the mystic and magical dance.

Whirling, twirling,
Skipping, tripping,
Flashing, dashing,
In merriest measure;
Circumrotations,
Supple saltations,
Daring gyrations,
Perennial pleasure!

The ballet!—we'll call it—mild metaphor spurning—
A human kaleidoscope, constantly turning.

Courier.

From my Diary, No. 15.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25.—Suppose a case. John Strong has studied an elementary work or two on Chemistry, has heard a course or two of lectures at some college, and with certain acids, alkalies, a red cabbage for coloring, a few salts, a small air pump to be used in suffocating a kitten and extinguishing a candle, a few bell glasses, receivers, and other like apparatus, is a very acceptable addition to the force of instructors in the school for boys in Snugville. John Strong saves a little money, and, honestly wishing to make himself more worthy of the name of Chemist, crosses the water, and spends a year in Goettingen with Woehler. He is industrious, perhaps has even more than ordinary ability, and at the end of the year prepares a thesis, which, being here and there corrected and touched up by a competent person, really becomes quite a creditable affair to him, and he gets a diploma from the institution.

Suppose, moreover, that a young fellow in Woehler's laboratory should write a letter to the *American Mining Journal*, or *Silliman's Journal of Science*—and it should be printed—in which we should read how the said thesis was read in public, what dignitaries of the University were present, how Woehler himself assisted in the experiments performed, and, in short, what an immense affair it was generally. Then should follow a flaming account of the thesis itself, illustrating American Chemistry in Goettingen by a minute analysis of its contents, and showing what wonderful discoveries John Strong has made, and what remarkable manipulations John Strong has performed. Then our letter writer closes by informing us that John Strong has not confined himself to any one branch of his science, but is equally great in organic, analytic, and chemistry of other "ics"; that he has received the most flattering testimonials from Woehler, from Heinrich Rose, and Mitscherlich—these two he saw during a flying visit to Berlin—and that Liebig, who glanced over his thesis at Munich, the day John Strong was there, closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European discoveries and improvements in Chemistry, as Mr. Strong can furnish his country with original essays and papers corresponding to the progress which the science has made in the old world."

No one can be at a loss to conceive what effect such a letter would have upon the reputation of John Strong in the minds of such men as Professors Gibbs, Whitney, Joy, Horsford, Hungerford, and others, who, having spent years of laborious study in the laboratories of Rose, Woehler, Liebig, Mitscherlich, know what is absolutely required of a man before he can pretend to lay claim to the name of Chemist. John Strong might well most devoutly exclaim, "Lord, save me from my friends!"

Kind and friendly criticism of a young man's efforts in science or art, judicious notices in the public prints of his labors, the right hand of fellowship offered him by such as have already achieved distinction, a compliment here and there when deserved—these are most desirable and beneficial in their influence upon the young aspirant. But when praise degenerates into flattery, and compliment is carried to absurdity, the would-be friend is in fact little better than an enemy.

On my way from New York hither I amused myself with the perusal of several numbers of the *New York Musical World*, and found in one of them a letter which has given rise to this entry in my diary. It is an account of the performance of a psalm or cantata at Leipzig by an American musical student, who had been there one year, and is written in a style which might properly be adopted had the work been some newly discovered treasure from the pen of Mozart, Bach, or Beethoven.

I read the letter two or three times, in doubt

whether to consider it a quiz, a puff extraordinary, or an honest expression of opinion. I could hardly place it in the first category, happening to know that the name signed to it is that of an English student of music in Leipzig. Without undertaking to decide the point, I will quote one passage:

"Mr. —, who has not confined himself to vocal composition, but has written several instrumental quartets and overtures, &c., has been honored with a diploma from the Leipzig Conservatorium of Music, and has received the most flattering testimonials from Kapelle Meister Rietz, the Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts; Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer; Dr. Hauptman, Dr. Richter, and Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer, who closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European compositions, as Mr. — can furnish his country with original works corresponding to the progress which this art has made in the Old World."

One feels inclined to query how venerable old "Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer," or "Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer,"—the one in Cassel, the other in Weimar—could have become so well acquainted with the extraordinary merits of a student of a year's standing in the Leipzig Conservatorium? In fact, many questions arise, not easily answered.

Now, for aught I know, the Cantata of Mr. Blank may be the greatest work since Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and his genius resplendent as the unclouded sun; but if he knows the difference between rational commendation and absurd overdoing of the matter, his aspiration may well be—

"Lord save me from P. Wright!"

First Appearance of Carl Formes in New York.

(From the *Courier & Enquirer*, Dec. 2.)

CARL FORMES made his first appearance on Monday evening before an audience larger than any ever seen within the walls of the Academy of Music, except those which gathered against and in support of Mayor Wood during the past week. There were some elements of discord in this immense throng. Madame LA GRANGE was hissed on two or three occasions, but certainly by those who do not in any way represent New York appreciation of the unwearied exertions of this excellent lady and admirable artist. These expressions of spite were soon hushed, and the evening passed off very pleasantly, Madame La Grange singing the music of Alice excellently well.

Herr Formes showed himself to be a greater artist than, with all his reputation, we had expected to find him. His voice is plenteous in quantity, beautiful in quality: it is a pure bass; but he does not roar, he sings; and as an actor he has had no equal among the operatic artists who have preceded him. We notice with surprise some comparison made between him and Marini,—a coarse bawler, whose only recommendation was a loud, but harsh, hard, unsympathetic voice. Formes produces his impression not by the strength of his voice, although he has more than any basso yet heard here; nor by its compass, though we should say he had at command two clear octaves and more, from E flat below to F above; it is his intelligent use of this noble organ which must win him the admiration of all cultivated lovers of music. The grace and ease with which he passes from note to note, no matter what the interval, or whether with full or half voice, the delicate modulation of his tones, and ever varying graduation of his volume of sound, the precision and firmness of his execution, the unerring truth of his intonation, his expressive style—every inflection having an intelligent purpose;—and above all the pure and flowing method of vocalization which he constantly exhibits, place him in the first rank of the eminent lyric artists that have visited us within the last few years.

Herr Formes has a fine presence, being rather tall and well made, with an expressive face, which, when not made up for Bertrand, must be pleas-

ing, if not handsome. In this making up, too, he shows his quality. He does not distort his visage and make it so hideous that Robert as well as every other human being must look at it with a mixture of horror and mirth, which is the fashion of other Bertrands: he only marks it in such a manner that his own efforts to throw a cynical and sardonic expression into it may be aided, and then trusts to his own control of mind and feature. In his hands the part of Bertrand has dignity and power. His manner is marked by the farthest possible remove from extravagance, both in acting and in singing; and, indeed, the impression that he constantly produces is that of ample, self-contained, reserved power. The Germans may well be proud of him; but so may the Italians, whose language he enunciates so finely; for although his artistic intelligence is Northern, his artistic feeling has the warm tone of the sunny South. He was quite ill on this occasion; but although he may hereafter sing with more spirit and force, he showed, even under such depressing circumstances, the high quality and the completeness of his artistic power. There was a part of his voice, including two or three upper notes, which he did not on this evening deliver as freely as became his "royal mouth." The defect may possibly be permanent and inherent, or we perhaps must attribute it to the state of his health. We look with most pleasurable expectations for his appearance in other operas and in oratorio.

The management deserve credit, under the circumstances, for the manner in which this very exacting opera was put upon the stage. Its demands, especially in the third act, are always greater than our American resources can supply.

The New Basso.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

It is now some fifteen or sixteen years since Herr Formes left his native place Mulheim, a small town near the Rhine, about an hour's travel from Cologne. In this town he had tried various humble avocations; first as shoe-maker, then as beer brewer, then as sexton. But on fairly attaining his manhood he discovered that he had a voice, and consequently left for Cologne, where he took lessons of the then celebrated German Basso Oehrlein—who, by the way, has been for some years in this country, has appeared sometimes in German opera, has sung in several of our city Catholic churches, and has now left, we believe, with Mlle. Vestvali's company. Oehrlein lost his voice and celebrity, while his pupil Formes retained his voice and more than succeeded to his master's reputation.

Oehrlein had great difficulty at first with Formes, who at that time was very heavy and stupid, and destitute of all manner and address. But the voice of Formes was so fine, and improved so much under cultivation, that he soon began to take subordinate parts in opera. Despite his awkwardness and lack of polish, his fine voice made its own way with the public; he began to take more important parts, to sing in concerts, and finally received the offer of an engagement at the opera in Vienna, which he accepted. But, joining the revolutionists of 184—, he was obliged to leave Vienna and return again for a short time to Cologne, whence he went to London with a German company. Here he has remained ever since, and has gradually been growing in public favor and in celebrity.

In respect of voice, Formes is not what he once was. Aside from the general failure of tone, however, a marked defect is now apparent in his faulty intonation. He is sometimes nearly half a tone out of the way. But the great volume of his voice, and its unusual depth, excites the admiration of the audience and carries him through. On his first appearance at the Academy on Monday evening, he dropped, several times, to E flat, and sustained the tone firmly and fully.

Robert Le Diable was an opera for our German population, and the Germans were there on Monday evening in immense numbers. From "Paradise" to parquet, the house was crowded to excess. The opera opened not over-felicitously: the finely-fugued overture and the first chorus

showed lack of drill. Formes, on entering with Brignardi, was handsomely received by the audience. It was soon evident, that although Formes is undoubtedly a great Basso, (in respect of voice,) he was not, and could never have been, an accomplished singer. He studied but a very short time, and then was left to his own taste. He therefore lacks style and school, and seems to be deficient in ear. Still, as the *biggest* voice, probably, that we have yet had in this country, his arrival here is an event.

Madame De Lagrange accepts largely of the charity of the audience in her performance of the part of *Alice*, in the *sostenuto* music of which (requiring a perfectly steady and reliable tone) her entirely unmanageable tremulousness is most painful to a cultivated ear. Madame's best musical friends (among whom we reckon ourselves) cannot but concede that this great singer is no longer herself, except in florid, rapid, and highly executive music. The changes undertaken in Meyerbeer's music, on the present occasion, were also something which no person of musical culture could approve.

Signor Brignardi as *Robert* was so-so-ish. Signor Labocetta as *Raimbault* was extremely good, in fact the best of all. Mlle. Cairol got through much better than she at first promised, and was deservedly applauded.

There was much curtailment and disarrangement of the opera. The second act was thrown out of its place and merged with the fourth act, both being curtailed and foreshortened. The third act was also cut into two separate acts, and shortened at that.

The graveyard scene lacked graves and tombstones. The ghosts, therefore, were denied the privilege of rising out of them, and had to walk out from behind the scenes. The change of ghosts into nymphs, which abroad is usually accomplished by machinery, the ghostly dress being whisked off like a flash of lightning, had here to be accomplished by the poor ghosts themselves—with their own hands. The times are hard, however; and it is not strange that even the ghosts have to undress *themselves*.

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE.—No. II, THEATRE LYRIQUE, OF PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 16.—It is getting uncomfortably cold in Paris. Fuel is dear, candles ditto, and in my little room *au quatrième* the nights are dismal and dreary. At such times I seek refuge in Paradise!

Do not be startled at this sacrilegious assertion. Paris (which many folks think is after all but an abbreviation for Paradise) goes to the theatre every night, and that part of Paris that cannot afford to pay for its boxes, or stalls, or seats d'orchestre, goes away up to the amphitheatre—generally a hot, uncomfortable place—which, with a Mark Tapley style of jocularly, it calls "Paradise."

The charges of admission to Paradise vary from fifty cents down to fifteen; and, inconsistent as it may appear, the fifteen cent Paradise of the *Theatre Lyrique* is vastly more cool and comfortable than its more expensive competitor of the *Grand Opéra*. The operas are given in excellent style, and consequently the Theatre Lyrique is one of the principal places of resort. Of course I patronize Paradise, for the monetary panic at New York has, I fear, affected the savings bank where is deposited my fifty dollars, on the interest of which I am travelling through Europe. So, you perceive, economy is advisable on my part.

There is probably no portion of Paris more intensely Parisian than the Boulevards du Tem-

ple, where stand in one block all the minor theatres of the city—the Theatre Lyrique, Theatre de la Gaîté, des Folies Dramatiques, Funambules, and others. At night the fronts of all these places of entertainment are brilliantly illuminated, and the wide *trottoir*, with its double row of trees, and its innumerable booths for the sale of refreshments, is crowded with people waiting in regular lines two abreast, before each theatre, for the opening of the doors. The policemen (all, as usual, looking like Louis Napoleon) are ubiquitous, and immediately noticeable, by their uniform, and cocked hats; there are also a few soldiers in military uniform pacing before the doors, with their brazen helmets flashing in the gaslight. There is no confusion in this scene. Every new comer quietly takes his place at the end of the *queue*, and when the doors are opened, marches in regularly and slowly, there never being allowed any of the crushing and crowding that invariably attends a similar occurrence in the States or Great Britain.

The Theatre Lyrique is the first you meet, as you come from the Boulevard St. Martin, and is the only one whose exterior can lay any claim to architectural beauty. This theatre was built in 1846 by Alexander Dumas, the novelist, and was opened under the name of *Theatre Historique*, though devoted to the drama in all its forms. The front is narrow, but tastefully designed, and as we take our place in the *queue* (which all must do, no matter what part of the house they patronize), we have leisure to inspect it at a distance. The entrance is flanked by two couples of fluted Ionic columns, and two caryatides, representing Tragedy and Comedy, support the flat architrave of the entrance. Above this entablature is a vast semicircular niche, flanked by caryatides, representing Hamlet and Ophelia and the Cid and Chimena; these support a circular pediment, adorned with a winged statue of the Genius of History. The interior of the large niche is handsomely frescoed, and quite a miscellaneous assemblage of distinguished persons are gathered there, including Poetry, Comedy and Tragedy, hand in hand, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Seneca, Shakspeare, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Schiller, Talma, Nourrit, Gluck, Mehul, Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, Terence, Molière, Goethe, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Regnard, Marivaux, Mlle. Mars, Mozart, and Gretry. In other compartments there are scenes from various plays and operas both classic and modern.

While looking at this, we are frequently interrupted by a pertinacious creature, who wants to sell "*Vert-vert pour quinze centimes—trois sous*," this "*Vert-vert*" being a little newspaper, containing the list of performances for that evening in all the theatres of the city, with the names of performers; for in Paris and in the English theatres they have no programmes for gratuitous distribution as with us. In London and Dublin women sell the programmes in the street for a penny, and in Paris you are offered for three sous the same, with the addition of a page or so of the latest theatrical and musical gossip.

At last there is a slight movement ahead, and slowly the doors of the theatre absorb the waiting crowd, who as quietly distribute themselves in the different parts of the house. Wherever they go there is a Louis Napoleon-like policeman. He stands by the ticket seller (a lady) and by the ticket taker; he is ubiquitous, very observant, but very polite.

A female attendant shows you to a seat, and takes care of your hat for a sou, and then you are at liberty to observe the interior of the house. It is very peculiar, being elliptical in form, twenty metres in breadth, and only sixteen in depth, by which arrangement every part of the house is quite near the stage. The general decorations consist of garlands of fruits and flowers on a white ground, while the hangings and cushions are of red damask. There are three tiers of boxes, while directly behind the highest, and at a sufficient elevation to place the occupants above the range of the heads in front of them, is the amphitheatre, alias Paradise. The ceiling has been frescoed in the usual conventional style, with colonnades, and festoons, and Muses; but all these works of art are almost obliterated by time and smoke. The building is chiefly lighted by two glass chandeliers, so disposed as not to intercept the view from any part of the house.

The proscenium is quite plain, surmounted by the arms of the country, while on frescoed panels directly above are the names of Mozart, Gretry, Dalayrac, and Cherubini. Over either of the handsome Corinthian façades of private stage boxes are the names of Gluck and Lully, while on the front of the balustrade of the lower tier are those of Boieldieu, Weber, Herold, and Bellini. The drop curtain is a conventional affair, representing half-raised drapery and a perspective of landscape. The *salle* is on the whole one of the most comfortable and social of all the Parisian theatres.

The operas generally produced here are those of French composers, and here all the rising young musicians have their earlier efforts brought before the public; the stage is at the same time a sort of preparatory school for the Opera Comique and Grand Opera, and as all these establishments belong to government, their interests never clash. Most of the modern French artists have debuted at the Theatre Lyrique. Marie Cabel, the reigning star of the Opera Comique, first appeared here, and Roger, the tenor, also once belonged to this troupe, then was promoted to the Opera Comique, and now holds the first position in the Grand Opera de l'Academie de Musique, the highest professional rank a French singer can attain.

Yet, notwithstanding that the Theatre Lyrique is a training school for artists, the performances there are by no means wanting in skill and effect. The orchestra is excellent, and the *mise en scène* exhibits all the perfection for which the Parisian theatres are in this respect so famed. The first time I attended this establishment, Weber's *Oberon* was the opera; and I have never heard the splendid overture better done, while the scenic effects were really surprising. The character of Rezia was assumed by Mme. CAMBARDI, a powerful dramatic singer, and a favorite here, while that of Huon was by MICHOT, a tenor who deserves a more extensive fame than he has yet achieved. But I have noticed that the tenor singers at the Opera in Paris are far superior to the *prime donne*. I have not yet heard since leaving New York a prima donna who can at all compare with that modern Cecilia, Anna de Lagrange, but in such minor theatres as the Lyrique we hear nightly tenors who in the States would eclipse the popularity of Brignoli himself.

Between the acts we will stroll outside, and as we leave the theatre with a number of seekers

after fresh air, we become aware of an excitement. There is a great noise, and the shrieking of men and women on the wide *trottoir*; but, notwithstanding the dire confusion, be assured it is no new revolution—merely the venders of drinks and fruits inviting the passers by to partake of their good fare. If you listen a few moments, you will distinguish the words that old woman with the strange headdress is bawling out, as she points to her glasses of lemonade; and as you approach she will honor you with a special cry of:

Monsieur, veut-il quelque-chose a b-o-i-r-e?, dwelling on the last word with a howl, as of a person in great agony.

Immediately a vender of pears will poetically respond from a neighboring booth:

Monsieur, veut-il manger un p-o-i-r-e? and so the antiphonal howling will be piercing your ears till you return to Paradise.

The repertoire of the Theatre Lyrique includes, I believe, all the operas of Weber; and his *Oberon* and *Euryanthe* are especial favorites here. On my second visit I heard the latter opera most excellently given, with Mlle. AMELIE REX, a new debutante, and that superb tenor, MARCHOT, in the chief rôles. You have no idea how often new debutantes appear upon this stage. They are usually selected from the more promising members of the chorus, learn a few rôles, and after performing them at the Lyrique a few times, are sent off to the provincial theatres, whence in a few years they will return to Paris, and, if of sufficient ability, are engaged at the Opera Comique. When superannuated, they draw a pension from government. There is a ballet corps connected with the Lyrique, and in *Euryanthe* these votaries of Terpsichore dance to the music of Weber's well-known *Invitation à la Danse*, which has been arranged for the orchestra by BERLIOZ. The ballet corps are also educated with a view to promotion to the Opera Comique and Grand Opera, and likewise in old age receive pensions from the government.

The performances are generally preceded by some little comic operetta of one act, usually without chorus, and employing only three or four characters. *M. Griffard*, by Méstapes, is the name of one of these pretty little musical farces, which are rendered by the second class singers of the troupe; and generally the house does not fill up till the commencement of the more elaborate opera, the chief attraction of the evening. At present, *Margot*, a new opera, in three acts, by M. Louis Clapisson, alternates at the Theatre Lyrique with *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 8.—Decidedly the greatest success here in the operatic line for some years, or at least since the famous Sontag Troupe, is the production of *Roberto Il Diavolo* by the company now performing at the Academy. I mean success in the largest, fullest sense, not merely in the number of representations and large audiences, but also in respect of quality as to what is given, and the manner in which it is given. Mr. ULMANN certainly deserves our hearty thanks for producing this noble work in so acceptable a manner.

Herr FORMES comes the nearest to my ideal of a truly great artist of any male singer I have

ever heard. What a ponderous voice! and yet how smooth and flexible! How attentive to all the details and business of his part, yet without stiffness or any seeming effort! One feels so grateful for the exquisite pleasure afforded, that an attempt at fault-finding is disagreeable. Of course it is necessary to hear and see an artist in different characters to be able to judge of his breadth and scope.

How I long to hear his noble voice in "Elijah"! I shall be greatly surprised if Herr Formes does not create a breeze among your oratorio-loving people. *La Traviata* is to succeed *Robert* after Wednesday.

BELLINI.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The programme of the second winter concert at the Crystal Palace comprised a Symphony in G by Haydn, the piano Concerto in C minor by Mozart, a Scherzo (G minor) by Mendelssohn, the overture to "Tell"; Balfé's song: "Come into the garden, Maud," Braham's "Death of Nelson" song, and Thalberg's "Home" fantasia. Miss Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and Charles Braham the singer. . . "St. Paul" and the "Creation" were the oratorios performed by Mr. Hullah's "first upper singing school" at St. Martin's Hall, in the last two months. . . The Sacred Harmonic Society have given the first of a series of "great vocal rehearsals," having for their object the keeping in continual practice of the Metropolitan contingent of the chorus which sang at the late Handel Festival, and which is to sing at the Grand Commemoration in 1859. Mr. Costa conducted. This was the programme:

Anthem—"We will rejoice".....Croft.
Chorus—"Tu es sacerdos" (in G).....Leo.
Anthem—"I will arise".....Creighton.
Chorus—"Righteous Heaven" (Susanna)....Handel.
Anthem—"We have heard with our ears".Palestrina.
"In thee, O Lord".....Weldon.
Chorus—"Pignus future" (from the Litany in B flat).....Mozart.
Madrigal—"In going to my lonesome bed". Edwards.
"Thyrsis, sleepest thou?".....Bennett.
"April is in my mistress' face"....Morley.
"Fair shepherds' queen".....Marenzio.
"Thus saith my Chloris".....Wilbye.

The regular concerts were to commence Nov. 27, with Haydn's Third Mass, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and Spohr's "Last Judgment."

The Opera Buffa, at the St. James's Theatre is treating the Londoners to a pleasant course of light and sparkling novelties. On the 14th ult. Donizetti's *Il Comanillo* was the piece, the libretto being a literal rendering, by Donizetti himself, of the French vaudeville, *La Sonnette de Nuit*. This was succeeded by *Crispino e la Comare*, an opera by Luigi and Frederico Ricci. The names of the principal singers in the first piece are Mlle. Cesarini, Sig. Ferrario and Sig. Galli; in the second, Mme. Fumagalli, Signor Giorgetti, (a tenor, "with a beautiful and sympathetic voice"), and Sigs. Carione (as the cobbler), Castelli and Carnevali (as the rival doctors), who sang a trio *buffo*, which was uproariously encored.

M. JULLIEN's last great success is his new "Indian Quadrille," nightly played to overflowing houses. In the shape of a Prospectus to the said Quadrille, M. Jullien delivers his sentiment on India, thus:

The Anglo-Saxon race seems destined to carry civilization, commerce, laws, and arts to the most remote parts of the world and amongst the most uncivilized tribes. In India, where even Alexander the Great had failed, Great Britain has triumphed. She planted, 'midst a semi-barbarous race, the laws of reason and justice. Tolerant of all differences and shades of opinion in the mother-country, she generously carried her liberal principles among the two hundred millions dwelling in British India, protected by her power, and ruled by her influence. They were left free in the exercise of their manners, customs, and religion. It was even a subject of

charge that she carried her tolerance beyond reasonable bounds, in too long permitting the cruelties with which the exercise of religion was attended, as taught by the Koran or practised by the devotees of Juggernaut. However the country flourished, &c, &c.

And so on for half a column or more. Mlle. Jetty Treffz is more popular than ever at these concerts. The next wave of Jullien's wand was to produce a Masked Ball; and then was to follow his annual "Festival" season, when Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber and Haydn would each have his night.

The London *Musical World*, from which we glean the above facts, takes occasion from the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn to discourse characteristically about his influence and deal hard blows at the "musicians of the Future,"—too cautious, this time, to mix up Schubert and Schumann with Berlioz and Wagner. Here is a specimen:

Mendelssohn, living, exercised much the same effect upon music as the lady in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* upon the flowers; and his death brought about just such a revulsion as the death of the lady in the garden she had tended. There was no longer cultivation, but disorder everywhere—

"Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum," choked up the avenues of art. Such musical Sepoys (!) as Liszt and Wagner would have been impossible had Mendelssohn been spared; but God willed otherwise, and the art of music was condemned to pass through a severe ordeal.

PARIS.—M. Gounod's recovery is complete. He has already two operas on the stocks—one called *Ivan le Terrible*, intended for the Grand Opera; the other *Le Medecin malgré lui*, founded on Molière's celebrated comedy, for the Theatre Lyrique. The announcement of an old opera by Rossini at the Bouffes Parisiens, called *Il Bruschino*, has given rise to a grave discussion in musical circles. The original name of the work in question, when produced at the San Mose in Venice, in 1813, was (according to some) *La Scala di Setu* (the ladder of silk). It is now, however, asserted that *Il Bruschino* is no other than *Il Figlio per azzardo*, the opera which immediately preceded *Tancredi*. Some of the Paris publishers have already taken advantage of the excitement created by the promised revival of an early work by the author of *Il Barbiere*, and have announced the music of *Il Bruschino*. Madame Nantier Didié has appeared for the first time on the boards of the Italians as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and in the lesson scene introduced a Spanish romance which created a marked sensation. Some of the French journals are in raptures with her acting. Why Alboni should have resigned one of her most admirable impersonations does not appear. Meyerbeer has left Paris, much chagrined, it may be presumed, at being unable, after three months hard toiling, to prepare Mme. Lauters in the part of Alice in *Robert Le Diable*. At the last moment, it is alleged, the lady acknowledged her inability to sing the music. The friends of Mme. Lauters insist that this was only an excuse to get rid of the part, which, for some unknown reasons, she was not willing to undertake, and find all sorts of excuses for her. It is strange that they should have neglected to take into account that Mme. Lauters has just married M. Gueymard, the tenor. Possibly her new change of state may account for her caprice. *Robert le Diable* is thus shelved for a time. Rumors are afloat that the direction of the Opera Comique is about to undergo a change. M. Nestor Roqueplan is to be successor to M. Emile Perrin; and it is further stated that the new director will be assisted in the management by M. Henri Trianon. (The whole of this report has been officially denied.—Ed.) The new work by MM. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas, to be entitled *Le Carneval de Venise*, is announced for representation in a few days, and will be followed soon afterwards by a new opera of M. Bazin. A new operetta, in one act, called *Les Deux Pêcheurs*, the music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens. Mme. Stoltz has left Paris for Barcelona, where she is engaged for a series of representations at the Royal Theatre. Signor Sivioli is gone to Amsterdam to give concerts. He proceeds thence to the Hague, Rotterdam, and Berlin, and returns to Paris in December. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is in rehearsal at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, and will be performed at a Grand Musical Festival in the first week of December, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. Mme. Viardot and MM. Jourdan and Stockhausen will sing the solos. Mme. Viardot will at last see the accomplishment of a wish she has long cherished. It is to be hoped that her faith in

the musical taste of the Parisian public may be justified by the result.—(*Corr. London Musical World*, Nov. 21).

LEIPZIG.—The anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S death (Nov. 4. 1847) was celebrated by a concert entirely of his music. A Leipzig paper says:

The music composed by the illustrious master to the ninety fifth Psalm opened the performance. The solos were sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl, of the Royal Berlin Opera, Mlle. Augusta Koch, and Herr Rudolph Otto, from Berlin, a gentleman already well known to us as an excellent singer of concert and sacred music. The overture, *The Hübner*, was the second piece of the first part, which concluded with the violin concerto. Herr Joseph Joachim again displayed, in this concerto, that eminent and masterly skill, in every respect, which gives him an indisputable right to the first place among the artists at present living and playing on this instrument. In the second part, we heard the charming symphony, No. 4, in A major—without doubt the finest work of its kind ever written by the master—and the *Loreley* finale. The symphony and the overture, already mentioned, were in their execution masterly specimens of what our orchestra can do. The solo part in the finale was sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl. According to report, this young lady undertook and studied the part, as well as that in the Psalm, at a comparatively short notice. The choruses (Sing-academie, Pauliner-Verein, Thomanerchor), were most excellent, in the Psalm and the finale.

The second of the Gewandhaus Concerts had for a feature of rare interest a very perfect performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto by Herr Laub. A new overture, "Hafis," by Louis Ehlert, is spoken of as effective and sounding well, but wanting in original thoughts, and too much after the manner of Mendelssohn. Fräulein Ida Krüger sang an air from *Figaro* and three songs: the "Suleika" of Mendelssohn; *An den Sonnenschein*, by Schumann; and *Walden*, by Schubert. She is said to be a singer of promise. Haydn's Symphony, No. 1, in E flat, and an overture by Rietz, in A major, as well as the "Hafis," were finely played. At the third concert, Oct. 22, a new Symphony (No. 7 in G minor) by Niels von Gade (manuscript), and two overtures, one by C. Reinecke, to *Dame Kobold*, and one by R. Schumann, to *Genoveva*, were performed. Herr L. Brassin played, with great applause, Moscheles' G minor concerto, Chopin's *Berceuse*, and an original rhapsody. Mlle. Jenny Meyer, of Berlin, sang an air with obligato violin accompaniment by J. S. Bach, and the first scene of Bellini's *Romeo*. Jenny Lind and Rubinstein are staying here for the present.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—The operas performed here during the last three months were certainly various enough to suit all tastes. The list includes the *Czar and Zimmerman*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Barber of Seville*, *Spohr's Faust*, *Oberon*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *Le Prophète*, *La Juive*, *Jacob und seine Söhne*, *I Puritani*, the *Huguenots*, *Gluck's Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Don Pasquale*, *Der Cadi*, *Trocatore*, *Gluck's Orfeo*, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," &c., &c.... The Cecilia Society announce the High Mass and the *Matthew-Passion* of Bach, the "Jephthah" of Handel, and Cherubini's *Requiem*.

TRIESTE—On the 13th of October ALFRED JAELL gave a concert here, in which he played, besides some of his own compositions, the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, a Fugue of Bach, and a Scherzo by Chopin. He was crowned with laurel, and called out more than twenty times, in true Italian fashion. In a second concert he brought out Liszt's "Orpheus" and "Prometheus," as arranged for two pianos.

BERLIN.—The programmes of Stern's Gesangverein for this season promise performances of "St. Paul," "Israel in Egypt," and the Ninth Symphony.... At the three subscription concerts of the Singakademie are to be given Bach's Cantata: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*; Mozart's *Requiem*; the Christ-

mas Oratorio of Bach (for the first time in Berlin), and Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1857.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Club took place last Tuesday evening. The Chickering saloon offered a scene to gladden the hearts of true music-lovers in these unmusical and gloomy times. It was filled to overflowing; even the ante-room was almost full; and with the best kind of audience. Nearly all the old faces were there, and many new ones, who have grown to seek more near acquaintance with the ever fresh inspirations of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The members of the Club caught inspiration from the welcome, which was indeed such as to rebuke the timidity of concert societies and managers. They all looked well and bright, and in fit frame for live and real music. Never, to most ears, certainly to our ears, have their instruments discoursed richer, purer harmony than that which they proceeded to give us. The instrumental selections were very choice. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Fourth Quintet, in D,.....Mozart.
Introduction and Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Song of the Page, from the Huguenots,.....Meyerbeer.
3. Eighth Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 3 of the Three Razoumoffsky Quartets, (1st time) Beethoven.
Allegro—Molto Adagio—Scherzo and Trio: Theme Russe—Finale, Presto.

PART II.

4. Cavatina from Figaro: Non so più cosa son,.....Mozart.
5. Andante from the Quartet in B flat, No. 69,.....Haydn.
6. Romanza from La Juive,.....Halevy.
7. Andante and Finale Allegro Vivace, from the Quartet in D, No. 2, op. 44,.....Mendelssohn.

The songs introduced us to a fresh candidate for vocal honors, Mrs. HARWOOD, of this city. This young lady, to be sure, has made promising experiments before, some two or three years since, in Oratorio performances, when she exhibited a soprano voice of unusual richness, power, and freshness, and the good impression was much helped by personal appearance and simplicity of manner. She has all this now, and more. She has had the good sense and the will, it seems, to study; with the gift of reading music readily, she has sought good counsels in the art of developing and managing the voice: more especially of *subduing* power which she had in plenty; and the result so far was highly promising. The impression made in those three songs was most agreeable. Not that she is yet an artist; not that there is not more of the crude material than of the refined and the inspired Art of singing about her. Some of her strong high tones were harsh; the passages in *mezzo voce* were far more musical; and generally there was an over-proportion of mere voice and obvious mechanism to the all-fusing and subduing soul of melody. But it was fresh and natural, and gave much pleasure; with a promise of still better.

We come now to the instrumental pieces, which, as we have said, were all finely rendered. The Andante by Haydn, and the well-known movements from Mendelssohn, need no remark. Of the Quartet by Beethoven, the second, and to

us a new one of the famous Razoumoffsky set of three, much should be said. An untoward accident called us from the room in the midst of it, and thus robbed us of this most important feature of the programme. But those who heard it will eagerly unite with us in the desire to have it played again; for such works cannot be put off with a single hearing. Enough we heard and read to know that it is full of the master's noblest, most peculiar inspirations. What we did hear, was profoundly interesting, and, in spite of its great difficulties, more clearly, satisfactorily, and spiritedly rendered, than we have heard *such* works before.

The Quintet by Mozart was perhaps quite as interesting. The Club have played it only once before, and that several years ago. It is more dramatic than the Quartets, as a Quintet well may be, having a voice to spare after the four parts of the harmony are filled out. There was now and then a little scratchiness in the strings in the Allegro, but we heard none afterwards; the full flow of the Mozart harmony rolled clear and undisturbed.

M. Oulibicheff (who does appreciate Mozart—no man better—although he seems so dead to all that is *not* Mozartian in Beethoven), says this Quintet is perhaps the finest of the five great ones of Mozart. We are tempted to translate much of his description of it:

"It was written about the end of the year 1790. D major is a bright, heroic, brilliant key, the classical key of military music. But there is nothing warlike in this Quintet. It opens with a mystical Larghetto, in 3-4; the bass stepping forward alone in fragments of an uncertain melody, seems to lead the other instruments step by step. Is the composer leading us into the grotto of Trophonius, or will he induct us into the Masonic mysteries? Nothing of the sort; it is quite a different surprise that he prepares for us. Through the windings of this gloomy passage we come out suddenly into a well-ordered, lighted, perfumed, comfortable place enough for a saloon in Eldorado (Allegro, in 4-4); music of a lively, witty, interesting conversation. Thoughts flow in abundance, and all so happily chosen, so well developed, singly or united, that it is very hard to distinguish the leading from the accessory thoughts. One feels equally contented, upon entering this Allegro, on whichever side he comes to it; whether it be violins, bass or viola, he at once takes part in the conversation. One must talk of all; and the others not only let one say all, but they assent and comment on it with good will; they repeat one's words, as if they came from one of the wise men of Greece, and simply for the reason that one always talks well. Here no *bon mot* falls to the ground; words from the heart are chilled by no unbelieving smile. On the contrary, the felicitous suggestions fly from mouth to mouth, the heart-felt words are repeated with right hearty sympathy. Precious society!

"But perfect equality reigns as little in the Quintet, as in society. The first violin, which has to take the initiative, takes up the word more frequently than the others; that is a right, that belongs everywhere and always to the one who has most wit and eloquence. The second violin belongs too truly to its friend, to dispute this ascendancy, which it on the contrary seeks by all means in its power to make availing. Not so with the first viola. This makes some claims to

rivalry; it is of a nature somewhat disputatious and dogmatical, as we shall see. The violoncello seems to keep watch like a moderator, that none may wander too far from the question, for the bass was ever the best harmonic logician. Finally, the second viola is like those persons of mind, who say little from habit, but who wait with admirable patience, and with admirable skill seize the opportunity to put in a word in the right place.

"The heavenly conversation would drag, sooner or later, if all were of just the same opinion. In the beginning of the second part the violin attempts to give the theme in F major; but this new view of the matter does not meet with a general response; it is answered by a multifarious murmur. Excitable by nature, as most great talkers are, the violin shows its dissatisfaction by a certain unfriendly bitterness, which results in a lively contention in passages of triplets. He, that first provoked it, sees his injustice and soon gives the *motive* as they desired it, that is to say in D, whereupon they subject the same to a new friendly discussion, in which, however, they sift the matters in dispute in the first half of the Allegro in a more learned and thorough manner. The whole seems said, and beautifully expressed by each; and the speakers would still go on, did not a *Fermata* impose silence. That mysterious *Larghetto*, from the beginning, takes us again and leads us through almost the same winding passages by which we came to this delightful spot. A sudden relapse into the motive and tempo of the Allegro makes a swift and startling conclusion of eight measures.

"The Adagio, (G major, 3-4), one of the most sublime that Mozart has composed, a truly Elysian music—we find no better term for it—expresses a state of blissful tranquillity, mingled with memories of a recent passionate and tearful inclination. In this state melancholy becomes a spice to bliss, and evermore the songs of the violins, modulated in a key of tender and complaining recollections, melt in ecstatic cadences. The past reality is but a dream, and the dreams of the past have become inexpressible reality. If the poetry of words had something analogous to do, it would alternate between two modes: the tone of elegy, which is the echo as it were of a vanished existence, and the tone of contemplative ecstasy, as a character of the present. Music can do far more; it can combine these two manners and at the same time express the agitation of the heart and the sublime serenity of thought. And this it has done. While the divine songs of the violins move in the foreground in long strains of feeling, the bass, checked in its course by eighth-pauses, which are distributed in groups of short notes in the three parts of the rhythm, pursues the train of lofty meditations, with which the Adagio commenced. This remarkable passage, which begins with the 17th measure, and is entrusted one after another to the violoncello, the first violin, and the viola, is again perceptible at the close, but separated from the elegiac song, to which it offsets itself in the beginning. Here it has opposed to it but two half-notes, an F and an E, which presently lift themselves with loveliest effect into the upper strings of the extreme voices, and make the modulation to the key of the Fourth incline toward themselves, where it remains but a moment, and descends with energy back to the Tonic. The piece ends, or rather banishes, itself like an enchanted dream."

We shall give M. Oulibicheff's description of the other movements next week.

ERRATA.—In the article on Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" in our last, there were some wrong figures of reference. In the second paragraph, tenth line, for No. 4, read No. 2. Second page, 2d paragraph, 20th line, for No. 3, *Book IV.*, read No. 3, *Book VI.* Also, last column of first page, 7th line, for *graceful*, please read *grateful*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Now is the time, if at all before another winter, for some good, sound, classical, yet varied, and *cheap* orchestral concerts in Boston. The remarkable beginnings of the "Quintette Club" and "Orpheus" show that there has been a longing for good music, in spite of the disposition to forego luxuries. The well-filled Theatre, too, during three weeks of the Ballet, proved that there were dollars to be found in pockets. Our societies and *impresarii* have been unduly timid. Now they would have clear field, and meet an unclayed appetite. By the time they get their courage up, say February or March, innumerable candidates, virtuosos, singers, musical speculators of all sorts, will be rushing in to dispute the field with them, and to distract the seekers of this quiet kind of entertainment. Now is the accepted time. We think with the *Transcript* of yesterday: "Any movement for a good orchestral course, or a varied opera season, if conceived and carried out with a proper regard to the reasonable necessities of artists and the shrunken means of subscribers and patrons, would, we doubt not, be responded to with gratified delight and substantial encouragement by a music-fasting and suffering public."

That very enterprising and successful teacher of the Piano-Forte in classes, Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, will commence three new classes during the coming week. See Advertisement. A fine chance for beginners....The "Orpheus Club" have engaged Mr. SATTER, the pianist, for the next concert, who will play some "new school" music,—perhaps enough to offset what some may deem the ultra classicality of those choruses of the Greek tragedies.... In New York *Robert Le Diable* has been performed four or five times. Last night *La Traviata*, and to-night Herr FORMES again, in *Martha*, announced as the "only performance of German opera this season." Next Tuesday night *I Puritani* will be given for the benefit of the Hebrew Benevolent Society....The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their second concert this evening; the programme includes a Symphony by Mendelssohn and overtures by Bennett and Von Weber.

A couple of Frenchmen, rummaging last summer among the dusty old scores in the library of St. Marks at Venice, discovered several compositions of the famous ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, in his own handwriting. It has hitherto been supposed that he left nothing but the well known hymn, or prayer, which he sang in the Sixtine Chapel, when pursued by the hired assassins of the Venetian nobleman. Nineteen songs are now brought to light. They are love songs, which the famous singer composed when he lived in the palace of the Contarini, and loved and was beloved by the daughter of the house. They are said to be distinguished by melody and elegance of style, and HALEVY, the composer of *La Juive*, is to write piano accompaniments to them.

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The Members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB have the pleasure to announce that their SECOND CONCERT (of the Series of Three) will take place at the MELODEON on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN.

The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, Pianist, and Mr. W. SCHAU-SPATER, Vocalist, and will introduce among other novelties for the first time Two Double Choruses from MENDELSSOHN'S music to the tragedies: ANTIGONE and OEDIPUS COLONEUS, by Sophocles.

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The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested....SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

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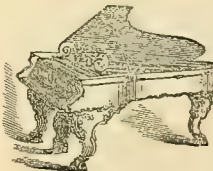
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Translated for this Journal.

The Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

By ERNST VON ELTERLEIN.

[Continued from last week.]

What, now, are the general ideal contents of the Beethoven Sonatas? The essence of the Beautiful, as revealed in Art, consists in this: that a definite idea, a definite intellectual conception, be so perfectly expressed or manifested in a definite sensible form, that the two shall form a complete unity, like soul and body. Hence a work of Art, as a single image of the Beautiful, can only be comprehended in its inmost and essential character, by recognizing what it contains, and how its thought or purpose comes to manifestation. Now, although Music is recognized as real Art, i. e., as a realization of the Beautiful, yet it has been denied to have any meaning or ideal contents; it has been declared to be a purely formal art, a merely ingenious play with tones. The great HEGEL stands at the head of those who hold this opinion. He has been followed, among other later writers, by Dr. HANSLICK, in his essay on the "Musikalisch-Schönen" (the Beautiful in Music).

Both, however, have been radically opposed; the first by KRUEGER in his essay above cited, the second by BRENDL in the 42d volume, No. 8, and following, of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Krüger defines as the subject-matter of Music: "The far off, dim streamings of the soul, life as it comes and vanishes,—in a word, the entire movement of the world, with all that passively exists drawn into the movement; all that hovers, waves, and trembles as with airy vibrations in the human heart, all that the soul echoes in itself from all that stirs in the phenomenal world—all that," says Krüger, "is the real sub-

ject-matter of Music, and forms the inward substance of the tone-world." But Brendel says in various places: "The moods of the soul are the subject-matter of Music; these are the material that lies equally at hand for all musicians. But we are not to understand by this, that the spirit is only outwardly and loosely bound to the technical ground-plan,—that it is any thing fugitive and transient. Spirit, subject-matter are immanent in the tones; the tone-series are the immediate expression thereof, the thing itself and not mere form. Notwithstanding, the entire tone-life rests upon a very real psychological ground, nor do we have to do merely with combinations of tones."

In fact, it were a sorry case for Music, if it were a merely formal piece of art, or mathematical combination of tones, devoid of all deeper spiritual meaning. As the æsthetical writers, Krüger and Brendel, have scientifically refuted the colossal error, so the living Art itself has long eloquently announced the truth in Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great masters, who are anything but mere mathematical reckoners. Above all, from the tones of BEETHOVEN there speaks so rich an inward soul's life, so deep a spiritual meaning stands out so overpoweringly, that Beethoven always will and must remain an unsolved riddle to those by whom this essence is not comprehended. And so, too, the Sonatas of Beethoven are filled with a great and mighty import. The "moods of the soul's life," the "dim streamings of the soul," are expressed in them. This they have in common with the other Beethoven creations, with all truly musical works of Art. They manifest it, however, in their own way, which is a different one for example from that of the Symphonies. If in the Symphonies the moods are mainly objective, universal, although presented in the light of the Beethoven subjectivity, in the Sonatas you recognize a pure subjective soul's life; here the extremely individual moods of the musician are diffused throughout; he abstracts himself from the objective powers of life and seems related only to himself, to his own inmost self, and buried in the inmost secrets of his heart. What is wanting here in a more objective universality, a more objective wealth, is made up by a more subjective depth; the horizon is a less comprehensive one, but goes down to greater depth of individuality.

One arrives at a still deeper appreciation of the Beethoven Sonatas by comparing them, in respect to ideal contents, with those of Haydn and Mozart. The greater power and significance on the side of Beethoven is instantly apparent, and the same observation extends to all of Beethoven's instrumental music. This characteristic

side and its more obvious deductions have been stated with great conciseness by Brendel in his lectures on the history of Music, p. 338. I may be permitted to cite his own words. He says: "What is eminently characteristic of Beethoven's instrumental music is its greater power of thought and meaning, which had at the same time as a consequence an intensification and expansion of the means of expression. In consequence of this greater significance of contents, we see a striving after the utmost definiteness of expression, whereby pure music, untrammelled by any words, became capable of representing perfectly distinct states of mind. In earlier times, with Haydn and Mozart, the work of instrumental music was for the most part a free play of tones of a more vague and general expression. Beethoven, on the contrary, marks definite situations, describes clearly recognizable states of soul. Closely connected with this stands the poetic direction which he follows, the striving to bring a poetic image before the hearer's mind; and equally closely the dramatic livingness of his compositions, called forth by the unfolding of the thought in the process of representation. Formerly, with Mozart, an intellectual, logical *working up* was what determined the form of the musical piece; now this treatment falls into the background, is no longer the leading, the only shaping principle, and the composer follows his poetic plan, causing to move before us a great soul picture, rich in various contrasted moods. Finally, it is the humorous element, that makes itself acknowledged in his works." According to this, then, the general subject-matter of Beethoven's music is some definite state of soul, some distinct poetic image; this in single Sonatas will express itself in special, individual forms.

The catalogues of Beethoven's works show 32 piano-forte Sonatas for two hands, and one for four hands. They bear the *opus* numbers 2, 6, 7, 10, 13, 14, 22, 26, 27, 28, 31, 49, 53, 54, 57, 78, 79, 81, 90, 101, 106, 109, 110, 111. The division into the five groups above indicated gives the following result, which will be more clearly confirmed in the discussion of the single works:

First Group (Preliminary step to the Haydn-Mozart period): Op. 6, 49, 79.

Second Group (Haydn-Mozart period): Op. 2, 7, 10, 13, 14, 22, 26.

Third Group (Transition to the second period): Op. 27, 28, 31, 54, 78.

Fourth Group (Second period, works in which Beethoven's individuality is fully pronounced): Op. 53, 57, 81, 90.

Fifth Group (Third and last period, works in which Beethoven's subjectivity is wholly with-

drawn into itself and isolated): Op. 101, 106, 109, 110, 111.

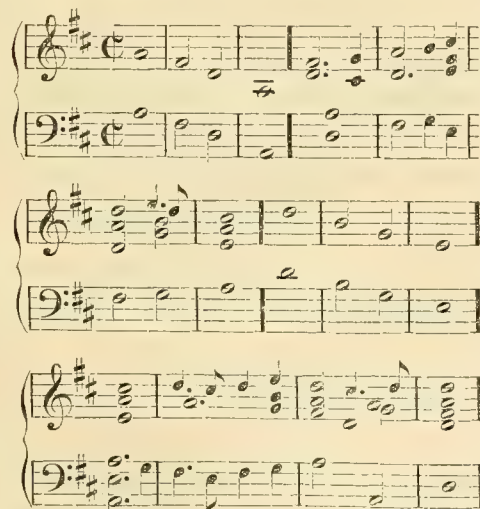
The reader will be struck with the fact, that in this classification sometimes later *opus* numbers are thrown into earlier groups. This too will be justified in the discussion of the single Sonatas. Suffice it to remark here, that the *opus* number can be regarded only as a very deceptive sign, and by no means as an absolute criterion for determining the relative position of the single work; the more so since, as may readily be imagined, in the publication of Beethoven's works the requisite care and regard to the special worth of the given composition was not observed; uncalled hands must have had part in it. According to our conviction, the order of a work can only be determined by its intrinsic worth; the *opus* number is of secondary consequence.

The Tune Clapton.

Extract from a diary kept by Haydn when in London:

"1791. A week before Whitsuntide I heard upwards of 4000 children sing in St. Paul's Cathedral; a Conductor gave the time. No music ever affected me so powerfully in my life. All the children, neatly clothed, entered in procession; the organist played over the tune very simply and smoothly, and the young performers then began the hymn all at the same time."

This hymn, as Haydn terms it, was a chant, composed by Mr. John Jones, then organist of St. Paul's. The manuscript shown to Mr. Beyle by Haydn himself was undoubtedly a copy of this chant, the *Melody* of which is printed, though not quite accurately, in the *Lettres sur Haydn*. A composition that so powerfully affected the great composer is worth preserving; and as we believe that it is not published in a correct and practicable form, we here insert a copy from the author's MS.:



This chant was performed in the following manner when Haydn heard it: The first portion of the bars was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ; the thousands of children assembled, and who were well instructed for the purpose, responded in the second portion. The third was then given in the manner of the first, and the fourth in a similar manner to the second; altogether producing an effect that baffles description, and which could not have failed to operate with extraordinary force on such strong religious feelings, united to such susceptibility of musical impression, as the great composer possessed.

The above is from the *Harmonicon*. Bombet is an assumed name, which is probably well known to many of the readers of the Journal as attached to a small and interesting book, translated into English, with the title, "The Life of Haydn, in a Series of Letters written at Vienna. Followed by the Life of Mozart, by L. A. C. Bombet. With Notes by William Gardiner, Author of 'The Music of Nature,' and republished in Providence about 1820, and in Boston in 1839. The work in the original bears the title of "Lettres sur Haydn," and the real name of the author was *Beyle*, if author he may be called; for it seems to have been pretty well proved that the whole thing was stolen from a work by an Italian resident of Vienna, a friend of Haydn, named Carpani.

From my Diary, No. 16.

It was generally believed, up to the present time, that there remained nothing of Stradella's compositions but the famous hymn which he was singing in the Sixtine Chapel at the moment when the three assassins despatched against him by the patricians of Venice were about to murder him.

Dec. 6.—Now here is a paragraph which will go the rounds of the newspapers, and be read from Maine to California, "while Truth is putting on his boots." That is the way with such trash. All the authorities that I know.—Hawkins, Burney, Gerber, Schilling, Gassner, the various English collections of Musical Biography, &c., &c.,—agree that the music which touched the hearts of the assassins was Stradella's Oratorio, "San Giovanni Battista," which he was conducting in the Church of San Giovanni Laterano; moreover, I should be glad to know of any case in which a strange singer has been allowed to exhibit his powers in the Sixtine Chapel. But it was generally believed that nothing but that hymn remained of his compositions. Ah, indeed! General Belief had better turn to Burney, vol. 4, p. 105, et seq. He will find there some fourteen compositions of Stradella mentioned, one opera, one oratorio, airs, duets, and madrigals. The oratorio is fully described, and a long duet copied. Burney's words, in one place, are: "His compositions, which are all vocal, and of which I am in possession of many," &c. In Novello's Fitzwilliam Music, he will find a quintet from the same work. In the German "Cæcilia" he will find a motet in 6 parts, and in Dr. Crotch's volumes of "Specimens" canzonets and madrigals by him. In fact, all the great musical libraries of England and Germany, and I doubt not of other countries, have more or less of his works.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 290.]

"It was probably during this stay in Hanover, (in 1717,) that he wrote his German oratorio, *The Passion*."—Schœlcher, page 66.

We think not, as we will endeavor to show. The fact that even the existence of this work has been enveloped in mystery in England, ever since Burney's doubtful mention of it, is not very creditable to the musical writers of that country. Certainly there are sources enough for materials to decide the question, had any one added a spirit of research to a knowledge of the German language. As a unique work of the great master, and one in which he came in direct competition with two of the greatest masters of his age, not to mention Mattheson, it well deserves the space accorded to it by M. Schœlcher, and, indeed, a more extended notice, to which end we will give several of the notices of it which have fallen under our observation. We begin with Mattheson, who again suffers in the translation made for M. Schœlcher:

"The other musical dramas from Handel's pen, as *Rinaldo*, 1715, *Oriana*, 1717, with the before-mentioned *Agrippine*, 1718, *Zenobia*, 1721, *Muzio Scaevola* and *Floridante*, 1723, *Tamerlan*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Otto*, 1725, *Richard I.*, 1729, *Admetus*, 1730, *Cleofida*, (otherwise called by its right name, *Porus*), and *Judith*, 1732, finally the *Rodelinda*, 1734, have been played here in his absence, and were sent to us from abroad. Such was the case also with the music to Brookes' *Passion*, which he also composed in England, and sent hither by post, in an uncommonly closely written score.*

"The following information respecting this oratorio is from a preface [to the Libretto] printed in 1719: 'It is not a subject for surprise that the four great musicians—who as such have gained immortal fame by the many and exquisite masterpieces which they have given to the world—Herr Keiser, Herr Handel, Herr Telemann, and Herr Mattheson,† should have taken the greatest delight in setting such a text to music; in doing which they have been so remarkably successful that the most accurate judge of good music is forced to acknowledge that he knows not what is left to be desired in sweetness, artistic merit, and the natural expression of emotion, or which to place highest in rank, without exposing himself to the danger of making an erroneous decision. Herr Keiser's music was given several times formerly, with the highest approbation. That of Herr Mattheson, already heard twice this year, has left with the auditors an undying memorial of his *virtu*. Now, however, it is intended next Monday (in Holy Week) to perform the music of Herr Handel, and on Tuesday, that of Herr Telemann,' etc. —Ehrenpforte, page 96.

Mattheson adds in a note: "Although my work was the last in order of composition, it had been performed sometimes in private, and sometimes in public, in 1718, before that of Handel; although that had long been here, as well as Telemann's." Again: "Among my notes for the year 1718, it appears that he, [Mattheson himself,] in February, set the celebrated *Passion* by Brookes to music, and on the 19th of the same, was honored therefor by a visit from the author of those most select words. Now as it happened that on the 11th of March the director of the Cathedral music died, Mattheson on the 24th took solemn possession of his *Canonicate*, taking also a new oath of office. On Palm-Sunday, he produced the above-named *Passions-Oratorium* in the Cathedral, with a very large number of performers, and to the applause of many thousand auditors," etc.—Ehrenpforte, page 204.

We have thus gone beyond 1718.

Telemann does not give us the date of his composition exactly; but speaks of it in connection with the *Serenata*, which he composed and produced upon the Roemer Platz in Frankfort-on-Maine, at the great festival in honor of the birth of the Emperor Charles VI.'s son, Leopold—"the Archduke of Austria and Prince of Asturia"—and of the pomp with which it was performed in the Cathedral of that city—"most of the members of the reverend clergy took their places at the altar in their pontifical robes." The child was born April 13th, 1716, and M. Schœlcher proves Handel to have been still in London in June of that year; so there can be no doubt that his *Passion* was composed there, as Mattheson states.

On the other hand, Keiser's composition was performed in Holy Week, both in 1712 and 1713, and was so popular that six pieces out of it were printed with the title, *Auserlesene Soliloquia*, in 1714, with a dedication dated Feb. 21st. (See Gerber's Lexicon, and Lindner's "Erste Stehende Deutsche Oper.") A copy of the "Soliloquia"

* Mattheson having been for some years previous to the time in question, Secretary of the English Legation, and acting, after the death of Wich, as Minister Resident, is it not probable that such packages were sent directly to him in the mail-bag of the Embassy? Especially as Handel must have known how much depended upon him for the performance of his works.

† To avoid all misconceptions, these names are here given in the order of time in which their compositions followed each other. [These are the words of the writer of the preface.]

is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Again: Turning from the "Ehrenpforte," we find the first fifty pages of Mattheson's "Critica Musica," (1725,) occupied by *Melephile* and his teacher, with a discussion of the question how to compose an oratorio; "a certain *Passion*" forming the basis of the dialogue. Forkel, in his "Allg. Literatur der Musik," says: "A splendid criticism. The *Passion* here examined is said to be that of Handel." Lindner coincides with him. A comparison of the score with the article would easily decide the point. In Marburg's "Critische Briefe," (vol. i., page 56,) we read: "It is perhaps the first good criticism which has been written upon a vocal composition since vocal music existed." Lindner remarks, (Stehende Oper, page 154:) "The extremely unfavorable criticism of an oratorio which he has used as an example in his 'Critica Musica,' to show how a work of that class should *not* be set to music, is said to relate to a work by Handel. As this composition seems to be lost, there is, of course, no means of deciding." Fortunately the work is not lost.

What Mattheson, in the introduction to his dialogue, says upon this point, is this: "Whether we borrow the subject [of the discourse] from the music-director in the moon, or the grand capellmeister of the sun, is nobody's business, so long as we carefully confine ourselves to truth and justice, guard against the foul *prejudicium auctoritatis*, name and abuse nobody; but, on the other hand, proceed throughout with all discretion and honest courtesy. And this shall be the case, as much so as if it was my own labors and my own production about which the *collegium criticum* is holden. Whoever pleases may indeed look upon it as such, I am perfectly willing. For I should be glad to make my own errors, which are like the sand upon the seashore, of use to the world, and I wish it to be clearly understood, that I will do nothing to any man in this manner which I would not do in regard to my own works, or which I should not learn with perfect equanimity had been done by another."

Let us turn now to Eschenburg's translation of Burney's *Commémoration of Handel*. Burney's reference to the *Passion* calls out the following note from the German author: "I will add that this oratorio bears the title, *Der für die Sünde der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesu*, and that it was also set to music by Keiser, Telemann, and Mattheson. I have Handel's score before me, which, on many accounts, deserves all attention, and in which the composer so clearly surpasses the more-than-ever-affected poet."

Two works are mentioned in the *Allgemeine Mus. Zeitung*, as "Passions-Oratorio," by Handel. *Empfindungen beim Grabe Jesu*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and often performed in Germany, but which proves to be only the *Queen Caroline Funeral Anthem* with a new text; and the one in question, *Der für die Sünde, etc.* This is mentioned twice; first in vol. xvi., p. 603, note:

"Haydn, during his residence in London, received the original score as a present from the Queen of England,* and this score is probably now (1814) to be found among the manuscripts of Haydn, in possession of Prince Esterhazy. The Härtel firm, in Leipzig, received from Haydn a copy of the original score, and thus Herr Härtel is now in possession of this rare treasure, the publication of which—even if confined to the choruses—must interest, in the highest degree, every admirer of true church-music, but most especially all musicians, who are searching the sacred depths of the art. The only changes necessary are in the text, which here and there falls too deeply into the common and inelegant, as is remarked above."

And again, in vol. xxxiv., p. 109. Here the above particulars are repeated with the remark that the work was never printed, but that Breitkopf and Härtel are willing to furnish copies.

The opera *Judith*, which, as we have seen above, is noticed by Mattheson, we do not find

* Griesinger, in his sketch of Haydn's life, says: "He was called upon to perform several times before the Queen, who presented to him the manuscript of a German oratorio, by Handel, entitled the *Saviour on the Cross*, the only one he composed in that language."

mentioned by M. Schœlcher, notwithstanding Burney alludes to it as an oratorio. Eschenburg says in a note: "This was not an oratorio, as Dr. B. thinks, but an opera; moreover, this *Judith* was not the Judith of the Bible, but a wife of Ludwig the Pious. The airs are nearly all Italian; the German recitative by Telemann. It appears to be but a pasticcio."

Lindner confirms Eschenburg's guess. In his list of Hamburg operas, we read:

"241. Judith, wife of the Emperor Ludwig the Pious, or Victorious Innocence, patched together, out of a Lothario performed in London and another in Vienna. The airs are by Handel and Chafféri. The recitatives translated by Hamann, were composed by Telemann. A score is in the Royal Library at Berlin."

We may as well quote two short passages here from Mattheson, which show his disposition to do justice to Handel's great talents, and, at the same time, give all the information we have obtained upon another work by him. They are from the *Organisten Probe*. 4to. Hamburg, 1719.

"Whosoever, for example, will neither play nor study the D-sharp minor and other Modes of this sort, because they are not to be met with continually in all trivial and ridiculous concert pieces, would make bald work of it, should he happen to come into conflict with Mr. Handel, that is, undertake to do justice to the works of that celebrated man, should they be placed before him. We have from this world-renowned author, a cantata, called *Lucretia*, and already pretty widely known, in which modulations not only into D-sharp minor, but into C-sharp major, and other keys, frequently occur. The piece is in F-minor, and will perhaps furnish us with some examples in this work."

"In proof of this, [that C minor can modulate into A-flat,] a cantata, by Mr. Handel, may serve, which happens to lie just at hand. True, it is not printed, (nor do I know whether any thing by this so famous author is to be found in print or engraved—at which I wonder,) but it is in the hands of many persons, and bears the title *Lucretia*. The first words are, 'O Numi eterni,' etc., and the second aria has, at the beginning of the second part, this passage." (Here follow nine measures of music.) *Organisten Probe*, pp. 15, 167.

"Judging by its name, the violetta was the diminutive of viola; viola, violetta, large and small tenor. I give this genealogy without positively affirming its exactness."—Schœlcher. P. 142. Text and note.

We find no difficulty in regard to the violetta, but must confess ourselves somewhat in the dark as to the violetta marina, mentioned upon the same page. We will quote a few authorities which we have at hand, sufficient as it seems to us, to clear up the difficulty with the first-named instrument.

Mattheson should be good authority in terms used by Handel, in 1732, not only as one of the great collectors of musical works of that age, but as being so long connected with the theatre in which Handel began his career, and a composer of much if not of great music. We therefore quote from his "Neu-eröffnete Orchester." 12mo. Hamburg, 1713.) P. 283.

"The full-toned viola, violetta, viola da braccio or braccio, is of a larger size and proportion than the violin; otherwise is of the same nature, and is tuned but a fifth lower, namely, a. a. g. c. It serves for the middle parts in various ways, as viola prima, (being tuned to the high or real alto,) viola seconda, (same as tenor,) etc., and is one of the most necessary pieces in a harmonic concerto; for when the middle parts are wanting, the harmony is lost, and when badly performed all the rest will be discordant. Occasionally also, a virtuoso plays a braccio solo, and it is common to set complete 'arien con violetta all' unisono,' which, on account of the depth of the accompaniments, sound right strange and pleasing."

Grassineau (8vo. London, 1740) says: "Violetta, or little viol, is in reality our triple viol."

Hoyle (London, 1770) repeats Grassineau.

Schilling (Lexicon der Tonkunst) gives us:

"Viola, in Italian viola alto or violetta, also

viola di braccio, hence in German, bratsche, alt-viol. It is not quite correct to call this instrument simply viola. In the Italian it is called violetta, viola alta, or also viola di braccio," etc.

C. P. E. Bach published four Orchestral Symphonies at Leipsic, in 1780. On the title-page the bowed instruments mentioned are violins, bratsche (viola), violoncell, and violon; but in the score the bratsche part is headed *violetta*.

That there was some connection between the tromba marina and the violetta, we have not the least doubt.

In the *London Gazette*, No. 961, Feb. 4, 1674, is advertised: "A rare concert of four trumpets marine never heard of before in England. If any persons desire to come and hear it, they may repair to the Fleece Tavern, near St. James's, about two of the clock in the afternoon, every day in the week except Sundays. Every concert shall continue one hour, and so begin again. The best places are one shilling; the others sixpence."

[Conclusion next week.]

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. III, LES ITALIENS—PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.—One morning I issued forth from my den (*au quatrième*), and started off towards the Boulevards, like a lion seeking what I might devour. Nobody thinks of commencing the day here without imbibing that modern nectar, *café au lait*, which is to be obtained only in France; and as the same modern nectar is at once the cheapest and most delicious of beverages, it is no wonder that everybody imbibes.

Following everybody's example, I entered a little *café*, and, while taking my frugal meal, was fortunate enough to get the morning's paper. First looking over the American news, then running down the column relating to England, and just glancing at the space devoted to the discussion of that eternal Moldavian and Wallachian question, my eye met the list of entertainments for the evening. They were various, but I only read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested those that offered musical attractions. These were numerous.

First, there were the *Concerts de Paris*, a series of nightly miscellaneous vocal and instrumental concerts, got up in the style of Jullien's.

Next came the *Theatre Lyrique*, with its announcement of *Oberon*.

Then there was the *Opera Comique*, announcing two operas—*Zampa* and *Don Pedre*.

The *Grand Opera* was devoted to *Le Corsaire*, a superb ballet, the last work of Adolphe Adam, in which Rosati, the most popular danseuse now in Paris, was to appear.

The *Italiens* offered *Rigoletto*, with MARIO in the chief tenor rôle. It was three years since I had seen this opera, at the first and last time it was produced at the Academy of Music in New York by Ole Bull. Since then it had been frequently reviled and spoken contemptuously of by *Dwight's Journal* and other competent authorities, and I have observed that when any extremely anti-Verdi critic wanted to be particularly blighting in his denunciations, he would use the phrase, "such trash as *Rigoletto*." To be sure, it was a little curious that the refined, intelligent audiences of Paris, accustomed to the best of music, should admire and frequently listen to "such trash"; but then they are not supposed to know as much as the blighting critics.

So in the evening, deploring the sad taste of

the Parisian public, I went with a large representation of them to hear the trash, and being early, took my place in the *queue* before the doors of the Salle Ventadour. The home of the Italian Opera in Paris is the most imposing in appearance of all the public places of entertainment in the city, slightly resembling in its exterior the Academy of Music in New York. It stands in the centre of an open place, quite detached from any other building, and was erected not many years ago, after designs by Messrs. Huvé and de Guerchy. It is one hundred and fifty-four feet in length, by one hundred and ten feet in breadth. The principal front is divided into two stories, crowned with an attic, a heavy portico, supported by a colonnade of pillars, running along the entire front. The lower story presents a range of nine arches, with Doric columns, and in the upper story the arched windows of the saloon correspond with the arcades beneath, and are supported by Ionic columns. Above the entablature, and in front of the attic, are eight statues of the Muses, Urania being omitted. Blank arcades, continued along the sides and back of the building, support the upper story with its balustrade windows. The entire edifice is built of cream-colored stone, and at night a row of small jets of gas runs along the front of the portico, in the centre of which the Imperial initial N is also seen formed by jets of light. The appearance when illuminated, as it is every evening when there is a performance, is brilliant in the extreme. As this is the most *recherché* place of amusement in the city, and frequented by the wealthier classes of citizens and foreigners, the prices of admission are correspondingly high. To the boxes the price is ten francs and over, while the cheapest part of the house—the parterre, corresponding to the parquette in American theatres—is four francs, or about eighty cents. It should be remembered that in all the Parisian theatres the greatest part of the parquette is occupied by what are termed “*stalles d'orchestre*,” handsomely cushioned seats at exorbitant prices, so that, in fact, the parterre comprises but a few of the rear seats. The *claque* system is abolished in Italian Opera at Paris, though in full force at all the other opera houses of the city.

As the doors are opened, and you enter the lobby, your attention is arrested by a statue of Rossini, that occupies a prominent place; but the Louis Napoleon-like policemen do not give you time to examine it, for they tell you to pass on towards three men, with white neckcloths, who sit in august state, behind a high counter, to receive your ticket. Passing this ordeal, you are ushered into the interior of the house.

The interior is semicircular in form, and, without being absolutely splendid, yet impresses by its brilliancy and the indefinable idea of wealth and refinement that seems to pervade the very atmosphere. It is not a very large auditorium, holding only about thirteen hundred persons. The general decorations are gold and red; the ceiling, frescoed in lozenge-shaped compartments, represents a cupola, through which a blue sky appears. From the centre depends a chandelier, and the house is also lighted by lamps, covered with globe shades, and attached to the partitions that divide the boxes, but so arranged as to be quite out of the way of the occupants, and not protruding in front so as to intercept the view—

a capital plan, which might be imitated to advantage in American theatres. The performances take place on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays—the latter day being a great gala for all the theatres, when they offer unusual attractions, and are invariably crowded to excess.

The auditorium has in a short time gradually become filled with the *élite* of Paris, among whom are mingled many strangers. Yonder is an incredibly rich Count from Russia, and in another box is an Oriental-looking personage in a turban, and glittering in jewels, who is, they say, some East Indian prince. The toilettes of the ladies are elegant, but not nearly as elaborate as may be seen at the operatic performances in the large cities of the States, while not one of those graceful garments called opera cloaks, so much worn at the Academy of Music in New York, is visible. Indeed, I have often seen at the latter opera house a far more brilliant audience than at Les Italiens in Paris.

By and by, the members of the orchestra issue out of their subterranean retreat under the stage, tune their instruments, and at the signal commence the short introduction to *Rigoletto*. The opera is so well known to those familiar with the lyric stage, that it would be superfluous to speak of it at length. Though not one of Verdi's best, it yet contains some delicious melodies, and one concerted piece—the *Bella figlia dell'amore* of the last act—that do no discredit to one, who, however much he may be decried, is certainly the most popular composer of the day. As to the performance itself, it was good, but not superlatively so. MARIO is so sure of his reputation, that he does not take the pains to preserve it, and is careless to a degree that in any other less renowned tenor would bring down the marked disapprobation of the house. He is also growing corpulent, and can no longer be considered the Adonis of the stage. He omitted, in the rendition of his rôle, the two most elaborate arias, and in the well-known melody, *La Donna è mobile*, created no sensation whatever, scarcely winning a single clap of applause. But in the beautiful solo that precedes and then forms part of the grand quartet, he seemed to arouse himself, and show what he can do when he is willing to take the trouble. Opinions may differ, but for my part I would much rather hear a mediocre but careful and painstaking artist, than a lazy creature who acts on the stage like Dickens' “*Debilitated Cousin*,” and even seems to suppress his yawns with difficulty.

After the first act, we will take a stroll about the house, and enter the *foyer*, which is already quite filled with promenaders, and presents the appearance of a ball-room. It is large, handsomely carpeted, indefinitely reduplicated by numerous mirrors, and most brilliantly lighted. Busts of Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Graziani, and other operatic celebrities adorn its walls, while from one end the Emperor Napoleon III., in marble, looks at his beautiful Empress Eugénie, whose bust stands at the opposite end. A crazy man attempted to break the Emperor's bust a few nights ago, while the *foyer* was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, some of whom laughed, some shrieked, and some called the police, who quickly appeared, and marched the iconoclast off to a lunatic asylum. When in Paris, Louis Napoleon attends this Opera frequently, and the

Imperial Box is of course always ready, and distinguished by its rich drapery of crimson velvet.

We resume our seat in time for the second act, and listen to the aria of the prima donna, Mme. SAINT URBAN. She is young and pretty, with an intelligent countenance, but is not a first class artiste. Her voice is powerful, and almost piercing, and her vocalization is studied, but not perfect. She has recently made a failure in *Traviata*, but sings very well in *Rigoletto*, and as she is new to the stage, may be considered a very fair and promising singer. Signor CORSI sings the part of the revengeful Buffoon excellently, and acts it with great effect. His voice and method are wonderfully similar to those of our friend Amodio, though he has not as much vocal power. His efforts have brought an encore for the final duet of the third act. The trifling part of Madelon is assumed by Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, well known in the States as an admirable contralto; but she should never attempt to personate the character of a youthful peasant girl. The opera ends with the discovery by Rigoletto that he has killed his daughter, the long final duet, one of the most affecting things in the work, being omitted. The scenery, by the way, is excellent, and the chorus numerous and effective.

At the present writing, the Italian Opera of Paris enjoys the services of three prime donne—Mme. ST. URBAN, Mme. STEFFANONI, and Mme. ALBONI, the latter of whom, recently returned from England, has just appeared in her original rôle of *Cenerentola*. Steffanoni, who is a favorite here, is playing such characters as Lucrezia, Elvira in *Ernani*, and Leonora in *Trovatore*. On the whole, Italian Opera is given no better here than it has been done in New York and Boston, under the magnanimous, non-specie-paying Maretzek, and I have yet to find the prima donna to equal our Lagrange. TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DEC. 15. — Notwithstanding the pressure of “hard times,” Springfield has determined with a right good will to devote a fair share of attention to Music. The Musical Institute and the Philharmonic Society meet twice in the week, and have been earnestly at work, the former on choruses, and the latter at the classical symphonies and overtures of the great master. Our talented young townsman, E. J. FITZHUGH, has been chosen Director by both Societies, and much harmony and good feeling exists. A month since, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, of your city, gave an excellent concert here, which has awakened the activity of our Societies; and application was made to open the new Music Hall, just completed by Mr. Haynes. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were engaged to assist, and on Friday evening of last week the hall was opened with one of the best concerts ever given by our own musicians, to a large and brilliant audience. The programme was rich and varied—for the most part, classical music, embracing compositions of the immortelles, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, &c.

The performance commenced with the old and familiar Overture to *Le Calife de Bagdad*, which was spiritedly given, and put the audience in good humor. Then followed a chorus from *Robert le Diable*, well sung; the first part of the programme concluding with Beethoven's First Grand Symphony, in C, Op. 21. This was an ambitious undertaking for us. The symphony

was rendered with marked ability, and was well received. The Allegro was taken in good time, and played with great firmness and precision. Next followed the Andante. Most delicately and tenderly was the beautiful theme rendered, and really admirably performed. The *forzandi* were boldly and vigorously expressed, and we were surprised to hear so good a composition so correctly played. The Minuets and Trio were omitted, the Finale being next given; here there was less of promptness than in the Allegro, the second violin having evidently a little too much to do. Thanks, however, to Mr. FRIES, who kindly and instantaneously rendered assistance, it passed off remarkably well, reflecting much credit on the skill of the conductor and performers. The second part of the programme opened with Mozart's glorious Overture to *Don Giovanni*, which was admirably given, and with thrilling effect. We heartily enjoyed it, as did also the entire audience. Of the chorusses, those of "When winds breathe soft," by Weber, and "The heavens are telling," (Creation) were the best performed. In the latter an evident improvement had been made since last winter; and as the orchestra was more efficient, its effects were far more apparent.

Of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club we need hardly speak. Their solos were magnificently performed, and WULF FRIES, in a violoncello solo, elicited a rapturous encore. We hope the time will not be long ere we again may listen to their marvellous harmonies. We hear it rumored that the Musical Institute are about to commence to rehearse the Oratorio of the "Messiah." May it be true! We know there is sufficient talent amongst us to get this up, and shall indulge the hope.

ANDANTE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 15.—The second concert of the Brooklyn "Philharmonic Society" came off last Saturday night. The Society has increased nearly fifty in number since the account I sent you of the first concert, so that they now number nearly five hundred paying members. The programme was as follows;

PART I.

1. Symphony: No. 4, Op. 90, in A,Mendelssohn. Allegro Vivace—Andante—Minuetto Allegretto—Saltarello Presto.
2. E strano, é strano: Aria from Traviata,Verdi. Mlle. Cairoli.
3. Romance and Rondo: From the Concerto in E, Op. 11,Chopin. Mr. R. Hoffmann.

PART II.

1. Najaden: Overture, Op. 15,W. S. Bennett.
2. Andante con Variazioni and Finale: From Sonata for Violin and Piano-forte, Op. 47,Beethoven. Messrs. J. Burke and R. Hoffmann.
3. Non fu Sogno: Aria from I Lombardi,Verdi. Mlle. Cairoli.
4. Overture: Der Freischütz,Von Weber.

Your readers know all about this famous Symphony, because you have often spoken of it in your *Journal*, and spoken of it in a manner, too, that enables one to understand the matter.

Mr. EISFELD's picked band of forty performers did themselves and their leader ample justice. The audience was in most excellent humor, particularly the ladies, who were well prepared to enjoy this most delicious music, having availed themselves of the previous rehearsals, which enabled them, of course, the better to understand it. I take great pleasure in saying, that, so far, Fashion has but little to do with the success of these concerts, the prevailing and more general feeling being that of real enjoyment of the music.

Each movement of the Symphony brought forth earnest and hearty applause, and the Minuetto was repeated, the Andante barely escaping the same fate.

As to the vocal part I can say but little, at least in its favor. Mlle. CAIROLI might possibly sing Verdi's music passably well if she had any voice; but without any low notes whatever, a few disagreeable, thin notes in the middle register, even the clear, birdlike notes of the upper register can hardly make her singing tolerable. The audience were very kind, and tried to be pleased; but the applause was from a feeling purely of sympathy. Mlle. C.'s execution, however, shows her at least to be industrious, and determined that no effort shall be wanting on her part to ensure her success.

Mr. HOFFMANN played in his usual elegant and finished manner. He is one of those careful, conscientious players, who never forget themselves, but always remember that they are acting the part of the interpreter and not the orator. I assure you Chopin suffered no injury at the hands of Mr. Hoffmann. This received, as it richly deserved, an honest encore.

The Duo, by Messrs. HOFFMANN and BURKE, was most exquisitely played, and received an unanimous encore. Mr. Burke is too good an artist to be heard so seldom in public. Although I always considered him a much better player than many who have a larger reputation than he has, I was not prepared for the change, the decided improvement in his playing since I heard him last, some two years ago.

The ever fresh, ever welcome *Freischütz* Overture closed this really charming concert, and I am confident no audience ever left a concert room more thoroughly satisfied than that of the second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic of last Saturday night. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a new Comedy Overture by Julius Rietz, and Overture to "William Tell," are announced for the 3d concert.—The "Creation" is announced with an immense flourish of trumpets. Well, if the manager finds it necessary to resort to such means to get paying houses, no one should find fault. But it must seem very funny to you Bostonians to see us announce the Oratorio of the "Creation," "under the immediate patronage of the following [33] most distinguished members of the Rev. Clergy of New York and Brooklyn." Well, as I hope to be there, you shall hear how it is done. After all this flourish, surely we may expect something more than common.

BELLINI.

CARL FORMES—Our original friend FRY, in the *Tribune*, discourses thus characteristically of the great German basso and of bass rôles generally:

The Opera during the last four or five nights has enjoyed unusual success. The audiences have been ample, and in fact superior to the real accommodations of the uneconomically constructed building. The novelty in singing has been Mr. Formes; in composition, *Robert le Diable*. The eminent German bass vocalist appeared disadvantageously at first, as he had a cold, rendered evident by a physician's certificate, or what was better (or worse), by his diminished ability. For some economical reason, basses always take the part of candidates for the gallows—such as villains-in-chief, subterranean schemers of the flesh or the devil, or at best heavy fathers upon whom daughters lean during a bit of solo in the orchestra. But the bass being the manliest because the deepest voice, and alone capable of all the voices of giving black as well as white notes, (if we may so lay on the chromatic distinction), is really the truest voice for the heroic lover, as none but the

brave deserve the fair. Such a lover can be terrible as well as tender, diabolical as well as divine, and no tenor can have the same scope, even if he bring the immense intellectuality of a Duprez to bear upon his readings and declamations. Unquestionably the lyrical tragedy, where a Romeo or Othello burns, rages, and dies miserably of love's darts poisoned, would gain if intrusted to a great passionate bass voice. But with these truths, which ought to be patent, composers run in the old grooves, and their idea of the expression of man's love is the voice most closely approximating in vibration and quality to the feminine voice. The next innovation in opera, therefore should be the transmogrification of the basso from the villain into the lover. If such were done, some of the greatest artists would show most excellent qualities little dreamt of in their present circle of operative action. Especially would this be the case with Mr. Formes. He is no hurricane-deck bass. He is a basso-cantante, the very man to show that manly volume and depth of tone are the best for the grand passion. Indeed, we were convinced of this in hearing him in *Martha*, where he has a little approach to a certain kind of sentiment not found in *Robert*—with its out-doorish word of command, and brimstone fatherly despairings. But to come to a more particular word as to the qualities of this artist:

Formes is a well-built, stout, intelligent-looking, agreeably-visaged man, with nothing fiend-like about him except what paint and plaster can effect. The quality of his organ is English, not Italian—and there is a distinction in national voice as broad and clear as in national facial type. This English quality is a certain healthiness, heartiness, to be considered apart from the spiritual beauty or intensified or tear-fraught expression which the voice may possess intrinsically. His method is not irreproachable, but capable of emendation in his mode of attacking the notes, which is sometimes deficient in vibratory force at the outset of the syllabification. This gives the impression of less volume in the louder declamation than he really possesses. His style is ample and flexible, for while large in serious parts it is easy and voluble in the comic. His intonation at first was egregiously faulty, but has mended since. As an actor he is good—best in comedy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 19, 1857.

First Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

II.

We were obliged in our notice last week to leave off in the middle of M. Oulibicheff's description of the fourth Quintet (in D) by Mozart, after translating what he says of the first two movements, Allegro and Adagio. He proceeds:

"Menuetto Allegretto (D major, 3-4). Another miracle. To look at this Minuet, or only hear the first violin part of it, you would think you recognized a purely melodic composition. The concatenation of the periods shows a clear and perfect musical design; all the chords show themselves logically involved in the melody; nor is there any undecided note, any lacune, from which one might infer the co-supremacy of another instrument; in a word, these detached lines are full of fire, of soul, of graceful, ornate passages; the reappearance of the theme through a succession of passages, which lead you to anticipate and wish for its return, and the splendor of the concluding sentence, border upon concert music. Usually, when a single voice shows this character, it excludes the contrapuntal style with its complex groundplan; or, if the composer in the accompaniment sets against it any conspicuous rivalries, the result is an overloading, which destroys the solo. A multitude of modern works give proof of this.

"We have already said what this Minuet must seem to be to the violinist who looks through or

plays through his own single part; let us now look at the score, and see what it actually is. When the violin, after expounding the theme in the first part of the piece, passes in the second to the melodic figures that succeed, the bass repeats the same, half in the minor, in his manly and expressive language; the first violin imitates in the octave the figure of the first violin; the other two parts by turns counterpoint the same figure, always following the course of the imitation. It is already pretty well complicated; but wait until the theme again comes round to the choir-leader, and we shall see how the viola at the same time gets hold of it and disputes its possession with him at the distance of an eighth-pause, with formal inversion of the rhythmical expression, as if the violin would say: 'You go entirely wrong! this is the way.' After the pause the second violin mingles in the controversy and addresses a word to his comrades; the others declare for the viola, and the Minuet becomes literally a canon for two voices. Apparently it is the low voices that are in the wrong, but Mozart did not err; he has not destroyed his melody by science. Had the Minuet been treated as simple counterpoint, it would have been a very pleasing little composition; but as it is, it is a precious masterpiece, that fills one with wonder and delight. . . . Mozart, who was all things at once, an ancient and a modern, a profound calculator and a great poet, so wrought, that the most complex work with him sprang from a single inspiration." . . .

"When Mozart wrote the Trio of this Minuet, he seems to have thought of the ladies. The ladies are much to be commiserated during our Quartet and Quintet Soirées, as much so as at a dinner in the English fashion." (What say our fair Boston devotees, so constant through eight solid seasons of the Quintette Club, to such disparagement of the musical stomach of the sex?) "Nevertheless we have always seen them suspend their light conversation to listen to this Trio, whose Rossini-like style, whose easy grace and concert-like *bravura*, contrast very agreeably with the fiery expression and irresistible impetus of the Minuet.

"The Finale, Allegro (D major, 6-8) is the fourth and last wonder of this Quintet. . . . You think at once of a rural festival, of a merry meeting of villagers, as in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven" (to which our author is unjust, by the way, in ascribing to it the too common error of descriptive music, that of describing objects literally and objectively). "The fancy, dreaming of country scenes, lets them pass before the mind's eye under various aspects, which divide themselves well enough into three pictures or repetitions. *First Picture*: a natural and graceful theme, a rustic ball, in which the roundelay is danced to the tones of the bagpipe; you hear its monotonous drone (a muffled bass); cheerful words of the swains, merry jests of the shepherdesses; a hearty Sunday afternoon's enjoyment. *Second Picture*: the joviality increases, until it occurs to the first violin to sing a rustic verse alone. On such occasions no one fails to want to join in the chorus; but it seems that not all know the ditty well enough, or that the good people's throats are not in tune together. In short, after some unfortunate attempts, the thing is given up. It will readily be divined, that the rustic verse is a fugue theme and the unlucky chorus a five-part fugue, of thoroughly scholastic regularity. What

a worshipful pedant this Mozart is! The fugue ends with a series of chords of magical effect. *Third Picture*: Let us try something else; let us tell stories. General pause: the ear expects the key E major, which has been announced by its dominant chord. But we have not yet got so far; the four subordinate voices fall into C and assume the gait of a simple accompaniment; the first violin begins to narrate. Its melodious introduction is finished; encouraged by the general attention, it is about to proceed, when its companion on the left arrests it at I know not what point of the story. A dispute arises, in which the viola mingles, under the pretext of harmonizing the opinions. You neither of you know the story; I will tell it to you: and now all listen to the viola, as they have done to the violin; but the viola twists the circumstances of the story wholly round. Do you know yourself, my dear friend, what you are saying, calls out the violin in mocking tones. But the other pursues its narrative; they give it the lie direct; it answers; they rejoin more sharply, and the modulation darkens more and more, so that the viola, instead of settling a trifling dispute, sees itself entangled in a bitter broil. This meets pretty frequently with mediators.

"So far the violoncello has taken no part in the quarrel; it has kept itself quietly and as if asleep on its bass side; then one or two short tones indicated its displeasure at the disturbance of the feast; at last it loses patience; and as is the way with all phlegmatic people, when they are once roused, to show themselves more angry than the rest, the violoncello abruptly starts a theme in G major, which looks like one of those energetic exclamations of which we commonly write only the first letters. O! now the affair is waxing earnest. The bass's manner of speech is far more weighty than the palaver of the tenor. Hence it soon brings to an end the ridiculous and pitiable contest which the latter would have raised about a trifle; but by the means a single combat gets to be a general strife, and from words it comes to fisticuffs. Each arms himself with the *motive*, which has been thrown like a torch of discord into the midst of the company. If it breaks in one place, they turn it round and strike all the better with it; the blows fall thick as hail; the chaos and confusion are hideous. Finally, when they have boxed one another to their hearts' content, and the dose seems sufficient, the originator of the tumult, ashamed of his excitability, finds that it is about time to put an end to the quarrel. To preach reason to madmen, were sheer folly. On such occasions a strong arm, that shall press the adversary to the wall, is the best argument.

"The bass resorts to this irresistible logic; he takes his deep A and holds it out for eight bars long, while the others try their utmost to hit one another, and keep up the fight; but crowded back, and cowering under the heavy note, which chains their evil wills, they are compelled to reach out their hands in sign of reconciliation, which they can no longer raise to strike. Gradually they come back to better feelings, to peace, to cheerfulness, to dancing, that is to say to the melodic theme of the beginning.

"In a third fugue fragment the composer, in true Mozart style, has brought together all the reminiscences of the rustic festival, by combining the leading ideas of the piece. We hear at the same time the melodic or pastoral theme, the

theme of the little song and that of the dispute, besides two other subjects, which divide and interchange between the voices, in a series of imitations in the fifth. A really remarkable and wonderful affair. After this the contest between the violin and the viola reappears once more, but only to end in the most friendly manner by a double trill upon the cadence. The piece closes in a tone of tumultuous merriment, quite in the spirit of a holiday gathering. The peasants toss up their hats with loud shouts, and disperse."

Thus Mozart's great admirer and expounder. May our Quintette Club soon give us another opportunity to listen to this fine work and judge of the accuracy of the Russian biographer's analysis,

Next Tuesday evening will be the second concert. (The Club would gladly postpone it to give any so disposed a chance to hear Mr. Everett's address that evening; but they find the room engaged for every other evening of the week.) They will play Beethoven's Sixth Quartet (op. 18), in B flat, an old favorite; the second Quartet (in D minor) of Mozart—old favorite again; and with the aid of Mr. HAMANN a piano Quintet by Spohr (often played in New York by Mr. Timm) and parts of a Trio by Rubinstein. Mr. POWERS, with his rich bass, will sing a song by Mendelssohn and Schubert's "Wanderer."

Mendelssohn's Music to the Greek Tragedies.

The "Orpheus Glee Club," in their concert this evening, offer to us the rare novelty of three Chorusses from the Greek tragedies of Sophocles, to be sung to music set by Mendelssohn. When we consider the sublime character of many of those chorusses, and the peculiar function of the Chorus in the Greek plays, serving as a sort of mediator between the actors and the audience, and commenting in some sort of rhythmical chant upon what is passing on the stage, we feel that there could not have been a truer artistic idea than that of setting them to music—realizing and carrying out their original (as it were embryo) musical aspiration as it could only be realized after music in these modern times had become an Art. It may be an open question how far Mendelssohn's music has caught the spirit of the Greek; how far his inspiration in this effort sprang congenially from that of Sophocles. But the music which he has written to the *Œdipus* and the *Antigone* strikes us as of the freshest, most original and vigorous that he has left.

He took the suggestion from Frederic William King of Prussia, during a summer residence at Berlin in 1841. *Antigone* was the first experiment. He composed the music to it in the short space of eleven days; consisting of an overture; single and double choruses for male voices, with full orchestral accompaniments, for all the principal chorusses—at least all that are lyrical in subject—a dirge, melodramatic passages where Antigone descends into the vault, &c., and chords here and there accompanying the speaking voice. Mendelssohn had read *Antigone* in the original Greek, and so far got his inspiration at first hand. The piece was first played on the royal stage at Potsdam, and afterwards, on the 15th of October, the king's birthday, before a select audience. The venerable LUDWIG TIECK presided. It was afterwards given at Leipzig, and excited so much interest that a meeting of "learned Thebans" signed an address to Mendelssohn, thanking him "for having substantially revived an interest in the Greek tragedy by his own music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles." The play and music have since been produced in various German theatres, once at Paris, where it was coldly received, and at Athens itself in the original Greek.

The selections from *Antigone* to-night are two cho-

russe, one on man's wondrous powers and limitations, a rich, sweet, pensive and impressive music; the other the superb hymn to "Bacchus," in which the composer could give free reins to all his enthusiasm.

The music to *Edipus Coloneus* was composed at Frankfurt in 1844, about the same time that he began *Elijah*, and wrote the Violin Concerto, and the music to *Athalie*. The chorus here selected is the one which recounts the beauties of Colonus and the glories of Athens. The music is wonderfully faithful to the higher and higher kindling enthusiasm of the words. We recommend to every one, if he be not at home in the Greek, to read the plain prose translation of both entire tragedies, which he will find in Bohn's Classical Library.

And we advise everybody to go to-night and hear these noble compositions sung, so effectively as they will be by the Orpheus. Other excellent attractions are set forth, too, in the programme below.

Musical Chat-Chat.

A letter from New York, from our esteemed correspondent, "— r —," comes just too late for this week. . . . The annual Christmas performance of Handel's "Messiah," which is fixed this time for the Saturday evening after Christmas, will be for the benefit of the poor, and for this reason the tickets (with reserved seats) are put at \$1.00. The Music Hall, for once, at least, must certainly be crowded. The old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will come out in full force, with a strong orchestra, conducted by CARL ZERRAHN, and with Mr. J. C. D. PARKER at the organ. The inspiring choruses will wake an echo of that great Festival last May; and what is more, they will be doing the same noble Christian work which they always did when Handel himself brought out this oratorio; he kept these his most inspired strains sacred to the cause of Charity. The solos, it will be seen below, are entrusted to our best singers. . . . Mr. ZERRAHN proposes a subscription for four Orchestral Concerts at the Music Hall. Success to him, must be the earnest wish of every lover of good music. Let no such person lose a day's time in putting down his name; for orchestras are costly and the risk great, and on the prompt filling up of the subscription lists depends our only hope of Symphonies and Overtures this winter.

GUSTAV SATTER is to give a concert at Dearborn Hall, in Roxbury, next Monday evening, assisted by Mrs. HARWOOD, whose singing has made so agreeable an impression. Mr. S. will also soon give a concert at Old Cambridge. His auditors may be sure of hearing some of the most brilliant and remarkable piano-playing of the day. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB had a second very successful concert at Jamaica Plain last Tuesday. Besides some of their choicest lighter miscellanies they played the entire second Quartet of Mozart, and the "God save the Emperor" Adagio by Haydn. Mr. POWERS sang Körner's "Battle Prayer" set to music by Hummel, and two of Verdi's bass songs, the *Infelice*, and *Il Balen*, which as the *Traveller* well says, was one too many, the second being but a feeble echo of the first.

The performance of the "Creation," which was to have been given on Thursday in New York, has been postponed to this evening on account of the indisposition of Herr FORMES. The cast also includes Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING. The Harmonic Society, over 300 strong, sing the choruses under the direction of Mr. BRISTOW; and there will be an orchestra of fifty, conducted by Mr. ANSCHUTZ. The most remarkable part of the announcement is the long list of names of the Reverend Clergy, under whose "immediate patronage" the oratorio is given. Rather a left-handed compliment, whether to the musical or the religious feeling of New York, to intimate that the "Creation" there needs such endorsement!

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER prefaced his sermon a few Sundays since by a brief discourse on

Music, suggested by two concert notices which had been placed in his hands to read to the congregation of three thousand. After speaking of the ennobling and refining influence of music, he showed the poor economy of giving up concerts. He told those of his people who were suffering from the pressure of the times, not to think, because retrenchment was necessary, that the concert ticket should be given up. It was far better to throw off the heavy, crushing burden of anxiety and care for an hour or two, under the soothing influence of music, than to drink a glass or two of champagne or brandy to keep up the spirits.

Sig. PERELLI, the well-known tenor and teacher of singing in Philadelphia, is said to be composing an opera, founded on Richardson's old novel, "Clarissa Harlowe," which is to be produced next Spring in Vienna. Mr. FRANK DARLEY, of the same city, has finished an opera, which *Fitzgerald* hopes to see produced at the Philadelphia Academy, when Sims Reeves, Lucy Estcott and Henry Drayton come over next season.

Advertisements.

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Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PRACTICAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. . . . SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.
Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

CLASSES IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING.

Mr. F. W. MEERBACH begs leave to state to the citizens of Boston and Roxbury that he is prepared to give instruction in Piano-Forte playing to small classes.

Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends.

For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.
OCTOBER, 1857.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LANOTTE has the honor to announce that she has resumed her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte.
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ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

THE SECOND CONCERT (of the Series of Three) of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, at the MELODEON, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, the eminent Pianist, and Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Vocalist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—The Student's Departure Franz Otto
- 2—{ a. Album de Portraits, No. 22 Rubinstein
b. Marche de Concert Satter
- 3—Terzett, for Soprano, Tenor and Bass, op. 116 Beethoven
- 4—Wanderer's Night Song Lenz
- 5—Recitative and Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart
- 6—Double Chorus from "Edipus Coloneus," Mendelssohn

PART II.

- 1—She is Mine Harrel
- 2—{ a. Album de Portraits, No. 2 Rubinstein
b. Scherzo Fantastique Satter
- 3—{ a. Waldfahrt } Robert Franz
b. Im Walde }
c. Er ist gekommen }
- 4—Serenade Marschner
- 5—{ a. Zuleika Mendelssohn
b. Barcarole Schubert
- 6—Double Chorus from "Antigone," Mendelssohn

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, Oliver Ditson & Co., and E. H. Wade, and at N. D. Cotton's, Washington St.
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Second Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 22, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. P. H. POWERS, Vocalist, and Mr. A. HAMANN, Pianist. Spohr's grand Piano Quintette, Mozart's Quartette in D minor, Beethoven's B flat Quartette, etc., will be given. See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.

Package of Eight Tickets (reduced price) Four Dollars. Single tickets will be 75 cents each.

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The Handel and Haydn Society

Will perform HANDEL'S GRAND ORATORIO.

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L. B. BARNES, SECRETARY.

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- Boston Sacred Harmony, (Bisell) \$5 a dozen.
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Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE.—No. IV., GRAND OPERA—PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—"There is something classical," was the sage reflection I made to myself one evening, as I was walking up the Boulevards des Capucines—"there is something classical about the Grand Opera, of Paris. The Theatre Lyrique may be very cheap, the Opera Comique may be very comfortable, and the Italian Opera may be very brilliant; but they all lack the glory which invests the *Academie Imperiale de Musique*—the memories of "first nights" of most of the famed operas of the modern repertoire! How many great works were first produced there! That wonderful trinity of operas, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, *Huguenots*, and *Prophete*, were first heard within its walls, and was not that glory enough for one opera house? Yes, there is truly something classical about l'*Academie de Musique*." Having made this observation I felt relieved, and directed a small boy the way to Rue Richelieu, very happy to have an opportunity of showing off to some one that I was quite *au fait* as regards Paris.

Just at that moment an acquaintance came up, and said, "Bon jour," and how did I do, and I was the very one he wanted to see, and he had a spare seat, and would I go to the Opera.

So I asked what Opera. And he said the Grand Opera; and would I go, he again inquired.

Would I go? The innocence of the creature! Just as if I would say anything but "Yes" to so reasonable a request. Of course I would go.

That same evening I made my debut at the *Academie de Musique*. It is a spacious building, at the corner of Rue Pelletier and Rue Rossini,

and very near the Boulevards; and, by the way, I notice that many of the streets in this vicinity are named after different musical celebrities, such as Rue Rossini, Rue Mehul, Rue Gretry, &c. &c. The edifice was erected in the short space of a year, and was intended as a temporary concern, the previous opera house, in Rue Richelieu, having been demolished by order of government, in consequence of the assassination at its doors of the Duke de Berri, in 1820. The present provisional building, however, has stood so long, and is so well adapted for the purpose, that it is not now likely to be replaced by any other. It communicates with three streets—the Rue Lepelletier for carriages, Rue Rossini for fiacres, and Rue Drouet for persons on foot, while two passages skirted with shops also form a communication with the Boulevard Italien. The front consists of a series of arcades on the ground floor, forming a double vestibule. At each end a wing projects, and between these wings, from the top of the arcades, is a light awning, supported by cast iron pillars, beneath which carriages can drive. On the first floor is a range of nine arcades, combining the Ionic and Doric orders, which form the windows of the saloon, and the entire elevation of the front is sixty-four feet.

As you enter, a life-size figure of Rossini, in a sitting posture, is seen directly opposite the grand entrance, and a similar compliment has been paid to the great composer by the management of the *Opera Italien*. The lobby is ornamented with Doric columns, and on each side of it is a staircase leading to the first row of boxes and the saloon, while two other staircases lead to the pit and orchestra. Between the latter and the lobbies of the stage boxes are two staircases, leading to the top of the building, while the outlets are so numerous, that the house, accommodating eighteen hundred persons, may be cleared in fifteen minutes. The dimensions of the interior are sixty-six feet from side to side, with a stage forty-two feet in breadth by eighty feet in depth; this width seems even larger by the absence of drapery or anything at the sides to detract from the open space. The wall between the house and the stage rises above the roof; and in case of fire the communication between the two can be entirely cut off by an iron curtain, while ventilators can be opened to carry the flame in any direction. Reservoirs of water are placed under the roof; and, as a whole, the Grand Opera is in many respects, especially in that of safety, a model for similar buildings.

I have never seen an auditorium presenting a richer and more elegant appearance. The decorations, in the usual style of gold and red, present little of novelty; but the tiers of boxes are

most agreeably broken by two pairs of fluted Corinthian columns that rise from the floor to the ceiling. They are beautifully gilded, and their brilliancy is increased by clusters of lights. Between each couple is space for one private box for each tier (one of which is occupied by Baron Rothschild), and the proscenium boxes are arranged in the same manner. A large and splendid chandelier depends from the ceiling. There are four tiers of boxes and an amphitheatre, and every seat in the house commands a good view of the stage.

It is a Government affair, and no expense is spared in the production and mounting of operas. The vocal performers, both soloists and chorus singers, are pupils of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, and, as well as the ballet dancers, receive a pension when they leave the stage. The scenic department is perfectly unrivalled, and I presume that in no house in the world are operas got up with more care and effect, or with more ample resources.

The opera, on the evening I first attended, was Halevy's *La Juive*, its 232d representation. It is in every sense a grand opera: comprises five long acts, requires the services of a full company, offers ample scope for scenic display, and as a musical work is scientific and elaborate. It also demands performers of more than ordinary histrionic ability, the plot being exciting, and strongly tinged with the horrible; for as a finale we have the heroine, the beautiful Jewess, a martyr for the faith of her fathers, actually thrown before our eyes into a caldron of boiling oil! The chief character is that of the supposed father of the Jewess, a stern, fanatical old man, whose devotion to his religion overcomes his fondness for Rachel, *La Juive*; and he allows her to meet an awful death rather than tell the bigoted Cardinal who condemns her to death, that she is his (the Cardinal's) daughter. This character, intended for a tenor, was superbly given by GUEYMARD, a noble actor and a glorious dramatic singer, while the equally arduous rôle of Rachel was taken by Mme. LAFON, another splendid dramatic singer. The character, however, allows her little opportunity to exhibit her vocal powers, and the interest of the opera concentrates too much upon the old Jew, her pretended father.

In this opera, which is generally allowed to be Halevy's masterpiece, the composer appears to be constantly struggling for melody, and only occasionally obtaining it. Once in a while he seems really inspired with genius, and some parts of the opera stand in glorious contrast to the general heaviness of the work. Of these I particularly remember a remarkable scene representing a Jewish religious ceremony, in which

the old Jew sings an adagio movement as he blesses the bread, while the chorus respond; an air for tenor: *Ma fille chérie*; another grand scena and aria for tenor in the fourth act; and, above all, a magnificent trio, in which the Jew and Jewess anathematize the Christian lover of the latter, who had pretended to have been of the same religion as themselves, and whose deceit they had just discovered.

The magnificent manner in which this opera is placed on the stage is undoubtedly one chief reason why it has been played here two hundred and thirty-two times. The opening scene is particularly striking, representing an open square in some continental town, with two streets branching off in different directions. To the right are the steps leading to some old Minster, while you can see that

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The Cathedral door above.

At the close of the act occurs a grand ecclesiastical procession, in which appear priests, cardinals, choristers, &c., with banners and other emblems peculiar to Roman Catholic displays, and the rear is brought up by a number of mounted cavalry, on noble steeds, who defile up one street, and disappear down the other. There was quite a sensation at the New York Academy of Music, when, in *Masaniello*, the hero rode upon the stage on a rampant steed—(how awkward and uncomfortable poor Brignoli did look!)—but what would they think there of a procession of over a score of noble chargers?

The *foyer* of the Grand Opera is 186 feet long, extending through the entire length of the building, and is one of the finest in Paris. It is adorned with a bronze statue of Mercury, inventing the lyre, cast from a model by Daret, the original of which was destroyed by the mob in the Palais Royal, during the Revolution of 1848.

The *claqueurs* are exceedingly numerous in this theatre, and I had an opportunity of gaining some information regarding them. They probably number from fifty to a hundred, and occupy seats in the parterre, very nearly under the central chandelier, where they applaud at the signal of their director, who sits in another part of the house. Any one can be a *claqueur*, and the *claque* is composed of a different set of people every night. If you want to be a *claqueur*, you must go to the *café* where they meet before the performance, and a ticket will be given you which will admit you to the parterre on payment of a franc—one quarter the regular price. At most of the theatres, the *claqueurs* are admitted freely; but for the Grand Opera there are plenty of people—generally poor students—who are willing to pay a franc for the privilege of listening to a good opera, though probably they could not afford to pay any more. Of course, it is not considered quite respectable to join the *claque*, though it must be confessed they were a very intelligent-looking set of people, and applauded in excellent taste, and always at the right time, but with a monotonous, heartless clap in unison, *à la machine*. The audience generally seem disposed to look upon the *claque* as a convenience; for, as my companion said, "they are much more familiar with the operas than we; their leader is a man of excellent taste; they always applaud at the proper place; and, in short, save other people much trouble and kid gloves." (Whether this was meant as a stab at me, for

having neglected to wear kid gloves, I cannot to this moment decide.)

The performances take place every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. The troupe at present includes Mme. WERTHEIMER, Mme. LAFON, and Mme. BORGHI-MAMO, as prima donnas, ROGER and GUEYMARD, as first tenors, and one BELVAL, an excellent singer, as principal basso. Any lyric vocalist may be proud of being connected with the Académie de Musique of Paris, for it may undoubtedly be considered as affording the highest development of the Lyric-dramatic art.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 15.—Our musical horizon grows brighter and brighter, and ere long the clouds which the panic had heaped upon it will be quite dispersed. Last week a Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON introduced herself to the public in a miscellaneous concert, with the assistance of an orchestra under Mr. EISFELD's direction, and several of the singers of the Opera. Those who, like myself, had never noticed the name in European musical annals, and went with little expectation of anything good, were very agreeably disappointed. The debutante played a concerto of Litolff and Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*, with orchestral accompaniment, and Liszt's *Patineurs*, from the *Prophète*. Mme. Johnson has an unusual degree of power for a woman, and at the same time great delicacy and fluency of execution. In point of clearness, she was not always faultless; but this may have been caused by the nervousness almost inevitable in a lady's first appearance before a public new to her. She played with much expression, too, and, what is more, showed artistic feeling in choosing two of her pieces, at least, for their musical worth, and not merely for the purpose of showing off her mechanical powers. In the concerto by Litolff particularly, a very original and striking work, the orchestra plays an equally important part with the piano, and the handling of the latter requires much more of taste than finger-skill. All who heard Mme. Johnson on that evening must be glad to hear that she will be the pianist at Eisfeld's first *Soirée*, which is at last fixed to take place on the 29th inst.

On Thursday next we are to have, according to all promises, a real feast. The "Creation" is announced to be given at the Academy, with Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss MILNER, and Messrs. FORMES and PERRING in the solo parts, and the Harmonic Society (which *can* sing very well if it *will*) for the choruses. Of the three last-named artists, we can be pretty sure that they will be good. With Lagrange it will be, I believe, her first attempt in Oratorio, at least with the English language. I fear the tremolo in her voice will be far more offensive there than in Opera. Still, there is a certain earnestness in all that she does, which makes one indulgent to her deficiencies. And when we hear that she supports her father, husband, and child, with another little girl (of poor German parentage), whom she has adopted, to bring up with her daughter, by her exertions; how she sang, last Spring, four evenings in succession, after packing all day for her journey to Havana; how she does "whatsoever her hand findeth to do" for her needy Art-brethren and sisters, and remains always the refined lady, untainted by any of the evil influences of a theatrical life, we cannot but admire and esteem

the artist in her as well as the woman, and wish her success in both capacities.

Robert le Diable was withdrawn last week, after four or five representations, and after one performance of *Traviata*, with the old singers, to a cold audience. *Martha* was given on Saturday, and repeated last night, to crowded houses. This lively, pretty little opera was exceedingly well performed. Herr FORMES, for whom the part of Plunkett was originally written, looked, acted, and sang the character to perfection. Indeed, it was universally remarked that he evidently felt more at home in it, and in the German language, than in Bertram (splendid as he made that), and in the Italian. He appears next (to-night) in *Puritani*, while on Friday there is to be a *matinée*, with *Norma*, in which Formes takes no part.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic gave their second concert last Saturday, with Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony, the overtures to the *Freischütz*, and the *Naiades* by Sterndale Bennett, BURKE, and HOFFMAN, and Mlle. CAIROLI as soloists. These concerts are very well attended, and it is a pity that the hall is no larger, and not well adapted for acoustic purposes.

So much for Music; and now I must say a word for her sister Arts, Poetry and Painting, which are quite as well represented before us just at present. A fit minister of the former is sojourning among us in the person of Mrs. KEMBLE, who commenced last week a course of twelve Shakespearian Readings. She has, so far, read Cymbeline, Richard III., Henry VIII., and Othello. To-night we have *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the remaining two announced for this week are the *Tempest* and *Coriolanus*. It is a great drawback for holders of season tickets that these readings come so often: three evenings and one morning in each week. One would enjoy them more were there greater intervals between them, and other engagements must necessarily interfere with them. The room in which Mrs. Kemble reads is well arranged for hearing and seeing, but small, and always crowded, and the light very dim, and exceedingly trying to the eyes. She is indeed a woman of wonderful talent and power; but whether these are not at times misapplied, is another question. I will not now, however, enter into a detailed critique of her readings, or rather *actings*,—for they are more the latter than the former,—but wait until the end of her course, when I can give a better resumé of my impressions.

DEC. 16TH.—Since writing the above remarks on the Opera, I have learned that because of severe indisposition on the part of Mr. Formes, *Lucrezia* was given instead of *Mariha* on Monday, and *Trovatore* substituted for *Puritani* last night. I hope his illness will not last till Thursday, and deprive us of the pleasure of hearing him in the "Creation."

— t —

PITTSFIELD, MASS., DEC. 22.—The closing *soirée* of another term of our Mendelssohn Institute took place last evening before a select audience. The programme, as usual, was of a mixed nature, containing some of the classic compositions of the old masters, such as Sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Clementi, a brilliant Rondo for four hands by Kuhlau, and a most beautiful transcription of *La Sérénade*, also for four hands,

by Bertini. For the vocal part, one of Mendelssohn's Two-part Songs, Abt's "When the swallows homeward fly," the charming sacred melody, "Come unto me," by Topliff, and a pretty chorus by some modern author. Lastly, though not least pleasing to the hearers, was performed the Overture to *Fra Diavolo*, for six hands, upon the fine Grand Piano, which spoke well for the noble depth of tone of the instrument as well as for the correct time of the players. Though perhaps the performances were not generally as brilliant as those of large concert rooms, they gave ample evidence of thorough instruction received, of purity of style and execution imparted, and of the earnest endeavor on the part of the Principal of the Institute, Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, to instil a true love for the beautiful and refined in musical art, and to countenance none but pure and elevating classes of composition.

ANDANTE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Playing vs. hearing Music.

There is no popular art or science about which so many and such gross misconceptions are entertained as about Music. In an extract from the biography of a certain female writer, which lately appeared in one of the daily papers, it was said that this writer counted it among her merits to have dissuaded an English princess from learning Music, on the ground that the latter's position and means would allow her to hear the best performers, which was better than playing herself.

Strange, that every one who can wield the pen believes himself competent to be a judge in musical matters! To dissuade princes from cultivating a noble art is a great mistake; for who can do more towards raising its standard than just they? and how, if they have not studied it, shall they acquire that taste and knowledge which alone can enable them to effect, with the vast means at their command, the highest and noblest? But in the present case the art and artists may easily comfort themselves for the loss of the said princess, since, had she possessed talent of the right sort, no one would have been capable to convince her that hearing music is better than playing. We have mentioned this instance merely, as it contains an erroneous opinion, common, more or less, among unmusical people, which we would like to correct. Not to speak of the immeasurably great influence which the study of Music exercises in developing the mind, the intellect, in short the whole man, it is a fact, which all true musicians will confirm, that the performer experiences a far higher enjoyment than his audience. To be sure, the learning of a fine thing is always connected with pains, and Music forms no exception. Sitting down at the instrument to practise dry finger or hand exercises for hours is not so pleasant a sensation as to sit down at a cheerfully smoking supper table after some hours' skating. But after a moderate degree of execution is reached, and a presentiment of the infinite beauties of the Art begins to dawn, what student does not rejoice at having persevered? and who would exchange, could it be done, the amount of skill, thus gained, for hearing even angels sing or play? What piano-forte player has forgotten the gratification it gave him to play a favorite piece to a sympathizing friend, or the high pleasure experienced in studying Beethoven's Sonatas, Bach's Preludes and Fugues, Mendelssohn's Songs

without Words, &c.? And now, when by continual striving he has finally attained to mastery; when he conquers even the greatest difficulties with ease and grace, and by his expressive delivery "rules the hearts" of thousands listening to him; when the world looks upon him with pride and admiration, and every one is eager to pay homage to his skill and genius, what master is there who could renounce his art for all the riches of the world?

Again, does it count for nothing to have learned to take part in the performance of a grand chorus or symphony?—to shout, in company with hundreds of equally enthusiastic singers, "Hallelujah, hallelujah!"?—or to strike out the powerful strains of Beethoven's glorious Fifth?

Farther, in all kinds of so-called Chamber Music, more particularly in quartets or quintets for stringed instruments, it is always the performers who have the higher pleasure, not the listeners. The writer of this article has known musicians and amateurs who played quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, from early in the evening until midnight with undiminished enjoyment; whereas he has never met one, either musician, amateur, or layman, who, after listening to perhaps three of those compositions, was not happy to escape the fourth.

These facts would suffice to show clearly that the enjoyment of hearing music, great as it may be, can never equal that of playing one's self; but the main point remains yet to be mentioned.

Music is a language in tones; like the language in words, it has its grammar, its literature, and its history. A good piece of music is to the musician what a fine poem is to the literary or cultivated man: it makes him feel and think; it affects and influences him, and gives his mind a certain impulse to what is higher and better. How, then, if you have not studied this language, will you comprehend and appreciate the beautiful, the grand poems written in it? The deeper and fuller their contents, the less you will be able to understand and enjoy them; you will hear nothing but a mass of mere sounds. Of course, where these sounds pass cheerfully and pleasantly by, one taking the lead, the rest following precisely its track, as is generally the case in light music, you will have some pleasure in the tickling of your ears, or the pleasant feeling that animates your feet; but where they go one this, the other that way; one up, the other down; one screaming, the other lamenting, the third murmuring, the fourth soothing as it were, now and then only uniting all together in one harmony, or suffering one of their members to rule the rest as principal, as is frequently the case in the highest kind of music, you will think it all a confusion, shut your ears at the discords, and say it is no music. However, you do not know what is meant by music, till you have studied it properly. Then only, and not till then, can you wholly understand the love and enthusiasm which the true musician feels for his Art.

AD.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Conclusion.]

Petri (1782) remarks: "Formerly there were more bowed instruments in use than now; for example, the trumpet marine, which imitated the tones of the trumpet, but is now only used in nunneries where they have no *trumpetess*." "Trumpet marine (tromba marina) is played

upon, not by pressing down the string on a finger-board as in the violin, violoncello, etc., but by touching it laterally and gently with the finger, which serves as a rest or prop, in such a manner that the vibrations of the parts of the string, when struck, may pass freely to the part not touched, the sound of which will be chiefly and almost solely heard."—*Principles and Power of Harmony*, by Stillingfleet. 4to. London, 1771.

Now let us turn to the never-failing Mattheson. "In regard to the *sea-trumpet*, which was formerly much more used upon vessels than now, it is to be remarked, that they sometimes had two and sometimes even four strings. Such an instrument, heard from a distance, over still water, sounds like a chorus of trumpets."

Now, is there any difficulty in supposing that Castrucci had strung a violetta in this manner, and performed music upon it which sounded like a band of trumpets at a distance, and that Handel, so fond of the trumpet, concluded to try the effect? Perhaps the character of the air in *Orlando*, and the stage situation, may add probability to this suggestion.

The *sympathetic strings* which M. Schœlcher does not understand, are no longer in use, we believe, in any instrument. In old times, when the viola d'amore was the most fashionable of instruments, it was often fitted with from twelve to fourteen strings. Of these six or seven of catgut were arranged as in modern bowed instruments, and as many, fastened *under* the finger-board, ran down the instrument beneath the bridge. These were of metal, and being tuned to those above, vibrated with them and strengthened the tone. They were the sympathetic strings. In Handel's time, (see Mattheson's *Orchestra*.) the viola d'amore had four strings of steel or brass, and a fifth of catgut; later, according to Schilling, the five were of the latter material.

From this point onward, so far from pretending to add anything to the result of M. Schœlcher's labors, we can only thank him most heartily for the great amount of new, valuable, and interesting matter contained in his volume. We will only remark that in Mattheson's *Musica Critica*, vol. ii., is a letter from Handel, dated London, February 24th, 1719, closing thus:

"Concerning the second topic [of Mattheson's letter to him a few days previously] you can judge for yourself, that much research will be necessary, which I know not how to undertake at present on account of the pressure of business. So soon, however, as I am somewhat more at liberty, I will recall to mind the most noteworthy periods and incidents of my professional career, that I may prove to you that I have the honor," etc.

As to the plagiarisms which Mr. Macfarren has found, especially that of Handel's chorus, *And with his Stripes*, it must not be forgotten that the only works published by Bach during his lifetime, that is, until some ten years after the composition of the *Messiah*, were the following: *Klavierübungen*, in three parts; *Arie*, with 30 variations; six three-voiced choral preludes for the organ; variations upon *Vom Himmel hoch*, in canon style, and the *Musical Offering* dedicated to Frederic II. If Mr. M. can find *And with his Stripes* in these, very well. The multitude of his other works, "the number of which no man knoweth," with the possible exception of Professor Dehn, of Berlin, were either published after his death or are still only to be found in manuscript.

We can not close without a reference to the noble manner in which Thibaut—the great professor of the Civil Law at Heidelberg—in his *Reinheit der Tonkunst*, more than thirty years ago, labored in the cause of Handel and his music. "Handel," says he, "was the Shakspeare of music, and well deserved to rest beside the great poet, in Westminster Abbey. Complete master of the mechanism of music, in a degree few others have attained, he shines forth in every phrase of musical culture an ever-enduring model for imitation, fresh, sparkling, and versatile, as though the highest efforts were but play. In all styles, from the merely playful and sentimental, onward to the loftiest sublime, he, with true inspiration and taste, was the creator of works most matchless.

For the grand, calm style of the church alone are his works few, because his church, and the circumstances in which he was placed, demanded them not; but that he certainly had the necessary genius and knowledge, the first chorus in *Susannah*, and the chorus, 'The earth swallowed them,' in the *Israel in Egypt*, are sufficient proof."

We have quoted but a single passage. It is, however, sufficient to show how Handel was esteemed by that great man.

Jullien's Last.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 14.)

The long-announced "*morceau de circonstance*," "The Indian Quadrille and Havelock's Triumphal March," from the pen of M. Jullien, was performed on Thursday night for the first time, in presence of a vast audience. The production of this new piece was admirably timed, the reports of the occupation of Delhi having been authenticated only the day previously, and the relief of the garrison of Lucknow from imminent danger having been received only a few hours. No wonder the performance took the semblance of a demonstration; no wonder the public was wound up to a high pitch of enthusiasm; no wonder the success of the new composition was unequivocal. M. Jullien had provided everything which skill and judgment could suggest to ensure success. Circumstances, however, which he did not anticipate, served him materially. But independently of time and occasion, the "Indian Quadrille" must have succeeded, since, in it M. Jullien has surpassed his previous efforts. To illustrate in the most forcible way possible, and swell out the pomp and circumstance of General Havelock's march on Lucknow and the relief and occupation of that city by the British forces, M. Jullien found it necessary to strengthen his band by the addition of the drummers and fifers of three regiments of the Foot-guards—the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Coldstream Guards—together with new levies of trombone-players, cymbalists, cannon-drums, or "tom-tom," and Scottish bagpipes. Moreover, an efficient body of choristers was engaged, and, in short, nothing was left undone to give effect to the performance.

The first four figures of the new quadrille illustrate some of the customs and amusements of the Hindoos. No. 1 opens with the "Taza-bataza," or Brahmin hymn, which leads to the Military March of the Ghoorkahs, Mahrattas, and Sikhs. The latter has already been used with good effect by M. Jullien in the "Nepaulese Quadrille." The Brahmin hymn was very effective, and the employment of the Indian drum in the March was admirably characteristic. No. 2 leads off with the "Timbong-Boorong," or Bird-song, and introduces the dance of the Bayadères, which afforded excellent opportunity for the splendid solo playing of Messrs. De Folley, Pratten, and Viotti Collins. No. 3 illustrates the "Goonong-Sahnang," or Farewell Hymn to the Mountain, and the "Tuppahs," as played and danced in the procession of the Car of Juggernaut. The melody of the "Tuppahs" is strikingly original and is sure to become a favorite. No. 4 involves the "Song of the Muezzin," or Call to Prayer, as sung from the tops of the mosques and minarets; also the *Danse Ritale* of the Dervishes, the Elephant Driver's Song, and the music and endless trill of the Snake-Charmer. This figure is graphic and peculiar, and the various airs are blended with great felicity. The performance of the Snake-Charmer's song on the oboe, by M. Lavigne, is quite wonderful. He sustains the trill for such a length of time as to puzzle the hearer as to the manner in which he renews his breath. No. 5 represents the gathering and march of Havelock's division; the assault of Delhi by another general; the capture and occupation of that city; and the triumphant acclamation of the conquerors, concluding with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." The figure commences with a burst of the whole orchestra, which seemed to shake the very walls. The Ghoorkah March is again employed, as signifying that the enemy are close at hand. The 64th and Madras fusiliers advance, and "in the rear is suddenly perceived

a cloud of dust." Overpowered by numbers, the 64th and Fusiliers are about to give way, when "presently, in the distance are heard the familiar and welcome sound of the bag-pipes; the bonnets of the Highlanders are seen through the dust, and the 78th advance with their regimental and national air, 'The Campbells are coming,'" and the enemy, of course, is annihilated, though they too had their "Camels a coming." The Grand Triumphal March now succeeds. The entire orchestra bursts forth into a jubilant pæan, and while the chorus shout at the utmost power of their voices the following lines:—

Sing forth his praise!
Let us proclaim
Havelock's brave deeds,
Conquests and fame!
Sound, trumpets, drums!
Roar, cannons, roar!
Till echo's voice
Cease never more, &c.

In another part the brave troops are gathering round Delhi; the rebels begin to despair; the assault is made; the city taken; victory proclaimed. With a tremendous burst of enthusiasm the whole army breaks forth into shouts of "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen,"—although what the Navy had to do with the victory does not appear.

This *morceau* is a Jullienesque masterpiece. The animation never flags for an instant, and the shock, hurry, noise, and uproar of battle are depicted with irresistible spirit.

The reception given to the new quadrille was tremendous, and loud cries of "encore for the Triumphal March" resounded through the house. The demonstration, however, was brought to a stand-still, when M. Jullien came forward, with the evident intention of addressing the audience. Everyone felt he had something particular to communicate. "Ladies and gentlemen,"—said the *maestro*—"as we are honored this evening by the presence of Lady Havelock, the wife of the distinguished General—that British Lion who has so nobly hunted down the Bengal tiger—I am sure you will be all as delighted as I am to know that she is among us. There is Lady Havelock!" He then pointed to a box on the first tier on the Queen's side. The cheering which followed this announcement was deafening. All eyes were directed towards the box indicated by M. Jullien, and Lady Havelock with her two daughters came to the front and gracefully bowed to the multitude. The scene was intensely exciting, but M. Jullien was determined that it should become still more so. He again appealed to the audience as follows:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen! you shall join with me in three cheers for General Havelock. I will give the word, and you will all respond—'ensemble.' Now then—hip, hip, hurrah!" The scene which followed defies description. Suffice it, the acclamation and gesticulations were redoubled; and the Triumphal March was repeated and received with a perfect *furor*. Lady Havelock remained to the end, and hundreds waited without to give her a parting cheer as she left the theatre and entered her carriage.

Notes on Handel's "Messiah."

We make the following detached extracts from an analysis of the "Messiah," written for the Handel Commemoration in London, last year, by G. A. MACFARREN. They shed light on some points, not fully treated in the description that we gave last May. Particularly we would call attention to what is said of the group of choruses containing the fugue: *And with his stripes*, one of the most beautiful pieces in the oratorio, too commonly omitted in the performances here, the programme of this evening not excepted.

(No. 8.) REC.—For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

This is another instance of our Composer's great

power in declamatory recitative; and the Air is one of those extraordinary pieces of music in which Handel so eminently excels, which have the effect, without employing any of the trite, commonplace, and, indeed, burlesque trickery, of technical description, of raising in the mind of the hearer a grand image which, coincident and identical with his feelings, fulfils both in the Composer and his auditor the highest qualities of the ideal in art.

The almost incessant motion of quavers, the peculiar chromatic progressions of the melody, and the great prevalence of unison, are the technical characteristics of this song, and with these materials is produced an effect which one cannot hear without feeling the gloom that pervades it; and the bright burst upon the words: "have seen a great light," makes this gloom so much the gloomier.

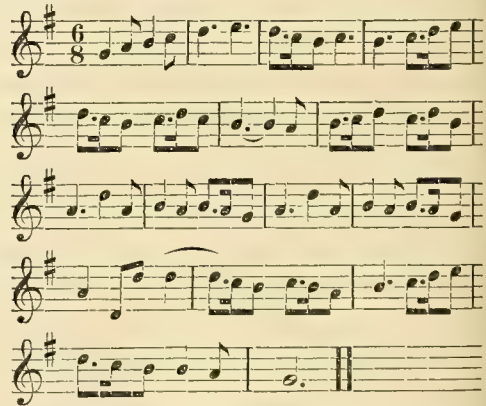
Mozart's treatment of this song is almost the only instance throughout the Oratorio in which he has departed from what we have a right to suppose may have been the purport of Handel's intentions as to the general effect. Such departure consists in the addition of harmony to what was originally unisonous, not in the modernization of the character, since the chromatic progressions of Handel are modern as yesterday, and will retain their present seeming novelty to the end of time. This he has done, however, with such consummate genius, such masterly skill, and such exquisite effect, that even Handel would pardon him the aberration from the original idea for the sake of the lustre that is thus thrown upon it.

(10.) PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

REC.—There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

The introduction of this instrumental movement is a great stroke of art, for it forms a most graceful repose after the powerful excitement of the previous chorus, and a most appropriate preparation for the scene of the watching shepherds that succeeds it. It forms, also, a necessary break in the conduct of the subject, to divide the prophecies from the advent of the Messiah.

There is a further purport in the present movement, which has been lately, by means of the researches of Dr. Rimbault, explained. The custom of the Pifferari, or pipers, from among the Calabrian peasantry to celebrate the period of Christmas by a mendicant pilgrimage to Rome, where, before the principal shrines, some sing, while others accompany them upon their pipes, a hymn in honor of the Nativity, is well known, and has been made familiar by Wilkie's picture; this custom has prevailed from the earliest Christian ages, and the melody which they sing is supposed to be of still remoter antiquity; it is to be found in a manuscript collection of hymns, transcribed in 1830, and is as follows:



Upon this melody is constructed the Pastoral Symphony, and its appropriation to this purpose is shown to have been designed by Handel's having written "*Pifa*" at the head of his manuscript. Nothing could be more pertinent to the situation than this primitive hymn on the Nativity.

(17.) CHO.—Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows! He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

And with his stripes we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

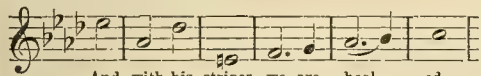
And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

This prodigiously grand Chorus, in three movements, appears to have been written with greater care than anything else in the work; the greatest, the most dignified advantage is taken of every opportunity for particular expression of the words, while the general character of the whole is in the highest

degree appropriate to the lofty, religious, and powerfully human feeling of the subject, and the musicianly treatment of this nobly poetical conception is, to the last degree, forcible and masterly. The expression of the opening words is broad and massive, but penitential even to pathos; it implies not the shrinking as in shame from the sense of evil, but its solemn acknowledgment, in the solemn humility of faith. "With His stripes we are healed," may be regarded as a doctrinal tenet, and is thus treated ecclesiastically—that is, in the severe school of art originated by the Church, for the purposes of the Church—not in the free style of impulsive expression that later times have developed; but the deep tone of penitence still prevails. I would willingly ignore the technical quibbles upon the words "turned" and "every one to his own way," and would even disregard the truly picturesque, pastoral character that illustrates "All we like sheep," in the consideration of the higher expression that embodies the voluptuous revelry of sin, which is thus fittingly and forcibly brought into contrast with the earnest solemnity of repentance that is most impressively resumed in the rendering of the concluding words.

The opening movement, in F minor, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," is a highly impressive example of choral declamation. The voice-parts and the words are most forcibly brought out by the measured march of the accompaniment, the break in which at the passage, "He was wounded," has a remarkably imposing effect. There is a grand modulation at the words, "He was bruised," and the resumption of the original figure of the accompaniment with another sudden change of key, the bold sequence which begins here, and the beautiful succession of suspensions that leads to the end of the movement, are all most admirable.

The termination of the first movement in the key of A flat is well contrived to give effect to the opening of the following movement in F minor, "And with his stripes," which is the first strict fugue that has occurred since the Overture, and is one of the grandest specimens of the severe style of writing that the art possesses; indeed, a masterpiece of close working and pure counterpoint. It is formed upon the following subject:



And with his stripes we are heal - - - ed.

which has also been employed for contrapuntal elaboration by Bach, by Haydn, by Mozart, and by Spohr.

The fugue closes upon the dominant, preparatory to the succeeding movement, "All we like sheep," which commences in the key of F major with surprising freshness. It is adapted from another vocal duet, "Altra volta incatenarmi," of the same period as the three already named. This Allegro has great musical excellence, and forms a fitting finale to the superb chain of movements, of which it is to be considered a part, and to which the few concluding bars of Adagio, with the affecting return to F minor on the words, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," most indissolubly links it. This final passage is one of the many striking examples of Handel's extraordinary feeling of propriety with regard to the more frequent repetition of some phrases of words than others; whereas the whole of the Chorus up to this point comprises but a few short sentences frequently repeated, these last words, once energetically given, effect a greater impression than all the rest.

(19.) REC.—Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness; he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

AIR.—Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

REC.—He was cut out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

AIR.—But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

The next four movements were all written for a tenor voice, and evidently intended as a connected series to constitute a complete whole; but by one of the many vagaries that custom has played with this Oratorio, the last Recitative and the concluding Andante are always assigned to a soprano singer in performance, the first two movements being allotted to the voice for which they were composed. I cannot but think the change injures the effect of continuity and connection that evidently was designed, and makes, instead of one whole, two fragments. Certainly each of the portions of this song has a beauty in itself; but the great merit of conception, the completeness, is lost, by thus dividing it between two performers.

The opening Recitative is a beautiful rendering of the words, so deeply pathetic and full of passionate intensity as cannot but touch all hearers; and this is conveyed in a series of chromatic modulations that anticipates the utmost development of the science of harmony in modern times, and proves how it is the province of genius to overleap the circumscriptions of the art in which it is exercised, and grasp the essentials of the beautiful, how remote soever these may be beyond the attainment of theoretical research. No one but Mozart has ever equalled our composer in the composition of impassioned Recitative; even Mozart could not surpass him, and the present is one of the most successful specimens of this form of writing, in which one such success shows the heart of the author to have been sensitive as his power seems to have been boundless.

The next exquisite fragment is, no more than the Recitative which introduces it, to be praised in words; its eulogium is in the sympathy of those who hear it, and none can hear it and be insensible to the feelings it embodies. I have called this movement a fragment because it ends with a dominant cadence, not with a full close, and is thus linked to the succeeding Recitative.

The intensely poignant expression that characterizes the setting of the first two divisions of the text is gradually modified in the ensuing Recitative, and the softness of the major key, to which a natural course of modulation gradually leads, beautifully illustrates the change of sentiment.—His heart is broken,—He is full of heaviness,—He found no man to have pity on him,—There is no sorrow like unto His sorrow;—but, all this He endured as the Redeemer of mankind,—for our transgression was He stricken; and thus is the tale of pathos an augury of hope, and so has Handel read,—so rendered it.

The concluding movement of this series, "But Thou didst not leave," is one of those delicious melodies that belong not to age nor style, the beauty of which at a century since its production seems new and fresh; beauty which is to be traced in the music of all those who have found their way to the very depths of the human heart; beauty which proves the consanguinity of genius in all schools; beauty which belongs alike to every period. The hopeful, the benign feeling embodied in this Andante has the charm of leading our aspirations from the pangs of earth and of earth's infliction to the blessings of that home which the Redeemer's endurance has purchased for us.

(29.) CHO.—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ: and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

No one can ever have heard this great production of genius adequately executed without feeling himself elated to the loftiest condition of intellectual excitement of which his being is susceptible, such is the overwhelming influence of its broad, massive, majestic and glorious effect; and (as with all great effects in art) this effect will bear the closest analysis in the closet, and there no less astonishes the schoolman with its masterly contrivance than in public performance it delights the uninitiated with the result of all the elaborate skill and learning that have been brought to bear in its composition. The opening is a dazzling blaze of splendor; the union of all the voices upon the words, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," is most grand and dignified, especially from the strong relief it forms to the previous and alternate passages of full harmony on the repetitions of the "Hallelujah!" We must then admire the new and fine effect of the working these two subjects together. Now comes a piece of repose that is perfectly heavenly, the beautiful passage on the words, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord;" there is much judgment in the introduction of these few bars, which, from the exquisite calm that pervades them, give a great additional force to the rest of the movement; we have, then, the fine and closely-worked fugal point, "And He shall reign for ever," and this leads to the superb ascending sequence, "King of kings and Lord of lords," the breaking off of which, by all the voices and instruments coming together in simple counterpoint is the most startling effect in the "Messiah;" and, finally, the winding up of the coda completes what all critics have pronounced, and the whole world acknowledged, to be the finest emanation of Handel's genius.

(32.) REC.—Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

AIR.—The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

This Recitative is a broad piece of declamation;

but the Air which it introduces I cannot—with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses, me—I cannot—after the most careful study of the piece I am presuming to censure—I cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. The text appears to me to be suggestive as any in the Oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius. What a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again!—tearing the, till then, impenetrable curtain from eternity, it discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Deity, the last sense new created, and merges was, and is, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and true; and how particularly does it strike us, firstly, that such an image, even one so superhuman, was quite within the province, and possibly within the power, of the composer of the *Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment I feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of music to this passage; and I cannot but feel, and feeling cannot but regret, that the trivial—for so, compared to the theme, we must regard it,—the trivial song under notice, and the trifling conventionalities of the common-place trumpet accompaniment, must wholly disappoint all those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, of what they have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a solo player, and the thrilling announcement of the destiny of all mortality rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressional bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, that it is so, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its perfect propriety.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 26, 1857.

CONCERTS.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The second Concert, last Saturday evening, was even better and more fully attended than the first. Indeed, the Melodeon seemed to have no room to spare. The uncommonly rich programme, published in our last, was fulfilled in each particular, and generally in the most satisfactory manner. Encores were called, as usual, after almost every piece, but were wisely declined, except in one or two instances. The features of most intrinsic interest, as well as novelty, were the Choruses from the Greek tragedies, composed by Mendelssohn. We know no finer compositions for men's voices. Certainly our German Clubs have sung no other comparable to them. The ordinary *part-song* is a much smaller, humbler affair—simply, as its name denotes, a *song*, harmonized in four parts. But these Greek choruses are themes worked up, for single and double choir, with as much art and completeness, only not in the fugue form, (for the Fugue is Gothic, Christian, and not Greek), as the choruses in great oratorios. The poetic text demanded no less. Of course the problem with Mendelssohn was not and could not be to compose music that should be Greek; what was practicable, was to wed the noble words to music equally noble and expressive. A dignified, highly learned, as well as sympathetically poetic style was indispensable; and in these special choruses at least Mendelssohn has answered these requirements as happily and nobly as in any of his best

works that are better known. They should have been heard with orchestra, of course, to have their full effect; but the elaborate accompaniments were made to yield the *gist* of their meaning by the fine piano-playing of OTTO DRESEL assisted by Mr. LEONHARD. They would have derived more impressiveness, too, from a larger choir; and above all, from the theatrical completeness with which they were brought out, according to the original design, in Germany. Then the entire Greek tragedy was acted on the stage, with all its *paradoi* and *episodions*, and choregraphical manœuvres, circlings, and crossings of the chorus, &c. In short, the attempt was made, with all the means of the King of Prussia, and the classical lore of German Greek professors, to reproduce as closely as possible the whole machinery and method of the old Greek stage. Only music, which the Greeks had not, for which their rude chant had to suffice, was here for the first time by modern Art supplied. The detached specimens we heard on Saturday, and as we heard them, were highly interesting and impressive. Even on the general audience they seemed to tell with great force; and we may truly say, that they were beautifully sung, and will be remembered as about the best performances the Orpheus have given us,—as a standard of excellence which they have now set for themselves, and which they must never be content to fall below.

We suppose the "Bacchus" Chorus pleased the greater number by its fiery fortissimo. We were most interested in the chorus from the *Œdipus Coloneus*. It is where the chorus (of old Athenians) welcome the blind, old, wandering king, led by his daughter Antigone, to Attica. A plain word-for-word version, such as we find in Bohn's Library, gives a better notion of the words than the rhymed paraphrase that was printed in the programme. Here it is:

Strophe.—Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus; where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green dells, tenanting the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, unrodden, teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun, and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus, the reveler, ever roams attending his divine nurses.

Antistrophe.—And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless fountains of Cephissus that wander through the fields fail, but ever each day it rushes o'er the plains with its limpid wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the muses loathed this climate; nor Venus, too, of the golden rein.

Strophe.—And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the pale gray olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, bring to nought; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva.

Antistrophe.—And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vaunt, that she is the great of chivalry, renowned for the steed and famous on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-rowed boat dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvellously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed daughters of Nereus.

After a few bars of bright and quickening prelude, one choir commences in unison the first strophe—a beautiful theme, that breathes the

peace and stillness of the place (the sacred grove of the Eumenides) falling on the weary spirit of the exile—all in unison, until the full-chord burst on the high climax note in the last line. Again the bright phrase of the instruments (but with a difference), and the opposite choir takes up the same strain (lovely enough to be repeated) to the words of the antistrophe, while the accompaniment, before limited to plain chords, melts into soft and liquid divisions at the mention of the dew-besprent narcissus and Cephissus' stream. Then the accompaniment sets out in hurried triplets, the music grows excited, and the first choir sings, in harmony, a higher and a bolder strain, about that wondrous tree, the olive, glory of Athens, swelled at length by entrance of the other choir to eight-part harmony. This strain, too, is echoed by the second choir, hymning that "other praise"; the enthusiasm mounts higher and higher, till it reaches its climax in the address to Neptune, where both choirs unite in a fortissimo, with full force of the instruments, and the first tenors soar to high B flat, as if unconsciously borne up above themselves. The descent from this high pitch of exaltation is exquisitely managed by a sustained monotone of the voices through four long measures (on the dominant), whence they slowly drop to the octave, holding the note while the instruments ascend and trill into the key-note, finishing the whole into perfection of symmetry with a modification of the bright figure of the prelude.

Two choruses were sung from the *Antigone*, instead of one as in the programme. The Bacchus Chorus was preceded by another (unannounced, and so misleading many) to these words:

Strophe.—Many are the mighty things, and nought is more mighty than man. He even sails beyond the sea, when whitened into foam with the wintry south wind's blasts, passing amid the billows that roar around; and the supreme of divinities immortal, undecaying Earth, he furrows, his plows circling from year to year, turning up her soil with the off-spring of the steed.

Antistrophe.—And ensnaring the brood of light-minded birds, he bears them away as his prey, and the tribes of the monsters of the wild, and the marine race of the deep in the inwoven meshes of his nets, he, all-inventive man; and he masters by his devices the tenant of the fields, the mountain-ranging beast, and he will bring under the neck-encircling yoke, the shaggy-maned horse, and the untameable mountain bull.

Strophe.—And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom, and the customs of civic law, and to avoid the cold and stormy arrows of uncomfortable frosts. With plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future. Of the grave alone he shall not introduce escape; but yet he hath devised remedies against baffling disease. Having beyond belief a certain inventive skill of art, he at one time advances to evil and at another time to good. Observing the laws of the land, and the plighted justice of heaven, he is high in the state; but an oncast from the state is he, with whomsoever that which is not honorable resides by reason of audacity; neither may he dwell with me, nor have sentiments like mine, who acts thus.

The music to this is a sweet, tranquil, pensive *Andante con moto* in 6-8 measure; the voices for the most part in unison, the accompaniment in rich, smoothly-progressing harmony,—more figurative at the thought of the birds, &c., in the antistrophe—until the second strophe: "He hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom," where the strain becomes *più mosso* and the voices part into harmony; strangely dark and thrilling is the modulation of the instruments at the thought of death! The same strain is worked up to the end with double chorus.

The Bacchus Chorus—fit conclusion to the

concert—is more in the vein of the Wedding March, full of pomp and splendor, double chorus from the first, in full chords, in the triumphal key of D major, waxing ever stronger and louder, and whirls itself away one rapid blaze of many-voiced and brazen harmony. It is quite Bacchalanian and Mœnadic, and stirs the blood in the true temper of the fine last lines of the words:

Strophe.—O thou, who art hailed by many a name, glory of the Theban nymph, and son of deeply-thundering Jove, who swayest renowned India, and president o'er the rites of Ceres, in the vales of Eleusis, open to all! O Bacchus, who dwellest in Thebe, the mother city of the Bacchanals, by the flowing streams of Ismenus, and the fields where the teeth of the fell dragon were sown.

Antistrophe.—Thee, the smoke beheld as it burst into flame above the double-crested rock, where roam the Corycian nymphs, the votaries of Bacchus, and the fount of Castalia flows; and thee the ivy-crowned steep of the Nysian mountains, and the green shore, with its many clusters, triumphant send along, amid immortal words, that hymn thy "Evœe."

Strophe.—To reign the guardian of the streets of Thebe, whom you honor highest of all cities, with your mother that perished by the thunder. And now, since the city with all its people is enthralled by a violent disease, come with healing steps, over the slopes of Parnassus, or the resounding gulf of the sea.

Antistrophe.—O leader of the choir of flame-breathing stars, director of the voices that sound by night, youthful god, son of Jove, reveal thyself along with thy ministering Mœnads, the Naxian maids, who maddening through the live-long night, celebrate thee with the dance, thee their lord Iacchus.

These choruses were not the only interesting novelty of the concert. A very dramatic and impassioned Terzetto by Beethoven, one of his last works, for soprano, tenor, and bass, to Italian words: *Tremate, empi!* &c.,—very Mozart-like in style at first, but unmistakably Beethoven before you get through, and wrought up with great wealth of accompaniment (it is intended for orchestra)—was effectively sung by Miss DOANE and Messrs. KREISSMANN and LANGERFELDT, especially an Adagio solo by the lady. The part-songs were four, three of them of a sentimental character, but of much beauty, especially that Serenade by Marschner to words by an old Minnesinger. Uhland's "Student's Departure: " *Was klinget und singet die Strasse hinauf?* &c., music by Otto, was a little too pathetic. "She is mine," by Haertel, made quite an agreeable impression. The rich, cool, solemn harmonies of the *Wanderer's Nachtlid*, by Lenz, were good to hear again.

Miss DOANE's selections were admirable and beautifully sung. We could wish however of the *portamento* in such pure perfection of melody as Mozart's *Deh vieni, non tardar*; we shall never forget the perfectly sustained and even style in which it was given by Jenny Lind. Yet this time it was sung very sweetly. Mendelssohn's "Zuleeka" and Schubert's exquisite "Barcarole," were as fine as one could wish, both in respect of singing and most delicate accompaniment.

Three fine songs by Robert Franz: viz. "Waldfahrt," "Im Walde," and *Er ist gekommen*, were sung with good expression by Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Mr. Dresel of course accompanying. Too much tendency to explosive emphasis seems a fault of this otherwise agreeable tenor, as it is somewhat of the singing of the club generally.

Mr. SATTER's piano-forte selections were hardly worthy of the concert or the artist. The two numbers from Rubenstein's *Album de Portraits* seemed to us aimless, uninspired, empty, especially the first, whose promising introduction was

only followed by a commonplace and tedious sort of Nocturne. Mr. Satter's own March, and *Scherzo Fantastique*, were brilliant concert pieces, well displaying the mag's marvellous execution. Indeed, execution is child's play to him, and therein lies his great temptation as an artist, — a tendency to riot in incontinent excess of brilliant extravaganza. He showed a higher and a purer art, when he was recalled, in the perfection of his playing of that exquisite little gem of a Minuet and Trio from Mozart's E flat Symphony. Nothing could have been in more refreshing and instructive contrast with what had preceded; here was indeed a composition, a symmetrical, complete, vital whole; and all the audience felt it. Here every note seemed to follow by an inward necessity, as if the thing *could not* have been written otherwise, as if it grew like a flower. But the Rubinstein pieces were but strainings after originality and sentiment, by sheer force of volition, and might have been made so or so with equal reason; for it was the ambition to write something, and not any real sentiment or inspiration that produced them.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The audience at the second concert was somewhat thinned, both by bad weather and by Mr. Everett's address that evening in the Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
1—Quartet, No. 6, in B flat, op. 18, Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio
and Allegro.
2—Song: "The Wanderer," Schubert
Mr. P. H. Powers.
3—Quintet, in C minor, op. 53, (for Piano and Quartet) Spohr
Allegro—Larghetto con moto—Scherzo.
Messrs. Hamann, Fries, Krebs and Meisel.

- PART II.**
4—Quartet, No. 2, in D minor, Mozart
Moderato—Andante—Minuetto—Andante con variazioni.
5—Serenade from "Don Giovanni," Mozart
Mr. P. H. Powers.
6—Andante and Finale from the Quartet in C, op. 17, No. 3
Rubinstein

This was by no means so rare a selection as the last. The two Quartets are among the most admirable of their kind and ever welcome; but they are also two of the most familiar to Boston ears, and did not help therefore to extend our acquaintance with their authors. A repetition of that later quartet of Beethoven, as soon as possible after the first wondering and ignorant impression, would have been wise. Still it is a delight to listen, were it for the hundredth time, to the old No. 6 of Beethoven's first set. How full of fresh young life and buoyancy it is! With what a triumphant sense of health and power springs forth the first theme of the Allegro! Yet a strange wayward passionateness and unrest breaks out here and there; the Adagio is full of heavenly tenderness, now and then mysteriously clouded; while the Adagio *Malinconia*, introducing the reckless frolic of the finale, is an anticipation of Beethoven's latest and most inward brooding period.

Mr. HAMANN showed a good deal of execution, and modest, musician-like earnestness in his playing of Spohr's Quintet; but there was some dragging, and a clumsiness of touch, owing doubtless in great part to the unwonted instrument. The composition, saving some of its brilliant show-passages, we found dull. After it what a life-like, pure emanation of genius, born as it were whole in one happy moment of inspiration, was that Quartet by Mozart! There every phrase, every note tingled with the one pervading, clear and certain meaning. It was all beautiful, all vital, all interesting; it really had something to say, and said it perfectly. — The two movements of the Rubinstein Quartet interested us more than anything else that we have heard by that author; especially the Finale, which has ideas, worked up with a peculiar richness.

Mr. POWERS has a remarkably rich and ponderous bass voice, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer" in quite good style, though coldly. His *Don Giovanni* Serenade lacked grace and elasticity. He bids fair to become one of the best basses in our city.

CHRISTMAS! Surely no reader needs reminder or inducement to attend the performance of Handel's Oratorio "Messiah," at the Music Hall this evening. Christmas week were not complete without it. We shall not have fully heard the angels' song of Peace and Good Will to Man, renewing itself for ever, until we have called in this truest, highest ministry of Art, and listened to its strains made audible and real by the divine inspiration as it were of a genius like Handel's. And the whole soul will be much more open to that music, when we feel that we are at the same time doing something towards the fulfilment of the promise, as well as of the design of the composer. The concert is for charity. You shall listen and be giving to the poor, and the charity will be wisely and faithfully administered through the tried and admirable organization of the Boston Provident Association.

It certainly is pleasant, and it chimes well with the chimes of Christmas, to see Music working all around us in the cause of Charity. We hear of a charming amateur concert for that end given this week in Cambridge, and of amateur singing of most rare excellence. There were piano pieces, fine vocal trios from Rossini, Mozart, &c., and a tasteful selection of songs, among which several by our townsman Mr. BOOTT, which, we are glad to learn, gave general pleasure. In Salem, too, a concert, partly amateur, has been given under the direction of Mr. FENELLOSA. There were 700 persons present. The programme included a Mass, a Quartet by Bishop, Beethoven's Sonata in F for violin and piano, the Quartet: *Mi manca la voce*, and Beethoven's *Ad-laida*, sung by an amateur gentleman with fine effect.

Mr. SATTER's concert at Cambridge will be next Tuesday night. He will play among other things the Minuet by Mozart, a piece by Chopin, and the *Tannhäuser* overture, which, as we have heard him play it, is about as wonderful a feat of piano-forte execution as we can well imagine; he makes it sound like a whole orchestra.

The "Orpheus Club" will visit Framingham and give a concert during the present moon.... Mr. Ullmann, it appears, has engaged MUSARD, the celebrated conductor of promenade concerts in Paris, to come to this country in February, with ten of his best soloists.

Messrs. Whipple & Black have made some admirable photographic copies of Gambadella's portrait of the late Rev. Dr. CHANNING. Strange to say, the photograph is even more true and life-like than the painting. As we recall the face of Channing, this is by far the most perfect representation of it that exists, and this we know to be the feeling also of the immediate members of his family.

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The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the LYCEUM HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

My first tour to Europe was a beautiful poem, and after a few months' rest from travel, many of its finest episodes come up in the imagination, alike refreshing to heart and intellect.

It is generally fatal to the interest of the poem to analyze it in all its objective features. The tourist's inner world must lend its *materiel* to the outer, and American commonplace and practical thought dare not infuse the subject with too much cold calculation. In the ascent of the Rigi there was a blending of both pictorial and musical associations, and the artistic merit of Calame, as well as the melodrama of "William Tell," could here be fully realized.

The Rigi stands in the midst of these associations, and by the aid of some preliminary reading, and a moderate susceptibility to the influences of tone, modulated to the thoughts of a people whose life is essentially a poetical one, the arduous adventure of its ascent and descent leaves rich fruits within the memory, and sends you once more in quest of Schiller's "William Tell," and its exquisite passages.

The "Hotel Bauer au Lac," of Zurich, justly commended to all travellers for its chaste arrangements, looks pleasantly down upon the placid waters of the lake. As the sun had just risen, we emerged from the hotel to meet our friend G—e, who had promised to be our guide to the Rigi, and thence to many other noted objects of nature contiguous to it. Our romantic adventure opened with the interesting prelude of a choir of Swiss girls, all attired in the picturesque costume of a neighboring canton, who stood together beneath a grove just at the water's edge, and near the steamer's landing. The Swiss are extremely

prone to this species of music, and in all their primitive social gatherings and parties of pleasure a chorus of cultivated voices adds to the gaiety and simplicity of their national habits. The party in question were out for the day in pursuit of pleasure, and embarked with us on board the little steamer, bound for Horgen and other points upon the lake of Zurich. The girls were accompanied by their respective swains, and when seated on the deck of the vessel, once more resumed their favorite airs, accompanied by the tenor and bass voices of their party. All the passengers seemed interested in the simple group, and we regarded this opening scene on Zurich's waters a most fortunate precursor of the day's enjoyment.

Passing over the smooth waters of this classic lake, which in the earliest times of European literature had been the resort of the German and Swiss poets, among whom Goethe himself was its frequent visitor, borrowing from the scenery of the Rigi and its adjacent lake the materials for "Wilhelm Tell," which he subsequently presented to Schiller for elaboration into one of his finest dramas, we were aroused from the luxurious enjoyment of these recollections by the announcement of our arrival at Horgen, where a "diligence" was ready to convey us to Zug. Rising out of the vast amphitheatre of hills that encircle the Lake of Zurich, slowly and ploddingly over an excellent macadamized road, such as we meet everywhere in travelling on Continental highways, rounding the more elevated point of the Albis mountain, and then descending into a picturesque Swiss valley, disclosing the pastoral homes of a people who, above all others, still retain a rigid nationality in habits of life and costume, we increased our speed, and soon arrived within the precincts of Zug. Here you exchange the diligence for a cabriolet, and the interest of the picture is enhanced, as you pursue a route along the margin of Lake Zug. The waters themselves are a perfect mirror, placidly reflecting the objects on the borders of the lake.

We found ourselves within the heart of the Swiss lowland country, and among the sturdy natives, who address you with genuine warmth of heart and hospitable recognition. The Swiss rural homestead is the most picturesque and poetically suggestive object of the kind to be found in Europe. All its architecture is based upon principles of local necessity and primitive modes of life. The gable of every cottage is a study for the landscape painter, showing in all its simple arrangements the elements of an every day poesy. All this end of the house is clothed in the drapery of the vine, and occasionally the branches of the pear intermingle with this characteristic clothing

of doorway, trellise and arbor. The flower pots in the window are invariably seen in almost every story, while the windows are characterized by their round panes, forming, together with the long-eaved roof, the side shingling of the walls, and the exterior stone stairways, a marked feature of the Swiss rural abode. We transplant these architectural forms into our own country; but whether they can have any meaning, as applied to our life's thoughts, or to our pursuits, we are never led to inquire. In Switzerland the cottage and the shepherd's hut on the mountain slopes have an historical interest. They are the depositories of her past annals, as well as the interpreters of her poetry and her romance. The honest and homely Swiss can appreciate the atmosphere and all the sensuous influences of his mountain region better than the stranger — so much so, that the humblest peasant can point out and explain the merits of every grand and striking point in Nature. History, myth, and tradition have engendered a love of country within him; and as his old gray and mossy habitation grows older, and time marks its inroads upon it, he feels the love of ancestral recollections to wax in strength, and bind him to his home. Hence the Swiss are rarely naturalized to a foreign land; and where we find them apparently born again in our own hemisphere, still, silent yearnings after their lost country remain working within the deep recesses of thought. This idiosyncrasy may be attributed, in a great measure, to the power which the idyl of Swiss life has over the imagination and the early education of the heart.

But let us move forward towards the Rigi. Nine of the most pleasant miles to be found in Switzerland are enjoyed along the margin of Lake Zug, and much of my Swiss theme was drawn from this morning's ride. G—e, our companion, illustrated the whole ground passed over, as he, though an American, was perfectly at home on every inch of soil between the Swiss Athens and the Rigi Culm. The antiquated town of Arth lies at the upper extremity of the lake, and immediately at the base of the mountain. The Swiss landscape artist always chooses Arth as a favorite subject, allowing his rapture to dwell on the unrivalled sheet of water before it, the snowy crested eminences behind it, and a transparent sky reigning above. Our postillion brought us to the portal of an old inn, with that universal favorite on its sign: "Zum schwarzen Adler;" for no device seems more generally esteemed than that of the "Black Eagle."

Mine hostess of the "Schwarz Adler," a small lady, attired in black, but full of activity and naiveté, was not long in comprehending the nature of our visit, and the full extent of our wants,

and, with the aid of her garçon, made active preparations to call into requisition all the capabilities of her *cuisine*.

Our friend G—e was sufficiently elastic to storm the Rigi on foot, and I, in my verdant enthusiasm, proposed to accompany him in the performance of this formidable feat. G—e remonstrated with me upon the folly of the attempt, representing to me that the greater portion of those who started on foot failed midway up the mountain, and were obliged to send back for horses. My other fellow-traveller assented to all the preparations of G—e, and quietly acquiesced in the necessity of ascending heavenward upon the backs of two huge, black, well-shod steeds.

Whatever the amount of human ambition may be at the foot of the Rigi, as the eye glances upwards, the necessity of making provision for the wants of the inner man is quite obvious. The ascent to the Culm is nine miles, and requires three hours and a half for its performance. G—e, therefore, who was popular at the Black Eagle, used all his influence with mine hostess in the sombre dress, on the score of furnishing a good dinner. At the same time the preliminaries for the accoutrement of the two black steeds were made, and the Culm having no clouds hovering round about it, our anticipations were extremely high.

For good fare, genial Ivourne, and a communicative hostess, commend me to "Zum Schwarzen Adler." After the great prandial event had come off, and in a manner far transcending our expectations, G—e looked around for his "Alpenstock," of which an ample supply, at all times, stands ready for the wants of the tourist. Giving our valedictory to the small landlady in the black dress, and descending into the street among a group of Arth-ers, who were gathered there to witness our departure, we mounted the horses with carpet bag and cloaks securely placed in the rear of our saddles. Many years had elapsed since we had been addicted to equestrian sports, and a little effort was required to leap into our seats: but once securely there, we had no fears to entertain as to the grand result, for the guide walked in an obliging frame of mind by our side, urging on the unwilling steeds, and entertaining us by the way.

At a short distance from Arth, a sudden turn in the road leads directly to the lowermost slope of the Rigi, and here a rugged bridle-path commences the actual ascent of the mountain. You now exchange the fertile region of the Arth and Goldau valley for the more airy and fir-covered hills that precede this vast cone you are about to scale, and the enjoyment of the magnificent scene below, around, and above, increases in its intensity as you progress forward. In order to enter into a proper appreciation of this phase of Nature, as here disclosed, the light should be chosen which precedes sunset by some hours.

That dark, cypress green which characterizes the fir of Switzerland is thrown out most picturesquely in the early morning or evening light. I had been previously struck with the magical effects of this dense fir vegetation in an evening's and morning's study of the "beautiful horrors" of the Via Mala, one of the finest apparitions in which Nature discloses herself in all Europe. The fir is at home everywhere north of the Alps, and, although not identical, corresponds most

strikingly with our spruce. As the shadows were cast over us by this densely-growing evergreen, we were enabled the more fully to enter upon a realization of the peculiar qualities of the Rigi, as far as related to its pictorial merits. Behind us, in the distance, a small lake now appeared in view, which, a half century ago, had been partially filled up by a land slide, overwhelming the villages of Lowertz, Goldau, and Busingen, which lay at the foot of the Rossberg. The village of Arth begins to grow diminutive, the lake itself changes its proportions, and while the Rigi Culm swells in size, the world below you becomes more grand and indistinct.

As soon as the more gentle slopes are succeeded by the steep ascents of the hills, and we enter among the ravines and precipices, and look down upon rocky dells, watered by cascades which are most effective in all Alpine excursions during the month of June, we find ourselves entering the most difficult part of the ascent, which is the zig-zag. Here the sagacity of our steeds was put to the test, and had they not been well shod, could not have surmounted the trials of these narrow and precipitous paths. In the cavalcade of which we formed a portion, a lady, borne by four men in a sedan, occupied the van. She had accompanied us from Horgen in the morning, and had disclosed, under the rose, the astounding fact that her weight was two hundred and fifty, avoirdupois. This, as our Southern brethren might say, was certainly a constitutional objection to the ascent of the Rigi; but, notwithstanding this difficulty, the æsthetic endowments of the lady resisted all the preponderancy of the flesh, and although in her case the soul was enveloped in a double panoply of this earthly material, she used "Excelsior" for her motto, and cast her eyes towards the Rigi Culm.

Having surmounted the primary stage of zig-zags, we arrived shortly after at the first landing, where a hospice, provided with sundry viands and potables of Alpine production, awaits the traveller. I here dismounted, and had the good fortune to find our friend G—e already arrived, resting, with Alpen-stock in hand, at the steps of the humble auberge.

A fifteen minutes' halt is required to recruit the horses; and after this respite, the task of climbing the Rigi is resumed. We now plunge in amid the shady forests of fir and beech. The objects encountered are all essentially Alpine, and both music and painting are called into play to absorb the imagination. The Swiss woman with her panier accosts you with a friendly greeting. She is returning from the upper mountain height, where the shepherds dwell, bearing supplies of milk down into the valley below. Then in musical tones the wanderer or the pilgrim greets you with his "Gelobt sey Jesus Christ." Occasionally we met the boys attempting the jodel, the natural vocal melody of the mountaineer. From the first auberge to the well-known Klösterle, "Marie zum Schnee," (Notre-dame des Neiges,) the wildness of the Rigi becomes most apparent, and all the melodic and pictorial elements the mind has gone in quest of can be realized. The strictly national character of the subject adds largely to the interest found in this pleasing combination of a tone-picture animating a visual representation. We can realize this drama of Nature in Switzerland only; we cannot find such a depth, naiveté, and earnestness of

character elsewhere. It is true, I studied these Rigi scenes through myself, passing into Nature, as here developed, by the medium of both tone and material creation. Man himself is here an ancient history, and his habits an antiquated romance. Poetry is recognized as a living fact, and the melodrama passes before the eye.

[To be continued.]

Mr. Fry on the Oratorios.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

"THE CREATION."

The Oratorio is universally and erroneously said to be the foundation of the modern drama and opera. It was, we are informed, originated by the Church scenes, taken from the Scriptures, being presented theatrically. Adam and Eve, the Old Serpent; Daniel and his friends, the lions; and all the most striking scenes of the Bible up to the Crucifixion included, were used to convey religious instruction to the rude peoples. But this did not engender the drama and opera of modern days, simply because the theatre never died out. It existed before and during the middle ages. It was sustained in some crude vagabond form by the troubadours and minstrels, and the Church simply took their "thunder." Of this there is ample proof. The modern Oratorio is a bastard of the old Oratorio. The dramatic interest is utterly destroyed. It has ceased to convey any religious instruction through the splendid vividness of dramatic characterization. It claims, however, to have *dramatis personæ*, while *dramatis personæ* there are none. The Elijahs, and Pauls, and Peters of oratorios now are simply poor farce. The Prophets and Apostles are gentlemen in citizens' dresses, with music-books in their hands. Angels and Prophetesses are done by young ladies in white crinolines, blue sashes, likewise with music-books. Adam even, the primeval hero, figures in a black coat and trousers and white cravat, and Eve in russet-toned silks. Adam with a music-book in his hand sings his loves to Eve with a music-book in her hand, and the *grande passion* under such circumstances reminds us of two owls in an ivy bush. The constitution of the modern oratorio is simply illogical. When the people grew too big for the raw objectivity of the original dramatic oratorio, then the attempt to keep up the whole action of patriarchs, angels, saints and devils, in drawing-room costume, was the result of inartistic perception. A thing is, or it is not: the oratorio is now dead, and this galvanization of it is preposterous. The proper mode of writing a religious composition of two hours or more long, is to take a religious subject of varied temper and tints, and compose individual and choral pieces thereupon. This may be sung effectively and grandly at a concert, without the farce of pretentious characterization, in the face of verisimilitude and common sense.

The music of Haydn's *Creation* is so pure and beautiful that it seems a pity it is mixed up with this dead and departed Oratorio of the middle ages, when the plastic arts and the drama taught bores and barbarians religious ideas. Haydn was a beautiful melodist, and in that he was more than a century beyond the clumsy inconsequential melodic phrases of Handel. His muse is sweet, gentle, noble. The loveliness of an awakening creation was a fit subject for his temper. The sweet satisfactions of Paradise were symbolized in the saccharine fluency of his phrases. There has been so much said in favor of Haydn's *Creation*, that to repeat any more of laudation is like praising the rainbow. Haydn did well to compose music apart from the theatre. His genius seemed capable of everything, except he undertook the triple-concentrations required to construct a scene for the opera, and then he failed.

On the performance of Saturday night strong words of commendation may be bestowed. The orchestra was composed of the best musicians in the city, led by Mr. Anschutz. The choral department was the entire Harmonic Society, choice young voices, some 300 in number, care-

fully disciplined by Mr. Bristow. The leading parts were sung by the notabilities of the opera and concert room: Madame La Grange, Miss Milner, Mr. Carl Formes and Mr. Perring. Very rarely does such a body of artists appear to sing in English. Mr. Formes had not quite recovered from his indisposition. Mr. Perring is a valuable addition to our English concert singers—a fresh, agreeable tenor. Miss Milner has a very pure soprano, and seems especially fitted for the concert room.

"THE MESSIAH."

Handel's "Messiah" drew a good house on Christmas night. The solos were entrusted to excellent hands in the main, and the chorus was particularly attractive. Of the merits of Mme. Caradori, the new soprano, we can form no opinion from her execution of the solo music of Handel, of which, with the solo music of its age, we were never admirers, and now less than ever. Emotion, passion, rhetorical progression and climax are necessary to show forth a great artist.

Arts must grow—and music, the last and most spiritual, has grown since it took shape for the first time, about two hundred years ago. Mme. Angri pronounces English so very badly that her execution of "He was despised," &c., was accordingly deficient. This solo, which is the most religiously dramatic of any in the oratorio, and free from perruqueisms and roudade work, without culmination or modern grace and definiteness, deserved better handling. Only at the close did Mme. Angri make a point worthy of her. Mr. Perring is too much a tenor of grace for the solos in which Braham by virtue of volume and declamatory force (not by delicate method or nobly impassioned style) made such effect. The solos of Mr. Formes were finely given, though he is not quite recovered.

We can find little or no musical interest in the sentiment of some of the words set in this and other oratorios. Music is for passion, emotion, aspiration, and not for abstract inquiries or didactics. The chorus came up to their work finely—all thanks due to Mr. Bristow. Fresh, beautiful voices abound among them. The orchestra was well led by Mr. Anschutz, and was very good. There being, properly speaking, no orchestral coloring or treatment in this work (the superadditions of Mozart being, like other things, added and not co-integrally evolved with an original composition), we may omit a special notice of that department. The supreme merit of the "Messiah" lies in the choruses, constructed according to the fugueistic theory. They all want the higher splendor and truth of modern composition, the majestic crowning coda. In point of fact, they have fugueistic, but not dramatic development. They must, accordingly, be judged by their central idea, and in this point they are models. "Like sheep" is a model of one kind; the Hallelujah chorus one of another kind. The syllabication of the latter has a double excellence for music. The shout Hallelujah is an old church piece of thunder, used, as Handel borrowed it, happily with the plagal chord. This worked-up specialty, with the words "ever and ever," the determined Saxon monosyllables "King of kings and Lord of lords," is the best verbal capital stock for such a master of fugue and powerful individual syllabication as Handel was. This chorus cannot ever give place to any with words chosen from the Bible, because there are not so good words for the purpose left; and it is the pioneer that wins. The performance of the Hallelujah chorus of Friday could have borne a thousand more voices and two hundred more instruments, large though the force was. The supposititious idea of an infinite quantity of angels filling the heavens and shouting Hallelujahs admits of any amount of power laid upon the execution of this work—of course within the capacity of executants and hearers—for beyond a certain number direction becomes impossible and effect diminishes, and does not increase. We have heard 1800 instruments in the open air. The effect was not good—too much of a good thing.

Carl Formes.

[Correspondence of the Boston Courier.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1857.

I saw and heard Formes last evening in "Martha"—Flotow's pretty little dish of melodious sweetmeats; a work remarkable as having been composed expressly for this great basso, and yet affording no possible opportunity for fair display of his powers as a singer. I speak first of having seen Formes, for certainly in this piece one is more immediately struck by his remarkable talents as a histrionic than as a vocal artist. "Martha" is a comic opera. Comic operas, often well enough sung in this country, are without exception most abominably acted, performers deeming it fit either to exhibit the most lugubrious and painfully impotent attempts at levity and airiness or to adopt a style of exaggerated vulgar burlesque. I have never seen a genuine piece of comedy on the lyric stage excepting that presented last evening by Formes in the part of Plumkett. From beginning to end it was quite perfect. His first step upon the stage bespoke the thorough artist. Even in acknowledging the repeated salutes of the audience he clung to his character, and during the long and rather stupid ballet that immediately succeeded his entrance, he remained always faithful to the rôle. Throughout the opera his personation was alike faultless in conception and portrayal. Plumkett is a well-to-do English farmer of about a century ago—sturdy, honest, hearty, whole-souled, a lion among his fellows, timid and a little boorish when brought over-closely in contact with the gentler sex. This character Mr. Formes gave with Ravel-like accuracy and humor, and higher praise I do not know how to convey.

Of Formes, as a singer, I cannot pretend to speak decisively, having only heard him in this one opera, which is really so unworthy of him. He has but one air, and that of no value. But even in this ungrateful part, he gave frequent evidence of the grand and noble quality of his voice and its immense capacities. To give his powers full play in "Martha," would be to sacrifice dramatic truth, and he is too much of an artist for that. It was easy to see, however, what he may do in the higher class of opera or in oratorio. His voice is of prodigious extent, and apparently of vast volume; but its most remarkable characteristics are its wonderful sweetness and delicacy and flexibility—such as I never heard before in any basso. It possesses in a great degree that peculiar tender and sympathetic quality which distinguished Mario's tenor, but wholly without Mario's effeminacy of tone. Occasionally he poured out a flood of sound like the majestic flow of a great river, and all the while retaining the gentleness and liquid smoothness of his style. Of display in execution he was chary, affording only occasional evidence of his ability in this respect. A here-and-there cadenza, and a now-and-then trill (a species of ornament usually intolerable for a man to attempt, but by him so clearly and neatly uttered that it was delightful to hear), showed well enough how perfect he is in this as in almost everything. Much has been said of his faulty intonation, but certainly last evening nothing of the sort was perceptible. Every note was true and firm.

However great Mr. Formes's talents as a vocalist may be, I imagine that he is even a better actor than a singer. His personation of Bertram, in "Robert the Devil," is said to approach the terrific. In "Martha" he shows no trace of this tragic power, but is merely the bluff, good-natured, tender-hearted yeoman. He must be an extraordinary man to represent these two extremes of character equally well. At present, it seems probable that Mr. Formes will not appear in opera in Boston, but arrangements have been made for him to take part in oratorios to be given with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society.

H.

Mr. Charles Salaman's Lecture.

A well-written and highly interesting lecture on Handel and some of his contemporaries was delivered on Monday evening at the Marylebone

Literary Institution, by Mr. Charles Salaman. The lecture embraced some of the most interesting particulars of the life of the great composer, and touched lightly on the merits of a number of musicians who enjoyed more or less celebrity at the same period. To the majority of the audience the names of Lampe, Galuppi, and Bononcini were myths; but for that very reason, if for no other, Mr. Salaman was justified in making known composers who once usurped no small share of the popular favor. Galuppi wrote no less than seventy operas, not one of which has descended to our times. Lampe made himself famous by his burlesque opera, "The Dragon of Wantley," which contains some really charming airs, but is entirely forgotten.

The illustrations were selected with much judgment, and, as the programme will show, contained some pieces unknown to all except the musical antiquary.

PART I.

Coranto, Bourrée, Rigadon — Piano-forte (A'mira), produced in 1703, Handel, born 1685, died 1759.
Canzonetta — "Tu lo sai quanto t'amai," Alessandro Scarlatti, born 1650, died 1725.
Aria — "Love leads to battle" (Camilla), 1706, M. A. Bononcini.
Recitative and Aria — "Lascia che io pianga" (Rinaldo), 1711, Handel.
Aria — "Per la gloria" (Griseldi), 1722, Giovanni Bononcini.
Overture — Piano-forte (Ottone), 1723, Handel.
Aria — "Dove sei amato bene" (Rodelinda), 1725, Handel.
Aria — "Tutta rea la vita umana" (Scipione), 1726, Handel.
Aria — "Dirti ben mio vorrei" (introduced in the Pasticcio, "Alessandro in Persia"), 1741, Leonardo Leo, born 1695, died 1745.
Duetto Buffo — "Lo conosco" (La Serva Padrona), about 1733, Pergolesi, born 1704, died 1737.
Aria with variations in D minor — (Third "Suites de Pieces") 1720, Handel.

PART II.

Bacchanalian — "Zeno, Plato, Aristotle" (burlesque opera, "The Dragon of Wantley"), 1737, Lampe.
Allegro in E minor — Piano-forte, Domenico Scarlatti, born 1686, died 1760.
Aria — "Lascia Amor" (Orlando), 1733, Handel.
Air — "Would you taste the noontide air" (Comus), 1738, Dr. Arne, born 1710, died 1778.
Bacchanalian Song — "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west" (Comus), 1738, Dr. Arne.
Aria — "In lascia si cara amante" (Enrico), 1743, Galuppi, born 1703, died 1785.
Duetto — "Caro, Bella" (Julius Cæsar), 1726, Handel.

Mr. Salaman, in the course of his research, has discovered the original of the lovely air—so great a favorite at our concerts—"Lascia che io pianga," in a saraband in "Almira," an opera written eight years previously, the first, we believe, which Handel produced in public. But Handel entertained no scruples about repeating himself. The air from Galuppi's *Enrico* is extremely expressive and melodious, and led us to regret that the author of seventy operas should be consigned to oblivion. The air by Leonardo Leo is not unknown, and is an admirable specimen of a love song of the olden time. The pieces which created the most effect were the air just mentioned, Galuppi's air, the buffo duet of Pergolesi, the song from "Comus," and the bacchanalian from "The Dragon of Wantley," the last a fine bold old melody.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Harriet Rothschild and Mr. Theodore Distin; and Mr. Charles Salaman performed the instrumental illustrations on the piano-forte, with the exception of the air and variations from the "Third Suite des Pieces," which he executed on an extremely old and withered harpsichord, which, contrasted with the grand piano-forte, gave forth an odd and weird sound. Mr. Salaman was loudly applauded in all his performances. Miss Harriet Rothschild, a pupil, we believe, of Mr. Salaman's, has a nice, well-regulated voice, and sings like an artist. She was, however, too nervous on Monday night to do herself justice. Mr. Theodore Distin acquitted himself in the performance of the antiquated music entrusted to him most creditably. He gave the bacchanalian song with much breadth and vigor, and displayed no small amount of comic feeling in Pergolesi's duet, which, by the way, was loudly encored.

The lecture was listened to throughout with

great attention by a crowded audience, and received with hearty applause.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 5.

Musical Correspondence.

AVIGNON, FRANCE, DEC. 2.—One balmy moonlight evening in December I strolled out to take a little fresh air, and enjoy the cool refreshing breeze. Lest the idea of a *balmy evening in December* may seem slightly preposterous to those who pass that delightful month in the States, north of Mason and Dixon's line, it should be borne in mind that at the time referred to I was in Southern France, and not New York or Boston—on the banks of the Rhone and not of the Hudson or Charles.

Passing across the *Place d'Armes* and pausing for a few moments to watch the effect of the moonlight upon that stupendous old structure, the Palace of the Popes, and upon the Cathedral, I passed up the inclined terraces that lead to the Dom des Rochers, a grand promenade, that occupies the summit of a huge rocky hill, overlooking the River Rhone, and the surrounding country for miles around. Expecting to meet a crowd of gay promenaders, enjoying the beautiful moonlight evening, I was surprised to find the place quite deserted, and not a single human being there beside myself. All the glorious panorama was unrolled before my solitary gaze.

Bye and bye I heard the roll of drums and the distant sound of a trumpet rising upwards from the city below and, descending as far as the portal of the Cathedral, I saw in the bright moonlight a troop of richly uniformed soldiers defile up the narrow street, cross the *Place d'Armes*, and direct their steps towards the Palace of the Popes, which is now only a soldier's barracks. The drums beat, the "trumpets flourished brave," as they disappeared beneath the arched doorway, while from the inner court-yard echoed for many a minute in repeated reverberations the sound of their martial music, filling the old palace where once sat the successors of St. Peter, with its deafening noise.

Recrossing the *Place d'Armes*, and passing through a narrow street I soon came to the principal public Place of the town, flanked with elegant Cafés, while on one side were the superb façades of the new Hotel de Ville and Theatre. They seemed funny indeed, when compared with that gigantic Papal Palace which was towering up a few steps distant, but still they were both beautiful buildings. I looked at the bill of the Theatre, and saw that Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* was announced for performance.

It hardly seemed right, when in a city like this, so romantically beautiful of itself, and so replete with wondrous historical associations, to waste the little time I had to devote to it, in going to a modern theatre, and preferring the glare of gas falling on gilt and tinsel, to the rays of the moon silvering old Palaces and shining

"—on castle walls
And hoary ruins old in story,"

but then I was alone, and nothing is more dismal after all, than groping about a strange, dark, half-ruined town, at night. So I did just what nine tenths of the most uncompromisingly romantic travellers would have done in my case—I went to the Opera.

The Theatre of Avignon, like most of those in

France, and in Europe generally, is a government affair. The present building, erected some ten years ago, is a great ornament to the city, and would not disgrace Paris itself. It is of white marble, rectangular in form, and standing quite isolated from any other building. The façade, which is very elaborately ornamented, presents a handsome porch, supported by Doric columns, over which is a large semicircular niche, adorned with bas-reliefs and medallions of Petrarch and Tasso. Petrarch, it should be remembered, lived at Avignon, at the period when the Popes sought to establish here the chair of St. Peter, and the Avignoneses claim him as their own. Here too Laura lived and died, and the famous fountain of Vaucluse, which the poet has immortalized, is still visited daily by travellers from all parts of the world.

The outer decorations of the theatre are completed with colossal statues of Moliere and Corneille represented as sitting, and in a state of profound meditation.

The interior is exceedingly beautiful, the general colors being gold and light pink. The auditorium, which is unusually high from the floor to the ceiling, contains three tiers of boxes and a gallery, and is illuminated by a handsome chandelier, and a few clusters of lights about the proscenium. Ventilation has received great attention, and the building is everywhere cool and airy—on the whole, in both interior and exterior elegance, I have seen few to equal it.

The opera, as I had before said, was Donizetti's *La Fille*, which was given entire, including one or two little airs generally omitted. The performers, though none of them first class, yet took their parts creditably; the prima donna, one Mlle. Voisel, with a fresh pure soprano, receiving especial applause. It was, it appears, the third *debut* of this promising young artist, and after her best effort—an air in the second act—cries were made for the *Commissionnaire*. This functionary soon arose and announced, amid great applause, that Mlle. Voisel, having successfully passed three debuts, was henceforth a member of the company. Her fortune now is made, for she is sure of a regular salary, a pension when superannuated, and if in the meantime she exhibit sufficient talent, she will receive an engagement at Paris—the prize to which all French opera singers are striving to attain.

They do not have performances every evening of the week at the Avignon opera, excepting during the fairs, which are held several times a year; on other occasions the regular days of performance are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays—the latter being always the great gala day for the theatre.

There is much—very much to be seen at Avignon. The view of the city from the opposite side of the Rhone is wonderfully striking, as at a glance all the features of the place—the Dom des Rochers, the Palace of the Popes, the Cathedral, the cupola of the Hotel de Ville, the church spires, and the battlemented walls—can be seen. It appears like the dream of an artist, rather than a reality.

The city itself is dismal enough when you get into it. The streets crooked, narrow and destitute of pavements. There are quite a number of music-stores, and the manufacture of brass musical instruments is extensively carried on. In the Cathedral, an old but by no means imposing

edifice, is a superb organ, with a gilded case, the pipes retaining the original color of the metal—just the reverse of the usual style of organ ornamentation.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 22.—The performance of the "Creation," announced for Thursday night, did not take place till Saturday, owing to the indisposition of Herr FORMES, who has been suffering since his arrival among us with the catarrh.

The Academy was full to overflowing, and for once it can be said that a very large number of people assembled together in the city of New York to hear an Oratorio. I think this may be considered as one of the indications of the moral advancement of the great city. Truly the times are improving with us when we are enabled to elect an honest man for our Mayor, and honor with our presence a performance of Haydn's "Creation," "under the immediate patronage" of the "reverend clergy of New York and Brooklyn."

The arrangements of the stage were such as to exclude a number of the members of the Harmonic Society from their proper places on the stage, and more space was allotted to the orchestra than necessary. For this reason the chorus did not, and could not, do as well as they might have done. I have heard them do better at their rehearsals. "Awake the Harp" was badly commenced, and it was several measures before it was fairly righted, and working smoothly. "The heavens are telling," was the most telling thing of the evening. "Achieved is his glorious work," No. 2, was admirably done. The Harmonic Society have a great deal yet to accomplish in the way of hard work and severe study. It was most noticeable in those passages where sudden modulations occur, or in chromatic passages. There was a palpable diminution of volume, a wavering hesitancy and general feebleness, greatly injuring the general effect.

Mr. ANSCHUTZ is more successful with the orchestra than with a large chorus and orchestra combined. There was a great want of contrast, so necessary in the effective management of such a performance. I mean as to *piano* and *fortissimo*, and *adagio* and *prestissimo*. Perhaps with more drilling, and a better acquaintance with his material, the result may be more satisfactory.

Madame LAGRANGE shows more signs of decay in this kind of music than any other. The pulsation in the voice, when the tone is to be sustained, is painful. Some call it a *tremolo*, but that is not the right name for it. It is not rapid enough for the *tremolo*, but is a quick pulsation, the result of an effort to produce a steady, prolonged sound with vocal organs that are worn out.

Herr Formes sang exceedingly well, and with the exception of an occasional flattening on the higher notes, and a disposition to a drawing, affected manner, more especially in the Recitatives, his singing gave great pleasure and satisfaction.

Miss MILNER had the most to do with the solos, and no one regretted it. Her style is simple, unaffected, with a thorough, English school; and while she may not entirely satisfy you, she never offends. Miss M. seemed most perfectly at home in her part, but it was evident she did not always agree with Mr. Anschutz as to the time in which some of the pieces were taken up. Mr. PERRING sang his part very acceptably, but, with more practice in public, Mr. P. will do better still.

The "Messiah" is announced for Christmas night with the usual flourish of trumpets, minus the thirty-three "reverend clergy of New York and Brooklyn," but with the additional aid of Mesdames CARADORI and D'ANGRI.

BELLINI.

NEW YORK, DEC. 29. — The performance of the "Messiah," on Christmas night, by the Harmonic Society, assisted by the soloists, Mme. CARADORI, Mme. D'ANGRI, Herr FORMES, and Mr. PERRING, was, on the whole, more satisfactory than that of the "Creation." Mr. ANSCHUTZ was more successful in making himself understood by the chorus, but Mr. A. has much to learn yet before he can be considered a first rate conductor of an orchestra and chorus combined. Mr. Anschutz does not seem to be capable of always controlling himself, either from an exceeding nervousness or want of sufficient practice in this particular line of conducting.

The new candidate for public favor, Mme. Anna Caradori, obtained a fair share of success. I think she is *not* what her name would indicate—an Italian—but German, rather fine looking, florid complexion, black hair, and full figure. Her voice is mezzo soprano, of good quality, but not highly cultivated. Although Mme. C. created no enthusiasm, she sang her part very acceptably. I think, however, Miss Milner would have pleased better.

Mlle. D'Angri did as well as any one could who could not pronounce the words intelligibly. The music, too, is not as intelligible to her as that of Donizetti, or Verdi, so that it would be unfair to criticize Mlle. D'Angri's singing the music of the "Messiah" in the same manner as we would that of *Trovatore*.

Herr Formes has not fully recovered from his severe indisposition, and though there was an improvement on his singing in the "Creation," still at times he sang very much out of tune. The audience, however, were determined to be astonished, and roundly applauded all Mr. F.'s *subterranean* efforts, whether on or off the track.

Mr. Perring sang very well, but it requires a voice of heavier mould than that of Mr. P. to sing the tenor songs of the "Messiah." "Comfort ye," and that beautiful song from "Elijah," "If with all your hearts," are songs that Mr. Perring can sing exceedingly well.

The chorus: "For unto us" was most admirably done, the orchestra keeping time throughout. The same may be said of the "Hallelujah," but neither of these choruses excited any response from the audience, who, I suppose, were waiting to hear Mr. Formes sing some of those *awful low notes*.

BELLINI.

NEW YORK, DEC. 29.—I regret that, through a mistake, my last letter was mailed too late to reach you in time for that week's number. I see, too, that an interruption which obliged me to leave it unfinished made me forget to carry out my intention of mentioning the various galleries of which our city enjoys the advantage at present. We have, indeed, never before been so highly favored. The Dusseldorf, the French and English collections, all fairly represent their respective schools, while the Bryan gallery gives us specimens (mostly copies, but a few original) of the old masters, and the Belmont collection (bought by Mr. Belmont during his last stay in Europe, and now exhibited for the benefit of the

poor,) contains miscellaneous modern paintings. These, with the "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur, exhibiting at Williams & Stevens' (one of our "Cottons") can keep the Art-lover pretty busy. In the British gallery we make the acquaintance of the Pre-Raphaelites, though, it is said, in none of their best works. Indeed, none of these illustrations of their principles could ever convert me to their creed. I find far more enjoyment in the other portion of the collection.

The French gallery is, to most, much more pleasing as a whole. There are some fine Rosa Bonheur's, full of life and motion; many French landscapes and sea pieces, well executed, and doubly interesting from their giving the beholder an insight into the scenery of the country; and last, but not least, there are a number of little *genre* pieces by Edward Frère, L'enfant de Metz, and others, which are exquisite. They are mostly scenes from humble life, or small every-day episodes: but there is a truth and earnestness in them which cannot be surpassed, while at the same time the poetical element is not wanting. Of the Belmont gallery and the Horse Fair I will speak another time.

Mrs. KEMBLE finished her course yesterday with Antony and Cleopatra, after having read, during the past week, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Measure for Measure. Her choice of plays was rather strange, several of the most popular—such as Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice—being left out of her repertoire. Still, she always had crowded houses; and if it is true, as I have heard, that she is to give another course, she has probably reserved some of the more attractive pieces for that. It is, I believe, the fashion to admire Mrs. Kemble unconditionally; and I run the risk of being called a heretic if I do not follow the fashion. In many points I do admire her. Her voice and play of feature are wonderful, her conception of many characters *very* fine, and her versatility in representing them remarkable; but she *acts* too much, for mere reading, and frequently overdoes even her acting. This has for consequence that she is often coarse (as she cannot be otherwise in *acting* coarse parts, truthful as her conceptions are), and this again often makes her lose sight of her dignity. When I compare her with Rachel, who in her most passionate parts was always the woman, she loses by the contrast; but then the question arises whether Rachel could ever represent such a multiplicity of characters as well as Mrs. Kemble. In Julius Cæsar the latter approached nearest to my ideas of what a *reading* ought to be. There was ample expression and distinction of character, while there was none of the ranting and raving which often disturbed me in the other plays. Mark Antony was admirably portrayed throughout. A fit illustration of the poet's wonderful production. The comic pieces, such as Midsummer-Night's Dream and the Merry Wives of Windsor, were capitally given; but it was on these occasions that she sacrificed taste and womanliness to truth of representation. On the other hand, nothing could be more beautiful and touching than her rendering of the scene between Lear and Cordelia, on the return of reason to the former. In short, though I cannot praise her throughout, there is enough that is interesting and admirable in her to make me sincerely hope that she will continue her readings through a second course.

Of musical entertainments we have an almost unprecedented abundance at present. Mr. ULMANN does his best to make the season a memorable one. Evening opera, opera matinées, oratorios, &c., follow each other in quick succession. To my great disappointment, I was prevented, at the last moment, from hearing the "Creation." Some tell me I have not lost much, while others praise the performance highly. On Christmas night the "Messiah" was given, with FORMES, PERRING, D'ANGRI, and the new star, Mme. CARADORI. The choruses were about as usually sung by the Harmonic Society; hardly more than indifferent. Formes sang well and earnestly, as he always does, and Mr. Perring's beautiful tenor and chaste school showed to great advantage in his arias. Mme. Caradori has a fine, clear voice, of considerable power and compass, but evidently not as good as it has been. "And He shall lead his flock" was very sweetly sung, but "Rejoice greatly" seemed beyond her powers. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth" she was already evidently very much wearied, and by no means did justice to that glorious composition. Indeed, it is almost too great a task for even the strongest, freshest voice to sing all the soprano parts in the "Messiah." Decidedly the gem of the evening was D'Angri's rendering of her two arias, particularly of "He was despised." It is a sure proof of her being a great artist, that she does well and appropriately every thing, in however different lines, which she undertakes. I knew that she excelled in operatic and chamber music; but I must confess that I had not expected her to enter so thoroughly into the spirit of Handel, and the words which he has translated into music. Already, in the first aria, her glorious voice rang out the call for rejoicing with a new sound; but when it came to tell the story of the Savior's wrongs, there was an indescribable pathos and tenderness in it, which was only enhanced by the simplicity and seriousness with which the wondrous music was sung. The words, too, were enunciated most distinctly. Altogether, it was one of the few *perfect* performances which it has been my good fortune to hear, and I shall give it a place in my memory beside Jenny Lind's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Badioli's "The people that walked in darkness," and Mario's "Il mio te soro," in all of which, as in this, voice, singing, and composition, all combined to form one harmonious, perfect whole.

In the opera line, *Robert* has been reproduced twice, and *Martha* once (*Norma* was given at two matinées), and on Monday Formes appears in a new character, as Sir George in *Puritani*. For to-night—will you believe it?—*Fidelio* is actually announced, with Caradori as Leonora, and Formes as Rocco. The other parts, I fear, will serve only as a foil to these. It is a pity there is no good German tenor. The opera is subdivided into three acts, and besides the overture to *Fidelio*, two of those to *Leonora* are to be played. I forgot to mention, that in *Robert*, LAGRANGE took both the female parts, and acquitted herself, as far as acting went, very finely. One of these occasions was her benefit; but I am sorry to say the house was not full as she deserved. Formes is as excellent in Bertram as in Plunkett. The individuality of these two widely contrasting characters is so distinct, that it is difficult to believe them represented by the same person. I have never seen so fiendish an expression on any human face as he puts on as Bertram, nor can any one give more meaning to a mere motion of the hand than this wonderful actor.

To-night is EISELDE's first soirée, but lest my letter should again be too late, I will defer my report of it until next week.

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From my Diary, No. 17.

Dec. 26.—Here is some conversation not so imaginary as it might be, and containing, chemically speaking, nine parts of truth to one of poetry. Omitting all the flattering things which have been said,—as is clear enough with an object in view,—about the writings of a certain contributor to the Journal of Music, and the long-projected and half-accomplished work which he has in hand, I come to the point at once.

Piper, loquitor.—My own opinions in regard to sacred music, I am glad to find, correspond perfectly with those of Mr. Dwight and yourself. And it has been my object in this little work to form such a collection as shall really elevate the tastes of the singers. You will not find a single piece made out of the popular German student and drinking songs, or the negro melodies of the day. Everything is chaste, and even the most joyous pieces I think you will find pervaded with a due solemnity.

Diarist.—Well, I like that, certainly.

Piper.—In our church, too, I am doing all I can to induce the congregation to join in the psalmody in certain of the hymns, and for this object I have brought a large number of tunes, which have stood the test of one and two centuries, together once more,—tunes which are grave, dignified, and yet of beautiful melody. See, here are St. Ann's, and York, and Mear, &c.

Diarist.—I like that, too.

Piper.—Another feature of my book consists of the great number of themes from the Adagios and Andantes of the best instrumental works of the great composers. These I have taken pains not only to give as nearly in their original melodic forms as a text will allow, but have, as far as possible, retained their original harmonies, so as to furnish for the choir a music as near perfection as is possible.

Diarist.—A most excellent idea.

Piper.—I am very glad to find my plan finds so much favor with you. It is just what I expected from your articles.

Diarist.—Has it cost you much labor?

Piper.—Labor? You may well say that! I have been several years about it, and every piece has not only been tried over and over again, with piano-forte and organ, but my choir has practised it thoroughly, until I could think of no farther possible improvement.

Diarist.—Such a book, if it is equal to your hopes and intentions, will give you a reputation, I should say.

Piper.—Of course I hope so, and all I want now is to bring it fairly before people of taste and musical knowledge. And this is the reason I have ventured to call upon you, and occupy so much of your time. The fact is, Mr. Dwight's paper circulates among just that class of people before whom I wish to bring it; and I thought, knowing, as I said, that you would be pleased with my book, you would like to examine and make a little notice of it in your Diary, as you call it.

Diarist.—Ah, so. Well, I can think about it. By the way, did you see a few words about congregational singing, which I had in the Journal a few weeks ago?

Piper.—No, I didn't happen to.

Diarist.—I wish you had. What did you think of the article about Handel, in which the writer takes ground that all the books are wrong in making his first visit to Hanover in 1709 or 10?

Piper.—What was it in?

Diarist.—Why, in Dwight's Journal, some time in the Fall.

Piper.—No, I believe I did not see that either.

Diarist.—How happened it? Did the paper fail? If so, you have only to call at the office; I am very sure they will supply missing numbers.

Piper.—The fact is, I—I—e—ah—I'm not a subscriber to the paper, and don't get hold of all the numbers.

Diarist.—Not a subscriber to the paper, and yet come wishing and expecting me to spend my time in filling up its columns with a puff of you and your book? Isn't that rather crowding the mourners?

Piper.—O, I did not expect you to do it for nothing, by no means. I am able to pay for what I have done for me.

Diarist.—Ah, that puts a different face upon the affair.

Piper, joyously.—I am glad to hear it. When will you set about it? And what will such an article be worth?

Diarist.—No matter about that now. Let us see. I want to put a case, Piper. Listen.

Let A, B, and C represent certain individuals—say the Editor of a musical periodical, your humble servant, and a certain Mr. Piper, who now does me the honor of a call with an axe, which he is desirous of sharpening upon my grindstone. Very well.

A establishes his paper. It being devoted to Art, it of necessity depends upon the artistic taste, culture and appreciation of musical people, and looks for support, in great measure, from such men as C, who, gaining their living by music, are naturally supposed to have the strongest desire to know what is taking place in the musical world. But C cares as much for his art, in itself considered, as a swine for pearls, and the four cents a week, which it would have cost him to do his share toward the support of the journal, and at the same time increase his musical knowledge, afford him not only a vast amount of original criticism by the Editor and his contributors, but also selections from the best essays in other musical publications, both home and foreign, and keep him acquainted with the principal musical events of the civilized world—these four cents loom up in his imagination as a sum which he cannot bring himself to sacrifice. He had rather give six for a glass of Lager.

But what is B doing? B has long cherished a design which has carried him across the ocean, which has cost him no matter what toil, and labor, and sacrifice—a design for which C aforesaid comes complimenting him in terms of flattery only employed by those who are mean enough to hope through them to be able to use him—a design which years of patient labor and waiting has only made him more determined to accomplish. Well. As one means of at length attaining its completion, he throws all the energies which God has given him into the labor of crowning A's periodical with success. He studies, writes, translates, and, when other labors occupy the rest of his time, the small hours of the night are devoted to that end. One year after another passes by, and the periodical attains a position. Its articles (at first stolen—copied without credit) begin to go the rounds. Foreign journals are happy to quote column after column of its contents, and treat its opinions with respect. A large class in the community—not the uneducated and unrefined either—cherish the paper as a favorite visitor, and some degree of kindness is felt not only for the Editor, but for his correspondent B.

C has gradually come to know this; and now, when he wishes to become known as teacher, composer, and compiler to that particular class in the community upon which A's paper exerts influence, he is ashamed to ask a favor of the Editor, and sneaks into the room of B, to endeavor by flattery, and the offer of a five dollar bill, to induce him to smuggle a puff of his wares into the columns of the journal.

(Piper grows fidgetty.)

A few words more. Mr. P. Had you been from the beginning a subscriber to the paper, and had you done all in your power to obtain that additional thousand subscribers, which would have enabled me long since to have finished my weary task, even then you would have had no claim upon me. If the paper was mine, I might perhaps think it my duty, even as it is, to recommend your work; for if it be really what you say, my readers would have a right to demand so much of me; but as I am only a contributor, my grindstone is not at your service at any price. Good morning, Mr. Piper.

N. B.—The man goes away offended!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1858.

Handel and Haydn Society—Christmas Performance of "The Messiah."

It was a raw night, last Saturday's, for music or for charity. Therefore the more need of both. And both were realized in fair, though not the fullest measure. There were for audience say more than half the Music Hall full of people; and most of these were such as came in earnest, paid their way and listened well. The services of the principal singers, and chorus, the use of the hall, &c. were free contributions, and the good work must have yielded several hundred dollars to the funds of our excellent Provident Association. It was of course right that a musical charity should tenderly regard the interests of musicians, of that class upon whom we always depend for our orchestral music, and whose margin of good fortune generally is so very narrow, that they would seriously feel the loss of their usual Christmas engagement. There could not be a truer charity than to employ and pay the orchestra.

What audience there was was of the best kind; we have never known an audience at an oratorio who sat it through so steadfastly and so attentively; even before and during the last Amen chorus, scarcely half a dozen rose to leave the hall. This proved two good things: that our public are learning to appreciate and respect great music, and that this time the noble work of Handel made its power and beauty felt. As to the performance, it must first of all be considered that we went to it with last May's Festival still ringing in the mind's ear; and of course the volume of those mighty harmonies seemed somewhat shrunken with a choir of but one third the size. Nor was the balance of the parts as good. The sopranos especially and the contraltos sounded thin and meagre, compared with the sonorous masses of bass and tenor, which answered all their points with ten-fold breath and ponderosity. Yet the choruses were well sung; for the most part clear and sure, and some of them highly effective measured by any lower standard than the Festival. "Worthy the Lamb," "Glory and Honor" and "Amen" were uncommonly successful; and the "Hallelujah" was a most inspiring service in which all "assisted" standing.

Next we have to consider the omissions. The great length of the "Messiah" necessitates some curtailment. Pity it could not be made more purely with reference to the continuity and meaning of the oratorio, rather than to certain here established habits, to the display of singers and to the popular spice of contrasts. Certain pieces, which are always sung, belong rather to the *bravura* order, as compared with the rest of this earnest music, and might be spared, if we spare any thing. "The trumpet shall sound" is a bravura song, which really mars the perfection of the oratorio, and sacrifices truth to the display of skill in the first trumpeter (capitally done it was by Mr. HEINICKE, we cheerfully admit); but why keep that in, when we must leave out so important and profoundly beautiful a chorus as: "And with his stripes," and what precedes it? Let the trumpet go, says every real lover of the oratorio, and give us the chorus. Again: "Thou

shalt break them with a rod of iron" is an air for no one but the most extraordinary and iron sort of tenor; it is much more than mere *bravura*, it is a truly poetic and expressive song, but it can be spared until we have another Braham here to sing it; commonly it only shows the tenor's weakness, dwarfs him, and makes us think of him instead of the music; and who would not be thankful for the minutes it feebly occupies to be given to some important chorus, such as: "For as by Adam all died," &c.?

The solo parts showed a good average excellence, and in some instances went beyond that. Mr. ADAMS sang "Comfort ye" and "Thy rebuke" in a voice that seemed more sweet and sympathetic than ever, and he has greatly gained in firm, well-graduated, artistic control thereof, and in expression generally. His power lies in the sweet cantabile, and falls short of the requirements of bold, declamatory passages. We found a very rich, large, musical contralto in the voice of Mrs. T. H. EMMONS (who is a sister of Mrs. MOZART), and who gave "O thou that tellest" and "He shall feed his flock" very respectably, but lacked life and pathos for "He was despised." Mr. WETHERBEE gave pure and excellent interpretations of the famous bass songs, sustaining himself through the long roulades with most artistic evenness. Mrs. LONG never pleased us more than this time in the great soprano solos. She has gained in voice, in execution, and in style. If we cannot have one of the world's greatest and inspired singers, we know not where to look for a more satisfactory rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" than she gave us that night. Mrs. WENTWORTH, too, renewed the impression of her fine, sweet, silvery voice, and finished, chaste delivery in "Come unto him" and "But thou didst not leave."

ELISE HENSLE.—The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan has a letter from Venice, which chronicles the appearance of our young Boston prima donna at the Teatro San Benedetto in November. We translate: "Mlle. Hensler is as it were a new acquaintance in our artistic world; Milan knows her, because it educated her and saw her on the stage of its great theatre encouraged by her first and deserved plaudits. Her beauty is singular: it is the true Anglo-Saxon type quickened by the American sun, a flower of Europe transplanted to the virgin soil of the new world. In this excellent singer we had the most effective proof of what a good artistic education can do. Scarcely does she open her mouth when her voice, though weak, sinks sweetly into your soul, and you are above all attracted by the purity of the sounds, the elegance of phrasing, the neatness of her limpid, fluent execution. She has no defect of syllabication, despite her Northern origin, and she takes breath at the right places. She has an expression more tender than impassioned, more sweet than inspired; her action, although studied, is noble, most judicious. In the duet with M. Carrion in the third act of *Mosé* she excited the public to tumultuous applause, and a repetition was desired every evening." Her next appearance was in *La Sonnambula*; the same writer says: "The sentimental rôle of Amina in some passages requires abandon and impassioned energy; but for the most part the tender peasant girl has on her lips only the sweetest words of love, accents and sighs ineffable: in these tranquil and intimate manifestations of passion Miss Hensler rose to a height not common; she modulated the song with a pure style, and the ornaments were rendered with precision and true intonation. A great merit of Carrion is

his not sacrificing to the taste of the day the true traditions of the melodious and ornate song, more sentimental than dramatic, which makes the part of Elvino so beautiful. He and Mlle. Hensler had the happy idea of restoring to the light that delicious duet of the first act: *Son geloso del zeffiro errante*, which from Rubini to this day has been omitted by nearly all the artists incapable of modulating in perfect accord the exquisite and difficult embroideries of the melody. And they did well, for a more splendid effect they could not have produced. for expression and fineness of coloring."

A correspondent from the same place writes to a French paper: "*Rigoletto* has taken the place of *La Sonnambula*. The generals did their duty, although not so the rank and file. By the generals I mean Mme. Hensler, who has shown herself as perfect in Gilda as in Amina, which is saying not a little; I mean Carrion, as duke of Mantua, surely much to be commended; I mean Varesi, an excellent *Rigoletto*. Beautiful and sympathetic, very interesting in passages where sentiment predominates, full of dignity and grace, Mme. Hensler adds to all these qualities a charming voice of the nightingale. I said the nightingale, and I stand to it; it is love, love with all its fine shades and its contradictions: love with its beautiful smile all tears,—it is tender and devoted passion in which Mme. Hensler triumphs. I would risk my life that she would play the *Traviata* admirably, for she is one of the women who know best how to die, *ragazza dalla bella morte*."

The subscription lists to CARL ZERRAHN's proposed Orchestral Concerts, now hanging in the windows of the music stores, have grown to a formidable length. It looks as if the concerts were a foregone conclusion.Mr. WERNER's concert of sacred music, by the boys of the House of the Angel Guardian, to-morrow evening, is worthy of attention. There you will hear not only a choir, but an orchestra of boys, who have been taught to play the several instruments. The hymns, marches, Glorias, Ave Marias, songs, &c. will be followed by a series of *Christmas tableaux*, with accompanying music from Handel's "Messiah" and other works....THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer another fine programme for Tuesday: the Beethoven Quintet in C, part of a Quintet by Gade, and Quartets by Mendelssohn and Haydn, with songs (one from Mozart's *Titus*) by Miss MARIA FRIES, compose the attraction....THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have dropped "Israel in Egypt" for the present, and are rehearsing "Elijah" in the expectation of soon performing it with Herr FORMES and other artists of the Ullmann troupe at New York.

A notice of Mr. SATTER's concert at Cambridge, from our Diarist, will appear next week....The Boston Music School (under charge of Messrs. BAKER, ADAMS, HOMER, PARKER, and SCHULTZE) commences a new term next Monday. The young ladies, pupils of the School, treated their parents and friends to a charming little social music party at Chickering's on Christmas Eve. Entering in the middle of the evening, we heard "With verdure glad" sung with good style and feeling by a voice of singularly rich and fresh quality. Robert, *toi que j'aime*, a two-part song of Mendelssohn, "He was despised," and other good selections, showed truly interesting voices and the fruits of pure and thorough training. The piano-forte performances were also highly promising; especially a four-hand arrangement of a fine overture by Mendelssohn, written originally for wind instruments. All the piano pieces were played correctly, clearly, with a good touch and honest style, and did credit both to Mr. Parker and his pupils. Remembering the first term's exhibit of this School last Spring or Summer, we were struck by the evidence of decided progress in the right direction.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Third Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 5, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Miss MARIA FRIES, Vocalist.

Beethoven's Quintette in C,—Mendelssohn's Quartette in E flat,—Quartette by Haydn,—Songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn, etc., will be given.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Package of Eight Tickets (reduced price) Four Dollars. Single tickets will be 75 cents each.

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Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that their First Musical Soirée will take place Jan. 16, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

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Will be given at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SUNDAY EVENING, Jan. 3d, 1858, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER.
Tickets 25 cents. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

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CARL ZERRAHN proposes to give a Series of FOUR SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, during the present season. Tickets for the Series, Two Dollars. Subscription Lists are now in circulation.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested....SUPER at 9 o'clock.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

[Continued from last week.]

We now find ourselves landed at "Marie zum Schnee." Here stands an old institution known by the Swiss as "das Klösterli," or the Cloister, inhabited by a few Capuchin monks, who are seen in and around the building as you pass by. An auberge is found near it, for the accommodation of the traveller and pilgrim, who, in conformity with his vow or sense of religious duty, comes to this venerable spot for purposes of devotion. In the pictures of the Rigi, the "Marie zum Schnee" is a favorite subject of the artist, as it combines with the rare beauties of Alpine Nature those mysterious influences of the Catholic poetry, which exert such an universal sway throughout the whole domain of Art. Our friend G—e, arrived at this point, showed evident marks of fatigue. My first suggestion, therefore, to him was to exchange my black steed for his Alpen-stock, an idea he seemed to relish with much gout. Surrendering my animal to him, I tried the winding paths of the mountain on foot, bearing my whole weight, at times, on the trusty Alpen-stock. This mode of travel up the Rigi certainly has its delights; for all along the sides of the pathway the banks are a soft, green sod, adorned with Alpine flowers. Here the Alp-rose flourishes in the vicinity of the perpetual snows; the humble gentiana, the oxalis, and the snow-gala, and numerous other diminutive but exquisite plants invite the botanist to a feast.

We enter the region of the shepherd's abode: the cows are seen grazing on the slopes, and their bells furnish a part of the mountain music, the shepherd usually lying listlessly at full length on the green sward. The grassy sides of the

mountain should be selected in preference to the gravelly paths, being softer to the tread, and, when exchanged, by turns, for the rough and washed out roads, alleviate the hardships of the adventurer.

Just as the sun began to sink beneath the higher eminences, the first auberge appeared in view, at the upper extremity of an ample but natural lawn, the verdure of which gleamed beautifully in the declining solar light. I found on my arrival there that a two miles' walk from the "Klösterli" had put my pedestrian abilities fully to the test, and was glad to resume my position on the saddle of my black steed, and surrender the Alpen-stock to G—e. Here, from the "Staffel," the first glimpse is obtained of the Lake of Luzerne, which, on a near approach to the vast precipice that overhangs it, is seen lying far below, contracted, from the small capabilities of the naked eye, into an apparently miniature sheet of water. Hence the ascent, over a new series of zig-zags, leads to the Culm, which is accomplished, by a fresh onset, in the course of thirty minutes. The traveller here finds two ample hotels, fitted up in comfortable style; and it may afford some idea of the immense rush of travel to the Rigi, during the months of July, August, and September, when it is stated that these two buildings accommodate five hundred guests.

The whole space of ground in occupancy on the top of this peak, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, cannot exceed a few acres, and the space left around the hotels is barely sufficient to enable the spectator to move to and fro as he surveys the wonderful scene around him. Being at length safely landed at the door of the hotel, we surrendered our horses to the guide, who, after attending to their requirements and his own, returned the same evening to Arth.

Having become duly installed in our new mountain abode, which we proposed to occupy for a single night, and made acquaintance with the interesting proprietor and his wife, who furnish the most luxurious provision for all the wants of their guests; chosen our rooms, and appointed our places at the table d'hôte, which always comes off soon after sunset, we strolled out, each with an extra coat to encounter the cold winds driving across this elevation from the adjacent snowy Alpine peaks. The sun was nearly touching the western hills, and the great exhibition of Nature we had come to witness was just about to take place. A few minutes prior to this act of the drama, one of the people of the Culm comes forward with a long wooden instrument, known in poetry as the Alp-horn, and sends forth, with all the shepherd's art, that peculiar melody which the Alpine solitudes have engendered, and which

the elves themselves delight to hear. Regarding this subject from a musical stand-point, the sunset scene on the Culm has its peculiarly fascinating features, although the Alpine melody possesses less positive material in itself, than force of subjective influence on the soul.

To myself, the whole was a preconception brought into realization by the facts of a visual picture. It would be useless to go in search of such an imaginative enjoyment, without a preparatory training in the poetry of Schiller or Goethe, who have defined with such depth of coloring the charms of Swiss scenery. The Alp-horn performs its wild strain, and the spectator listens in silence to tones that here can find no echo from neighboring mountains, and then gazes around on the distant peaks, and far down on the landscape already cast into an evening shade. Lake Zug sleeps quietly on one side, and that of Luzerne on the other. They are so far down within the vast abyss, that their size has diminished into the smallest proportions. Once more the Alp-horn indulges you with its pastoral tones, and, as these die away, the sun's orb touches the horizon.

Twilight now rests upon the world below, and the far distant hamlets, scarcely discernible, seem preparing for the coming night. But here our evening has not yet arrived. A bright, crepuscular light is thrown around you, and the still higher elevations seen to the left, as the Bernese Upper Alps, and the Jungfrau, are gleaming in their frigid, snowy whiteness. The evening picture of the Rigi Culm ranks above the capabilities of word-painting, of the pictorial artist, or of the tone-painter.

Its fame is not of that description which draws the curious after an imaginary wonder, but it owes its glory to that substantial material which gives birth to true Art. Before making the ascent, the mind is at a loss to conjecture what can impart such a magical beauty to a sunset on the Rigi; but when it finds itself suspended within that ethereal world, and traces all the remarkable features of Swiss mountain and valley, it finds itself placed within those realms of discovery to which it rarely gains access. No two minds are ever found to vibrate alike when touched by the musical wand of Nature, and thus each individual of the hundreds who gaze simultaneously on this grand spectacle from the Rigi Culm, listens to a distinct melody within his soul.

It is the wont of commonplace art to resort to all the puerile similitudes supposed to exist between great things and small, making only the objective the source of that which we define as beauty in Nature. But when I found myself placed in this position, no terms of word-descrip-

tion, no imagery drawn from lesser things, no tones expressive of emotional influences caused on the spot attempted to be described, were adequate to the purposes of that description. In music, certain conventional tones, corresponding with similar heart-vibrations, are productive of a language understood and felt by all humanity, of whatsoever clime or race.

In all the sublime creations of the natural world there is a similar appeal made to the æsthetic sense; and though the response given is not identical, it is still a kindred feeling.

In the description of emotion inspired by music lies the description of the music itself, and if we could succeed in any such attempt, we might furnish the most perfect critique on musical composition ever aimed at. Now, since we cannot do this, we have recourse to the individuality of the tone-master, and, by merely naming him, we unfold the whole story of the emotions inspired by him. Let me then say that the great display of Nature, as viewed from the summit of the Rigi, consists mainly of Switzerland and the Alps.

The general feeling pervading the groups standing here and there, wherever a foothold can be secured on the surface of this little airy territory, is evinced by the profound silence, which indicates a deep impression. In all the movements before you, Nature herself is the actress.

The effulgence of the sun's fading light now gradually disappears; the zenith, for a few moments illumined by the last reflections of this light, now sinks into that profoundly dark blue that characterizes the higher atmosphere of these elevated regions, and then we find night approaching. This generally forms the first scene on the Rigi Culm; the second is the sunrise on the following morning, provided all things prove auspicious, and no clouds mar the perfection of an eastern horizon. After reaching the summit, days sometimes elapse before either spectacle of sunset or sunrise is afforded to the impatient parties awaiting the event.

The cold evening winds soon compelled us to seek shelter within the comfortable auberge, now all cheerfully lighted up, with a bountiful table d'hôte in readiness for us. It might seem as if the magic of an Aladdin's lamp had been exerted to provide the feast, and all the other appointments of the house in which we were sheltered on this bleak peak of a lofty mountain. Every article used, and all the food consumed within the hotel, is carried up either in panniers or on men's backs generally the whole distance from Arth, nine miles. We were, therefore, not a little surprised to find such ample provision made for our palates within the low, long salle à manger of this Swiss auberge. Goethe relates that during his ascent of the Rigi, which took place eighty years ago, his evening's collation on the mountain top consisted of baked fish, eggs, and tolerable wine.

The enterprising citizen of Arth who dwells here during the season, and caters for a public drawn from all quarters of the world, has improved the cuisine of these cheerless heights since the time of the great German poet; and as we found our gastronomic propensities wonderfully exerted between one and nine P. M., we were delighted to accept what was set before us. The good Swiss Ivourne loses none of its generous qualities in this elevated atmosphere; and after the viands which constitute a legitimate French dîner had been discussed, the wine which

bears so good a reputation was called in requisition to crown the geniality of the feast in the clouds.

[Conclusion next week.]

From my Diary, No. 18.

Dec. 28th.—Lilla Linden! Lilla Linden! Sweet name! And how appropriate it is, for Lilla Linden is musical, and has had the "Linden Harp" printed for the author at 200 Mulberry (sweet name again) Street, in New York. Moreover the Linden Harp is "A Rare Collection of Popular Melodies adapted to Sacred and Moral Songs, original and selected." Original—mark that. So Lilla Linden is not only musical, she is a poetess. And such a sweet poetess too. See here:

O, see this Linden Harp,
'Twas just left at our door!
A prettier music-book
I never saw before.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?

Here are the melodies
We like so much to sing;
The sound of these sweet notes
Will joyful memories bring.
Will you, &c.

Here is the 9th stanza:

And then it is so cheap,
I'm sure I cannot see
How (with so much to please)
The book and price agree.
Will you, &c.

And here the 12th:

Of course Papa says "yes,"
For who could answer "no,"
When such a book as this
Their children to them show?
Will you, &c.

In writing upon such a delightful theme as this, one is tempted to linger until his manuscript is more extensive than the book itself. There seems to be no end to the pleasant ideas which Lilla Linden's Linden Harp awaken in the musical-poetic mind of the Diarist. But as there must be bounds to all finite things—"these be truths!"—I must bridle my steel pen, and curb my prancing Pegasus.

With groanings that cannot be uttered I pass over, with a single remark, the fact stated in the preface: "We have consulted the tastes of youth generally in the selection of melodies * * *." My remark is, that it must strike every unprejudiced person as a most excellent thought—this of giving up the old, antiquated and absurd notion, that it is our duty to form, guide and cultivate the tastes of children and youth. Lilla Linden discards it. Let us all follow her example, not only in music, but in other things. What a stride in advance will education make as soon as the new principle shall be universal!

My limits forbid the notice of but a single point among the many which a perusal of the music forces upon my wondering and delighted mind—viz: the immense advantage which the generation of children now on the stage of life, with the Linden Harp in their hands, has over that generation to which ever so many years ago I belonged. I was taught by doubtless an ignorant and misguided mother—it was not her fault surely—only her misfortune—to sing "Mear," "Pleyel's Hymn," "Windsor," "York," "Medway," "Eaton," and other tunes of similar character, consisting of long-drawn notes, with nothing "lively" about them. I verily believed that they were music! In the ignorance to which I was condemned by the mistaken views under which I was reared, my small-boy heart used to swell in my bosom, and my whole being for the moment change,

as I joined my childish soprano to my mother's tenor, or whatever part she chose to sing, in those, as I then thought, heavenly strains. Alas! the effects of the prejudices then impressed upon my mind still remain; and as I at this moment transcribe the following exquisite adaptation of sacred verse to secular song, nothing but my entire confidence in sweet Lilla Linden leads me to admit how much better a Sabbath school tune it is than such as I learned in my childhood. What a pity! It is too late to help it—but children now are better off. Well-a-day! here's the tune.

Come let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and
ac - cents blend; Come let us sing of Je - sus, The
on - ly sin - ner's friend We love Je - sus! We love
Je - sus! We love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved us.

She has consulted the tastes—sweet Lilla Linden has—of children just so beautifully in her adaptations of "Barbara Allen," "Ben Bolt," "Cheer up, my lively lads," "Come rest in this bosom," "Comin' through the rye," "Crambambuli,"—with a bar too much in the melody—"Good old times," "I won't be a nun," "Lilly Dale," "O Susannah," (We'll not give up the Bible, &c.) "Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom," "Yankee Doodle," and others like them; and thus, "it will be observed, 'innocent sounds,' 'moving strains,' and 'melting measures,' are 'retained in Virtue's cause.'"

One defect must be noted in the Linden Harp; and this is, that it is far too small. Perhaps, however, Lilla has another volume in preparation. If so, I would suggest that she, if a New Yorker, walk occasionally down to Water street and the Five Poin's, and note down the lovely melodies in vogue in those sinful districts, and retain them also in Virtue's cause. By teaching these popular melodies in Sunday schools, she is doing one service to the public, of which doubtless she is quite unaware—many a Christian does his Master service without knowing it. It is this. As you walk the streets of a large city of an evening, and pass the engine-houses, and other places where the delights of song are known, your ears are painfully conscious how few of the singers have been properly taught the popular melodies of the day. Now, by bringing them into the Sunday schools, and drilling the boys and girls upon them until each note is correctly sung, we are raising up singers who in after years will but have to learn the original texts, and then all will go in smooth and delightful harmony. Lilla Linden is doing this good work. Let her persevere, and generations of Bowery boys, yet unborn, will, in after years, as they begin to "run wid der masheen," rise up and call her blessed.

So mote it be!

Dec. 30.—Last evening, concert in old Cambridge by Satter, assisted by Mrs. Harwood, vocalist, and Mr. T. H. Hinton, pianist. Audience small; hall cold; the performers therefore labored under double disadvantage. As a rule, Cambridge is a poor place for a concert-giver. The really musical public is small, and those who belong to the class are regular attendants upon the concerts in Boston. Besides this, they have a regular series of private performances by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club at their houses; and thus the inducements must be strong which will call them out to the Lyceum hall. Mere

displays of the virtuoso are not among these inducements, unless in the case of some world-renowned performer, who has not yet lost the attraction of novelty through oft hearing.

Now the reputation of Mr. Satter is that of one who has conquered all the difficulties of the piano; who is a master of the technics of that instrument; who can do things in the way of finger gymnastics which place him in the same rank with Thalberg in this respect. People have the impression,—I think wrongly; but that makes no difference, the effect is the same,—that he values himself as a performer for these powers, and that his aim is rather to astonish and dazzle by what he can do, than to call out our finer feelings by showing us, through the works of the great masters, how he can feel. I very much doubt if Thalberg could draw more than a single audience here. Our musical people have had enough of virtuosoism, and ask now for solid, soul-inspiring music. A concert-giver must know the taste of his public, and here "immense power," "pearly runs," and all those qualities described by the stereotyped phrases of the day, possess little attraction. They like the Sonatas of Beethoven, the Nocturnes of Chopin, the Lieder ohne Worte of Mendelssohn, and the like. That is the taste. There is little curiosity felt to hear what is new. They attend a concert to get musical enjoyment, not to criticize new men and new music. Hence so very small an audience last night. A man whose power over the instrument should bear no comparison with that of Mr. Satter, but who had made himself known as a thorough lover of those compositions which our small musical public here delights in,—as a man, who enters fully into the spirit of the masters named above, and can at least respectfully convey that spirit in his performances, would probably have had a full hall. Doubtless a man who, like Mr. Satter, has been reared in the city of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and who possesses unquestionably such great talent, might play those masters in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. We belong so much to the "old foggy" order out here, that the reputation for that sort of thing is worth double that of being the greatest conqueror of difficulties.

Liszt himself would "draw" but two or three times here had he not a well-earned reputation of blending the highest poetic conception of such works as the Beethoven Sonatas, with his almost superhuman mastery of the technics of the art. So much in explanation of the smallness of the audience.

The impression made upon me, the first time I heard Mr. Satter, by his remarkable command of his instrument, has been strengthened by each of his performances which I have attended. And last evening it was rendered still deeper. For instance, his playing of the "Tannhäuser" overture struck me as the most remarkable production of an orchestral composition upon the piano-forte that I have ever heard. It is a necessity of the case, that a work which depends so much as this upon the coloring of the different instruments, and the contrasts of quality in tone, which they afford, must lose much by being so transferred—for instance, the violin figures projected upon the full, mellow notes of the horns towards the close. But this consideration only adds to the surprise which one feels at so successful an arrangement and performance as was the one in question. In admirable contrast to the power with which he wrought out the mighty crescendos of this work, was that delicious Minuet from a Mozart Symphony, which, for delicacy of shading and neatness of execution, as Satter plays it, impresses me as a very remarkable specimen of piano-forte playing. A Fantasia upon Ernani, à la Thalberg, an Impromptu by Chopin, arrangements of Meyerbeer's Coronation March by the performer, and of the Sextette in *Lucia*, by Liszt, the Carnival of Venice, by Satter, and

a delicious melody set in showers of pearls, in answer to a call, completed Mr. Satter's share of the programme. He accompanied Mrs. Harwood in some of her pieces deliciously. Mr. Hinton, as I understand, a pupil of Mr. Satter, played a solo on the piano-forte, and accompanied Mrs. H. in a manner decidedly creditable alike to himself and his teacher.

Mrs. Harwood sang an Air from *Figaro* by Mozart, Eckert's Swiss Song, Aria and Cabaletta from *Traviata* (encored), and Horn's "Cherry Ripe." It is unfortunate that I have as yet only heard her in small halls, and can hardly record more than impressions. These, however, are in a high degree favorable. Not that she is yet an artist in any high sense of the term. To this she makes no claim. But no one who has had opportunity to hear much singing, who has frequented the opera houses and concert rooms of Europe, and heard great singers there, while their powers were still in their prime, can fail to perceive that this new candidate for applause has one of those natural organs, powerful and true, which, with proper and long-continued culture, may make its possessor a singer in the large and grand style so rare, alas! now. The compass is there, and, if one can judge from the effect in so small a hall, the power is there. Moreover, so far as could be seen in the pieces sung last evening, there is no break, so ineradicable in many singers of deserved reputation, between the registers, but from the highest down to the lowest notes all is even. Birdlike voices, which can play all sorts of vocal gymnastics, are not very uncommon. But those of real power are fewer than people are aware. The former are easily cultivated, the latter require long and arduous training. Pine and soft marble are easily wrought, oak and granite require hard labor. Very probably dozens of voices may be found in Boston, who in a year or two might attain a perfection in cadenzas and roulades which Mrs. Harwood could never attain. But put them upon a grand European stage, and what would their warblings be worth? They would be lost. But take the strong, powerful soprano which Mrs. H. seems to possess, develop that power in the lower notes, smooth off the tendency to harshness in the upper region, let it be exercised upon studies until it is fully under her control, let her learn to pour out her soul in its full tones, and, avoiding all meretricious ornament, sing for sentiment, and not for mere execution, and the reward will be ample for the long and tedious training by which alone those possessed of this kind of voice ever arrive at distinction.

Jan. 6—"The Handel and Haydn Society announce performances of the 'Creation' and 'Elijah,' with the assistance of Herr Formes," &c. &c.

Rarely does an announcement of this kind afford me so much pleasure as this, for I have heard Carl Formes in the summer of 1849—being at that time in the Rhenish city of Bonn—my Wirth's son, himself something of a singer, spoke to me of a proposed concert, and advised me by all means to attend. The concert was to be given by a bass singer, named Formes, a native of Mülheim, a few miles distant, whose voice for its power and sweetness was something extraordinary. I had never heard of the man, and required some urging. At length I consented. What was sung I no longer remember. I received but little pleasure from the performance, however, as the main object of the singer seemed to be but to show his enormous power of lungs, and I desired something nobler.

Two years afterward I was in London, and "Elijah" was given at Exeter Hall, with the same Formes in the part of the Prophet. In the meantime he had been singing constantly in opera and oratorios, and with the best and grandest models of imitation before him. I had noted the criticisms in the London papers, and was prepared to hear a very different singer

from him whose efforts had given me so little delight in the hall of the Bonn Casino. But I was not prepared to hear Formes as he then sang.

A few chords from the orchestra, and then a bit of recitative—"As God the Lord liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word!" I shall not soon forget the solemn grandeur, I think I may say majesty, with which these few words of the prophet, in firm, deep voice, were uttered. The hearer was instantly carried away from the concert room—transported back to the days when Ahab and his court trembled at the word of Elijah. You felt it to be the word of the Lord—and true, as that God liveth. The overture, which followed with its "sullen, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged," with its dark and murky pictures of "drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance, and its starved impulses," thus introduced, became as clear to the musical comprehension as an allegro or andante by Haydn. The promise of this opening recitative was fully kept. Never have I heard elsewhere aught that so came up to my ideas of what constitutes a truly great artist,—one who has organs equal to his conceptions, and adequate to the interpretation of every shade of feeling, from the sublime invocation to God the Lord, down to the tenderness of the deepest pity, and sorrow, and resignation.

What effect six and a half years of constant service have had upon Formes' gigantic powers, I do not know. I can only say that if he meets my anticipations, if he is still the singer of 1851, his performance of "Elijah" will be a musical era in the life of every auditor no less remarkable than that rendered memorable by the first hearing of Jenny Lind.

A New Mass.

[Under this caption Mr. Fry, in the *Tribune*, airs one or two characteristic heresies, and states some truths quite pertinently, in chronicling an effort of a New York pianist in the higher walks of composition. It takes Fry to praise the "ornate, Italian" mass of a new man, and pronounce Beethoven's *Kyrie* the worst of all. But we more than half sympathize with him in regard to Palestrina.]

On Christmas Day there was performed at St. Stephen's R. C. Church, a new mass by Charles Wels, esq. If there be words eminently malleable for the purpose of music, and multicolored as to sentiment, they are those of the Latin Mass. From the *de profundis* darkness of the *Kyrie* eleison to the dazzling gush of the Gloria in excelsis; from the tranquil talk of the Beatus to the pantheistic grandeur of the Sanctus, there are found subjects for varied as well as excellent musical treatment. The religious sentiment, the ecstacy which seeks to connect the finite with the infinite—to bridge over the seen present to the unseen and endless future—being appealed to throughout, the composer has many points in his favor at starting, with a religious audience.

The music of masses has undergone many changes during the three or four hundred years in which composition has assumed a form; for it must be borne in mind, in writing about music, that of all arts and sciences, not excepting transcendental dynamics, electricity or chemistry, it has been the last to attain to eminence, or as the lyrical expositor of feeling and situation; and the reason is simple; for the other æsthetic divisions, painting, sculpture and architecture, are comparatively free of the mechanic arts in their outworkings, whereas, harmony, or sounds in combination, contradistinguished from melody, or sounds in individual sequence and rhetorical form, have only been achieved through elaborate, beautiful and complex musical instruments, whose invention was only possible under the highest state of the mechanic arts. The violin was not known to the ancients; nor the piano; nor the organ later than a crudity mentioned in the early part of the Christian era, in which water was its

motor. Then all the highest improvements of the flute, clarinet, etc., are of yesterday.

In regard to the style of music fit for masses, two different opinions prevail. The first is for the severe canticle style; the other for the more ornate and passionate. These terms are empirical as definitions of composition, but they convey the idea when the two different styles of music are heard. The Church formerly, like the Methodists now, went among publicans and sinners for the themes of the melodies of masses; and, indeed, it was once considered almost a *sine qua non* that a composer should take some "Sally in our Alley," or "I loves the Lad with the tarry trowsers," and work it into religious form, making it permeate the whole composition as a central idea. Then the Pope and Cardinals reformed the music—Palestrina being the genius of reform. Palestrina's music is the ultra severe style. Engendered at a time when melody was generally crude and illogical, the change was for the better; but the Palestrina music, notwithstanding the stereotyped puffs of it, is desolately dry as a whole—being nothing but chords and "counterpoints" or "imitations" where the subject is of such long-drawn notes that the "counterpoint" or "imitation" becomes nebulous. Kindred with Palestrina's style, but more rhythmical, is the Lutheran service music. With the growth of beautiful melody the Italian masters, Pergolese, Cimarosa and Trajetta, and the great masters of Italian melody, though German born, Haydn and Mozart, imparted a winning seraphic beauty to the mass, quite at variance with the antecedent writing in that department. Cherubini, an Italian, whose period lies between the masters of the last century and those of the present time, wrote the mass again more in the severe or old style, though with abundant modern resources, especially of instrumentation.

The mass of Mr. Wels, the one in question, is of the Italian or ornate school. It is well conceived and expressed. There is neither mud nor nightmare in it. If the Kyrie be not good (and we do not think it is) Mr. Wels has failed, in company with others. A good Kyrie has yet to be written. They all commence too business-like. They start like a four-horse omnibus. They have no tenebral painting; no mercy-seeking tears and agony. They are all bad. Worst among them is Beethoven's—least bad is Cimarosa's, in his Dead Mass. Of the other pieces of Mr. Wels we can speak in praise, except the opening of the Gloria, which is wanting in breadth and vigor. The musical profession here may be congratulated upon having one of its members capable of producing so fluent and elegant a work. It will certainly remain in the repertory of the Church.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The audience at EISFELD'S Soirée was lamentably small, owing to the very inclement weather—unusually so, even for one of these ill-fated concerts. But it gave one a pleasant, homelike feeling, to be in the old, familiar spot again, and those who stayed away lost a very great enjoyment. The quartets were Mozart's No. 8, in F, and one of Beethoven's op. 18 series, in G; the former not as attractive as many others by the same composer, the latter an old and welcome friend, whom we can never greet often enough. In these the first violin was, as usual, not as true as it might be. As usual, too, the vocal part of the entertainment was the least interesting. Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND (said, by the way, to be *Madame* Somebody now), at best a mediocre singer, gave us a lively, dashing number from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, and a song by Mr. Eisfeld, which struck me as having less worth than his other similar works. The *pièce de resistance* was Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON'S playing of a Trio by Littolf. Why the

lady has such a predilection for this composer, I cannot imagine, unless it is because she has studied with him, which must, I think, have been the case. His writings are often rather far-fetched than original, with more phrases than melodies, and, though very difficult, rarely very "grateful," as the German has it. But in spite of all these drawbacks, Mme. Johnson won the admiration of all who heard her, meriting it even more on this occasion than at her own concert. The degree of force which she possesses is really remarkable in her, and, indeed, surpasses that of many male pianists. Her execution is exceedingly fine, and she plays with an *elan* and a spirit which quite carry one away. Her rendering of the Scherzo, a bold, dashing, reckless piece, in broken triplets, and requiring force and yet lightness and untiring skill, was magnificent. It remains yet to be seen whether feeling is as much an element of Mme. Graever's playing as strength and fluency; the Adagio in this Trio of Littolf's gave her no fair chance to display any such trait—it was in itself too cold and heavy. She plays to-night at a charity concert for the Italian Society, and again at the Philharmonic on Saturday. Indeed, she will soon win her way here. She is, so to speak, the *only* female pianist we have ever heard, for all who have visited us before dwindle into nothing before her.

Mr. Ulmann has begun the year with unheard-of splendor. Indeed, the close of its predecessor had some need of being eclipsed, for the performance of *Fidelio* on Wednesday was all but a failure. FORMES, of course, was splendid, and CARADORI good, but not equal to what previous announcements had led one to expect. But the other parts were only very indifferent, and in one or two instances even much worse. Thus the quite important and difficult character of Pizarro was entrusted to a mere chorus singer, who, as soon as he began to sing, was hooted and hissed, and hardly suffered to proceed. What a pity it is that this opera of operas can never be well produced in this country! How can the public ever learn to love and appreciate it, if they see and hear it in this way? On Friday, a "cheap night" was given, with *Lucrezia*. For a description of Saturday's attractions, however, words fail me, and I can do no better than send you a programme of the unprecedented array. Truly, Mr. Ulmann is prince of American opera managers.

THE THALBERG TESTIMONIAL

Will consist of Four Distinct Performances:—

- 1—AN OPERA MATINEE, to commence at 1 P. M., when will be given the whole of Donizetti's Opera, in three acts, of *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*.
- 2—A GRAND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, at 7½, by an orchestra of seventy, when will be produced the whole of BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY, (the fifth,) and for the first time in America, BEETHOVEN'S FEST SYMPHONY, (Die Weihe des Hauses,) in C major.

- 3—THALBERG'S FAREWELL CONCERT, at 8½, on which occasion the great basso, CARL FORMES, and Madame CARADORI will make their first and only appearance in Concert, together with THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS.

The following will be the prominent features of the Concert: Carl Formes will sing "The Wanderer," with the celebrated obligato accompaniment by Thalberg.—Thalberg will play for the first time a Fantasia on "Lilly Dale," written expressly for this occasion.—Mme. Caradori will sing the celebrated Aria from "Der Freyschütz."—The Huguenots Duet, by Thalberg and Vieuxtemps.

- 4—The Grand Oratorio (!) of MOZART'S REQUIEM.—The immense celebrity of this classical composition, the romantic interest attached to its history, the great number of Artists who will take the solo parts, combining the talents of four cantatrices, La Grange, Caradori, D'Angri, Milner; of four tenors, Bignardi, Labocetta, Perring, Simpson, and of Carl Formes; the imposing force of Chorus and Orchestra,—cannot fail to render this performance the crowning effort of the season. This most celebrated work has been rehearsed since September by the full force of the Liederkranz.

The house was crowded to the utmost, and yes-

terday it was announced that "as the sale of tickets had to be stopped on Saturday night, and as Mr. THALBERG was to leave early the next morning, the 'Testimonial' would be repeated that day, with a few changes in the evening's programme, and the substitution of *Traviata* for *Lucia* in the morning." As I had no desire of being killed with weariness, I did not attend on either occasion; but I am told that all the performances were very satisfactory. I regretted losing the Fifth Symphony, the *Requiem*, and Formes in the "Wanderer," but not "Lilly Dale," I must say.) I hope some other opportunity will offer to hear the great basso in chamber music. For to-morrow night the "Barber" is announced, with Formes in the minor rôle of Basilio, and a very good cast otherwise. Thursday is another "cheap night," with *Martha*, when the house will probably overflow with Teutons, both Christian and Israelite; and on Friday *L'Italiana in Algieri* is to be produced for the first time in America. Saturday is the Philharmonic Concert, with LABOCETTA and GASSIER as fellow-soloists to Mme. GRAEVER, and for Monday "Elijah" is spoken of. So one amusement crowds upon the heels of the other, and the mere pleasure lover can employ his time well enough. There has never been such a season before in New York.

Mrs. KEMBLE recommences her activity by reading Hamlet for the benefit of the St. George Society on Saturday night. After that, she begins a new course of thirteen readings on Monday, the 11th. I am glad to see she has engaged Dodworth's Saloon, which is far more agreeable than the room in which her first course was held. For the first week are announced King John, Macbeth, Much Ado about Nothing, and the Merchant of Venice.

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NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The "Thalberg Testimonial" is the most notable musical event of the past week. It consisted, to copy from the bills, of "four different entertainments," though three of them were rolled into one long evening performance, commencing at half-past seven, and closing about eleven, with Mozart's *Requiem*. In the afternoon we had "Lucia," with LAGRANGE, LABOCETTA, and GASSIER; but as it was only put on the bills to fill up and make a show, no special effort was made to do it well. Labocetta roused himself at the close of the second act, and gave us some idea of what he can do if he chooses. I must, however, except Signor Gassier, who always sings and acts like a thorough, conscientious artist. The mantle of our great and noble Baidali could not have fallen on worthier shoulders. The famous duet between Edgardo and Ashton was omitted altogether; Labocetta died as respectably as any one could who was in a hurry to get home to his dinner; Gassier, who could not help feeling very badly at the sad end of Lagrange (Lucia), put his hand on his aching head, partly to hide (!) his emotions, and partly to hide an expression of great satisfaction he no doubt felt at the opportunity he would soon have of drowning his sorrows in a bottle of champagne and a good dinner.

The evening performance opened with a "Philharmonic Concert," including Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (C minor), and his "Fest Overture." The Symphony was exceedingly well played, but

the confusion of people coming in, getting seats, "Young America" bobbing around, looking for expected friends and acquaintances, made it impossible to enjoy the music. Such music requires at least a perfect quiet for its full enjoyment.

The miscellaneous concert which followed was only "fair to middling." The programme was as follows:

- 1—Fantasia, Don Giovanni,.....Thalberg.
S. Thalberg.
- 2—Fantasia,.....Vieuxtemps.
Henri Vieuxtemps.
- 3—The Wanderer,.....Schubert.
Carl Formes.
The accompaniment by S. Thalberg.
- 4—Scena, Der Freyschütz,.....Weber.
Mme. Caradori.
- 5—Fantasia, Lilly Dale,.....Thalberg.
Expressly composed for this occasion and performed
by S. Thalberg.
- 6—Duet, The Huguenots,.....Thalberg.
Vieuxtemps and Thalberg.

The Fantasia, "Don Giovanni," is an exceedingly pretty, dainty *morceau* on the serenade: "*Deh vieni alla finestra*," and the Minuet. The Fantasia by Vieuxtemps is one of this accomplished artist's most elaborate and difficult compositions. There is enough in it to make the reputation of a regiment of good violin players.

The "Wanderer" was most capably sung by CARL FORMES. It was the first thing, so far, that fairly woke up the immense audience; tired, indifferent, lazy and sleepy, all were thoroughly aroused. I never heard a really good song, like the "Wanderer," whether German or English, *well sung*, that did not, as in this instance, give great pleasure. It has always been a matter of surprise with me that so few songs of this kind are used by our public singers.

Mme. CARADORI was not up to the mark in the Scena from *Freyschütz*. With a good voice and rather prepossessing appearance, she entirely lacks animation, or what is usually termed "musical feeling." She does not possess the power of exciting either the sympathies or emotions of her audience; and as her execution is not like that of Lagrange, of the astonishing kind, there is but little chance for her to become a brilliant star in the musical constellation.

The Fantasia, "Lilly Dale," although quite pretty in its way, was unworthy both the man and the occasion. The Duet from the "Huguenots," though admirably played, did not fail to leave the impression that in this, the only one of the "four different entertainments" in which Thalberg took a part, he had given us nothing worthy of his great reputation.

As much of your space has already been occupied, I must leave the last, best, and greatest thing of the evening with but a word. It is necessary for one to hear a composition like Mozart's *Requiem* several times, to be able to form an intelligent idea of it. The "Liederkranz" sang the choruses splendidly. I did not know we had a Society in New York that could sing music of this kind so *very well*. The Alti were too light, but the Bassi splendid. The soloists were CARADORI, MILNER, D'ANGRI, FORMES, LABOCETTA, PERRING, and SIMPSON.

It is said the receipts of the "Thalberg Testimonial" were \$4,000. It was repeated last evening, with some changes in the "filling up" of the programme.

Il Barbiere is announced for Wednesday night with a strong cast—Lagrange, Gassier, Labocetta, Rocco, and Formes. For Friday night, *L'Italiana in Algieri*.
BELLINI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Private Rehearsal

AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time, 3 P. M. Scene, the Academy not by gaslight. Present, the orchestra in their usual place, Mr. Anschutz on the stage, alternately conversing with a solitary lady in the solo singers' seats, and flinging remarks at the orchestra, (who are loudly laughing, talking, and cracking bad jokes.) Also divers members of the Harmonic Society scattered through the house. J., G., and M., having obtained a permit, enter by a side door, grope their way along the stage behind the scenes, and seat themselves in the parquette as listeners. The first sound that greets their ear is the voice of Mr. Anschutz, shouting in German: "Here, Thomas, I've just had a letter from M—r; he writes so and so;" upon which the "audience" are entertained with a portion of M—r's private history and opinions. The orchestra very lively. Presently, Mr. Anschutz, in English, requests the members of the Harmonic Society to come forward and take the front seats of the parquette. Upon which J., G., and M., not coming under this category, withdraw, and ascend to the first circle. While the conductor's request, after several repetitions, is being fulfilled, there rises from the hubbub in the orchestra the voice of Mr. Mosenthal, reading a German letter from an absent member, of which the following fragments strike the ears of our Trio: "Most highly honored sir, &c. Herr Kapellmeister . . . not to take me, on this holy Christmas Eve, from my wife and little ones . . . spoil our domestic enjoyment . . . not hesitate to come if the rehearsal would be out at 6, but as it will probably last till 8 . . . bachelor colleagues not appreciate the validity of my excuse . . . accept my apology," &c. Mr. Mosenthal finding it difficult to decipher the letter, Mr. Anschutz snatches it from him with: "Come, thou canst not read it," and finishes it himself, amid applause and witticisms from the musicians. Finally, the chorus being seated, Mr. Anschutz introduces the solitary solo lady to the orchestra, in German, as Mme. Caradori, while the president of the Harmonic Society presents her to that body in English.

At last, more than half an hour after the appointed time, Anschutz gives the signal, and the overture is played, during which Formes and Mme. D'Angri make their appearance. The overture ended (interspersed with many correcting remarks), the leader calls loudly for "Perring"; but "Perring" not being forthcoming, after repeated summons and a search through the house, the orchestra play the accompaniment of "Comfort ye," while Anschutz and Formes divide the vocal part between them; the former singing the high, the latter the low notes. "Chorus!" shouts Mr. Anschutz, and a few voices in the Alto timidly strike up: "And the glory, the glory of the Lord," the other parts falling in very negligently and tamely. Indeed, to hear the choruses throughout the whole rehearsal, it was a source of wonder to the listeners how they would ever sound like anything the next evening. J., who has never heard any oratorio music, cannot judge of it at all by these specimens. It would seem that the Society had sung them often enough to know them all by this time. Mr. Anschutz excitedly does his best to help them along. Now we hear his voice: "And he shall *poo—ri—fy—*

and he shall *poo—ri—fy—y—y.*" Then, again, in "All we like sheep," he convulses singers and audience by "O, O! the sheep do go too slow, the sheep do go too slow," when the chorus lags and struggles; and his remarks, in bad English, to the orchestra, are just as amusing.

But all this levity and carelessness is singularly inappropriate to the glorious music and sublime words which the Trio have come to hear, and it is refreshing to find that the solo singers take a different view of the matter, and sing as earnestly and seriously as can be wished. Formes' voice rolls out "The people that walked in darkness" splendidly, but still he does not quite equal Badi-ali in the same piece. In the slow minor strains of "Who may abide," and the rushing of "The refiner's fire," he satisfies completely. Mr. Perring, who has finally made his appearance, charms with his pure, sweet voice, while Mme. Caradori rather disappoints the listeners. But, O, the touching tenderness and pathos in D'Angri's "He was despised"! How exquisitely her full, rich, firm voice tells in those mournful, tear-laden tones! That wondrous music, those heart-melting words, were never more appropriately sung. That performance is enough to obliterate from the mind all trivialities, and to send the listener home bettered and elevated. And almost equally good, in its way, was: "O thou that tellest!" Truly, this woman is a great artist.

At 6 o'clock the rehearsal is about half over, and the Trio, called by home duties, reluctantly tear themselves away, lingering first to hear "The Lord gave the word," and then still lagging for the sweet tones of "How beautiful are the feet!" They find the foyers wrapt in darkness (calls for light have some time previous produced an illumination of the inner part of the house), and grope their way along with difficulty. G. tumbles half way down stairs, but recovers himself in time to avert a similar fate from the ladies; and at last they sally forth into the starlit night, and wend their homeward way, long to remember with pleasure their first impressions, the ludicrous as well as solemn, of "a private rehearsal in the Academy of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 9, 1858.

New Things.

The week now closing has been, musically, not one of great things, yet one, to say the least, of new things. Night after night has brought us (by us we mean the lucky or unlucky few), for the most part in a semi-private and small way, a strangely heterogeneous string of novelties. They have been good, bad and indifferent. From a boy orchestra to a complete Motet of Bach, from Satter's bold and bizarre compositions with historical, romantic titles, to the private debut of a perhaps future Boston prima donna in the Italian school, and to choice tastings even of an original Italian opera by an American composer, there has been and is much to pique curiosity, and somewhat to instruct and gratify. We must lump together the whole motley array under one title, and despatch them with a few words for each.

1. Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, in polite French, had *l'honneur d'inviter*, &c. &c. to a "Grande

Soirée Musicale," at the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening. It was an invitation to try the flavor of certain large and formidable fruits of the brilliant pianist's creative faculty, real or imagined. *Ece homo!* read the programme:

- PREMIERE PARTIE.
 1—Sardanapale. (Grand Trio). Satter
 Allegro molto—Romance—Scherzo—Finale bacchique
 2—La Pologne. (Grand Trio). Satter
 Polonaise—Légende—Menuet—Finale.
 3—Song. By Mrs. Harwood
 DEUXIEME PARTIE.
 1—Conte des Fées. (Grand Trio). Satter
 Presto et Andantino—Allo. deciso—Pastorale et Scherzo—
 Prière—Finale joyeuse.
 2—La Hongrie. (Quintet). Satter
 Andante et Allegro—Allegretto et Friska—Scherzo Finale.
 TROISIEME PARTIE.
 1—Songs. By Mrs. Harwood
 2—Songs. By Mr. Schraubstaedter
 3—Improvisation, in form of a Symphony in 4 move-
 ments. On themes given by the audience. By Satter

It was all Satter—Satter all in all—if we except the songs. Two grand Trios, a Quartet and a Quintet—equal in number and length of movements to four whole Symphonies,—all too by one man, in one manner, flashing and fatiguing with the same eccentricities, were certainly a dose for an evening. That there were, in almost every part, felicities of fancy brilliancies of effect, contrasts of themes beautiful and tender with strange flurries of incontinent impulse and sudden carryings by storm; that there was evidence of unusual talent, of energy not easily exhausted or kept pace with, and of a certain sort of skill to justify adventurousness, there is no denying. Yet seemed they for the most part crude, unripened fruits. There was great fermentation, sudden bubbling up and effervescing of ideas that often promised well. But full possession and good use of thoughts, or mastery of form in any fine, artistic sense, there was not. The young writer's genius, or whatever it is that would work itself out as genius, boils over too easily, hunting its wayside fancies into the limitless and aimless. He needs to contain himself, to learn that Art must ever round itself within chaste limits, and that unity of organic form or structure, what is usually called the classical or Sonata treatment and working up of musical themes, is by no means a pedantry to be avoided, but a vital and inherent law of genuine musical unfoldings.

Of the "Sardanapalus" Trio and the "Poland" Quartet we expressed ourselves last winter, and find now little to correct of our impression of their merits and their faults, except to add that it was now more than ever obvious that Mr. Satter's Trios, Quartets, &c., are not Trios and Quartets in the sense of the masters of that form, as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. They are mainly free, fantasia-like piano-forte Concertos, the string instruments playing mere accompaniment, without much interwoven melody of individual parts, or what the Germans call *Stimmführung*. Mr. Satter is no master, (perhaps some of his admirers would say, no slave) of the contrapuntal art. His works are of the glib, impromptu order; his themes and movements such as are struck out in the heat and triumph of his own unlimited technical execution, and are worked up more to suit its purpose and illustrate its power, than by any vital principle of artistic development. The "Fairy Tale" and the "Hungarian" Quintet contained some beautiful and striking passages; but before one was through the third of the four long compositions, the impression became one of a strange monotony of dazzling caprices and surprises; as if a return to a little of good old-fashioned unity and persistency of treatment,

indeed to any standard old work, would have been positive refreshment to the fatigued and jaded sense.

After hearing all the four, we doubt if we could have listened profitably to anything, even were it a Beethoven Symphony. Still less to a Symphony extempore. The bare announcement was sheer charlatanism. What has a real artist to do with things so obviously impossible except to superficial seeming? We borrow the *Courier's* description of the operation.

The themes were selected after the following manner. With ludicrous solemnity a hat was passed around, into which every person that chose so to do, dropped a paper containing the name of a theme. A benevolently disposed editor of a morning contemporary, mistaking the object of the proceeding, and supposing it to be a charitable appeal, stretched out his hand and gravely deposited a healthy looking coin. Subsequently, four papers were taken at random from the hat; which suggested to Mr. Satter his themes. The opening movement was upon the first four bars of the "Eroica;" the second upon Schubert's "Serenade;" the third upon a few bars of music written out on the paper; the fourth on the opening phrase of the last movement of Beethoven's second symphony. The improvisation was most remarkable. In the last movement, a well-balanced fugue in several voices or parts was introduced.

We have no doubt the improvisation was "remarkable," but are quite sceptical about that "well-balanced fugue," as well as about the artistic working up in true Sonata form of those four first bars of the *Eroica*. Mendelssohn, or Mozart, might perhaps have done such things; but such men are the very last who would have challenged observation to in this public way.

2. As far as possible from private was the concert in the crammed and crowded Music Hall, on Sunday evening, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian. It was a sort of Roman Catholic good time, and a very curious one. Part First consisted of "Sacred Music;" Part Second of Christmas Tableaux, such as "Shepherds tending their flocks," accompanied by Handel's music. The boys, some forty of them, were marched upon the stage in military uniform, with little caps trimmed with scarlet, scarlet epaulets, and scarlet stripes to their pantaloons. They ranged themselves along the half-moon front edge of the platform, heads erect. When their superior clapped his hands, they all bowed and touched their hats; a second clap meant "right about face"; at the third they filed off, some to the singers' seat, and twenty of them, who had instruments, to the music stands of the orchestra. Quite a miniature regiment of the church militant! The orchestra comprised about five violins, two clarinets, two flutes, two trumpets or cornets, a trombone, two or three big cousins of the Sax-tuba tribe, and drums and triangles *quant. suf.* There was also a *figlio del reggimento* in the person of a small four-year-old, in frock and red shoes, who was placed in front of all, with a small drum, which he belabored with uncertain, pattering strokes. Mr. WERNER, their teacher and conductor, takes his place in the rear, with violin in hand, and a somewhat flat and dead-sounding trumpet leads off, much too slow, the first piece of "Sacred Music," the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn; there is plenty of discord, the violins are scarcely heard, the effect is dismal, as might have been expected of the first public trial of an orchestra of boys; although for boys they showed a good degree of skill. Of course all allowance should be made.

The advantages of such practice in concerted music are obvious, but we must question whether any good can come from exhibiting a crude boy orchestra in public. Another orchestral piece was "When the swallows homeward fly." The singing of certain church pieces, such as *Veni Christu*, by Cherubini, a *Gloria* by Mr. Werner, &c., was highly creditable; good tune, precision, fresh and musical ensemble of voices. In some pieces the soprano and alto of the boys had an effective complement in the tenor and bass of a good choir of amateurs. The zeal and patience with which Mr. Werner labors to make musicians of these boys is worthy of all praise, but such orchestral and military exhibition of them is at least a questionable policy. Yet with time and continuance of proper training an effective and well-blended orchestra may one day put all incredulity to shame. Our Romanist friends may have their crudities in Art (and so have we), but we must give them credit for a warmer interest, prompting them to do the best they can. If we all had as much of it, we should be a much more musical people.

3. In contrast to the above, let us record the following programme, all as sterling and approved, and we may add as inwardly refreshing as it was unique and rare. Here at least we step on solid ground; no problems of a "Music of the Future" to be solved, no new-fledged idiosyncracies to be appreciated, no possibilities of genius to be predicated or guessed from daring first attempts. All musicians know that all the compositions named below are *good* intrinsically, and such as outlive fashions and caprices, whatever difference of taste there may be about them at any given time.

PART I.

- 1—Motette V (from Romans, ch. viii.) for Chorus in Five Parts and Solos. J. S. BACH.
 Corale—Coro—Corale—Trio—Coro—Fuga, Andante—Corale—Trio—Quartetto—Coro—Corale.
 2—Miriam's Song of Triumph. Cantata for Chorus and Soprano Solo. FR. SCHUBERT.
Allegro: "Strike the cymbal, sound the timbrel"
Allegretto: "Out of Egypt like a Shepherd"
Allegro agitato: "Darkness o'er the sky is brooding"
Allegro: "In his wrath the Lord appeareth"
Andantino: Now thou diest, Pharaoh
Finale: "Strike the cymbal, sound the timbrel"—
 "Sing unto the Lord of heaven"

PART II.

- 3—Psalm XLIII. "Judge me, O Lord," for Chorus in eight parts. MENDELSSOHN.
 4—May Song, for four voices. ROBERT FRANZ.
 5—Sacred Song, for Chorus and Solos. HAUPTMANN.
 6—Two Choruses from "Armida." GLUCK.
 "Great is the glory when laurels we gather."
 "Songs of love in the grove sings the nightingale."
 "Great is the glory," etc.

The performers were a private Club of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, partly professional, who have for some time enjoyed the thorough training of Mr. OTTO DRESEL in this kind of music. The occasion was Charity—for the benefit of the "Channing St. Home;" the place, Chickering's; time, last Monday evening; audience, some 250 private subscribers, at \$2.00 each; result, exquisite musical impressions and material aid, to the tune of four or five hundred dollars, to the Charity aforesaid.

Doubtless to many of the audience, the first hearing of a Motet in the severely contrapuntal style of Bach—a piece, too, lasting half an hour or more—was somewhat unintelligible and tedious. But to the musically cultivated it was a rare and welcome opportunity, and expectation was abundantly rewarded. Only one needs to

hear it more than once. And there are parts of it which all could feel and enjoy; the solemn, unaccompanied Chorale, for instance, which returns several times differently treated,—the last time especially with wonderful art and beauty. The perfect balance of the fresh, pure, musically blended voices, from the very first chords of the Chorale, made a delicious and profound impression. So fine an ensemble of voices has scarcely been heard in our city. Then that very florid, rapid Fugue, so full of life, so clear and perfect in its working up, and sung so admirably, must have delighted many besides scientific musicians. Such fugue singing was a new revelation to most ears; one would have to go to Leipzig, to the Thomas-Schule, where the spirit of old Bach yet haunts, to find much better. The Trios and Quartets were finely sung.

The "Miriam" Cantata was a truly Schubertian composition. There was something appropriately naive and simple in the jubilation of the opening strain—the solo of which (and of the whole Cantata), we may divulge, was beautifully rendered by Miss DOANE.—The eight-part Psalm by Mendelssohn was rich, wholesome, brief. The "The May Song," by Franz, remarkable alike for truest contrapuntal art and for poetic feeling, is as blithe and airy as the Spring, and, being admirably sung, one hearing would not satisfy. Hauptmann, the learned Leipzig professor, as he is called, passes for the type of what is most severe and dry in music; but we were surprised to hear a composition of such fluency and grace. The choruses by Gluck were quite inspiring, and like those from his "Orpheus" sung by the same Club last week, made one long for opportunities to hear more of that great lyric master.

As to execution, all these performances were models. If there were ever any fault perceptible, it was perhaps too great preponderance, not in volume, but in penetrating power, of the sopranos.

4. Besides the novelties recounted, there are more at hand. Two to-night. At the Meisano Miss FAY, a young Boston lady, pupil of Sig. BENDELARI, who intends to go to Europe and become a public singer, gives a private concert, aided by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. She will sing *Qui la voce, Com' e' bello*, and other difficult operatic pieces. The other is

5. A performance at Chickering's of a number of pieces—airs, duets, quartets, choruses, &c.—from Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD's new Italian Opera, "Omano," the story of which is founded upon Beckford's oriental novel "Vathek." Mr. Southard, whose health requires him to pass a year or so at the South, gives these specimens of his composition in compliance with an invitation from several musical and literary gentlemen. He will have the aid of Mrs. LONG, Miss WHITEHOUSE, Messrs. ADAMS, T. BALL, POWERS, and LANG, (pianist) and a choir of amateurs. From the specimens we heard of his English opera, "The Scarlet Letter," a few years ago, we have high expectations of "Omano." The *Courier* critic, who has heard some of it, tells us it is "of the pure, Italian school of music, but far more elaborately written than most Italian operas, and marked by extraordinary dramatic power." Tickets to this concert may be procured at the store of Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, Winter Street. The opportunity is too important to be lost.

6. On Monday evening another Catholic concert. The "Brass Band of St. Mary's Church" are to be musically complimented by the "St. Cecilia's Choral Society" and the "Mendelssohn Glee Club," assisted by the "Germania Orchestra."

7. The list of novelties ends, as it begun, with Mr. SATTER. This gentleman announces a celebration of Mozart's birthday, on the 27th inst., at Chickering's, to which the public is requested to *invite itself* (in limited quantities of course). The programme, we are told, although the announcement does not say so, will be purely from the works of Mozart.

Our notice of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB concert must lie over to next week.... Our hungry and thirsting lovers of orchestral music will rejoice to hear that CARL ZERRAHN starts with a good subscription, and will give the First Concert next Saturday evening in the Music Hall. He proposes to make the concerts a series of four Festivals, each being devoted (so far at least as the first part is concerned) to the music of some one master or school. Beethoven will come first; the programme will probably contain, among other things, the *Eroica* Symphony, the *Leonora* overture, and the piano-forte Concerto in G, to be played by Mr. Satter. There will also be a Mozart night, and a Mendelssohn night, and the fourth will give us perhaps Schubert's Symphony and other recent works.... Our HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have succeeded, after much negotiation, in engaging the great basso, Herr FORMES, and other principal artists of Ullman's company, as Mme. CARADORI, Mme. D'ANGRI, Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING, to sing in the "Creation" and "Elijah" on Saturday and Sunday evenings, the 23d and 24th inst. This, especially the "Elijah," will be the musical event of our winter.

It will be seen by our advertising columns that the "German Trio," consisting of Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE, and JUNGNIKE, commence their fourth season on the evening of the 16th inst., by a concert at Chickering's Rooms. We understand that they will be assisted by the brothers EICHLER, and Mr. ZOEHLER, and that a young lady of this city will make her first appearance in public as a vocalist.

Advertisements.

CARL ZERRAHN'S FIRST CONCERT

Will be given at the
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On Saturday Evening, Jan. 16th, 1858.

Tickets are now ready for delivery at the principal music stores, where subscription lists are also still open.

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A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
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Complimentary to the
Brass Band of St. Mary's Church,
ON MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 11th.

Tickets 25 cents, to be obtained from the gentlemen of the late Fair Committee.

MOZART FESTIVAL,

At the Rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons,
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 27th, 1858, (MOZART'S BIRTH-DAY).

A limited number of cards for admission delivered, on a written application to

GUSTAV SATTER,
3 Van Rensselaer Place.

N. B.—Further particulars shortly. No tickets for sale; no applications received after Jan. 23d.

MOZART FESTIVAL.

The Ladies and Gentlemen who have kindly volunteered to contribute to the Festival, are herewith notified, that the number of pieces shall not exceed *two-hundred*, and that I shall be obliged to select such as are most suitable for the occasion. The first rehearsal will take place *January 13th*, at my residence, at *eight o'clock* in the evening.

GUSTAV SATTER

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.
Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends.

For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

GERMAN TRIO.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that their First Musical Soirée will take place Jan. 16, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

(Concluded from last week.)

During a crowded season, the low, long dining saloon in which we sat is the scene of hilarity and gaiety, and the German students have been wont to spend the night, when all the rest of the guests had retired, to await the early sun, in singing their *Burschen-Lieder*, and thus ushering in the dawn in a waking mood. Prudence, however, dictates retiring at a seasonable hour, as the dawn breaks here at half-past three during the summer solstice; and resigning ourselves to sleep, which came without invitation, we dreamed of the day's adventures. In addition to the fatigue attending this little chapter of romance, the night winds that moan around the Culm lull you to a repose from which you are only aroused by the unique tones of the Alp-horn, the evening as well as the matin melody of the Alpine abodes. Not having anticipated them, these sounds took me rather by surprise; and with a half-dreamy, half-waking sensation, I listened to the pastoral salutation, and gazed out of my window on the frigid landscape around me.

At the summons of the Alp-horn a general stir is perceived among the guests; and each one clothing himself with extra apparel, many appropriating the coverlets of the beds, to meet the cold and penetrating winds of the morning, is seen to steal forth and stand ready near the outermost cliff, to witness the spectacle of sunrise. To communicate my own impressions I should feel inclined to refer to Haydn, as he is revealed in his "Creation." The opening scenes of this oratorio might properly be adapted to give a subjective description of sunrise on the Rigi; and although the word-painter could tell you of all the colors

that form the constituents of this striking scene, Haydn could succeed far better in the description of emotions, which all poesy and painting aim at. From the fact that this king of the planets comes into view every twenty-four hours, we are at a loss to conjecture where the secret of his glory and sublimity lies, or why the beauty of his rising and setting does not cease to interest the imagination. But certain it is that sunrise is ever new, and that melody of the soul never tires. As soon as his orb is fairly above the horizon, and the landscape is animated by the morning light, the eye is withdrawn from the spectacle in the east to the general effect on the adjacent mountains. The world below you is still wrapt in the incipient twilight of early dawn; no sun-ray has entered the hamlet far below; but its inhabitants have to gaze upwards to see the coming day on the mountain tops.

One may easily imagine that it was this moment and this situation that first suggested to Goethe the fine poetical passage of the Second Part of "Faust," since the masterly painting of the poem, and that imagery of nature, so skillfully drawn, were the results of his visits to these very spots in Switzerland.

"Hinauf geschaut! Der Berge Gipfelriesen
Verkünden schon die feierlichste Stunde;
Sie dürfen früh des ewigen Lichts geniessen,
Das später sich zu uns hernieder wendet.
Jetzt zu der Alpe grüngesenkten Wiesen
Wird neuer Glanz und Deutlichkeit gesendet,
Und stufenweis herab ist es gelungen."

Having thus discharged our last obligations to the Rigi Culm, in paying our devotions to Nature as here presented, we prepared to re-enter the hotel to enjoy a breakfast, and then depart for Küssnacht. It may not be improper, however, to place on record, that, during the ceremony just witnessed, the ponderous æsthetic lady, who the day before had only succeeded in reaching the "Rigi Staffel," made her appearance on the scene of action, climbing up the steep zig-zags on foot, and supported by a sufficient escort. She arrived just in time to gratify the instincts of her soul which led her hither; but how she descended the Rigi, or whether her return was a successful one, rumor never informed us.

Consigning our effects to a young lad, who served both as porter and guide to the bottom of the mountain, we at length took our departure from the Culm, and directed our course towards Küssnacht.

The ground which we now trod teems with more romantic recollections than that of almost any other portion of Switzerland, and we were hastening towards the theatre of Tell's heroism and Gessler's tyranny. The descent on the

Küssnacht side is by no means easy, and, at times, more rapid than the lower limbs are willing to submit to. Fortunately, midway down the mountain, we found a pleasant resting place, where the declivity subsides into a green terrace, and a few "Sennenhütten," or shepherds' chalets, are found, with the cows grazing around them, and the shepherds themselves waiting on each passer by with a huge glass of milk, and of such milk as only Alpine pasture affords.

Here the adventurer usually casts himself upon the grass, and is glad to find a temporary repose. While enjoying the scene of the chalets, the shepherds, the cows, and their tinkling bells, the party of Swiss girls coming up from below, and resting before the hut, the frowning peaks above us, we found the interest of the picture, so essentially Swiss, considerably heightened by the sudden appearance of three pilgrims, with knapsacks and Alpen-stocks, coming down the winding paths of the mountain, reciting aloud their Aves. They had returned from "Marie zum Schnee," whither they had gone to pay their devotions. Having accomplished the descent, with results to my companion and myself which left a lasting impression for a whole week, although not as much so to G——e, who was, in all respects, perfectly Rigi-proof, a short walk found us at the entrance of the Hohle Gasse, the narrow pass or hollow where the tragical encounter took place between Tell and Gessler.

"Durch diese Hohle Gasse muss er kommen.
Es führt kein andrer Weg nach Küssnacht."

A diminutive building, called "Tell's Chapel," to all appearance built two centuries ago, marks the spot where this old, romantic, and world-renowned story had its origin. I felt an agreeable interest in treading upon this ground, since Tell's supposed history forms one of those strongholds of the imagination, which, by a natural blending of pathos with heroism, become fixed within the mind during youth, and can never be overthrown by the stern logic of a mature manhood. A guardian of the venerable edifice, under the figure of a very old man, stands at the door, and introducing you to the interior, hands you a book of registry, and solicits a small fee for the information he furnishes regarding the oft-told tale of Tell and Gessler. A painting over the door, much defaced by time, illustrates the scene as given by Schiller, where Armgart solicits Gessler's compassion, just as Tell is raising the fatal arrow to pierce him to the heart.

Having concluded our interview with the old man, and our musings along the "Hohle Gasse," we pursued the way to Küssnacht. Hence a short drive along the lake of the "Four Cantons," through a characteristic portion of Swit-

zerland, brings you to Weggir, where the steamer lands for passengers either to Fluehlen or Luzerne. An additional companion in this ride was one of our nation, in the shape of a gentleman who viewed the whole Swiss subject in the practical or anti-poetical light, and who, notwithstanding a two years' residence here, was not yet imbued with as large a comprehension of the beautiful as an ordinary Swiss peasant. He spoke of the quality of the land as being very indifferent, the houses "hard-looking" structures, and the people themselves an hundred years behind the age! Well said for an American, and coinciding with a great deal more of American sentiment, in discussing the merits of Europe.

It was extremely fortunate that my acquaintance with this matter-of-fact fellow-countryman was short-lived, or he would have driven away all the poetry the atmosphere of which I had been inhaling since first mounting the Rigi. In his exculpation, be it said, that he was engaged in the affairs of this life, which may be an apology for the blunders of many more of our countrymen in their estimates of the men and things of the old world. The magic which hovers over every spot in Europe springs from an ideal formed in youth, and nurtured through all the developments of education. To go to Europe without this ideal, to analyze things there down to bare facts, to judge them with an unimaginative philosophy, and strip them even to nakedness, would mar the whole poem and make it the most forbidding prose.

The little steamer here takes you on board, and still the scenes you move among are a continuation of the charming panorama. The Lake of Lucerne, in the direction of Fluehlen, is noted for its beauty, as well as the historical tales with which it teems. Between this and Altdorf, a small town beyond Fluehlen, and noted as the birthplace of Tell, lies nearly the whole scene of the great epic of Switzerland, on which Schiller founded his drama and Rossini his chef d'œuvre; for we cannot but attribute many of the finest parts of this opera to the pictures it borrows from the tangible world.

Another Tell's Chapel stands conspicuously on the rocky shores of the lake, with a shrine to the Madonna; on the other side, a small structure in memory of the famous leap on the rock, during the storm, in order to effect his escape from Gessler, is pointed out. In approaching nearer to Fluehlen, the Küschen, a lofty peak, 9000 feet high, and the greatest elevation on the borders of these waters, rears its frigid form before you. These and many other points of attraction engage the study of the pilgrim to this home of his imagination; and in realizing what he had been so long dreaming of, he will find all that he desired, provided that his own mind is formed of the proper elements, and congenial, in all its parts, with the Swiss theme.

To have been educated within the influences of tone, will add to the realization I refer to, as Swiss imagery has all been melo-dramatized; and in recalling the music, along with the poetry of Schiller, the outer world becomes more productive to the sense than when viewed in its purely materialistic bearings. Indeed, the visual world is never perfect without tone; for as we see this principle reversed in the Opera, where the strongest efforts of the pictorial artist are deemed essential to convey the fullest beauty of modulated

sound to the soul, so we can demand that in the study of, and devotion to, Nature, the emotional language of Music should come to the aid of a complete realization of what the soul soars after.

J. H.

NOTE.—The position here assumed, in connecting the subject of music with the descriptions of natural scenery, is, that the tendency of all delineation of the outer world, either by pen or pencil, is to bring the soul of the reader or observer to a like condition. Every-world representation has something higher in view than a bare detail of facts; and in appealing to the imagination by the medium of words, under poetical forms, either with or without rhythm, the same conditions spring up in almost every mind.

There is no merit even in the most elaborate and masterly effort at description, unless it awakens certain chords, always ready, yet dormant in the soul. The same law is applicable to pictorial representation. Hence the painter is not governed by the coloring of Nature in laying down her beauties, but by his own moods; and he conveys her various appearances to you through his own individuality. To gain you over to himself, he adds to the subject the poetry of coloring.

If, then, the enjoyment of the outer world, or its representative, painting, result in the excitation of like emotions, which come into play when the living creation or the wand of imagination call them up, it follows that there is a species of innate melody in man. This melodious impulse does not respond alone to tone-thought, but is also excited by the phenomenal world.

To render this theory more clear, and, at the same time, more plausible, we should substitute another expression for that of melody. The soul of all humanity has its states, its conditions; and it matters not whether the theme it dwells upon be the Ninth Symphony or the Alps, similar passages of feeling are produced, reproduced, and varied by combinations, such as we know, by our psychological experience, to take place. In the contemplation of outward Nature, the mind of the poet enjoys an ideal existence, since the study of the barely material leads to no such results as we find springing out of the poet's inventions. In the enjoyment of the finest tone-creations, we are equally led into an ideal sphere, since we are forced to reproduce our Self, and shape it into that ideal form which finds its most congenial elements within the world of tone.

The provinces of the eye and ear, therefore, are so nearly blended into one, that we must often be at a loss to trace the lines of demarcation. If the passages of emotion, or, in musical phraseology, the *motives* of the soul, coming to us by either medium, be the same, we might infer that the blind would need no outer world, or the deaf would require no audible tone-thoughts.

Acute inquirers into the philosophy of the human mind have discussed the question whether Music possesses any ideal contents, any positive subject of thought. While such thinkers as Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, Fischer, and Kahlert have opposed the theory, and regarded a tone-composition as a mere grouping of sounds, without reference to any descriptive meaning or design on the part of the composer, Krüger appears as the champion of the opposite ground, and defines the thought of Music as one of action, in contrast to Sculpture and Painting, which afford a mere passive representation, without action. Dr. Hanslick, a recent writer on the "Beautiful in Music," sides in part only with the philosophers; and while he admits with them that Music possesses no contents in the sense in which we would apply the term to Art in general, he ascribes to it those musical contents which are shadowed forth in every Thema. It is natural, that, between the mere philosopher and the philosophizing musician, there should

exist a great disparity of opinion upon such an abstract and perplexing point; and I could refer to no solution more ready for the purpose, than that derived from the analogous impressions of the eye and ear.

When we paint the outer world, either with pen or pencil, we describe, but do not analyze it. The same may be said of Music, which admits more of a description of themes, of tone-groupings, of characterization of the individuality of this or that composer, than of an analysis of what it really effects upon the mind. Should we go within ourselves, and inquire what Nature, Art, in painting, sculpture, and musical composition, accomplish, in a subjective sense, we should find they produce nearly the same results.

The ardent student of Sculpture often conveys his impressions of a master-piece through musical analogy; the musical critic, in order to lead you into his subject, will refer you to architectural sublimity or sculptural symmetry. The tone-master himself feels in the natural world what he has experienced, when building up and developing the fairy structures of his imagination in the regions of tone. The inner life, therefore, originating in the conceptions of vision and tone, must be one and indivisible. J. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few Words to young Amateurs of Music.

BY DAISY.

I.

We will suppose, *imprimis*: You think you are "fond of music"; that is, you like to hear others play, and have come to the determination to take lessons yourself. The question arises: "How shall I learn my lessons to the greatest advantage to myself?" or, in other words: "How shall I study music?"

Many of you have an idea that all that is necessary on your part is to spend two hours in the week with your teachers, and to practice upon your instrument a certain (or uncertain) number of hours daily; and that when you can play through a piece correctly as to time and notes, you know a great deal about music, while some of you think it only necessary to play through the scales without stopping, and learn all the (so-called) fashionable music, to become proficient in the art.

We would not by any means assert that you are wholly in the wrong in your estimate of a musical character. Your statements include the necessary starting-point for every student of music, viz., regular and attentive practice, and a thorough knowledge of the scales in their different movements. But we do say that there is a secret gift beyond and above these acquirements, which will ever distinguish the true artist. This is, simply, the faculty of *interpretation*.

Do you remember, in your school days, the difference in the readers of your class? How some would read every piece alike in the same monotonous key, whether it was an account of a festival or a funeral dirge, recognizing neither comma nor period, and closing in the same unmeaning tone of voice? What a relief it was to see that other boy stand up! You could tell by the changes in his countenances if the story were grave or gay. As he spoke, every word of that clear, distinct articulation conveyed to the mind of the listener sentiments of joy or sorrow, exaltation or depression; and when the sentence was ended, you felt a sort of satisfaction that there was one, at least, who knew what he was about.

Now it was not because he knew his letters,

and had received more instructions than the other, but because he had the intellect to appreciate and give appropriate utterance to the lines before him, while the other thought only of getting through the piece.

And so it is in music. You do not know a composition when you can only play the notes and keep time, or even if you have learned to render some parts *piano*, and some *fortissimo*; but when you can so read it aloud (if we may use the expression), that the prevailing sentiment of the piece shall be apparent. Perhaps we can better express our meaning by copying from a treatise on the effects of bad reading, merely altering the text to suit our subject.

"A musical education should produce such results, that when we hand to a friend the compositions of Mozart, of Beethoven, or of Haydn, or of a musician who is perhaps the ornament of his profession, her intellectual culture should tell upon her instrument, and add the inspiration of a living tone to the thoughts of the departed artist, causing Music to fulfil its true office, in exalting and adorning our daily life."

If you have never studied in this way, just take some piece of genuine music, be it ever so simple, and endeavor to learn it as we have suggested. If you do not at first catch the ideas of the piece, attribute the failure to your own dullness, not to the composer's blindness, and try again. You will soon have a new interest in your musical studies.

Do not, however, mistake our meaning. We say not that you can find such a variety of expression in Music as in Writing, for it is chiefly in the delineation of the passions that Music finds its most appropriate utterance. Therefore is its language comprehended most fully, as a general rule, by people of ardent, enthusiastic temperaments, quick to perceive the images of truth and beauty which Music conveys so readily.

Thalberg.

The American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at last it cloyed. No one cared to hear for more than the twentieth time the same fantasia played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played; but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill; but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial locks. What the piano can do in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not suggestive. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more, nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra pouring force and fullness, blood and substance, into the music the

performer sketches upon the keyboard. He thrills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist sails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of quality will part his glove among them, for souvenirs of that dexterous hand—as late befell his great rival Liszt, after a concert in Germany.

And who knows but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Bœotians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists?—*Harper's Weekly*.

Opera in New York.

ROSSINI'S "L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI."

(From the Tribune, Jan. 11.)

The production of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* ought to be a good fortnight's novelty; but unhappily the variety less than the quality of the music afforded at the opera constitutes its claim upon our intelligent public. When a manager produces a new work—or revives an old one—in Europe, it signifies this much: Here is a production of genius—it has patent as well as recondite beauties; the latter can only be understood after several hearings, and after they are understood their interest increases and does not abate; then besides this, the production of the opera has cost weeks (or months) of careful study, rehearsal, and musico-dramatic coöperations, to which must be added the labor of scene painters and decorators, costume-makers, copyists and others, the whole requiring considerable outlay, only to be compensated for by a liberal sustentation on the part of the public of this particular piece. If it prove a *fiasco* or failure, why of course the manager, having run his risk, must swallow gracefully his defeat; but if a good thing, he expects, and generally finds, his remuneration in the run of the piece. Here, however, the object of the opera-going public appears to be to find out how many operas they can gulp down in a season, and not how much lyrical instruction they can derive from a repeated consideration of the same work. We are aware that an answer to this may be found in the fact, that on the whole, when an opera does please the public, it is played first and last a great many times, though at the outset it may hang fire, or fail to have a theatrical run. That is true; but then there are other operas whose merit cannot be denied, which though new to this public, have not been propelled into a second week—not even fairly launched, but, like the Leviathan, stick on the stocks. Of this class are the operas of Rossini, who certainly surpasses all other musico-dramatic writers in the variety and universality of his genius. Since the Garcia days, and we speak of course from tradition in naming them, it would be difficult to name an opera of Rossini's in Italian which has had a run in New York—Cinderella in English being a selection from various works of his, not properly coming under the list. The immortal *Barber* does not draw two consecutive houses; *Semiramide* cannot certainly fill three; *William Tell* fell, after an eruption of curiosity, dead; and so forth. We think if the public would study Rossini a little more, they would find him the noblest Roman of them all. Take, for example, the last presented work of his—*L'Italiana*—which, though not, as the play-bills have it, produced for the first time in this country, is brand-new for our public. The wondrous decorative power of Raphael is not more striking in his art, than Rossini's exhibits in this work. If he had not written the *Barber*, this *Italiana* would be the finest of comic operas, or dispute the palm with his *Cenerentola*. Every note is as fluent as the mountain stream; it seems propelled by an irreversible law, and to gambol in healthy activity. The plot of the piece is unreasonably bad, but notwithstanding, Rossini manages to cover it over, and really makes the audience think they are enjoying a consistent

whole. The overture is a gem, and there is no bad piece in the opera. As to the execution, Labocetta never sang so well; his *Languir per una bella* was, by all odds, the best of his efforts this season. Gassier, too, can do Rossini's music. It is satisfactory, at a period when musical studies have become partially obsolete, and bid fair to become entirely so under the present régime of clamorous mediocrity, to find artists who have learned their trade—have trained their organs to do something beside declamation, and that generally not of the highest calibre. While such a buffo as Rocco is on the stage, the traditional old Italian comedian—he who taught all Europe its dramatic business, Shakespeare included—is not dead. For it must be remembered that all our theatres have worked up out of Italy, and that even now in her sorrow she can yet out of her fullness produce a Ristori, as well as a Rossini. The contralto, Mme. Angri, is only second in the quality of her organ to Alboni. As an artist, Mme. Angri is great. She is equally good in the gipsy in *Trovatore*, and in the lady in the *Italiana*. The introduction of *Non più mesta* at the close of the *Italiana*, as a scintillating wind-up, may be pardoned; for it is off the same piece with the rest of the music, and stands, from the day when it was written, some forty odd years since, up to the present moment, unrivaled as a great *tour-de-force* air. The same remark as regards propriety of introduction cannot be applied to a barnacle—a dislocated impertinence—sung by Mme. Carlioli.

The public received *L'Italiana* with enthusiasm. The only finale encoined this season was that of the second act. The audience would not accept the solemn walk of the actors before the curtain as an encore, but demanded the genuine article.

A little éminente diversified the performance. The chorus—the men, save three—struck for higher wages just before the curtain went up, and the manager, very properly refusing to accede to their exaction, and to the satisfaction of the audience, went on without them.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 13.—The Philharmonic Concert on Saturday proved unusually satisfactory in every respect, and gave ample compensation for the deficiencies of the first one. The house was much fuller than on that occasion, in spite of bad weather, both performers and audience more spirited, and the programme incomparably better. First we had Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which, though not one of the most popular ones as a whole, yet is exceedingly interesting to the connoisseur, and contains many parts which must please even the uninitiated. Such, for instance, is the charming Allegretto, which, since its first production at these concerts, Jullien has made familiar to the public. As usual, it was encored. This number was followed by Sig. LABOCETTA's really admirable singing of *Oh cara immagine*, from the "Magic Flute." He did full justice to this exquisite love-song, and rendered it with a simplicity and artistic truth of conception which cannot be surpassed. The composition, too, seemed just suited to the sentimental element which rather preponderates in this gentleman's voice. GASSIER, who was the vocalist of the second part, was not so happy in the choice of his contribution. A cavatina by Mercadante (particularly with piano-forte accompaniment) is not exactly the thing for a Philharmonic concert. I think all would have preferred to hear something of more value. Nevertheless, his rendering of even this insignificant composition, in spite of its heaviness and dryness, was so fine, that some satisfaction was to be derived from that. Mendelssohn's beautiful "Fingal's Cave" Overture, with its northern reminiscences, its

echoes, and the cool, grotto-like atmosphere which pervades it, concluded the first part, while the concert finished off with a novelty—the Overture to the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” by Nicolai. The latter is as devoid of character as that by Mendelssohn is full of it. The melodies are flowing, lively, and very pleasing to the ear; the instrumentation, too, is uncommonly fine; but there is little or no depth.

The instrumental solo was played by Madame GRAEVEER-JOHNSON (or Johnson-Graever, or Graever, or Johnson, for by all these names is this lady called), who repeated on this occasion the “Concert Symphony,” by Littolf, which she performed at her own concert. I should have liked better to hear another piece, by another master, as this composition is even less attractive than the one we heard at Eisfeld's concert. It is built on “Dutch National Airs,” which are in themselves rather dry and uninteresting; and these qualities are transmitted through them to the whole piece. I would wish, too, to know whether Mme. Johnson can render other composers as well as this one. With regard to her playing, I can do no better than to refer to my remarks upon it in your last number, only heightening the praise I give it there. The lady gives a morning concert next week, at which I hope to become still better acquainted with her admirable qualities as an artist.

I must not again omit to mention, as I have several times, the instrument which Mme. Johnson uses, the beauty of which strikes me anew every time that I hear it. It is one of Erard's, from Breusing's dépôt, No. 701 Broadway; and though it has been long and well used (by Thalberg, before Mme. Johnson), its tone and action are still as delicious as ever. Indeed, for tone, these pianos are unsurpassed; and though popular prejudice gives the palm for durability to native instruments, on account of the climate, I am told, on good authority, that with proper care the “Erards” will keep quite as well. Mr. Breusing, the obliging and gentlemanly proprietor of one of our first and largest music establishments, is constantly importing these instruments; and it is to be hoped that the day may not be far distant, when a grand piano will no longer be considered a luxury, but a necessity, by all musicians, both professional and amateur. Not all our American houses, however, are adapted, by the size of their rooms, for so large a piece of furniture as a “Flügel”; indeed, for some apartments, even a common square piano seems too large. To the inhabitants of these we would recommend the cabinet pianos of a Cassel maker, (whose name I forget just now,) which are imported by Scharfenberg & Luis, one of the oldest music firms of the city. These instruments have sweetness and volume of tone, and are very agreeable to the touch. Just the thing for a boudoir, both outside and inside.

But I am digressing too far from my report of our musical doings. The Opera has again suffered a collapse. On Monday last, Mr. Ullman published the following cards in the various daily papers:

SIR: Through the medium of your valuable columns I would beg to state, that the male chorus still persisting in their conspiracy, not only to impose upon me their own terms, but likewise try to compel me to retain the ringleaders, I will take immediate measures for the formation of a fresh chorus under the direction of Mr. Paur, the excellent conductor of the celebrated Liederkreis Society.

I seize this opportunity to declare that I have conducted the entire season upon my sole responsibility. In spite of the most strenuous endeavors, I have never obtained the slightest reduction from any person connected with the Academy, and have paid, since Sept. 1, all salaries, without exception, strictly at the appointed time, and even during the revulsion, in gold, as stipulated at the commencement of the season.

All that I could obtain since the last six weeks was the “permission” of requiring some other work, and even that is now denied to me, and the most degrading conditions are imposed upon me by the very persons whom I supported for many months, through incessant labor, and at the expense of the most trying mental anxiety.

Under these circumstances I hereby publicly pledge myself not to yield one iota in what I consider my rights; and, should I not meet with due assistance from the employees, to close the house without fear or self-reproach, being fully convinced that the public and the true artists will render me the justice of acknowledging that I have offered more varied entertainments, a more interesting repertoire, a better ensemble, and have paid more punctually than any of the Opera Managers who have preceded me.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,
B. ULLMAN.
New York, Jan. 9, 1853.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—NOTICE.—LESSEE AND DIRECTOR, B. ULLMAN.—The male chorus still persisting in their conspiracy not only to impose upon the Manager their own terms, but likewise to compel him to retain the ringleaders, he finds himself under the painful necessity to close the Academy until a fresh chorus will have been organized.

The sordid conduct of a few unscrupulous individuals is the cause of there being nearly 300 persons thrown out of employment for the better part of a week.

Mr. Ullman pledges himself to the public not to yield one iota in what he considers his rights, or dictated by the nature of present circumstances.

The Academy will open on Friday with a most extraordinary performance, the remembrance of which will not be so easily effaced. (Jan. 11.)

Public curiosity was all alive as to what that “most extraordinary performance that had ever been heard of,” would be, and the matter is not yet quite decided. *Don Giovanni*, with a strong cast, (FORMES as Leporello) new scenery, &c., is spoken of. Formes' performance of Basilio, in the “Barber,” last week, is universally pronounced to have been incomparable. He made the insignificant part the most important one of the whole opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was excellently given, but to a thin house.

In conclusion, I will give you an advertisement which is said to have appeared in some small town of Southern France: “*Robert Le Diable*, grand opera in three acts, music by Meyerbeer, will be given on — night. . . . For want of singers and orchestra, lively dialogue will take the place of arias, choruses, &c.”!

NEW YORK, JAN. 12.—The revolt at the Academy of Music among the chorus singers is the principal item of interest to note during the week past. The sympathies of the press and the public all seem to be with the manager. Whatever cause the members of the chorus may have for complaint against Mr. Ullman, the course they have taken to obtain redress is reprehensible in the extreme, and should be resisted to the last. But if we are to judge of the state of the case from the reports of it in the various newspapers, we shall be very far from arriving at a correct conclusion.

The *Daily Times*, for instance, makes it appear that Mr. Ullman has labored, both mentally and physically, twenty times harder than any of those he employs, and all for the single aim and purpose (!) of giving employment to about two hundred and fifty individuals, who otherwise would at least find it difficult to get through the winter,

and perhaps would actually be unable to live without the money Mr. Ullman pays them. This will simply provoke a smile from those who are acquainted with the present manager at the Academy. While I am willing to give Mr. Ullman all needed praise for his enterprise and unceasing perseverance, yet to say that he always deals justly with the public or those he employs, is much more than I am willing to admit. In relation to Mr. Ullman as a manager, I will not speak at present, leaving that to be discussed at some future time, when I intend to speak of the matter more fully. I am confident, however, that on examination it will be found, when both sides of the question are understood, that Mr. Ullman does not always treat those he employs in a manner to inspire respect or confidence.

I did not attend the performance of the “Messiah” in Brooklyn, on Saturday night last, but gathered a few particulars from a friend who was present. The chorus was not as large as in New York, and among those not present were many of the leading voices. The arrangement of the chorus and instruments on the stage was as bad as it could be, the parts being separated, so as not to be able to see or hear each other. The space allotted to the stage was much too small. The audience room was too small to hold people enough to pay expenses, but I am sorry to say even this small room was not full. I am told the “Harmonic Society” and Mr. Ullman together lost \$500. The whole affair was mismanaged from beginning to end. It would be unfair to criticize the performance of the Harmonic Society under so many unfavorable circumstances.

Mme. D'ANGRI won great and deserved applause in her admirable rendering of “He was despised.” It was full of pathos and a deep religious fervor seldom attained even by those who profess to sing it “with the spirit and the understanding also.” CARL FORMES pleased better than the last time he sang it in New York. I am impatient to hear Formes in “Elijah,” but I cannot learn that we are certain of its being given at present, though it has been talked of, and even the time of performance partially fixed.

I see by the morning papers my favorite *Don Giovanni* is announced for Friday night, with Formes as Leporello. This will test his singing and acting far more severely than anything he has done yet.

BELLINI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DEC. 11.—Mr. Editor: I was much pleased with your Diarist's remarks upon the “Cambridge Concert.” They were written with judgment, taste, and appreciation; and he has meted out to SATTER full justice as a pianist, which has often been denied to him by incompetent judges.

There was one fault which surprised me. Is it possible that the Diarist thought that Mr. HINTON's solo was to be tolerated? Was it not one of the most extravagant of modern extravagances in composition and execution? Cambridge, though represented very scantily, had too much self-respect so applaud such a performance. Scales, octaves, semitones, all shaken together, were poured out without mercy to the ears of the audience. It seemed as if the young performer had been elected grand executioner of the piano, and the only surprise was that it could live under such severe punishment. It was like Forrest's worst ranting—a tempest, not sublime and grand,

like parts of the "Tannhäuser" overture by Satter, but composed of sudden gusts of wind, fierce flashes of lightning, hailstones of the size of ostriches's eggs, and ear-splitting thunder.

We have been delighted with Satter's performances: and though sometimes he errs in not playing the best compositions, yet his most palpable error has been in giving such a piece of music to a pupil, and allowing him to perform it in the way he did. We wished with Dr. Johnson, that "it had been impossible." I hope we shall have another extract from "my Dairy," strengthening these views. Playing, acting, or dancing to the pit ought not to go unscathed. Old Cambridge (though not strictly musical) enjoys quintets by Haydn and Mozart, and a solo so loud is not acceptable.

From my Diary, No. 19.

Jan. 6.—Several days ago I devoted some space to an eulogistic notice of sweet Lilla Linden and her delightful "Linden Harp." It is now my pleasing task to add that proper exertions are making to distribute that work thoroughly in all our Sabbath Schools, in every religious family, in every place where devout emotions are to be aroused by song or to find vent in it.

Time was—according to good authority—when the children of this world were wiser than the children of light. The nineteenth century has produced the Linden Harp, and the children of light are not behind those of this world in devising ways and means to spread it everywhere. Its missionaries have reached the benighted city of Boston, and one of their circulars now lies upon my table, rejoicing my eyes.

How delightful to an appreciative spirit it is to read the following:

"Linden Harp is having a very rapid sale. Canvassers say they rarely find an intelligent family who do not purchase,—[grammar is of no account—the fact is all we care about]—while Sabbath and Day Schools readily adopt it.

"Sunday School superintendents, teachers, parents, and all unite in saying,—'We have long felt the need of just such a book as the Linden Harp Illustrated. It is the best and most attractive work of the kind ever published.' * * * *

"To those who have the charge of youth we would say, if you would see the dear ones in your charge happy, if you would have an efficient aid in your government and labors of love, see that they are provided with HARPS."

By all means, say I also, provide them with Harps. See that they all have Lilla Linden's Linden Harp! Do not forget—"Lilla Linden's Linden Harp." That is the book. Now look at the back of the Circular:

Master Willie, the little philosopher (8 years old), will lecture, and exhibit a variety of scriptural, historical, astronomical, and philosophical illustrations and experiments, with the aid of a magic lantern, orrery, or planetarium, tellurian, celestial sphere, magnet, &c.; also, some curious and remarkable phenomena shown by the newly-discovered gyroscope, or mechanical paradox, which has of late attracted so much attention among scientific men.

By the movements of the orrery and tellurian, the relative sizes, distances, and revolutions of the planets, the causes of eclipses, changes of seasons, &c., are indelibly impressed upon the minds of the beholders.

By the moving dioramic slides of the lantern, very interesting scriptural scenes are brought to view; also, the chromatrope, or artificial fireworks; the phantasmagoria effect, or appearance of a person walking up to the spectators, and then receding from their view.

Every one who purchases a copy of "Linden Harp" will be entitled to two tickets for the lecture.

As purchasers receive the worth of their money in the books secured, it is hoped that none will neglect this rare opportunity of improving the mind and heart. Parents, teachers, and youth are especially invited to attend.

The audience are requested to bring their Harps, as the exercises will conclude with a concert, in which all will be requested to unite.

A voluntary collection will be taken, to defray expense of room and lights, and to provide for a gratuitous supply of Harps for Mission S. S. Schools, Charity Schools, &c.

By the way, it strikes me that an important point has been omitted in the Circular from which I have so largely quoted, and accordingly the following addition is suggested gratis:

"The importance of Lilla Linden's Linden Harp, as being so admirably fitted to awaken a true taste, and thus prepare the youthful mind for the larger works with which the public have been favored by divers musical clergymen, who, having studied theology, must necessarily be the best judges of sacred music, cannot be overrated."

But to return. What a generous spirit is here exhibited! You have but to purchase Lilla Linden's Linden Harp, and you shall have two tickets to hear Master Willie, the little philosopher (8 years old). "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," &c. Happy we, who live in an age when Master Willies teach natural philosophy! when the foolish prejudices against making a show of little children, as being likely to lay the foundation of their ruin in the future, have passed away, and when such a performance is no longer classed among "disgusting exhibitions." Let none neglect this rare opportunity—and be sure you bring your Harps. Moreover, forget not the advice of Iago: "Put money in thy purse"—"I say, put money in thy purse," "to provide for a gratuitous supply of Harps to Mission S. S. Schools." Remember!

And what a chance for young men who are poor but enterprising! Behold:

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY STATE.—GREAT INDUCEMENTS OFFERED. Circulars free. Agents have earned from \$1 to \$2 an hour in the sale of the Harp. To any one who will act as agent, we will send, post paid, a package of circulars, with instructions for canvassing, &c. Apprentices, and other day laborers, find this profitable work for evenings. Postmasters please post this circular, and act as agents. Address: C. M. THAYER, Middletown, Conn.

To this name, Thayer, I must confess a secret kindness, and whatsoever bringeth it to honor delighteth me. It is an old and respectable name, although it has never shone in the office-holding world. Those who have brought it honor and respectability have been such as devoted themselves to the good of their fellow-men. In my copy of "Liber Faceti docens Mores hominum," printed at Basle in 1498, there is a manuscript note by some old German antiquary, to the effect that the authorship has been attributed to Thayer, Rector of the University of Paris in the twelfth century. And down to our own day, how many of the name have followed in his steps as teachers of youth, or have been clergymen, teachers of the people, or physicians as healers of their diseases, no man knoweth. One of the first converts—or perverts, according to your creed—to the Romish Church here in New England was Father Thayer; another of the name devised the plan of peopling the plains of Kansas with lovers of freedom, and still another claims the public gratitude for banishing the nauseous mixtures of the family pharmacopœia, and supplying their places with aromatic fluid extracts, which children cry for! And now last—not least—we find one who devotes himself to the noble cause of spreading sacred song among all classes, and who offers great inducements to us to act as agents for Lilla Linden's Linden Harp!

And here a pleasing picture rises in my mind I seem to be walking the golden streets of Bunyan's celestial city, and suddenly I hear the sound of a multitude of voices,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

It approaches, and lo! in long succession, trains of glorified North Street and Bowery Boys, with their machines, draw near, and crowds of Sabbath School children line the way, all with Harps—not golden, but Linden—in their hands, and welcome them in sweet and glorious chorus. Now all open their books to the 54th page, and pour forth "Come let us sing of Jesus" to the inspiring music of "Wait for the Wagon," while author, and publishers, and agents, and booksellers and all, who in the vale of tears have labored in spreading the work, jingle the cash in their pockets, and cry, with streaming eyes, "Not unto us, not unto us be the glory!"

Jan. 10.—The great satisfaction which Mr. Southard's music gave the small audience which listened to it last evening, is an inducement to record a few particulars of his career as a composer, which have come under my personal observation.

I first knew of him some twelve years ago, energetically laboring to make himself a pianist, and saw no reason to doubt that he would before long take a high rank as such. But the merely mechanical labor of overcoming the difficulties of an instrument is something most distasteful to one who loves music for music's sake, and especially for one who adds to a natural taste for art and literature the advantages of a liberal education. It was, therefore, no cause of surprise, when, the similarity of our tastes in music having made us somewhat familiarly acquainted, I found that the career of a virtuoso had not charms sufficient to induce him to devote himself exclusively to the piano-forte, and that he was deep in the study of the full scores of the orchestral and dramatic works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, and especially of his favorite—a great master, almost unknown in America—Cherubini. Such zealous and earnest study—the only true way to study—I have seen in no other of our young aspirants to musical knowledge. Text-books by Rameau, Albrechtsberger, Marx, Weber, are all very well; but to learn to write scores requires thorough study of the scores of the great masters.

For some time Mr. Southard was organist and music director at the large Catholic Church in South Boston, and his first important attempts at composition which came under my notice were several masses. Of their excellence I can only judge from hearing them when two or three friends hummed them over at the piano-forte. They were, however, very striking, and from them a very favorable impression of their author's talent was derived. One of them was arranged for orchestra, and put in rehearsal. "The men and women singers, and those who play upon instruments," were engaged, and upon a certain Sunday morning the work was to be produced for the first time in the service. Saturday evening all was in readiness, and every thing looked auspicious. The next morning the church was a mass of blackened ruins. I believe not even the piano-forte score of the music remained! So there was an end to the hopes of the young man as a church composer.

A few years later I came on from New York, and in Boston heard much of a glee in the style of the English masters of the last century, which had been sung by a large choir the evening before at the Melodeon. This is a form of vocal music which I do exceedingly affect, and the works of Spofforth, Webbe, Callcott, King, and their compeers, seem to me equal if not superior to the four-part songs of any nation, not excepting the German works of Mendelssohn himself. The musical convention was still in session, and I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Southard's Glee, "When thou, O Stone." I thought it admirable, and think so still, and it added to my confidence in his abilities.

The next production from his pen which struck me was the song somewhat in the style of Schubert, and of Hatton's exquisite "Day and Night"—the words of which, by W. W. Story, he found in Dwight's Journal—the song "No More." Vocal part and accompaniment form an integral whole, and if sung at a Quintet Club concert could not fail of making its mark. I was therefore prepared for the very favorable notice of the "Scarlet Letter" music, which I read in Dwight's Journal, on the other side of the ocean. The only fear was that in his zeal to reach the highest musical dramatic effect, he might fall into the Liszt-Wagner error of endeavoring to do without simple and flowing melody, and make up for its want by his instrumental figures and combinations, and by abrupt and startling "effect music."

This proves to have been unfounded. One fact does surprise me, and that is that the vocal music of "Omano," as sung last evening, should be so thoroughly Italian in style, knowing the long-continued and persevering study which he gave to the great German masters, and those semi-Germans in style—Cherubini and Rossini. The full effect of those studies, however, is seen in the splendor and beauty of his orchestral accompaniments, so inadequately represented in the separate piano-forte score which he has written for the pieces given last night. I know of no first opera by any composer, save Beethoven, which offers so much that is beautiful and effective as "Omano."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 16, 1858.

Mr. Southard's Opera.

Those who assembled at Chickering's, that stormy Saturday night, to listen for the first time to some specimens of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD'S new Italian opera, "Omano," were indeed a favored few. Yet in the number the musical taste, intelligence and character of Boston were well represented; and the unanimous expression was one of pleasure and surprise, mingled with regret that there could not be more to share it, and with a strong wish that the concert might soon be repeated. This wish, we are happy here to say, is in the way of speedy accomplishment. The concert will be repeated in the same place next Thursday evening. We feel it much more to the purpose to make this announcement, than to attempt a critical appreciation of the music after a single hearing. Enough, that it so deeply interested everybody present, as to excite a strong desire to hear again and learn to know it better. An elaborate opera, given in fragments, without scene or orchestra, with nothing but a piano accompaniment, to an audience ignorant of the plot, to ears entirely unaccustomed to the composer's way of writing, so far as it is in any peculiar sense his own, could not carry a clear and positive conviction of its precise worth even to the most apprehensive listener. But what it certainly did do, was to excite the audience to enthusiasm, to impress every one with respect for the musician-ship and talent of a quiet and to most men unknown composer, and to awaken a new hope, far more than any thing before, of something that may be called American music. All felt that our young countryman had at least earned for himself the right to be fully and fairly heard, enjoyed and judged. We say then earnestly to all our truly music-loving friends, do not neglect this opportunity of hearing some of Mr. Southard's music. It will by no means show you all that he can do or has done, but it will show you that he can produce things quite as fresh, as charming, as effective as much that has proved sure attraction in our operas and concerts. It will certainly give you a new pleasure.

"Omano" is an *Italian* opera:—Italian in its words, Italian in its general style of music. Mr. Southard's first opera, "The Scarlet Letter," was in English, and his musical studies and partialities have been mostly, we believe, of a German tendency. But he is quite eclectic. Without asking whether he could not do a better thing than be writing an Italian opera, we simply re-

mind ourselves that none but an Italian opera would have the slightest possible chance of being brought out on the stage in this country. He procured, therefore, an Italian libretto of Sig. MANETTA, author of *La Spia*. We have not seen it, but the plot, we understand, is somehow founded on that wild and gorgeous dream of Eastern romance, Beckford's "Vathek," the names of the characters being changed, and a thread of more human interest introduced into the story. The programme of the concert embraced seven pieces, the dramatic relations of which we find thus explained in the *Courier*:

Number One on the programme is a duet for mezzo-soprano and bass voices. The characters are Omano, Caliph of the race of the Abassides, and Mirza, his mother. The duet opens with an allegro, in which Mirza urges her son to pursue remorselessly a war he has declared against the Ghebers. This is interrupted by a verse of a romance, supposed to be sung within, by Hinda, a captive Gheber Princess. The sound of her voice distracts Omano from his warlike thoughts, which Mirza, in a repetition of the first allegro, seeks again to inspire in him. The second verse of the romance follows, after which comes the first movement once more, the whole closing with an andantino, Omano declaring his passion for Hinda, Mirza urging him to more ambitious emotions.

Number Two is an andante and cavatina for tenor. Rustam, the hero of the opera, pours forth his affection and admiration for the fair Hinda, in the usual language of lyrical lovers. The rapid movement of this piece will be found very spirited and effective, after the pure Italian style.

Number Three is a quartet for mezzo-soprano, tenor and two basses. Albatros, an evil spirit disguised, with bass voice of course, refuses to reveal to Omano the secret of a mystic inscription. Omano threatens—Mirza and Rustam warn Albatros of the danger of disregarding the Caliph's will.

Number Four is an andante and a cabaletta for mezzo-soprano. Mirza sings a description of the scene in which she finds herself. It is by the tomb of her ancestors, whither she has come to witness a midnight meeting between Omano and Albatros. This scene is continued in Number Seven, the last on the programme.

Number Five is a duet for soprano and tenor. Hinda and Rustam, having come to an understanding, exchange words of fond fidelity, &c., &c., &c.

Number Six is a scene and cavatina for soprano, in which Hinda indulges in a retrospect of her captivity and Omano's perfidy.

Number Seven is a quintet, with chorus, for soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor, and two basses. The scene is that alluded to above—the tomb of the Caliphs, at night. Omano is snpposed to approach the tomb, and calls upon Albatros, who presently appears. Mirza watches the scene, herself concealed from view. Hinda and Rustam are present, but unseen, by means of a shield of invisibility. The first movement of the quintet is an allegro, in course of which Omano renounces his faith, in obedience to Albatros' demand, and is induced to promise the sacrifice of a maiden of his harem. Mirza, rushing from her concealment, insists that Hinda shall be chosen, to which Omano reluctantly consents. Rustam, meanwhile, assures Hinda that no harm shall come to her. During this allegro a unison chorus of disembodied spirits—the shades of Omano's sires—is heard. The quintet winds up with an andante movement of superb dramatic effect. The climax is splendid, being approached by a twice-repeated phrase of five notes, for three voices in unison, which we cannot describe without the aid of musical characters, but which will be instantly recognized as a master-stroke, and culminating with full vocal and instrumental force.

Our first impression of the music we must state very briefly. We say nothing of *originality* in the highest sense—nothing of *creative genius*. These are questions too great to be settled in an evening. Much that sounds new once, much that takes you by surprise, subsides after several hearings to the general level of a whole class which it resembles, and the witching melody is found to be but one more variation of an old tune too well known. The experience is too common to allow any one to trust the glowing first impression. On the other hand what seems indifferent may some day, when you have it in a true light, and your inner eye is clear, reveal itself like some old painting in the richest colors and the rarest forms of beauty. And there is a vast difference between cleverness and genius. We

need not be in haste to recognize and to proclaim the latter; if it be there, it will be good occupation for a generation to get gradually convinced of it.

1. Leaving all this for time to settle, we can truly say that we found Mr. Southard's music Italian in style, but not weakly Italian; not of the hot-house sentimental, or the mere physically intense and passionate kind. It is even true that we were oftener reminded of Verdi than of others. He seems master of Verdi's best arts of effect, his climaxes and bright bits of white light unison in concerted pieces, his syncopated soarings in impassioned melody, &c., &c.; but he does not run those tricks into the ground; he uses them to illustrate finer qualities. We doubt if even the gems of Verdi's later operas contain much of equal intrinsic art or beauty. On the other hand, the general impression was more fresh and wholesome, more essentially musical, more Italian in the best sense.

2. There was melody, grateful alike to the voice of the singer and to the ear. Not sickly, commonplace melody, but fresh, natural, dignified, expressive. We only dare not say decidedly original or individual. When we think of Mozart's melody, of those wonderful melodic thoughts that spring to life on every page of Rossini's "Barber" or in Weber's music—melodies that haunt the mind,—we are forced to postpone the question of original melodies, in the sense of positive spontaneous new creations. But there was at least a good style of melody, agreeable and to the purpose. Much of this melody seemed to us a clever, thoughtful, chaste use of the old stock of Italian song, that never dies.

3. In musical structure, contrapuntal treatment, richness and sometimes *recherché* charm of harmony and modulation; in unfailing abundance and beauty of orchestral illustration and coloring (so far as one could judge from a piano-forte engraving of the painting); in general effectiveness, it showed a deep and well-rewarded study of the best models, classical and modern. For this reason alone, if for no other, it was always interesting. The Quartet, and more especially the Quintet finale, were splendidly effective; and the effect would bear analysis. There was a charming figure of accompaniment running through the last duet, quite novel and felicitous.

4. It was thoroughly dramatic. Everywhere the note, the phrase, the harmony and accompaniment, was fitly married to the word and action. All was wisely, conscientiously subordinated to dramatic truth; yet without any Wagnerian sacrifice of the musician's loyalty to his own Art. It warranted high expectations of "Omano" as a lyric and dramatic whole.

We have only room to allude to the admirable manner in which the pieces were executed. The performers entered into the work with their whole hearts; the pianist, Mr. B. J. LANG, played the difficult accompaniments with remarkable precision, fluency, and tact. Mrs. LONG sang her best, and truly her voice found grateful occupation in the music. Her bright high notes were perfect in the Quintet. The same of Mr. ADAMS, who rendered the tenor cantabile with true style and feeling. The soprano of Miss WHITEHOUSE, in the romanza heard from within, was truly beautiful; and the bass solos by Messrs. POWERS and THOMAS BALL told well. So far as a small concert would allow, nothing was wanting to the true effect of the music, and we but state the general feeling, when we say that it was so effective as to make it the duty of the musical world both to itself and Mr. Southard, to see to it that "Omano" be soon brought out true and whole upon the stage.

DEBUT OF MISS FAY.—By invitation of Miss FAY and Sig. BENDELARI, her teacher, there was a large and intelligent assemblage of music-lovers at the Meionaon last Saturday evening. Miss Fay is a young Boston lady. She has determined, as we understand, to devote her life to music as a public singer. The following programme was performed:

- PART I.**
 1—Scena and Air from 'Robert le Diable,' (arranged for Quintette). Meyerbeer
 By the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
 2—Aria Finale, "Fidanzata—No maledetta," Pacini
 Miss Fay.
 3—Adagio Scherzo, from the 35th Quintette in E min. Onslow
 4—Star of the North, Concerted Air with two Flutes, Meyerbeer
 Miss Fay.
PART II.
 5—Introduction—Allegro and Adagio, from the Quintette in D, No. 3. Mozart
 6—Aria, Puritani: "Qui la voce," Bellini
 Miss Fay.
 7—Song without Words, and Canzonetta, from the Quartette in E flat, op. 13. Mendelssohn
 8—Cavatina, Lucrezia Borgia: "Com'e bello," Donizetti
 Miss Fay.

There seems to be a general chorus of surprise and admiration among those who were so fortunate as to hear the lady. We were not—feeling bound to hear all that could be heard that night of Mr. Southard's opera. All agree that she has a rare voice, and much talent, and that her execution reflects great credit on her teacher. Yet as the danger in such cases always is from praise unqualified, we think we may do well to cite here the impressions of a friend in whose opinion we have confidence.

"My impression was that her voice was of good quality, rather unsympathetic, of correct intonation, of extensive compass, and brilliant in the upper range of tones; the enunciation wanting in distinctness. She exhibited a facility of execution quite remarkable—a fatal facility, it seemed to me—something analogous to the faculty which young persons often exhibit of writing graceful and pleasing verses, and very likely to mislead a young artist and her injudicious friends. The evidence of musical feeling, of sentiment, was not there to my apprehension, neither did the passages requiring breadth of phrasing, and largeness of style, as the first movement of *Qui la voce*, exhibit either. The rapid execution of familiar and difficult music by so young a singer startled and astonished the audience, and their applause was unbounded."

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening, after long pause, the Music Hall will ring with grand orchestral music. CARL ZERRAHN has organized his orchestra, and gives the first of his four subscription concerts in the form of a "Beethoven Night." The first part of the programme will consist purely of three of the noblest compositions of that mighty master; to-wit, the "Heroic Symphony," with which our public is less familiar than with almost any one of the nine; the piano-forte Concerto in G, to be played by Mr. SATTER, who has composed *cadenzas* for it; and the wonderful *Leonora* overture, in C. Here is already enough for a feast, and of the best kind. The second part is more for the non-classical portion of the audience, and will be light and miscellaneous; yet it will lead off with that splendid overture to "William Tell." Mr. Zerrahn is always as good as his word, and will do all he promises and more. It will be the public's fault, if this does not prove an admirable series of concerts. . . . We are also to have Afternoon Orchestral Concerts in the same place, and with the same conductor, commencing next Wednesday. These will be essentially of the same character as in past years, embracing commonly a good symphony and overture, and varieties of light and sparkling music. As they may be continued indefinitely, these afternoon concerts will afford opportunities of presenting various Symphonies, by Haydn and others, which we seldom hear. The four nights, dedicated to great composers, naturally require that the best (and as it happens) the most well-known Symphony of each should be selected.

The "German Trio" (Messrs. GAERTNER, JUNG-NICKEL and HAUSE), on account of the Orchestral Concert, have judiciously postponed their first concert to next Monday evening. Their programme is excellent, including the glorious B flat Trio of Beethoven, a string Quartet in D, by Haydn (first time), and Mozart's Quintet in G minor; these sterling solids to be relieved, not by a dreary length of small things, but simply by a couple of songs from Meyerbeer by a "promising amateur." . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB yield place next Tuesday evening to the young vocalist, Miss FAY, who will then make her more public debut. . . . Add to all this, that Mr. SOUTHARD's music is to be repeated on Thursday evening, and that Herr FORMES is to sing in the "Creation" on Saturday and in "Elijah" on Sunday evenings, and have we not indeed a musical week before us?

The New York Academy was to re-open last night with a "grand Mozart celebration," being the first night of *Don Giovanni* "on a scale of colossal splendor and magnificence,"—new scenery "of the most dazzling description," new dresses, new properties, and with the ball-room scene done for once as it ought to be, with two extra orchestras upon the stage, a chorus of 150 voices (including the Liederkrantz), to say nothing of the "twenty candelabras" and "three hundred lights;" and with FORMES (as Leporello), GASSIER (the Don), LAGRANGE, CARADORI, D'ANGRI, LABOCETTA, ROCCO, &c., in the principal parts. This is the last night but three prior to the departure of the company for Philadelphia. . . . There is a very unpleasant rumor about the Maretzek troupe in Havana; to the effect that the yellow fever rages there, that AMODIO, the baritone, had died of it; also a tenor singer; and that BRIGNOLI was very sick. This report leads THALBERG, after so many farewell concerts, to postpone his departure for Havana. (Later news speak only of the severe illness of Amodio.)

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL. GRAND BEETHOVEN NIGHT!

CARL ZERRAHN
 Will give his FIRST CONCERT on SATURDAY EVENING,
 Jan. 16th, at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
 Assisted by
 Mr. GUSTAV SATTER,

On which occasion the first part will be selected from the master works of the immortal composer, Beethoven,—the second part of the programme being devoted to miscellaneous music only.

Single tickets, 50 cents each, and packages of four tickets, good for any of the remaining Concerts, at Two Dollars, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

POSTPONEMENT.

The GERMAN TRIO respectfully announce, that their first Concert, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, is postponed from Saturday to Monday evening, Jan. 18, on account of the first Concert of Mr. Zerrahn.

Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1 50. Single ticket \$1.

POSTPONEMENT.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Third Concert is necessarily postponed two weeks, to Feb. 2d.

MISS FAY will give a Concert on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 19th, at 8 o'clock. She will be assisted by an Orchestra, and sing "Qui la voce," "Fidanzata," "Com'e bello," and an Echo Waltz composed expressly for her by Sig. A. BENDELARI.

Further particulars in the daily papers.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
AFTERNOON CONCERTS
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EVERY WEDNESDAY.
 CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

Doors open at 2—Concert to commence at 3 o'clock.

Package of Six tickets, \$1. Single tickets, 25 cts.

MR. SOUTHARD'S SECOND CONCERT.

By universal request there will be a repetition of Mr. Southard's Concert—Selections from the MS. Opera, "OMANO"—on Thursday Evening next, Jan. 21st, at 8 o'clock, at Messrs. Chickering's Saloon.

The following resident artists will take part in the performance.

Mrs. J. H. LONG.
 Miss S. E. WHITEHOUSE.
 Mr. C. R. ADAMS.
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N. B.—Further particulars shortly. No tickets for sale; no applications received after Jan. 23d.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. . . . SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.
 Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Life of an obscure Musician.

I remember well the time when, still a boy, I was compelled to play the violin at a dancing saloon, frequented by the farmers from the neighboring hamlets, who came into the fair, which five or six times every year was held in our town. I still see them whirling round in their long linen coats, the skirts of which fluttered behind them like flags on the topmast of a ship: each man holding his partner, a stout, blooming girl, with both arms by the shoulders. On one occasion, after I had just finished a galop, in which, to heighten its effect, I made all sorts of trickery with the bow, an old farmer, who stood watching me attentively from the distance, pipe in mouth, came up, and touching me on the shoulder, said: "Well done, boy, well done!" He then told me that I played better than the tailor in his village, whom they engaged for their harvest festivals and like occasions, and who used to accompany his playing with violent gesticulations of his head and feet.

The old farmer was soon joined by others, so that in a few moments a large crowd had collected around me; all expressing their delight at that piece, and paying me all kinds of compliments for the agility with which I moved the fingers and the bow. One of them, a man with a grave and important air, whom the rest regarded with much awe, said that one day I would surely be a good tone-artist. I afterwards learned that he was from a hamlet some miles off, where he taught school in the forenoon, and in the afternoon went round to extract teeth, and perform surgical operations on the farmers and their—cattle. I could have guessed this long before, since I noticed several girls, belonging as I knew, in the

same hamlet, who bore still the marks of his malpractice on their swollen cheeks, tied up in cloths and cushions.

The prophetic remark of this surgeon school-master pleased me highly. That some day I should be a great musician, haunted my mind ever since; perhaps only because I desired it. We know that men always believe what they wish to see fulfilled. However, I am able to trace that presentiment back to its source.

When about eight or nine years old I was very fond of reading fairy tales, so much so that my mother often found it necessary to take the book away from me. A favorite story of mine, was one in which a little fellow by the name of Fingerline, acted as hero. The description given of him suited exactly my own little figure; at least I thought so, and when, therefore, Fingerline heard a voice in the air crying: "Fingerline, Fingerline, thou art destined to great things!" I supposed these words addressed to myself, and could never forget them. As for Fingerline, it really happened as that spirit-voice had spoken. He was commissioned to relieve a little princess who had been stolen by three giants, living in a large cave in the woods. Guided by the good genius of the princess, he found the path to the cave, and then slew the giants one by one while they were sleeping; after which feat of youthful heroism, he seized the child by the hand and brought her back to her father, the king. The king thought that it was worth while to educate a boy who had performed so smart a deed—a deed which had baffled the skill and valor of all his knights; therefore he brought him up like his own son. Fingerline, of course, married the princess afterwards, who, from the moment he had delivered her from the claws of the giants, very much inclined towards him. And when the king, worn down by old age, found the empire too much of a burden for him, he ordered his ministers to tell the people that his son-in-law, the heroic Fingerline, had succeeded him on the throne, and was ready to receive the homage of his faithful subjects.

Now, that I should ever rise to the throne of an empire, I did not believe; but I felt that like Fingerline, I was destined to perform great things in some way; and when I had already made some progress in music, which I chose for my profession, it began to dawn at once upon my mind, and I saw clearly that one day I should be a king in the realm of sound.

The more my talent became developed, the stronger grew my dislike for playing vulgar dance music to entertain the lowest class of people. I felt it was a disgrace to the art and a waste of my talent. Besides, as not only honest farmers, but

"rowdies," "loafers," and the like, assembled at those saloons, it was altogether a dangerous affair. Frequently drunk to their fingers' ends, they were unable to keep time, or even to stand upright, and supposed it was the fault of my playing, so that I was in continual fear of receiving a sensible token of their displeasure. I resolved, therefore, to entreat my guardian to relieve me from this penance. But he grew very angry, and said he gave me board and instruction, and it was just that I should do whatever he deemed proper. He had been obliged, in his younger days, to do the same, and even things more unpleasant. However, he had long since perceived that I entertained high ideas, and strove beyond my sphere; but as long as I was under his control, he would know how to humble me.

That I received board and instruction from him, he gave me to understand at every opportunity. Now in all the five years I was with him, I may have received three lessons. Board, yes, this he gave; but even this needs considerable qualification, when I remember the ravenous appetite that haunted me half an hour after those poor meals had taken place. His business, in fact, consisted in keeping a kind of boarding music school for boys. The salary paid him by the scholars was small; but they were bound to remain with him five years, and to be used for his profit in any way that he saw fit. Thus we were sent to balls, parties and, as above intimated, to places where the lowest class of people held their nightly revels. Those of the pupils who, like myself, were already able to play a dance tolerably well when they entered the institution, were at once put in the harness. About their artistic education he never troubled himself at all. Others, on the contrary, who could do nothing as yet, were taught just as much as was necessary to make them available for his money-making projects, and you may judge how they got farther. The elder pupils had to teach the younger—it was an extraordinary case if he himself gave a lesson. The consequence was, that those who with great talent made great efforts, got along tolerably well; the rest never advanced much beyond the rudiments; so that after their five years had passed, many were obliged to choose another profession, or remain dance-fiddlers all their lives. As for myself, my contract with him was considerably better than that of any of my comrades; because I paid no salary, and he even renounced the bed, the silver spoon and fork, which all the rest were obliged to bring with them. This privilege he granted me from professional courtesy, out of regard to my father, who was a very skilful violin and piano-forte player, but labored under that odious disease

which seems to have been epidemic among the musicians of his day, as it suggested the Latin proverb: *cantores amanti humores*. He died when I had hardly seen four summers, leaving his family entirely destitute. When I was about thirteen my mother was advised to put me into this music-school, since I haunted her continually to let me become a musician.

I passed a most unhappy time in this "school of scandal." As there was no oversight or discipline whatever, the greater part of the boys were the most mischievous fellows. My nature, which was deeply religious and poetic, made me shrink from such bad company, and accordingly I kept alone as much as possible. Seeing that I imagined myself their superior, they mortified me whenever they could. I was smaller and weaker than any of them, and hence they found it not difficult to abuse me. True it is that I aggravated my situation through my own behavior. As I was very irritable, I easily took offence. A slight trick played on me was sometimes enough to make me furious. I would then pounce upon the offender, at a moment when he least expected it, seize him by the hair and toss his head to and fro until my rage was cooled. He made no effort to extricate his wig from my firm grasp, but was delighted to see me so angry. However, my anger never lasted long. If I was easily provoked, I was still more easily reconciled; though an offence, once received, left a mark on my memory.

As for my character in general, I was considered a strange fellow. My mother, relatives and benefactors reproached me constantly for being reserved, and shunning company. If I continued so, said they, I should become a misanthrope, and never make my fortune. Sometimes they succeeded in inducing me to join in an excursion or some pleasure party; but then I was again reproached for being too extravagant in my demonstrations of joy and merriment. However, they all loved me, and I was deeply attached to them, as I was, indeed, to every one who had the slightest claim upon my love and gratitude. Only my guardian I did not like, because I knew he disliked me; he often told me that I was of a haughty, obstinate, and fault-finding disposition, and threatened to cure me of it. Such coarse treatment on his part grieved me deeply. I was so sensitive that an angry look almost sufficed to make me weep.

It was a lucky thing for me that there existed at that time in our town an amateur club, who gave a series of instrumental concerts every winter, and who took from our school the most advanced pupils to complete their ranks. In this way I had opportunity to become acquainted with some of Beethoven's Symphonies, and other works. To be sure it was difficult even for one more accomplished than myself, to form a correct idea of these compositions, since the performances were most miserable; besides, all the subordinate parts, as second flute, second hautboy, and so forth, were left out. Nevertheless these concerts became highly advantageous to me. The more kindly disposed members of the club, seeing how eagerly and zealously I strove onward, became interested in me, aided me by word and deed, and invited me to their houses. Occasionally I was called upon to perform a solo. Once I played the first concerto in D major, for violin, by De Bériot; which, all assured me, I delivered

with much feeling and expression. I do not doubt that I deserved this compliment; but generally speaking, my execution was stiff and inelegant, as is always the case with players who have been mostly their own instructors. At another time I treated the audience to an improvisation on the piano-forte; but I forgot myself so much that the leader came up and told me to leave off, as I had already played more than half an hour. I of course awoke from my reverie, and rose from my seat, when a tremendous applause broke loose at once. I was deeply mortified by this joyous demonstration, and in consequence, made a very awkward bow. It was plain that they did not intend to applaud me for my playing, but merely to express their gratification at being ultimately delivered from my fantasia, which threatened to last to all eternity.

Notwithstanding the praise and encouragement frequently bestowed on me; notwithstanding the love for my art, and the fine hopes whose fulfilment I believed I saw distinctly in the future, there still were times when I was actually sick of my violin, my piano-forte, and even my pen (I had long since commenced composing). At such periods I strove to persuade myself that I had not a spark of genius, and must give up music altogether. When the attacks of this malady were most severe, I used to run to some delightful spot in the country, throw myself on the ground, and moisten the green grass with floods of tears, till I became so exhausted that I fell into a profound sleep. On opening my eyes again I always found the blue sky, the golden sun, the trees and flowers far more beautiful than before, and a feeling came over me as if I looked right into the eyes of God, and he smiled on me. Thus strengthened and comforted, I walked home, went up to my cheerless garret and resumed my studies.

This love for natural scenery has remained with me undiminished, so that, when walking in the country on a fine day, I am sometimes so full of joy that I cannot refrain from singing, with a loud and clear voice, a certain favorite song, in which the beauties of nature are glorified.

Nature and Art,—mother and daughter! Pity on the man who is insensible to their beauties ever new and ever young!

My five years of apprenticeship drew towards the close. Bodily, I had now grown to that state where the moustache begins to make its appearance under the nose, and where writing love letters forms so sweet an occupation. I cannot conceal that I was an exceedingly handsome fellow. In saying this I do not boast, but repeat only what the girls assured me many times, who, I suppose, are the most competent judges in this matter. I cannot omit to remark that it was a peculiarity of my nature to be continually in love; but my affections never fell on those who moved in my own sphere, and who would have been happy by a smile or a favor from me; on the contrary, my chosen ones belonged always to the highest and richest classes of society and were so situated that I had no opportunity whatever to approach them. So, to ease my burthened heart, I wrote poems, and composed melodies which, as some of my elder friends said, were touching to tears. Every Sunday morning I wrote a letter to my beloved, and in the most glowing terms confessed my passion. After I had finished, I put it into my pocket and walked out.

Here, in the open air, on some secret spot, I read it over once more, and then tore it up. Scattering the pieces about me, I implored the winds to waft them, as messengers of my love, to her for whom all my pulses beat.

My five years, as observed before, were now finished; and one day in the month of August, I found myself on the road to a large city where resided a celebrated teacher of composition, of whom I intended to take lessons. As I had no money to ride, I made the whole journey, a hundred and fifty miles, on foot, in five successive days. On my arrival I went immediately to present myself to the famous Professor. My heart beat vehemently when I approached his house; because, timid and reserved as I naturally was, I feared to converse with so great a man. Besides, I entertained doubts whether he would find my talent and progress great enough to receive me among his scholars. On my telling him that I desired to become his pupil in composition, he asked me who I was, and whence I came. I then gave him a brief account of my life; told him that under adverse circumstances I had advanced so far that at different times I had played solos on the violin and the piano-forte, at concerts; but that neither of these instruments gave me much satisfaction, for my talent inclined decidedly to the creative side of the art; I loved far better to write than to play, and believed, therefore, that I was destined for a composer. "A year and a half after I had received the first lesson in music," continued I, "I began to compose, without knowing how, or why; and from that time I have been writing whenever I have had leisure; sometimes till late into the night, or the dawn of the morning. The fruits of my labors are, Sonatas, Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, &c., heaps of which I have left behind me in my native town. My brain is continually crammed with musical ideas; all I see and hear turns to music within me, and I must write it down lest my head should burst. I never had any instruction; occasionally I tried to instruct myself a little from books which fell into my hands, but I found them too scientific or unintelligible. I feel that I need personal instruction from a teacher who, like yourself, sir, is able to recognize and develop a talent according to its peculiar nature. If it is true, as you say in one of your books, that a man is gifted in proportion as he loves the art, then I have talent, surely, I have great talent."

I became so animated, so inspired, that I felt my cheeks burn like fire; and Q. looked at me with profound astonishment. After I had finished, he said: "You please me, indeed; I like to hear a musician speak so. But can you not let me see some of your compositions which you mentioned just now?" I immediately drew forth from my pocket the score of a Quartet for four stringed instruments, which I had taken with me to show him. He read the first movement over, and said that it betrayed great power of invention; however, it was evident from the treatment of the themes that I had had no instruction. A studied composer would have made three whole quartets of the thoughts contained in this movement. Of course he would accept me as his scholar; "but," said he, "have you considered that the path of the composer is a thorny one?—are you prepared for struggles of all kinds, for disappointments and even mortifications? If you have no fortune, it were better that you per-

fecting yourself more on those instruments, and chose the career of a virtuoso."

"I have no choice," returned I, "either I must compose or I cannot live."

The instruction commenced. I took three lessons a week, studied day and night, and made progress with gigantic strides. My teacher was highly pleased with my talent and diligence, and assured me repeatedly that a glorious future awaited me. The interest he took in me was so great that he not only instructed me for nothing, but favored me also with his friendship. We took long walks together, and I passed many a happy hour in social intercourse with his family.

Alas! his prophecy has not been verified. From incessant study my health began to fail, when the Revolution broke out. Losing all his pupils, and believing himself and family in danger, collected his valuables and left for a distant country. At the same time misfortune occurred in the parental house, and I received word to come home as soon as possible. Thus my studies were interrupted, and my prospects, my dearest hopes, destroyed forever. I am still an obscure musician; no one knows me, no one cares for me, save a few fellow-artists, as obscure as myself.

The proverb that every man is the builder of his own fortune, is not true; at least it needs considerable modification. Suppose a man is born without hands, as sometimes happens; or no money to buy the tools wherewith to erect his building,—what shall he do then? We sow and we labor; but the fruits we must await patiently; they lie beyond our power.

However, I am resigned. It was, after all, a phantom for which I was striving! I cannot deny that my aspirations, noble as they were in themselves, were accompanied with a morbid desire for fame and notoriety; and these, I am now wise enough to know, are things which one should least desire. Suppose your fame extends over the whole world, and you are praised and admired by millions! what happiness do you derive from it? Surely it does not smoothe a single fold on your troubled brow. How much sweeter is the soft, consoling voice of a faithful friend, a virtuous sister, or a loving wife! However, if you have not even these, but only the painful consciousness of a lost career, lost, notwithstanding your sincere and earnest striving—then, God comfort you!

ADOLAR.

Mozart's Son.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I extract from Mrs. Jameson's "Diary of an Ennuyée" the following:

"Dr. Holland once told me, that when travelling in Iceland, he had heard one of Mozart's melodies played and sung by an Icelandic girl, and that some months afterwards he heard the very same air sung to the guitar by a Greek lady at Salonica. Yet the son of that immortal genius, who has dispensed delight from one extremity of Europe to the other, and from his urn still rules the entranced senses of millions—Charles Mozart, is a poor music master at Milan!" p. 315 note.

This was, of course, written a good many years ago—more than thirty, if the note was in the first edition of the "Diary." Was it a correct statement, and do you know the fate of this Charles Mozart?"

F.

Mozart, of six children, left but two boys alive at his death—Karl and Wolfgang Gottlieb (Ama-deus.) The latter became quite a distinguished

musician and composer, although overshadowed by the greatness of his father's name, and Nissen, at the close of his Biography of the great Mozart, devotes much space to him and his letters to his mother. He died in 1844.

Karl is passed over by Nissen in almost utter silence! Why? A curious question, considering that he was his stepson.

We can give a few notes, however, in relation to him, which seem to lead to the conclusion that Mrs. Jameson's "poor music master" was such only in the sense in which a wealthy English traveller would use the term, especially if it points a sentence epigrammatically. We have not the means at hand of determining the date of his birth—doubtless Holmes gives it—nor of his settlement in Milan. But that he ranked well in that city among the musicians and teachers, is clear, from the fact that he directed the private concerts in the house of a wealthy Italian named Casella. For instance, April 16th, 1824, Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives" was sung there, Karl Mozart directing, and his pupil, Constanza, daughter of Casella, playing the accompaniment upon the piano-forte.

In 1827, a concert was given in Milan, with the following announcement on the bills:

"Madame Ester Vansuest, wife of the artist for whose benefit the concert is given, and daughter of the celebrated master of music, Monsieur Mozart, will execute," &c.

Karl Mozart, not knowing that he had a sister, called upon the dame to get an explanation. She had presence of mind enough to attribute the announcement to an error of the printer, saying that she was an American by birth, and daughter of a Monsieur Moysard. She was unable to explain how her father had obtained the title of "celebro maestro di musica"—but had a crowded house, and gave great satisfaction!

In 1844, Karl Mozart was still in Milan, and held an office under the Austrian government.

Two years ago he was invited to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to be present at the centennial celebration of his father's birth. The following is his reply—at least in substance, for the style of the letter is not such as to make a translation very easy.

MILAN, JAN. 17, 1856.

Most valued and dearest Friend:—My answer to your interesting letter of the 7th inst. has been delayed by a slight indisposition. I consider it a happy omen for the whole of the year which has just begun, that I have been made to rejoice through the reception of a letter from such a valued and dear friend—a friend, who has ever proved himself such, during a period, the length of which may be reckoned by the measure of generations. Were it possible to add to the joyful feelings thus awakened, it would be done, my dear friend, by the precious and touching topics of your letter.

"How happy should I be, were I able to undertake the journey to so important, beautiful, and refined a city as Frankfort! I cherish for it an especial reverence and inclination, both on account of the many worthy people whom I have had the privilege of knowing there, and from the affection for it which I have inherited from my deceased father. Am I deprived the happiness, however, of being present at the festivities, which will celebrate his centennial birthday; am I cut off from the delights, which the compositions

of my father, as performed by the artists there would afford—artists whose fame and excellence reach back to remote times; and, what I chiefly lament—can I not have the satisfaction of proving my thankfulness to those who took the first steps toward, and will take part in, the celebration, which will add new lustre to the name of Mozart, and place him still higher in the opinions of the present generation; am I deprived, I say, of all these delights: still, I pray and charge you, my dearest friend, to be the organ of communicating those feelings by which I am penetrated. You will certainly do this more adequately than I can, although not with more warmth. Especially do I pray you to communicate my best good wishes and thanks to Herr André, whose father, as well as deceased sister, Madame Streicher, I had the honor to know, and whose family was always most warmly attached to mine. At the same time I send you a thousand sincere good wishes, and embrace you most tenderly.

Your devoted friend and servant,

KARL MOZART.

We believe this gentleman was never married; when, therefore, the now old man has passed away, there will be an end of the Mozart family!

A. W. T.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in Paris.

(From the London Musical World.)

Elijah, or rather a part of *Elijah* (the first part), has passed the ordeal of Parisian criticism, and, as sincere admirers of Mendelssohn's genius, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep satisfaction at the knowledge of this result. At all events, half of *Elijah* may now, without danger, be cited, by universal Europe, among the classics of music. Paris has proclaimed it; and we have some right to cherish the hope that the remaining half, when brought before that dread tribunal, may be equally fortunate.

A perusal of the French papers which record the event has thrown us into an ecstasy. *Beati sumus!* True, some of the critics divide their admiration between the "Triple Clavier" of M. Alexandre (with the triple clavier playing of M. Daussoigne Méhul), and the oratorio of Mendelssohn. But that is germane to the national character. *Elijah* was the pill, and the new invention of M. Alexandre the sugar, which concealed or modified the bitter flavor. You may see, in the midst of the glowing apostrophes of the *feuilletonistes*, an enthusiasm which is rather affected than real. Their descriptions of the music are warm, and, in many instances, graphic and correct; but even those who profess the greatest reverence for its beauties are prone to apologize to their readers for the unhappy drawback that it is not exactly French. How, indeed, these gentlemen reason with themselves, *can* everything and everybody be French?—which is a synonyme for perfect. M. Maurice Bourges himself, who translated the book into his extremely inharmonious vernacular, and was instrumental in bringing *Elijah* before his countrymen, is compelled by insinuation to whisper "Peccavi—as though he had transgressed against the laws of decorum. This enthusiast recommends, in the last issue of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, the curtailment of the recitatives, as follows:—

"In future auditions, which M. Pasdeloup, faithful to his mission will necessarily provide, we recommend him to suppress a portion of the recitatives, which become useless, *since the comments of the programme replace them.*" (!)

If M. Bourges can point out one single recitative throughout the whole of *Elijah* which is not absolutely essential to the plan of the work, the interest of the story, and the natural progress of the music, he must be a shrewder man than we take him for. Where, we should like to know,

would he begin; Upon what number would he first lay profane hands? M. Bourges himself owns, in a paragraph where French conceit is displayed to admiration, that making the proposed curtailment would be throwing treasures into the shade:—

"The ruling virtue of Frenchmen is not the Germanic patience. Curtailments made with intelligence often decide a success which unimportant *longueurs* might compromise. Great riches have at times their danger. More accommodating than probably Mendelssohn would have been himself, it is necessary in his interest to know how to throw into the shade a part of his treasures. This will insure to what remains the privilege of shining without detriment, and attracting the eye by a more lively brilliancy."*

M. Bourges is right in one conjecture. The composer of *Elijah* (the "austere biblical bard," as the *France Musicale* entitles him) would not have shown the least desire to accommodate the French "*dilettanti*" by mutilating his work. *Elijah* has experienced ten years of decided success without the aid of paste and scissors. M. Bourges, to suit his own taste and that of his compatriots, can easily, if he pleases, manufacture, by means of the process he recommends to M. Padeloup, an edition *sui generis*—a Parisian "*édition de luxe*," with the cuttings required to conciliate the absence of that "*patience germanique*" which is not the dominant virtue of "the metropolis of European civilization." But he had best not send it to England, unless for the recreation of boarding-school misses. Perhaps, after all, M. Maurice Bourges, when suggesting so monstrous a piece of Vandalism, was ironical. Perhaps he merely intended to convey, through the medium of an amusing paradox, his real opinion of M. Padeloup, who not only pays Mendelssohn the ill compliment of splitting his oratorio into halves, but devotes the time that might have been so much more worthily filled up by the remaining part of *Elijah*, to a fantasia on the "Triple Clavier," and a second "meditation" (!) of M. Gounod—for chorus and orchestra—on that same unhappy prelude of Bach,† which had already been so curiously travestied, for violin, organ, and piano, by the composer of *Sappho* and the *Nonne Sanglante*. If such be the case, the translator of the text of *Elijah* has our entire sympathy; if not, we cannot rate him much higher than M. Padeloup, who makes the first part of *Elijah* the last clap-trap in an ordinary "concert-monstre."

DON GIOVANNI AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The representation of Don Giovanni at the Academy of Music, last evening, had this advantage over all preceding ones—the part of Leporello was rendered with an intelligence never before witnessed on our stage. The character has been strangely misunderstood by all who have previously attempted it. Leporello is not a mere buffoon, whose knavish tricks and humors are intended to amuse the audience from beginning to end of the extraordinary drama in which he takes part, but a shrewd man of the world, who never neglects his own interests amidst all the extravagance in which he indulges, and yet shows that he is not without some sense of humanity. The master gives the reins to his lusts without feeling and without remorse, but the valet occasionally experiences some twinges of conscience, notwithstanding an uncontrollable propensity to aid the crimes of his master and a sly enjoyment of the intrigues in which he shares. This is shown in the saddening change which sometimes interrupts the gayest strains of the music, in his occasional determination to leave the service of so base a master, in the terror which he shows when compelled to address the statue of the *Commendatore*, and in his unfeigned agony and remorse in the terrible closing scene. It was in this scene, which has hitherto been made one of the funniest in the opera, that the personation of Formes, last night, was most masterly. Instead of the grim-acting and chattering buffoon, who takes refuge under the table, where he contrives to keep the

audience in good humor until the curtain drops, he was natural, earnest, repentant, and in the midst of his terror, like a faithful servant, not forgetful of his master. Nothing could be more moving than the tone in which he implored him to repent while there was time, or more genuine than his terror at each fierce *crescendo* from the orchestra. So completely did he divest the character of its ridiculous attributes, that it became absolutely pathetic, and Leporello, the knave and jester, suddenly enlisted the sympathies of the audience, by showing that he was sensible of his own and his master's crimes. Throughout the opera the proprieties of the part were sustained with equal felicity. The music was rendered with the artistic finish peculiar to Formes, and his voice told admirably in some of the concerted pieces.

The remaining parts were sustained with average ability. Madame Lagrange, as Donna Anna, was artistic and careful, and sustained the part with dignity, but her voice has not the *timbre* to express the deep-settled grief which the music embodies. Madame D'Angri sang Zerlina's music very pleasingly. The *Vedrai carino* barely escaped an encore. Madame Caradori made a less successful Donna Elvira than we have seen on the same stage. She has not the sympathetic quality of voice which the passionate music of this love-lorn lady demands, and the part gained nothing of dramatic power in her hands. Gasier's Don Giovanni was a good performance, less mercurial and impulsive than some that we have seen, but utterly free from extravagance. The *mise en scène* at the end of the first act, was the most brilliant that we have ever witnessed on the Academy stage. We cannot congratulate Mr. Ullman on the success of his representation of Hell at the end of the piece, although great pains had evidently been bestowed upon it; and would suggest that he leave it out altogether in future performances. The effect of the finale will be in less danger of being marred or destroyed.

Eve. Post.

From my Diary, No. 20.

Jan. 11.—All things considered, the most thoroughly delicious, enjoyable, soul-satisfying music, thus far, this winter—excepting, of course, Handel's "Messiah"—I heard this evening in the Motet by Bach, the "Miriam's Song" by Schubert, and Father Hauptmann's Sacred Song, as sung at Chickering's Rooms, last evening, under the direction of Mr. Dresel.

Ah, me! will the time never come when some large choral and orchestral society in Boston can afford to sing this Schubert composition, Haydn's "Storm," Beethoven's "Opfer Lied" and "Meeresstille," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and the many other exquisite pieces of this character, which the greatest masters have not disdained to write?

Jan. 12.—Here is a bit of a "puff"—but an honest one. The subject is a lithograph—a bird's eye view—like those of which every American traveller brings home more or less as remembrances of foreign cities. It is a portrait of our Alma Mater—old Harvard—taken from an elevated point on the eastern boundary of the College grounds, and looking to the west. We have had nothing like it before; and if a sincere commendation in Dwight's Journal can assist those who executed it to draw from it some daily bread in these times, when their business is almost entirely cut off, that commendation is heartily bestowed. Besides the main view of the College grounds and edifices, new chapel and all, we get the distant landscape, including Mt. Auburn, away to the fine-wooded hills which limit the prospect to the west, and separate views of Longfellow's house, Washington's Headquarters, the Law School, Prof. Agassiz's residence, the Observatory, and Divinity Hall.

Where, of whom, and at what price, it may be obtained, the reader will learn as soon as it is—advertised.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—You have heard, of course, of our "Children's Aid Society." This institution has lately extended its sphere of usefulness beyond the original limits, and opened a branch office, from whence unemployed females are sent to the West, to be provided with homes and work. For the furtherance of this special object, our young resident artist, Mr. GOLDBECK, (who has lain *perdu* since last Spring,) gave a concert last Saturday night, assisted by various other artists. This was the programme:

- PART I.
- 1—Hymne an die Musik.....Lachner.
 - The German Liederkrantz, Conductor Herr Paur
 - 2—Trio in D minor, op. 39, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.
 - 1 Allegro molto, 2. Andante, 3. Scherzo, 4. Allegro molto.....Goldbeck.
 - Messrs. Mollenhauer, Bergner and R. Goldbeck
 - 3—Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa,".....Rossini.
 - Miss E. L. Williams.
 - 4—La Fée des Fleurs, Morceau fantastique pour le Violon, Mollenhauer.
 - Mr. Mollenhauer
 - 5—The Mill, Lyric Poem, for Voice, Piano and Violoncello, Kreutzer.
 - Messrs. Guilmette, Kletzer and King.
 - 6—{ a. "Impromptu," Etude favorite de Liszt, F min., Chopin.
 - { b. 2d Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31,.....Chopin.
 - R. Goldbeck.
- PART II.
- 7—Serenade,.....Abt.
 - The German Liederkrantz.
 - 8—"Idylle," for Violoncello.....Servais.
 - Mr. F. Kletzer.
 - 9—Hunting Tower, Ballad,.....Trab.
 - Miss E. L. Williams.
 - 10—El Torreador,.....Adhemar.
 - Mr. Charles Guilmette.
 - 11—Andante con moto and Finale from the Grand Sonata Appassionata, for the Piano, op. 57, F min., Beethoven.
 - R. Goldbeck.
 - 12—Potpourri from the Daughter of the Regiment. The German Liederkrantz.

Mr. Goldbeck was warmly welcomed back to public life by the audience. He has employed his summer retirement well, having composed the Trio mentioned on the programme, and also a Symphony. The Trio, of which one hearing can hardly give a correct impression, did not seem to me quite as attractive as some of his minor pieces. It appears to be a very fair, and in parts quite elaborate composition, but it is wanting in that melodiousness which distinguishes the "Aquarelles," for instance, and some passages are more far-fetched than original. It struck me, too, as if the string-instruments were not always rightly treated. However, take it all in all, it is a very praiseworthy effort for the first Trio of a young composer, and promises much for the future. Mr. Goldbeck's performance of this piece was excellent; still more so, and very beautiful indeed was his rendering of Beethoven. I only regretted that he did not give us the whole of the glorious *Appassionata*. That *Andante con moto*—what a heart-stirring thing it is! In the *morceaux* from Chopin, the pianist did not please me as well; they were correctly played, but without the true spirit.

The Liederkrantz were admirable in their first two numbers. It gives the music-lover great enjoyment to listen to so well drilled and understanding a chorus of men's voices. By careful and frequent practice, this Society have improved greatly since last Spring. A beautiful solo in the "Serenade" was very finely sung by a gentleman with an exceedingly agreeable tenor voice. MOLLENHAUER and KLETZER both gave great satisfaction. The latter is quite equal to Vieuxtemps in drawing from his instrument the most beautiful tones which it possesses. He plays with feeling, too. DR. GUILMETTE regaled us with a German *Volkslied*, which was sung by FORMES, in answer to an encore, at the Thalberg

* "Par un plus vif élat."

† In C—No. 1 of the *Clavier bien Tempéré*.

Testimonial, and it was unmistakably evident that this gentleman did his utmost to closely copy the great basso. He may have thought he succeeded; indeed he seemed to; but I believe few of the audience did, and in my opinion he would do better another time to leave those "awful low notes," and confine himself to a smaller compass, in which his voice is really quite fine.

It only remains for me to notice Miss WILLIAMS, and "thereby hangs a tale." This poor girl, (who rejoices in the rather absurd title of the "Welsh Nightingale,") was inveigled to this country by an agent of Barnum's Museum, with the representation that she was to appear under the same circumstances, and enjoy a similar career as Jenny Lind and Catharine Hayes, or whoever else it was whom Barnum brought out. Very inexperienced must she, or particularly her advisers, have been, to believe this story; enough, it was believed, and Miss Williams came over here, to find that she was engaged to sing at Barnum's Museum, (as it is still called, though it has long since passed out of Barnum's hands,) a place which, though by no means disreputable, is very far from refined or genteel. I believe she got rid of her engagement as soon as possible, and has since been travelling about the country, and given one concert here, endeavoring to gain the money to return to her home. She has an uncommonly fine, clear, strong voice, which is also quite flexible, and well trained. Her singing of *Una voce* was correct and spirited, but rather unpolished; but in the ballad she was quite in her element, and sang it exceedingly well. May her efforts prove successful!

This afternoon Mme. JOHNSON-GRAEVER gave the first of three Matinees at Dodworth's Saloon. The programme was, unfortunately, not a very attractive one, though the larger share of the performance thereof was in every way excellent. She gave us again the Trio of Litolff, which we heard at Eisfeld's Soiree, and which is much more attractive than the Concert Symphony by the same composer. Besides this, she played a delicate, tinkling *Campanella* by Taubert, most exquisitely, and Liszt's *Galop Chromatique* with great spirit and execution. In her performance, too, of a duet with violin, from *Oberon*, there was no fault to find. It is indeed, interesting to notice how she unites the force and fire of a man, with the soul and tenderness and delicacy of a woman. I can hardly imagine any female pianist who could excel her, though I suppose there are a few who do, such as Clara Schumann and Wilhelmina Clauss. But the former is older than our Mme. Graever, both in years and experience of every kind; arrived at her level, perhaps her young sister will equal her. Yet in this case again, the often repeated observation holds true, that woman's creative genius seldom equals her imitative and reproductive powers. Mme. Graever would have done better, had she left two pieces of her own composition which were on the programme, unplayed. The first, "*La prière d'un Ange*" was beneath all criticism; many an amateur student of music could write better things. The second, *La chasse*, was somewhat more effective, but not significant enough to merit being produced in a concert room. In the drawing room it might have passed for a lively, pretty piece. The fair *pianiste* should no endanger her laurels by mixing weeds among them. In the Trio, we missed Mr. NOLL, whose place

was supplied, but not made good, by Mr. APPY. This gentleman's tone is perhaps purer and smoother than Mr. Noll's, but it was very evident both in the Trio and the Duet, that the one does not equal the other as a musician. Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING were the vocalists, but, by the choice of their songs, did not much enhance the interest of the programme. Mr. Perring's delicious voice it is always pleasant to hear, in whatever he sings; but with Miss Milner the case is reversed.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 23, 1858.

ORCHESTRAL.—The first concert of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with the inviting title, "Grand BEETHOVEN Night," came off on Saturday evening, with most encouraging success. The audience, far larger than had been expected, filling at least two thirds of the Music Hall, proved that the enterprising conductor had not overrated the hunger and thirst for good orchestral music, even in these hard times. The orchestra was made up, to be sure, on the rather economical scale of six first violins, 4 second, 3 'cellos, 3 double bass, to the usual complement of wood and brass; but no one could expect Mr. Z. to incur greater risk in these times, and his band was, for the number, remarkably select and effective.

The first part of the programme was entirely music of Beethoven; and nothing could have better met the preference of cultivated Boston music-lovers, as the presence of that noble statue of the master there, by the lamented CRAWFORD, beareth witness. Three of his noblest works were given. First his third Symphony, the "Heroic," in which the master first stood forth in fully pronounced individuality of thought, sentiment and style, divested of all trace of any Mozart or Haydn influence; a Symphony, in which, as measured by his first and second, the composer's genius took a prodigious stride; a work in every way as unique, as full of inspiration, vigor, infinite suggestion, as almost any work even of Beethoven's latest period. It has been more seldom heard here than most of the nine Symphonies, and it is the one which never has been really quite mastered by any of our orchestras. This time it chiefly needed a broad mass of strings; otherwise, bating a few roughnesses, it was clearly, beautifully rendered, with much spirit, and a good deal, though hardly enough, light and shade. The entrance of portions of the band now and then in *pianissimo* was not so distinct as might be; the strange episodic changes, especially in the last movement, need to be most carefully indicated; but the Funeral March (second movement) was very impressively rendered, and the whole work profoundly occupied the attention of the audience, eliciting spontaneous and general applause after each movement. The *Eroica* made its mark; but it ought to be heard again. Why not introduce it in one of the Afternoon Concerts?

The Piano-forte Concerto, in G, one of Beethoven's most poetical works, tinged throughout with a deep and exquisitely dreamy feeling, was executed with perfect ease and graceful accuracy by Mr. SATTER. Nothing can exceed his

passage playing. As to poetical conception, sympathetic merging of the player in the music, there seemed something wanting. There were one or two affectations of manner, too, that were offensive; such as that flinging of the hands high in air, and thus striking the chords thinly, and not with that close grasp which gets out their full body of tone. Sometimes in soft passages the sound failed to reach us in our remote seat; it was never so when Jaell played. Mr. S. introduced two elaborate *cadenzas* of his own, in places left for them by the composer, after the traditional way. The one in the first movement was artistic and in keeping; that in the third movement less so,—mere bravura for the fingers. The wonderful *trill* cadence in that tender little episode, the Andante, is Beethoven's own and the *trill* was given (with both hands) with a fine nervous, passionate crescendo. But the general style of rendering the Andante was too *ad libitum* and sentimental. The orchestral parts went none too smoothly. Some of our modern critics scout the piano-forte Concerto altogether as a monster in Art, an absurd attempt to blend the piano with the orchestra. Whether they be right or wrong, the Concertos of Beethoven have too much of immortal beauty and poetry in them to be buried as a sacrifice to any theory.

The happiest achievement of the evening was the superbly dramatic overture to *Leonora*, the great one in C, or number three of the four he wrote. It stirred up true enthusiasm. One only wanted the splendid dozen of first violins which we had at the May Festival, to sweep up and scale the ramparts of that glorious *crescendo* near the close.

The second part of the programme was all "light" music—too light for the dignity of a *Philharmonic* concert, if we except the splendid overture to "Tell." To that "Coronation March" (or even to a fine set of Waltzes) by Strauss we could not object for once; but that "Carnival of Venice" burlesque, with its dozen solos, and droll trickery, seems, with all respect to our excellent Zerrahn, "milk for babes" too young to go to evening concerts. Mr. Satter in place of his *Ernani Fantasia*, gave his piano-forte transcription of the *Tannhauser* overture. We know how remarkable it is as a piece of executive pianism; it is very well as an extravaganza at the end of an evening before a small company; but with an orchestra present it was wholly out of place.

GERMAN TRIO.—We were unable to attend the first of the six concerts of this the fourth season, which took place at Chickering's on Monday evening. We are told there was a good audience and well pleased. The programme, at least the instrumental part of it, is worth recording:

- PART I.
1—Grand Trio, op. 97, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven
Allegro moderato—Scherzo, Allegro—Andante cantabile—
Allegro moderato.
Carl Hause, Carl Gaertner, H. Jungnickel.
PART II.
2—Cavatina, Meyerbeer
2—Quartette in D. for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, Haydn
C. Gaertner, H. Eichler, C. Eichler, H. Jungnickel.
4—Aria: "Ah! mon fils," Meyerbeer
PART III.
5—Quintette, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas and Violoncello, Mozart
Allegro—Menuette Allegretto—Andante ma non troppo—
Adagio—Allegro.
Messrs. C. Gaertner, H. Eichler, F. Zoehler, H. Jungnickel.

The vocal selections (from *Robert* and *Le Prophète*) were by a young lady announced as a

very promising amateur,—her first appearance. We are requested to state that her name is Miss CORDELIA M. HARDWICK; that she has been a pupil of Sig. Guidi, of Mr. Arthurson, and more recently of Mr. Gärtner; and that her friends regard her as having great talent and as destined to become "a prima donna of the America."

CONCERT BY MISS ABBY B. FAY.—Tremont Temple, Tuesday evening, Jan. 19th. Decidedly an interesting debut. The young lady prepossessed us from the outset by her simple, modest, unaffected manner. There were even genuine and not unpleasing traces of timidity in the first breaking of the ice before a large audience, a real public. Her voice we found very beautiful in quality, clear, powerful, always true, and if not positively sympathetic, yet not at all hard or glassy, but soft and rich and truly musical. We should say it is not so much unsympathetic, as indifferent; not that it is incapable of becoming the vehicle of passion, but that the experience is wanting; it warbles in a childlike manner out of a fresh and undeveloped nature. It is a true soprano, reaching not *very* high, and soon growing slightly veiled and filmy as it descends, even among the middle tones. This took so much from its general character of freshness, that we could not but suspect the influence of a cold.

Miss Fay's pieces were the same, with one exception, as those sung at her first (private) concert: viz. *Fidanzata*, by Pacini, *Qui la voce*, and *Con' e bello*. In all, the first observation to be made is this: "She executes the 'difficult' things far better than she does the simple ones; she *vocalizes* better than she *sings*. She is uniformly tame, indifferent, imperfect in the slow melodies, the introductory arias, in all pure *cantilena*; these she delivers as a good school girl recites verses. Her spirit is first roused and she shows signs of life, only when she dashes with her bright voice into the bravura passages. Then she revels with a birdlike joy and facility in rapid runs, trills, staccatos, chromatic scales, echos, &c. and seems in her element;—though we do believe her capable of more; more and deeper must lie in her undeveloped, else we should not have found her song so *interesting*. Her trill is beautiful; her echoes (in an "Echo Waltz" composed for her by her teacher, Sig. BENDELARI, and full of all sorts of curious phrases echoed) were among the most ringing, airy and perfect that we have heard. But her most finished art lies in the bright *staccato* passages in the high notes. Otherwise her feats of florid vocalization are more remarkable for facility and naturalness than for much artistic finish. But there is in them the promise (or at least the possibility, with wise and thorough training) of a great singer in that kind.

The wisest training, though, it seems to us, were that which should make her mistress of plain and simple melody, of the pure, expressive *cantabile* style—in short of *singing*, rather than of vocalization. There is danger, as our friend wrote last week, of a fatal facility in this latter. To sing well the opening Andante melody of *Qui la voce* were the higher, worthier art; but this art Miss Fay has not. What does she need so much as such education both of voice and feeling, as would be found in the careful study and practise of some of those songs of Mozart, which are the very soul of melody, even the simplest, as *Vedrai carino*?

With all the coldness just remarked—only a virgin coldness as we trust—there were certain acquired mannerisms, imitations of expression, not only false in point of taste, but dangerous in the long run to the integrity of the voice itself. Such were a habit of too frequent and exaggerated accent, (a modern and Verdi-ish affectation), and a way of whipping out, as it were, a strong first note, instead of striking it

fairly and squarely. The plain, large, honest Italian *cantabile* is what most of all she seems to need. We feel in duty bound to state frankly these impressions, because the lady indicates so much real talent; and it is all in her favor, that she is indifferent as yet in the matter of expression, instead of having fallen like so many into the over-intense and physical thing which some lovers of the modern Italian opera call passion. With fine voice and talent, she has *truth* of nature, and the best culture is her due.

We have to thank Miss Fay for the good taste with which her concert was made up. Instead of the usual feeble or clap-trap miscellany, a small orchestra, led by AUGUST FRIES, gave us a couple of movements each from Beethoven's first and Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; also a couple of lighter pieces. Sig. Bendelari's graceful piano accompaniment added much to the charm of the vocal pieces.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting of this Association of the musical sons of Harvard and such kindred spirits as have joined them, was held on Monday evening, Jan. 18th, at the Revere House. The society during the twenty years of its existence has been strictly private in its nature; its doings and delightful anniversaries have not passed into the newspapers. It has not borne any direct or public part in the musical movement of our times; but indirectly it has exerted not a little influence in that movement. The enthusiasm of its members, and the interest of its annual business and convivial meetings has increased from year to year; and it seems now time to lift the veil and let all whom it concerns know what good times may be had, what good things done, by making music as it were the bond of union between the various arts and branches of a liberal culture,—by an association of educated gentlemen for the promotion of the cause of Music. At least it becomes this Journal, which was originally in some sense the child of the Association, and which has ever been its only organ, read as it is by all its members, to furnish to those members some slight record of hours too bright to be forgotten.

The H. M. A. grew out of a little musical club of undergraduates at Harvard University, called the "Pierian Sodality." It was formed in 1837, on Commencement day, and was at first a union of actual and past "Pierians." The objects were partly social, partly practical. It was hoped that such a union would lead to a fuller recognition of Music among the branches of a liberal culture in the University; that funds might be raised in course of time for the foundation of a Musical Professorship; that a Musical Library might be collected; but above all, that the mere association of educated men in such a cause would tend to raise the general respect for Music, at that time not by any means profound or hearty. The Professorship is still in the future, though Alma Mater has done something, has employed a teacher of singing in the College walls. The Library has become a notable and solid fact, as we shall see. But the chief fruits of the union are found in the social impulse which it has given to musical culture in the highest sense. Confined chiefly in its memberships to graduates, it has also added to its numbers not a few other gentlemen of musical, literary and artistic culture, and now combines a weight of character which cannot but have influence. By the exertions of its members our noble Boston Music Hall became a fact; in them this Journal of Music found its first encouragement; the first Chamber (Quartet) Concerts were given in Boston under their auspices; and constantly suggestions spring up at its meetings which lead to public action.

But our space forbids us to pursue this history now.—To return to the Annual Meeting. The hours from 7 to 9 P. M. were devoted to business, the President, Henry W. Pickering, in the chair. Reports of Treasurer, Librarian, and Directors were read, showing the affairs in a flourishing condition; assessments were paid in with much alacrity; new

members were elected, and as an honorary member, the distinguished organist of Temple Church, London, EDWARD J. HOPKINS, Esq., author of the celebrated work on the "History and Construction of the Organ," a gentleman, whose wise and friendly counsels are warmly appreciated by those who have had in charge the procuring of the grand organ for our Music Hall. The deaths of our late treasurer and valued member, CHARLES H. F. MOERING, and of the sculptor CRAWFORD, who was an honorary member, were noticed by fit resolutions and remarks. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows, (the President holds office for four years):

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Vice President, | J. S. Dwight. |
| Cor. Sec., | Dr. J. B. Upham. |
| Rec. Sec., | Henry Ware. |
| Treasurer, | J. P. Putnam. |
| Directors at large, | { Dr. F. E. Oliver, C. F. Shimmis. |

At nine o'clock the folding doors were thrown open, connecting three sumptuous parlors of the Revere House into one, and revealing tables furnished with every luxury of taste and sight and smell. It was indeed a most artistic supper. The zeal and tasteful inventiveness of "mine host" Pearson cannot be too highly complimented. The splendid vases, the profusion of sweet-scented flowers, the elaborate emblematic ornaments, in which confectionary had risen to a Fine Art, combining fiddles, harps with a thousand strings, and horns of plenty, in a manner most appropriate to the occasion, were the theme of general admiration. About forty members and invited guests sat down to supper, after the good old English convivial prelude of *Non nobis, Domine*, sung by a choir of members, led by brother J. C. D. Parker. The same would steal away from the table, at intervals between the toasts and speeches, to a noble Chickering Grand, and sing part-songs by Mendelssohn, and other pieces. We had also a piano duet by brothers Parker and Willcox, songs, &c.

Many bright and serious sentiments were offered and happily responded to in the course of the evening. The President evinced the happiest faculty in calling out; no one escaped. George S. Hillard spoke to "The Association," and toasted the "Musical Press" which responded with allusion to "The Poets," of whom anon. Dr. Upham spoke in a charming vein of his "Organ" pilgrimage in Europe. The worthy Treasurer, always prompt and eloquent, tantalized us with a description of *Don Giovanni*, as he had just heard it in New York, and said the Hades scene was "wonderfully life-like—at any rate as near the reality as he hoped ever to witness"! "Beethoven" (his colossal bust frowned from behind the president's chair,) of course called up the "Diarist." The music of Mr. Southard (who is a member of the Association) called out glowing tributes from brothers F. H. Underwood and others; and there were speeches, witticisms, sentiments, from Dr. Bowditch, Dr. H. G. Clark, Dr. Derby, and brothers Sturgis, Chickering, and many more, too numerous to mention.

But the poets. There sat Longfellow, who whispered that he would "fold up his tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away," if pressed for speech or song (we had himself, and that was the main thing). With Holmes, the "autocrat," we were more fortunate; he read us verses, one of his truest, sweetest lyrics, of which he here sends us, not precisely the original, but

Variations on an Aria played without music at the meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, Jan. 18th, 1858.

One molten cluster let me claim
Of grapes that wore the purple stain,—
No maddening draught of scorching flame
But leaf and blossom-filtered rain,
Sweet with the musky earth's perfume,
Red with the burning glow of dawn,
Still flower-like in its breath and bloom,—
The soul of summers dead and gone!

Ah, not alone their sunsets lie
Dissolved in this empurpled glow,
But sounds and shapes that will not die
Run with its current's crimson flow!
The music of the silent tongue,—
The flying hand that swept the keys,—
The broken lute, the harp unstrung,—
We listen and we look for these.

Hark! while the dimpling fount is stirred,
The far off echoes move their wings,
And through the quivering past is heard
The murmur of its myriad strings.
Once more that old remembered strain!
The Prima Donna's locust-cry!
And hush, for memory breathes again
Some lost "Pierian" melody!

And so we will not call him thief
Nor hold him guilty of a sin
Who plucks away one ivy-leaf
Or smooths the panther's spotted skin;
For if we steal the brightest wine
We do the thyrsus little wrong,
Since all the jewels of the vine
Were thrown her by the God of Song!

Lowell, too, not to be outdone by the Doctor's "barrel organ," took out "his revolver" and made most felicitous hits in a series of the wittiest impromptu verses, full of musical allusions. They ought to grace this narrative; we don't despair of getting them after the poet has had time to see how good they were—And so we must break abruptly off, postponing what we have to say of the Musical Library of the Association, except (because in type, and time to go to press) a good part of the

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

The additions to the Library during the past year have not been so numerous as in some former years, about one half of the Library appropriation having been expended in binding and repairing such volumes as required it. * * *

The new Catalogue is now at the service of the Association, with a slip, giving the additions made during the past year. It will be observed that several works have been presented to the Library by the gentlemen whose names are given beneath the titles; those not so designated, having been purchased by the Library Committee.

I desire to notice especially, in this connection the continued liberality of Mr. Nathan Richardson in presenting to the Association the magnificent edition of the works of J. S. Bach, published by the "Bach-Gesellschaft" of Leipzig, which is perhaps the finest musical publication of the time. The sixth annual volume of this work was received a few days since from Mr. Richardson, on the eve of his departure for Europe. I should add that Mr. Richardson has shown the same liberal spirit, in all the purchases that the Association has made from him, at various times.

I wish however, to commend this example to the members of the Association. In past time a large proportion of the additions to the Library accrued in this way. Glancing over our collection, one is struck by the fact how largely the Association is indebted for its Library to some of its earlier members. It is not, I trust improper to mention here, the names of the President of the Association, of Henry Gasset, Esq., and the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wainwright, as among the most conspicuous for this virtue. The annual assessment of members is merely a nominal sum, and it would be an easy matter for every individual connected with us to make an annual offering to the Library to testify to his allegiance. Many members have in their possession, works upon musical subjects, books of history, biography, criticism or theory that would find their proper place upon our shelves; compositions, too, music, modern or ancient, that illustrate the history of the art should be there. I would not, with the biblio mania which should undoubtedly animate a diligent and faithful librarian, ask for everything and anything. I would not, like a Mohammedan, file away and preserve every scrap of paper, on which St. Cecilia's name might, by chance, be inscribed; I do not ask for the trash that comes every day from the modern press, but would rather consume some that we already possess.—But I would ask that books or compositions of enduring, permanent value, which may be in the possession of any member, and not essential to the comforts of his daily life, should be given to the Library of our Association. A fragment may sometimes supply a hiatus *valde defendus* existing in some treasure that we already possess, and any complete work of a great

master will always find a vacant place awaiting it. Duplicates even, are desirable, for opportunities often present of exchange with others, for works in which our catalogue is deficient. Gentlemen who may not have such works in their possession, or who cannot dispense with them, might always compound the matter with our Treasurer, who would be glad to receive at any time subscriptions to the Library fund of the year.

Attaining our majority at this Twenty-first annual meeting, we may congratulate ourselves on being, in a very quiet, modest way, doing something for the cause of music in the community in which we live, and something for our ALMA MATER, whose honored name we bear. And it cannot but be to all of us a gratifying fact that we number among our members, a recognized officer of the University whose function it is to instruct in Music. His name, as yet, is far down in the Annual Catalogue, among the Proctors, the Academical officers of Justice, and is not yet thought worthy to be put into choice Latin to make one among the solemn periods of the Triennial; but the art of Music has got a foothold within the College walls, and sacred music under this instructor forms a part of the daily worship of the College Chapel, so that we have good ground to hope for better things. Looking forward to the distant day when the Professor of Music shall have a chair upon the foundation of our Association, which was one of the objects proposed in the origin of our Association, let us endeavor to collect for him a Library worthy of his office and of its founders.

I have in former Reports alluded to the fact of our Library having outgrown its shelves and become too valuable to be longer exposed to the chances of accident to which it has always been more or less liable, while in the custody of an individual. I am happy therefore, to be able to state to the Association that the Directors, in the exercise of the power given them have been for some time, in conference with the Librarian and Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, and will probably be able to effect some agreement with them by which our books can have an alcove in the Athenæum Library, where they can at all times be conveniently consulted by our members, and be delivered to them by the Librarian of that institution, thus gaining a safe and commodious place of deposit and reference, and the attention of the Librarian in receiving and delivery; the details of the arrangement have not been concluded, but we have reason to believe that our proposal will be accepted by the Trustees, in which event the books will be shortly removed there where they may probably continue until we inaugurate the Harvard Professor of Music.

Apologetic. Here we are at the last moment, columns full, press waiting, and there are still concerts to be noticed, letters, good things from the "Diarist," news, reviews, chit-chat—every thing we meant to have had in—vainly crying for admission. But the press is inexorable; the forms are not made of India rubber; the clock will not go back. Verily we have cut our cloth out wrong this week.

Advertisements.

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Tickets admitting one person to both Oratorios, with Reserved Seats, at \$2, will be for sale on Tuesday morning, January 19th, at the Music Store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, No. 291 Washington Street, and on the evenings of the performances. Single Tickets without reserved seats may be had at \$1 each.

Doors open at 6: Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

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3—Sonata concertante, in 3 movements, (D),
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Beethoven's E minor Quartette will be repeated, and a new Quartette in E flat by Mozart. Mr. Lang will play in Beethoven's C minor Trio, etc.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to Young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

II.

In Painting, the artist depends upon his sight for accuracy. The Poet has rules for the construction of his verses. But the Musician in his studies, relies solely on his delicate sense of hearing; and he must hear not merely with his outward ear; he must first recognize the power of music within his own soul, to be able to reproduce it for the benefit of others. This is the reason why we so seldom, even among those who call themselves Amateurs, find one who is really deserving of the title. They will perhaps attend every concert within their reach, and extol to the skies this or that performer, but of the merits of the music they care nothing. If you were to inquire why they wish to be thought lovers of music, you might be answered in one word:—Fashion.

But we will suppose, dear reader, that you are truly an Amateur—you love Art for its own sake. You delight to awaken the spirit of Music, and listen to her descriptions of the beautiful ideals which your fancy has created. You desire to touch your instrument as a musician.

Be particular, first of all, to lay aside all petty vanity, the instant you strike the first notes of your piece. Do not flatter yourself that when you are requested to play, you can add to the merits of the music by any display of affectation. If you possessed the beauty of an Apollo or a Venus, you would never show to advantage by twisting your body into contortions, or by suffering your hands to spring up and down as if each key were a coal of fire. We have seen persons attempt to perform pieces of unquestioned merit,

but which they rendered with so little propriety of movement, that the mere sight of the performer was intolerable. They would sway from side to side like a ship in a storm, and roll their eyes as if they were trying to discover the capacity of those organs for the first time. And when they came to difficult passages requiring more power of execution than they had acquired, they would cast down their eyes, and protest with a simper:—"Really, they had learned the piece so long ago, they had forgotten it!"

Play conscientiously. Do not put in unnecessary trills, or ornaments of any kind. Stick to your notes. In undertaking to play to an audience, you tacitly agree to give them as nearly as you can, the ideas of the composer. You might as well take Shakespeare, Milton, or any other author, and intersperse your reading with sentences of your own, as pretend to improve the compositions which you have learned, by additional "phrases" of your invention. If the music will not stand on its own merits, it is not worthy your attention at all.

Carl Formes.

Carl Formes is of Spanish descent. His great-grandfather, Formes de Varez, was secretary to the Spanish Legation at the Hague. His son was born there, and became a prominent and distinguished soldier. The father of Formes was also a soldier, and fought under the banner of Napoleon. Carl was born on the 7th of August, 1818, in the little village of Mühlheim, on the Rhine. He received instruction in music early in life and displayed great love for the art; but his father, being a practical man, proposed that he should follow some other occupation. The course of life decided upon for him became extremely distasteful to the young artist, and he took the only way in his power to free himself from it—he enlisted in the Austrian service. This step fortunately brought him to Vienna, where his intelligence and fine musical organization soon attracted the attention of Bassadone, who at once offered to direct his musical studies. He pursued his art with enthusiasm and such rapid strides that on the 6th of January, 1842, he made his *début* in Cologne in the character of Sarastro in Mozart's opera of "Die Zauberfloete." His success was unequivocal, and he was admitted into the community of artists from that night. In 1843 he was chosen a member of the Court Opera at Manheim, and in 1844 he became a primo basso assoluto at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, where he receives the largest salary ever given to a German artist, and which is to be paid to him as long as he lives.

In the Revolution of 1848, Formes discarded the gentle allurements of Art, and took up arms in the cause of the people. He was among the first to erect barricades and was unwearied in the cause of liberty. When Vienna surrendered, he went to Holstein, still hoping that the cause of the people would triumph. But finding that liberty had no foothold anywhere, he resumed his profes-

sion, and for a while resided in Hamburg, where he gained both additional experience and renown. His siding with the liberal cause effectually shut him out from Vienna, so he sought a temporary home in England, and became a member of the celebrated German Opera company which was organized and gave performances at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1849. In this company were Caradori and Rudersdorf, with Reichardt as tenor, Formes as basso, and Carl Anschutz as director. Formes labored in this enterprise incessantly and magnanimously, for, the affairs going badly, he not only sang day after day and produced the operas himself, but absolutely refused all remuneration, that the poorer subordinate artists might receive enough to live upon. This generous and liberal conduct was fully appreciated by all his brother artists and served to make his reputation as solid as it was brilliant. His next step in England was to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, then under the direction of Mr. Gye. He created a perfect enthusiasm in Meyerbeer's operas, "Les Huguenots" and "Robert Le Diable," and became at once established as a popular favorite both with the aristocracy and the people.

But that which endeared him to the English public was his performance of the grand oratorios of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn. Singing in the language that they understood, they fully appreciated his earnest manner, his artistic excellence and his superb and all-pervading voice.

Nature has bountifully showered her gifts on Formes, and his own perseverance has added all the qualities which are desirable to make him the greatest basso artist of our day. His face is that in which we see the spirit both of the scholar and the soldier happily and nobly blended, and his form is full, manly and commanding. Thus, in every respect, Formes may be deemed the most attractive vocalist of the age in the rôles which he assumes; and he has won, by his artistic triumphs, the highest position everywhere in Europe. He has been received with the highest distinction by Queen Victoria, who has selected him as the musical tutor of her royal children. The greatest composers have acknowledged him as the best basso living, and to prove it, "Martha Stradella" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" were composed for him. Mendelssohn delighted to honor him. Costa composed "Eli" for him; and, in fact, wherever he has been he has commanded the admiration alike of artists and the public. It is a treat of the most delightful kind to hear him sing the songs of Schubert, and in the "Erl König" he produces a magical effect upon his auditors. In English he can sing with wonderful effect, as will be universally conceded when the public have an opportunity of hearing him utter the "Bay of Biscay," which to the present generation must be in effect like that of Braham forty years ago.—*Leslie's Illus. Newsp.*

MADAME CARADORI.—No reader of the German, French and English musical periodicals for the last fifteen years, can have failed to notice her name often, accompanied with criticisms and notices in the highest degree favorable. She is not to be confounded either with Caradori-Allan, or the Caradori, daughter of the violinist of the name. She is a native of Pesth, where she was born of Italian parentage in 1823, and where she

received her musical education. She made her first appearance about 1840, at the great Kärntnerthor Theatre in Vienna, and was successively engaged in all the principal operas of Central Europe,—Lemberg, Warsaw, Berlin, Breslau, &c. In 1851–3 she was in Constantinople, Bessarabia and Moldavia. In Moldau she sang at Court, and was employed as a teacher of the princesses. In 1853 she came to London, and in connection with Formes, established an opera at Drury Lane.

Since that time London for the most part has been her headquarters, although she has visited, in company of Formes, Reichardt and Benedetti, most of the large cities of England, Scotland and Ireland. In 1855 she went to Lisbon as a star, where she had great success; in '56 she had an engagement in Barcelona, where she turned the heads of the people, and during the winter of 1856–7 she was prima donna at La Scala, in Naples.

Madame Caradori is a blonde, and, like Angri, of large and imposing person.—*Courier*.

Mademoiselle Rachel.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

On the 24th of March, 1820, in a poor inn at Munf, in Switzerland, Ester Haza Felix, wife of a travelling Jew peddler from Metz, gave birth to a daughter who received the name of Elizabeth Rachel, and who died of consumption on the morning of the 5th inst. at Cannes, whither she had gone in the vain hope of escaping from the malady from which she was destined never to recover. Between these dates she had passed through scenes in real life almost as strange and as strangely contrasted as those to which, for a passing hour, she gave a mimic reality on the stage.

Her parents were, at the time of her birth and for some years afterward, barely able to support their large family by diligent exercise of their wandering profession. They at last settled at Lyons; the mother trading in second-hand clothes, the father—a man of some education, and prevented only by poverty from having studied law—helping at the shop by giving lessons in German; Sarah, the oldest of the daughters, singing at the cafés, and accompanied by Rachel, whose business was to play on the guitar, which she did poorly, and collect the charitable sous, which she did well. About the year 1830 the family came to Paris, where the girls continued to sing at the cafés. It was at one of the poorest of these that a clerk employed in one of the Government bureaux, was impressed with the manner of the child Rachel, as she recited, not sang, some verses—her sharp, wild-looking little face showing a remarkable power of expression at that early age. By his influence she was placed at a school of elocution and declamation—the head of which, an actor at the Theatre Français, soon interested himself in his pupil, and took the utmost pains to cultivate her natural talent for the stage. It is a little curious that Rachel herself, or Elisa, as she was then called, preferred comic to tragic parts, and indeed, up to nearly the close of her brilliant career, would not relinquish, despite repeated failures, belief in her capacities as a comic actress. From the school, with which was connected a small theatre for the pupils, she went to the classes of the Conservatoire, and thence to the Gymnase, where she had an engagement for three years at 3,000 francs a year. Here she took again the name of Rachel, and made her debut in a piece written for her, in which, notwithstanding a full attendance of Israelites in the cheap parts of the house, and a passing recognition of her promising talent by Frederic Soulie and Jules Janin, she had but indifferent success. The play was withdrawn after a few nights, and she was obliged to fill unimportant parts in the vaudevilles and light comedies, which were the speciality of the Gymnase.

To be thus kept in the third or fourth rank, out of all rank in fine, must have been the gall of bitterness to the future "queen" not only "of tragedy," but queen of the Theatre Français.

The 12th of June, 1838, she made her first appearance on this last named stage as Camille in the *Horaces*. Her talent was instantly acknowledged and warmly praised by Jules Janin and other critics. But the "town" was out of town, and for the first few nights of her engagement she played to almost empty houses, or, rather to empty boxes, for the chosen people came in zealous aid of her to the pit and galleries. The third night the receipts were but \$60, and on the fourteenth night amounted to only \$125; that was the beginning of September; but the fifth night after, in the same part, she brought \$425, and again in the same part, on the 19th of October, \$1,225 to the house. The last time she appeared on that stage was in March, 1855. The sum of receipts obtained for this theatre by her acting, from 1838 to 1855, amounts to 4,394,231 francs. But during this period, it is to be remembered, she played oftener elsewhere than at the Theatre Français. During the yearly vacation accorded to her by her contract of engagement, she was capable of extraordinary fatigue. Sharply spurred by the love of gain, she gave no less than 74 performances in less than 90 days, during her congé in the Summer of 1849, at 34 different towns. To make such an expedition possible, she had a large diligence which held, if it did not accommodate, herself and all her troupe—kings and queens and ancient heroes and modern lords and ladies, with their crowns, robes, sceptres, etc., were all contained in and piled and hitched upon this diligence. It was carried by rail when railroad served, and drawn by horses when steam was lacking, the true motive force residing in the passionate will of the great actress.

Grasping to excess, as she is said to have been in money matters, she certainly was not avaricious, as she has been represented. To all the members of her own family she was generous in the extreme, and, excepting passing gusts of passion, to be attributed to her excessively nervous temperament rather than to any badness of heart, there is no reason to doubt that she performed faithfully and lovingly all the duties of daughter, sister and mother. Fast as she rose in fortune she drew her family after her. Though she is said to have accumulated by her professional labors more than 2,000,000 francs, she thought less of herself than of her two sons.

It would not be worth while here to repeat any remarks upon Rachel's acting; as for saying anything new on that point, it is impossible. On the French stage she has no successor—which means that the classic drama, the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, are likely to disappear with her. There is no one who can pose as an ancient Greek or Roman dame so statuesquely as she. In modern, live, panting drama there are, no doubt, her equals in Paris to-day, and Ristori, in the expression of every passion but hate, is her superior.

But, considering her origin and early association, Rachel's life off the stage is perhaps more remarkable than any of her performances before the footlights. While she was yet a girl, almost a child, she was received and courted in the truly "best society" of Paris; and never, either then before titled dames and high church dignitaries, nor later, in presence of royalty, did she appear otherwise than in her natural place; a modest, graceful dignity never forsook her, nor was there any of the nervous agitation which embarrassed, and almost convulsed her at a "first performance" throughout her long theatrical career. Among her fellow actors, she was often imperious and unreasonable; yet none of them could quarrel with her to her face unless she chose—the witchery of her attractions was irresistible. Although her education was defective, and her literary tastes but little cultivated by study, her letters are often admirably turned, and her conversation was charming to men of judgment as well as to men of wit. This was due not only to her own quickness and brilliancy of repartee, but to a singular justness, wisdom and breadth of understanding, which she knew how to exhibit.

The fatal malady of which she died was contracted in this country during her visit to Boston in the Autumn of 1855. It was greatly aggra-

vated at Philadelphia, where she played a single night in a cold theatre, the performance being followed by a violent pneumonic attack. Her last appearance on the stage was at Charleston, S. C., where she played *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. A lady in the audience, on that occasion, wrote the next day to a friend in this city, that Rachel would never act again—a prophecy but too exactly fulfilled.

She died a tenacious adherent of the Jewish religion, though it has often been reported that she had been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. A Rabbi, from Toulon, attended her death bed; and she was to be buried in the Hebrew Cemetery at Paris.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Rachel.

The fiery genius which poured its lava through the marble veins of Racine and Corneille, "creating a soul under the ribs of death," which made the blood even of Englishmen hot or cold, at will; which strung the souls of Frenchmen to madness, as, in her Marseillaise, she prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of Revolution, and which (one would have thought) could have driven death himself back terrified with one look of those eyes, and one movement of that forefinger,—has gone!

That person, delicate and slender almost to attenuation, at times tottering under its weight of woe, yet lithe, supple, enduring as if nerves were steel, and of perfect symmetry; those lips, as capable of witchery beyond all rivalry of mere sensuous beauty as they were of hissing out words of death; those introspective, passion-burnt, yet beautiful eyes, from which, in high passion, "flew terror;" that brow almost too full but for its rounded beauty and its appropriately crowning person and face with supreme intellect; that strange and simple grace and beauty in repose, and that serpent-like beauty and fiendish power in passion,—shall never be looked upon again except as they are burnt into the brain and memory of every one who saw her in the light of that terrible Hebrew genius.

Whatever may have been the queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of Mrs. Siddons; whatever may be the genius of Ristori,—Rachel, "of all this world," stands supreme for the intensest apprehension and most intellectual interpretation, and for the fiercest and subtlest representation of what is most fearful and fiendish in passion.

There is ever something almost miraculous in the coming of genius. Nature herself seems to step in to transcend her own laws, superbly disdaining distinguished ancestry for her favorites, and denying genius to their posterity. Like King Cophetua wooing the beggar-maid, she laid her richest gifts at the feet of this child of a Jewish hawk in the village of Munf, in Switzerland, on the 24th day of March, 1820; followed her when a little girl gathering up the few coins which rewarded her elder sister Sarah's singing in the cafés of Lyons; then to the cafés of Paris, in 1830, when she was old enough to sing with her sister; then to her admission, through the appreciation of M. Choron, to the Conservatoire; then to her struggles in 1837 as an actress, producing no sensation, but mastering with the rapidity and completeness of genius those processes indispensable to art, and gathering up strength for ultimate victory; and then to the Theatre Français, on the night of the 24th of June, 1838, where she saw all those original gifts and perfected acquirements blaze in Camille, and Paris place upon the head of Rachel the crown which death only could remove.

Nature strangely vindicated herself against the antipathies of mankind, in selecting—to be admired for her surpassing beauty as well as her consummate genius—one of that mysterious race whose origin is a puzzle to ethnologists, whose national qualities have flowed and are to flow as long unmixed, whose biblical history is one long struggle of obdurate evil propensities with an ingrained and tyrannizing religious faith, and whose latter history is ever connecting itself with the greatness of its past by examples of

genius, of which Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Rachel and Disraeli are but a few of the brilliant illustrations.

It is one of the noblest traits of humanity that, next to the loss of near kindred and dear friends, we mourn over the lights of genius just set,—whether in Art, in oratory, or in poetry, they have filled our imaginations and become a part of our intellectual life. And, perhaps, closer still to our hearts comes the loss of one possessed by that intermediate and interpretative genius which conveys, with the subtlest magnetism and most impassioned identification, the poet's thoughts and conceptions to even the dullest hearts and brains.

How vividly her death calls up in imaginative review her varied and transcendent impersonations—but above all we now love to recall her in the Camille in which she won her first fame. In no other character was she so beautiful. There she stands, to our minds, in the first act, with that exquisitely simple drapery held together by the right hand upon her bosom—young, fresh, lovely, and as unconscious herself of the terrible power which flamed in her final curse, as she was of the awful events and struggles which produced it.

W.

From my Diary, No. 21.

Jan. 20.—Tap, tap, tap.

Diarist.—Come in.

(Enter anonymous correspondent.)

D.—Ah, yes, my lady, about Hinton, poor fellow.—Wait a moment, I'll find you a place—you see I am like that great philosopher whose quarters were too small to swing a cat in—like him, too, because I don't want to swing a cat. By moving my table back, tossing the boots under the sofa, and relieving the chair of coat, hat, books and newspapers, I'll soon give you a seat by the fire. There, that will do. I pray be seated, and we will have a chat upon that matter "autocratically."

Ahem,—Now, my lady, honestly, do you not think that you were r-a-t-h-e-r severe upon the young man?—You ask, if I could possibly think his solo was to be tolerated?—That depends, as people say now-a-days. "Was it not one of the most extravagant of modern extravagances in composition and execution?"—Why, it was Satter's *Marche de Bacchus*, or some such title, and very probably requires extravagant execution—I cannot say. But, before speaking farther about the young man, I wish to adjust certain preliminaries—to get at some principle, which may be applied to the case. In fact, my lady, you have opened the great "Pupil question," and I am disposed to devote a few minutes to it. I ought rather to say the "Pupil nuisance!"

Did you ever read "Thinks-I-to-myself?"—Then you remember the scene in which the fond mother calls upon her boy to exhibit his oratorical powers, and he does it in some such style as this:

"By dabe is Dorval od the Grabpiad hills
By father feeds his flocks a frugal swaid," &c.

You remember the comments made to the mother, and those made about her. Very well; but that, say you, was only a case of a fond, foolish mother, and her "dear, little, ducky darling." True, but it will do for a starting point. Let us go a step higher.

Living in Cambridge, you have sometimes attended the College and High School exhibitions, and heard the boys speak pieces, and derived a certain satisfaction from it. Whence did it arise? Surely the interest which you took in one who began with "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation," was very different from that which you would have felt had you heard Webster saying the same words on Bunker Hill. So, too, at the public examination, it gave you pleasure to hear one of the girls—one of the good readers—read the piece which she had carefully studied under her teacher. You went to hear boys declaim, and girls read—you went to hear pupils, not masters, and were very well satisfied.

Suppose, now, some stage-struck young man should become a pupil of Vandenhoff, or young woman a pupil of Mrs. Butler, and at the readings of their teachers should be brought out to give specimens of their abilities; you would aver with Dogberry this "is most tolerable and not to be endured;" or that, in your family circle, you ask the young theatrical aspirant, pointing to your table loaded with the last magazines and reviews, to read something; whereupon she rushes to the book-case, seizes a volume of Shakspeare, disposes the lamps to suit her, makes her formal obeisance, and inflicts some half dozen scenes of Macbeth upon you, as nearly a *la Kenble*, as she happens to be able. How very delightful! You would join me in calling this "the pupil nuisance." Your College and High School boys and girls would soon get their "quietus" should they inflict upon you, at evening parties, at the Lyceum lecture, or even in the family circle, the declamations and readings, which they had been drilled upon week after week by their instructors.—"Quite right," say you? Why, very well, I hope here be truths!... Don't be impatient, I shall reach the piano-forte by and by.

Suppose next season our Athenæum gallery should be half filled with the copies of pictures made by the pupils of Church, and Brown, and Page, and so on, or with busts executed (in the sense of murdered) by the pupils of our sculptors. You would indignantly cry, 'pupil nuisance, pupil nuisance!' Or suppose that the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly* should be half made up of College themes and High School compositions. Bless me! I shudder at the thought, and so do you! And thus you have attained unto a realizing sense of what is meant by our phrase 'pupil nuisance!'

Now, it is remarkable, that precisely that thing, which, in all other departments of Art we vote at once, unanimously, to be unbearable, is not only tolerated but positively encouraged in Music. A, B, C, and D, and Misses and Madames E, F, G, and H, become pupils of Herr This, Signor That, Monsieur One, and Madame 'Tother, teachers of singing, and take lessons by the quarter; some one, some two, and some more, we will say up to a dozen. After a while the great scena from *Der Freyschütz*, *Casta Diva*, *Qui la voce*, *Ah mon Fils*, or some other piece of like character, which has thrilled our very souls when sung by Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Angri, Salvi, or Pirelli—which, like Sir Toby's catch, might "draw three souls out of one weaver"—is given the pupil to study. Week after week it is rehearsed before the teacher. Here must be a *crescendo*, there a *ritardando*, in this bar an explosive tone, and in that a *staccato*; this passage must show a grand *portamento* and that one must be trilled; at this precise point you must take breath—Jenny Lind did—because immediately afterward comes the cadenza, which we have been practising for a fortnight past,—and so forth. After a year, or perhaps two—it is of no consequence—Lilly Dale has achieved three of these things; a scena and aria, a romanza, and a cavatina. Of course it is time she should appear in public, and so it is announced on the placards of Mr. So and So's concert that "Miss Lilly Dale, pupil of Herr This (or Madame 'Tother, as the case may be) will make her first appearance and sing the great Scena from *Der Freyschütz*." Cheap way that for the teacher to advertise, but no matter.—And so the people go, and applaud, and make a great fuss, and call the young woman out, and throw her a nosegay or two, and the next morning, about the only thing one reads in the notice of Mr. So and So's concert, is, how Lilly Dale sang, and the writers talk learnedly about voice, and style, and method, and give marvellous advice, and the reader after laying down the paper, thinks a moment, and says to his neighbor,—“You were there last night, but how *did* the girl sing, though?”

Mark you, my lady, I have not said a single word against this sort of thing. I find no fault with it, not a word; it is our way here in Boston and New York, and it is all right, of course—though, between me and thee, I like the way Miss Fay came before the public last evening at least four score times better. It was her own concert; the concert of the pupil.

When Sontag sang the *Freyschütz* Scena with German words, and all the people with tearful voices exclaimed, "Oh, how superbly beautiful this Italian singing is!" we listened to it for the sake of the beautiful music and its superb performance. When Lilly Dale sings it, we listen to see how she will do it. Mr. Brown remarks: "Quite good for a beginner." Mr. Smith: "I that girl bids fair to be a singer some time." Mr. Jones: "I think she lacks expression somewhat;" and all over the hall the people are sitting in judgment upon her, here and there one groaning in spirit and thinking of the difference between our pupil and Jenny Lind.

Now, my lady, you tolerate all this, and would be indignant should I declare Lilly Dale's scena a specimen of the pupil nuisance. I do not; because, as hinted above, it is the recognized thing. And yet how many Lilly Dalés would produce ten times the effect and gain ten times the reputation, if they would sing some English song, which they really love and feel. I remember at a New York Philharmonic concert, a few years ago, two German girls sang some two-part songs by Mendelssohn. Everybody was delighted. The applause was loud and sincere. So Miss Minnie must needs show what she could do, and afterwards attempted one of these difficult Italian airs. Result—suicide, i. e. musical. There was an end of Miss Minnie as a singer. Moreover, when Lilly Dale tries to sing Sontag's airs—through natural and unconscious imitation,—she is apt to put them on.

Mr. Hinton at last. Will you not allow, my lady, the same privilege to the young pianist that you do to the young singer? If not, why not? Is the pupil nuisance greater in the one case than in the other?—I wot not. *Per se* I cannot tolerate Lilly Dale's cavatina, nor can you Mr. H.'s solo. But their cases are perfectly analogous, it strikes me.

Here is quite a young man, who I suppose has not had very much regular instruction, but having a strong love for the piano-forte and intending to make music his profession, he concludes to become a pupil of Satter. After a few lessons, being employed of an evening to play accompaniments, he is surprised to find himself on the programme, announced to play a solo. It is no wish of his, but his teacher has put him there; he takes a composition of that teacher, and does the best he can under the circumstances—the best not being up to his usual mark, knowing what is immediately to follow—and how the contrast between him and his teacher must tell! The performance may not be a very good one, it may be worse than Lilly Dale's Scena, and yet, upon the whole, one may say of it, that it was creditable to his teacher and himself. Was it, now really, so very bad?

No wonder, my lady, you are tired; I had no idea of talking so long!

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 1.—I am still unable to report to you of any signs of upward progress—so long desired and needed—in our Art; and least of all in our dramatic music. Berlin has been so famous as a rallying point of intellectual resources, and has maintained such a reputation for critical acumen and profundity, that I should like to tell to the "New World," from this Art metropolis of

our old Europe, some really notable thing in the way of cherishing and developing our noble Art, something which might serve for a model and example; alas! after an impartial, conscientious survey, I find but very little I can offer. And although I have the consolation that it looks not much better in nearly all other places, that everywhere the same languor, hankering for effect and lack of taste hold back all earnest strivings, still this consolation is a very feeble one; and we might almost look with envy on the life and progress that we hear of in your "New World" (supposing these reports not to spring from the exaggerations of vanity), were it not that every sort of envy in the true artist's heart is checked by hearty joy in all reports of further progress and perfection in our Art, although they come from the youngest child of our Civilization, outlying us in our exhaustion.

So long as we have not men of greater genius for kapell-meisters in our once world-famous Royal Opera,—so long as these posts and that of our present unmusical Intendant are not filled by true, self-sacrificing artist natures, we cannot hope from this stage any more complete or freshly rounded artistic performances; and whatever praiseworthy matters I may tell you of this time, they still remain but isolated facts and offer us no compensation for the want of an artistic whole. Especially does our musical activity lack measure, symmetry, *juste-milieu*. In the concert season we have a bewildering storm and deluge of concerts, soirées and matinées. Among them we have Quartet and Trio Soirées, which many times before have celebrated their jubilee, with such stoical perseverance have they played to us these twenty years the classical chamber music. We have the famous Liebig's Capelle, which with equal perseverance plays the classical orchestral works; but while on the one hand I must praise it for opening the doors of true Art to the poorer classes of the people, dog-cheap, and thus contributing in an uncommon measure to their elevation: on the other hand, almost all these societies lack the genuine artistic fervor; their execution is so stereotyped and mechanical, that the noblest and most edifying part, the spiritual nerve and marrow of the whole is lost, and makes a not more sympathetic impression than Shakspeare's sublimest poetry in the mouth of a dry, monotonous reader.

In contrast with this mechanical routine all other productions move in the extreme of a nerve-harrowing, breathless, stunning, and strangling eagerness for effect. Against this, many a youthful talent, full of noble purpose and striving after the highest ideal, has excited itself until there is nothing left but the burnt out crater of the Reviewer's misanthropic rage. Hence on the one hand the want of independent power of judgment, on the other the astonishing contentedness of our public.

Among the best performances at the Royal Opera I may specify that of *Don Juan*, although our always excellent Frau Köster has not recovered full possession of her once enrapturing powers of voice. As compensation for that she gave us a nobly inspired presentation of the part of Donna Anna, which was only occasionally lame in the too slow and dragging delivery of some airs. This was followed, in sharp contrast with a host of Italian and French things, by *Oberon*, *Orpheus* and *Fidelio* in quick succession, and with Frai-

lin Maray from London as the star. Her sun of song alas! is sinking; her greatness, which has been recognized as without question, belongs to the past; this is too plainly told by the sharpness and thinness, the continual *tremolo* in her higher register. Yet one always feels that all has been formed by the most careful study; both in her singing and in the movement of her plastically beautiful limbs, all is graceful and carefully thought out,—often too much so, till it seems manneristic, like everything which seems to spring more from indefatigable labor than from the divine energy of talent.

For a make-shift opera, we had Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*. Lortzing's light and charming operas, by their sterling, wholesome music, like the masterly comic operas of a Dittersdorf and a Schenk, have become truly German national operas; their innocence and freshness animate and please us; and the *Czaar und Zimmermann* especially has become a famous favorite among German operas. Unfortunately the ensemble, which requires great care and energy, wanted the necessary precision, and the only part which had high worth was the Burgomaster of our veteran Zschiesche.

On the Queen's name-day *Iphigenia in Tauris* was brought out as a festival piece. Gluck regarded this work as an immediate sequel to his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and most intimately connected with it. Hence he wrote for the two operas but one overture; hence the second is full of reminiscences of the first, whose significance is only rightly appreciated by acquaintance with the preceding work. How wonderfully, for example, this appears in the sacrificial chorus of the wonderful second act! There stands the same Iphigenia, that we have once seen as the honored daughter of the king of kings, Agamemnon, as the princely bride of the godlike Achilles, hailed with shouts by all the peoples of Greece, upon a desert island, to which she had been borne when rescued years before by miracle from the sacrificial altar at Aulis, about to make an offering to the manes of her beloved brother. And here returns again, solemn and serious, that noble melody, with which the Greeks once celebrated her upon the fields of Aulis, but winding now through the most painful modulations. How can we enough appreciate all these large traits of Gluck's genius, which extend to the very word, nay even to the single sound! We can only wonder and admire, as we keep drinking from the spring from which flow beauties ever new and not observed before. Mme. Köster shone in her deep-felt, plastic rendering of Iphigenia, especially in the wonderful aria: *O lass mich tiefgebeute weinen*, emulating the oböe in the most touching manner. Herr Krüger, the Pylades, was here as a star from the Dresden theatre, where he has made essential progress.

How different the case with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*! In almost no opera are text and music so much at variance. While the text is a conglomeration of the most dismal, bloody horrors, Donizetti's music goes its own way, and weeps or frolics on its own account, quite unconcerned about the text. But for this very reason it may be, that this hybrid work is found so enjoyable. Who would not have listened smiling to the melodiously beautiful first finale, where the most dreadful cruelties are related with a naive contrast of most harmless sounds? Frl. Wagner,

by her own artistic force, makes a real tragic heroine out of the dramatically unsubstantial figure of Lucrezia. Her characteristic presentation is based upon the warmest inward feeling of the part, to which her vocal means unfortunately are no longer equal. She has therefore made judicious alterations in the part and laid aside the embellishments as much as possible. It is a singular phenomenon, that Frl. Wagner latterly has lost something of her fine deep tones, and on the other hand has won back more of the high tones. —More to-morrow. *ff.*

WORCESTER, MASS. JAN. 20. — The lovers of music in this city are favored this winter with a series of really fine popular "concerts for the million," which are given under the auspices of Fiske's Cornet Band. Under this title are combined three distinct bands, viz: a full brass band, a serenade band, and an orchestra, all of which are composed of thorough musicians, and all under the direction of Mr. ARBUCKLE. They also have the assistance of a fine glee club, and occasionally that of solo singers. Notwithstanding the variety and talent employed, the price of these concerts is merely nominal, twelve tickets being sold for one dollar. You will see by the programme of last night's concert, which I enclose, that these entertainments are not composed of the hacknied style of music which brass bands (those in this vicinity at least,) are wont to discourse, but are of an order which ought to satisfy the lovers of good music, of whom there are many here.

- PART I.
- 1—Airs from Nabucco,.....Verdi
Cornet Band.
 - 2—Spirito Gentil—from La Favorita,.....Donizetti
Orchestra.
 - 3—Song of the Lark,.....T. Comer
Mrs. Doane.
 - 4—Star of Love,.....W. P. Wallace
Serenade Band.
 - 5—Glee for 3 Voices—We hail the mirth,
Glee Club.
- PART II.
- 1—Miserere and Aria from Trovatore,.....Verdi
Cornet Band.
 - 2—Clarinet Solo—O love, for me thy power, from Son-
nambula,.....Bellini
Mr. Hobbs.
 - 3—Napolitaine, I am Dreaming of thee,.....Leo
Mrs. Doane.
 - 4—Deh con te—from Norma,.....Bellini
Orchestra.
 - 5—Rosalinda Waltz,.....D'Albert
Cornet Band.

We have had concerts of a similar character at intervals for the past eight months, and their legitimate effect is already visible in the marked improvement in the musical taste of those of our citizens whose means do not permit them to frequent more expensive entertainments. The fact speaks well for our public, that the audience increases in number with every performance, and I hope ere long to see our splendid Mechanics Hall packed with those who go there from a genuine love of music. Mr. Arbuckle, the leader, is a universal favorite here, and richly he merits his good name, for his whole soul is in the good work of bringing those under his charge as near perfection as possible, and at the same time giving the public an opportunity rarely offered in small cities like this, of hearing the best class of instrumental music. Rumor speaks of an orchestra of about twenty five pieces under his direction, which is soon to appear. I sincerely hope it may be so, for if we have such an orchestra, it will certainly be a good one. Mrs. DOANE, the vocalist of last evening, is new to me as a solo singer, although I believe she has for sometime been connected with one of our choirs. She has a very sweet soprano voice, which shows considerable cultivation, and a very pleasing style; but the effect was somewhat marred by a slight nervousness of manner which was probably incident to the novelty of her position. Mr. HOBBS, as a clarinet player, is said by those competent to judge to have no superior in the State. Whether this is true or not, he always fully meets the expectation of

his audience. I think he has never played without an encore, and on the occasion of his own benefit he was called out twice to respond to the applause of the multitude.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1858.

Oratorios—Carl Formes.

The exertions of our public-spirited HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to give us a hearing of this famous singer in great sacred music, were well rewarded on Saturday and Sunday evening, both by the number of the audience and the complete success of both performances. There were at least two thousand listeners the first night, and many more the second. The Music Hall was in its glory again.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was the crowning triumph of our Festival last May. Then it went off as a whole with spirit; the choruses were larger than before or since, and the orchestra, much larger than at present, was superb. It made a lasting impression,—to whose completeness, however, then as before, one element was wanting. We had never heard a competent Elijah; the grand and central figure of the prophet was not palpably before us. This time we had him and we felt him. FORMES was the man. The first sight of him—his commanding person, his fine, intellectual, noble head and brow, relieved by masses of dark flowing hair, his speaking eye, and frank and genial countenance (many saw in him a marked resemblance to Pierre Soulé, and some to Edmund Kean),—and still more the large and ponderous tones with which he delivered the first sentence of the oratorio—even before the overture—namely the recitative which forms the text and key-note of the whole: *As God, the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word,*—gave us assurance of a man. The great famine chorus, that followed, and all the great choruses, now seemed justified; the cause was equal to the effect. These words were uttered in a calm, majestic manner, in great organ tones of equal volume; no excess of emphasis, but with all simplicity, and evidence of plenty of reserved force. In the dialogue with the widow, there was sweetness and tenderness, mingled with the grandeur of his style. The prophet is as truly human as he is inspired and God-commissioned. In the challenge to the priests of Baal, all is self-possessed and quiet, no force wasted, yet every word distinct and strong and unmistakable, until the closing sentence: *Then we shall see whose God is the Lord*, which he uttered with an inspired energy, each word and ponderous tone surcharged with an electric force. Equally remarkable was the withering sarcasm of *Call him louder; peradventure he sleepeth*, &c. It was sublime musical declamation, all, as the part required.

By this time the attributes of his great voice were patent to all listeners, and more than made good expectation. In power and weight and volume, in clear and perfect resonance, in manly and commanding quality, we have had no bass voice equal to it. The compass, too, as indicated in "Elijah" and as proved in the "Creation," is un-

usually large, from a clear and ringing tenor F down through two octaves and a third. And with all this power, through all this compass, every tone is sweet and musical; he does not smite with hard, dry knocks of sound, but fills the chambers of the ear and soul with warm and vital tone. As a rule he is remarkably true in intonation, for a heavy *basso profundo*; the exceptions only proved the rule; once or twice he would commence a little flat, but the voice soon found its way to true pitch. It is not that kind of singing out of tune which detracts much from the charm of a great artist.

In art of delivery he is consummate. He has wonderful distinctness of enunciation; you never lose a syllable; and his English, if except two or three sounds, is purer than that of most Englishmen. His tone-stroke is sure and firm; if he indulges sometimes—not habitually—in more of the slide or *portamento* than we can think to be in the best taste, it is not that he is any slave to such affectation, or that he has not complete power to avoid it. In recitative, in solid declamation, doubtless, lies his forte; but there was touching tenderness and melody in his rendering of such airs as: *It is enough*. The pathos of that song was equal to the grandeur of the prophetic denunciations. That he possesses also great rapidity and accuracy of execution was shown by his rendering of that tremendous bravura-like air: *Is not his word like a fire*. For the first time we heard that song sung; here was the iron energy of voice to grapple with it; yet there was something wanting: the quick, crackling notes seemed to run too easy, too equal; a little more spasmodic emphasis were truer to the thought.

Certainly, except Jenny Lind, we have heard no such satisfactory singer of great sacred music as Herr Formes. His text inspires him, and his voice is equal to the utterance. Besides its manly dignity and power, there is a fine intelligence in all his singing. He studies meaning and expression, and conveys it in the simplest, surest way. He wastes no force, as we have said; has learned that high artistic secret of *repose*; is calm and strong for the most part, and only pours out the great blasts of fire-tone where they will have all effect. We are told that he is a great actor and can well believe it. But Elijah seems preëminently the part for him. Its grandeur, pathos, and dramatic interest give scope to his best powers. For the first time in his singing do we feel how perfectly Mendelssohn has embodied the idea of the prophet in his music.

The whole air and conduct of Herr Formes was in keeping with his own earnest and refined performance. Not the least charm about him was the hearty interest he took in the whole work; he seemed to be heart and soul in every part of it, as much as in his own, rejoicing when the great choruses went well, and sympathizing with the success of every singer. That marked the true artist, and was in refreshing contrast to the flippancy of many public singers, who think of nothing but themselves on such occasions.

Such was the Elijah. Naturally the rest of the performers seemed to catch his spirit. There was an unusual turn-out of the choral forces, and never, even at the Festival, have the choruses gone off so grandly. The balance of parts among the 300 or more voices was unusually good. There was breadth and fulness of soprano; and the fugue

points, the bits of choral recitative, &c, were taken up with promptness and decision. The great dramatic chorus, describing how the Lord was not in the whirlwind, nor in the fire, but in the "still, small voice," commanded breathless attention. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting to the whole performance.

Of the artists who came with Formes from New York, we were most pleased with Mr. PER-RING, who has a very sweet, true, musical tenor, a pure and finished style, and sings with feeling and expression. But there is equal charm of sweetness and more of elasticity in the tenor of Mr. ADAMS, whose single air: *Then shall the righteous shine*, was beautifully sung. Mme. CARADORI has a large and powerful voice, an energetic delivery and considerable execution; but there was little that was sympathetic or inspiring in her voice or in her singing of the great song: *Hear ye, Israel*. It is a hard, coarse kind of German voice. Miss MILNER sang the part of the widow; there is sweetness in her highest notes, but generally the voice is worn and quite unequal; she has a good English style, but either of the last named parts could have been as well or better rendered by more than one of our own Boston singers. Miss HAWLEY, who made a pleasant impression here last year in Costa's "Eli," still preserves the "tear" in her contralto and recites and sings with tender feeling; but her song is almost of a too melting quality. The palm among the female solos belongs to Mrs. HARWOOD of this city, the freshness, vitality and sweetness of whose soprano charmed all, both in the quartets and in the recitatives of the Youth and of the Queen. It was only once or twice that a strong high note was screamy. For her short experience as a public singer, her style and execution were highly creditable.

The double Quartet, for the first time in our experience, went smoothly. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden*, &c. was by some accident thrown out of tune. But generally the Quartets were far better than on former occasions. The unaccompanied Angel Trio: *Lift thine eyes*, was sung by the three boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, CHASE and RATCLIFF, and with silvery purity of tone. It was taken a little too slow, which caused a voice to flag once, but the effect was quite angelic; Herr Formes led off a great round of applause. A repetition was declined.

On the whole, even apart from Formes, it was our best performance of "Elijah"—incomparably the best with him. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting—especially to lend force and brightness to that violin cascade in the rain chorus. Mr. ZERRAHN, the conductor, seemed self-possessed and ready at all points; his courtesy of manner established the pleasantest relations between him and the leading artists. The government and members of the Handel and Haydn Society may count that night an era in their history, as it is in the musical history of Boston.

SUNDAY EVENING. HAYDN'S "CREATION."

It has uniformly been our experience after listening to the "Creation," that we found it impossible to tell whether the last chorus, and indeed much of the last portion of the oratorio, had been well performed or not. There is so much sameness in the exquisitely melodious music,

that the sense grows dull before it is two thirds over; there is a cloyed and listless feeling. Uniformly too we have listened with delight to the beginning, and to all before the appearance of Adam and Eve. But this introduction of the human element after the recital of the wonders of creation, seems a weak afterthought; the conubial rhapsodies sound tame and sentimental; already have the angels sung: "Achieved is the glorious work," and there might it fitly end. No song that follows is comparable to those that go before; nor is the concluding chorus one of the great moments of the work; indeed the only really great chorus in the oratorio is: *The Heavens are telling*.

But the first part is ever beautiful and interesting, despite the questionableness of those quaint literal imitations. This time the opening "Chaos" symphony, and all the orchestral accompaniments came out with beautiful clearness of outline and freshness of coloring, and the whole rendering of the music was remarkably successful. The chorus *pianissimo* before the bursting forth of Light was lovely. The great climax in *The Heavens are telling* was splendidly wrought up. The firm, sonorous, bass of FORMES was again admirably suited to the recitatives and airs of Raphael. There was a sublime, a superhuman, all-pervading majesty of sound in the "large utterance" of those sentences: *And God made the firmament*, &c.; *And God said*, &c. The grand voice lent a dignity, too, to those descriptions of the "living creatures." It was the perfection of musical recitation; and when he came to: "*In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm*, the way in which his voice went slowly and firmly down to the D below the lines, and closed there on a full, round, musical organ tone, electrified the audience. In the air: *Now Heaven in fullest glory shone*, especially in the last part: *With heart and voice his goodness praise*, there was a rapturous gush of real melody as he sang it, showing that his gift is not confined to the declamatory.

Mr. ADAMS was very successful in the first tenor recitative and air; the others were sung by Mr. PERRING, who still improved upon acquaintance. Mrs. HARWOOD sang only the solo with chorus: *The marvellous work behold amazed*, and with bright, clear, sweetly ringing voice and brilliant execution. Miss MILNER made a better impression than she did the night before. She sang *With Verdure clad* and *On mighty pens* in a chaste, sustained and finished style; the inequality of her voice being the principal drawback.

The pretty billing and cooing strains of Adam and Eve were sung by Mr. WETHERBEE and Mme. CARADORI. We have heard Eve sing better—both with a more melodious voice and more in earnest. Mr. Wetherbee, placed in no enviable position after the great basso of the two evenings, gave his music admirably, with true artistic style and finish. Were his quality of tone somewhat less dry, and had he a more ponderous volume, he would be one of the most effective of bass singers, as he is already one of the most conscientious, tasteful and expressive.

CONCERTS.

Mr. SATTER'S MOZART FESTIVAL—(Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, the 102d anniversary of that great composer's birth-day)—was a very enjoyable affair. Chickering's saloon was nearly filled with an intelligent and interested audience. It was indeed an eve-

ning with Mozart,—and that we are glad to get at any time. Music more purely genial and inspired than Mozart's has no man written. The programme (for which see last week's paper) therefore, being all of Mozart, is one of the very few best worth recording of this winter.

There was a feast! True, the works were presented on a small scale; but with a Chickering "Grand," with such a pianist as SATTER, and such a violinist as SCHULTZE, much could be done. Fine engravings are next to any but the very best copies of fine paintings. And we like Satter's playing of Mozart, better than anything he does. His unlimited execution enabled him to give good impressions of the orchestral works. The entire "Jupiter" Symphony was a great achievement, the quadruple fugue of the finale coming out distinct and strong. The witching little elfin fugue theme of the *Zauberflöte* overture was rendered with delightful grace and clearness. So was the *Figaro* delightful.

The piano pieces proper were particularly relished, as being mostly new to our ears, and very choice and characteristic. The Rondo from the Concerto was an admirable piece of playing; so was the Fugue. The Fantasia is full of poetic moodiness. The Violin Sonata, and the Variations (especially the Minor one) are full of interest, and were finely played. In the Sonata for two pianos, Mr. S. was really quite well supported by the young lady, who is said to be his pupil. The famous tenor airs were sung with feeling.

The stage was tastefully decorated by Mr. C. W. Roeth. There were illuminations, festoons, vases, flags (the American and German Revolutionary, black, red and gold); in the centre a wreathed bust of Mozart stood before an illuminated star, and at the sides tablets inscribed with the titles of his great works.

This artistic tribute to the genius of Mozart was wholly Mr. Satter's own, his free gift to the listeners. Probably more artists would have cooperated with him, but for a certain eccentricity and ambiguity in his arrangements with regard to invitations, &c. The ways of Mr. S. are certainly eccentric. It might have been a larger affair, but we could hardly wish it better than it was. We thank him for two hours of music unalloyed.

MR. SOUTHARD'S MUSIC, from the opera "Omano," filled Chickering's saloon with an eager audience at the second performance; nearly every piece elicited a very general and warm applause. The Quintet and Quartet especially confirmed the first impression of their effectiveness and beauty, and the duet of soprano and tenor was greatly admired. The singers, however, were nearly all hoarse with colds. We found our first impression of the music very little modified, and still hope to hear the work produced in full. Mr. Southard himself was not present, having accepted a position of organist and teacher in Norfolk, Va. for the coming year, his health requiring change of climate.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The two first Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have drawn good audiences, both of the listening and the flirting classes. ZERRAHN's orchestra were in fine drill, and played for solids the first afternoon: Mozart's charming Symphony in E flat, and the "Tell" overture; the second afternoon, Haydn's Symphony in D. These were well played and much applauded; and so were the "light" and bright things, waltzes, Carnivals, &c. which must be played so long as young folks seek amusement, and only thereby can be drawn within the deeper sphere of music.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening offers us another feast of fine orchestral music,—CARL ZERRAHN's second concert. He has partially, it seems, abandoned his idea of a "Mozart night," although his programme contains Mozart's greatest Symphony, the glorious "Jupiter," in C, with the fugue finale, and the light and genial "Marriage of Figaro" overture;—besides some kind of a Jack-o' Lantern reflection of Mozart in the shape of a "Papageno Polka" on airs from the "Magic Flute," in the "popular" half of the pro-

gramme. The orchestra will also play a Fantasia with solos, by Lumbye, with a thread of sentimental story running through it, called "The Dream of the Savoyard," and Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor." For virtuoso talent we are to hear the Hungarian violoncellist, KLETZER, who has made so fine an impression in the Vieuxtemps-Thalberg concerts in New York. Mr. Zerrahn has amply proved his night to a general and generous support in these concerts, and we hope to see this evening a larger audience even than that of the first night.... The German ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB announce the third and last of their delightful vocal concerts for next Saturday evening. They come always welcome. Programme in our next.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer a rich programme for their fourth (postponed) concert next Tuesday evening. They will repeat that very interesting Quartet of Beethoven in E minor (No. 2 of the Razoumouffsky set), and will play for the first time a Quintet in B flat by Mozart. Mr. B. J. LANG, a young pianist of much promise, will play Beethoven's first Trio with the brothers FRIES; and Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, a new vocalist of whom we hear fine things, will sing two excellent pieces: the *Ave Maria* by Franz, and a Cavatina: *Parto ben mio*, from Mozart's *Titus*.... The second concert of the German Trio (MESSRS. GAERTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNIKEL) will take place at Chickering's next Monday evening.

The *Transcript* gives a good description of the outward man Herr FORMES:

Great singers do not always manifest their gifts in their physical proportions—a ponderous voice often belying an insignificant frame, and a grossness of fat (as in Alboni's case) concealing a refinement and exquisite grace of musical expression—yet Formes stands confessed a great singer before a vocal utterance;—a noble and generously moulded throat gives assurance of the volume of sound within; and a large, expressive mouth betokens no hindrance to its easy outflow. Long and wavy black hair typifies the poetic inspiration that will dash his song, and the keen and restless eye, the nerve and passion that will vitalize it—the bold, high forehead foreshadows the culture and intellectual finish of his performance; and the open, manly features, the heart and soul that he will infuse into it—added to all these a compact and well-knit frame, and a form inclined to be burly, dispel any idea of Italian sentimentality, and bespeak an Anglo-Saxon heartiness and vigor of tone, and a herculean force of delivery that one might think would incline to the rough and the boisterous, were it not that the traits of a gentle and subdued nature beaming in his countenance, and a certain grace and simplicity of manner, denote that these positive qualities will be tempered to the true purposes of his art.

It is now confidently rumored that we are to have Herr FORMES in Opera at the Boston Theatre in the course of a few weeks. Meanwhile the Handel and Haydn Society have taken to rehearsing the "Messiah"—perhaps in anticipation of a performance with Formes. This would be very fine: but why keep rehearsing the "Messiah"? Why spend all the winter on old things? What has become of "Israel in Egypt," on which some six weeks work of the Society were nobly spent, leaving the half of it unlearned! The bringing out of this sublime work of Handel would give more éclat to the season than any repetitions of the more familiar works: indeed our Handelian loyalty here will always lie under some suspicion until we shall have brought out and appreciated the "Israel in Egypt," which is one of his two greatest works, and which here very properly claims precedence as being the one unknown.

Of Mr. Ullman's Opera in New York a correspondent of the *Traveller* says:

The success which has attended the operatic season just closed is unexampled in New York; sixty-four representations have been given, of which fifty were of Italian opera; we have had the *Robert le Diable*, the *Fidelio*, the *Rigoletto*, the *Don Giovanni*, the *Italiani in Algieri*, the *Martha*, the *Messiah*, the "Creation," the *Requiem* of Mozart, besides all the old

stock operas: *Norma*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, et hoc omne genus. Night after night the opera house has been crowded to suffocation; the receipts of the last four evenings alone, reached \$12,000. Four prima donnas, three basses, three tenors, a contralto, a baritone, all worth hearing, belong to the company: 'twas bright, 'twas beautiful, but 'tis past. Part have gone to Philadelphia for ten nights.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MASON and THOMAS commence to-night in New York a series of six Classical Matinées, the programmes of which are so inviting that we copy them in full:

- I. *Matinée. 30th January.*
 1—Quartet. (In D dur.) No. 3. Beethoven
 2—Trio. Piano, Viola and Violoncello. Volkman
 3—Solo. Piano.
 4—Quartet. (In A moll.) No. 1. Schumann
- II. *Matinée. 13th February.*
 1—Quartet. (B dur.) Haydn
 2—Sonata. Piano. Beethoven
 3—Solo. Violin.
 4—Solo. Piano.
 5—Octet (In Es. dur.) Mendelssohn
- III. *Matinée. 27th February.*
 1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 8. Beethoven
 2—Sonata. (D moll.) Violin and Piano. Schumann
 3—Trio. Wolff
- IV. *Matinée. 13th March.*
 1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 10. Mozart
 2—Andante and Variations. For two Pianos. Schumann
 3—Quartet. (G dur.) First movement. Allegro. Schubert
 4—Trio. (D dur.) Piano. Beethoven
- V. *Matinée. 27th March.*
 1—Quartet. (F dur.) No. 2. Schumann
 2—Sonata. Piano and Violin. (A dur.) Beethoven
 3—Concerto. For two Pianos. Bach
- VI. *Matinée. 17th April.*
 1—Quartet. (Es. dur.) No. 12. Beethoven
 2—Solo. Piano.
 3—Chaconne. Bach
 4—Quintet. Piano. (Es. dur.) Schumann

PHILADELPHIA is once more the focus of operatic interest. The Ullman company opened at the Academy of Music Friday evening of last week, with the "Barber of Seville." The local pride of the Philadelphians must have been gratified; *Fitzgerald* thus describes the scene:

The carriages formed lines along Broad street, and for three quarters of an hour there was a steady stream of lovely women and handsome men pouring into the Opera House, so that when the overture began every seat was occupied, and parquette, circle and balcony were radiant with beauty, and resplendent with the elaborate toilettes of our city belles. After the gloomy, darkly dressed, bonneted and shabby looking audiences of the New York Academy, the vocalists of the troupe must have been most agreeably impressed by the hundreds of magnificent opera cloaks, brilliant ball dresses, and the perfect style and taste of the Quaker village; certainly the contrast must have been strong.

The orchestra, according to *Fitzgerald*, was brassy, noisy, scratchy, and the arrival of conductor Anschütz from Boston (with *Formes*) was anxiously expected. Gassier was the Barber; Rocco, Dr. Bartolo; Sig. Androvani, Don Basilio, in which part he "proved himself a capital vocalist, and a comic actor of superior rank;" and Mme. Lagrange was Rosina.

Nothing half so fine has yet been heard in the Academy, for La Grange was in uncommonly good voice, and inspired by the boundless applause of her auditors—who hung upon her breath and then thundered forth their approbation—she sang with all her former perfection. No one observed the least falling off in her abilities, nor in her voice; indeed the excessive tremulousness of which all used to complain in former days was less noticeable than usual, and she regained triumphantly all those admirers who—in the past year—have faltered in their allegiance to La Grange, the Queen of Song. Encores, bouquets, and the acclamations of the audience proved the delight afforded by her magnificent performance, and those who last season thought nothing was so desirable in opera as dramatic power, now began to think that vocal gymnastics are quite as essential.

On Saturday evening the piece was *Semiramide*. Lagrange "never sang better;" Gassier's singing of the part of Assur is pronounced "grand;" D'Angri's entrée and singing as Arsace created as much enthusiasm as Lagrange. . . . Monday night, *Rigoletto*, for the first time in Philadelphia. The music of Gilda was found "not suited to the present condition of Mme. Lagrange's voice;" nor was Sig. Taffanelli "equal to the part" of Rigoletto. D'Angri, Bignardi and Rocco filled the other parts. . . . On Wednesday night

Herr *Formes* made his Philadelphia debut as Plunkett, in Flotow's *Martha*, which was sung in German by Lagrange and a part of Bergmann's troupe, viz: Mme. Von Berkel, Herr Oehrlein, and the favorite tenor Pickanesser. Great was the crowd and great the applause. . . . On Thursday there was an afternoon performance of *Norma*, for the debut of Mme. Caradori Bignardi and Gassier were also to appear. . . . The Germania Afternoon Concerts, Carl Sentz conductor, continue to draw crowds.

NEW ORLEANS. While in our other cities the opera has but a fitful existence, in New Orleans it seems to have attained quite a permanent foothold. In looking over the musical notices of the *Picayune* for the last three months we are struck with the variety, excellence and number of works, which have been performed at the Theatre d'Orleans. We find the following mentioned in the cuttings which we have saved, but have doubts if our list is complete.

- Le Caid. by Ambrose Thomas.
 Robert le Diable. by Meyerbeer.
 La Favorita. by Donizetti.
 Huguenots. by Meyerbeer.
 Jaguarrut, l'Indienne. by Halevy.
 Guillaume Tell. by Rossini.
 Trovatore. by Verdi.
 Les Amours du Diable. ?

Two or three pieces are unknown in our part of the world, having been, so far as we know, only played by French opera troupes.

We gather the following short notices of certain new singers also from the *Pic's* reports.

Mr. Julian's *Fernand* in "Favorita," enabled us to form a more satisfactory opinion of his status as a singer than his previous efforts had done. We find him possessed of a pure tenor voice, of fair compass, as it regards register, but lacking in force. It has been cultivated in a good school, and for what it lacks in power it makes up in sweetness of tone and taste in execution. It is peculiarly sympathetic in quality, and in some of its utterances appeals irresistibly to the heart of the appreciative listener.

Yet it would be unfair to say that the *Fernand* of Julian was at all a tame performance, for it was not. He evinced feeling and fire in the great scene in the third act, where the young Marquis upbraids the King with having dishonored him by wedding him to his "favorite," and in the grand duo with *Leonore*, which immediately precedes her death, he soared with the warmly manifested sympathy of the audience to the achievement of a greater success than we had previously believed it was in his power to command.

The new baritone, Mr. Rauch, made a decidedly favorable impression at least upon such of the audience as condescended to abate so much of their dignity or frigidity, as to manifest any interest at all in the performance.

He has abilities which will in the end overcome all doubts, if any exist, and will compel the favor that his audience, at the debut, seemed to be determined not to be surprised into awarding him, without due trial. He has a fine face and presence, graceful carriage and manner, a well cultivated, and artistically methodized voice, of the pure baritone quality, and if not as powerful as that of some of his predecessors in his role, is still ineffably sweet and expressive. He sang his music like an artist, and showed himself to be as good an actor as singer.

Mr. Vila, the secondo basso of the company, who filled the part of *Balthazar*, the monk, has a voice of power. Its prominent characteristic is its immensity of capacity. It soars higher, and sinks deeper, comes out fuller, heavier, and more voluminously than any other bass voice we ever heard. Junca "roars like a sucking dove," compared with Vila. His utterances remind us of the vibrations of the thirty-two foot pipe in a cathedral organ.

New Orleans has, too, in addition to its Opera, a "Classic Music Society," which began its series of six public performances with the following almost unrivalled programme.

- PART I.
 1. Overture to "Il Magico Flauto." Mozart.
 2. Symphony No. 2, in D. (op. 36.) Beethoven.
- PART II.
 1. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.
 9. From Symphony No. 7, in A. (op. 92.) Beethoven.
 Allegretto. Scherzo. }
 3. Overture to "Oberon." Von Weber.

We have already accredited the information given in this article to the New Orleans *Picayune*, but do it again, that we may bear our testimony to the uncommon excellence of its musical department, in which we know no daily paper that can rival it, except the Boston *Courier*, and—in spite of its heresies as they often seem to us—the New York *Tribune*. •

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

CARL ZERRAHN

Will give his

SECOND GRAND CONCERT

This (Saturday) Evening, January 30,

Assisted by

FÉRY KLETZER,

THE CELEBRATED HUNGARIAN VIOLONCELLIST.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

- 1—Jupiter Symphony. Mozart
 2—*a.* Adagio for Violoncello. Mozart
b. Fantasia, "Doni Sebastian," (Elegie for 'cello), ... Batta FÉRY KLETZER.
 3—Overture—The Marriage of Figaro. Mozart

Part II.

- 4—The Dream of the Savoyard—Grand Fantasia for the Orchestra, with Solos for different instruments (First time in this country). Lumbye
 A description will be found on the Programme.
 5—Grand Fantasia on Schubert's Waltz "Le Diable," for the Violoncello. Merck FÉRY KLETZER
 6—Romanza from the Opera *L'Eclair*. Halevy
 For English Horn and Flute—by Mr. De Ribas and Mr. Kopitz
 7—Papageno—Concert Polka on Airs from the "Mazie Flute"—(first time). Louis Staspy
 8—Overture—The Merry Wives of Windsor. Nicolai

Single tickets, 50 cents each, and packages of four tickets, good for any of the remaining Concerts, at Two Dollars, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB'S Fourth Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 2d, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. They will be assisted by Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, Vocalist, and Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist. Beethoven's E minor Quartette will be repeated, and a new Quartette in E flat by Mozart. Mr. Lang will play in Beethoven's C minor Trio, etc.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.

GERMAN TRIO.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the Second Musical Soirée will take place Feb. 1, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

THE LAST CONCERT (of the Series of Three) of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 6th, at the MELODION, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, Pianist.

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores, and at the door on the evening.
 Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Our Music-teacher.

FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

Mrs. Johnson is a treasure!

She and her sister, both widows, live in the little brown cottage, beyond the river, and have made it almost the prettiest place in Hildale. She is a small, dark-eyed woman, I suppose over fifty years of age, but retaining a good deal of beauty still, witty, full of life, always ready for a joke, generous and open-hearted, one who passes over the foibles, hides the faults of her neighbors, and seeks ever to bring out their good qualities. She is of course a general favorite. Moreover she is one of the most independent persons you will meet in a month—but never intrusively so. She does what she believes right and leaves consequences to take care of themselves. I met a classmate in New York, who had tried in vain for a year or two to gain a livelihood here as village physician. Upon my telling him that I should soon return to my native place, he advised me by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of the music-teacher, assuring me I should find in her a person well worth knowing. He was right. Mrs. Johnson is a treasure. She is one of those persons who never grow old—yet is free from the vulgarity of affecting youth; simple and unpretending in manners as a child, she is nevertheless surrounded by an atmosphere of grace and refinement—the perfectest of ladies.

To tell the truth, I had rather dreaded my first call at the cottage. I had heard too much good music, been too much with real musicians at home and abroad, to expect much from a country village teacher of the piano-forte, and one too, who had long since passed her prime. I supposed I should find a little, old six-octave square in-

strument, out of tune, with a tinkling, brassy tone; upon it a copy of Cramer's Exercises, and two or three of the old Boston instruction books; upon a stand hard by, a small pile of such sheet music as the Russian March, Tigers' Quickstep, and the twopenny waltzes, galops and polkas of the day; a lot of sentimental songs upon "old arm-chairs," and other such topics, together with an odd volume of the Social Choir, an Odeon, and three or four collections of Psalmody.

However, one afternoon, being over the river and near the cottage, and finding my wasted frame in need of rest after my walk, I rang at the door. Little Phebe Peters answered the bell.

"Mother and Auntie Johnson are both out," said she, "but will be in soon. Please walk into the parlor."

A glance showed me how much I had lost by not calling sooner. The room was large, indeed out of all proportion to the size of the house, and evidently intended for music. Upon the walls hung two or three portraits full of life and expression, excellent likenesses, I could have sworn, but wanting that artistic finish which can only come from fitting, early instruction and study. One I recognized as Mrs. Johnson, as I now recollected her in my childhood. There were also a small copy in oil, of the Virgin and Child, half length, from the Sixtine Madonna at Dresden, capitally done; a view of the Drachenfels, which I instantly perceived must have been taken from the bridge at the end of the Poppelsdorfer Allée, back of Bonn, just as you enter the garden of Clemensruhe; another of the old church at Schwartz Rheindorf, over the Rhine from Bonn, with its curious mixture of Byzantine and Romanesque architecture; several sketches in oil of Rhine Scenery, and two or three pretty views in Hildale.

A Chickering Grand Piano-forte was so placed at one side of the room that a singer should have the dead wall behind him and not before him, as is so often the case, and upon it stood open a *heft*—of an early Leipzig edition—of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Looking over the music in the rack hard by, I found it to consist mainly of German editions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Moscheles, Czerny, Ries, Schumann (early works), Mendelssohn, and even Bach for the piano-forte, with quite a collection of the vocal works of those authors, and additional Songs from Schubert, Löwe, Kalliwoda, Fesca, and so forth. A couple of large volumes contained a collection of English and American songs and ballads, sufficient in number to prove that a true taste had guided in the selection of the music, and that nothing which was really good was

despised. A volume or two of gems from Rossini, Bellini and the Italian masters of their day—German editions—and piano-forte scores of a dozen or more operas by Mozart, Gluck, and other giants, proved that the collection must have been made in "Vaterland."

In the bookcase, too, were several of the works of Goethe, Schiller, Hoffmann, Tieck, Fouqué, the Grimms, Musaeus, and other popular authors thirty years ago in Germany, all in foreign editions, and bearing marks of thorough perusal. From all this I drew the conclusion that the collector must have resided for some time in Germany and learned thoroughly to love and enjoy its music and literature.

Little Phebe—just such an intelligent, gentle child as I love—in ten minutes after meeting me at the door was sitting on my knees and prattling merrily of "Mother and Auntie."

Uncle Johnson, who died, oh, ever so many years ago, before Phebe was born, painted the pictures. He used to live in Germany with Auntie, and when she came home, she brought all these books and pictures and music, and "whole lots" of pretty things, such as I saw about the room or were to be seen up stairs.

When mother came, if she had no objection, she would take me up into her own little room and show me her little Bonn women with great baskets of coal and potatoes on their heads, and her Altenburg girls with narrow, short gowns and petticoats only coming down to their knees, and great stout stockings and shoes; and the peasant people near Minden—queer old men with knee-breeches, broad-brimmed hats, and coats slit up behind—quite up to their shoulders, and the Baden woman driving the donkey, with her hair all pulled back from her forehead, and fastened under the funniest little black cap, with two long streamers, that ever was! "Some of the Hildale girls wear their hair so now," added Phebe, "but Auntie says almost all those peasant women soon grow bald, and that it is a bad fashion—so I keep my curls—and I think it is prettier so, don't you?"

I told her that I had lived in Germany a long time, and knew all those places on the Rhine that were pictured there on the walls. She looked up at me with open eyes.

"And did you live in Bonn?"

"Yes."

"And do you know where Achter Strasse is? and the Römerplatz? and did you use to go and hear mass in the old Cathedral? and did you see the dead, dried up monks up on the Kreutzberg? and did you ride across the river in the floating bridge?"

To all of which questions I answered, yes.

"And did you ever drink coffee in the inn on top of the Drachenfels and look down upon Roland's Eck, across the river?—Auntie says that means Roland's corner—where the river and the road make a turn."

And so she chatted on, and I could see how deep an impression had been made upon "Auntie Johnson" by her residence upon the Rhine, from the effect which her descriptions had made upon little Phebe.

By and by—perfect little lady as she is—she begged me to excuse her, as she had a lesson to learn, Mother and Auntie would soon be back, and in the meantime I could amuse myself with the books and music or the pictures. So turning up her sweet, innocent face for a kiss, she slipped from my knees and skipped away. I took down Hoffmann's 'Kater Murr,' but could not interest myself in the fortunes and misfortunes of Kreisler and Julia, for the portrait opposite carried me back—away back more than thirty years to my earliest childhood. Like a vision came back, living to memory, the children's party at the village Doctor's, and above all the dark-eyed young woman who impressed my childish imagination as beautiful exceedingly, who assisted us in all our games, who sang to us, told us stories, but above all, played the piano-forte for the children to dance. How loving and kind she was! I could see myself—"Little Pinky Brown"—refusing to dance, that I might stand at her right hand, watch her flying fingers, drink in the sweet tones, and sometimes catch the kind glance of her deep, tender eyes, and look my delight into them—for the emotions which made the little breast heave, could find no expression in the little child's scanty language, her amused looks at her little admirer—how clearly they all come back again! and how distinct my recollection of the longing I felt, when eight o'clock came and we must go home, for a kiss from those smiling lips, and my fear to ask it. She must have read the expression of the small, wistful face, which followed her every motion as she prepared the children for their walk; for when all were ready she called to me: "Come here, little Pinky"—took me into her lap, brushed the curls from my forehead with her soft, white hand, fixed her eyes upon mine with a long, earnest look which somehow filled me with trouble, then pressed me to her bosom and kissed me upon my forehead, cheeks and mouth.—Has the man ever enjoyed a more ecstatic moment than that was for the child?

Memory affords me no other distinct picture of our Music-teacher; but the proverb "little pitchers have long ears" is based upon a sure experience, and mine were rendered preternaturally long, by the strange feeling of devotion which I cherished secretly as a holy thing toward her. So now the sight of her portrait recalled to mind the village gossip, which my Madonna's marriage excited, and how deep it sank to my heart as I heard the old ladies talk of "its unaccountable imprudence"—ridiculously thrown herself away, said one—given herself to a beggar, said another,—left all her fine prospects and gone off into foreign parts with a man old enough to be her father, and who will never earn his salt by his daubing, said a third—why did she not marry the 'squire, who would give his eyes for her! asked the fourth—and so on. This and much more to the same effect, iterated and reiterated in the presence of little Pinky, made the child's heart heavy; a

cloud came over him, and his pillow was wet with tears of sympathy and sorrow, that the happiness of the beautiful music-teacher should thus be forever blasted. But the bitterest cause of the child's grief was an impression made upon his mind, that she, in some incomprehensible manner, had violated the rules and customs of society and had acted with questionable delicacy and propriety. But how and to what extent, I could form no idea. And when I asked about it, people only laughed and said little children must not ask questions. So it was until as I grew older she passed completely away from my memory, that something mysterious and saddening tinged all my thoughts of her. Now as all this, after having been forgotten for a whole generation, came flashing back into my mind, I could but smile at little Pinky's trouble on our music-teacher's account, for experience—yes, my own experience—had long since taught me the little consequence of village gossip, especially when half understood by "little pitchers." It needed not even a glance at the broad, thoughtful brow, the piercing but gentle eyes, the beautiful and expressive mouth of the middle-aged man, whose likeness formed a companion portrait to that of our music-teacher to convince me that no very dreadful circumstances had attended that marriage, and that the tears of her child-lover had been uncalled for.

At length the sisters came in. In five minutes we were upon the footing of old acquaintances, and a merry hour we had. Since that call our acquaintance has ripened into a firm and sincere friendship. Two or three times a week, when the weather and my strength and health admit of it, I creep over there and return with new life and spirit in my broken frame.

[To be continued.]

(From the London Musical World.)

Ferdinand Hiller's "Saul."*

Not only in the history of the musical matters of the City of Cologne, but in the annals of music generally, the 15th December, 1857, will be mentioned as the day on which a masterwork of our own age was performed for the first time; the work is one which will move and delight generations yet to come.

The work is question is the Oratorio of *Saul*, by Ferdinand Hiller. It achieved a brilliant success, such as, in the case of so serious and grand a composition, we have not witnessed since Mendelssohn's first appearance on the banks of the Rhine. The audience of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, whom it is not, as a rule, an easy task to warm, was generally excited in a manner we have scarcely ever seen: wherever a pause in the music allowed it, there was the most lively applause, and, at the conclusion of the first part, the fifteen hundred individuals, who, as auditors and executants, filled the room, the musicians' stage, and the galleries, broke out into a real jubilee of delight in honor of the composer. This operation was repeated with the same enthusiasm at the end of the second and third parts. The oratorio is long; it contains fifty pieces, and lasted from forty minutes past six o'clock until ten, including a pause of twenty minutes, and yet the anxious interest of the public was the same from beginning to end.

If we seek the reason of such a success, we shall find it, first, in the combination of the principal conditions necessary for the success of every great vocal work; in the appropriateness of the text, the rich imaginative power of the composer, and his perfect mastery, by sterling education and natural capabilities, of everything pertaining to composition. In the present case, however, there are two additional causes, which, in our

opinion, contribute materially to the effect of the new work—a masterly combination of polyphonic labor with a free style, which pervades the whole; and secondly, the genial treatment of the orchestra.

We can no longer write like Bach and Handel; we cannot do so, from deficiency on the one hand, and superfluity on the other. We are wanting in the creative power to inspire, as they did, purely intellectual forms; and, perhaps, too, in that trusting belief in the spirit which actuated those heroes when engaged in the task of creation. On the other hand, Haydn, Mozart, and, above all, Beethoven, have opened for us the romantic domain of music in a manner of which the old authors had no notion, and the direction thus given to music has, in its turn, produced an abundance of musical means to which we are now so accustomed, that not to employ such a mine of wealth has become a perfect impossibility.

When Mendelssohn revived the Oratorio, he again joined the broken chain to the old traditions of Bach and Handel, but he felt that his time, which was a child of the French Revolution and the War of Freedom, had produced, even in music, an immense chasm between the Past and the Present, over which it was no longer possible to spring back. He endeavored, therefore, to take a middle course, and was successful. In his *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, Hiller followed the same path, and his work, too, made the round of Europe. At present, however, he has gone a step further. His last two great vocal works, *Die Weihe des Frühlings* and *Saul*, have altogether banished the epic element of the Oratorio, and are especially dramatic, so that the lyric element, on the whole, only lays claim to the same place which it occupied in ancient tragedy.

While in the first-named work, the antique subject—the mystic historical background of the building of Rome, in consequence of an oath—rendered the new musical form and treatment less striking, that form, in connection with the biblical subject, in *Saul*, to which, according to the usual traditional ideas, it constitutes a contrast, is much more visible and intentional; and pretty nearly the same is true of it as of the grand D major Mass of Beethoven—instead of the usual and dogmatically sanctified, we have the ideal and elevated element, appealing to our purely human feelings. This same *Saul* is only an oratorio inasmuch as the subject is borrowed from the Old Testament; the style, in spite of all its freedom, possessing, at the same time, the essential qualities of the oratorical style, that is to say, polyphony in the choruses combined with seriousness and profundity in the melodic treatment. A more appropriate name for the work would be, "A Biblical Drama, set to Music."

Thus, by these two oratorical works, Hiller has created a new kind of vocal composition with orchestral accompaniment; its roots are struck in the character of the present time; it is modern music, but it everywhere pays homage to the laws of what is musically beautiful, which laws the development of music has established by means of the classical masters. It differs materially from similar efforts of Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner; from those of the first-named composer (in *Paradies und Peri*, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, etc.), by the grandeur and dramatic character of the subject; from both by the sterling polyphonic style, and from Wagner's style more especially by the melodically and harmonically beautiful treatment of the orchestra—a treatment which endeavors to produce its effects not by abrupt contrasts of chords and absolute noise, but by harmonic combinations, which, from their variety and novelty, never offend the ear—and by the beautiful melodies that twine around the principal musical ideas.

The execution was admirable, and reflects the greatest honor upon all engaged without exception. It is something to say that, during a three hours' performance of a work of such difficulty, there should not have been a single hitch. But the excellent manner in which it was conducted, and the zeal of those engaged, were not the only things which contributed to the complete success

* Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

of the work; there was another important cause—namely, the fact that the composer had not overrated the capabilities of the voices or the instruments.

It is scarcely possible for any one who has not seen it with his own eyes and heard it with his own ears, to conceive the powerful effect of the choruses in the large hall. The very first chorus of victory sung by the people: "Saul hat Tausend geschlagen, David zehn Mal Tausend!" opens the action in an imposing manner. The other more remarkable features in the first part are the chorus for female voices: "*Weckt ihn nicht*," while Saul is asleep, and the entire chorus: "*Wehe, die Geister der Nacht sind neu erwacht*." We may, also, mention as a perfect gem in a melodic and harmonic view, the hymn of thanksgiving for David's preservation from Saul's lance: "*Der Herr hat seine Seele vom Tode errettet*." Yet this is surpassed by the finale of the part, a piece for three voices, Michal (soprano), Jonathan (tenor), and Saul (barytone). The beauty of this is so soft and moving that it almost revives and strengthens the belief in the creation, now-a-days, of melodies full of soul.

In the second part, an admirable effect was produced by the chorus of shepherds, who accompany as warriors the fugitive David into the desert: "*Werft hin den Hirtenstab*," then by the destruction of the population of the city of Nob; by the chorus "*Wie schön und lieblich ist es, wenn in Eintracht Herrscher wohnen*," but, above all, by the mourning chorus for Samuel's death, and the final chorus, which is one of the most spirited in the whole work.

In the third part, the battle-picture in the orchestra, with the chorus of women, who observe the fight from the heights, and describe its various fluctuations, is truly grand. The mourning chorus for Saul, "*Streifet ab die Prachtgewande*" is especially original. A brilliant hymn of David, with the chorus, forms the conclusion of this powerful work.

The characters of the drama are: King Saul, barytone (Herr M. Du Mont-Fier); Michal, his daughter, soprano (Mlle. Remond, of the Stadt-Theatre); David, tenor (Herr Göbbels); Jonathan, tenor (Herr Pütz); Samuel, bass (Herr Reinthaler); the Witch of Endor, alto (Mad. B.); a servant of Saul, a warrior, Jesse, David's father, bass (Herr Schiffer).

The vocal solo pieces are partly recitatives and *ariosos*, immediately preceding the choruses, or appended to them, and partly more important compositions in the form of airs, duets, and trios. They are all impressed with a serious and noble character, and many of them are melodic embellishments to the whole work. A most extraordinary effect was produced by the anointing of David by Saul; the scene where Saul falls asleep in the cave, admirably given by Herr Du Mont-Fier; the aria of Michal in the second part; the trio, already mentioned, of Michal, Jonathan, and Saul, at the end of the first part; David's *arioso* in the first, and the Hymn to Jehovah in the last part. The recitative passages are full of truth and musical expression. We perceive in their treatment, and especially in the accompaniment and intermediate pieces of the orchestra, the hand of the master, especially if we compare their lively declamation with the psalmodies in *Lohengrin*. L. BISCHOFF.

"Le Caid," and "Jaguarita."

The following accounts of the plots of these two operas, the former by Ambroise Thomas, the latter by Halevy, we copy from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

"Le Caid" is an opera of the pure buffa school, and is peculiarly French in its story, and its dramatic and lyric treatment. As at present put upon our stage, it is one of the best productions, in the way of comic opera, we have ever been favored with.

The scene is laid in Algeria, whither, soon after its conquest by the French, a Parisian modiste (Mme. Colson) and a Parisian hair dresser (Debrinay) have gone over to ply their several trades. Birotteau is the hair dresser, Virginie

the modiste. Of course they are affianced, but to their great regret have not the means to make matrimony a prudent arrangement. The Cadi ("le caïd") of the village, Aboul-y-far, (Dutasta,) is a great coward, and is much in awe of the mob, who insist on waylaying him in his nightly rounds, and bamboozing him most truculently. Birotteau conceives the notable design of raising money on these apprehensions of the Cadi, by promising him the knowledge of a great secret, whereby he will be protected against the assaults of the mob; the price of this being a smart sum in cash. The Cadi's intendant, (a eunuch of the harem.) Alibajou, (Carrier,) being wheedled by Birotteau, brings about a meeting with the Cadi, when the proposition is made, but the miserly old fellow demurs to the price of the secret, and offers to the young coiffeur, instead, the hand of his daughter, Fathma, (Mme Latouche.) Birotteau seems to assent—is invested with a badge of honor, as the intended son-in-law of the Cadi, and is carried in triumph through the streets. Meanwhile, Michel, a drum-major of the French army, (Vila,) slips into the Cadi's house, and makes Fathma, who has been informed by Alibajou of what was awaiting her, believe that he was her father's choice. Subsequently, she is waited on by her opposite neighbor, Virginie, with articles of bridal attire, and the poor modiste learns enough to fear that the Cadi's daughter is her rival in the affections of Birotteau. She is soon undeceived; but Birotteau is soon after introduced, returning from his triumphal procession, and finding himself in such fine quarters, begins to think it would not be so bad after all to be the son of a Cadi. His reflections are interrupted by the entrance of his betrothed, and subsequently of the drummer, the first jealous of Fathma, and the last of Birotteau, who is thus in a most embarrassed and amusing situation. The complication gives rise to a scene of indescribable fun. The end of all is that Birotteau declines the Algerian alliance, declaring his unalterable fidelity to Virginie. The Cadi demands the secret that is to protect him from the cruel wrath of the populace, and the hair-dresser demands the money. The Cadi, sore with a recent beating, consents. Birotteau gives him the secret in the form of a prescription for making a famous pommade, and recommends Michel to the old fellow as his son-in-law, and this offer being accepted, the curtain falls, after a finale in which the chorus bear a most amusing part.

Strongly and decidedly as Mme Colson had impressed herself upon the New Orleans audience, as a prima donna in comic opera, it cannot be gainsaid that she has won her brightest laurel in her performance of the Virginie in this piece. It was as perfect a thing in its way as anything we have ever witnessed on our lyric stage. In acting, as well as in singing, in all the nuances and espiègleries of a finished comedienne, as well as in the execution of music which, though of the comic school, is yet scientific and artistic, she met all its exigencies in the most satisfactory manner. The rôle is full of little gems, not a situation in the progress of the piece being without its brilliants; and it is not too much to say that she imparted to them all the lustre which belongs to them. From the gay little chansonette, *Comme la fauvette*, to the finale of the opera, she was equally excellent. No performance would better bear analysis, than we ever witnessed.

The orchestral and choral part of this opera are very taking. The overture is brief, but brilliant and sparkling, and the closing ensemble is exceedingly effective, with its odd and laughable action and situations, as well as its fascinating music.

Le Caid richly deserves to be placed, in the operatic library, on the same shelf with Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, or Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and *Elisir d'Amore*.

Jaguarita, was written for Mme. Marie Cabel, and was one of the greatest attractions at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris. It has been considered the *chef d'œuvre* of Halevy, and with the exquisite story of St Georges, will doubtless prove a rare treat. It is full of melody, and includes, with all the charms of the opera comique, all the

startling beauty and sweetness of the grand opera. The tale runs as follows—the scene being laid in Dutch Guiana—Van Trump, (Debrinay,) a Major in the colonial service, is sent out with troops as a reinforcement to subdue the Indians. Maurice, (Holtzem,) a young Captain, accompanies him. Maurice is really a brave man, while the Major is an arrant coward, and Petermann, (Dutasta,) a sergeant, is continually adding to his terror by relating to him the most doleful tales of the horrors of the country, and mistakes his ill-disguised terrors for real bravery. Heva, (Mme Latouche,) is the betrothed of Maurice; Mama Jumbo, (Vela,) is a trapper a *Courreur des Bois* and a soi-disant ally of the whites, but in reality in league with the Indians and in love with their Queen, Jaguarita, (Mme. Colson,) whom he brings in to the whites a pretended captive, but in reality to be a spy on their movements.

Maurice no sooner sees the Indian beauty than he falls in love with her, and she, by her smiles, induces him to believe that his love is returned; and he, in consequence, is overpowered and taken captive by the Indians. Van Trump meanwhile gets so disgusted with the country that he flies to the woods and hides, intending to wait a favorable opportunity to leave as soon as he can. While so concealed he hears a noise and in his terror his pistol goes off, and he hears a heavy fall, but is too frightened to find out what it is. His people coming to look for him find the dead body of a notorious Indian chief of the warlike tribe, and the Major's pistol lying by him. Of course this was another proof of his bravery; and they making so much noise over the event, he overhears them, comes out, and is duly praised. Meanwhile Maurice, Petermann, &c., are captives with the Indians, and Jaguarita's heart relenting, for she now really loves Maurice, she allows him to escape while watching over him as a sentinel, and consequently, by the laws of her tribe, her life is forfeited. The Indians, who have sacked the whites' villages and have got gloriously drunk, now insist on her death, but succumbing to the influence of the spirit, they fall senseless ere they can execute their intentions. Mama Jumbo, who is the only one that retains his senses, sets the prisoners free and tries to carry off the queen; a shot is heard, he falls wounded and dies, and in rush the colonial troops to the rescue. Jaguarita falls at the feet of her lover, who, when he escaped, went immediately for his regiment, and, as we have seen, arrived happily in time. A happy re-union takes place, and the glorious chorus *Au Milieu de l'ombre* is heard and the curtain falls.

Shelley.

That genial and pithy writer in the *Transcript*, the "Democrat of the Tea Table," among many good things, says these best things about Shelley.

Little, Brown & Co.'s edition of Shelley is disfigured by misprints and bad punctuation. Four-fifths of the poem of Queen Mab, as well as the notes, (which are much longer than the poem) are omitted. The style of the memoir is graceful, but the writer wants "feeling of his business" in treating with indecorous and supercilious sportiveness some of the errors of the most purely imaginative poet of the last hundred years. I would not defend Shelley's conduct further than to say, that he lived up to his own standard of right and duty with more devotion and self-sacrifice than did any other literary man of his time save Wordsworth,—and that his nature was discolored by no stain of grossness. In this respect, it is an insult to his memory to breath his name with Byron's,—or with those of men and women who could never touch his position except as extremes meet. Heloise might as well be classed with Nell Gwynn! The natural movement of Shelley's mind was in a series of imaginative processes. He had not only studied Nature with large range and minute observation, but his imagination had so transmuted the results of study of her elements and manifestations, that she seems to have handed him the key to her mys-

teries, and taught his ear the rhythm of her movements.

See, in "Prometheus," how he deals with her elemental forces, and how he uses thought and emotion in poetic illustration of nature, instead of the converse and usual method. It is no wonder that Ruskin—who has imagination enough to state, but not enough to fuse the results of his marvellous observation of nature—grows flippant just where he should grow reverential in his treatment of Shelley. A man of even Ruskin's power, when he reaches the end of his tether, in the absence of creative imagination, becomes dogmatic, theoretic and bigoted, and consequently has the least value in what he values himself most.

Shelley's character wanted personal, constitutional and passionate force, and his mind lacked that great solvent and reconciler—humor; hence his poetry, as a whole, is too exclusively and etherially imaginative, and his characters wanting in "blood sympathies" with mankind; hence, quite as much as from his warring with custom and convention, come the harshness and screaminess of his few political poems; and hence the fact that he can never be generally popular. But to every one gifted with imagination or imaginative apprehensiveness, his poetry comes with a Greek freshness from the prime fountains of creative thought—is pure and far-darting as light—elemental in its airy scope and firm grasp and embodiment of the grand pantheistic forces and tender ministrations of nature—and full of love for everything human but human wrong. He was ever wooing beauty as a bride and tinging in every pulse and word with her inspiration.

Critics should learn one great lesson from Shelley's "Cenci." Had that poem not demonstrated that he had true dramatic imagination, they would have maintained forever that he had no capacity for "objective" creation of human character. Of his longer poems, read the "Prometheus" first, and the "Revolt of Islam" last. Of the short poems, read the "Ode to the West Wind" first, and the political poems last—or not at all. Read his "Defence of Poetry" as a model of English prose style, and as a clear, rich, and philosophical treatment of a great theme, and read all his translations from the Greek—of which they are almost the only perfect specimens in our language. Poetry can be translated only by poets, and genius represented only by genius.

It seems strange that one has to turn from other English criticism to Macaulay's article on Southey's Life of Bunyan for a recognition (at all adequate) of Shelley's genius. Leigh Hunt borrowed his money, and quarrelled and chirped over his grave. Capt. Medwin's Life of Shelley is altogether wanting in insight and understanding of his character, and in true appreciation of his genius. Even Mrs. Shelley never comprehended the greatness, though she deserved the love of her husband.

With a nature so pure,—an imagination so powerful and vital to the last detail,—and an intellect so fiery, keen and logical,—Shelley only needed years to bring him to a serene and reconciled life and faith. Would to heaven that he had left behind him a poet able to build over his head a rhyme as lofty as that which he raised over the new grave of Keats!

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? *

From my Diary, No. 22.

Feb. 2.—Last evening a concert of the "German Trio"—heard a delightful Sonata for piano-forte and violin by Mozart; Solos for violin and violoncello, in one of which Jungnickel surprised me by his execution—the strictly musical pleasure, however, being algebraically $x = 0$ —, and a trio by Rubinstein, for bowed instruments and piano-forte.

With every new work of Rubinstein my disappointment increases. How much I was impressed with him and his works three or four years ago is on record in Dwight's Journal. He gave great promise

then, and the old Berlin critics, who remember the days when Beethoven's works were appearing one after another from the press, exciting wonder and astonishment, and not seldom ridicule, and yet always exhibiting something easily recognized as part and parcel of that grandeur of thought and mastery of form which made even his bagatelles noteworthy—these old critics hoped much from him. But Rellstab in particular, said that with his hopes were mingled fears—those fears seem now to have been too well grounded.

The fatal facility with which authors now-a-days can rush into print, is the ruin of many a young talent, which by due culture might enrich our literature. It is precisely so with the musical composer. The presses of Germany, France, England and America teem with crude attempts at composition, in which the deficiency of thought and idea is sought to be covered up by novel effects and curious passages.

Each new work of Rubinstein seems to show more distinctly the effects of this fatal facility. The amount of idea grows ever less; mere prettinesses of effect, and strivings to make an orchestra of his piano-forte and accompanying instruments, and thus startle the auditor, seem to be more than ever his aim. He seems to be oppressed with the "scribble-omania"—his pen must be constantly in use. Now it is not in the nature of things that any very young man can have such a fount of inspiration in him, combined with such a knowledge of the science and art of composition as to be able to go on thus without exhausting himself.

Dehn said four years ago: "The young man has talent but will not 'hasten slowly,' he will not study form." There is the trouble. He has never given that time to the study of other masters, which alone can enable one to determine upon the novelty and value of his own ideas and teach him how to use them effectively, when an idea of real value occurs to him. In music as in literature, one should write because he has something to say, not seek something to say because he wishes to write. Rubinstein seems now to be governed by the latter motive. Still, I find one ray of hope in his case. There is a possibility that he may work himself out, and that a period of rest may come, in which judicious and unsparing criticism may have its beneficial effect, and he may see the feebleness of much of that which he has given the world, and learn wisdom by hard experience.

Like other compositions by him which we have heard recently, the Trio last evening is hardly worthy the name. It is a piano-forte solo—and not a very good one at that—with violin and violoncello accompaniment—hardly obligato. The piano-forte is always thundering along, with no points of rest for the surfeited ear and wearied attention. As it was one of his earlier works—op. 15—there was hope that it would prove less fantastically feeble than some of the later ones; but while little better in this regard, it was worse in regard to the crudeness of its ideas and the want of elegant treatment of the musical thought.

I fear he is not "the coming man."

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 2.—To conclude my summary. Boieldieu's "White Lady" still remains the masterpiece of the French opera music. The originally conceived and worked-up choruses and ensembles, the tender, naive, partly original Scotch melodies, still preserve their power and charm. Boieldieu's accurate knowledge of the soul's various states is expressed in every number so poetically, that one is in doubt whether it is the

simplicity and truth of the thought or the lavish use of the most innocent means and effects that enchains and moves us so powerfully. The most perfect instances are the introduction and the second finale, which remind us of Mozart's treatment. Mme. HERRENBURG-TUCZEK was very successful in the part of Anna, in which she again appeared before us, after a long illness, in all the bell-like purity of that voice which has enchanted us so many years. FORMES (tenor) has taken an unsurpassed model for himself in ROGER, as may be remarked in his unquestionable improvement in the part of George Brown.

A novelty of the most peculiar character has been the performance of a "Funeral solemnity of Alexander the Great" (a requiem for the death of a hero) by the composer of the opera "Mahomet," Dr. ZOPFF, director of the Opera Academy here. This work, which is based on the concluding scene of the sublime poem by Dr. Märcker, the Trilogy: "Alexandrea," was produced a few days since at a soirée at the poet's house, under the direction of the composer, by distinguished artists, in the presence of a select circle of men of high position and of learning. Although full of the most modern and most Southern melodies, it yet bears the stamp of antique dignity and enchained (in our military state) the princes and generals who were present, by its splendid military processions at the tomb of Alexander. Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek transported the audience by her exceedingly touching delivery of the grateful part of Roxana, whilst Herr BÖTTICHER (too soon departed from our stage), as the admiral of Alexander, in the hymn of Freedom on the ocean, made all tremble by the gigantic powers of his bass voice.

I think it not out of place here to make honorable mention of some readings of ancient tragedies by a person highly worthy of notice, Fraulein ELISE SCHMIDT, who with a full-sounding, powerfully affecting delivery has given us the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Bacchantes" of Euripides and the "Electra" of Sophocles. If her delivery seemed to us too romantic, still her intelligent characterization of the persons of the drama, supported by the eloquent play of her features and motions of her plastically fine head, enchained most powerfully the too small circle of students and admirers of the incomparably sublime Greek tragedy.

It is much to be lamented that in a great city, thirsting for music, like Berlin, all attempts at other theatres to permanently found a Popular Opera, are continually wrecked upon unfavorable circumstances; chief of which are the great expense, and the lack of sympathy on the part of the public. Thus they tried it again in October with a light comic opera in the Friedrichstadt theatre, and brought out a succession of in part very bravely rehearsed operas by Dittersdorf, Schenk, Fioravanti, Lortzing and Auber. But already the new enterprise seems near the point of being abandoned again. When shall we see the time again when a similar popular stage, that of the Königstädter theatre, may rival the Court theatre by the possession of a Sontag, a Fodor, a Fiorentini, &c.!—Quite recently Signora Fiorentini presented herself, with the ruins of her fine powers, in Kroll's theatre, as a concert singer; but in spite of her admirable school she was eclipsed by the Spanish singer Fortuni, with her fresher voice and Spanish naïveté. With Fio-

rentini in the concerts at Kroll's appeared the brothers WIENIAWSKI, whose performances I have before noticed. A sonata composed by the piano virtuoso Wieniawski, a pupil of Marx, met with no very favorable reception in spite of its praiseworthy delivery. New performers to us were the contrabassist BOTTESINI, and a virtuoso on the ophicleid, a gigantic wind instrument of colossal bass and startling tone; his name is COLOSANTI. Both virtuosos were admired for their technical skill and for the tender tone which they knew how to woo forth from their ponderous instruments; yet the impression was somewhat strange and unnatural.

Of great Oratorio performances the most successful were those of the *Paulus* by Stern's Gesangverein, and of "Alexander's Feast" and the *Requiem* by the Sing-akademie. After so often recognizing that Stern's Society by its peculiar devotion to Mendelssohn keeps the works of this favorite and intellectual Berlin composer always fresh before our minds, I may now remark with praise an opposite symptom which has appeared very recently; and that is, that this most brilliant of our amateur choral societies is no longer confined to its one-sidedness, but has also brought out the most important works of Bach and Beethoven. The Englishman, stiffly encased in the forms of his national religion, may suffer himself to be led off into one-sidedness, because since Handel no composer has so happily met this sympathetic side of the English nation as Mendelssohn in his great Oratorios; but we must not, in spite of our present veneration for a talent that sprang exclusively from our own city, shut our ears against the ever great and classical. But the commemoration of Mendelssohn's death was a most appropriate occasion for the repetition of one of his finest works, "St. Paul." It was one of the most brilliant performances of this gigantic chorus, under the most genial director in Berlin; and not less brilliant were the solos in the hands of Mme. KÖSTER, Fraulein JENNY MEIER, and the opera singers MANTIUS and KRAUSE.

Not less worthy, considering the now much smaller size of the chorus, was the performance by the Singakademie of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," a work so full of youthful freshness and so powerfully affecting. But the solos were in part extremely unsatisfactory, because our Intendant very rarely grants the services of the theatre singers, and when he has once granted them, commonly recalls the permission at the last moment.

I cannot omit mentioning an original concert which our military general music director WIEPRECHT gave in the Opera-house, as the hundredth concert for the benefit of our theatrical fund. It was purely made up of works by princely composers, namely by the Prussian kings Frederic the Great and Frederic William III, by Prince Louis, by Prince Albert, by the Princess of Prussia, by the Duke of Coburg, by the Grand Princess Olga, &c., &c. This concert reversed the customary relation, in which the artists proceed from the people and seek the favor of the princes; this time the artists were princes and sought the favor of the people. *ff.*

NICE, SARDINIA, DEC. 20, 1857.—One morning from the top of the diligence I peeped abroad, and lo! the Mediterranean, that most glorious and classic of waters, was before me. I thrust

my nose outside of the huge coverlet, and it was greeted with the delicious fragrance of orange blossoms. I poked my head far out at a dangerous angle and feasted my eyes with the sight of roses in full bloom. I felt a gradual thaw extend over my benumbed body, and soon began to acknowledge the genial effect of an Italian clime. We were entering Nice.

From Marseilles I had come by diligence to the frontier of Sardinia—and while on the subject may as well remark, that at Marseilles they have a fine Opera House, where Halevy's everlasting *Juive* was announced for performance, the night I was in that famous old port. The house is spacious and comfortable, but calls for no special comment. Donizetti's *Martiri*, one of his very finest works, and one totally unknown in America,* was alternating with *La Juive*.

Nice is probably the most delightful place of fashionable resort in the world. It possesses every attraction, both natural and artificial; it enjoys an ocean beach equal to that of Newport, and is completely hemmed in by mountains, which, while they protect it from cold winds, give a variety and grandeur to its scenery that it is alone in the power of the "everlasting hills" to bestow. In the centre of the city, and dividing it into two parts, familiarly known as the Old and the New Town, rises a beautiful hill, which is used as a promenade. It is easily ascended by terraced walks, fringed with rose bushes, and with those huge exotic cacti, that in New York and Boston are so carefully preserved as hot-house rarities, while from the grand level promenade on its summit, the eye enjoys a glorious view of mountain and sea, with the intervening town of Nice, and the little port filled with vessels. But it is not its natural advantages alone that makes Nice so delightful. It is a little world of itself—a miniature Paris, with its brilliant stores, its fashionable crowds, its noble boulevards, its opera houses and its wealth—all set down by the sea shore, and enjoying the genial warmth of a continual Spring—such a "gentle Spring" and "etherial mildness" as Thomson wrote about, and not such a raw, damp Spring as Tom Hood so happily and truthfully describes.

You must know that the New Town of Nice consists exclusively of superb hotels and elegant villas, and these are built with considerable taste, producing on the whole a very pleasing architectural effect. Between the group of principal hotels and the sea-shore is a little triangular plot of ground, laid out in walks and flower-beds, which of itself has little to attract attention; yet it is really the most attractive feature of Nice, for at this spot, at a certain hour of the afternoon, all Nice assembles to look at itself and to listen to the music of an excellent band. It forms a most brilliant sight—the numerous carriages are gathered on the roadside, and the occupants have descended to mix with the gay crowd. There are representatives among them from every quarter of Europe. There are innumerable deputations from the land of John Bull—there are Signors from New York, as the Nice newspaper calls the American gentlemen, who rejoice in the simple name of Smith or Jones—there are Russians and Italians, and numbers of petty German princes and princesses. The Grand Duchess of Baden is the most distinguish-

* Donizetti's "Martyrs" was performed in Boston eight or nine years since, as an *Oratorio*! ED.

ed of the late arrivals, of course excepting the illustrious "Trovator."

Well, to be sure it is a gay sight, and a gay company! The band is playing one of Strauss' intoxicating waltzes, and everybody is talking to everybody, and keeping time with their forefingers. Ladies in carriages are receiving visits, dandies arrayed in the latest Parisian style are promenading up and down, and among all move here and there a group of peasants from some of the neighboring towns, their curious costume contrasting singularly with the silks and laces and broadcloth by which they are surrounded. Then on all this gay and happy assembly the bright afternoon sun is shining and the old Mediterranean is beating on the beach a few feet distant. In the pauses of the Strauss music you hear his regular heavy boom, and glancing between the brilliant equipages you can catch glimpses of his white and dashing surf.

After the sun has set the band disperses, and the concourse of listeners follow their example. A great many of them go to the opera.

Now in Nice, this little town of 30,000 inhabitants, they have two fine operas—a French and an Italian. The former appears to be the most fashionable, and has certainly the finest building—a spacious, handsome theatre, very plain in its decorations, but still possessing every requisite for comfort. It was filled to repletion the night I attended by an appreciative audience gathered to listen to the second production in Nice of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which was given in admirable style by an excellent troupe with one JULIA DROUET as Valentine, and JOURDAN, a Paris tenor, as Raoul. But the finest artist of the company and the one who was received with greatest approbation was Mme. NUMA, a prima-donna of the very first order of merit, who undertook the other soprano rôle in the *Huguenots*.

At the Italian Opera, the management, to compete with the success of Meyerbeer's work at the rival establishment, offered an attractive bill comprising the whole of Rossini's *Barbiere* and the third act of Verdi's *Ernani*. It is not customary to give the names of the artists on the posters as with us, so I did not learn the personnel of the company of the Theatre Varty, as the Italian house is called.

Perhaps you would suppose that at a fashionable place of resort like Nice, where most of those who support the opera are persons of almost unbounded wealth, the price of admission to the opera would be very high. But such is not the case. At the French opera the boxes are let by the season, and the parquette is thrown open to the public for twenty cents; ladies can visit this part of the house. The "gods" are provided with an upper gallery for eight cents. At the Italian opera the prices vary from sixty cents, for the most expensive seats, to *five cents* for the upper gallery, including between these two extremes, prices at thirty, fifteen, and ten cents. Add to this that living at Nice is very reasonable, that the climate is preferable to that of Florence or Rome, that the scenery is unequalled, the society everything that could be desired, and where could a lazy man with a little money find a more delightful spot in which to enjoy his *dolce far niente*. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—Last Saturday Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their first *Matinée* at the Lecture Room of the Spingler Institute

(Mr. Gorham D. Abbot's school for Young Ladies), a small hall, amphi-theatrically arranged, which is tolerably good for music. It was quite filled on this occasion, and the audience was evidently well satisfied with the performances. These consisted of quartets by Beethoven and Schumann, a trio by Volkmann, (who is he?) and some piano morceaux played by Mr. William Mason. I was glad to find that the quartet have improved greatly (three of them, at least, for the violoncello is in new hands) since winter before last. They give evidence of careful practice in the interval. The Beethoven quartet was one of the op. 18 set—which are all lovely. Schumann's No. 1 is a grand, splendid composition, the many obvious difficulties of which were finely surmounted. It appeared to create universal enthusiasm. The Trio was full of pleasing melodies, and quite taking, though not at all deep. The effect of Mr. Mason's excellent playing was marred by the piano, one of Steinway's Grands, which was unpleasantly harsh and loud in tone. It appeared to be the same instrument used at Goldbeck's concert, where I had already been struck by its unfavorable qualities. These were also very disadvantageous to Mr. Mason's solo-pieces, which were an *Etude* of Chopin (op. 10, No. 7), a transcription of Weber's *Schlummerlied*, by Liszt, Henselt's pretty little *Etude*: "*Si oiseau j'étais*."

For EISELDE's Soirée, last evening, we had, for a wonder, good weather—but a lecture by Edward Everett was in its way. However, Dodworth's pretty hall was fuller than it has been in a long time at these occasions. The concert was, as far as instrumental music was concerned, a most enjoyable one; the vocal part was only calculated to serve as a foil, being even more indifferent than usual. We had a charming quartet by Haydn—so like him, in its freshness and simplicity, its jolly bag-pipe sounds in the first movement, its beautiful harmonies in the second (the variations on the Austrian National Hymn) the airy grace of the minuetto, and pretty melodies of the finale. The execution of both this and the quartet by Rubinstein, which we heard twice last year, was admirable. The "Music of the Future" was farther represented by a song by Johannes Brahms, a wild, wierd, very original thing—so short as to be hardly more than a musical idea, which was the only thing worth listening to, or even mentioning, sung by Mrs. BRINCKERHOFF, the vocalist of the evening.

The remaining number of the programme was filled by Mr. GOLDBECK, in his own Trio. Of this composition I find that I hardly judged correctly in a previous letter. I have hardly ever known anything to improve so much by a second and third hearing. In a measure, indeed, this was owing to the difference in the voices, the pianos (we had here a Chickering) and in the violins (for though Mr. Mollenhauer is unquestionably greater as a solo player than Mr. Noll, yet in concerted music the contrary is the case), as well as to Mr. Goldbeck himself playing with far more spirit and fire than before. But setting all these outward circumstances aside, the composition itself seemed to me far more praiseworthy than at the first hearing. It contains passages of great power, some very effective parts, (such as a crescendo progression in the first movement, or the whole of the scherzo) and melodies which a bet-

ter acquaintance makes much more pleasing. Parts of the Andante are very beautiful, but there is a little sort of a "quirk" going through the accompaniment of the whole, which sounds affected and far-fetched, and could very well be dispensed with. I am glad to say, that this now seems to me the only really unpleasant thing in the whole work. The latter is, indeed, quite an uncommon production for one so young, and gives promise of much higher things. Its chief fault is, that too many musical ideas and conceptions are crowded together; the young artist has not yet learned to assort them sufficiently, or to save his powers. He has undeniably very great talent, but it is not yet enough under his control. It is to be regretted that he could not have studied longer under some great master; he is not yet firm and clear enough to be left entirely to himself. The best thing for him would be, to return to Europe and be a scholar a little longer. In that case one could almost certainly predict for him a noble name in the Art-world; whereas it is much to be feared that if he continues to steer his own bark, his undisciplined genius will soon gain an unfortunate mastery over him, and he will wear himself out, both mentally and physically, before his career is fairly begun.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The third concert of our Philharmonic Society came off on Saturday evening last. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
1—Symphony—No. 7..... Beethoven
2—"Il Piacer,"—Aria from *Lozza Ladra*..... Rossini
Madame de Lussan.
3—"Reverie,"..... Alvars
Harp—Mr. Aptommas.

- PART II.
1—"Lustspiel," (Comedy.)—Overture..... Julius Rietz
2—"a. "Autumn,"..... John Thomas
b. "La Tarantella,"..... Aptommas
Harp—Mr. Aptommas.
3—"Ricci Waltz,"..... Ricci
Madame de Lussan.
4—"William Tell,"—Overture..... Rossini

These concerts have been the most thoroughly enjoyable of anything we have had this winter. The "Brooklyn Athenæum," though large enough for ordinary purposes, is too small for any large gathering—its capacity being only about 1200. But what it lacks in size, it makes up in its admirable acoustic qualities.

Now imagine such a room well filled—all the good seats and standing room occupied, the audience not dressy, or, at least in appearance, "fashionable"—but looking more as though they had "just dropped in to hear the music." The room is full some time before the concert is to commence, and as almost everybody is acquainted with his neighbor, there is pleasant chatting, and—of course a *little* flirting, until a rap from Mr. EISELDE's baton restores perfect order, and the first notes of the glorious "seventh" announce the concert fairly begun. The orchestra under Mr. Eiselde's able leadership goes through the symphony most splendidly. There is not a superfluous instrument or an inefficient player among the whole "forty performers." The sparkling Scherzo laughed and frolicked, the Andante was grand and sober, the Finale Allegretto earnest, dignified and emphatic.

Mme. DE LUSSAN is a lady with a pleasant, flexible, light voice, of good style, agreeable and unpretending in manner. She sings in Dr. Pease's (Catholic) church, in Sidney Place. The choir in this church are much noted for their excellent singing, great numbers attending every Sunday, and some regularly, only for the purpose of hearing the music!

In her first piece, Mme. Lussan was somewhat disconcerted and nervous, and did not do herself justice. In the "Ricci Waltz" she was more successful and received an encore. I have the same fault to find with her, however, that I did with Miss Behrend at the first of these concerts; and that is, in their choice of pieces to sing. Had Mme. du Lussan chosen something less pretentious, something that we have not heard sung by the greatest of living artists, the impression left would have been much more to her advantage.

Of course Mr. APTOMMAS played delightfully and pleased immensely; he always does. Both pieces were warmly received and encored. In answer to the second encore, Mr. Aptommas gave us "Sweet Home," which, in its turn barely escaped the same fate.

The "Comedy Overture," by Rietz, contains some beautiful passages, and is sure to be popular if given at chamber concerts, but is not of the kind to please large, popular audiences. It seemed to me very much like Mendelssohn's music, not that it imitates Mendelssohn except in style.

The "Tell" Overture was finely given; had it been anywhere else in the programme but the last, it would surely have been encored.

For the fourth and last concert of the season, we are to have Gade's Symphony in C, the Overture, "Calm sea and happy voyage," by Mendelssohn, and "Masaniello" Overture. BELLINI.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 6, 1858.

CONCERTS.

ORCHESTRAL.—Mr. ZERRAHN's second concert, (Saturday evening, Jan. 30) will be remembered:—not for its rare excellence, but for the signal lesson that it gave. Seldom have we had a more uninteresting, seldom a more *useful* concert. In what way we shall see.

Of course it was not possible that one of Zerrahn's programmes should contain nothing of the highest and most sterling order. He is too true a musical enthusiast for that. The trouble was that the circumstances of the times, the multifarious hints and clamors from all quarters had forced him into a new chapter of *experiments* in the very delicate and critical matter of programme-making. He came nobly forward in a time of "panic," when few had courage to think *any* concerts practicable, and least of all such concerts as appeal to real taste and culture for support. We were thankful to get orchestral music upon any terms, and Zerrahn had our sympathy and best wishes when he undertook to give us the best music that he could in the cheapest way, and by mingling the "light," "popular" elements in his programmes in doses large enough to attract paying audiences. No blame to him then; the result is such that we rejoice—so must severer classicists than we—that he has fully tried this plan of pleasing the unmusical,—that he has tried the zeal and gratitude of those who cry out upon all occasions for "light" music.

The programme, take it all together, was about the lightest and the dullest that we remember in our twenty years of orchestral or (as they say elsewhere) "Philharmonic" concerts. It failed to draw more than a very moderate audience, and failed to interest or keep there those who came. Yet, as we said before, it did have points of interest. It opened nobly. The greatest Symphony by Mozart, that in C,

(which some Englishman, struck by the large, majestic and triumphant character of its three livelier movements, especially the four-fold fugue of the Finale, called the "Jupiter," or king of Symphonies), was very finely played, and listened to with deep attention and delight. No other piece that evening, and few pieces any evening, so enchanted the entire audience. After an interval of instrumental solo, came the *Figaro* overture, also Mozart's, which flew by with the swift and shining wings of a brief merry moment. This ended the first part, and with this the musical interest of the evening was exhausted.

The second part consisted of a very flat and worthless piece of picture music ("The Dream of the Savoyard") by Lumbye; another solo; the Romanza from *L'Eclair*, for English Horn and Flute, pretty enough; a "Papageno" Concert Polka on airs from the *Zauberflöte*; an indifferent overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The solos were by a young Hungarian violoncellist, FERY KLETZER, one of Mr. Ullman's importations. His manner is simple and modest, he draws a very sweet, singing tone from his strings, and his chief point seems to be a highly finished, although rather sentimental, singing or *cantabile* style. In *bravura* he indulged comparatively little, which was to his credit; that little was in the last variation to his last piece, the *Le Desir* waltz. His chromatic intervals were not always precisely true; and what made the matter worse sometimes, especially in an Adagio by Mozart and a fantasia on *Don Sebastian*, was the clumsy and confused instrumentation of the orchestral accompaniment, as far as possible from Mozart's manner, which made frequent discord. The solos were creditable to Mr. Kletzer, but hardly an "attractive" feature in the concert. The fact is, the great majority of concert-goers are weary of solos as such, unless the composition itself have intrinsic charm, like a Concerto by Beethoven or Mendelssohn. And how long will our concert-givers be deceived by this very superficial and unsignifying matter of clapping of hands. It is not the real audience who clap; it is hardly natural to clap hands when we enjoy deeply. First blow away this froth, and then you come to the real sense and feeling of an audience. Not the hands of the unmusical, but the hearts of the musical are the thermometer that may be trusted. Yet it is the children in almost every audience, even of our so-called highest concerts, whose verdict seems to be most courted in the trying-on of programmes.

But to return to Lumbye. The "Savoyard's Dream" will be an era in our music. It is an orchestral fantasia, by a famous Polka writer, on a very flat and sentimental story of a girl going off in a steamship, the lover's pains of absence, and dreams of her return; full of claptrap description of winds and waves, in very, very feeble imitation of Mendelssohn's *Meeres-stille* overture; of stale, sentimental hurdy-gurdy melody, and low tricks, such as rubbing sand-paper to imitate the rustling of water. Some laughed at it, nobody seemed to like it. It fell flat. The "light" music movement had run itself off its legs. The "Dream" was the last struggle in a poor, and false direction, the turning point, at which we bid good-bye, we trust forever, to a mistaken concert policy. It convinced the lighter portion of the audience even that poor things are not quite so pleasant after all as good things; it convinced the musicians and the newspaper paragraphists; above all it convinced Mr. Zerrahn that this was not the way to do it; he has tried the experiment out, and learned a lesson, as he makes haste to show us by his next programme, from which he discards all "dreams" and "panic" pieces. There is but one way in the long run to secure an audience for concerts of a high class; it is to make up the programme without regard to names, as "classical" or "light", but solely with regard to what is *good* intrinsically. Study contrast,

study variety, proportion, but let every piece be good. By persisting in this policy, the public must come round to the high standard; but undertake to cater to every whim of false taste or ignorance, and take the vote of hands alone, and very soon you know not where you are; you are entirely afloat; there is no right and no wrong; no principle or fixed point anywhere; no part of the last year's experience survives as a foundation for the next year; no steady growth or progress upward; but all is chance, caprice and chaos.

The next concert will be one week from to-night. The programme is a grand one, wholly free from nonsense. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; the playful Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony; the overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *Der Freischütz*; these are the orchestral numbers. Then Mr. COOPER, one of the very first of English violinists, will play either Mendelssohn's or one of Beethoven's Concertos; and Miss MILNER, who sang so finely in the "Creation," will sing some pieces worthy of such a concert.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We are two concerts in arrears in our notices of the choice feasts still prepared us by this Club. The third of the present series occurred Jan. 5, and with the following programme:

- PART I.
1—Quartet No. 3, in E flat, op. 44.....Mendelssohn
2—Aria from "Titus," Deh per questo.....Mozart
3—Quartet in C, No. 45, (first time,).....Haydn
PART II.
4—Allegretto from the Quintet in E minor, op. 3.....N. Gade
5—Song: "Das heimliche Leid," (Secret Sorrow).....Spohr
With Violoncello Obligato.
6—Second Quintet in C, op. 29.....Beethoven

If we remember, luck went against the perfect sympathy of strings that night in several pieces. It is a delicate matter, that of getting a quartet in perfect tune and *rapport*; it depends on moods, on magnetism, states of air and temperature, &c. But the most part of the music was enjoyed, the Quintet by Beethoven especially, the first movement of which is among the very finest of his early period. The Adagio is more Mozartish. The vocalist was Miss MARIA FRIES, who is to be honored for her choice of pieces, which she had studied well, and sang with fair execution and with a clear and true, if not very sympathetic voice.

The fourth programme (last Tuesday evening) was one of the very best:

- PART I.
1—Quintet in B flat, (first time,).....Mozart
Allegro—Tema con variazioni—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro assai
2—Ave Maria.....Robert Franz
3—Piano Trio, in C minor, op. 1, No. 1.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Andante con variazioni—Minuetto—Finale, Prestissimo.
PART II.
4—Two movements from Posthumous Quartet.....Mendelssohn
5—Cavatina from "Titus," Parto ben mio, (with Clarinet obligato).....Mozart
6—Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2 of the Three Razoumofsky Quartets.....Beethoven
Allegro—Molto Adagio—Scherzo and Trio: Thème Russe—Finale, Presto

The great feature was the Beethoven Quartet, a work in every way one of the most original and full of character of the great master. It is extremely difficult, but went remarkably well. There is something strangely intellectual and rare in the quaint theme of the Allegro, in its echo on a strange key and in the whole development; it is a pure creation of the mind, and bears no taint of commonplace. The Adagio, long as it is, is one of Beethoven's noblest and profoundest, full of feeling and of beauty, a zeal *de profundis*. The Russian theme is

The Mozart Quintet was delicious, though not one of the very best. It is quite dramatic in parts, having considerable recitative and solo. It suffered some from impure intonation in the highest tones of the first violin. The Mendelssohn specimens were of the best, both of his pensive and his fairy vein. Perhaps most persons enjoyed most the Beethoven Trio, which abounds in exquisite ideas and contrasts. The piano part was played by Mr. B. J.

LANG, with a precision, cleanness and expression that would have done honor to far more experienced artists. We do not remember a more promising debut in this kind.

The vocalist was Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, another *debutante*, of youthful and interesting appearance, who seemed to enter into the spirit and feeling of her music, especially the *Ave Maria* by Franz, but whose vocal style is rather crude as yet; nor was the voice always true. She has scarcely execution enough for the cavatina from Mozart. The accompaniments to the *Ave Maria*, as arranged for muted strings, had a beautiful effect. On the whole it was one of the best Chamber Concerts we have ever had.

The "ORPHEUS" offer fine attractions for their last concert this evening. Those glorious double-choruses from the Greek tragedies will be repeated; so too the Trio from *Euryanthe*; Miss DOANE will sing; Mr. LEONHARD, the pianist, will play Mendelssohn and Chopin; and there will be part-songs grave and gay, and of the best....In Philadelphia the Opera still flourishes. The debut of FORMES, in the part of Plunket, was an ovation; for the rest *Martha* was badly done. *Norma* still worse, in an afternoon, by Mme. CARADORI, Mme. SIEDENBURG, and Messrs. BIGNARDI and DUBREUIL. Chorus and orchestra are still complained of, in spite of the arrival of conductor ANSCHUTZ. *I Puritani* was never so well performed, they say, in Philadelphia, as last week by FORMES, GASSIER, TIBERINI and LAGRANGE.

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PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1—Double Chorus. From *Edipus Coloneus*.....Mendelssohn
2—Lebenslust Soprano Solo with Chorus.....Hiller
3—Capriccio. Piano Solo.....Mendelssohn
4—Wasserfahrt.....Mendelssohn
5—Duet from *Figaro*.....Mozart
6—Double Chorus from *Antigone*.....Mendelssohn
PART II.
1—Ballade In A flat major.....Chopin
2—Aria with Chorus from *Romeo and Juliet*.....Bellini
3—Trio and Chorus from *Euryanthe*.....Weber
4—Waltz (By request).....Vogl
5—Trio with Chorus.....Kuecken
6—Turkish Drinking Song.....Mendelssohn

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- PART I.
1—Symphony in A major (No. 7).....Beethoven
2—Scena and Aria from "Titus,".....Mozart
MISS MILNER.
3—Concerto for Violin, with orchestral accomp.....Mendelssohn
MR. COOPER.
PART II.
4—Overture: "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner
5—Scotch Ballad, MISS MILNER.
6—Allegretto Scherzando from the 8th Symphony, Beethoven
7—Duetto for Violin and Voice, MR. COOPER and MISS MILNER.
8—Overture. "Der Freischütz,".....C. M. de Weber

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Our Music-teacher.

FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

[Continued from page 354]

Mrs. Peters is a noble woman, but Mrs. Johnson is the treasure!

What endless conversations we have upon music! Our tastes agree, having been developed under similar influences in Germany, although our visits there were years apart; and there is no limit to the topics, which rise spontaneously when we are together. When Mrs. Johnson was there, Beethoven was just passing away; Schubert was beginning to be appreciated; that wonderful youth, Mendelssohn, was raising hopes destined in great measure to be fulfilled; Hummel, Seyfried, and many others still remained, who had known Mozart and Haydn; Rossini and Bellini were in the meridian of their glory; Liszt and Paganini were the marvels of the concert-room; Malibran, Pasta, Sontag, Lablache, Rubini, were the singers; Beethoven's last works were the bugbears of the critics, and incomprehensible to almost the entire musical public. How much she has to tell of those days and of some of those great artists, whom she saw and heard! Then it was that she made herself the accomplished musician that I find her to be, and attained that excellence which causes me daily to marvel that she thus buries her talents in this little out-of-the-way country village.

In spite of my better judgment, the impression made upon me in my childhood, by what was said of her marriage, was so strong, that I long hesitated to speak of her deceased husband, so fearful was I of awakening unpleasant recollections in her mind. I was afraid of touching upon some sore spot; and yet the desire to know her story—to clear up the mystery—increased with

every interview. Last week, however, while chatting with her, the conversation took such a turn as enabled me to relate my childish recollections of her as I have sketched them above. I do not now remember how I concluded my tale, but I suppose it was with some very solemn, absurd, and in her eyes, comical expression of sympathy for her fancied troubles and sorrows; for my sentimentality was shocked and all my thoughts thrown into sudden confusion by a hearty burst of merriment.

"I declare," said she, "it is almost a pity to spoil so pretty a romance as you have evidently imagined about me. I can understand now the mysterious references which you have occasionally made to my past history. Now, I assure you I have no more story to tell than Canning's knife-grinder had, unless it be made worth telling by the simple fact, that the regularities of courtship, and a wedding party, and the distribution of cake and cards, and the various *et ceteras* of such an affair in a country town, were dispensed with,—and that the affair was somewhat sudden, and I chose to marry Mr. Johnson, a poor man, rather than two or three others who were well-to-do in the world. As a matter of course all the village gossips had their say upon the matter, and knew my business best—but I was far away and not troubled in the least by it all—the reports of their talk in my sister's letters only made me laugh."

"I should like to hear the story, though," said I.

"Do you remember Mr. Johnson?"

"I have no distinct recollection of him—not distinct enough in fact to make me sure that I ever saw him. He did not belong to Hildale?"

"No. He was from Roxbury. While in College he taught our school two or three winters—and became a favorite in the place—but that was before I was old enough to attend. After graduating, he studied medicine and surgery, and during the last war was persuaded to join a privateer fitted out by some Salem merchants, as surgeon. The vessel crossed the ocean, and at the close of the war was sold in one of the Dutch ports. Several prizes had been taken, and the Doctor's share of prize-money was sufficient to enable him to remain some time in Europe. From his childhood his earnest wish had been to become a painter, and nothing but the want of encouragement for art in those days and the earnest desire of his father had led him to the study of medicine.

"Being now in Europe with funds sufficient to support him for some time, he gave himself up to Art. The spoils of the continent were then in the Louvre, and having made the Rhine tour, he hastened to Paris and devoted himself to study.

But the great political events which followed had their effect upon his fortunes and drove him back to America, but not to his profession. Medicine had less charms for him than ever, and he chose to leave his father's house, depending upon his ill-paid labors as an artist, rather than live in comfort and ease as a physician. People had not much money to spend upon superfluities from 1815 to 1825, and Mr. Johnson lived in poverty. His efforts in portrait and landscape painting were by no means despicable in point of art, though they were so in point of remuneration for the labor bestowed upon them. I mentioned that he had been a favorite among the Hildale people when schoolmaster, and he used to come up and spend his summers here, boarding at the tavern, spending his mornings in sketching and painting, and the afternoons in fishing or visiting and chatting with the neighbors. He was very fond of children—especially of us little girls; he painted little pictures for us, sometimes wrote us verses, sketched us singly and in groups, weighed us upon the grocer's scales, feasted us upon the grocer's nuts and confectionery, and was never happier than when half a dozen of us were playing about him in his studio, while he was at work. So we all loved him, and the sight of his easel upon the stage-coach, as it came up the plain, in May or June, was a signal for general rejoicing.

"His was not a course of life fitted to secure the approbation of the wise and prudent. True he had no bad habits, as all knew, but people said he was wasting his time and talents upon what was of no earthly use, except to look at, and the old ladies who had marriageable daughters, did not encourage his visits to their houses, although they enjoyed them amazingly.

"As I grew older a taste and talent for music developed itself in me, and I spent several years of my girlhood in Boston, with an aunt, where I fitted myself for the profession of music-teacher. I returned to Hildale when about nineteen, and began to teach. My principal instructor had been Graupner, who awakened in me a strong love for German music, which had been strengthened by the production of 'Der Freyschütz' at the Boston Theatre as a melo-drama, with much of Weber's music, and by the vocal works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and others, which I had heard at the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boylston Hall. I had read also a few works upon music in Germany, had seen some English musical periodicals, and had been a diligent reader of the 'Euterpeiad.' All these causes had combined not only to make me love German music, but to give me an unconquerable desire to visit its home—a desire whose gratification, for a

poor New England girl in those days, was ludicrously hopeless.

"In the summer after my return home, Mr. Johnson came again. The years which had elapsed since I had happened to see him, had left their mark. He was now a man of middle-age—his locks were streaked here and there with white. But his eyes were kind as ever, his smile as beautiful, his conversation as lively—though a vein of sarcasm, at times, and even a tinge of bitterness colored it;—his love for children had, if possible, increased. He was now regarded as a confirmed 'old bachelor,' and as such was upon a footing of intimacy with the young women, to which 'eligible parties' could not aspire. Such a man, you know, in small country towns, is beau-general for all such as have no beau-particular. As an old bachelor, also, he was the target for all the sharp-shooting of the would-be witty young women of the village—and for that matter, of some no longer so *very* young. But it was hard to find him at a loss—he had reasons plenty as blackberries for not marrying.

"The next summer when he came he wore a weed upon his hat. His father was dead, and the report ran through the village that he had come into possession of a 'handsome property.' This set the tongues of the women, old and young, a-going faster than ever, and some half a dozen persons were named, one of whom, there could be no doubt, was destined now to become Mrs. Johnson—your humble servant, however, was not of the number. It was soon remarked that he was graver than was his wont, that he spent more time in rambling by the river and over the hills; that he confined his calls more to two or three families, and especially that he sometimes exhibited annoyance at the thousand old jokes upon his celibacy. Well. One afternoon in early autumn, half a dozen of us sat sewing and chatting at widow Bedloe's, as he passed the house returning from a walk. Lily Jones—perhaps you remember her—a strong, masculine girl, with a tremendous tongue—called him and he came in. The girls were all ripe for a frolic, and Lily's tongue soon became a two-edged sword. I sat quiet—I was as rattle-brained as any of them, if the truth must be told, but very probably owing to an artistic sympathy with him, there was that in him which restrained my nonsense in his presence. To-day he became graver and graver, and dropped some pretty severe remarks in reply to Miss Lily.

"If the truth was known," said she at length, in answer to something he said, "you are waiting to find perfection. I should think you were old enough to have found out, if not, I can tell you, that girls are not perfect—no more than you men. And now that you have come into possession of a handsome property, if you were disposed to do your duty, you could not do better than look with pity upon these poor damsels and try to make one of them happy."

"Perhaps you, Miss Lily," said he with a quiet smile.

"No Sir. I am used to living alone, and can hoe my own row without help of you men!"

(She afterwards married Smith, the cobbler.)

"Very well," returned he, with a ceremonious bow, "and now, girls, if you have badgered me long enough, permit me to make you a parting speech—for when you will see me again God only knows."

He said this sadly, and it sobered us all.

"Some of you have known me," he began, "since I first came to Hildale—you, certainly, Miss Lily, for you were one of 'the great girls,' when I taught school here some seventeen or eighteen years ago."

Miss Lily winced under this stroke.

"You know that my determination to devote myself to Art cost me everything—the assistance and approbation of my father—the girl I loved—the bright prospects which opened to me as a physician. You know how I have toiled, in what poverty I have lived—no! you cannot know that—what it has cost me to live up to the maxim, 'owe no man anything'—and you know how sadly I have come short of the goal toward which I have striven. You do *not* know that the one great leading idea for long and weary years has been again to stand upon European ground and, ceasing to make a mere mechanical trade for bread of my profession, to drink once more at the pure fountains,—to study and contemplate and fill my soul with the beauty of the great masters. Had I been disposed to marry, this ruling idea would in my circumstances have made it impossible. But let that pass. My desire to see Europe again is as strong as ever, and the means are mine—not ample—but enough for me. I shall go.

"To hear you talk to me, a stranger would suppose that I have only to toss my handkerchief to any girl in the place, and she will be mine forever. I have not the vanity to believe this, nor if I had, would my conscience allow me to try it. Honesty is our duty in so small a bargain as the purchase of a bushel of potatoes—how much more so when the happiness of two persons' lives depends upon it. For either man or woman to conceal facts, which may cause a life of bitterness to their future partner, is, of all knavery and cheating, the basest and most sad in its consequences. But you all, save our good little music-teacher in the corner, who has so precious little to say for herself, seem so anxious that I should marry and thus make way with myself, that I have determined, with all candor and honesty, to declare myself and—make a proposal!"

At this there was a great laugh and not a little fluttering.

"Mark you, I shall be perfectly fair, candid and honest; so, be on your guard, and never say I deceived you. Well, then, in the first place, girls, you see in me a man of forty, who sincerely believes that no man can reach the highest happiness in this world without a home of his own and a wife in it.

"Secondly, he believes in a love all-conquering, that supercedes all other emotions and feelings, and becomes the grand main-spring—at least for the time being—of his life. Of this love he is no longer capable—it was his once—it can never be again.

"Thirdly, he has no profession upon which he can rely for daily bread, his entire dependence beyond his unremunerative art, being upon a few hundreds—not thousands—of dollars which have recently come into his possession.

"Fourthly, this small sum is already consecrated to the one great purpose now of his life, a student visit to Europe.

"Fifthly, a life of lonely disappointment, defeated hopes, and unsatisfied expectation has left its impress upon his whole character. He is

moody, exacting, excitable, and poorly fitted to make another happy.

"Sixthly, his youthful enthusiasm has departed—is buried in the grave of his hopes—although he is determined again to be a student and thus carry out his plan of years, he looks not for success, he has not the feeblest expectation of ever becoming known and honored in his art.

"Seventhly, he loses more and more his relish for society—lives more and more alone—loses old friends and makes no new ones—living to himself and for himself—but above all, sadder than all, his constitution is slowly giving way under an insidious, internal disease, which may in a few years hurry him to the grave, or render long years miserable with suffering, both for himself and any one, who should, knowing all this, dare unite her fate to his.

"Girls, this is the solemn truth!"

[Conclusion next week.]

From my Diary, No. 23.

Feb 9th.—On several occasions lately, when speaking of works by Beethoven, which one would gladly hear, and which would probably become favorites with the public, the question has been asked: "But where shall we find the music?" Now it is not to be expected that music-dealers, with large rents to pay, and obliged to meet a thousand expenses of which the uninitiated know nothing, should fill up their shelves with a huge stock of unsaleable works, however great in character and however important to the student of music and musical history. Yet every person at all conversant with music in its higher departments, and interested in it, must see at once how important and gratifying an addition to our means of improvement would be a complete collection of the works of any one of the great masters; and for all whose tastes have been cultivated in the direction of instrumental music, the complete works of Beethoven would be invaluable. It has occurred to me that this want might easily be supplied. Every citizen of Boston has now at his command a library destined in a few years to rank among the finest in the United States—and possibly to rank with at least the second class of the great libraries of Europe. Our friends, who seek in music their means of living, whatever be their native tongue, are cared for with all other classes, and have equal privileges. For them, too, will be made in process of time, a collection of works which bear upon their art; but it will hardly be thought proper to devote any large portion of the funds of the Library to purchase music. We can hardly, with due modesty, ask this. But the Library is established. It is for the good of all. And in the building space will be accorded to any collection we might give; and, while it would be carefully preserved, at the same time it would be free to us all.

When Mr. Everett proposed that everybody give a book, it occurred to me, that many who can ill afford to do this, could still give some little time and labor to an object, which mediately or directly, should be for the musician's own advantage as well as that of the public.

I said we want in Boston a complete collection of the works of the great masters of music. Suppose now that our musical societies of all kinds should see fit to join in an effort to obtain this for the public Library; could it not be done?

Take the works of Beethoven for instance.

The 26th of March next is the anniversary of that great man's death. Why not on that day—or on the next, as the 26th falls on Friday, and our orchestras would be more at liberty on Saturday evening—have a concert in which our musicians and singers should all take part, the programme to be made up of Beet-

hoven's works alone, and the proceeds to be given to the object of obtaining the complete collection of his works for the public Library? If all would take hold with a will, something might be done, which the public would heartily support—for, to the honor of Boston be it said, in such cases our people are never backward.

Such a concert might be arranged with a programme which should contain much that is new to our public; at all events little of the music need be what has often been heard. The Heroic Symphony would seem to be demanded by the occasion—for Beethoven himself was a hero.

As pertinent to the occasion, the music performed and sung at his funeral might be given by a band and the Orpheus Club, as on that occasion, by brass instruments and men's voices. The choral societies might join in giving with the orchestra that delicious piece the "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt," and the grand finale chorus of the "Mount of Olives,"—or perhaps "Engedi" entire. Some one of our women singers might give the "Ah Perfido," or the trio "Tremate, empi, tremate!" might form an interesting feature. "The Ruins of Athens" furnishes beautiful music for chorus and orchestra—the "Egmont" affords, besides its noble overture, a couple of songs whose simple beauty would strike people by surprise, who only know Beethoven as the great symphonist. Or something might be done from the Masses—I say nothing of the Ninth Symphony—for there is no time to rehearse it properly.

This is, to be sure, but a hint—will anybody take it? In case of success why not have one annual festival, when all the musical talent and taste of Boston should unite and do something for the musical department of the public Library? Yes, why not?

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, ITALY, JAN. 3.—Having safely arrived at the City of the Medici, [that's an entirely new title for Florence, and I shall prosecute anybody else that makes use of it] I engaged, after infinite deliberation, a couple of little apartments in Via Maggio, at a ridiculously low sum of money, and prepared for a month of economical living in what Bayard Taylor calls the "most delightful and cheapest city in the world." I decided to make an experiment, both for my own good and the good of the world at large, and see how cheaply I could live for a month "In Italy." I argued to myself, with a shrewd sagacity, which I cannot but admire: "In Italy, one of the chief products is maccheroni—*ergo* maccheroni cannot be an expensive article—consequently, I will subsist on maccheroni. Operas are a staple product of Italy; I must go to the opera; but to lessen the expense I will go up to the highest tier at ten crazie, rather than pay twenty for a comfortable, Christian-like seat. Being beneath the balmy skies of Italia, I will need no fire, and will thus escape the expense of fuel. Indeed I shall live so cheaply in Florence, that the interest of my fifty dollars will be lying idle in the bank!"

Well, I got fairly into my rooms, which cost me about eighteen cents a day, attendance included. A day or so passed pleasantly enough in doing the lions of Florence, but that duty accomplished, and my intense study of the language, (which carried on in the Ollendorffian system, consisted of the translation of such practically useful sentences as: "Have you the red cow which I have?—No; I have not the red cow which you have, but that which my good uncle's grandmother

has.") needing some relaxation, I decided to hire a piano-forte. The opera season had not yet commenced, and Florence was as destitute of music as if it had been a new settlement in Wisconsin, instead of one of the chiefest cities of the Land of Poetry and Song.

Having decided to hire a piano, I thought it would be but a proper duty to notify my landlady. She is from England, but nevertheless, I always address her as *La mia Cara Padrona*, because it sounds more as if I had an intimate acquaintance with the Italian tongue. So when the lady presented herself one morning at the door of my apartment with my breakfast (regret to state parenthetically that the maccheroni system did not work as well as expected) I exclaimed in my blindest tones:

"*La mia Cara Padrona* has, I suppose, no objection to my hiring a piano-forte?"

The Padrona had no objections—none at all—quite the contrary—but perhaps the Russian gentleman on the lower floor below, who was confined to his room by rheumatism, might have objections.

Would the Cara Padrona confer with the Russian gentleman, or would I call on him myself, I inquired. The Cara Padrona thought it would be best for me to speak to him, if I could speak Russian, for the Russian gentleman spoke no other tongue. I sadly confessed to the Cara Padrona that I was ignorant of the language of all the Russias; so the Padrona promised to speak to him herself.

And I must here remark that there are more polyglots in Florence than in any city I have ever visited. The Padrona, accustomed to have lodgers gathered from all quarters of the globe, had acquired the gift of many tongues; the garçons at the restaurants are equally skilled in linguistic lore, and when a stranger enters, they try first one language on him and then another, till he recognizes his own. Of course this is owing to the constant stream of foreigners that go through this city, which is perhaps, with the exception of Paris and Rome, the one which attracts more visitors than any other.

The Cara Padrona having conferred with the rheumatic Russian, and the latter having interposed no obstacle, I proceeded to hunt up a suitable piano-forte, the chief requisites being—I was not fastidious in the matter—strength and delicacy of tone, a full complement of octaves, a respectable looking case, and a very moderate rentage. In the land of music, I argued, piano-fortes ought to be obtainable for a trifle. So I visited all the numerous piano ware-houses in Florence, and in one was told that they were just expecting such an instrument as I wanted, and would I call to-morrow, when it would probably arrive, as the person at present hiring it did not wish to retain it longer, as he was going to Rome, and his term of rentage was just expiring. It was the same in every instance; somebody was just on the point of going to Rome in every case.

At last, after three days' indefatigable search, I made a bargain that was the very thing! A piano-forte, that had just been returned to the proprietor by the previous hirer, (who had left only a day or two ago, and started for Rome) was offered to any one desiring it for the low price of six franceschoni a month, a franceschono being about equal to an American dollar. Of course the proprietor meant only three franceschoni, and

expected to be beaten down, as everybody that vends anything whatever in Italy does. I was not remiss in this duty, and offered three francs, which the man accepted with an alacrity which proved to me he would have been satisfied with two, or one. I paid him, took a receipt, and he promised to send the piano in the course of an hour.

"Cara Signora Padrona," said I to my landlady, as I hurried back breathless with haste to my lodgings, "Cara Padrona, the piano will be here in a few minutes." Then I seated myself in my room to await the arrival of the welcome guest.

But I waited in vain. It did not come during that morning, nor in the afternoon, and towards evening I called on the proprietor to learn the cause of the delay. He was very sorry, but some gentleman who had one of his pianos had sent him word that he was just going to Rome, and he had to send his men to get the instrument; but he would attend to mine to-morrow without fail. So the next morning I said to the Padrona:

"Padrona, we will have the piano to-day without fail." Then I fell to thinking that three dollars a month was not so dear after all, and that certainly I should get pleasure to that amount out of the instrument. I would not have, paid four dollars, I said to myself, but three dollars is quite reasonable—quite so."

To shorten a long story, I will merely say that the piano did not come that day either—that the next day I went twice, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing it moved and of preceding it a few steps to the house. Entering, I told La Cara Padrona that the piano was actually coming, and that it was even now at hand; indeed, as I spoke, a great crowd of men appeared bearing the expected instrument, while others hovered about, regarding the proceedings with intense interest, and talking volubly. Whether it was the stupidity of the men or some innate obstinacy in the instrument, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that no piano ever made before such preposterous resistance to going into a house. It thumped its corners against the outside door-posts, it nicked out a piece of the plaster on the entry wall, and its behaviour on the stair-case was really outrageous. The men talked vehemently, the passage-way was quite blocked up by the excited crowd, and had not the Padrona appeared at that moment and quelled the tumult by ordering out a number of the men, and closing the front door, I don't know what might have been the consequence. However, at last the refractory piano was safely deposited in my little room, and four different men having yielded up the four different legs, which they had been clasping to their bosoms with ardor, a fifth man appeared with the pedals, they were all attached to the cases and the instrument turned right side up with care, and much talking.

Then it was that I was surprised by demands for incalculable sums of money from each of the worthies present! In vain did I assure them that I had paid everything to the proprietor—they were obdurate. They said they must be paid for bringing the instrument. Four men wanted sums of money for bringing the case—a fifth man wanted a sum of money for bringing a leg—a sixth man wanted a sum of money for bringing another leg—the two remaining legs were encumbered by similar claims, and the pedal was mortgaged to a fearful amount. Besides all these there was

a tuner to pay, there was the return portorage of the instrument to pay in advance, and there were two indefinite men to satisfy who joined in the general clamor for money, without, as far as I could see, any possible right; but I believe they rested their demands on voluntary assistance given upon the stair-case.

Of course I blustered a little, and after much vehement talking, in which I could not understand what the men said, nor could they understand what I said, we obtained the assistance of the Cara Padrona, who acted as mediator. A compromise was effected, and at last the assailants withdrew, leaving me alone in my glory to count up my dead and wounded. I made out a specification of my losses, and find that my cheap piano—my wonderful bargain, that was to cost me only thirty paoli, or three dollars a month, was not such a remarkable success after all. I have translated the document into English, to serve as a warning to any one who may be inclined to hire a piano in Florence "at a bargain."

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| <i>Trovator to Proprietor of Refractory Piano,</i> | <i>Dr.</i> |
| To Hiring for one month,..... | 30 paoli. |
| " Tuning,..... | 5. " |
| " Removal,..... | 5. " |
| " Man No. 1, for carrying leg No. 1, | 1. " |
| " do No. 2, do do No. 2, | 1. " |
| " do No. 3, do do No. 3, | 1. " |
| " do No. 4, do do No. 4, | 1. " |
| " do No. 5, do do pedals, | 2. " |
| " Return portorage, [in advance]..... | 5. " |
| " Two indefinite men for assistance rendered on the stair-case, at 1 paolo, } | 2. " |
| " Buona Mano,..... | 2. " |
| " Cara Padrona, to repair damages done to entry wall and stair-case, } | 3. " |
| Total,..... | 58 paoli. |

After this distressing result, it is not to be expected that my first performance upon the unlucky instrument—this Pandora's box that brought so many evils on my head—would be of a triumphant or jocund nature. On the contrary, I could not but feel that nothing would be as dismally appropriate to my miserable condition as the *Miserere* from "TROVATOR(E)."

HINGHAM, MASS. FEB. 2.—An attempt to get up a course of concerts in our village this winter has proved unsuccessful. But few persons are aware of the obstacles to be overcome in canvassing for a series of intellectual entertainments, until, with subscription list in hand, they try their eloquence in soliciting patronage, with the view of securing pecuniary success. The pressure of the times is a ready apology with many, and will scarcely admit of argument; and then there is such a diversity of opinion in relation to musical matters.

A., to appearances is favorably disposed, and seems pleased that we are to have something going on in town, but gives as his opinion that the — "Bards," or — "Æolians" would "take" far better than the —.

B., is for having the — Band, and pictures in glowing terms the number of *Drums* and new *Brass* instruments that this association have recently procured.

C., says he has music enough at home, and don't believe in all this outside gammon about big fiddles, and flutes, but goes in for "home music," which, being interpreted, means "Dog Tray"—"Nelly Bly" and "Pop goes the weazel." C. also informs me, that he has a nephew, an immense *basso* whose *low tones* are prodigious.

D. thinks he will subscribe, but wants to know the history of each member of the —, how long they have been in this country, whether they make a good living or no, and if they excel in such *sterling productions* as "Fisher's hornpipe" or "Money musk."

Such, Mr. Editor, are some of the objections with which we have to contend, and then to be defeated after all, is discouraging. Quite a number of our citizens who usually patronize concerts, have removed to the city for the winter months, so that the only hope for us is, that another attempt may be made next August, or when our town is full of summer visitors.

Truly yours, SQUANTO.

CINCINNATI, O. FEB. 1, 1858.—Here is the programme of the last Private Concert of our Cæcilia Society. It speaks for itself. The orchestra consists of amateurs entirely, with the exception of a couple of musicians at the clarinet, and bassoons. The Piano Solos were exquisitely played by Mr. WERNER-STEINBRECHER. Beethoven's Scotch Song was quite charming. This was the fifth concert of the season. The society is preparing to bring out the "Seasons" publicly. It is quite refreshing to see this German society flourish so well, notwithstanding the rather high kind of music which it cultivates exclusively. We subjoin the aforesaid programme:

PART I.

- 1—Symphony in D.....A. Romberg
Adagio and Allegro—Minuet—Adagio—Finale.
- 2—*a.* "A walk,".....St. Heller
b. "Spring Song,".....Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
For Pianoforte.
- 3—Vintagers' Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn

PART II.

- 4—Overture.....Kalliwoda
- 5—Scotch Song.....L. v. Beethoven
For Soprano and Alto with accompaniment of Violin, Violoncello and Pianoforte.
- 6—Sonata in C♯ moll.....L. v. Beethoven
Adagio—Scherzo—Presto.
- 7—Hunting Chorus from the "Seasons,".....Haydn

CINCINNATI, FEB. 6.—There has been no correspondence from our city in your Journal for several months, and therefore I will give you at least a sketch of what has been done here in our favorite art. We have had no concerts of travelling artists this winter, but the lovers of good music do not lose much by it, and fare a good deal better with our home societies, who give us almost always *fine compositions* in quite a creditable manner. The Cæcilia Society give a private concert for their passive members once a month, and usually have audiences of some 400 persons. They have studied, this winter, the "Seasons" by Haydn, and have given us several lively choruses from them. The amateur orchestra of the Society does also quite well and keeps improving; with the addition of a few professional musicians they perform Symphonies by Haydn and Romberg very pleasantly. The Philharmonic Society adhere to their programme of six Concerts and six Afternoon Rehearsals for the winter, and we thus far have had three of each. They had small audiences at the beginning of the season in consequence of the hard times, but at their last concert a few days ago the hall was better filled than at any concert of last season. At length people seem to have waked up and to begin to perceive the beauty and charm, which lies in the performance of the Symphonies of the great masters by a good orchestra. We have had the "Jupiter" Symphony by Mozart, and the glorious "Fifth" by Beethoven. The orchestra appears greatly improved since the first season, they

have better performers now, and altogether there is more certainty and rounding off. Easy compositions go off swimmingly, and the difficulties of a Beethoven Symphony are overcome more smoothly. The last programme embraced two male choruses sung by the "Maenner-Chor," with the orchestra. The general effect of them was very good. The combination of male voices with the orchestra impressed me this time as remarkably fine—it produced great fullness and richness of sound without the flightiness(?) which the female voices add. Male voices might sometimes be an improvement to the orchestra, but with a chorus of mixed voices the orchestra becomes entirely second, and serves merely to help the chorus. Liszt, at the end of his *Faust* Symphony, introduces a "mysterious" Chorus by male voices, and distributes the latter in a complete semi-circle all the way round the orchestra. The effect of this seems very fine, and a telling improvement. We have the prospect of a great deal more of fine music this winter.

What is done in music in other western cities? Very little in the right direction, I am afraid, else some one, I should think, would report to you.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 13, 1858.

Dr. Zopff and his Critics.

Our readers probably have not forgotten a couple of original and quite peculiar articles upon the Characteristics of WEBER and of MENDELSSOHN, contributed some months since to our columns by Dr. HERMANN ZOPFF, of Berlin. Thinking it profitable sometimes to present what may be said on both sides of a mooted question, we gladly gave place to some strictures on the former written by an ardent admirer of Weber's genius in this city; and we copied from the *London Musical World*, which swears by Mendelssohn, another article, conceived in a far other and more truculent spirit, on the Dr.'s well-meant attempt to give a discriminating estimate of the merits and the limitations of that great composer. Because our Berlin friend, like most of the thinking portion of the musical world in Germany, while admiring Mendelssohn, cannot place him in so high a category as Beethoven and Mozart in respect to true creative genius, the Englishman denounces him as one of the veriest "Sepoys" of the "Music of the Future." Dr. Zopff claims a few words in reply, which we here cheerfully insert, premising, however, that he has strangely confounded our own Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn.

A Word in Conclusion to the Characteristics of Weber and Mendelssohn.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

My characterization of these two genial men has been twice of late the subject of animadversion in this Journal (see Nos. 285 and 289); the second time in an article taken from the *London Musical World*.

The anonymous author of the two essays has led me to read them in the hope that I should find a thorough refutation of my judgments therein; and such an one I would have received with sincere thanks in the interests of Art and of our readers. But how sadly did I find myself deceived, when I sought in vain in his essays for such a refutation; instead of this, in his words about Mendelssohn, I found the most violent, and what is much worse, in parts most superficial attacks, which one might pardon to a dilettante, but which surely cannot be worthy of the true artist!

The singular malignity with which the writer, especially in his defence of Mendelssohn, tries to ascribe to me base, petty, narrow-minded motives, is in striking contrast to the *high respect and veneration* with which I in my articles have signalized the noble traits of both composers. This my opponent seems in his excitement to have quite overlooked; and while on the one hand I must gratefully acknowledge that he *completes my elucidation of Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner*, I must the more decidedly protest upon the other hand against the superficiality with which he dismisses with the utmost contempt opinions which are in fact the collective verdict of our greatest critics, of a Marx, a Schumann, a Rellstab, &c. In short, not only my agreement with the utterances of men so highly respected (at least with us), but also the fact that those bitter attacks attempt no refutation of my criticism, must decide me all the more to re-assert and most unalterably stand by all my judgments (saving perhaps a few unimportant incompletenesses), and above all just that part which my opponent pleases to call "nonsense." I have been most pained to observe, however, that in his article on Mendelssohn he does not hesitate to twist round and pervert my statements, or at least to push them to unnatural extremes.

Reserving for another time a fuller defence of the views attacked, I confine myself at present to a distinct denial of one assertion of my unknown opponent, namely, that "such investigations are of no use." The critic's highest duty to the public is, by impartial elucidation to form the taste, to guide and educate the artistic consciousness, so that we may once more approximate nearer and nearer to the much praised epoch of the ancient Greeks, where this artistic sense and culture were so thoroughly alive in the whole people, that all exercised an independent judgment. Woe to the actor or the orator, with them, who was guilty of any faults! Hence the ancient artists did not seek the approbation of princes, nor of reviewers; for them, the only judgment that had value was that of the people, the most cultivated that has ever yet existed.

Our present public, on the contrary, has so little self-reliance, is so sadly wanting in artistic judgment and perception, that it is easily frightened and believes most in the man whose judgment is the harshest. Such want of feeling and perception has in all times had for a sad consequence, that the aberrations of our most genial artists have been the most blindly worshipped by their hosts of followers, and often carried to a pitch of absurdity, which has operated most injuriously to taste and to the interests of Art.

In short the critic must not let his judgments be controlled solely by his own subjective feeling,—above all, not by onesidednesses or side interests. That may be pardoned only in the dilettante. No, let him test and try all with the freshest consciousness: let him in a right honest, candid spirit, according to his best knowledge and conscience, without envy or concealment, strengthen the *discriminative faculty* alike with artists and with public; let him praise what is strong and warn against what is weak. In this way will he instruct, and promote true culture in the whole people, and thus effectually resist every step in a retrograde direction.

CONCERTS.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The interest in these delightful concerts did not seem at all abated at the third and last on Saturday evening, when, in spite of the chilly temperature of the Melodeon, the large audience listened to the end of the fine programme announced in our last. The performance, if not in all points as faultless, was on the whole as interesting as any. First in beauty and impressiveness we must again place the double chorus from Mendelssohn's music to the Greek tragedy "Edipus Coloneus," which opened the concert. Its intrinsic musical charm is felt even in the want of orchestra and stage effect. Its

idea is so simply and clearly stated in unison first by one, and then by the other side of the chorus, and then with such a perfect symmetry it grows and widens to a climax and rounds to a conclusion, that it leaves the impression of a fair and finished whole;—at least it does, when sung with such truth and unity of tone, such fine light and shade, and with such masterly piano accompaniment (by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD) as it was then. Mr. KREISSMANN has trained his voices to a beautiful, subdued richness, which makes the louder bursts the more effective. Next to the *Edipus* again, we place the stirring "Bacchus" chorus from the "Antigone," a splendid blaze of contrapuntal harmony. This closed the first part of the concert.

Between these came: first, a fresh and unique little Soprano solo, with chorus, by Ferdinand Hiller, which made us long to know more of the music of a composer of such sterling fame. *Lebenslust*, or delightful sense of existence, was the title; Miss DOANE, in the foreground, seemed, in bright voice and person, quite the Muse of that idea, relieved against the rich and mellow background of a well subdued accompaniment of male voices. The same lady sang with Mr. Kreissmann the charming duet: *Crudel perché finora*, from Mozart's "Figaro," which always gives delight and has to be repeated. It was finely sung, of course, and finely accompanied by Dresel. Mendelssohn's dreamy, melancholy part-song, called *Wasserfahrt* (The Voyage), renewed its fine impression; only the ear seemed to crave a more palpable sufficiency of bass; it sounded too much all tenor,—partly perhaps from the peculiarly pungent quality of average German tenors. Yet we did not feel this so much in other pieces.

In both the first and second parts Mr. HUGO LEONHARD appeared as solo pianist. His pieces were a singularly genial, brilliant, and difficult *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, which was new to us, and Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat major. We enjoyed both highly, and are glad to recognize the decided improvement of the young pianist in neatness, vigor, delicacy and finish of execution. The reverberations may have obscured some of the rapid and close-woven passages to those in some parts of the hall; but it was the fault of the place, and not of the pianist, who was plainly master of his music.

An unfortunate selection for Miss Doane was the Aria with chorus (in Italian) from Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." If the "Orpheus" put an Italian piece in their programme, it is highly desirable that it should be well sung. But to the high bravura requirements of this Aria our charming soprano was not equal; it was only in the simpler and more tender passages that we found the usual pleasure in her singing. The concluding chorus, too, was dismally confused and out of joint. An easier, but quite Italian sounding Trio, with chorus, by Kücken, by Miss Doane and the brothers SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, fared better. The same tuneful brothers, with Herr LANGERFELDT, gave us again, with fine effect, the Trio and chorus from *Euryanthe*.—thoroughly Weberish music. It remains only to speak of that droll but graceful vocal freak, the set of Waltzes by Vogl, which were sung this time with much more grace and balance than before, and of the "Turkish Drinking Song," one of the most capital of Mendelssohn's part-songs, a fine protest against the grim and gloomy in favor of the genial and rosy,

and quite imaginatively colored, which takes right hold of one's sympathies.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The last two Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have really drawn crowds to the Music Hall, and revived the gay, animated scene of old times. The third programme led off with the lovely Symphony by Mozart in G minor, which was nicely rendered. At every one of these occasions you may hear one of the lighter, yet most choice and not over-familiar Symphonies of the great masters. Next came a set of Waltzes ("Aquadnek Taenze"), full of life and richly instrumented, by Mr. KOPFITZ, who is flutist in the orchestra. The remainder of the bill of fare (we did not think it necessary to partake of every article in course, like the country member at his first dinner in a fashionable city hotel) included a Romanza from *Don Sebastian*: an overture by Kreutzer ("The Night Camp at Granada"); a Strauss Polka; a two-part Song of Mendelssohn, with cornets for the singers; and a "Coronation March" by Strauss.

Of the fourth concert (last Wednesday) here is the programme:

- 1—First Symphony. Consisting of 4 parts)..... Beethoven
- Introduction, Allegro con brio—Minuetto—Andante—Finale.
- 2—S hornwch. Original Styrien Ländler..... Lanner
- 3—Concert Overture..... Kalliwoda
- 4—Serenade, for Trumpet, Oboe and Violoncello..... Schubert
- 5—Polka: (Spring)..... Herzog
- 6—Finale to "Macheth"..... Chelard
- 7—Grand March: (Souvenir of Amsterdam)..... Vahlkamp

We quote this as on the whole a good example of a "light" programme in a good sense:—a programme at once captivating to the young, the many, and yet with something in it that may educate the taste, and create a love and a desire for music of the higher order. That first Beethoven Symphony, a product of the composer's fresh and genial youth, is certainly light and captivating enough, while it is classical and of high tendency. At all events where will you find a finer playfulness, a more exquisite and airy grace, yet simple and appreciable to all, than in its Finale, which was played with rare *gusto* and precision. Such a Symphony has in itself, between its four movements, all that contrast and variety for which there is so much demand in concerts. Such a Finale, or a Minuet, or Scherzo is none the less "light" music, because it happens to be also *good*, because it has imagination and artistic structure.

The Styrian Ländler was a delicious morceau of its kind; with the flavor of a sweet national melody, cunningly worked up with luscious instrumentation—only a little too long, perhaps, for its quantity of idea. It was played to a charm. We can thank Mr. ZERRAHN, too, for letting us hear an overture (not the very hacknied one in F) by a composer of so much cleverness and fame, albeit it not one of the geniuses, as Kalliwoda. This opened with a lively effervescence that reminded us of Weber's "Jubilee," and proved a spirited and interesting affair throughout,—at least for once.

So far all excellent for such an audience. The rest we did not hear. We own to having long since become weary of such things as Schubert's "Serenade" arranged for orchestra with solos; most persons who have heard much good music sympathize with us. But it must be remembered that there are many younger, fresher ears and souls, for which such a song, even when "arranged," is a revelation of beauty and a first beckoning upward, a first hint not to be contented with the lowest sphere of pleasant sounds, with what is not Art and has not inspiration.

DEATH OF HENRY AHNER. This gentleman, well known as the first-trumpet player in the old Germania Musical Society, died on Wednesday, 3d inst. in Chicago, where he has resided for the past two years, and has been the leader in all good musical enterprises. He came to this country in 1848, from Saxony, his native country; and after some residence in Richmond, Va. joined the Germanians. He is the first of that long united fraternity who has died in this country. After their dissolution he established himself in Providence, R. I. for a season, but soon joined a number of his old associates in Chicago, where he "speedily won for himself a host of warm and appreciative friends and a great and deserved popularity as a musician." The accounts which have from from time to time appeared in our columns of his many concerts in Chicago, have shown that his efforts have been animated by a high aim; that he has labored, not without success, for the cultivation of a correct and refined taste among its citizens.

Mr. Ahner was "an accomplished and unobtrusive gentleman," greatly esteemed by his many acquaintances. He was singularly kind, obliging and warm-hearted. He died of pneumonia. He had been afflicted for some time with bronchial difficulties, and not exercising due precaution, the disease assumed a malignant form, and he failed rapidly for ten days, when he expired. He was about thirty years of age. The writer of a letter from Chicago to the *Providence Journal*, says of him:

It may with perfect truth be said that no man in the northwest has contributed more towards cultivating a taste for music of the highest order than Henry Ahner. As a teacher, he was eminently successful, and no pupil that received his instruction was ever dissatisfied with his progress in the art. No man ever labored more faithfully and ardently in his profession, or better deserved success. About a year since he inaugurated his "Saturday Afternoon Concerts" here, and they were eminently successful, affording him a fair pecuniary reward. On the strength of that success he expended a considerable amount in New York, last spring, in the purchase of new music, instruments, &c., for this winter's use. In November these afternoon concerts were resumed, but his hopeful expectations were not realized. The crushing effects of the financial revulsion, and the persistent unpleasant weather on concert days, was disastrous, and the close of the series left him a poorer, but, I am sure, a better man. In his last illness he received the kindest attention from his host of friends in Chicago, who deeply deplore his untimely death.

The funeral of Mr. Ahner was solemnized this afternoon at St. Paul's Church, where an eloquent tribute was paid to the deceased by Mr. King, the Pastor. His remains were then escorted to the grave by a large concourse of mourning friends and citizens, accompanied by two bands of music, who played a solemn dirge, the composition of the deceased gentleman.

Musical Chat-Chat.

TAKE NOTICE!—We must make one last appeal to the consideration and the honor of a large number of our subscribers and advertisers, who owe us for periods of from one to four years, and to whom reminders have been sent repeatedly without eliciting the least sign of reply. A musical editor's task is not so delightful that he can afford to keep on making an organ for the interests of music and musicians at his own expense of cash as well as brain and nerve. We have no taste or skill for dunning, but here we find our sentiments expressed by an exchange paper:

We want our dues. If you cannot pay—all right—but please be good enough to write word immediately that you are short. We say IMMEDIATELY, because it is our intention to take certain measures to secure our rights. We will try, as gracefully as possible, to do without our money, if you will say you cannot "walk to the Captain's office."

To-night we have another of ZERRAHN'S Orchestral Concerts. And this time his bill is filled with attractions for the true lover of the noblest music, while at the same time we are much mistaken if the general public do not enjoy the programme as a whole with a far keener relish than they have shown upon occasions where their alleged "unclassicality"

has been catered for with anxious avoidance of things supposed to be too good. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony has made its mark in Boston and is a pure card; we will risk it against any "Carnival" or flashy overture for satisfying the larger percentage of the largest audience that ever goes to an orchestral concert. The exquisite sunshine of the Allegretto from the 8th Symphony is welcome in all concerts. The overtures to *Tannhäuser* and to *Der Freyschütz* never fail of their effect, when well played, as of course they will be. Then there will be solos of the kind that do not bore one, solos in which the composition counts for something and not the performer merely. Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, with orchestra, is a sterling work, and Mr. COOPER, if we may trust the half that we have read of him in connection with the Philharmonic and other concerts of London, is a man eminently able to do it justice. Miss MILNER, too, has chosen a noble song, the *Non mi dir*, which so few sopranos dare attempt, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; we will not ask that she shall sing it as well as Jenny Lind or as Lagrange, but we are confident we shall enjoy it. For lighter refreshment there will be an English song by Saloman and a duet for voice and violin; but in the whole programme we see nothing ominous of clap-trap or of aught offensive. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give another Chamber Concert next Tuesday evening. We are glad to see that they will again repeat that E minor Quartet of Beethoven; its charm will grow with every hearing. Mr. LANG will play again, in a new piece by Mozart, a Trio for piano, clarinet and violin. Mendelssohn's brilliant Quintet in B flat, too, will be welcome. There is a prospect that Mrs. WENTWORTH will sing; it depends on her recovery from a cold. (By the way, types made dire confusion in our notice of the Club last week. It occurred in the hurry of "making up" and cutting down to measure. "Zeal," for instance, is quite a different word from *real*.)

Dropping into the amphitheatre beneath the Music Hall in the midst of a Handel and Haydn rehearsal Sunday evening, we were rewarded by finding them engaged upon a couple of the very best choruses in the "Messiah," which are too commonly omitted in the public performances of that fine oratorio, and than which the trumpet song and several solos could be better spared in view of the artistic unity of the whole work. We mean the connected choruses: *Surely he hath borne*, &c. and: *And with his stripes*. We were glad to find the Society devoting one or two evenings to the study of these neglected pieces, and to the perfecting of themselves on several choruses which never did go quite right, as the final *Amen*, &c. This they do to keep prepared, against they should be called upon for a more perfect rendering of the "Messiah" than they have given yet. Meanwhile "Israel in Egypt," as we understand, will not be suffered to lie long upon the shelf; it will be rehearsed to the end, even if the present season offer no inducement for its public bringing out. . . . A select chorus of about a hundred voices commenced the study of Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," under the conductorship of Mr. HERMANN ECKHARDT, last Saturday evening, at the Piano rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis and Co. . . . GUSTAV SATTER informs us that he leaves next month for New York, where the Philharmonic Society, having elected him an Honorary Member, will produce a Symphony in E which he has written for piano-forte and orchestra.

Visitors of Nathan Richardson's Musical Exchange, from its first opening, will have a pleasant remembrance of the obliging and courteous manners of the gentleman who so long presided over its department of foreign music, Mr. ALFRED HILL. This gentleman is about to leave us, and his friends have organized a complimentary concert for him, which will be found announced below. There will be a combination of our best vocal talent and a select

orchestra, made up from the best musicians, led by CARL ZERRAHN. . . . OLIVER DITSON has issued during the last five years no less than 529,700 volumes of music in book form, i.e. instruction books, psalm books, operas, oratorios, Sonatas, &c. &c.

The London *Musical Gazette* (July 18, 1857) tells us the antecedents of Mr. H. C. COOPER, the violinist, who is to play Mendelssohn's Concerto in the Music Hall this evening. Before he was eight years old he played the concertos of Viotti, Rode and Kreutzer. He then took lessons of Spagnoletti, conductor of the Italian Opera in London, and at the age of nine or ten, in April, 1830, made his first public appearance as solo violinist in the oratorios held at the theatres during Lent, and played Meyerbeer's variations with great éclat. Soon after, Paganini became much interested in his talent. In 1833-4 he made a tour of the provinces, and was received everywhere with enthusiasm. He became leader of the sacred performances of the Bristol and Clifton Philharmonic Society, and conductor of the operas at Bristol. The *Gazette* proceeds:

Mr. Cooper thus pursued his professional duties at Bristol till 1847, when Jenny Lind, accompanied by Balfe and other eminent artists, made a tour of the principal towns in the West of England, and amongst other places visited that city. Mr. Cooper was engaged as solo violinist for those concerts, and so struck was Mr. Balfe with his mastery of his instrument, that he at once engaged him as one of the principal violins in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, of which he was at that time conductor. In the succeeding year, 1848, Mr. Cooper, to the great grief of his numerous admirers in the West of England, left Bristol, and took up his residence in London. It was not likely that talent like his would be long neglected in the great metropolis, and he was engaged in nearly all the principal orchestras. The first year of his return to London, he played one of Maurer's concertos at the Philharmonic Society's concert. His success was again great, and he was lauded by the whole of the metropolitan press as the best violinist that England had ever produced. Since that time he has had the honor of performing at the same society's concerts in 1852, Mendelssohn's violin concerto in 1854, Spohr's ninth concerto in 1856, the dramatic concerto, by the same composer, and, lastly, on the 29th June, 1857, Beethoven's concerto. It was in 1856 that Mr. Cooper was appointed principal violin of the Philharmonic Society conjointly with Signor Sivori, each leading three concerts. He was also principal violin at the Sacred Harmonic Society for three years, during the greater part of which time Mr. Costa was conductor. He was engaged in the celebrated Beethoven Quartet Society, first as second violin, but afterwards to share the first violin with the other great artists engaged at its performances. Subsequently, Mr. Cooper established, with Messrs. Piatti, Sainton, and Hill, the Quartet Association, whose *matinees* were, in a musical sense, successful beyond precedent, and whose performances were regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of finished execution. Mr. Cooper was also leader of the band known as the Orchestral Union, and his services during his London sojourn were also repeatedly called into requisition at the musical festivals and classical concerts held in the great provincial towns.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed for the first time in Philadelphia by the Harmonic Society, and before a crowded audience, on the same night that other crowds were witnessing the debut of FORMES at the opera. *Fitzgerald* pronounces Formes "the best actor on the Italian stage, and the best vocalist we have had in America, without the least exception." The piece at the Academy, on Saturday before the last, was Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with D'Angri, Cairoli, Labocetta, Gassier and Rocco. Then came the great *Don Giovanni*, with the great cast and *mise en scene*, as before in New York, which was repeated once or twice. On Saturday one of Mr. Uilman's "Monster Festivals," in four parts. This, we read, was a failure, the audience not exceeding twelve hundred. The *Trovatore* in the afternoon was well performed, but for the rest, hear *Fitzgerald*:

In the evening the great C minor Symphony of Beethoven was played by an orchestra of over sixty musicians; many parts were excellently done, others required much more rehearsal. The difficult passages for the Contrabassi, in the Scherzo, were about as confused as possible, and almost unintelligible. Formes did not sing; an apology for him being inserted on the programmes, as well as one for the absence of the

expected additional chorus in the *Stabat Mater*. The concert went off tamely. Miss Milner sang an Aria from Der Freyschütz; Mr. Perring a love song in English; and Mr. Cooper, the newly arrived violinist, did a parcel of Scotch tunes, with variations. Madame D'Angri sang "In Questo Semplice, &c. &c."

The *Stabat Mater* broke down; the chorus came to a dead stop, to the confusion of Rocco, who was singing with them in the *Eia Mater*, and to the discredit of Anschutz, who had evidently never rehearsed them. The audience maintained a dismal silence, and fully one half of those present rose from their places and quitted the house. The only respectable portions of the performance were the *Fac ut portem* of D'Angri and the *Cujus Animam* of Tiberini, both of which were excellently sung, but negligently accompanied. Instead of trying to show off, by leading Symphonies without a score, Herr Anschutz had better attend to his duties as conductor, and not have the effrontery to stand up before a Philadelphia audience without having drilled either orchestra or chorus.

On Monday the cloying melodies of Rossini's *Otello* were revived, with Lagrange as Desdemona, Tiberini as Otello, and Formes, Gassier and Labocetta in minor characters. Tuesday, *Ernani* was withdrawn for *Travatore*. On Wednesday night the season closed with a repetition of *Robert*. The manager's receipts have been enormous, the profits for the first ten nights exceeding, it is said, \$12,000. This success is ascribed chiefly to the enthusiasm of the Germans and the West-end fashionables; "the first class attracted by the great basso Formes, and the second by their fondness for showing their splendid opera toilets." Of the performance of *Robert* the writer above quoted says:

Considering the haste with which the opera was mounted, the performance was more than respectable, but the score was well cut—even more than in New York,—and the chorus and ballet were meagre in number as well as in ability. The unaccompanied trio in the second act made such an impression that the audience would not be quiet until it was recommenced, the repetition being even more enthusiastically received than the original rendering. Formes was the grand centre of attraction; everything seemed to depend on him—the plot, the effect, the interest, all rested with him, and we are entirely at a loss for words to describe his unequalled excellence, in impersonation as well as in singing. No one, who has not seen him perform Bertram, has the slightest conception of his amazing dramatic power. Every inflection of his noble voice, every glance of his eye, every change of his expression, every gesture, every motion were peculiar to the part he assumed, and bore no resemblance to his acting either as Leporello or Plunkett.

Four new oratorios have appeared in Germany: one by FERDINAND HILLER, "Saul," noticed in our last; one by REINTHALER, "Jephtha," to be produced at Amsterdam; one by Herr MANGOLD of Darmstadt, with the title of "Frithioff;" and one by RUBINSTEIN, "Paradise Lost," to be brought out this month at Weimar, under the auspices of Listz. We have no doubt that Hiller's is a good one.

In New Orleans the "Classic Musical Society" have given another excellent programme: two Symphonies (Beethoven's in C Minor and Mozart's No. 4); two overtures Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* and Weber's "Jubilee"; and two vocal pieces (Rossini's *Pro peccatis*, and *La Calunnia*) by M. JUNCA of the French opera. At the Opera they have had *Les Huguenots*, and Halevy's "Charles VI" and "Jaguarita."

At this present time there are in Cuba three Italian opera companies, "all succeeding to their hearts' content." MAX MARETZKE's company in Havana, with the prima donna GAZZANIGA and FREZZOLINI and RONCONI, the VESTALI company at Matanzas, and a company, with PARODI as prima donna, at St. Jago de Cuba.

Gazzaniga appears to be a prodigious favorite with the Habanese. Marezke, they say, has reaped golden harvests and will soon return with his company to delight the Philadelphians (who claim this troupe as theirs, particularly Gazzaniga) and also the New Yorkers;—minus RONCONI, though, who breaks his engagement to become a lotus-eater in the soft and witching clime of Cuba. FREZZOLINI, too, appears to have deserted, inasmuch as she announces a grand

operatic concert for this week in New Orleans, under the direction of STRAKOSCH. VIEUXTEMPS likewise was announced for a first concert between the 5th and 10th of this month in New Orleans, and THALBERG was fingering his way along toward the same point, giving concerts in the Carolinas and the Southern States. . . . PAUL JULIEN, the young violinist, has lately arrived in New York, after an extended professional tour in Venezuela and elsewhere on the western coast of South America, where he received the warmest commendations from the public and press. After remaining in New York for a short time, Mr. Julien will proceed to Brazil.

From the following clever *jeu d'esprit* we are glad to learn that a poor little street-wanderer, whose face bears unmistakeable signs of an illustrious parentage, has found house and shelter in the Boston Courier:

A REJECTED CRITICISM.—The following notice of Mozart's Requiem, written for the New York Tribune, a few weeks ago, was duly submitted to Mr. Greeley, the editor-in-chief of that establishment. Mr. Greeley, having successfully demolished the poets in a recent lecture, is now deeply engaged in musical reading, with a view to another lecture, and considers himself pretty well up in matters of melody. The criticism not exactly meeting his views, he threw it out of the window. It was picked up in Spruce street by our careful correspondent "Guisbro" and forwarded to this office. We publish it for the benefit of the musical world at large:—

"MOZART'S REQUIEM."

"Last evening Mozart's Requiem Mass was given at the Academy of Music, a multitudinous and swelling array of auditors filling the ample and splendid edifice. Mozart's genius was essentially tender, at times partaking of the sublime intangibilities, but on the whole smoothly serene and plaintive. The comic element not being in his nature, comedy fails of adequate expression in his hands; but as comic music is not an essential quality of Requiem Masses, the want is here less severely felt than in some of his other works, for example, the opera of "Don Giovanni," which utterly lacks in high-tuned glee, and falls dead in comparison with the newer and fresher "Barber," Rossini standing now, as ever, at the head of this department. Respecting Requiem Masses generally, we may utter in brief that they are all bad. The attempt to combine didactic classicity with musical expression has always proved impracticable. Even the colliquant harmonies and melodies of Mozart's mellifluous muse still fail to accomplish this end. All similar works by other composers are simply torpid;—it is unnecessary to specify instances. What we want in a requiem is the ecstatic outpouring of ineffable agony; soul-subduing plaints of measureless woe; and large dramatic phrasing, indicative of profound intensity of lamentation. Mozart's Requiem affords good specimens of writing, according to the fugeistic theory, and much contrapuntal skill—that is, ingenious intertwined composite colludations of distinct subjects tending to one grand effect of unity—but counterpoint alone never melted heart of hearer, or roused his soul; needing the refocillating influences of melodic sweetness or sublimity. Mozart's Requiem is less destitute of the true sympathetic sentiment than most works of its class, but we have yet to see a requiem written from the true standpoint of musico-dramatic effect, with all its coincident requirements of harrowing, heart-wringing grief and transcendent aspiration."

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PROGRAMME.

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- 1—Symphony in A major (No. 7). Beethoven
- 2—Song from Don Giovanni, "Non mi dir," Mozart
MISS MILNER.
- 3—Concerto for Violin, with orchestral accomp. Mendelssohn
MR. COOPER.

PART II.

- 4—Overture: "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner
- 5—Serenade: "I arise from Dreams of thee," Salaman
MISS MILNER.
- 6—Allegretto Scherzando from the 8th Symphony, Beethoven
- 7—Duetto for Violin and Voice,
MR. COOPER and MISS MILNER.
- 8—Overture, "Der Freischütz," C. M. de Weber

Single tickets, 50 cents each, and packages of four tickets, good for any of the remaining Concerts, at Two Dollars, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.
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The E minor Razoumofsky Quartette will be repeated, by request;—Mendelssohn's B flat Quintette;—Mr. Lang will play in Mozart's beautiful Trio for Piano, Clarinette and Viola, etc. etc.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.
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The Hungarian Pianist, from England, begs to announce that his FIRST CONCERT will take place at Messrs Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 24th, at 8 o'clock He will be assisted by Mrs. HARWOOD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, (Moonlight Sonata). Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto and Trio—Presto Agitato.
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 2—Aria: "Non so più," from Nozze di Figaro, Mozart
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 3—Il Lamento et La Consolazione. Two Nocturns, Chopin
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

PART II.

- 4—Aria: "Ah non creda," from Sonnambula, Bellini
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 5—Der Wanderer, Song by Schubert, arranged by Liszt
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 6—Aria and Cabaletta from "Traviata," Verdi
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 7—Grand Fantasia from the "Huguenots," Thalberg
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had, as well as the programme, at the Music Stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and Mr. Ditson, Washington St.

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FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

(Concluded from last week.)

"When he began a jest was expected; but as he proceeded, his voice became solemn, and its tones touching as if they came from his heart of hearts. When he paused, all bent silently over their work—in the eyes of two or three quivered the tears. He waited a moment, and then, overcoming the feelings which for an instant had mastered him, he laughingly added:—

"Now you are so very anxious that I should marry, and as I know no more eligible young women than you all are,—as I am not in fact particular nor hard to please, I propose to take my 1200 dollars—for that is in truth the extent of the "handsome property" of which Miss Lily speaks—and lay it at the feet of any one of you, save and except Miss Lily, who says she can "hoe her own row"—Miss Lily's eyes flashed—"who consents to form a copartnership with me before the parson—for I dare not call it a marriage in such a case—with the proviso that the money be spent in Europe, trusting to providence when it is exhausted. If you really are so very desirous of having me marry, now is your chance."

"No one spoke. He cast a glance half serious, half comic around the circle, lingering a moment upon each, and finally upon me.

"Well," said he at length, "I think you will hardly have the right hereafter to make me the mark of your wits, my ladies; for thus to refuse and then make fun of me would be a decided case of adding insult to injury. Perhaps I have carried the joke far enough already; but I put the question once more—who bids for an old bachelor?"

"Again no one for the minute spoke.

"Oh, if nobody else, I do," said I in a careless tone.

"He fixed his eyes upon me as if he would read my very thoughts.

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" said I.

"He started up, seized his hat, and with a hasty 'good afternoon' left us. How the girls did talk about him and to me! I treated the matter as a jest and laughed as loudly as any of them; but I must confess that when my mind's eye saw that look of his—and that was almost constantly—it caused a fluttering in my bosom more powerful than agreeable. The next morning the stage coach carried Mr. Johnson and his easel back to the city.

"Time passed on. I saw nothing of him, I received not a line from his hand, and began to really conceive of the affair as a mere joke. The story went the rounds of the village,—yes, all over town—and 'Mary White, the deserted bride,' heard it from all quarters; but as Mary White had the reputation of being 'up to anything,' the result on the whole was in her favor, and the laugh told against him, whom she had so summarily put to flight by accepting his proffered 'copartnership.'

"In the fourth week after the scene at widow Bedloe's, when I had finished a lesson in the other village, Mrs. Bacon told me with a smile, that Mr. Johnson had been waiting for me some time in the other room. Her smile vanished when she saw how I paled and trembled. I soon recovered myself and went to him. A kind smile lighted a grave face, as he bade me good morning. He put me at once at my ease by inquiring the news in Hildale, after his sudden departure, and by chatting upon indifferent matters. He asked permission to walk with me to the other village, which, of course, I granted, and we took the lane and cart path, which leads by the Deacon's hill, and through the berry pastures. When we reached the rock, under the great oak, where we look down into the valley of the river, he said, 'Mary, will you sit a moment?'

"I mechanically obeyed. He sat silent for some time, and then spoke in a sad and sorrowful tone, which went to my heart:

"I have not come up, Mary, to claim the "bid" which you made the other day at widow Bedloe's. I told you the sober truth about myself then; and it is a solemn verity that I have nothing—nothing worthy to offer you in exchange for your youth and beauty and wealth of refinement, culture and affection. I feel, oh, how deeply! that it would be throwing away your young life to join your fate to mine. The pros-

pect is not good, that I shall ever attain more than a barely respectable position in my art—perhaps not even that—and yet I have so long been wedded to the idea, that nothing can divert me from it. But my lone heart yearns for something to love. I think I can promise some three or four years of moderate happiness to one who should join her fate to mine—but in truth all beyond that is dark. That this one should be my sometime pet—my little Mary White—is a thought that never until that day entered my mind. But knowing as I do your love for music, your desire to visit Germany, and what a new era of delight and rapture in your divine art would there open to you—I have hardly thought of anything but you during my absence, and it has come to seem possible that you might have spoken seriously, as you said. And now, having made all my preparations for departure, I have come once more to Hildale, not to claim your hand—God forbid!—not to urge a suit—but simply to satisfy myself whether you could possibly have been in earnest, and could possibly find it in your heart to form such a—such a—copartnership? If so, with what joy and delight do I offer it!"

"Mr. Johnson," said I, 'the question is a serious one, but I have thought of it seriously. I feel the force of the objections to an acceptance by me of your proposals. But I know not why I should refuse them, just because the old ladies of the village may think it imprudent and absurd to marry a man so much older than myself, and one who has not made the gathering together of dollars the grand object of his existence. Whither you go, I will go—and God protect us!'

"You see, Brown, that you did waste your childish sympathies, and that after all I have no story to tell."

"So it appears; but, Mrs. Johnson, what was the result?"

"A very few words will relate that. Sister Peters, though strongly doubting the wisdom of my decision, aided me in making preparations for my departure. She went with me to Boston, where he received us, and took us to Providence, where we were married. Thence we went together to New York, and my sister gave me her parting kiss and blessing as the vessel left the wharf. You already know much of my history abroad, at least so far as it concerns music. But much of the varied experience of those years in other respects you do not know. We lived successively in Antwerp, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Vienna, and I look back with especial pleasure to two summers spent upon the Rhine. We were sometimes sadly straitened in our finances and had occasionally very gloomy hours. One winter remains impressed upon my memory as a period of

sadness. Both his art and his health called my husband to Italy, and our means did not allow us both to go. He made every sacrifice for my comfort during his absence, and, thank God, he never knew by what exertion and toil and sacrifice, as a teacher of English at Bonn, I was able to send him some portion of the funds which he left for me. There was always something very touching in his demeanor towards me. He seemed to feel as if I had sacrificed myself to him, and he had no real right to call me his; and yet this was not at all the case—I may say, that I have never for an instant regretted the 'copartnership.' At length our resources were exhausted and we were forced to come home. We settled ourselves in New York, and my husband took a very fair rank among the artists there. But he had judged rightly in regard to his health. His constitution gave way. A long and exceedingly painful illness ensued. None of his great things had been accomplished. His small pictures and sketches sold well so long as he had strength for labor. Fortunately we had no children, and the cost of living was comparatively small. But a time came, when my piano-forte lessons were our only resource. It proved sufficient, but cost me constant and wearying labor. At length the 'copartnership' ended. He lies in his father's tomb at Roxbury. A few years later I came home to Hildale and joined my small savings to those of my sister, and we put up this cottage—where"—added she after a moment's hesitation with a smile—"we are always happy to see Mr. Brown, unless we can have the greater happiness—as at this moment, for here comes Lizzy Smith, daughter of Miss Lily—of seeing instead of him, a pupil at \$15 per quarter!"

There had been something in the tone in which Mrs. Johnson had related her history, which jarred upon my feelings. It was too light—too careless. It did not accord at all with her character as I understood it. It haunted me the whole week. I could not believe she was so heartless as she made herself appear.

Last evening, I lingered a moment at the door, as I was leaving the house, after having chatted for some time without alluding at all to her story, and suddenly turned and said abruptly: "But, Mrs. Johnson, I have been thinking and thinking of your narrative, and yet, I must confess, I cannot understand from it how you should have married as you did!"

The smile left her lip. The whole expression of her countenance changed. She raised her dark eyes to mine, and I saw them fill with tears. A slight flush spread over her cheek. She clasped her hands, pressed them to her bosom, and in a voice scarce audible said: "I loved him!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Boston Public Library Building.

A building has been completed for the use of the citizens of Boston, devoted to the purposes of a Free Public Library for all time. The exercises appropriate to the dedication of an edifice of this nature have been held, and the congratulations of the friends and well-wishers of so admirable an enterprise have been exchanged on the first day of a new year. The melodious voices of orators and choristers have died away—the earnest and graceful words then spoken are recorded, to be read with an ever new delight by the future beneficiaries of this noble institution—

the new building has been thrown open for the inspection of an interested public, and, after remaining closed for a season, will be again opened for the use and instruction and enjoyment of its many thousand owners. The public will have a spacious, a comfortable, a convenient and a permanent public library.

Is this quite enough?—In a building erected as this has been, carefully, thoughtfully, for so worthy an object—the *most* public of all public buildings—the culmination of our New England, nineteenth century civilization—might we not reasonably look for somewhat more than space—somewhat more than comfort—somewhat more than convenience? If we are to have permanence, might we not also ask a little *beauty*? We do not forget the careful disclaimer put, if we remember rightly, into the first report of the Commissioners on the erection of the building—in which it was hoped that, without any attempt at ostentatious display, the effect of the edifice would be found in its adaptation to its uses, and in which convenience, safety and the like practical advantages were very justly named as the objects to be mainly sought. But we must think that it would not have been ill to have added beauty to the list of desirable qualities. This building is for culture—surely beauty cultivates. It is for education—good Architecture educates, perhaps more than any other art; surely then it should in nowise be refused the fair and graceful aspect which befits its use. Where is Architecture legitimate if not in a Public Library? We can have no palaces in republican America,—we can have no cathedrals in Protestant New England—private houses twenty-five feet wide offer small opportunity for the display of the nobler qualities of Architecture—they are inadmissible in stores and warehouses, and if admitted, would be worthless when exhibited above those shining basements of plate glass,—railway stations are laid under the pitiless and inevitable ban of the great architectural autocrat of England—there remains but a small list of public buildings in which the once noble and respected *Art of Architecture* may find grateful and appropriate recognition. Should we turn our back upon it when we build a Library? No expense is grudged which goes to secure solidity, convenience, security from fire; why should beauty be ignored? It is clear from the disclaimer above alluded to, that the Commissioners did not seek it—if it exist in the new building, it has crept in unawares.

Now the task of the critic, whether of books, manners, dress, or Art, is at all times an ungracious one, and one which should be distasteful to a generous mind. It is particularly so in an instance like the present, when a general feeling of satisfaction and gratulation is so prevalent—arising from the successful operation and firm establishment of an institution so useful and every way excellent as this of which we speak. But we think it is due to the people of Boston, that some sober words should be spoken of the building in which just now they are taking so much pride and pleasure—that some attempt should be made to arrest the tide of blind admiration into which men unthinkingly fall as often as any public edifice is thrown open, new, bright and decorative. If one had mingled with the admiring crowd of men, women and children which filled the spacious rooms and halls of the

new building on Saturday evening, the second of January, and listened carefully to the exclamations which burst forth from each party or group as it entered successively the vestibule—the reading-rooms—the library hall, he would have heard on all sides expressions of lively and unqualified approval. This in one sense was delightful to observe. Apart from the size and height of the rooms, the gay colors of walls and ceilings, the columns and arches and cornices and panels and pendants—the marble, the gilding, the ironwork—were quite sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the contented citizens, and to prove that the matter-of-fact determination of the Commissioners had yielded in some degree to the temptations of ornament. But any careful observer will at once admit that all this popular admiration is entirely independent of the real merit of the building, and is far from implying any excellence or beauty in the architecture. What a library should be, it is not our purpose to inquire; but let those of our readers who can, call up in their minds the stately, solemn apartments of the Vatican, the simple hall of the Laurentian at Florence, the sculptured arcades of that library of St. Mark, which stands by the Ducal Palace and looks across the Venetian Lagoon—let them open their memories to the "fair and solemn company" of structures that hold the great collections of Vienna, of Munich, of Dresden, of Berlin, of London; and then set beside them this latest offspring of American architecture, no less inferior to these in simplicity and effect than it is superior to them in the uses to which it is devoted.

Let us glance for a moment at this new edifice and give it a hasty and unprofessional examination. We take it that no one in standing before the Public Library in its unsurpassed position, has ever felt any real or thoughtful admiration of the exterior design. The material in the first place is unfavorable to a good effect, though by no means a fatal obstacle. But that heavy door-way, those clumsily arched windows of the second story with their awkward caps, those empty niches with their ill-favored brackets, together with the broad opening on each side of the building disclosing the long perspective of blank arched wall, must surely have failed to inspire the most careless or the most prejudiced observer with feelings of approval. Enter the low door-way, and what do we find? A vestibule, in which a passage of ten feet leads between the two halves of the principal stairway to the delivery-room, which connects itself by three broad doors with the circulating library room beyond. And here we should be disposed to go farthest in our approbation—simply because here, in these two rooms, a manifest convenience of arrangement is combined with an absence of ambition. No special effect is aimed at, no pretence made. Of scarcely another portion of the building above ground can the same be said. From the delivery-room open the two reading-rooms, which are lofty and large, but whose spaciousness of effect is essentially destroyed by the double rows of iron columns, tall and attenuated,—resting on octagonal iron pedestals and supporting inverted cones of elaborately frescoed plaster. Return to the vestibule. The staircase, as we have said, commences in two portions. At mid height these two unite behind a blank screen wall, whence one broad flight conducts to the middle of the upper hall. All the walls of the staircase below the level of the

middle landing are finished in plain stucco, spaced off in the wretched imitation of stone-work so common in renovated churches of this region. Above this is a panelling of plaster arches on scagliola pilasters,—the ceiling above these being panelled in cast-iron. We ascend the stair-way—so provokingly deprived of the grand effect to which this feature is of right entitled in every public building, by the division of its lower half and the concealment of its upper,—and we reach the main hall of the library. This it is natural to suppose was intended to make the climax of excellence and effect—and accordingly we find that, notwithstanding the distinct abnegation of all architectural pretension at the outset, there is a manifest assumption of dignity in this hall, and an equally manifest attempt at splendor. The architecture is somewhat gigantic, and consists of an arcade running round the four sides of the hall in front of the alcoves,—composed of three-quarter engaged Corinthian columns in plaster, resting on very large pedestals of bluish marble of rather inferior quality (constructed of jointed slabs) and supporting arches, which in their turn bear a Corinthian entablature. From this entablature springs a gracefully coved ceiling,—through the coving of which are pierced the windows which principally give light to the hall. Two ranges of galleries cut each arch into three distinct portions and effectually destroy whatever simplicity of outline the arcade might otherwise have possessed.

We have said enough of the architecture of this building. We wish now briefly to look at it in two other lights. First in respect to its arrangement, secondly in regard to its materials and workmanship.

We have spoken of the delivery-room and the lower, or circulating library room and the connection between them as simple and convenient; and we still regard this portion of the building as the least open to severity of criticism. The two reading-rooms are, as we have said, spacious, well lighted and comfortable, as well as properly connected with the delivery-room. The upper hall is simply a copy of the Astor Library in every essential respect of arrangement, except in the manner of lighting, which is here very perfect and excellent, and a great advance upon its New York model. The one peculiarity in the constructive arrangement of the building appears to exist in the zigzag side walls. This was the original point in the design, and must have contributed largely to its adoption. We do not profess to understand its utility or the manner in which it enhances the convenience or elegance of the building, but we suppose that the nominal aim of this arrangement was two-fold—to furnish additional light to the reading rooms, and to give a novel form to the alcoves of the upper hall. The way in which the first aim is accomplished is calculated to inspire wonder. A small triangular horizontal light of thick ground glass is introduced directly over each of the large side windows, and we presume that under no circumstances would the additional light obtained from these openings be in the least degree appreciable. In any position the illumination from such lights would be exceedingly limited; but at the bottom of a triangular well, as it were, and immediately above so lofty and broad windows as these of the side walls, their contribution is as a drop in a river. In the main hall, the zigzag arrangement has certainly given a

novel form to the alcoves—which may be a good or a bad form; but the change seems to us to consist in the sacrifice of a considerable amount of valuable shelving room. We have never heard square alcoves objected to as at all inconvenient, and we must think, at least until some object is suggested for the introduction of this new form more reasonable than the avoidance of dark corners in a hall so thoroughly lighted as this—that it originated in that restless desire for novelty, that dissatisfaction with all old forms, which is so noted a trait in the American character. To us the form of the alcoves seems awkward without and uncomfortable within—it has certainly occasioned a very material extra expenditure, and we can think of only one argument for it—it is *new*.

With a brief glance at the materials and workmanship of the new Library building we will take our leave of it. And here let us specially remark that the mason's and joiner's work seems to be admirable throughout, though the designs which they followed are open to criticism like all the rest. The same may be said of most of the minor branches of mechanical art. But the taste which dictated the use of plaster in such profusion, and especially that which permitted so large a proportion of the ornamentation to be made in cast-iron, deserves the most emphatic reprobation. And setting aside all taste,—the leniency, or carelessness, or ignorance (we know not which to call it,) of the Superintendent, who after the latter material was once determined upon, admitted such shameful specimens of it into an edifice of this character, deserves to be known by all and the results to be thoroughly examined by all before such general admiration is allowed to prevail. Where else but in the Boston Library shall we find the main staircase in an expensive public edifice, surrounded by an iron fence, which in design and execution would disgrace the cheapest house-front in the obscurest street? Where else but in our own boasted new Library Building shall we find the ornamental columns which support the ceiling of a spacious and costly reading room, disfigured with blotches and protruding screws, and defects in the casting so abominable that no builder who regarded his professional reputation, would admit them into his commonest shop-front? Let the reader who doubts, go and examine for himself—let him particularly notice the guilloche band-moulding which runs around all three divisions of the main staircase, and then let him ask the public if they are content that a building which has cost them a quarter of a million dollars,* and which should be their pride, should present beauties such as these. The use of cast-iron as an ornamental material is bad enough anywhere; but to use it in a building like this, and above all to use *such* cast-iron as we have pointed out, is to insult the judgment and the taste of a community which has hitherto, (with what justness we will not pretend to determine) prided itself on the possession of a large share of those qualities. Had the Commissioners adhered to their original purpose to make a building which should be solid

* Were the items of expense, at once unnecessary to practical use and injudicious to architectural effect, to be estimated, it could easily be demonstrated that \$150,000 could have been saved for books which are the true interior ornaments; and with this saving we could have had a building with all the uses and conveniences of the one we are considering, with a simplicity and dignity of architectural effect to which it can make no pretension.

and comfortable and convenient and respectable, without any attempt at decoration, we might have regretted, but we could not have censured their course. But here is a building filled from top to bottom with ambitious ornament, every wall and ceiling painted elaborately in fresco, every opportunity seized for the introduction of ornament, and throughout this whole interior, the most legitimate materials we can find are plaster and cast-iron. Listen a moment to the opinion of one, who, whatever may be his occasional extravagances, is at least entitled to respect for his keenness to perceive and his power to express the distinction between beauty and ugliness—between propriety of ornament and tasteless display:

"..... But I believe no cause to have been more active in the degradation of our national feeling for beauty than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments. The common iron-work of the middle ages was as simple as it was effective, composed of leafage cut flat out of sheet-iron, and twisted at the workman's will. No ornaments on the contrary are so cold, clumsy and vulgar, so essentially incapable of a fine line or shadow, as those of cast-iron; and while on the score of truth we can hardly allege anything against them, since they are always distinguishable at a glance from wrought and hammered work, and stand only for what they are, yet I feel very strongly that there is no hope of the progress of the arts of nation which indulges in these vulgar and cheap substitutes for real decoration. Their inefficiency and paltriness I shall endeavor to show more fully in another place, enforcing only at present the general conclusion, that if even honest or allowable, they are things in which we can never take just pride or pleasure, and must never be employed in any place wherein they might either themselves obtain the credit of being other and better than they are, or be associated with the thoroughly downright work to which it would be a disgrace to be found in their company." [Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, p. 51.]

No, those large plaster columns, those heavy arches, those carelessly jointed pedestals, those wretched shapes of cast-iron which meet us at every turn—are not Architecture, and ought not to be admired as such. We will not speak of the distortions of form noticeable throughout the building—of the protrusion of a stairway into the delivery-room, of the dwarfing of arches in the landing of the main staircase—distortions so conspicuous as to be patent to the most unobservant eye. The building is built and will not be altered at least for the present; but it may nevertheless be well to give it a thoughtful scrutiny and perhaps gain a little wisdom to govern ourselves withal, when the next opportunity occurs for erecting a building that shall be a pleasure as well as a profit.

We have said nothing thus far of the fresco-painting so freely employed in all the apartments. It is generally good—particularly so in the ceiling of the main hall, but it may be questioned whether the bright and festive effect of this style of decoration be precisely that which is most appropriate in a Library building. Certainly it has never been considered so. In the Reading Rooms an argument is found against it, that it is likely to become very speedily defaced by the constant and indiscriminate use of the rooms; not to mention the various other probabilities of dampness, dust, smoke from gas-burners, &c. &c.

Indeed when the building was thrown open on Saturday evening, the effects of an imperfectly dried plastering or some other disturbing cause were plainly visible on the frescoed surfaces of the Eastern Reading Room.

We have made this brief and hasty examination in no spirit of captious fault-finding, but from a sincere wish to say something, however informal, which should make our people think good architecture worthy of a careful and thoughtful consideration; which should induce them to regard it with the interest which belongs to the art, and which in other days it never failed to inspire. It is a part of the province of this journal to record the achievements and examine the failings of all earnest efforts which are made among us towards realizing the standard of good taste in Art; and if by means of such record or such examination we can act in any way to restore Architecture, whether public or private, to the estimation in which it was once held, we shall feel that our efforts have been by no means idle or unprofitable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

III.

The true Amateur of music is never unmindful of the fact, that his first steps are the regulators of future excellence. Therefore he is content to begin at the beginning, and having nothing less than absolute perfection as his goal, is always a student.

The old proverb: "Step by step, one goes a great way," should be the motto of the musician, side by side with the equally true saying: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

It should then be your care, at all times and places, when you are requested to play, to lay aside all false modesty, and do your best. Never play carelessly, because only your friends are within hearing, or you are alone.

Try also to play every note as neatly as possible—don't slur over the keys in such haste that you are obliged to leave out half the notes, in aiming for what is so often mis-called a *brilliant execution*. We are aware that to many, this last sentence will seem somewhat heretical; yet we venture to say a "brilliant executionist" may be a very poor musician, if we take this last term as indicating one who makes *music*. A truly great artist scorns the idea of simply "showing off," or "playing for effect," as it is sometimes called—everything in fact, which detracts in any degree from the beauty of the music, in order to display a real or fancied power of execution in himself.

There are some people who, the instant they are sufficiently advanced in their studies to take regular tunes, make it a rule to select difficult pieces, quite beyond their power to render correctly, and thrum away, to the infinite discomfort of all lovers of Art. To such as these it is the greatest compliment to notice the difficult passages in the pieces—the greatest insult to request them to perform a simple composition of any kind. They will allow their vanity to run away with what little judgment they possess, in an inordinate desire to attract attention.

Above all, we would remind you that one month of steady application is worth six of irregular, inattentive practice. If, therefore, you do not feel inclined to give such attention to your

lessons, you had better use your spare time for subjects of improvement more congenial to your tastes than the study of music.

It has become a sort of fashion for persons who stand as it were yet on the threshold of the Temple of Knowledge, to set themselves up as teachers, and models, by the side of those who have already devoted their lives to the study of Art. With no idea of the rules of composition, or any guide except their own imagination, they will write and publish pieces which have not even the merit of brevity; generally consisting of four or five pages, written in most unmusical style. To these pages is affixed some rare title—sometimes a vignette in high colors, and the young author of this absurdity thus lays the foundation of fame as a composer!

Do not, we beg of you, attempt to write; at least not till you have thoroughly learned the rules and principles of composition. You need not fear that the world will grow weary of the old masters, or that without your aid we can have no good modern productions of Art.

As an Amateur of Music, you can best show your devotion to it by keeping within the legitimate sphere of *interpretation*, leaving those who are by nature more gifted than you, to the task of supplying materials for your studies. Apply yourself with diligence and perseverance, and you need have no doubt of ultimate success.

VISIBLE RE-PRODUCTION OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—M. Leon Scott, a corrector of the press, has imagined an ingenious method for obtaining the vibrations of the human voice expressed in signs, written, so to say, *by the voice itself*. If we examine the human ear, we find it chiefly composed of a tube ending in the tympanum, an inclined vibrating membrane. It is well known that sound is transmitted with extraordinary purity and rapidity through tubular conduits, and it would appear that, if there were no disturbing causes, the transmission might be continued to an indefinite distance without any diminution of intensity. There is an experiment on record, tried about fifty years ago by M. Biot, who, placing himself at one of the extremities of a tubular aqueduct nine hundred and fifty metres in length, carried on a conversation in a low voice with another person situated at the opposite extremity. These facts have been turned to account by M. Scott in the following manner:

A tubular conduit receives the vibrations of the human voice at one of its extremities, shaped like a funnel; at the other extremity there is a vibrating membrane, to which a very light pencil or stylus is attached. This stylus rests upon a slip of paper, covered with a coating of lamp-black, and is made, by the aid of clock-work, to unroll from a cylinder while the person whose voice is to be experimented upon is speaking. The stylus, in receiving the vibrations of the voice through the tube, marks the paper with undulating lines expressing the different inflexions. A somewhat similar process had been employed some time ago by Mr. Wertheim, to obtain the graphic representation of the vibrations of a tuning-fork; but M. Scott is the first who has attempted anything of the kind with the human voice. The contrivance, though still in infancy, has already led to a curious result, viz: that the clearer and purer a sound is, the more regular is the curve described by the stylus.

VIVE LA CLAQUE!—Mlle. Rachel, having imagined that her reception in a new play was less warm than it should have been, complained that those hired to applaud her, did not do their duty, whereupon she received from the head of that illustrious body the following epistle: "Mad-

emoiselle, I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation I led the attack in person no less than 35 times. We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out *a la porte*. My men were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and, after having profoundly studied the piece, I was obliged to make up my mind for the second representation, to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, applied them only to MM. — and, if the *ad interim* office, which I hold, affords me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal; and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me.

"I am, Mademoiselle, &c."

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 3.—The Carnival season has fairly commenced, and all Italy is given over to mirth, music and Verdi. The operas of this composer monopolize almost all the lyric stages of the country, *Trovatore* taking the lead. Next to *Trovatore*, his most popular opera is *Rigoletto*, and then comes *Attila*. *Simone Boccanegra* and *Luisa Miller* are being played at Rome, and his latest work, *Aroldo*, at Parma. Here in Florence we have *Ernani*, *Attila*, and *I Lombardi*, at the different opera houses, and at all public concerts his music chiefly composes the programmes.

Rossini seems to be quite shelved. His *Barbiere* is announced for performance at some out-of-the-way place, the name of which I forget; and of Donizetti the *Favorita* and *Lucrezia* are the only operas we hear of. Bellini's glorious triad, *Norma*, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani*, however, still retain a position and are not quite eclipsed by Verdi.

Now if I have a hobby it is Verdi, and accustomed as I have been to the sneers and thrusts of the American and English press in regard to his works, the lively and spontaneous appreciation he receives in Italy is the more grateful to me. It is not my intention to dilate upon his merits or attempt to proselytize into Verdiism those ferocious musical classicists who would abominate *Don Giovanni* itself and call it "brassy and Verdi-ish" if they thought it had emanated from Italia's greatest living composer instead of a Mozart; but I merely wish to show by the number of his works now being performed, how justly this great man is appreciated in his native country. At this moment, they are playing in various theatres in Italy, the following of his operas: *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Attila*, *Simone Boccanegra*, *Luisa Miller*, *I Lombardi*, *Nabuco*, *Macbeth*, *Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Aroldo*, *Rigoletto*—there may be others, but as regards these I am certain, if the official announcements by the operatic Impresarios in various towns may be relied on. Probably there was never before an instance of such astonishing popularity—*Trovatore* being played in over a dozen theatres.

Among the operatic performers in Europe, many of the most noted have appeared in the Uni-

ted States, and it may not be uninteresting to those who have enjoyed their musical performances there, to learn the present whereabouts of their old operatic friends. ROSA DEVRIES, and MORELLI, the baritone, have just appeared at La Scala, Milan, in *Nabuco*. Mme. TEDESCO and NERI BERALDI (tenor), are at Lisbon, where they have made a great success in *Favorita*, the *Prophète* and *Lucrezia*. MIRATE, the tenor, is engaged for the Carnival of 1858-9 at Turin. LORINI is at La Pergola, Florence. ELISA BISCACCANTI is engaged at St. Petersburg. BERTINI, the tenor, who sang here with BOSIO, years ago, is at Madrid. Miss HENSLEY has opened the season at the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, having appeared in *Traviata*; she was indisposed, and this is probably the reason the Genoese critics complain of her lack of energy, which they doubly regret, as she has otherwise so many elements to ensure success in her sweet and cultivated voice, and her prepossessing personal appearance.

—Miss Hensley now enjoys an enviable position as *prima donna* of one of the first opera houses of Italy, and, if she "will make an effort" (as Mrs. Chick said to poor Mrs. Dombey) her professional success is ensured. The only thing her auditors complain of, is her cold, unimpassioned style of acting; otherwise they are loud in her praise. LABORDE is off at Rio Janeiro,—and at Paris is a vast army of our former operatic friends, including GRISI, MARIO, DE WILHORST, STEFFANONE, DIDIER, ALBONI and GRAZIANI.—And talking about Paris, I have come across in a French paper, fresh from the French capital, some twaddle—it is worthy of no better name—relating to these latter well known artists. The writer is celebrating New Year's day, by congratulating the various members of the Italian opera troupe on the auspicious day, and seizing the opportunity to make a series of impertinent personal remarks; he is particularly severe on Alboni, and thus congratulates that portly dame.

"We congratulate Madame Alboni on being freed from the presence of Mme. Didier, for we well comprehend that two of a trade cannot agree, and that between the two ladies the unlucky Impresario would be exceedingly embarrassed; especially when one of them is so fastidious as Madame Alboni.

"For in the first place, you know, Alboni, that you have recently decided not to appear in male characters. Very well! very well indeed—Mad. Didier will willingly invest herself with the pantaloon, and sing the *Brindisi* (which you have almost created) and in a style, too, that will make her fickle auditors almost forget you yourself.

"Albani will not take the rôle of Orsini!

"Very well! Madame Didier will take it!

"Again, Madame Albani cannot dance a certain rôle!

"Very well! Madame Didier will dance it!"

Now this last passage needs a short explanation. Here it is.

There are in the *Martha* opera of M. Flotow, which they are now rehearsing at the Italiens, two female rôles—a soprano and contralto; but this latter rôle is amphibious—that is to say it partakes both of dance and song. Now Albani in the rehearsals performed such remarkable terpsichorean feats, that M. Calzado, the manager, rubbed his hands with delight, exclaiming: "Ah! that will bring me crowded houses if any-

thing will!" But M. de Saint-Salvi, the agent of the owners of the building, protested against Albani's continuing therein to trip upon the light fantastic toe, stating that it would certainly result in the most disastrous circumstances to the solidity of the theatre. Under different circumstances this unexpected opposition would have seriously embarrassed the management. But M. Calzado received the intelligence very philosophically, merely exclaiming: "*Eh bien!* There is Nantier Didier, who can dance the rôle as well as sing it. We will have her—it will do just as well—everybody will be satisfied, excepting perhaps Madame Al—, but that's not my affair."

Now Albani, seeing the range of her repertoire becoming more and more limited, began to make renewed incursions into the rôles of the *soprani*, and has appeared in *Gazza Ladra*, in the part of Ninette instead of the contralto rôle of Pippo. We do not observe, however, that this event has done much good either to Art or the treasury of the management.

The writer next congratulates Nantier Didier on being freed from Albani: "For," he says, "this fortunate event will relieve the former from the rivalry of her professional sister. Madame Didier possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of extensive compass and sympathetic tone. She really knows how to sing, and can act well the rôles of her repertoire."

Then follows a tribute to our old friend Steffanone, the first to introduce the most successful of modern operas, Verdi's *Trovatore*, in New York. The writer says in very big capitals that she is "THE VERY BEST LEONORA IN EUROPE," referring to her performance of that rôle in *Trovatore*.

With regard to Grisi, the writer wishes she could appear once more with Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, while Bellini should solemnize the event with an opera written expressly for the occasion. Then he launches off into a French rhapsody:

"You ask that which is impossible. How impossible? has it not been already done! Did not Bellini write *Puritani* expressly for those four grand artistes? But unfortunately Bellini and Rubini are dead, and Tamburini and Lablache have retired from the stage. But why have they retired! Alas! they are old! And has the beautiful and *spirituelle* Giulia Grisi also become old? It must be so! Oh! despair! The common fate must overtake even Giulia Grisi * * * * * But why then does she return thus alone to the scene of her triumphs? Does she return to sadly contemplate the ravages which years have made upon her old auditors? Or does she come to remind us of our happy youthful days long passed, and fill us with melancholy remembrances? But I will not go to see her. I will preserve intact the early souvenirs of this beautiful ideal, this wondrous artiste, who with no other guide than her own genius, knows how to be so lovely yet tender in Juliette, so majestic in Anna Bolena, so grand in Ninetta, so sympathetic and spirited in Rosina, so passionate in Desdemona, so poetically beautiful and sweetly unhappy in Elvira, so dramatic in Semiramide, so impetuous in the terrible rôle of Norma, her most admirable creation. No, I will not see her.

* * * * *

"Ah! I have just awakened from a dream, during which I have been against my will to see Grisi at the *Italiens*; but instead of the glorious

young *Diva* entering upon the scene with the noble assurance of an artiste, knowing herself to be adored by the public, and to merit that adoration, I saw her enter a *prima donna*, yet beautiful, with a queenly presence, but with an agitated and timid air, as though she felt herself to be an intruder! I beheld her suppliant expression which seemed to say to the public: 'Ungrateful ones, and is this the cold, unmoved manner in which you receive me! Ah! you applaud. Thanks! many, many thanks.' I could not bear it: 'Do not thank them, sovereign of my heart,' I cried, 'thy humiliation will break my heart,' and then my sobs choked my words and—I awoke and lo! it was a dream—only a dream! Oh what delight! and Giulia Grisi is as much adored now as she was twenty years ago. She is still *La Diva*!"

* * * * *

The writer further goes on to wish all sorts of Frenchy things to the other artist, and then gives an item you may not be prepared to hear—it is this. Mario is about to appear in the rôle of Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera. The great tenor has been studying the part a long time and is quite enamored of it. The opera is to be produced at Les Italiens with the most remarkable distribution of characters ever known, being as follows:

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Don Giovanni, | Mario |
| Leporello, | Zucchini |
| Ottavio, | Belart |
| Donna Anna, | Grisi |
| Zerlina, | St. Urbain |
| Elvira, | Steffanone |

The writer from whom I have made such copious quotations prophesies a "SOLEMN FIASCO," and he puts in capital letters to make it the more impressive. In my next I hope to say something about the opera houses of Florence.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1858.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—If the universal gratification of a large audience, warmly, unmistakeably and frequently expressed, during a concert and the whole week after it, can be any pleasure to the concert-giver, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN has reason to feel pleased, and certainly in one way well rewarded, for the feast of noble music which he had the good taste and the enterprise to provide for us last Saturday evening. We cannot doubt, too, that such meritorious effort and such faith in the appreciation of his public met with something like a fair material reward; for the assemblage was much larger than that of the first night, and far larger than that of the second,—as much in contrast with it in all true signs of success, as it was in intrinsic musical excellence, particularly as regards the subject matter, or the programme of the concert. It was in truth an admirable programme. If it contained nothing new, yet all was sterling, and most of the selections of the very highest order. It was plain to sight and feeling that by the audience in general it was infinitely more enjoyed than any "light" and unartistic programmes of late years. And here was a good point settled: namely, that in the search for what is popular, it is well to remember that the highest often is the most so, provided it has once come to be familiar.

Is not the *Freyschütz* overture more popular than any clap-trap? and what is there more excellent, more classical? Nay, the great Seventh Symphony itself (Beethoven's in A), which opened the concert, and which a few years since was thought to be the type of all that is "scientific," hyper-classical, profound and "transcendental,"—the work most cited as the incomprehensible antipodes to the melodious Italian opera, &c.—what other instrumental work (unless it be the Fifth) offers such sure attraction now to any audience that seeks orchestral music, or is absorbed into the listening soul with such profound attention, such delight and exaltation?

That was proved at the Festival in May. Saturday night proved it once more. We verily believe we speak the feeling of the mass of that great audience when we say, that we were too happily and deeply interested in the Symphony itself, to be thinking very critically of the mere performance. The thoughts, the spirit, of Beethoven, in one of his sublimest and most rapturous seasons, conveyed their electric spark through and in spite of such materials as we had. It was not the great orchestra of May; there were by no means strings enough (excellent as the first violins all are); no one could expect Zerrahn to give us more, until the public made him safe in doing so. We might recall, too, a few roughnesses in execution, brass out of tune, the oboe often a little flat (our friend must be more careful). It was not the best, nor by any means the worst interpretation we have had of the Seventh Symphony; but the spirit was not wanting, it took effect, and each who heard it felt it to be real gain to the best part of him.

The genial, June-like Allegretto Scherzando from the Eighth Symphony was delicious as ever, though, for a wonder, not encored. The *Tannhäuser* overture was made as effective as it could be without a larger orchestra, and proved to have lost none of its virtue in the time that it has been laid aside; and the *Freyschütz* made of course a spirited conclusion. Next to the Symphony, however, the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn was the feature of the most artistic interest. We had it entire; most commonly one hears only the Andante and Finale. In beauty, vigor and originality of ideas, in nobility of treatment, fine contrast of naturally connected movements, and in richest wealth and beauty of orchestral accompaniments, it is worthy to be called a Symphony. Indeed, after the "Scotch" Symphony, we know no instrumental work of Mendelssohn's more interesting. And Mr. COOPER, from London, proved himself an admirable violinist,—one of the two or three very best by whom we ever heard a classical work interpreted. His tone is purity itself,—never the slightest swerving from true pitch even in the highest notes. Phrasing, accentuation, finish and expression as near perfect as one can well conceive. It was finely intellectual playing; and the melodious slow movement sang itself upon the strings with most pure and beautiful expression. His only disadvantage, as compared with other violinists of the Music Hall, seemed to be want of power; the orchestra sometimes covered him up, swallowed his fine vibrations into theirs. Perhaps he has not been used to playing in so large a hall; it were a treat indeed to hear him in a Quartet of Beethoven; there his mastery could not fail of recognition.

Miss ANNIE MILNER, the English soprano,

grows upon us. We were hardly prepared for so fine, so enjoyable a rendering of Mozart's *Non mi dir* as she gave us. Only Lind and Lagrange have attempted that song here before. Miss Milner conceives and executes it like an artist; her voice, though worn in the middle notes, is very sweet and clear in the highest, very flexible and of a rich and pleasing quality. Her second piece, the Serenade by Salaman, an English song in German style, serious, with interesting piano accompaniment, well played by Mr. TRENKLE, was sung with feeling, and made a good impression. In the florid Duo for violin and voice the lady showed a remarkable ease and brilliancy in passage singing, and the thing itself was better than the common run of such things. In person and in manner she is simple and attractive. Could Mr. Zerrahn be always so fortunate in his engagements, we should think better of the solo element in programmes. But observe, the charm that did not fail here was—not good performance merely—but good performance of good music.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Fifth Chamber Concert, Tuesday evening, Feb. 16. A bitter cold night, and audience somewhat thinned out; yet a goodly number braved the blast rather than lose this programme:

- 1—Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 2 of the Three Razoumowsky Quartets. Beethoven
- 2—Trio in E flat, for Piano, Clarinet and Viola. Mozart
Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
- 3—Adagio and Variations from the D minor Posthumous Quartet. F. Schubert
- 4—Andante (Convalescenza) and Finale (Guarigione) from the Descriptive Quintet in C minor, No. 16, op. 88. Onslow
- 5—Romanza for Violoncello. Franchomme
- 6—Second Quintet, in B flat, op. 87. Mendelssohn
Allegro Vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale,
Allo. Vivace.

For the third time that Quartet of Beethoven!—the biggest and the finest lump of gold picked up this season, and worth turning over and admiring many times. We could be glad to hear it once a week. The strings were not so happy in the rendering as the last time; in the quick movements there were high notes out of tune, some scraping, and now and then in the first part rapid figures covered up and scarce appreciable to the ear. We question the wisdom of attacking such a work the first thing in the evening; a little previous exercise seems necessary to establish the *entente cordiale* between the strings and blend them sympathetically. Yet we did enjoy the Quartet deeply, and especially the Adagio, which went more smoothly, and which is as perfect in point of beauty as it is profound and heavenly in meaning and in feeling.

The Mozart Trio is full of the peculiar beauties of that never-failing genius; and yet, perhaps, for its great length, too little relieved by any individuality of its own as distinct from that of its author. It sounded strangely familiar to us, though we cannot possibly have heard it before, at least in that form. Mr. B. J. LANG played the piano part with conscientious purity and neatness, well supported by the clarinet of Mr. RYAN and the viola of Mr. KREBS. The combination is agreeable.

That solemn, heroic dirge-like Adagio of Schubert, with its imaginative variations, was finely played. The Onslow piece we had to lose. WULF FRIES played his solo with exquisite taste and feeling. We have spoken above of two of the greatest instrumental works of Mendelssohn; we can hardly think of a worthier candidate for the third place among them than the Quintet in B flat; at least among single movements that Adagio leaves the impression of one of the very noblest and profoundest. Then the old ballad-like quaintness of the Allegretto, and the fire and vigor of the first and last movements take right hold of one. It was far more fortunate in the rendering than the Beethoven Quartet, though not entirely exempt from the same blemishes.

ROXBURY.—A very pleasant concert was given at the City Hall in Roxbury, on Wednesday evening of last week, by Mrs. ELLEN B. FOWLE and Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, assisted by Mrs. COVERLY, Misses HAZELTINE and HUMPHREY, Mr. LOW, and Mr. A. BAUMBACH, pianist. The Hall was well filled and the performances received with evident satisfaction. The programme contained little that was new, but the selections were from the most agreeable of the standard concert pieces. Mrs. Fowle was very successful in "With Verdure Clad;" the exquisite melody never came with more welcome to our ears. In the *Inflammatus* (from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*) she obtained an encore. We wish sincerely that the public might have more frequent opportunities of hearing this really charming singer. We hardly remember a voice that has given us more delight.

Mr. Wright has a ponderous bass voice full and musical, and with due care and cultivation he will become a fine singer. We could but question his taste in following Formes so closely in "Rolling in foaming billows." To be sure he reached the final E flat—but it was not the firm tone we heard at the Music Hall. Miss Hazeltine sang "Rejoice Greatly" with good effect, and in the second portion of the concert an air from *La Traviata*. Miss Humphrey sang "O rest in the Lord," by Mendelssohn, with great feeling, though with a voice rather tremulous. We were best pleased with the trio from the "Creation;" "On Thee each living soul awaits," sung by Mrs. Fowle, Mr. Low and Mr. Wright; the blending of tone was perfect, and the style was such as to satisfy the most critical. The accompaniments, also two solos, were played by Mr. Baumbach with his accustomed neatness and brilliancy. *

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening two concerts. The GERMAN TRIO, at Chickering's, offer a rare programme, including: Beethoven's Quartet in F, op. 59, (being the first of that "Rasoumowski set," of which we heard the second last Tuesday night), a Quartet by Mozart, and another by Haydn.... There is a good subscription to the Complimentary Concert for Mr. ALFRED HILL, at Mercantile Hall, which offers an attractive variety. Mrs. LONG will sing *Ah! mon fils*, and Rossini's duet: *Mira la bianca luna*, with Mr. C. R. ADAMS. Mrs. HARWOOD will sing airs from *Figaro* and *Robert le Diable*; Miss TWICHELL, a cavatina from *La Donna del Lago* and "The Fishermiden;" Mr. ADAMS, an aria from *Luisa Miller*; and Mr. POWERS, a bass cavatina from the *Favorita*. Mr. LANG accompanies, and a select orchestra, under ZERRAHN, will play overtures, &c.

☞ The Wednesday Afternoon Concert will be omitted next week, in consequence of other engagements of the Music Hall.

We would ask attention to the concert announced for next Wednesday evening, by Mr. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian pianist, from England, who has come to make his home in Boston. He is an earnest and accomplished artist, and withal a gentleman of high general culture and refinement. Read his excellent programme; in the first piece you have the purest poetry, in the last piece the grandest bravura of the piano, and the English journals describe Mr. Z. as fully adequate to both.... ZERRAHN's programme is out for his last concert, and it is a grand one. Read below.... The musical world of Boston will feel the loss of an important member in the departure of Mr. EDWARD A. GRATTAN, the gentleman who has so long resided as British Consul at this port and is now transferred to Antwerp. We wish him joy there in the nearness of his family and in the gratification of his artistic taste in that old famous city of Rubens. But he had become almost a Bostonian. Society will miss the amiable and accomplished gentleman; musicians will miss an ever active friend. He will be missed in all our concert rooms of classic music, and there will be no more of those nice and frequent Quartet parties, in which he himself sometimes drew a bow. Mr. Grattan carries with him the good will of all he leaves behind.

We are glad to announce that Mr. R. W. EMERSON will read six lectures, in Boston, upon Memory, Powers of Thought, Country Life, and other subjects—commencing on Wednesday evening, March 3d.

Mr. Ullman advertises a new season of Italian Opera at the Academy, to commence next Monday night, the 22d, with "I Puritani"—Lagrange, Gassier, Tiberini, Formes in the chief parts....The following operas have been added to the repertory during his unparalleled successful performances in Philadelphia: Otello, Ernani and La Figlia di Regimento. L'Italiana in Algeri will be repeated....Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be presented "in extraordinary style about the 15th of March;" and then Fry's "Leonora," "in a style worthy the occasion, as being the first grand opera by an American composer given at the Academy of Music."

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. From Dec. 1, 1856 to Dec. 1, 1857, there have been 99 performances at the Stadt theatre, besides three representations of the *Loreley* finale and two of the *Dorfbarbier*. Of the 99 evenings Mozart has had 5, Weber 2, Wagner 3, Lortzing 5, Hiller 2, Kreutzer and Marschner 1 each, Flotow 7, Spontini 2, Bellini 5, Donizetti 9, Rossini 9, Meyerbeer 5, Halevy 3, Boieldieu 4, Herold 1,—but Auber 37 evenings. This might be flattering to the man, but for the fact that his operas serve as a foil to spectacles and ballets in Leipzig.

VIENNA.—A historical concert was given by Carl Haslinger on the 6th of January. Compositions of Stradella, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt were given in chronological order....Rubinstein is creating a *furor* here; his new Trio in B flat is pronounced his greatest work. But the Cologne *Musik Zeitung* says: "With the exception of the ingenious and original Scherzo, and some clever touches in the finale, it is altogether an insignificant work, in which a whirlwind of rapid passages conceals the nothingness of the original idea."

BERLIN.—The celebrated Dom Chor at one of their soirées presented this remarkable programme: *Gloria*, by Palestrina; *Adoramus*, by Orlando Lasso; an Offertory, by Anerio; *Misericordias*, by Durante; a Choral, by J. S. Bach; a Motet, by Franck (1628); a Christmas song, by Calvisius; a Fugue for piano, by Bach; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 110.

SCHWERIN.—Von Flotow, who is kapellmeister at the court theatre here, has composed a new one-act opera, "Pianella," which was received with great applause.

DRESDEN.—A biography of Robert Schumann, by Joseph W. von Wasielewski, has just been published here.

COLOGNE.—A new comic opera: *Scherz, List und Rache* ("Jest, Cunning and Revenge") by Max Bruch, was brought out Dec. 30th....The third Gesellschaft's Concert had the following programme:

PART I.—Symphony in C, Mozart. Recitative and Aria of Juno (from *Samle*), Handel—Mlle. Jenny Meyer "Ave verum" (for chorus and stringed instruments), Mozart. Aria, "Dove sono (*Figaro*)," Mozart—Mlle. Remond. Second concerto, in F minor, for piano-forte and orchestra, Chopin—Herr Ferdinand Breunung. Aria, "Qual pincer," Rossini—Mlle. Jenny Meyer.

PART II.—Overture and introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini.

At the third Soirée for Chamber Music, Ferdinand Hiller played a piano-forte Sonata of his own composition, consisting of *Andante agitato*, *Scherzo* and *Finale*; also the piano part in a Trio by Haydn.

HALLE.—The performance of the "Messiah" in aid of the Handel monument, in the birth-place of the composer, yielded 1920 thalers. It was originated by Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and she sang in it. There is a report (which looks not very credible) that she is about to make a concert tour to Russia.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—(Corr. Lon. Musical World.)—The fifth Museum Concert, on the 8th January, was crowded. The patronage bestowed by amateurs on these concerts is deserved, for not only are performed old and new first-class works, symphonies,

overtures, grand vocal pieces, with orchestral accompaniments, *lieder*, &c., but *virtuosi* who visit our town on their artistic tours are introduced, and rising talent brought forward, so that the institution deserves protection. The conductor, Herr Franz Messer, directs the performances with ability. On the above-mentioned evening we heard—besides a symphony of Mendelssohn, an overture by Robert Schumann, and a new (to us) *scena and aria* of C. M. von Weber, introduced in the opera *Lodoiska*—a triple concerto of Beethoven, played by Herr Heakel, (piano-forte), Heinrich Wolf (violin), and George Hausmann, from London (violoncello). This gave unqualified satisfaction.

PARIS.—Stephen Heller has issued a new set of *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, which find great favor with artists and amateurs, who love the poetry of music. They are larger pieces than the former ones....Herr Koenig, Julien's famous cornet player, died here recently.

Il Bruschino has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbieri* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschino*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Baciocchi, Prince Poniatowski, Madame Fould, Madame de Breteuil, the Princess Trobelskoi, and other fashionables, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Murtha*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavored to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them he replied: "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly farce—*farza tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *morceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschino*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, but M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the florid music. Mlle. Dalmont, whom the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* terms "La Sontag du Passage Choiseul," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient. At the Opera-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived. At the Theatre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Mestépès and Kauffmann.

The rehearsals of "La Magicienne," in the Rue Lepelletier, at present exclusively occupy the attention of the theatre. It is stated that M. Halevy has entirely changed the style of his music in the composition of this opera, upon the success of which the administration place the greatest reliance. A new ballet is said to be also in the hands of the librettist and the composer, M. Théophile Gautier for the first, and M. Reber for the second. The latter, it will be recollected, was the composer of "Maitre Wolfgram," which enjoyed a certain degree of popularity.

M. Flotow's opera at the Italians, Paris, is on the same subject as M. St. George's ballet, brought out some years since at the Grand Opera, called "Lady Henriette." The parts are confided to Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mmes. St. Urbain and Nantier Didier.

Not less than five new operas have been given lately in Paris. Of course, they are very small. One of these trifles, *Les Dames Capitaines*, is by Reber, a composer who tried for some time to keep up the traditional beauties of the old French masters, until he became also a victim to the necessities of the day. Another opera is called *Le Clef des Caves*, and represents an episode from the life of the famous Dame Dubarry. The music is by M. Deffes.

The theatre Lyrique is thriving on the consummate singing of Madame Miolan Carvalho.

The works that please at the opera Comique are the revivals of French comic operas fifty years old.

The *Euryanthe* of Weber is performed at the Lyrique, with spoken dialogue in place of the composer's recitative.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO.

FOURTH SEASON.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, (Moonlight Sonata,).....Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto and Trio—Presto Agitato.
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

2—Aria: "Se crudele,".....Donizetti
Sung by Mrs. Long

3—Il Lamento et La Consolazione. Two Nocturnos,....Chopin
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

PART II.

4—Scena and Aria from "Omano,".....L. H. Southard
Sung by Mrs. Long.

5—Der Wanderer:.....Song by Schubert, arranged by Liszt
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

6—Serenade: "Hark, the Lark,".....Schubert
Sung by Mrs. Long.

7—Grand Fantasia from the "Huguenots,".....Thalberg
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had, as well as the programme, at the Music Stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and O. Ditson & Co., Washington St.

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Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

1—Symphony in C minor (No. 5,).....Beethoven

2—Recitative and Romanza from "William Tell,".....Rossini
Mrs. LONG.

3—Concerto (in D minor) for the Piano-Forte, with Orchestral accompaniment,.....Mendelssohn
Mr. LANG.

PART II.

4—Overture: "Jessonda,".....Spohr

5—Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, for the Violin,....Molique
Mr. SCHULTZE.

6—Andante and Minuetto from the Symphony in E flat,.....Mozart

7—"Come into the garden, Mau i,".....Balfé
Mrs. LONG.

8—Overture: "Jubilee,".....Weber

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THE BELLS OF SPIER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OER.

In Spire, where yon last chimneys rise,
A grey-beard in his death-pangs lies;
His garb is poor, his bed is hard,
And many a tear runs down his beard.

None helps him, gasping for his breath,
None—none but grim and bitter Death!
And, to his heart as Death draws near,
A wild and wondrous tone men hear.

The Imperial bell, till now long dumb,
Booms out a slow and hollow hum,
And all the bells, with solemn din,
Both great and small, come pealing in.

The news through Spire flies far and wide:
The Emperor to-day has died!
The Emperor's dead—can no one say
Where died the Emperor to-day?

In Spire, the old Imperial town,
On golden couch and bed of down,
With wasted hand and fading eye,
Henry the Fifth lies down to die.

The servants hurry to and fro,
The Emperor's rattling breath grows low;—
And, to his heart when Death draws near,
A wild and wondrous tone men hear.

The little bell, till now long dumb,
The wretch's doom-bell low doth hum;
No bell chimes in to swell the tone,
That single bell hums on alone.

The word through Spire flies far and wide:
What criminal to-day has died?
Who may the wretched sinner be?
Who'll tell us, where's the gallows-tree?

C. T. B.

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 16.—There are three opera houses in this lovely city, and like the bundles of hay and the—no! that's not a good simile; so I will bring in a French phrase, which, besides being expressive, is calculated to impress the reader with a profound idea of my extensive linguistic acquirements, and inform you that in consequence of these triple attractions I am suffering under an *embarras de richesses*. I am every night torn by conflicting emotions as to whether I shall patronize La Pergola, the Ferdinando, or the Goldoni.

To the Goldoni I go so often that I am quite a *habitué*, and always occupy a particular seat, near the orchestra, on the side where brass predominates—for I confess to a fondness for the harmonious roar of the trombone, the peal of the trump and the miscellaneous quackings of the other brazen instruments. My idea of perfect ecstasy is a position in the centre of a large brass band, with the yawning mouths of the instruments circling my head at a distance of not more than three feet; a large freezer full of ice-cream to be placed between my knees, a bushel basket of June strawberries by my side, a saucer in my left hand, while my right brandishes with triumph a huge spoon. Then let the moment when I taste the first spoonful of cream be the signal for the band to strike up *fortissimo*, one of the noisiest finales of any one of Verdi's operas—no matter which, for they are all alike in respect of noise,—and at the moment when they came to that climax which in Verdi's concerted pieces is always accompanied by a vehement clashing of cymbals, at that moment I would be tempted to lean back in my chair, wave the spoon, as it were a banner above my head, and exclaim in the language of Mr. Turveydrop: "This is happiness! This is bliss! This is immortality!"

Now all this, *minus* the cream and berries, I enjoy at the Goldoni. My position in the parquet, close to the stage, giving me the full advantage of the brass, it is not to be supposed that a constant frequenter of this locality, like myself, should not form some slight acquaintance with the members of the orchestra. They are all very young men, as indeed are the majority of the vast clouds of musicians that are met with in Florence, and as they appear to be a lively, jolly set, I have fraternized with a few. The trombone and myself are on speaking terms, and the ophicleide nods when we meet in the street. The cornet-a-piston has professed for me an undying friendship, and the cymbals recognize me with a smile. I have even wandered into the domain of wood, and a very long instrument whose name I am ignorant of, says "Buona sera, Signore," every evening.

The oboe yet remains a stranger, but the flute has made overtures (I use the word now in a social, not musical, sense), though I have not received these advances with favor, for I deem the flute to be an effeminate instrument beside brass. It is true there was a time when I considered my own flute performances—but I will not recur to that remote period—I have abandoned the flute, I have locked it up in a drawer, and having thus forsaken my Desdemona, I now, like Othello, pant for the "shrill trumpet."

Two, or at the most three operas, form the repertoire of an Italian lyric theatre during the Carnival of six weeks; and at the Goldoni they have so far devoted themselves exclusively to Verdi's *Attila*, an opera almost unknown in America as yet. As a musical composition it is worthy of taking a high place among modern operas, for though far inferior to the *Trovatore*, it is yet replete with striking melodies, and one concerted piece, a trio in the last act, is frequently introduced in concert programmes; this trio and the aria *E gettata la mia sorte*, which Signor Badioli sang with great success at one of the Philharmonic concerts in New York, years ago, are the only selections from this excellent opera that I have heard in America, and probably the only ones that have ever been produced there.* As an artistical paper here devotes one of its pages each week to a series of articles entitled "Studies on the Operas of Maestro Verdi," I have a precedent in making a "study"—a very little study—a study-ling—a study-cule as it were for you, on "ATTILA."

In the first place, the plot is an excellent one. Attila, king of the Huns, in his march to Rome, is met by Ezio, a Roman ambassador, who proposes by treachery to admit him within the Roman walls, a proposition which Attila spurns as unworthy a true warrior, but he permits the faithless ambassador to remain in his camp. Among the crimes of Attila, he has slain the father of Oldabella, the prima donna of the piece, who, in revenge, has sworn to act the part of Judith of old and slay the hated king. She pretends, at a feast, by dashing down the goblet from which Attila is about to drink, to have saved his life from a poisoned draught. He, in gratitude, announces, that to-morrow she shall be—*la sposa del re*. The tenor, Foresto, is a character thrown in because of the operative necessity of a tenor, and though he has little to do with the action of the piece, considerable music, and of a very excellent character, has been allotted to his rôle. Of course he is the real lover of the *prima donna*, and of course is greatly perturbed in mind at the

* *Attila* was performed entire in Boston by the old Havana troupe; Sig. Marini was the Attila. Ed.

idea of the young lady becoming the spouse of Attila.

The climax of the story is in the last act, where Ezio, Foresto and Oldabella having successfully conspired against the king, he discovers their plot, but not in time to save himself. It forms a very fine dramatic situation. There is Attila surrounded by the three persons whom he has benefited, just discovering that they have incited the populace (whose threatening shouts may be heard in the distance) to his destruction, and he addresses them individually in accents broken with anger:

Thou, royal lady, yesterday my slave, now my queen!
Thou, felon, whose life I have too generously spared!
Thou, Roman, for Rome only saved!
Do you all conspire against me?

Then he bursts into a threat of vengeance; while the others upbraid him with his crimes, Oldabella dashes the crown he had placed on her head at his feet; and as the excited populace burst in, with her own hand stabs him with the very sword which he had playfully given her when he made her his queen. So the opera terminates. I have not alluded to the duet between the tenor and soprano, in which there is any amount of usual lovers' quarrels, or to one of the features of the plot—the visions which Attila sees, and which forbode the tragical end of his lyric life.

The music of the opera, if not scientific, is, in many places highly effective. The work opens with a chorus, which assures us that "lamentations, rapine, sighs, blood, ruin, warfare and fire, are of Attila the joy"—information certainly not adapted to lead the hearer to place too much faith in the amiability of the worthy person to whom they refer. There is then a duo between Attila and Oldabella, and a rather brilliant aria by the latter. A common-place duo for bass and baritone (Attila and Ezio) follows, and after an intervening chorus of monks, and a rather weak orchestral imitation of a storm, we have a very beautiful aria for tenor, *Ella in poter del barbaro*, in which Foresto bewails the sad fate of Oldabella, who had been taken captive by Attila, the chorus in the meantime indulging in pump-handle gestures, and wisely remarking to themselves at intervals that Foresto should not despair, for "perhaps the unhappy maid will fly from the monster!"

The second act contains a very brilliant and effective duo between Foresto and Oldabella, one of the most original *morceaux* in the opera, and then follows a highly dramatic scene for the basso in which Attila recounts a vision which he has beheld in his sleep. But the vision becomes a reality; an old priest appears, and in the same words that had rung in Attila's ears in sleep, warns him not to advance towards Rome. The superstitious fears of the king are aroused, and while the other characters are performing an admirable concerted piece, he breaks in upon their rhythmical measures with his own delirious exclamations:

No! it was not a dream, that entered my soul,
There are two mighty giants hovering in the air—
Their eyes are fire! their swords are swords of flame!
The burning points, they move, they move towards me.
Spirits of vengeance, stay! man yields before ye,
And here before the gods, falls down the prostrate king.

And Attila falls prostrate before the mysterious

priest. The music of this highly dramatic scene is the finest in the opera, and will bear favorable comparison with anything Verdi has ever written.

In the third act there is a scena and aria for baritone: *E gettata la mia sorte*, in which Badiali was so successful, and the act concludes with a lengthy and effective, but a very noisy, concerted piece. A pretty little chorus for females, with *pizzicato* accompaniments, is worthy of mention. In the last act, after an insignificant romanza for tenor, and a chorus of nuns behind the scene, in which the invisible warblers request virgins to come and enter the peaceful cloisters, and emulate the lives of oysters (these are not exactly the words—only a free translation), we have an admirable trio for soprano, baritone and tenor: *Te sol, te sol quest' anima*. This, though short, is one of the most perfect things of its kind that can be found in all Verdi's works, and it is familiar in the United States from having been frequently performed at concerts. The opera concludes with the dramatic finale to which I have before alluded, and in which Verdi is fully equal to the demands of the situation.

Attila forms an exception to most operas, in the fact that the rôle of the prima donna does not absorb all the attention. The interest of the opera chiefly concentrates upon the character of Attila, thus offering a rôle to a really good basso, that few modern operas do. However, as a general thing, Verdi is very impartial in the distribution of his *morceaux* to his operatic offspring; you must at least allow him this merit. Each character of his operas has something to do. As in *Trovatore*, soprano, alto, tenor and bass, have each a character worth studying and worth performing; so in *Attila*, the soprano, tenor, bass and baritone, have each an opportunity to fairly exhibit their talents. No one is sacrificed to the other.

The Goldoni theatre being one of the smallest in Florence, and frequented by the poorer classes, the prices of admission are correspondingly low, being but one paul, or ten cents, to the parquette. The rest of the house is divided into private boxes, which are let by the season or night, at absurdly low rates. Of course the operas are not gotten up in first rate style. The scenery is falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and the artists, with the honorable exception of one CAPRILES, the basso, are mediocre. It is altogether a free-and-easy opera. Nobody dresses to go there. I do not mean to say that the audience are in a

"——— state of absolute nudity,
Like the Greek slave or the Venus di Medici,"

But they do not indulge in any labored toilets. The conductor himself, instead of presenting the unimpeachable front of a Maretzek, wears a faded, shaggy overcoat—for the theatres here, not being artificially heated, and the weather being slightly arctic, overcoats are a necessity. The building is lighted only by one feeble chandelier, depending from the ceiling, and diffusing a melancholy semi-light over the auditorium; and this circumstance is invaluable for seedy and poor but respectable people who desire to attend the opera, and dread that the brilliant gas-light will make manifest worn seams and mended rents. Not that I myself am seedy or poor or respectable—quite the contrary—but should you have such friends coming to Florence, who wish to enjoy simultaneously music and obscurity, I would recommend the *Teatro Goldoni*.

* * * * *
Signor Verdi has just gone to Naples, to produce a new opera, entitled "King Lear." The maestro has a fondness for Shakspearean subjects, and his *Macbeth* now occupies the stages of several of the Italian lyric theatres. TROVATOR.

MESSINA, SICILY, JAN. 23.—Thinking you might like to hear something of music in this rather remote place, I propose to give you a few items. On the evening after my arrival here I inquired the way to the theatre, where the "Barber of Seville" was to be performed. Being insufficiently versed in the Italian tongue, I made known my wants to the ticket seller by the ingenious device of holding up one finger in grim silence. With an unusual sagacity the official divined my meaning, and presented me with *un biglietto*, for which I paid about thirty-two cents; I then made my way within, and found a large, splendidly decorated theatre, comprising a pit and five tiers of boxes. My seat was in the pit, the common resort of single gentlemen, and was roomy and comfortable. The boxes are sold entire; the price of the first tier is two dollars; of the second, two dollars and a half; of the third, one dollar and two thirds; of the fourth, one dollar and a quarter; of the fifth, two thirds of a dollar. Each box will hold four or five, sometimes more. The theatre is finely constructed for acoustic effect; owing to the want of gas and the expense of candles, there is not enough light, and the general appearance is sombre. The orchestra numbers more than fifty performers, and I understand that the nightly expense of this does not exceed twenty dollars. When extra musicians are required the regimental band is drawn upon, and, indeed, in one opera, of which I shall presently speak, a full military band is put on the stage, at the enormous expense of seven dollars! As the opera is the only public amusement at present, it is always well attended—though it seems to be a place rather for paying and receiving visits than for hearing music.

Of the performance of *Il Barbiere* little need be said; it had been presented for fifteen nights, and, naturally, both singers and audience were heartily tired of it; it was sung with spirit, though caricatured throughout. Rosina was a pretty, young contralto, GIOVANNONI by name, who is only eighteen years of age, and who really has a beautiful voice, though needing time to develop it; the tenor had a robust but not very sympathetic voice; the rest were good without being remarkable; the orchestra excellent, but too brassy and indulging to excess in the *ff*. The chorus was in appearance much like those at home, though wanting the Celtic element so apparent there. You could see the same three gestures—with the right hand, with the left, and with both together; there was the same leading chorus woman who assumes the airs of the prima donna when no greater is on the stage; and there was the same tall man with thin legs, whom one always sees. The audience amused themselves by hissing nearly every scene, to express their desire for a change of the opera. The most of the time they chatted and laughed among themselves, giving only an occasional glance towards the stage, except when Rosina had some song of her own; then they would remorselessly hiss. I found that there was a strong party against her, though the cause I did not accurately learn; I think she took the place of some rival.

It struck strangely on the ear of an American to hear hisses bestowed on an unassuming, painstaking, and really worthy young girl, merely for the purpose of annoying her. At first I thought she paid no attention to it, but after a closer observation I saw, as she turned again towards the audience, after walking up the stage, that she could not quite repress her tears, and I learned afterwards that she had been weeping throughout the evening. Once or twice during the opera she received a fair measure of applause from her friends—for she has some friends—and for this she seemed so grateful that one would have thought her enemies would have been touched; this did not seem to be the fact, though. On the whole I went back to my hotel rather disappointed.

The next night was performed a modern opera, which I think has never been sung in America—at any rate I hope not—it is called *Marco Visconti*, and was composed by ENRICO PETRELLA. It had the usual incomprehensible plot, the usual amount of grief arising from thwarted love and a jealous rival, and it wound up with the usual incident of the prima donna's death in a dungeon, just when she ought to have lived. The music is a bad imitation of Donizetti, and the whole thing is tedious in the extreme. But great was my surprise and delight to recognize in the prima donna our own townsman, Signora LORINI (formerly VIRGINIA WHITING): it was like meeting an old friend. She has now a splendid voice, strong, of great compass, and reliable, while her execution is great, and her whole style admirable. In the first scene of *Marco Visconti* there is an air with variations, immensely difficult, which she executes brilliantly, and in which she has made quite a sensation. She is a great favorite here, and deservedly so. If we are so fortunate as to hear her again in Boston I am certain she will create a *furor*, though I am much in doubt whether she will be induced to visit our city in a professional capacity again; from some remarks which she made during an interview I subsequently had, I apprehend that the cold reception she met with when she last sang there, with Grisi, has quite disappointed her.

Last evening a concert was given at the theatre, by Signor GENARO PERRELLI, a pianist, who has already gained a large reputation; and especially in Russia, from which country he has lately returned, he has received many honors. The concert commenced with the first act of *Il Barbiere*. The second part comprised an overture, three vocal performances, two fantasias and a concert piece for the piano. The announcement of the concert was so quiet and unpretending that I was not prepared to hear so superior a pianist. I cannot recall any one except Alfred Jaell from whose playing I have received such unmixed pleasure. The style of Signor Perrelli is remarkable for clearness, accuracy, and above all, for expression; his execution is really wonderful, though, to his praise be it said, you do not think of that till he has ceased playing. During the performance of his first piece the audience frequently burst into shouts of *Bene! Bravo!* as with one voice, and at the conclusion of it he was twice called before the curtain. With an audience so carping and critical, such a reception means a great deal. In the vocal part of the concert Signora Lorini made a great success in the well known Cavatina from *Ernani*, sung by her

in costume. With us, a song in costume is usually a dreary affair, tame and cold; but here the singer seemed to put on her enthusiasm with her dress, and had you entered the theatre at the moment, you would have supposed the whole opera was in course of representation. But the great vocal triumph of the evening was in the scena and duetto from *Norma*, sung in costume by Signore Lorini and Giovannoni. The excitement and enthusiasm which this called forth was immense; the singers were twice called out, and there was no end of shouting and cheers; truly, I never heard another operatic performance into which so much fire was infused. I was really proud to witness the success of an American artiste before such an audience, and I think that the cheers given Giovannoni must have atoned for much hissing—at any rate, she seemed pleased beyond expression. But just think of any singers being able to revivify the dry bones of *Norma*, that dear old bore which drives people away from our theatres, and causes us to objurgate, with much wickedness, hand-organs and amateur vocalists! Much is due to the audience, to be sure; for this is as inflammable as spirits of wine, and a continual current of electric sympathy runs between the pit and the stage; both audience and singers seem striving to outdo each other in enthusiasm. I wish we at home could be a little less proper and cold at the opera; a little less fearful of making a noise; beyond question, an American audience is a very cold, undemonstrative thing—but they never hiss a woman!

I forgot to mention that they give opera here seven nights in the week! Not being able to afford two troupes, the singers are worked almost to death, and no voices can long stand such wear as this Shylock of an impresario puts on his unfortunate artists. G.

LOUISVILLE, KY. FEB. 10.—The name of our City or our State I have seen rarely, if ever mentioned in your valuable journal, which by the by is hailed here by its readers with delight.

Your readers East are possibly under the impression that we live here in the West in a state of barbarism, and that Art is entirely neglected, or rather not yet known, and cannot be appreciated here. They are mistaken. We enjoy our "Mozart Society," our "Orpheus," our "Liederkrantz," as well as they do, and I have no doubt our musical societies are sometimes worthy competitors to your own. Come and hear them! They work not for world's renown, but they practice quietly and studiously, and enjoy their achievements. If we have no Formes as Elijah, we have our Mr. Collière, a worthy representative of the Prophet indeed.

But my intention is not to make personal comparisons between artists; no good can spring from that. I merely wished to inform you that Louisville had last night the pleasure to hear the first performance of a new society, the "Musical Fund Society," an association for orchestral music only. Its purposes are the enjoyment by the members, mostly dilettanti, of the best compositions of great masters, the cultivation of the musical taste of the public, and the foundation, by concerts, of a fund, out of which to assist the professional members, if sick or unable to follow their profession.

The society was called into existence by amateurs in the month of Dec. last, and our profes-

sional men and artists, such as could do good service, joined at once. The orchestra counts, all told, upwards of forty members, under the direction of Mr. GEO. ZOLLER.

Last night had been set for the first concert, Misses COLLIÈRE and SCHEIDLER, Messrs. COLLIÈRE, DOLFINGER and Dr. MASON, having consented to assist.

Yesterday morning it poured down rain in torrents, and by night the weather had become most dismal; rain, hail, snow and storm, gave a most gloomy appearance to our streets. The opinion was generally entertained that no audience whatever would greet the society. This proved to be a great mistake. The following programme was too attractive for our lovers of music, and a nearly full house in the spacious and beautiful hall of the Masonic Temple (which holds 1400 persons), listened to the performance.

- PART I.
 1—Overture—La Famille Suisse—Full Orchestra,..... Weigl
 2—Aria—Ecco il Pegno—Gemma di Vergi,..... Donizetti
 Sung by L. C. Collière.
 3—Sinfonia—Opus 10, in D (first movement, Minuetto & Trio)
 Mozart
 4—Trio—Ferma Crudele, from Ernani,..... Verdi
 Sung by Miss Scheidler, Messrs. Mason and Dolfinger.
 5—Sinfonia—Continuation of Opus 10 (Andante & Presto)
 Mozart
 6—Polka—Najaden,..... Gungl

- PART II.
 1—Overture—Italiana in Algeri,..... Rossini
 2—Scena—D'amor sull'ali Rosee—from Il Trovatore,..... Verdi
 Sung by Miss Bertha Collière and Mr. Dolfinger.
 3—Waltzes—Almack's,..... Lanner
 4—Comic Scene—Two Beggars,..... Vogel
 Sung by Corradi Collière.
 5—Overture—Tancredi,..... Rossini

Without going into details, which pleasure I save for the next concert, I assure you that the rendering of all the orchestral pieces by far surpassed my anticipation and that of the audience. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and since the time of Jenny Lind no musical performance here has had such signal triumph. It has taken strong hold of the whole musical community; wherever I go I hear this concert discussed, and anxious inquiries fly from mouth to mouth about the next. No association was ever more sure of a large house than the Musical Fund Society is for the next concert. And it is astonishing that dilettanti, mostly, are able to do justice after so short a time for practice, to such pieces as above. The Mozart Symphony was rendered with precision and expression, and the Presto was delivered with vigor and style. Even in the outward appearance of the whole nothing seemed to be lacking—no tuning and scraping before the pieces—with profound silence they were off at the sign of the baton. Every one is delighted at the prospect that a good and strong orchestra will henceforth exist in Louisville.

A new era also seems to commence for the Mozart Society, as I hear it rumored that the managers of both societies intend to lend each other their assistance. If so, we shall have as fine oratorios, &c. as can anywhere be found.

I cannot conclude my remarks, although already too lengthy, without mentioning the highly creditable manner in which the singers delivered the above solos. The song from *Trovatore* bore away the palm. We never heard our highly esteemed and beloved tenor, Mr. Dolfinger, sing better. Miss Collière was in good voice and fine humor, fresh and young, and evidently showing the marks of the superior tuition of her father. More anon.

ANONYMOUS.

From my Diary, No. 24.

Jan. 26th.—Over a cup of coffee at the confectioner's. Enter Teacher of class-singing, with whom

ensues a conversation in which some things were, and others might have been said, which are herein recorded.

Diarist.—Well, and whose fault is it that your business is hardly recognized as a profession?

Teacher.—I do not know, I am sure.

D.—Perhaps we can determine the point. We know that in other countries men have attained position in society, indeed have gained fame, who have devoted their lives to the cause of teaching music to children and in schools. Nägeli, for instance, at Zurich, and Erk at Berlin. Why can it not be so here?—You have seen an article on Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, recently printed?

T.—Yes, and very interesting it is to trace his gradual rise from the lowest office connected with a colliery engine, to the position of the great Engineer of England.

D.—He owed this elevation to the one fact that he devoted himself to his business, loved it, studied his engine until he was familiar with its every part, carried his researches into engines of greater excellence, read every thing he could get about engines, and at length awoke one fine morning to find that he knew more about the subject than any other man in England. So the dirty servant became Great Britain's chief Engineer.

The story of Bowditch teaches the same lesson. Let a man love his profession, make himself master of it, not only practically but theoretically; let him learn its history; let him read all he can get upon it; let him make himself a thoroughly informed man upon all that belongs to it, and he will soon be recognized by men of intellect as one to whom they can apply for knowledge, one whose conversation is valuable. This gives him at once position and respectability. Bowditch had no thought of his future fame when he was working out problems of navigation, and making himself master of all that pertains to the sailing of a ship.

I know a man whose early education was lamentably deficient, but he loved American history, especially our political history; all his leisure was devoted to it, and a time came when men began to find out his great attainments in it. He at length reached the United States Senate. But this case is hardly to the point.

That of an apothecary's apprentice whom I knew, is. This young man sought to know more than the merely mechanical manipulations necessary in the preparation of pills, mixtures and tinctures. He had no other object in view than the gratification of his love for the knowledge which belonged to his profession; but this led him on, until now in these days when so many great names adorn the science of chemistry, he bids fair to make himself a name. He has made himself a man of most varied and extensive information in the department of chemistry, to which he was led by his business, and such knowledge always gains recognition.

But to come at once to your own calling. There is one man, who like yourself was for years a teacher of class-singing. It was his profession. He has attained no ordinary success in life, and is an object of envy, it should be emulation, to many of you.

T.—Dr. Lowell Mason?

D.—Yes. You must admit that he stands before the public—from the world-renowned professor at Andover to the dwellers in the squatters' cabins at the West—in a position held by no other musical man in the country.

You do not like his music, you say—that is a matter of taste—the public does, and purchases it. But that is not to the point. The only question is, how he, coming to Boston more than thirty years ago as a teacher of Class-Singing and leader of a choir—at a time too when this occupation was almost considered disreputable—has gained this position?

The answer is easy. When he came here—although he would now smile at the narrow range of his knowledge at that time, he was found to be far beyond his contemporaries in information upon all subjects connected with his branches of the musical art. He was called upon to lecture, by men far beyond him in literary attainments, but that was no matter, for he knew things which they did not. If you should ever go into his library, you will see there at a glance to what his success has been due. You will find that whatever came from the press bearing upon sacred music and the science of teaching it, found its way at once to his study; and the notes and marks in books and periodicals prove how carefully all was perused. There are old volumes of the "Euterpeiad," of the English musical periodicals of that day, rare and valuable volumes, which cannot now be purchased with money; whatever he could find that could add to his knowledge of the history of psalmody and sacred music in general, or give him hints towards the theory and practice of teaching—all is there.

The consequence was, that as time passed, his mind became so stored with information upon all these points, that he is a welcome companion to men of the highest culture in other departments of knowledge.

T.—But—

D.—We will have no argument about his music—tastes differ—the only point, I repeat, in question is, as to what has given him, starting in life as you are now starting—his position. This I assure you was nothing but his devotion to his profession, and his determination to avail himself of every means of extending his knowledge of it. When he no longer shall be able or shall choose to lecture before the common school conventions held under the auspices of our Board of Education, where will a successor be found? No doubt there are men who have mastered the mere art of teaching music in classes and schools; but where is that man who, in addition, has such a fund of various information, drawn from books, observation and foreign travel upon his subject?

T.—I never thought of the matter in this light.

D.—So I suppose. If you had, I need not have troubled myself to have presented it thus. Now you must acknowledge that in general our teachers, having acquired the routine of lesson-giving, stop there. However much pains they may take to improve themselves intellectually, they for the most part devote little time to perusal of works upon music. They do not honor their calling, and it of course cannot honor them. Even the advantages to be derived from reading musical periodicals they forego; and as to the purchase of a musical library, few think of such a thing.

T.—As to books, there are few or none which bear at all upon our duties.

D.—Perhaps so: but everything which relates to music in any form is of use for one's general musical culture; and until you as a class can be reputed as men who have attained a certain degree of this culture, your calling will not, cannot be dignified by the public at large with the title of a profession.

T.—There may be some truth in what you say, but you must admit that there are few books for us.

D.—Let publishers once see that you are willing to purchase, and you would find that the supply would soon equal the demand. Why, man, people have been writing upon music these three centuries, and all their best thoughts would be saved and poured from the press like cheap novels, if you would create a demand for them. But you do not even support the musical periodical press.

T.—And reason enough we have, too. Why should we support a paper which ignores us entirely, except now and then when it finds in us an object of ridicule?

D.—Ah, so—well, what would you like?

T.—That is not very easy to say. When I first knew you, you were giving great attention to psalmody, and to the theory and practice of teaching it. You had made a great collection of the books which have been published.

D.—Yes, since the beginning in this country, from Tufts of Newburyport and Walter of Roxbury, down. Well?

T.—And from the enthusiasm which you then exhibited in all relating to this department of music, it seems to me that you must be able, after so much study and reading, and the observations you have made in schools abroad and at home, to give us what we want; and this our musical paper does not do.

D.—Thank you for the compliment. What do you want in the premises? That I should found another journal, and devote my time and labor, and the results of reading, study, observation and experience for so many years, to such a project, and depend upon men for support, who care so little for music as many of you do? First show me some encouragement. No sir, when you see fit to encourage an established periodical, you will soon see that it will meet your demands. You complain that our paper is devoted to the tastes and wishes of a single class. Did it never occur to you that it owes its origin and support thus far to that class? "But its editor is one-sided." Did you ever see a man that was a man in any department of literature or art that was not so? All things are not unto all men. It is with an Art journal as with any other. Take a newspaper and see how it becomes general in its features. Wherever there is a single editor, it is, of necessity, the organ of his feelings, his opinions, his tastes. But as soon as a certain degree of success crowns his efforts, he calls in other talent. And by little and little the daily newspaper becomes universal in its character. There is the political editor, the commercial, the literary, the agricultural, the city, and so on. So with a journal of music. It is established by a man of known reputation as a writer. It is at first supported in the main by such as agree with him in sentiment, and for them he caters. He and they may be "classicists,"—no matter; so long as they only read and subscribe for it, whose business is it? But why throw stones at them? Rather give him your support, and in time make it worth his while, and give him the means, to call in this man to represent the Italian department, that man to look after the interests of teachers and church music, and a third to work up the general musical news. Such men may be easily found; but they cannot give their time and labor away from remunerative employments for the gratification and benefit of anybody without pay.

So far as I am personally concerned, you may be very sure that I shall not devote much time to writing upon the subjects in which you feel an interest, so long as my articles come principally only into the hands of readers, who care not at all for them. It would be useless labor. Another thing you may be equally sure of; that the long continued studies and observations for which you compliment me will produce no fruit for you, so long as you do all you can to prevent the periodical for which I write from affording me those very necessary articles—bread and butter;—and thirdly, I shall continue to act upon the principle, which I long since adopted, of recognizing no man as a teacher, in anything I write, who does not aid in supporting a musical periodical.

M. Gounod's New Opera.*

(FIRST PRODUCED ON THE 15TH FEBRUARY, 1857.)

I am not astonished that Molière attracts musicians. Where should we find characters more original and more vigorously brought out?—scenes better laid down, better drawn, more

* Translated for the London *Musical World* from *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

lively and more gay?—dialogue more natural and frank? A lyrical form is all that is wanting to render Molière's smaller pieces admirable and incomparable *libretti*. It is not, it is true, an easy task to give them this form, nor can it be done without some injury. There is a frequent necessity for cutting out something or other, and what can we cut out of Molière without regretting it? It is, also, at times necessary to add something, and this is much worse. Add to Molière! Alas! a man must love music very passionately to undertake such a task.

Is it M. Gounod, on the present occasion, who has taken this on himself, and been his own cook? Or has he found some willing scullion to do it for him? M. Gounod was named alone, at the conclusion, when the pit demanded, with loud cries and great applause, the name of the author. But, after all, this is not a question of much importance. I should not be surprised, however, if the score of *Le Médecin malgré lui* dates from a long time back, and was written, quietly, in the ten or fifteen years of silence and fruitless solicitations which the constitution of Art among us imposes on most composers.

However this may be, the score in question has obtained a very brilliant and a very legitimate success. The author has largely displayed in it those qualities which established his reputation some years ago; qualities first noticed in *Sapho*; met with again in *La Nonne Sanglante*—a serious work, in which the musician was the victim of the poet—and which, lastly, could be properly appreciated and were warmly applauded in M. Gounod's two symphonies, with which the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* has already made the public acquainted.

Such qualities are rare and valuable. They comprise elevation and seriousness of thought; precision of form; correctness, firmness, and moderation in style; harmonic elegance and neatness of instrumentation. M. Gounod is an exceedingly skilful symphonist. This is a fact which has not been denied by any one for a long time, and it will be even much more clearly established when every one shall have heard *Le Médecin malgré lui*.

Do not let my readers mistake the sense of this praise; it is not restrictive. Nearly all the pieces in the new opera, the duet between Sganarelle and Martine, for instance, which concludes with a volley of blows; Sganarelle's trio with Lucas and Valère; the sextet of the consultation: "Eh bien, charmante demoiselle," and, especially, the quintet of the third act, prove their author to possess considerable knowledge of the stage. All I wish to convey is that M. Gounod seems to be accustomed to think of the instruments before thinking of the voices; that the former are his especial favourites, and that, in a word, he frequently puts the statue in the orchestra, as Grétry said of Mozart.

An author should follow his impulses, make the best of the gifts he has received from Nature, and not exhaust himself in useless efforts to acquire what she has not given him. M. Gounod is more a German than an Italian, and *Fidelio* attracts him more than does *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. What matters! There are several pinnacles to Art, and glory shines round all of them.

We find, however, a few pieces where M. Gounod has placed the voice in the foreground, and where the orchestra, without ceasing to interest us, occupies only the second position. The most striking of these pieces is Sganarelle's air, the first verses of which are contributed by Molière.

"Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux,
Vos petits glouglous," etc.

No one of the "onomatopisms" indicated, and, to a certain extent, commanded by the poet, is wanting in the accompaniment. The clarionets, the horns, the flutes, the bassoons, and the violins themselves give us, in turn, the *glouglou*, with an apparently inexhaustible variety of intonations and effects. But the vocal portion never ceases to conduct and dominate this bacchanalian sym-

phony; it is simple, expressive, elegant, and delicate, and M. Meillet brings out all the composer's intentions with a talent for detail, which is becoming more uncommon every day.

Madlle. Gérard, who wears the cap of the village girl, and the nurse's apron, has been favored with one of the pieces where the vocal part occupies the foreground. It consists of couplets, the motive for which is taken from Jacqueline's harangue to Geronde: "J'ai toujours oui dire qu'en mariage comme ailleurs contentement passe richesse." The musical motive is full of frankness, fulness, and even gaiety, combined with that heavy character which one of Molière's peasant women should never lose. Madlle. Gérard has seized the spirit of these couplets, which she renders marvellously. Amidst the general success of the work, these two airs, so well conceived, and so well executed, obtained an especial meed of flattering applause.

The first air of Léandre, which he sings with a mandoline in his hand, did not strike me as being so well appreciated. The violins in the orchestra play the part of the silent mandoline. This air, full of grace and tenderness, is written in Lulli's best style, and the accompaniment marked with much more elegance than Lulli could ever have imparted to it. It is very delicate and very *distingué*, and M. Froment's voice lends it a great charm.

The little pastoral, also, sung by the same person, disguised as a shepherd, in the finale to the second act, struck me as very agreeable, and the rural sonority of the oboes accords admirably with the tenor voice of the artist.—Martine's couplet:

"Toute femme a sous la patte,
De quoi se venger d'un mari,"

did not, on the other hand, appear to possess any very remarkable feature, any more than the chorus of wood-cutters, which terminates the first act, or Sganarelle's air, which commences the third. The chorus of peasants coming to consult Sganarelle is, I think, worth more. It is, at least, interrupted by a charming phrase, sung by Sganarelle, who recommends his patients to bury their wives very carefully, should the latter die of the physis he has just prescribed.

In a large portion of these pieces, M. Gounod has re-produced the style of music contemporaneous with Molière, the details of which it is so easy to study in Lulli. M. Gounod has done this with cleverness, moderation, and discretion, and has only taken from the seventeenth century just what he ought to take. This agrees well with Molière's language, which is not ours; adds to the general effect of the work; and does not lessen its success, on which I congratulate the author, although I have not the honor of knowing him. He has, by the way, reason to be satisfied with those of his interpreters whom I have already named, and to whom I must add Madlle. Faivre, who plays Martine's scenes remarkably well, and, likewise, M. Girardot, who, being comic everywhere, has not much trouble to be so in the character of Lucas.

It was the anniversary of Molière's birth. After the piece, the scene was changed; at the back was the crowned bust of the great comic poet. The entire company filled both sides of the stage. Mad. Carvalho advanced, dressed as a Greek muse, with a golden palm branch in her hand, and sang, with remarkable firmness of intonation, brilliancy, and purity:

"Salut, Molière, ô grand génie,
Ta muse est sœur de l'harmonie," &c.

The chorus joined, and the audience would willingly have done so, too. This cantata reminded some of the audience of the finale to the first act of *Sapho*, in which Mad. Viardot displayed such energy. Were they right or wrong? That is a question which I shall not undertake to decide.

LEON DUROCHER.

Death of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

Another of the demigods has passed away; another genuine artistic glory is extinct. On Saturday the patriarch of the Italian stage—

"notre père à tous," as his compatriots reverently styled him—died, of dropsy, at Naples. Lablache has gone to join Rachel in a better world.

The death of a great dramatic artist, whose genius and physiognomy have long been familiar to the public, leaves a void that cannot be filled up during the life-time of the actual generation. He may be replaced by another in his best parts, and even efficiently replaced; but it is not enough for those who, accustomed to the first model, have become past-worshippers out of pure affection. Which among ourselves could tolerate another Dr. Bartolo, another Don Pasquale, another Don Magnifico, after having seen Lablache, who identified himself with these characters and made them his own! What other face, what other figure, what other voice, what other talent, would be accepted by the present race of opera-frequenterers as substitute, for his? Nor is there any thing unnatural or unjust in this predilection for long-established types; on the contrary, it is honorable to humanity, since it represents gratitude for favors conferred, and shows that the public, after all, is not so unfeeling and utterly heartless an animal as certain moralists have endeavoured to paint it.

Of all the lyric artists that ever came from Italy to England, Lablache was, beyond comparison, the most popular. We make no exception. By popular, of course we do not intend the most "attractive," even the uninitiated being aware that a bass, no matter what his merits, can never by any chance expect to rival a soprano or a tenor in the eyes of managers of Italian theatres, or in direct influence upon the paying public. As in a novel, or a play, so in an opera—the hero and heroine are the personages that absorb the greatest amount of interest; and the hero and heroine being, in most operatic representations, impersonated by the tenor and soprano, it is not at all surprising that they should bear away the palm in the estimation of the crowd. An indigent parent, a deep scheming villain, a deposed monarch, a rabid priest, a besotted magistrate, an eccentric charlatan, has no chance, in the long run, against the Romeo or the Juliet of the stereotyped lyric drama. And this is quite independent of the peculiar spell which the highest voices, both in the male and female register, have exercised, exercise, and must always exercise, upon the sympathy of the masses—just as, without knowing why, nine persons out of ten, who listen to a quartet for string instruments, will award all, or nearly all, the merit of the execution to the first fiddle.

The popularity which—in common with all who have watched the progress of Italian opera in this country, during the last quarter of a century—we have adjudged to Lablache is, therefore, apart from such considerations. He was a man *sui generis*, thoroughly original, a consummate artist, and endowed with an idiosyncrasy, both personal and mental, that separated him from his compeers, and enabled him to set his mark upon everything he took in hand. Early familiarity with the public grew at length into a sort of intimate confidence between the actor and his patrons; and this ultimately reached such a point, that, instead of undergoing the ordeal of criticism, in common with his fellow-artists, Lablache was accepted by the Opera-patrons as a sort of brother Aristarchus before the foot-lights, sharing with them whatever opinions, favorable or hostile, the performance might elicit. If Grisi, Sontag, or Jenny Lind sang well, Lablache and the audience would simultaneously declare their approval; if things went slovenly or ill, Lablache (invariably, and seldom otherwise than deservedly, held blameless) would convey—by a shrug, or a wink, both eloquent and unmistakable—how entirely he coincided with the audience in their smothered or openly manifested expressions of dissent.

No actor "filled the stage" more entirely than Lablache; and this not so much because his frame was colossal, as because he was born an actor, and the stage was his element. How dignified his deportment in tragedy—how easy and graceful in comedy—how unrestrained, intensely humorous, (and, even when most exaggerated, never verging on licentiousness) in farce!

The great artist expired where he first saw the light—at Naples—in his 64th (some say 62nd) year. All Naples will mourn his loss and respect his memory. In this one feeling, if in no other, Englishmen can sympathise with Neapolitans; for the death of such a man as Lablache is a blow to every country where art is recognised and cherished as an important element of civilisation.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 27, 1858.

CONCERTS.

Last Saturday the elements had all the music to themselves. It was a night in which none would venture forth to any concert room, unless a raging appetite for harmony possessed them. Mr. ALFRED HILL, in justice to himself and his subscribers, wisely postponed his Benefit Concert; he will soon announce an evening when it can take place.

The GERMAN TRIO, however, persevered in most heroic defiance of the storm. They had already postponed once, and so the valiant GAERTNER, finding his colleagues present, declared he would go on, as surely as they got three listeners. There were actually twenty-five men and women all told, besides three boys, scattered about Chickering's saloon; these all in such good humor with their bravery as to feel sharp set for music. The temptation of a Beethoven Quintet made us one of them.

But the "German Trio" was this time a German Quartet. Mr. HAUSE and piano had silently dropped out. The programme consisted of three string Quartets, no less, no more; a Quartet party *pure et simple*. The players were Messrs. C. GAERTNER, C. and J. EICHLER and H. JUNGNIKKEL, and all played as carefully and with as much enthusiasm as if the audience were legion. Had they not Beethoven and the storm-geni for listeners? and were not the twenty-five (and three quarters) full of valor and quick apprehension? We may say once for all that the Quartets generally went well. We have never seen the leader confine himself to his task with such apparent self-forgetfulness and such freedom from extravagance throughout an evening. It was well, perhaps, to have only Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven to deal with, and no clapping solo exhibitions.

Part I. was the Quartet No. 6, in C, by Mozart. A short Adagio in three-four, opening on the key-note in the bass, which is at once contradicted by wild minor harmony, and indeterminate and fitful, soon finds relief in the free, joyous and flowing Allegro 4-4, in C major. The Andante *cantabile* is full of beauty and feeling; the deep throbbing figure of accompaniment in the violoncello, which occurs so often, is singularly impressive. The simple, robust, playful Minuet and Trio, and the closely related Allegro molto of the finale are full of exhilaration, full of the perennial youth of Mozart, and like many of his livelier movements.

Part II. was the Quartet by Beethoven, No. 1 of Op. 59, in F, being the first of the three great ones dedicated to the Prince Rasoumofsky. (The Quintette Club have played the second of the same set this winter; they have also in past seasons played the first and third). This was the grand feature of the concert. It was written

about the same time with the third, fourth and fifth symphonies, the *Coriolanus* overture, the *Sonata Appassionata*, &c., and like the other two is full of the most original and wonderful beauties and audacities of thought and treatment. It is one of his most imaginative creations, and reveals the master in all his moods, from the strong Titanic to the profoundly tender and religious, from the playful and fantastic to the deepest yearnings of the soul enamored of ideal beauty and full of world-wide human sympathies. But it is this fantastic humor, perhaps, which is most distinctive of these Quartets (the fantasies of a most deep and earnest nature). Written in compliment to the Russian ambassador, (in whose house was formed that famous group of Quartet players at whose hands Beethoven's works enjoyed the sympathetic rendering for which a composer can but be too grateful), two of them are remarkable for the introduction of a little Russian air, which makes the theme for quaint and ingenious variations. We cannot weary of recalling the opening theme of the first Allegro in this one in F; setting out in the violoncello, it is so broad, so growing, so full of suggestion, and leads up in the first violin to such splendid and triumphant climax, instantly and as it were necessarily answered by the curt, *staccato* chords of the countertheme; and then both grow on together and develop into the most complete and perfect whole, so full of meaning and of power. This is followed by an *Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando*, led off (a little too slow we thought) by a playful rhythmic figure of four bars on one note, a sort of challenge, by the violoncello, which is answered by the quaintest and most fascinating theme (all *sotto voce*) by the second violin; and then the working up, the episodes, the modulations into remote keys, pique the imagination with the most eager and delighted interest to the end of a very long movement. But we have not room to speak of the lovely Adagio, full of deep sentiment, which passes, by a light airy figure streaming through several bars of fine divisions in the first violin, into a trill which covers the introduction of the *Theme Russe* in the bass, nor of the extraordinary and charming novelties developed in the working of this. It is not often that we get such a feast as that Quartet. Will not the Quintet Club now revive for us the third of the set, in C?

Part III. was agreeably filled by the well known Quartet in G by Haydn. But it did sound somewhat common-place after Beethoven.

MR. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian Pianist, had a large and highly respectable audience at his Concert in the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms on Wednesday evening, and he has evidently won the cordial sympathies of not a few during his two brief residences here. He was unfortunately ill—it was too clear from his pale and feeble look—and had been ill for the fortnight before the concert. This might account for a certain lack of fire and accent in much of his performance.—Yet he played the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven and two well known Nocturnes of Chopin with delicacy and with feeling; while in all he did there was great fluency and niceness of rendering, and a very brilliant touch when needed. In Schubert's "Wanderer," as "transcribed and enlarged by Liszt, the melody stood out bold and manly. In Thalberg's "Huguenots" Fantasia he displayed remarkable execution; yet as compared with Thalberg's own performance, we missed much of the power and grandeur of the piece.

Illness was not the artist's only misfortune; Mrs.

LONG, too, was ill and did not sing at all; so that the whole burden of the concert fell upon one invalid. There was something in the sweet and gentlemanly manner of the man, in his air of pure-minded enthusiasm, and in the sincere tones of his voice when he read the physician's certificate of the singer's sickness, which touched his audience, who seemed on the whole well pleased with the concert.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The "Creation" was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society early in January, before an immense audience eager to witness the first appearance of Sims Reeves. He was ill, however, and Mr. Lockey took his place. Miss Vinning sang the soprano songs with measurable success; and Mr. Santley (his first appearance for this Society) was much applauded in the air "Rolling in foaming billows" (nothing said, however, of the *low D*, which with a large part of some of our audiences passes for more than the whole concert!) "The Creation" was repeated with Clara Novello, Mr. George Perren and Santley. Sims Reeves was obliged to forego his engagements. The *Athenæum* thus notices Miss Kemble's recent appearance in Oratorio:

The second part which Miss Kemble has attempted—the soprano music in "Judas Maccabeus"—was remarkably executed. We use the words advisedly, because whatever this young lady attempts, she makes a part of: and because we have never heard one so young declaim with so much polish, read Handel's lofty music with so much dignity, or execute passages so harassing as his with more complete vocalization. Sometimes a "waft" of terror seems to come over her, and then the voice betrays her. But the terror of an accomplished person is better than the audacity of the half educated.

The State Concert given by the Queen on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederic William of Prussia, in the new Ball and Concert Room, is chiefly noticeable for the selections from Richard Wagner. Novello's *Times* says:

A spacious orchestra was erected for the occasion, upwards of 50 ft. wide, rising in successive stages up to the level of the Organ Gallery. The band, nearly 80 in number, consisted of Her Majesty's Private Band, aided by the principal instrumentalists of the Philharmonic Society, Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus comprised nearly 100 voices, selected from the operas and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. The following was the programme:

| PART FIRST. | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Coronation Anthem | Handel |
| Quartetto, "Placido è il mar" (Idomeneo), Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Sig. Giuglini & Mr. Weiss | |
| Chorus, "The Heavens are telling?" | Mozart |
| Aria, "Dalla sua Pace," Signor Giuglini | Haydn |
| Choral Fantasia (Pianoforte), Mrs. Anderson | Mozart |
| | Beethoven |
| PART SECOND. | |
| Selections from "Lohengrin" (the words partly altered and adapted for the present occasion by Mr. Thomas Oliphant.) | |
| Bridal Procession, Wedding March, and Epithalamium | R. Wagner |
| Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mme. Clara Novello, Meyerbeer | |
| Finale (Lorely), solo part by Mme. Novello | Mendelssohn |
| Serenata, "The Dream" (composed expressly for the occasion; conducted by the Composer; the words by Mr. W. Bartholomew. The principal singers were Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss) | M. Costa |
| Finale, "God save the Queen" | |
| Conductor, Mr. Anderson. | |

At Her Majesty's Theatre the same event was celebrated by four Festival Performances. The first was a play, "Macbeth" preceded by Spohr's overture, and with Matthew Locke's incidental music. The second was Balfe's new opera, "Rose of Castille," with Louisa Pyne, the valiant Harrison for tenor(!), &c. Then the *Sonnambula*, with Piccolomini, Giuglini and Belletti, Sig. Arditi conducting; followed by a new festival Cantata, words by Mr. John Oxenford, music (said to be "spirited and clever") by Mr. Howard Glover; and finally *Il Trovatore*. The whole affair is ridiculed as having been "great cry and little wool."

The new Covent Garden Theatre is rapidly rising from the spot where the old one was burnt, and London will next season be provided with two enormous

operatic establishments. The *Musical World* questions the necessity for two Italian operas, and does not believe in any division of labor whereby one house may give French and German operas, and the other exclusively the Italian.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We have on hand sets of the *Journal of Music* for the past six years (from its commencement), which we will furnish, bound or unbound, at reduced prices.

An awkward misprint escaped our eye in the note to the article on the Public Library building in our last; "injurious to architectural effect" it should have been, and not "injudicious."

A word in reply to Dr. ZOFFE is in type, but must unfortunately lie over to next week.

CARL ZERRAHN deserves a crowded audience at the fourth and last of his *Orchestral Concerts* this evening. In spite of the fine programme and large audience last time, he was unrewarded for his pains, the extra expenses eating up the receipts. To-night another capital programme. The Fifth Symphony is dear to every music-lover: the overture to *Jessonda* always pleased when played by the Germanians, and has not been heard here since their day. The piano Concerto by Mendelssohn (which will doubtless be well played by Mr. LANG), is not the familiar one in G minor, and will have the charm of novelty as well as beauty. Then there will be the Andante and Minuet (that one which Satter plays so often) by Mozart, and Weber's stirring "Jubilee" overture. Mrs. LONG will sing the beautiful romance from "Tell" and Mr. Balfe's version of "Maud;" and the ever popular violinist SCHULTZE has a solo on Hungarian melodies. It is hard to be cut off with four concerts. The musical public craves more, and Zerrahn himself deserves a brimming benefit after sacrificing himself for us. We trust the artists will volunteer to give him one.... Mrs. J. H. LONG has her Annual Concert on Monday evening, at Mercantile Hall, which surely will be filled. The programme presents a choice variety of German classical, Italian operatic, and English melody. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will contribute some movements from Quintets by Beethoven and Mendelssohn and a Scene (arranged) from *Robert le Diable*; Mr. LANG with the brothers FRIES will play part of Beethoven's fine Trio in C minor. Mr. ADAMS will sing some good Italian pieces; and Mrs. LONG herself offers for her grand selection the famous Scene and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, by Beethoven. She also sings an English song, Verdi's *Non fu sogno*, and in a duet with Mr. Adams.... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give their sixth concert next Tuesday evening. Mr. W. R. BARCOCK, well known as an organist and a sound classical musician, will appear as the pianist, in Beethoven's E flat Trio. Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER will sing the beautiful but too much neglected air: *Dalla sua pace* from "Don Juan;" and the Club will play the best of Mozart's Quintets (that in G minor), and the Quartet by Mendelssohn in C minor.... The Afternoon Concerts will be resumed next Wednesday.—So with all we have enumerated in this paragraph, we have a good musical week before us.

MR. CARL ECKHARDT, it will be seen, announces a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," to take place in a few weeks. The Handel and Haydn Society are also rehearsing it for performance during the season. We hope this feature of their winter's programme will prove less a dream than "Israel in Egypt."

MR. T. P. GROVES, the young Bostonian, who received the first prize for violin playing at the Conservatoire in Brussels, where he had recently given a concert, to which LITOLFF the composer-pianist came on purpose, from Brunswick, to

conduct it. Litoff takes a great interest in young Groves and has thoughts of accompanying him to this country. Mr. Groves played a violin concerto by Litoff, displaying "a firm, sure bowing, a full tone, pure intonation, and a certain noble calmness of manner, which however did not prevent him from exhibiting warmth of feeling."... Dr. LOUIS SPOHR, who must now be over seventy, has met with an accident; on descending the stairs of the reading room of the Cassel Museum, he fell and broke his arm. He has lately retired from public life, after serving as Kapellmeister in Cassel for twenty-five years.

His last appearance as conductor in the orchestra was marked by honorable testimonials to his well-earned popularity. The theatre was crowded on Sunday, the 22d of November (St. Cecilia's day), the evening appointed for the farewell of the Kapellmeister, and *Jessonda* had been chosen for the opera. Spohr was greeted with long and loud applause as he entered the orchestra, his desk and chair were beautifully wreathed with flowers, and as the curtain fell he was loudly called for; the stage was filled with the *corps diplomatique*, and when the great master appeared amongst them, the principal actress pronounced a farewell address, at the close of which she presented a laurel wreath to Spohr. The orchestra played the beautiful march from the symphony "die Weihe der Tone," flowers were showered on the stage from all sides, and thus closed his life of public usefulness.

In New York the Opera was recommenced successfully last Monday evening. So far the pieces have been: for Monday, *I Puritani*; Wednesday, *Don Giovanni*, with Lagrange, D'Angri, Caradori, Gassier, Formes as Leporello, Labocetta, Rocco, &c., and the usual stupendous announcement, of which the *London Musical World* makes much fun; Friday, *Robert le Diable*; this evening, *Ernani*.... MARETZKE prefers the plentiful dollars of Havana to new risks in Philadelphia, New York or Boston, for the present, and by last reports had commenced a new month there. It is stated that our ADELAIDE PHILLIPS had a benefit there, which netted \$2,000. We hope it goes to her.... Dr. GUILMETTE, who sang Elijah here last May, appears in the New York papers with the following extraordinary announcement:

The first Classical Chamber Concert in America, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25, 1858.

Guilmette, the classical Baritone is the beneficiary; Guilmette will have Fry's 11th Quartette; Guilmette will have Henry Cooper to conduct; Guilmette will have Annie Milner to sing; Guilmette will have Charlotte Bird to make her debut; Guilmette will sing Goldbeck's "Mary's Dream"; Guilmette will have the author to accompany it; Guilmette will have three performers from "Eisfeld's Quartette party"; Guilmette will have Wm. A. King to accompany the songs; Guilmette will only charge one dollar, and Guilmette invites all his friends, pupils and admirers at Dodworth's Room, No. 806 Broadway.

If this was the "first classical Chamber Concert in America," may it also be the last!

The American Music Association, established some three years ago in New York, for the encouragement of American composers, has disbanded. It is but a fortnight since it gave a concert, highly praised in the *Tribune*, at which Mr. Cooper, the violinist, assisted, and a list of original compositions, not all by Americans, but by musicians residing in this country, were produced. These included an Anthem: "Hide not thy face," for quartet and chorus, by S. P. Tuckerman, Mus. Doc., ("extremely well written, rigidly within the sanctions of English ecclesiastical music, in good, sober, orthodox harmonies," says Fry); a "Reverie, Twilight," and a "Marche Funebre," for piano, by Richard Hoffmann, (the latter "worthy of any composer in Europe"); an *Ave Maria* by M. Bassini; a Grand Scene and Aria by Labarre, a French composer, ("passionately delivered by Dr. Guilmette"); and a Drinking Chorus, by Thomas Ward. The "American Musical Fund Society" met in New York on the 17th inst., and chose the following officers:—President, U. C. Hill; 1st Vice Pres., Louis Ernst; 2d Vice Pres., J. P. Cooke; Trustees, C. Breusing, A. Reiffen, J. Burke; Directors, D. L. Downing, S. Lasar, B. J. Deane, Geo. Stenz, Ch. Wels; Treasurer, C. Pazzaglia; Register, H. Tissington; Librarian, Thos. Goodwin; Secretary, L. Spier; Honorary Physicians, Dr. J. M. Quinn, Dr. A. Gescheidt.

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On Saturday Evening, February 27th,

On which occasion he will be assisted by

Mrs. J. H. LONG, Soprano,

Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist, and

Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Symphony in C minor (No. 5).....Beethoven
2—Recitative and Romanza from "William Tell,"....Rossini
Mrs. LONG.

3—Concerto (in D minor) for the Piano-Forte, with Orchestral accompaniment,.....Mendelssohn
Mr. LANG.

PART II.

4—Overture: "Jessonda,".....Spohr
5—Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, for the Violin,....Molique
Mr. SCHULTZE.

6—Andante and Minuetto from the Symphony in E flat.
Mozart

7—"Come into the garden, Maud,".....Balfe
Mrs. LONG.

8—Overture: "Jubilee,".....Weber

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SECOND ANNUAL CONCERT

At Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer St.,

On Monday Evening, March 1st, at 7½ o'clock.

On which occasion she will be assisted by

Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Tenor,

Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist, and the

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Quintette in C, op. 29.....Beethoven
First movement, Allegro moderato.

2—Scene and Aria: "Ah! perfido,".....Beethoven
Mrs. Long.

3—Allegro Scherzando and Adagio,.....Mendelssohn
From the Quintette in B flat, No. 2.

4—Cavatina: "L'amor funesto," with Violoncello obbligato,.....Donizetti
Mr. Adams.

5—English Song,.....Horn
Mrs. Long.

PART II.

6—Trio, for Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello, in C minor, op. 1, No. 3,.....Beethoven
Theme with Variations and Scherzo

Messrs. Lang, A. and W. Fries.

7—Cavatina: "Non fu sogno,".....Verdi
Mrs. Long.

8—Grand Scene and Aria from "Robert le Diable," for
Quintette,.....Meyerbeer

9—Duetto: "Ah! morir potessi adesso,".....Verdi
Mrs. Long and Mr. Adams.

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NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Sixth Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Mar. 2d, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Vocalist, and Mr. W. R. BARCOCK, Pianist. Mozart's G minor Quintette; E minor Quartette, by Mendelssohn. Mr. Barcock will play in Beethoven's E flat Trio. Mr. Schraubstadter will sing an Air by Mozart, and two German Songs.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Half Package of Four Tickets, Two Dollars. Single tickets, 75 cents each.

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MR. H. ECKHARDT begs leave to announce to the public of Boston and vicinity that he will give a grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert in the latter part of March or the beginning of April, when he will have the kind assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society and other vocal and instrumental aid, in the performance of the

Hymn of Praise, by Mendelssohn,

first time in Boston, entire with grand Orchestra. This has been rehearsed by the Society for several weeks (as before mentioned in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Feb. 13.) Further particulars of the concert will be duly announced.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Life of an Obscure Musician.*

II.

It has been ascertained, incredible as it may seem, that the goddess of music presided at my birth, and, as is the female fashion on such occasions, pressed a kiss upon my baby lips; but with such intense, vehement affection that she wounded me, and drops of blood were seen to fall to the floor. Whereat those standing by were frightened, and the more resolute severely reproached the goddess for being so careless, so that she took to her wings and disappeared, leaving the ceremonies unfinished. To this mishap I ascribe the innumerable obstacles with which I have continually had to contend, in the endeavor to raise myself to a prominent position in the tone-art, so that I at last succumbed, and resolved to remain in obscurity rather than to continue such Sisyphus labor any longer. The following will show how humbly and unfavorably my career commenced.

* Those of my readers, who are acquainted with the musical institutions of Germany, will no doubt have recognized the boarding music-school, which forms so prominent a feature in our "Obscure Musician's" life, as one of those musical workshops where music is carried on like any craft or trade, the principal or master of the establishment being called *Stadtmusicus*, *Stadtpeifer*, or in some of the larger cities, *Stadt-musicedirector*. These institutions date back to the Middle Age, and in their original functions had as little to do with true Art as the workshop of a sign-painter has to do with the Art of Raphael or Rubens. That they are not all in so bad a condition, especially in the larger cities, as the one mentioned here, is partly proved by the many very able musicians, now scattered over all the world, who passed through such a school; so that, for the sake of the art, one does not know whether to regret or to rejoice that in more recent times they are beginning to sink into oblivion.

But, my brethren in the art and readers in general, you need not fear that I shall overdo my story with sighs and lamentations; for I am long since resigned to my fate, and regard my past life as perfectly objective, as if it did not concern me at all. This enables me to relate the following episode from my life in a cheerful spirit; nay, I am even vain enough to hope to occasionally illumine your faces, dear perusers, with a bit of a smile. Now listen! or, as Madame El Oquenza would say, *Faites attention!*

Two of my brothers, older than myself, were unsuccessful in the attempt to prevail on my mother to let them, like my deceased father, choose music for a profession. They were now placed in a business which was supposed to yield more substantial reward than the divine art. However, fears were entertained for the third boy, who, being very headstrong, seemed determined, cost what it might, to become a musician and nothing else. This was myself. I was now advanced to that age where it is necessary to prepare for the choice of a vocation, and accordingly I was urged by our relatives and friends—my mother had long since got tired of reasoning with me about the matter—to dismiss music from my mind and say what other profession I liked best. They reminded me of the unhappy career of my father as a musician, and of the small chance the fine arts afforded one of becoming a steady citizen and father of a family. They cited our neighbor Mr. Strap as a model of a citizen, as he owned a whole house, inclusive of a smart wife and a dozen children. Or, if I did not like to become a shoemaker, there was Mr. Twist the tailor on the corner below, who was so well off that he had lately sent one of his sons to the university to study law. But the brilliant condition neither of shoemaker nor tailor was powerful enough to tempt me into their ranks, and there remained no other means for my friends but to appeal to my conscience, which they knew was very sensitive. To be sure, when I thought of my mother, and that I caused her so much grief by obstinately refusing to give up the musician, I felt very badly; and my only hope was that by continual entreaties I might yet gain her consent.

There lived at that time in the same house with us a widow lady of Spanish descent, by the name of Madame El Oquenza. She had several grown up daughters, one of whom was betrothed to a musician, a distinguished performer on the flute and composer of light music. When the time appointed for the nuptials drew near, he, with the consent of his betrothed, left for his native city, to arrange matters with his parents, but forgot to come back, and was never heard from.

Madame El Oquenza, nevertheless, had still a great fancy for music, musicians, and anything relating thereto. She was thoroughly initiated into the professional life, and loved nothing better than to talk of it whenever a neighbor could be induced to lend his ear an hour or more. She came several times during the day into our room to see what was going on in our family, and to acquaint us with the news of the day, of which she was better informed than the newspapers. After the news were duly served up, she would give us one or two of her "twice-told tales" about Paganini, Catalani, or some such musical celebrity, which she had got from the above-named flute-player and composer of light music, who probably was also the composer of these stories. It was to her that I applied in my distress, and begged her to exert her influence on my mother in my favor. She had always petted me, and it was, therefore, natural that she tranquilized and comforted me, saying she would manage the matter to my entire satisfaction, I might depend upon it. The next day, when I came home from school, I found her in our room, in the midst of an inspired discourse addressed to my mother and sister, both of whom, as usual, were sewing. She showed them with great clearness how the musical profession was superior to all others, and what riches and honors might be derived from it with only a little labor and frugality. After one year's instruction, said she, I should certainly be able to give lessons myself; and there were many among her acquaintances who had frequently spoken of buying a piano-forte and having their children learn, if they only knew a reliable teacher; these as well as others I was sure to receive for my pupils through her influence, and thus I should earn money enough not only to defray my own expenses, but even to aid those dear to me. At this part of her speech I suddenly interposed, by throwing my arms around my mother's neck, crying: "Yes, mother, surely I will aid you, so that you need not sew another stitch; we will fling all the old needles and twist out of the window, with which you plague yourself from morning till night. And then, how I shall rejoice to accompany, one day, both yourself and Lizzie in a splendid carriage to my own concert, when I shall conduct you up to a front seat, close by the orchestra, expressly prepared and decorated for you with gold and crimson! And how you will feel flattered, seeing me so applauded and honored! O what a beautiful time we shall have!"

To be short, we achieved a complete victory; and in consequence it was resolved to apply at the boarding music-school in our town to learn whether I could find admittance there, this being

thought the cheapest and most convenient way to accomplish our object. Madame El Quenza kindly offered to go in person to the principal and make a contract as advantageous as might be expected from her knowledge and eloquence; which offer, we of course, accepted gratefully. She returned from the mission with a triumphant air to tell us it was all right. At first the principal had made objections, as, according to his statement the number of pupils was complete, and he had no room for any more; but on Madame El Oquenza telling him that I was the smartest boy she ever saw, and that when I was a small child she had observed me frequently to take a sheet of paper, roll it up and play on it as on a clarinet, which looked so funny that she could not help laughing, he finally consented to take me. He wanted me to call on him as soon as possible, that he might find out for what instruments I was best fitted. So I went immediately.

It was with a kind of awe that I approached the house, out of every window of which, from the basement to the roof, were heard the sounds of some instrument practiced by the pupils. High from the topmost story came the shrill tones of clarinets, and flutes, and violins, while from the cellar rose the ponderous sounds of the double-bass and trombone basso. The middle stories resounded with a mixture of tenors, violoncellos, bassoons, horns, and so forth, which strongly resembled a kind of music technically called "cat-music," i. e. music made by the cats at their nocturnal meetings. To me, however, the building as well as the music that emanated from it had a magic charm, because I was so full of anticipation of the time before me, when I myself should occupy a window in the gable and emit strains from my violin or flute into the wide world. I had reflected long before I found myself in the principal's room. He had several gentlemen with him, all of whom were smoking long pipes, so that the room was completely filled with a blue smoke. He asked me first whether it was really my earnest wish to become a musician; which question I of course answered in the affirmative, in the most glowing terms I could command. He then said with emphasis: "If you believe our institution a good place in which to idle away the time, you are greatly mistaken. You will have to practice five or six hours daily, and besides, you are bound to copy music and do some household work, as I may order." This theme was more fully developed by saying that the three youngest pupils had to attend on his person; each having a special office entrusted to him. One was to superintend the pipes: keeping them clean, polished and in good smoking order. Another had the care of the master's wardrobe, to brush the clothes and black the boots every morning, also to sew up small holes and replace a button gone. The third was to attend the horse, the principal taking great delight in equestrian sports. Being myself extremely fond of horseback riding at that time, I asked him if he would be so kind as to appoint me for the steed; but he answered I was too small, he should rather give me the pipes.

This unmusical topic he suddenly dropped, asking me what instrument I liked best.

"I love the violin and flute the best," was my reply.

"Well," he resumed, "you may choose them

both, and perhaps you will have to learn others too, according as the arrangement of our orchestra shall require. But one of these instruments you must consider your principal one, and to perfect yourself on that must be your chief care."

One of the gentlemen present, noticing my small stature and childlike appearance, cried out laughingly: "Give him the doublebass, he is just the man for it; ha, ha, ha!" and then asked me to pass him the spittoon.

The conversation ended with my being informed that I should remain still a year with my mother till I was above fourteen. In the meantime I should receive instruction from one of the most advanced pupils, so that, when I entered the institution as a regular member, I might be able to take part at once in the orchestral performances. The principal condescended to teach me the notes himself. For this purpose he gave me a large written book, which commenced with the system of notation and ended with a goodly number of waltzes, Ecossaises, etc., and some old tunes, among which, that favorite one: "Sweet moon, thou walkest so silently," was uppermost. He told me to come every Sunday morning, before church, to his house, when he would spend fifteen minutes with me in the explanation of those characters and signs which till then seemed hieroglyphics to me. I wondered how those crotchets and quavers, those sharps and flats, encircled by innumerable dots, strokes, squares and angles, looking like a flock of wild geese in the clouds on a picture, could ever represent such sweet, harmonious music as the player drew out from them, and I was delighted that the time had now come when this all should be as clear to me as sunlight.

When, therefore, Sunday came, I put on my best jacket, combed my hair finely, and made everything as nice as if I were going to a birth-day party; then I took that ominous big book under my arm and went to receive the first lesson in music. The first lesson in music! What hopes, what ex—, but I shall not stop to indulge in reflections, tempting as the occasion may be.

As I walked over the streets in the stillness of that Sunday morning, it seemed to me as if the whole town had become changed since yesterday; as if it had washed and dressed itself as nicely as myself. Presently the bells of one church began to toll, then of another, and so on, till all the streets resounded with their silvery music. Between the houses I got a peep at the blue sky, and I wished that I had wings to fly up for a moment to bathe my head a little in those sunbeams which played so quietly on the roofs of the houses. I continued my way absorbed in this sweet reverie, when I beheld my playmate and bosom friend, Tom Cryer, unwashed and uncombed, coming up the street in great haste, and with much noise, to meet me. But as soon as he approached I cast an indignant look at him, sharp enough to pierce his very soul, and then walked on with a proud and solemn step. He stopped and followed me with his eyes for a distance, and finally I heard him laugh outright, which, in the exalted state of mind I was in, appeared very disturbing and entirely out of place. I felt greatly inclined to throw my book down, run after him, and rub his ears a little; but solemn as the occasion was, I deemed it more proper to scorn his laughter; and, to vex him, walked still a little more erect.

A few Sundays sufficed to become thoroughly acquainted with the notes, signs of rest, and so forth. I was now consigned to the care of one of the pupils, who was to give me instruction on the violin, two lessons a week, on days and at hours always to be appointed by him, as his school and household duties might permit. But Carl Sting was by no means a faithful teacher to me. He knew perfectly well that he could do as he pleased, since the principal, being what the French call a *bon vivant*, was the whole long day after his pleasures, and never cared for the pupils, unless he wanted them for his business. So, when I came in the afternoon, at the appointed hour, to take my lesson, I generally found my worthy instructor stretched at full length on the bed, and snoring like a bassoon. Being afraid to encounter his anger by rousing him, I used to ask one of the other boys, a special friend of mine, to come in with the trumpet, and blow Carl Sting up. My friend was never slow to comply with my request, and putting his trumpet close to the sleeper's ear, would play a flourish with such force as made one think the instrument must burst like an overloaded gun. This always had the effect that Carl jumped instantaneously on his feet, but in such a rage that he would have broken both the player and his trumpet to pieces, had the other not been stronger than himself. Thus disturbed in his favorite recreation, he continued to be morose and angry during the lesson, and it may be supposed that he did not handle me very gently.

In spite of this irregular, bad instruction I made rapid progress, so that, when my year of probation was finished, and I entered the institution as a regular pupil, I was considered one of the best players in the house. I became, however, soon aware that this was no place for me; and had it not been for the infinite love I bore to music, I would have run away at the earliest convenience. Not only that little or no instruction was given, but there were not even places enough where we could practice. Especially during the winter season, when it was too cold in the entries, garrets, cellars, and similar holes, of which we availed ourselves in mild weather, we were all crowded into one room, the only one we had. We then divided the day equally amongst us, so that each received an hour, or less, for practice. Rather a scanty allowance for those who, like myself, were burning with the desire for progress! Fortunately, or unfortunately, there were some for whom this short time, even, was too much, and I availed myself of their indolence, and copied music for them, or blacked their boots, for which they cheerfully relinquished their time to me, so that on many a day I obtained three to four hours in this way.

I have to remark that in our school only orchestral instruments were learned; however, we were permitted the use of the principal's pianoforte for practice early in the morning, before any one of his family rose, if we had money to take instruction elsewhere, or were clever enough to teach ourselves. There was no one who made use of this privilege, except myself. Before five o'clock in the morning, when my fellow pupils still dreamed of hearty dinners—a phantom which day and night floated before their mind—I played, myself, at the piano-forte, with scales and exercises; and I am glad to this day that I did.

Before I quit the music school altogether, in

which I remained five years, exclusive of the year of probation, I will relate an incident illustrative of that envy and jealousy which is said to be inseparable from the musical profession, be the sphere ever so humble wherein the artists move.

Some years after I entered the institution as a regular member, I noticed that Carl Sting, who as stated above, gave me the first lessons on the violin, cherished ill feelings towards me. The cause could easily be guessed. Ambitious as he was, it troubled him that one several years his junior had so soon overtaken him, not only on the violin, but on other instruments, and in the theory of music. Especially did he envy me my talent for composition, in which he himself was entirely wanting. The amateur club in our town had at several times publicly performed little pieces of mine, so that I felt encouraged to try my hand on higher forms. An overture for small orchestra was next finished. The parts were copied from the score, and safely deposited in my port-folio, when the long wished-for rehearsal, where it should be tried, was at last to take place. I took my port-folio under my arm and hastily started, as was already a little behind time. On the haste I made a misstep and fell, which opened the port-folio so that the parts of my overture were scattered all over the floor. I immediately collected them and glancing with my eyes over the first violin-part found that it was full of ink-spots made in the attempt to scratch out the right, genuine notes, and to substitute counterfeit ones. My consternation was indescribable, when on further examination I found all the parts thus deformed, which, had the piece been played in this state, would have sounded horribly. I at once knew the author of this mischief, and my anger was so great that I could not restrain my tears. However, I resolved to keep the whole occurrence a secret till I had repaired the damage. This could be done, as meanwhile word arrived that the rehearsal was postponed to the next day. So, if I remained up all night I had sufficient time to copy the parts once more.

Several pieces were already tried when I was told to distribute my Overture. Carl Sting, who played first violin with me, stood there full of anticipation of the pleasure he should soon enjoy when the horrible harmonies with which he had disfigured my piece, should make their appearance. However, unable to master my indignation any longer, I addressed the members of the orchestra, before we commenced, in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, you are perhaps not aware that the fiend has come amongst us in the shape of a musician. Look at him—there he stands, fiddle in hand! True to his nature, he delights in heart-and ear-rending harmonies; wherefore he has transformed my inoffensive overture into a piece of music mad enough to excite the stern features of his famous grandpapa himself to a broad grin. But my good genius gave me warning in time. His black design of holding me up to ridicule and mockery has been frustrated, though it has cost me the hard labor of copying all the parts anew. Verily I say there is retribution. One vice begets another. Let him continue his path and he will soon reap the fruits of his iniquity."

Sting endeavored to smile, plainly betraying the anger he felt at the ill success of his mean

trick, which dashed him into the very pit he had dug for me. A scornful laughter from the whole orchestra greeted him instantly, and some members of the club proposed to go in person to the principal and see to it that he was deservedly punished; which offer I, however, declined, knowing the brutality our master was likely to give way to when once incensed. Thus the German proverb was strikingly illustrated in this case, which says: *Wer Andern eine Grube gräbt, fällt selbst hinein* (He who digs a pit for others, falls into it himself).

ADOLAR.

A Managerial "Message."

Mr. Ullman's frank and intimate communications to the dear public, since he has managed Operatic matters in New York, are pleasant enough sometimes to stand on record. Here is the last, which appears this week:

Academy of Music—The "Huguenots"—A Few Words to the Public.

I have given you the longest and most brilliant season of grand opera that has ever taken place in America. I have had to struggle against greater obstacles than any other manager. I allude to the late financial revulsion. The direction of the opera has always involved great risks under the most prosperous circumstances; you can, therefore, easily imagine how much I had to work to achieve the gratifying result I have obtained, in spite of a monthly outlay of over \$25,000, occasioned through the production of so many grand and comparatively new operas by a company so numerous and costly.

In bringing out the "Huguenots" in the style which will distinguish the work, I have taxed my resources to the utmost. The new scenery and dresses alone cost over \$6,000, and the general expenses of extra chorus, extra orchestra and extra rehearsals will swell this amount to fully \$10,000. This exceeds, by many thousands of dollars, the largest sum ever expended on any opera given in this country.

From present appearances, and the actual inquiries for seats and boxes, even before the day of the first performance is definitely fixed, there is no doubt that this opera will attract immense audiences for many nights; but however full the houses may be, I cannot make my expenses at present prices, and I cannot but lose by my attempt to bring out a celebrated opera in a style fully equalling that of the first opera house in Europe.

Will you permit this? Assuredly not, or I am greatly mistaken in the proverbial liberality of the New Yorkers.

Every manager has been in the habit of taking one or more benefits during the season. For reasons, which it would be too long to detail, I consider this custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. I intend appealing to the public in another, and what I believe to be a more rational shape.

I request the public to pay, on such nights when the "Huguenots" is given, \$1.50 for the admission ticket, instead of \$1, as on other nights. This is a mere trifle to every individual person, but it will be a substantial assistance to me, which must bring me, in the aggregate, a clear gain of \$5,000.

Do you think I have some claim upon you? Will you pay the price, and will you do so cheerfully? You have done so for Sontag, Alboni, Mario and Grisi, and the old and worn out operas they have appeared in.

The price for a decent place to see the "Huguenots" in Paris is \$3, in London \$5. Those who go to see the "Huguenots" at the Academy will perhaps find a superior performance.

I shall risk the experiment, at all events, on the first night. Should this moderate increase of prices, for this occasion only, prove objectionable, I shall abandon it, and bow to your decision.

To those who know me, I need not assure that every cent thus obtained will be faithfully em-

ployed by me towards making next winter's season still more brilliant than that which will expire in a few weeks. I have been honored by an unanimous vote of the directors and stockholders of the Academy of Music with an extension of my present lease of one year to one of four years, and thus encouraged, I can safely promise you for next winter a succession of brilliant operas, got up in a style fully equalling that which can only be found in an European opera house enjoying a large subvention by government.

B. ULLMAN.

MUSIC IN NEW ORLEANS.—It is so rare a thing to see, in the Northern papers, and in particular the musical press of the North, any recognition of the fact that we have any thing in the way of music, here in New Orleans, worth noticing, that when we do find an allusion of the kind, we deem it sufficiently notable to acknowledge it.

Dwight's Journal of Music, (Boston,) of the 30th ult., says, "while in other cities the opera has but a fitful existence—in New Orleans it seems to have attained quite a permanent foothold. In looking over the musical notices of the *Picayune*, for the last three months, we are struck with the variety, excellence and number of works, which have been performed at the Theatre d'Orleans." The list given by Dwight is quite incomplete. Besides the eight thereon, (and, by the by, the *Les Amours du diable*, we would state is by Grisar, a cotemporary composer,) the following operas have been given, already, this season: Adam's *Chalet* and *Si j'étais roi*; Halévy's *Juive*; Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, and Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*; and within a few days we are to have Verdi's *Ernani*; Rossini's *Moise*, and Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*—making in all, seventeen operas, (besides dramatic performances once a week,) and the season not half complete.

Our Boston cotemporary notices the fact, too, that in addition to its opera, New Orleans has a "Classic Music Society," and calls the performances with which it commenced its season's series of concerts an "almost unrivaled programme."

So, now that we are officially and complimentarily recognized as having some pretensions in a musical way, we may "go on our way rejoicing."—*Picayune*, Feb. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A word in reply to Dr. Zopff's Protest.

In the number of this Journal dated Feb. 13, appeared: "A word in conclusion to the Characteristics of Weber and Mendelssohn," by Dr. Zopff, in which he protests against the tenor of two articles in Nos. 285 and 289, the latter copied from the *London Musical World*. The editor in introducing the Doctor's concluding word has already called his attention to the strange mistake he made by confounding the Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn. This at least, if not the articles themselves, so widely different in style and expression, would be sufficient testimony, that the undersigned, who is known by some to be the author of the essay on Weber, has no concern whatever with the other article, wherein Dr. Zopff's "Characteristics of Mendelssohn" are attacked. The Dr.'s business is, accordingly, with the *London Musical World*, and I should not have considered myself called upon to take up the pen, but for some observations which he makes with reference to my essay on Weber.

Dr. Zopff says he has sought in vain for a refutation of his judgments in my article;—and later, that it "completed his elucidation on Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner." To this I reply, that I had no intention either to refute his judgments, or to complete his elucidation. If I have done the latter, it has been unconsciously, and the Dr. may take it as he likes; but to presume the former to have been my purpose is what I must protest

against. History has long since assigned to Weber his due place. The period to which he belongs is passed; and whatever may be said about him is of little consequence. It is different with Mendelssohn, who may be said to have founded a school of his own, and who still is the object of contention and party strife; so that Heaven knows when he will be placed where he justly belongs and be suffered to rest quietly. But there are many more reasons for which I deemed it superfluous to undertake a refutation of Dr. Zopff's judgments, which reasons, however, it is unnecessary to state here.

Dr. Zopff further protests against an assertion which he has found in my article, namely: "*such investigations are of no use*," and proceeds, at some length, to show the necessity to form and guide, by sound criticism, the taste and artistic consciousness of the public. I do not know whether the Dr. reads English well; if so, he has in this instance, read somewhat carelessly. My language literally was: "*Such investigations may sometimes prove useful, but in the present case I do not believe that much is gained by trying one's magnifying glasses on a composer who, etc.*" No one can be more convinced than myself, that criticism is indispensable; and he who performs this function with due regard to the responsibility he has taken upon himself, is justly entitled to the gratitude both of the artists and the public.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 18.—Before I proceed to say anything about the Teatro Ferdinando, the grandest opera house in Florence, I must inform you of the lamentable circumstance, which has called down upon me the wrath (but temporary, I trust), of the Cara Padrona, to whom I have alluded in a previous letter. You must know that it is customary for lodgers at the different houses to buy a key, if they wish to be out late in the evening, or pay a trifle extra for the inconvenience they cause in keeping some one up to let them in. As I wished to be out to the opera almost every night, a mis-directed economy induced me to buy a key. Alas! on what slight events depend weighty consequences!

I bought the key and used it with success for three consecutive nights, each time congratulating myself on my far-seeing economy. One night in particular, on returning from the Goldoni, my self-complacent thoughts found vent in words, and I said to myself, (I had nobody else to say it to,) that whatever might be my faults, no one could accuse me of not exhibiting a prudent foresight, that eminently fitted me for the post of Secretary of the Treasury on the resignation of the present incumbent. Indeed I was so satisfied with my own penetration and economical polity, that it was some time before I could get asleep, and at last I was fain to have recourse to a copy of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, containing a long letter signed "Trovator." I carry this with me as a narcotic, and when I find it difficult to throw myself into the arms of the balmy, as Swiveller would say, I peruse this communication. I need not assure you that it never fails to have a mesmerizing effect, and on this occasion, as on others, I was fast asleep before I had read half of the article.

The next morning a curious—a very curious circumstance occurred. I could not find my key. I looked high and low for it, but in vain. I turned over the bed, and looked between mattresses. I searched under the stove. I examined drawers

that I had never before thought of opening in my life. I inspected the interior of the Refractory Piano. I groped wildly about in dark corners; the key was nowhere to be found. So when the Padrona appeared with my breakfast, in the morning, I said to my excellent Ganymede:—

"Cara Padrona, have you seen my night-key?"

The Cara Padrona had not seen my night-key, and added that she hoped I had not lost it.

I scouted the idea. To lose a night-key! That would be a curious notion indeed; and then I added playfully, that I would be in a pretty pickle if I had lost my night-key, though the Lord only knows how wretched and guilty I felt all the time. The Padrona then asked me quietly if I was *sure* I had not lost it. I replied with alacrity that I could n't possibly have lost the key, you know, but that somehow or other it was—I did not know—yes, it was not—I couldn't exactly lay my hand on it just then.

At this the gentle countenance of the Padrona assumed a shade of severity, and she asked me where I had it last. At this question I put my finger on the side of my nose, and pondered, and then moved my finger to my forehead, and pondered again, in the attitude which Washington Irving assumes in the prints we see in book-stores, and then I took my finger again to the side of my nose, and after a third attack of pondering, I said slowly:—

"I think, Cara Padrona—yes, Mia Cara Padrona—I am quite certain, La Mia Cara Padrona—that I had the key late last night when I came home from the opera."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Padrona, in a voice that startled me, "I hope you did not leave it in the key-hole on the outside of the door when you came in!"

"Cara, Cara Padrona," I replied, with anguish depicted upon my countenance, "do not agitate yourself. It is hardly probable a person of sense would leave his night-key in the key-hole on the outside of the door. Now is it? I ask you as a Christian and a brother, is it probable?" Then I treated the affair as a facetious sally of the Padrona's, and I laughed and said, Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho! and declared that it was really *too* funny—to leave a key in the outer key-hole! Who ever heard of such a thing?

The Cara Padrona had heard of just such a thing. She had a lodger, she said—an *American*, she added, with bitter emphasis—in the fall of 1849—was it 1849, or was it 1850, she was not quite sure, and it might have been '48, but whenever it was, he left his key outside of the door one night, and, sir, he was obliged at his own expense to have an entire new lock put upon the great front door, and provide a new set of keys for all the lodgers, sixteen in number. And after saying this, the Padrona sailed majestically out of the apartment, leaving me petrified with horror.

I will not dilate upon the particulars of that awful day. A general search was made in my apartment by the Padrona, aided by two Italian maid-servants, but the key was not forthcoming. To add to my misery, I suffered from twinges of conscience, for after much reflection in the Washington Irving attitude, I had come to the conclusion that the supposition of the Padrona had been founded on fact, and that I had really left the key

on the outside of the door. Indeed, I as much as confessed it to the Padrona. She was human, and proud of her own shrewdness in having first suspected the facts of the case. She was so pleased at finding her opinions coincided in, that the fierceness of her wrath subsided, and she became melancholy and plaintive, and related an anecdote about a family in a neighboring street, who were recently awakened from their sleep by hearing a voice, and on rising they found four men in masks packing up the goods and chattels of the said family, previously to abducting the said goods and chattels, and appropriating them to their own use. As it was, they made their escape, carrying with them the cover of an iron pot, three coffee-cups, one pewter spoon, and a gridiron. These and other lamentable histories so worked upon my imagination that I assured the Padrona I would immediately follow the example of my American predecessor, and have a new lock and keys procured. The Padrona was very sorry I should be put to the expense, but every moment was of importance, and she knew, she said, no peace of mind until it was done, for under the present state of circumstances a whole army of men in masks could be admitted by the finder of the key, and they would perhaps take off her choicest plants.

Now if the Padrona has a weakness, it is her collection of plants. She has in her little back yard an assortment of the most remarkable objects in flower-pots that you ever beheld. Geraniums, cacti, rose-bushes, lilacs, are there, but all in the most decrepit and forlorn state that it is possible for them to be in. Indeed, the whole yard seems only like an hospital for aged, indigent, and infirm plants. Yet on these arboriferous and floral Calvin Edsons the Padrona bestows the most unremitting care, frequently wrapping them up in cloths, in bits of carpets, in cushions, in old pillows, etc., to preserve them from the winter's cold, which even in Florence is quite severe. I have discovered a mode of appeasing her on those rare occasions when she is wrathful, by making votive offerings of the cushions of my sofa, and sacrificing at the shrine of these dilapidated plants my table-cloths and my superannuated woolen stockings. The Padrona is to be won through her hobby, though at the time of the key catastrophe I was not aware of this fact.

The Padrona offered to send for a locksmith, but my principles of far-seeing economy prevailing, I decided to engage that functionary myself; for I argued inwardly that the Padrona, not having a direct pecuniary interest in the matter, would not take pains to explain to the locksmith that it was necessary for him to do the job at a very reasonable price, or she would engage some one else. So I called on the locksmith myself, but I not being an adept at the Italian tongue, that personage could not exactly grasp my meaning. But he assured me that he would do the work so reasonably that I should want to pay him double, and we separated with only this indefinite arrangement.

I will not dwell upon the sequel of this melancholy history. Suffice it to say that the work was done, the new keys, eight in number, (I had expected there would be sixteen,) provided, and then the locksmith brought me a bill that was beyond all reason. I remonstrated and appealed to the Padrona, but as she had not engaged the

locksmith she was powerless, and I was obliged to pay what I knew to be double the usual charge. The Padrona also cast a barbed arrow into my bosom by assuring me that, had I allowed her to make the arrangements, I should have saved half my money.

But on returning to my room in no enviable frame of my mind, I felt a gloomy thirst for vengeance, and, having with my usual close observation of men and manners, noticed that the heroes in operas, when actuated by a similar motive, cry at the top of the staff—"Ah! mia vendetta!" I repeated this phrase several times, and in different keys, with a gratifying effect. I also seated myself at the Refractory Piano, and performed an extempore bravura aria on the word *vendetta*. My modesty only allows me to say that this production was startling; but the effect was somewhat marred by my singing in A flat, to an accompaniment in G major. Yet this was not enough. So I seized an opera libretto, and glanced over its pages for a suitable vehicle by which to express the ire that raged within. Now it is a remarkable fact that, take any libretto of any modern Italian opera, and you will find on every page a string of ejaculations, expressive of hate, rage, scorn, vengeance, ire, and similar pleasant emotions. I had taken up *Attila*, and almost the first thing my eyes fell upon was the phrase of the King—"Oh! mia rabbia! Oh! mio scorno!" It was the very thing I wanted. If the locksmith had a human heart he would feel my sting. So I rushed to the window and called to the Padrona, who was in the yard below, engaged in wrapping a bolster around the stem of an invalid geranium.

"Padrona!" I cried, "will you have the goodness to tell the Signor Locksmith that the only sentiments I entertain towards him are those of *rabbia* and *scorno*!"

The Padrona promised to convey my message, and my wrath having escaped through this safety-valve, I gradually subsided into that mild and amiable nature that you know under the signature of

TROVATOR.

P. S. NOTA BENE. It was my intention in the foregoing letter to describe the chief opera house of Florence. If I have allowed the recital of my private woes to interfere with public weal, and sacrificed the Teatro Ferdinando to the Story of a Night-Key, I trust the afflicting circumstances of my position will atone for the course I have taken.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. FEB. 23.—While so much is being said and written on the subject of Church Music, so many admirable theories advanced, so much grumbling among church committees and church choirs, it is really cheering to be able to point to one living, active, tangible example of what all will agree to be genuine church music. It is the aim of all those who rightly understand the matter, to make the singing in our places of worship on the Sabbath, as much a *part* of the worship as the prayer or sermon. I know of no place where this has been so satisfactorily accomplished as in the Society of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church.

If any one doubts the efficiency or the practicability of Congregational singing, let them attend Mr. Beecher's church one day, and their doubts will vanish. I have repeatedly heard persons not particularly susceptible to musical im-

pressions, express themselves greatly pleased, and in some cases they would be deeply moved while listening to the singing in Plymouth Church. It is emphatically *Congregational singing*. You can hear voices from every part of the house. Some of the tunes selected are much more generally known than others, and consequently more will be found to sing these, than others less known, but Mr. Beecher makes his selections with reference to all his congregation singing, so that no tunes are selected which the majority cannot sing.

The regular choir consists of about twenty members, led by Professor Raymond of the Polytechnic Institute. Their voices lead off in good time, and never allow the time to drag, though the congregation have now become so used to the tunes and the manner of singing, that the services of the choir might almost be dispensed with. The book used is of course the Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes, which I suppose may be considered the best book of the kind yet published, but it is far from being all that such a book ought to be. Dr. Mason is now engaged in preparing a Congregational Hymn and Tune Book, which will be published next Fall or latter part of the Summer, and no doubt it will be just what is wanted. Certainly no man in this country is more competent both from experience and the ample resources at his command, than Dr. Mason, to produce such a book. But those who think that all will be done that need be done when they get a book containing the hymns and tunes for the congregation to use, or a choir to lead, and that then of course they will have congregational singing, will probably find that but a small part of the labor is done. This, of course, applies more specially to those churches where quartet choirs have prevailed. I do not believe it possible to introduce congregational singing into but a small proportion of our churches, but let us do all we can to accomplish a result so much to be desired, however few the number may be.

In New York the Academy of Music is open again, and the season has commenced auspiciously. Among the novelties we are to have W. H. Fry's *Leonora*, which is looked for with much interest, as it is so long since it has been given in this country, that it is quite new to the present public.

BELLINI.

MANCHESTER, N. H. FEB. 25.—We have not been favored this winter with a visit from any of the stars from the musical firmament, but we have had some good concerts from our home talent. The Cornet Band has given three public concerts, which were very satisfactory and well attended. Mr. E. T. Baldwin has also given four Chamber Concerts, the music being mostly classical. These soirées of Mr. Baldwin's have been a source of more gratification to me, musically, than I supposed I could enjoy this side of Boston. The programme for last Tuesday evening was a rich one, and, for the most part, well performed. The entertainment opened brilliantly with an overture from Auber, which was followed by selections, vocal and instrumental, from Beethoven, Mozart, Donizetti, Balfe, Bishop, and a very few pieces of a lighter character. A quartet by Mozart (in D, No. 5, for piano, violin, viola and violoncello,) was very well executed, though some parts might have been improved; the second movement

gave excellent satisfaction. A quintet by Bishop, "Daughter of Error," was beautifully sung, and received a hearty *encore*. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" was exquisitely rendered, and I am confident would have been considered so by a Boston audience.

These soirées of classical music have been highly appreciated by a small audience, and though they have not been remunerative, we hope Mr. Baldwin will be encouraged to continue his efforts to introduce a high order of music. The fact that such a programme was performed mostly by his own pupils, speaks well of his ability and success as a teacher.

N. M. J.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 6, 1858.

CONCERTS.

ORCHESTRAL.—Another capital concert from CARL ZERRAHN! It was the fourth and last of his subscription series, and more nearly filled the Music Hall with listeners on Saturday evening, than either of the three preceding. It opened with that Symphony by which most among our music-lovers were first awakened (many of us twenty years ago) to a sense of the glories of the wondrous world of instrumental music, and which still remains one of the two or three most dear and ever fresh and wonderful of any, notwithstanding that we have heard it scores of times and grown familiar in the mean time with all the other Symphonies of its composer, as well as with the best of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Gade and the rest—the inspired and all-inspiring Symphony in C minor (No. 5) by Beethoven. We have nothing new to say about it, except that its most familiar strains were still found pregnant with new beauties, and that the perfect unity and power and progress of the whole, making each successive movement follow by an inward poetic necessity, till the whole is crowned in glory with the sublime march in the Finale, thus typifying the struggle and the triumph of an earnest life,—are of course more and more apparent with each new hearing under favorable conditions. The orchestra of thirty was too small for the full realization of such grand conceptions, as we all know; but no one blames the concert-giver; he will be too happy to provide as many players as the public calls for by signs unequivocal. But we cannot agree with those who say give us a grand orchestra, with full complement of strings, or let the Symphonies alone until you can. We sincerely wish such criticism may hasten the arrival of the orchestra of sixty; but meanwhile we much prefer to hear the Symphonies revived as frequently as possible, even by a small orchestra, rather than go without them. We do not see the philosophy of lying down to starve to death, because the feast cannot be furnished forth upon so grand a scale as the imagination craves. Besides it is a truth, found in the experience of many, that great tone-poems like the Fifth Symphony, reveal their intentions marvellously well sometimes even when scantily embodied in material sound, and that a small orchestra may at any rate recall very vividly the mind's impression of the essential features of a composition. For in all delights of hearing does not

the *mind* meet the intention of the music half way? and is not that poor music, devoid of the poetic life and soul of music, which does not quicken the mind's apprehension in thus to meet it? Besides, an earnest lover will make every imperfect representation, every hint or suggestion of a great work of music help him towards a more and more perfect acquaintance with the whole; or, if he already knows it well, if he has had its full meaning flashed upon him in the broad sunshine of a grand performance, then the less perfect rendering serves at least the end of a review; and without occasional reviews these fine spiritual possessions do take wings and fly away.

The Symphony, for such an orchestra, was well performed. We could have wished tones truer and more sympathetic sometimes in the brass, and a more clear and certain utterance of the theme at the first start. Those three notes (of "Fate knocking at the door," as Beethoven said) had not, the first time, quite the right accent, nor were the instruments perfectly together. Schindler says that Beethoven, in explaining the tempo of those first five bars, required that they should be played much more slowly than had been (or still is) usual. We have always felt that there was reason in this. The little theme—or rather *motive*—scarcely arrests the ear at first unless enunciated with a certain deliberate emphasis, and that precision of accent (such that the phrase cannot be taken for a triplet) which is more easily secured in a moderate tempo. Then, when the mind has once fairly seized the theme, and after the hold on the last note and the pause, the *Allegro con brio* can start off at unbridled speed, repeating and re-echoing the little phrase, which is the key to the whole movement, without danger of its importance being under-estimated. This treatment, to be sure, involves one awkwardness when we come to the repeat; but we should like to hear it tried.

While listening to the Scherzo, following its wild movement through that wonderful, mysterious transition out into the full blaze of the triumphal march, we could not but smile to be reminded of a criticism upon that passage which we read in a recent work on Beethoven by Oulibicheff, the Russian biographer of Mozart, who knows Mozart so well and writes of him so glowingly and truly, but who does not know Beethoven, and resolves the mysteries (to him) of all but his earlier works, not even excepting the fifth Symphony, into insanity! He cites this very passage from the Scherzo to the March, this wonderful and most expressive passage, which so excites the mind with expectation of great things to come, as an example to his purpose. He takes the passage out of its connection, out of all poetic relations with the whole thought and progress of the music, and tells us here are forty-four bars of mere un-music, indefinite and aimless sounds; "forty-four measures destitute of aught that can in the remotest degree remind one of any melody, any harmony or any rhythm!" And then he asks us: "Is this music? Yes or no?" What says a Boston audience?—But we must pass to other features of the programme.

The Andante and Minuet from Mozart's E flat Symphony were in charming contrast with other things, and highly relished. For these the orchestra was not too small. Spohr's fresh, ingenious and sparkling overture to *Jessonda* was a pleasant

reminiscence of old "Germania" times; and Weber's "Jubilee" overture made a superb close. Mendelssohn's piano-forte Concerto in D minor is full of beauty and artistic merit, but not so striking and so interesting in its ideas as the more familiar Concerto in G minor. It opens with simple grandeur in the orchestra, but the leading theme of the first movement seems a little tame and sickly; the treatment, however, of the whole is masterly; and the way in which the three last notes of the as it were impromptu cadenza, with which the Allegro ends, are then deliberately adopted for an entering phrase to the Andante, is quite felicitous. The Andante is lovely, and reminds one, where the piano-forte comes in, both in melody, in the accompaniment, and in the key itself, of Beethoven's *Adelaide*—only a passing suggestion, though. The Presto Finale is the most original and witching movement of the whole. The piano part was played with great artistic neatness and facility by Mr. B. J. LANG; his chief want seemed to be that of power of tone; many of the rapid figures we could not distinctly hear; especially of some passages for the left hand we were not sure that we heard them at all; but it was on the whole a graceful, a conscientious and most praise-worthy performance for so young a player, placed for the first time in so formidable a position.

Mr. SCHULTZE's Violin fantasia on some of those piquant Hungarian melodies, was beautifully executed and encored furiously, but in vain. Mrs. J. H. LONG never appears to more advantage than in that beautiful recitative and romanza from "William Tell;" and this time, although recent illness impaired something of the freshness of her voice, she rendered the broad and noble periods of the melody with true and beautiful expression, while an occasional high tone was sustained with exquisite purity and sweetness. Nor did the rich and suggestive instrumentation suffer. Her second piece, Balfe's song: "Come into the garden, Maud," is too Balfe-ish, too *maud-lin*, in its sweetishness to be worthy of Tennyson. And by a strange coincidence the singer's voice and style seemed somehow to have parted with their finer qualities in parting with the finer music. But a ballad is the thing to take the crowd, and cruelly this time, considering the condition of the lady, was the right of the encore enforced.

MRS. LONG'S ANNUAL CONCERT drew out the largest audience that Mercantile Hall could hold, in spite of stormy weather. The occasion but confirmed the popularity of perhaps the most accomplished vocalist who lives among us. The hall is not very good for sound; a certain lack of resonance and deadness could not be quite overcome. The excellent selections by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, although finely rendered, suffered from this cause: especially the first (which is also the best) movement from Beethoven's Quintet in C, and the most pathetic Adagio and the half ballad-like, half elfin Allegro Scherzando from Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat. Their *arranged* Quintet, with flute and clarinet taking the melody, from a Scena and Aria in *Robert le Diable*, was more effective and very pleasing of its kind. Mr. LANG with the brothers FRIES renewed the delightful impression of a part of Beethoven's early Trio in C minor, namely the Theme with variations and Scherzo. The same young pianist also proved his skill and tact in the nice matter of accompanying some of the vocal pieces.

Mrs. LONG placed us under obligation by the pro-

duction of so famous a piece, so full of dramatic fire and contrast, as Beethoven's Italian Scena and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, which she delivered with great power and with finished style. She seemed to sing it with a will, as if she had added a real treasure to her repertoire; and we must place it among her happiest efforts. The lovely cantabile: *Per pietà, non dir mi addio* was sung with beautiful expression (and how finely its melody suited the clarinet in the very effective Quintet accompaniment they had arranged for it!), while the impassioned parts before and after gave full scope to her dramatic energy. A certain hardness in some tones must have been owing in great part to the aforesaid deadening influence of the room. With this conspired a strangely talkative and restless disposition of a portion of the audience, who came in late—evidently concert-goers of the class who like the singers and care little for the music.

We do not think the true forte of Mrs. Long lies in the singing of English songs and ballads, though she gave much pleasure by her singing of "Cherry Ripe" by Horn, and of "Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee," in answer to a recall. She seems more herself in larger music. Verdi's *Non fu sogno* displayed her bravura execution to advantage. In the "Ernani" duet: *Ah! morir*, her voice blended very sweetly with the tenor of Mr. ADAMS, and it was most delicately sung. Mr. Adams, in his cavatina: *L'amor funesto*, sang sweetly as usual, but with less than his usual firmness of tone; we trust the *tremolo* is not becoming chronic, for such a tenor is a treasure.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The sixth concert was a fine one and consisted of the following selections:

- 1—Quintet in G minor, No. 3.....Mozart
- Allegretto—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Allegro.
- 2—Aria from Don Giovanni, "Dalla sua pace,".....Mozart
- Mr. Schraubstaedter.
- 3—Piano Trio, in E flat, No. 1, op. 1.....Beethoven
- Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
- Messrs. Babcock, Meisel and Wulf Fries.
- 4—Fantasia and Variations for Clarinet, on a Theme by
- Danzl, op. 81.....L. Spohr
- Thos. Ryan.
- 5—Songs: "Die Rose," from "Zemir and Azor,".....Spohr
- "Gondolier Song,".....Lindner
- Mr. Schraubstaedter.
- 6—Quartet, in E minor, No. 2, op. 44.....Mendelssohn
- Allegro appassionato—Scherzo—Andante—Finale, Presto
- agitato.

The strings blended well this time, and did good justice to the admirable compositions which commenced and closed the entertainment. That Quintet in G minor is one of the finest creations of Mozart's genius. What heavenly depth of feeling, what exquisite beauty in that Adagio with muted strings! And what rare invention, which could successfully follow up one long Adagio with another, introductory to the last Allegro! The pianist announced for the evening, Mr. BABCOCK, having sprained his hand, could not appear, and Mr. J. C. D. PARKER kindly volunteered at the last hour to play the Trio, which he did in a most artistic and acceptable manner. He is continually improving. Mr. SCRAUBSTAEDTER sang the beautiful tenor air from "Don Juan," almost never heard upon the stage, with excellent expression, only marred by the hardness of his voice in certain notes. The little German songs were beautiful and very nicely rendered.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The last two Afternoon Concerts have been very largely attended, and the music gives good satisfaction. The programmes were these:

(Fifth Concert, Feb. 17.)

- 1—Symphony No. 1.....Haydn
- 2—Waltz. "Kroll's Ball Klänge." By request.....Lumbye
- 3—Overture: "Marriage of Figaro,".....Mozart
- 4—Romanze, for Violin, (G minor).....Beethoven
- Performed by Mr. Suck.
- 5—The Dream of the Savoyard. Grand Fantasia for the
- Orchestra, with Solos.....Lumbye
- 6—Ave Maria, for Flute, Clarinette, Violoncello and Corno
- Anglais.....Schubert
- 7—Traviata Quadrille.....Zerrahn

(Sixth Concert, March 3.)

- 1—Symphony in D, No. 2,.....Beethoven
 2—Waltz: "Geistes Schwinger,".....Lanner
 3—Overture: "Felsenmühle,".....Reissiger
 4—Adagio and Rondo, for Clarinetto,.....E. M. V. Weber
 Performed by T. Schulz
 5—Polka: "Papageno." On melodies from the "Magic
 Flute,".....Stensy
 6—Cavatina from "Nabucco," for Cornet obligato,.....Verdi
 7—Arena Quadrille, (Manuscript).....Gartner

That Symphony by Haydn is one of his richest works,—especially the Andante, with its ingenious and striking variations; the violin solo in one of them was made admirably effective by the combined forces of Messrs. Suck and Gaertner. The Symphony in D was another added to this winter's revivals of the ever fresh and welcome Symphonies of Beethoven. We had already had this season the first, the third (*Eroica*), the fifth, the seventh, a portion of the eighth, and now we had the second, which is only less beautiful than the miracles of harmony which followed it. It was quite well played. Mr. Suck's playing of Beethoven's romanza for the violin was an agreeable feature; so was the solo by Mr. Schultze, the rich, warm tone of whose clarinet, so true and so expressive, always charms us in the orchestra whenever it has a bit of solo. His themes from Weber were well-known airs from *Frey-schütz*.

Next week there will be no Concert, as the Music Hall will be occupied by the great Fair for the Provident Association, which we hope all our readers hereabouts will not fail to attend. On Wednesday, March 17th, a new series of the Afternoon Concerts will commence.

From my Diary, No. 25.

FEB. 20.—"Trovator," in Dwight's Journal of to-day), risks, in regard to Verdi, the following opinion:—"Probably there was never before an instance of such astonishing popularity!" He gives a list of twelve operas now performing in various theatres in Italy—the *Trovatore* alone in over a dozen.

Looking into the Harmonicon, Jan. 1826, I find reported thirteen operas of Rossini as being then upon twelve of the Italian stages alone. Upon how many others, is not given. Three theatres in Milan and three in Naples, were performing his operas at the same time.

My impression—which may be a mistaken one—although derived from a somewhat extensive perusal of works bearing upon the point, is, that in proportion to the number of operas which they composed, an equally strong proof of popularity in Italy may be found in regard to the works of Hasse, a century since—of Paer, of Cimarosa, Pacini, Bellini, Mercadante, Donizetti, and, at one time, possibly Meyerbeer.

The fact seems to be, that in the search after novelty, as soon as an opera succeeds upon an Italian stage, it is immediately introduced all over Italy; some two or three, not yet worn out, of the last novelties being kept on hand in case of failure. But the novelties soon disappear, and generally that is the last of them.

MARCH 1.—A friend speaking to me about the Handel and Haydn Society, intimated that it is now rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," in order to "crush out" the performance of that work by other parties. I can state from personal knowledge that last summer the Government of the Society, in arranging the programme for this winter, placed Mozart's *Requiem* and this work upon it, as performances for a single evening. It was imported at the same time with "Israel in Egypt," and was not sooner rehearsed on account of the engagement of Formes, which compelled a departure from the arrangements for the winter.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

It surely can need no appeal to public gratitude, in either of its two forms of a lively sense of favors past or of favors to come, to induce a general turn-out

this evening at CARL ZERRAHN's benefit concert. No lover of orchestral music needs to be reminded of the debt he owes this indefatigable conductor. It is enough to know the fact, that his four Concerts have benefited every one except himself; we all feel, of course, that they have benefited *him*, by still confirming his good character as a musician and a man of public spirit: then let us show our feeling this very night, and follow up the moral by a material reward. It will be but a slight return at best, considering all we have received. The programme is attractive. Spohr's descriptive Symphony has not been heard here for a long time. The Festival Overture on the "Rhine-wine Song," by Robert Schumann will be a novelty. He wrote it for the Dusseldorf Festival in 1853. It brings in voices: a male chorus, to be sung by the "ORPHEUS," and tenor song by Mr. KREISSMANN. Mrs. HARWOOD's fresh voice, too, will lend a feature. For the rest see announcement below.

In consequence of moving our office, this number of the Journal is printed earlier than usual, which obliges us to defer an interesting letter from our New York correspondent....We cannot altogether sympathize with our Brooklyn correspondent's enthusiasm about "Congregational Singing"—at least as he puts it—still less about the merits of the "Plymouth Collection" which seemed to us from a hasty glance to contain rather large doses of something not very far removed from the "Lilla Linden" style of sacred minstrelsy. But of this perhaps hereafter.

Mr. Ullman announces the engagement, for the Spring or Summer delectation of the New Yorkers, of Mons. MUSARD, conductor of the famous Musard Concerts and the Bals Masqués in Paris. At the Academy this week they have performed two operas of Rossini, *Otello*, and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and *Robert le Diable*....THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS have been creating a protracted *furor* in New Orleans, repeating there the multifarious programme of all sorts of Concerts, Soirées, Matinées, free concerts for the public schools, &c., &c....The third Annual Concert for the Poor, given in Albany, last month, by that generous and devoted musician, GEORGE W. WARREN, seems to have been a brilliant affair. It was attended two successive evenings by 2,000 persons, and the scene is described as fairy-like, what with the floral decorations and the "100 beautiful children" assembled on the stage. The music seems to have given unbounded satisfaction.

The death of Signor Lablache took place at Naples on the 23d of January. It was generally known that he had been for some time suffering under severe indisposition, and that since his last professional visit to St. Petersburg he has been compelled to desist from the exercise of his public avocations. But the medicinal springs of Germany, and the society of his distinguished friend and compatriot, Rossini, it was said and believed, had in a great degree restored him. Naples in the winter, and Torre del Greco in the spring, were to effect the rest. Signor Lablache was considered so far convalescent, indeed, that his name was advertised in the prospectus of the French Italian Theatre for the actual season; and the aid of his colossal talent was confidently anticipated by the conductors of the Royal Italian Opera, for the opening of the new theatre in Bow street.

The artistic career of Louis Lablache was from the outset one of unchequered success. The son of a French refugee, he was born at Naples on the 6th of December, 1794, and at the age of 12 was placed in the "Conservatorio," to be instructed in the various branches of music. For music in the abstract, however, he did not in his early youth evince any predilection. His passion was the stage; and it is related of him that on several occasions he ran away from the academy, to fulfil engagements in the smaller Neapolitan theatres. Lablache's introduction to London, if we remember correctly, occurred immediately after his return to Paris, in 1834. He was one of the celebrated four (the others being the late Rubini, the retired Tamburini, and the still active, hearty, and universally popular Grisi, who rehearsed her "farewell" to the English public in 1854) for whom Bellini composed, at Paris, his famous opera, *I Puritani*; and subsequently the comic opera of *Don Pasquale* was written for him, in the same capital, by his compatriot Donizetti.

Perhaps not one of the Italian artists—the imperishable Grisi herself not excepted—who have reaped honor and fortune in this country, ever became a more fixed and prominent idea in the public mind than Lablache. His geniality was infectious—none could resist it; and to such a point of familiarity had he arrived with his audience that, if anything was going ill, Lablache would seem to be admitted into their confidence, just as though he had been one of themselves, and—grand artist as all Europe acknowledged him—conscious, like themselves, that whatever was wrong could not be on account of, but in spite of, him. Although lately Signor Lablache suffered intense anguish from the effects of his malady—which we believe was dropsy—not only were there no fears of his immediate decease, but, on the contrary, hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery, and schemes had been projected for removing him to Naples to some place more favorable to his convalescence. The blow, however, has been struck unexpectedly; the world has been deprived of an artist of the highest gifts; and the large circle of relatives and friends who are left to deplore his loss must rest satisfied with the consolation that his memory will be cherished as that of one who alike reflected honor on public and private life.—*London Times*.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE HAVE MOVED!—We follow the promotion of our worthy printer into new and nobler quarters, and for the present our Counting-room and Sanctum will be found in the new Savings Bank Building, across the way (No. 34 School Street, Room No. 17).

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

BENEFIT CONCERT.

CARL ZERRAHN

Would respectfully announce to his friends and the public generally that an EXTRA CONCERT, for his BENEFIT, will be given

On Saturday Evening, March 6, 1858,

On which occasion Mr. ZERRAHN will play two Solos on the Flute, being his first appearance as a Soloist for five years.

Mrs. HARWOOD, and the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB, under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN, have kindly volunteered their valuable services.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
 1—The Consecration of Tones,.....Dr. L. Spohr
 Characteristic Symphony, from a Poem by Carl Pfeiffer.
 2—Aria: "Ah mon fils," from the "Prophet,".....Meyerbeer
 Mrs. Harwood.
 3—Andante and Variations for the Flute, on Themes from
 "Sonambula,".....
 Carl Zerrahn.
 PART II.
 4—Festival Overture on the "Rhine-Wine-Song," (first time,).....
 R. Schumann
 For Orchestra, with Solos and Chorus, sung by the Orpheus
 Glee Club.
 5—Aria: "Qui la voce," from "I Puritani,".....Bellini
 Mrs. Harwood.
 6—Serenade,.....(Orpheus Glee Club,).....Marschner
 7—Fantasia for the Flute, on Themes from "La Fille du
 Regiment,".....Briccialdi
 Carl Zerrahn.
 8—Overture: "Oberon,".....Weber

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Wm. H. Fry's Quartet.

At Dr. Guilmette's concert in New York last week—the "first Classical Chamber Concert in America" (!)—Mr. Fry appeared in the character of a violin Quartet writer. His Quartet No. 11 was performed; and here is the way in which some of the critics talk about it.

The *Courier & Enquirer* says:

Mr. Fry is known to the public as the composer of some fine concert overtures (so-called) performed by Jullien's orchestra, and of an opera, *Leonora*, performed several years ago with success in Philadelphia, some of the melodies of which have won enduring popularity, and are heard from such bands as Dodworth's and the Seventh Regiment's. He has written much beside; and has published a *Stabat Mater*, in which there are passages the appropriate tenderness and poignancy of which have not been surpassed by the strains of any composer of this generation, except, perhaps, Schubert. The quartet in question is Mr. Fry's eleventh composition of that kind, and it awakens in us a strong desire to hear the ten which have preceded it. It would not be a just expression of Mr. Fry's moral and mental idiosyncrasy if it were not eccentric, and vigorous, with a current of deep human tenderness; and it has all these characteristics. As to the eccentricity, we let that pass on a first hearing. We let it pass on the first hearing of a composition by BEETHOVEN or CHOPIN, why not as well in other cases. Eccentricity, when it has the power to justify itself, becomes originality. Of the four movements in Mr. Fry's quartet, we prefer the *Adagio*, not merely because of its square melody, the leading idea of which is nobly pathetic, but because it is, or appeared to us, more clearly thought out and more highly finished, while at the same time it is less ambitious of novelty in mere treatment. Mr. Fry is too good a contrapuntist to require lessons at our hands; but we suggest to him that what is grammatical and well looking on paper may not be pleasing when put

into sound, that it is possible to make the inner parts of a quartet too elaborate as well as too difficult, and that it is best in writing melodic movements for the bass, (except when the theme itself is given to the violoncello) to let them, nevertheless, decidedly mark the fundamental harmony of the passage. No elaboration or grace of movement can compensate for weakness in this regard. Mr. Fry's composition abounds in thought and in learning, which are perhaps most apparent in the opening movement, an *allegro agitato* in C minor. The instruments seemed to us a little overburdened; but that may have been our want of acquaintance with the work, or even of sufficient quickness of apprehension. The melodic ideas themselves were fine, original, and full of character, and the two subjects were well worked out. Instead of a *Minuetto* or a *Scherzo*, Mr. Fry wrote a fantastic movement in 2-4 time. This we think an error of judgment. In a composition consisting of four parts, two of which are sure to be in quadruple time, the ear craves the rhythm of a movement in quick triple time; and this is best obtained in the old *Minuetto* or in the *Scherzo* with which BEETHOVEN replaced it. We congratulate the composer on the impression which his quartet made on all who heard it; and trust that other compositions may soon be produced from the same gifted pen.

Richard Willis writes, in his *Musical World*:—

Fry is a bundle of genius and waywardness. He does not know, himself, whether he likes better to do the brilliant and clever thing, or the wayward and eccentric thing. When he takes pen in hand, pen-musical or pen-literary, what seer can foretell where he is going to bring up?—and how should any body know?—he does not know himself. For this reason, Fry is immensely exciting and interesting to everybody. If you get astride of his Pegasus with him, he may soar with you to the stars—or he may lodge you in a turnip-field: and one result is about as amusing and satisfactory to the mad rider as another. He likes, apparently, to upset his own conclusions, turn pathos into bathos, and—like Halleck's music—ceasing—when-it-rains-on—Scudder's balcony,—perch a mocking rooster upon the steeple-point of a fine lyric.

Here is a quartet, for instance, which, from all accounts (for we were most reluctantly called out from the concert-room before we had reached this point in the programme and had to hear with other, but judicious, ears) has a first movement which is a veritable nest of snakes—the instruments coiling and squirming and intertwining in the most labyrinthian confusion: and yet a succeeding, slow movement, which is a square, consecutive, beautiful piece of writing, as though a man had come to his senses from previous champagne, and now were talking coherent and charming sense to you.

Long live Fry!—He is full of "youth and juice"—enthusiasm for Art and glorious charity and kindness for all artists—with a fire in his brain, (though smoke sometimes envelope it,) which makes him luminous when it does clearly break forth, and stamps him as a man of genius.

The father of Fanny Ellsler was for many years copyist to Prince Esterhazy, for whom he copied most of the works of Haydn.

Sketch of the Life of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

Lamentation for the loss of a great artist is too frequently accompanied with regret that his place may never be supplied. Within our own recollection how many actors and singers have quitted the scene without the remotest chance of leaving a successor behind them! Time was, when on the lyric and dramatic stage the disappearance of one star was followed invariably by the advent of another. The chronicles of the Italian Opera and our own theatres will show this. The line of eminent tragedians was kept up in one unbroken series from Betterton to Macready. The list of renowned singers at the Italian Opera, from Pacchierotti and Banti, down to Mario and Grisi, indicates no interruption. But here it would seem to come to a full stop. What tenor or soprano at present on the lyric stage is likely to fill the seat occupied by Mario or Grisi? Have we any barytone left worthy to supply Tamburini's place? Is not Alboni the last of the great race of contraltos who figured so conspicuously in Rossini's operas? Above all, does it lie within the bounds of probability that a bass singer like Lablache will in our time adorn the boards of the Italian stage? Everybody will answer these interrogatories without hesitation in the negative, and will deplore with us the lamentable and unaccountable deterioration of the modern stage.

Louis Lablache was born at Naples on the 6th of December, 1794. He was, as his name indicates, of French extraction. His father, Nicolas Lablache, had been a merchant at Marseilles, but removed to Naples in 1791. He was one of the victims of the persecutions exercised against the French by the Italians in 1799. Afterwards, when the Neapolitan kingdom was subjected to French domination, Napoleon, whose policy inclined him to conciliate all parties, to make atonement for the ill-treatment offered to his family, had the young Lablache placed as a pupil in the Conservatoire of *La Pieta dei Turchini*, at Naples. He was twelve years old when he was admitted. He commenced studying, at the same time singing and playing on several instruments, but appeared to have little taste or inclination for music. He was negligent in his practice, and was not cited among his companions for the regularity of his conduct. An unforeseen occurrence took place a few years after he entered the Academy, which revealed the natural bent of his mind, concealed up to that time. One of his comrades, on a certain occasion, was engaged to play the contrabasso at a concert. He fell ill three days before the performance, and a substitute had to be sought. Lablache had never played the contrabasso; he nevertheless offered to supply the place of his sick companion, and three days' practice sufficed to enable him to undertake his part. His success did not increase his inclination to become an instrumental performer. He felt that his vocation was the stage. Five times he fled from the Conservatoire to seek an engagement at the minor theatres of the capital. It was during these escapades of the young Lablache, if not in consequence of them, that a royal ordinance was issued, interdicting managers of theatres from engaging a pupil of the Conservatoire without special authority, under penalty of a fine of two

thousand ducats, and the closing of the theatre for fifteen days.

Having at length terminated his studies at the Conservatoire, and being free to follow the bent of his own mind without fear of superiors or royal denouncements, Lablache accepted an engagement, in 1812, at the San Carlino, one of the minor theatres of Naples, as *buffo Napolitano*—a specimen of which character was presented for the first time, a few weeks since, at the St. James's Theatre, in the person of Signor Carrione. Lablache was only in his eighteenth year, when he entered upon his first engagement at a theatre. Soon afterwards, however, he married a daughter of Sig. Pinotti, an Italian actor of great reputation in his own country. The following year he went to Messina, and appeared again as *buffo Napolitano*. But this line of characters he was not long destined to fill. While at Messina he received an offer to sing at Palermo as *primo basso cantante*, with which he at once closed, and made his *début* in an opera by Pavesi, *Ser Marc Antonio*. His success was so decided as to induce him to remain at Palermo for five years. Although removed far from the centre of Italy, Lablache was not unknown. Insensibly his reputation extended, and the administration of the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, engaged him in 1817. He made his appearance as Dandini in Rossini's *Cenerentola*, written a short time previously for De Begnis, and was received with the utmost transports. Soon afterwards Mercadante wrote *Elisa è Claudio* for him. The renown of the young artist now in reality spread throughout all Italy. From Milan he proceeded to Turin, where he performed Alberto in Paer's *Agnese* with great success. He also appeared in his favorite parts in other cities of less note, and in 1822 returned to Milan. Thence he proceeded to Venice, where he remained some time, and in 1824 accepted an engagement at Vienna. Here he eclipsed all his compatriots, and the public journals were never tired eulogising the grandeur and quality of his voice, his profound intelligence, and the truthfulness of his acting. The Viennese carried their admiration so far as to have a medal struck in his honor.

After the Congress of Laybach, Lablache obtained at Vienna an audience of Ferdinand the First, King of Naples, who received him with infinite kindness, appointed him singer to his chapel, and gave him an engagement for the grand theatre San Carlo. After an absence of twelve years Lablache returned to Naples, a different person altogether in regard to accomplishments and acquisitions from the youth who hurried away from his native city to Messina to accept an engagement as *buffo Napolitano*. He was now the accomplished singer, the finished actor; and all first-rate parts, whether bass or barytone, were his by right. He made his first appearance at the San Carlo as Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which, although the music was composed for Filippo Galli, a singer remarkable for the flexibility of his voice, he produced a deep impression. He stayed two years at the great opera-house of Naples, and was not only increasing his fame, but making rapid strides in his art. He next appeared at Parma, in an early opera called *Zaira*, by Bellini, whose star was just beginning to glimmer on the musical horizon.

In the year 1830 Lablache first appeared at Paris, and created a powerful impression. His talent at once conciliated all grades and all tastes of the musical *cognoscenti*—more especially as it had not passed the ordeal of a London examination. Certainly an artist like Lablache had not hitherto adorned the brilliant stage of the Italians. The critics were divided as to the superiority of his comic and tragic powers, but there was no second opinion about the beauty, grandeur and majesty of his voice, his admirable singing, his musical instinct, and his noble and striking appearance. The first comic parts in which he performed at Paris were Geronimo in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, the Podestà in Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, Dandini in the Baron in *Cenerentola*, and the old manager in *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. His serious characters were Henry the Eighth in *Anna Bolena*, and Oroveso

in *Norma*. His success could not fail to cross the Channel, and a London engagement being offered to him, we find him making his *entrée* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the 13th of May, in the same year (1830), as Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto*—the first of the "glorious quartet" who appeared in this country, Rubini coming to London in 1831, Tamburini in 1832, and Grisi in 1833. He returned to London the two following seasons, adding each year new characters to his *répertoire*, but for some cause unknown, or unexplained, most probably prevented by his engagements in Italy, he did not appear at the King's Theatre in 1833. In the season of 1834, Lablache, Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini, united their talents for the first time, if we mistake not, in *La Gazza Ladra*, which was the favorite opera of that and the two subsequent years. In 1833, he returned to Naples, and in the autumn, appeared for the first time as Dulcamara, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, written especially for him, with prodigious success. He returned to Paris in 1834, and thence to London in the same year, from which time up to the disastrous closing of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852 he was one of the greatest ornaments and staunchest supporters of the opera in the Haymarket. For many years Lablache's time was fully occupied between the London and Parisian operas and his engagements at the Festival Concerts in the provinces. In the season 1850, he succeeded Tamburini in the direction of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and remained at the head of the administration for five years. It would have been well, however, for the art if neither Tamburini nor Lablache had ever been tempted to the city of snows. It is nearly certain that the former lost his voice there, and the death of the latter was in all probability accelerated by the rigour of the climate.

In 1854, Her Majesty's Theatre still continuing closed, Lablache made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 9th of May, in his famous part of Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, Mario being the Count, Ronconi the barber, and Mad. Bosio making her first appearance as Rosina.

For two seasons, Lablache did eminent service to the cause of the Royal Italian Opera, during which time he played the round of nearly all his great parts, and appeared in one new character, the Tartar Corporal, Gritzenko, in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, the music of which was altered, and the recitatives written for him. Perhaps the most interesting event in the history of his career at the Royal Italian Opera was resuming the character of Don Pasquale, in Donizetti's popular opera of that name, with Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, the original cast, as it was first represented in Paris, in 1843. This was performed on Thursday, June the 28th. Although announced in the prospectus, he was unable the following year, from ill-health, to join the Royal Italian Opera *troupe*, when the disastrous burning of Covent Garden Theatre drove them to the smaller house in the Strand. Lablache's final appearance on the Italian stage took place on Thursday, August 9th, in *L'Etoile du Nord*, the last night of the season of the Royal Italian Opera.

Lablache was one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian Opera in this or any other age. His voice was perhaps the grandest and most powerful ever heard. In depth and extent it certainly has been surpassed; but for volume and quality combined has never been approached. Such an organ, indeed, was as effective and capable as twenty singers in a chorus. Who does not remember how it pealed in the finales and concert-piece like thunder in the tempest? No strength of band and choir was able to drown the echoes of those tremendous tones. The quality was no less admirable than the power was stupendous. Open, clear, and produced directly from the chest, without, we may say, one head note, Lablache's voice differed essentially from all the basses we ever heard. His was, in fact, a purely natural voice, and did not seem to include one made note. Hence it retained nearly all its force and fullness to the last; and at sixty years

of age Lablache, in many respects, sang as powerfully as in his best days. Flexibility and facility in the voice have never yet been united with volume and weight, and Lablache constituted no exception to this rule. How he sang the music of Assur (*Semiramide*), or even Figaro (*Barbiere*), we cannot say, never having heard him in any one of the parts. We can only suppose his amazing rapidity and distinctness in enunciating the words made amends for his deficiency in execution. Rapid articulation was one of the special merits of his comic singing. The celerity, ease, and distinctness with which he uttered a quantity of syllables in a breath was truly amazing. For this reason, if for no other, his "Largo al factotum," which we once heard him sing at a concert, was incomparable. On the other hand, to slow and grave passages, the grandeur, breadth, and majesty of his voice gave immense effect. As an instance, we may cite the exquisite phrase, "Nella bionda," in Leporello's song, "Madamina," in *Don Giovanni*; the grand air, "La Vendetta," from the *Nozze di Figaro*; the Grand Prayer in *Mosè in Egitto*; the song previous to shooting the arrow in *Guillaume Tell*; and sundry passages in *Puritani*, all familiar to the modern frequenter of the opera. In pure abstract singing, both from his voice and a judgment that never led him into extravagance, Lablache had no equal as a bass singer. His style and method were founded on the best models, and his own admirable instincts supplied all else that was required. Lablache possessed one advantage which few singers can boast of. He was a good musician. It is strange how many of the most renowned Italian vocalists were, and are, utterly deficient in musical education. When we hear and see such artists as Catalani, Pasta, Grisi, Rubini, Donzelli, Tamburini, Mario, and others, almost incapable of distinguishing one chord from another, we are compelled to believe that musical instruction beyond the art of vocalization is not necessary to become a great singer. Lablache, however, was an honorable exception. He was in reality a good musician, which was entirely owing to his having undergone his earliest course of education as an instrumental performer.

(Conclusion next week.)

Opera in Havana.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* (Feb. 2.) writes:

Mme. Gazzaniga had her benefit last Saturday night, which far surpassed anything of the kind in enthusiasm that I ever saw in Havana. The theatre was so full that the authorities forbade the further sale of tickets. Her appearance on the stage was the signal for immense cheering, and the presentation of a gold cup with hundreds of bouquets, pigeons, doves, canaries, &c. During the whole opera, particularly in *Gran Dio! morir si giovane!* she was peculiarly happy. Some barbarian, however, threw her a garlic crown. Great efforts were made to ascertain the author of the insult, but in vain. After the opera was over, the stage was illuminated, and she was crowned amidst a shower of fire-works. The presents she received and the tickets sold netted the handsome sum of \$6,000. In addition to all this she was conveyed to her hotel in the private carriage of one of our titled families, and serenaded by the artillery band, the whole winding up with a grand supper.

Mme. Frezzolini's benefit comes off next Wednesday, and promises to be almost as enthusiastic a demonstration as Mme. Gazzaniga's. Each prima donna is defended by a tri-weekly sheet dedicated to the exclusive task of praising the one and criticising the other. As the articles are spicy, and accompanied with good caricatures, these papers sell well, and the excitement is kept up. The consequence is that these rival parties lose sight of the merit of the different operas in the eagerness to applaud or censure one or the other of the two "donnas." In the meantime, Max Maretzek laughs in his sleeve at this folly, and fills his pockets.

The *Herald's* correspondent (Feb. 22) writes:

Max Maretzek concluded his engagement with the Havana opera public last night with a most brilliant display of operatic talent to a full house. Brignoli surpassed himself; Amodio was often called out by plaudits long and earnest; Signora Frezzolini was enthusiastically cheered, and our own Miss Philipps

was greeted to the very echo of the dome. Half of the engagement for the last *abous* was remitted in favor of the opera troupe by the public and government, for reason of the affliction of Gazzaniga in the loss of her husband, the Marquis of Malaspina, which put out the light of that brilliant star of the operatic drama. Max Maretzek has the title from the Havana public of *Le Grand Empresario*, and he goes from us flush in cash and our best God speed for his future success. The company leave for Charleston, per steamer Isabel, on the 25th, and will play a short engagement in that city.

MUSICAL LEGISLATION.—The Maine Legislature has instituted the novel and very pleasant feature of morning concerts in Legislative sessions. The *Kennebec Journal* says:

The veteran Messenger of the House, Mr. Thomas of Newburgh, has a taste for music, and he has discovered an unusual amount and variety of musical talent among the members. This united talent has been brought out in a series of impromptu morning concerts before the hour of calling the House to order, until, at length, morning singing has become a regular institution in the Representatives' Hall, for the fifteen minutes before the Speaker takes his seat. At times the spirit of harmony becomes pervading, when the singing is specially marked by simple melody, and grave Senators and members of the House in large numbers gather round the centre of the Hall and join the singing of familiar tunes in true Congregational style, and the music rises and floats and echoes through the Hall with fine effect. It partakes, at times, of a truly devotional character, and is regarded as a most acceptable exercise to all in attendance at the State House during the session, and highly satisfactory to strangers who happen to be present.

From my Diary, No. 26.

MARCH 2.—Mr. Ullman announces an increase of prices on account of the great cost in putting the "Huguenots" upon the stage, which will be some \$10,000. True, he has no assistance from government, and must depend upon filling the three or four thousand seats, which the New York Academy is said to hold.

At the Grand Opera in Paris, where the prices were, in 1854, \$2 25 to the first boxes, and \$1. for parterre, and where \$200,000 per annum must be taken at the door, in addition to governmental aid to meet the annual receipts, the "Prophet" was put upon the stage at an expense of \$18,000. The house holds at highest prices, \$2,335.

At Berlin, where the aid of government is some \$250 to \$300 to each performance, and where the house, at highest prices, can hold but \$1,350, we find the following in a list of operas put upon the stage:

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| Nourmahal,..... | \$12,500 |
| Aleidor,..... | 12,500 |
| Prophet,..... | 13,675 |
| Undine (ballet),..... | 14,250 |
| Camp of Silesia,..... | 19,950 |

If the "Huguenots" in New York draw full houses, I should think, considering the comparatively small number of persons who are in Mr. Ullman's employment, that it might pay!

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 19.—The largest theatre in Florence is the Teatro Ferdinando, or Paliano, as it is commonly called. The building itself occupies a square plot of ground in one of the principal streets, and is entirely used for the purposes of the theatre, with the exception of a few stores and offices on the ground floor.

The prices of admission are one lro (twenty cents) to the parquette, ten soldi (about seven cents) to the gallery, and the remainder of the house is portioned off into private boxes, one

hundred and eighty-eight in number, including the two upper rows which constitute the gallery. The price of admission to subscribers by the season, to the parquette, is very much lower, and, attracted by the cheapness of the article, I entered my name among the list of *Signori Abbonati*, as the subscribers are called, and for a sum equal to one dollar and sixty cents, I am entitled to an admission to the twenty-four performances, and to the masked ball at the close of the season. This theatre is far more aristocratic than the delightfully shabby little Goldoni Theatre, where you can eat roast chestnuts during the cadenza of the prima donna, without feeling that you are a loafer—a luxurious freedom, I assure you. Here, in the parquette, the respectable middling classes of Florence are to be seen. The seats are comfortable and handsomely cushioned, and the performances the best that are given in Florence. One might naturally suppose that when the article is given at such a price it would be of an inferior quality. But this is not the case. The operas are given here in a style I have never seen surpassed, and with much more completeness than in the more famed theatre of the *Pergola*, of which I shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

The performances at the Goldoni take place four times in the week, on the nights of Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, the latter being the great gala night when the building is crowded an hour before the commencement of the performance. The Carnival season of 1857-8 opened on Tuesday, the 26th of November, with *Elisa Velasco*, a superb opera by Pacini, and one that for a time made me stagger in my Verdi faith.

This *Elisa Velasco* was first produced at Venice in 1845, under the title of *Lorenzo Medici*. It is so fresh, so original, and combines musical science so well with ear-haunting and simple melody, that it appears to me astonishing that it has not obtained a reputation out of Italy. Even here it does not seem to be fully appreciated, for it is only performed during the present Carnival at Pisa and Florence, while *Trovatore* and *Traviata* occupy each over a dozen of the Italian lyric stages. The story turns on paternal love, but is so confused and poorly worked out, that I can give you no idea of it, except to observe that it affords some fine dramatic situations. The opera opens with a delicious prelude rather than overture, followed by a brilliant yet simple chorus to the accompaniment of a band behind the scenes. The principal feature of the first act is a duo for tenor and baritone, which is so different in style, and so superior to the duos in ordinary Italian operas, that of itself, it ought to stamp the composer as a musician of the very highest order of merit. In the second act the soprano appears, opening with a grand scena and aria, followed by a duo by soprano and baritone. A concerted piece in the style of the favorite quintet in *Lucia*, only vastly superior to this master-piece of Donizetti, closes the act. The third act commences with a striking air for tenor: *Del lungo fingere*, and then follows the grand feature of the opera, the prison scene, where is music that once heard can never be forgotten. Of course no idea of it can be given in words, but I can picture to you the scene and the emotions delineated, and your imagination must fill up the rest.

Imagine, then, the interior of a Moorish prison,

sustained by massive columns and heavy Moroccan arches, and illuminated by a lamp depending from the ceiling. The walls are partially covered with mosaic work, while in other portions prisoners have scrawled their names. The scene is at first deserted, but soon enter a company of men, with chains on their hands, who have been imprisoned with Ferdinand Velasco (the baritone of the opera), for supporting the claims of their rightful prince, Alfonso, against the usurper, who now occupies his throne. After a short prelude by the orchestra, the bassi sing in unison to a slow minor movement, the tenors responding:

Perchè sì lenti passano
Gli istanti del dolore!
Quella che sempre celere
Fredda a'mortali il core,
La morte inesorabile,
Tarda per noi si fa.

After repeating this solemn strain, they turn to the walls, and write their own names under those of former prisoners, and then returning, burst forth into a loyal strain in honor of their prince, and invoke the Lord to defend their cause. Ferdinand now appears, and then follows some grand music for baritone and chorus, which is, in my opinion, only excelled in Italian opera by the wonderful chorus writing in *Guillaume Tell*. Elisa Velasco now enters to take a sad farewell of her father; she beseeches his blessing:

Bless, oh! father, bless thy orphan child,
In this sad hour of grief and woe,
And thy last, dying accents, will infuse
New courage in my heart.

Then, martyred parent,
Then in my breast will ever live thy honor.

And then a hush comes over the audience, and to the *obligato* accompaniment of the violoncello, Ferdinand blesses his child:

Protect, oh! God, this orphan, that in thy hands I
now confide;
Through the troubled sea of life, guide her, O Lord
Most High!

Bless her, thou Father of orphans.

And the chorus respond:

Oh God, who art of orphans the Father and Eternal
Comfort,
Into Thy hands alone our children we confide;
Bless them, thou Father of orphans.

This scene is unparalleled. Again, the aria of Ferdinand bears a resemblance to the blessing of Albert by William Tell, before he lets fly the doubtful shaft. In these instances both Pacini and Rossini have made use of the violoncello, than which no instrument in the entire orchestra can, under the hands of a skilled and expressive player, emit more sweetly melancholy sounds. The last act of *Elisa Velasco* contains a grand *scena* for soprano, a "tremendous" trio finale for soprano, bass and tenor. The opera has been excellently performed in Florence. The prima donna TORTOLINI is a polished and elegant singer, not without expression. The baritone CRESCI is superior to Corsi of the *Italiens*, at Paris, who is superior to our old friend Amodio, though they all three possess a peculiar richness of voice, which forms a striking resemblance between them. The palm must, however, be given to Cresci; his rendition of the benediction scene was wonderful. The only baritone we have had in America to come any where near this Cresci was Badiali. Then in the tenor LIMBERTI there is another wonderful artist, with an immensely high *tenore robusto* voice, and a fervidness of style and intensity of expression that makes him a singer of the first rank, and deserving a more ex-

tended fame than that lazy and much overrated individual, Mario. The chorus is numerous, and every member of it acts, as well as sings. In the prison scene, there were thirty male choristers—and thirty well-trained male voices are capable of producing thrilling effects.

But *Elisa Velasco* has been withdrawn to make room for *I Lombardi*, and Pacini is forced to yield before Verdi. It must be said the latter shines but poorly in comparison, for this *Lombardi* is most decidedly what I should call a *brown sugar opera*:—that is, there is a constant striving after effect, and a vehemence of noise, and a repeated bolstering up of puny melodies by resorting to effects of brass, of bands behind the scenes, that have a corresponding effect on the ear to that of very sweet, brown, second quality sugar on the palate. It is in only one or two instances in this opera that Verdi comes up to white sugar mark, and then we will give to him the credit of producing the most refined kind of musical white sugar, that contrasts vividly with the surrounding brown. One of these instances is the trio at the close of the third act, with the solo violin accompaniment and prelude. The story of the *Lombardi* is a fine one, and there are many opportunities for grandiose effects that one would suppose Verdi would have improved. What could be a finer subject than the arrival of the Crusaders before the walls of Jerusalem, and their cry of religious triumph as they beheld the sacred city! But here Verdi only gives as common-place a little chorus as can possibly be found in any of his works. It seems to me the man must have been asleep half the time when he composed the *Lombardi*; during the waking moments, he produced the grand trio, the opening baritone air, the tenor air, and the tenor and soprano duo of the second act, and the "vision scene" and polacca of the last. All the rest of the time he was fast asleep, and snoring so hard that he did not know how blatant yet insignificant was the music he was writing. In one scene he attempts to depict a battle between the Christians and Saracens, working in snatches of the different war-songs of each; but when we consider this attempt in comparison with the effects which Meyerbeer has produced in corresponding situations in his *Huguenots* and in the *Etoile du Nord*, poor Verdi appears small, nay, minute and microscopic. However, as *I Lombardi* has already been produced in the United States by Maretzek, and may be familiar to many of your readers, I will waste no more time on it. Let me, however, say that ELISA KENNET, a young English woman, with a rich, thrilling voice and an impassioned method, has appeared as Giselda in *I Lombardi*, with decided and deserved success. She is a first class prima donna.

The Ferdinando Theatre on the whole may vie with almost any on the continent. The building is large and comfortable, the walls handsomely frescoed, and containing portraits of all the modern great composers, poets and dramatists of Italy, while the prices of admission are so low that it is emphatically a "people's theatre."

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1.—For several weeks there has been such a lull in our musical atmosphere, that I have not thought it worth while to give you intelligence which could only be negative. It would hardly have interested you or

your readers, to hear what concerts had *not* taken place; that the opera had *not* returned, etc. But Dame Music was only taking a nap, it seems, and awoke last week to renewed and increased activity. From Monday to Saturday, every day brought some musical attraction. Monday night the opera re-opened with *Puritani*; Tuesday morning there was *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and for the evening, EISELDE's concert. Wednesday, *Don Giovanni* was given; Thursday, Dr. GUILLMETTE's concert, (which, besides being "the first classical concert in America," was pronounced by the profound critic of the *New York Times*, to have been "the most interesting of the season"); Friday, *Robert*, and Saturday morning, MASON's Matinée.

From this galaxy, I will select such stars as are worthy of particular notice, and begin with EISELDE's Soirée. The programme promised us quartets of Onslow and Beethoven, an *Andante* and *Rondo Gioioso*, by Mendelssohn, and a couple of vocal pieces to be sung by Mrs. ANNA WARREN, a debutante in the New York music world—under that name at least. Of this last feature, as usual, the least said the better. Mrs. Warren has a very fine mezzo-soprano voice, but, in spite of having studied in Italy, not the slightest idea of managing it. Her instruction is very uncertain, and her notes waver most painfully. Besides this, there was a certain want of refinement in her singing, which made the morceaux, which she had chosen, a canzonetta, by Donizetti, and a very insignificant German song by Truber, appear still more commonplace than they really were. Again, to quote the above mentioned critic of the *Times*, with a slight alteration: "Mr. Eisfeld is always very (*un*) fortunate in the vocal contributions to his concerts."

Mr. HOFFMANN, in the piano part of Mendelssohn's composition, played with his usual excellence, which places him, in my opinion, first in the ranks of our resident pianists. The style of the piece, however, (which was not in Mendelssohn's happiest vein) was not calculated to bring out his more characteristic powers. He lacked the fire and spirit which distinguishes his rendering of Chopin, for instance. He was deservedly encored, and played a little composition of his own, of less value than others which I have heard from him. Of the two Quartets, that of Onslow (op. 4, No. 1), hardly bears mention beside the other. The *Andante* and the *Minuet*, were the most attractive movements. The whole, however, was so well rendered, that, as the first piece of the programme, and with three other numbers between it and its nobler relative, it proved quite satisfactory. The quartet of Beethoven was indisputably the queen of the evening. It was the lovely No. 5, of the op. 18 set, in which Mozart-like freshness and simplicity are already so intermingled with the master's wondrous depth and wealth of harmony, as to form the most exquisite whole. The *Allegro* might pass for Mozart's, with its quaint melody in triple time, so charmingly worked up. In the minuet, the beautiful transitions and changes already speak of a higher spirit, which in the *Andante*, with its heavenly melody, its wondrous harmonies, and its loveliest of all variations, gains the mastery completely. The *Finale* is the least attractive of the four parts, but we need something to bring us to earth again after the celestial strains of the *Andante*.

MASON's Matinée was, in point of programme, superior to Eisfeld's concert; but, although the players in the former manifest great improvement every time, they need considerable practice yet before they can equal the other quartet. They gave us, this time, only three pieces, but these were all of sterling value. A charming quartet by Haydn, in B flat, which we heard last winter, I think, from the Eisfeld party; Beethoven's D major Trio; and a novelty (for this country) in the shape of Mendelssohn's Octet. Mr. Mason's rendering of his share in the Trio was very fine; but there was, again, as at the last time, a great drawback to its effectiveness in the piano. This was, again, one of Steinway's, and, though better than the one used at the previous Matinée, it was still quite harsh, and too loud for the stringed instruments. The Octet is a very brilliant composition for a double quartet, i. e. four violins, two violas, and two 'celli,—a small symphony in fact. It is very rich in coloring, and exceedingly Mendelssohnish in character. Altogether, this concert was a most satisfactory one, and might furnish an example to Mr. Eisfeld in one particular, i. e. the absence of any singing. Vocal performances certainly vary the entertainment a little, but unless they are particularly attractive, the variety is not a pleasant one, and had better be dispensed with.

In connection with these two quartet concerts, I cannot refrain from mentioning a private entertainment of a similar nature, which took place one evening last week, at the house of one of our musical amateurs. The mistress of the family is a fine pianist, and frequently plays concerted music with some of our resident musicians. On the occasion in question, BURKE, EISELDE, and BERGNER, had promised their coöperation for some quartets and quintets. I had the good fortune to be one of three or four listeners invited. But, as at the last moment two of the musical gentlemen disappointed us, the programme was changed *a la impromptu*. An old viola and 'cello were brought down from the garret, furnished with strings, the rubbish which had settled in them shaken out, and found to be very useful. We had a Trio of Mozart, for piano, violin and viola, in which the latter was played by an amateur violinist, while Mr. Burke retained his rightful instrument. Then the ever-obliging artist made his *wife* (as he has christened his violin), sing for us, in two parts of Mendelssohn's exquisite concerto, in the piano accompaniment of which the orchestra was ably supplied by Mrs. ——. And lastly, we had the pleasure of hearing a Trio of Beethoven, (No. 2 of his first) set, in which Mr. Burke came out in a new character, i. e. as a violoncellist, and acquitted himself most admirably. So, after all, we lost nothing by the failure of the first plan.

The representation of *Don Giovanni*, last Wednesday, was one of the best, in all its components, which I have ever witnessed. FORMES, irresistibly funny in the first part of his Leporello-career, rouses one's full admiration by his noble conception of the later phases of the character; D'ANGRI, exquisite in her singing and perfect in her action; CARADORI, making a more painstaking and dignified Elvira than any I have ever seen; LAGRANGE, though growing sadly deficient in voice and delivery, yet always the earnest truthful actress; LABOCETTA, with his sweet voice, making the most of his rather tame part;

and GASSIER, with only a trifle too much dignity marring the perfection of his Don Juan, all these made a most enjoyable *ensemble*. I hope you will have the opera in Boston before long, so as to hear for yourself the attractions it presents.

Mr. ULLMANN is certainly an indefatigable impresario, and the public owes him much. During the last season, he brought out Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*, and last week he gave us *Otello*. Soon the *Huguenots* are to be produced, with so much extra expense and show, that Mr. Ullmann, in a touching appeal, throws himself upon the public and asks permission to increase the prices of admission. How the plan will work, can hardly be foreseen. — t —

NEW YORK, MAR. 9.—Of our last Philharmonic Concert, there is not much to be said that is favorable. I never was present at any performance which, like this, was without being at all inferior, so absolutely unexciting. There was but one feature in it calculated to rouse enthusiasm (which it did), and that was Mme. D'ANGRI's singing. We have never had anything like it at these concerts. Earnest and artistic in everything she does, Mme. d'Angri was so fully appreciated on this occasion as to be *encored* after both numbers. The first of these was the delicious *Voi chi sapete*, from Mozart's "Figaro," than which nothing was suited better for her smooth, luscious voice. It seemed to be even fitter for it than *Vedrai carino*, which assumed the *encore*, and which was not quite as fortunately delivered as in the opera. The lady's other aria was *Ah! mon fils*, from the "Prophet," which was so admirably rendered in every respect, that it made me long to hear her in the whole rôle of Fidès. This she repeated in full when *encored*.

The great novelty of the evening was the Symphony, which was by Ferdinand Hiller, and has been, as the programme told us, "performed with great success in Germany." From the same source we learn, too, that it was lent (in manuscript) to the N. Y. Philharmonic Society by the composer." I must confess that it rather disappointed me, after the idea of Hiller's compositions, which his reputation had given me. It appeared, also, to fall dead upon the audience. The chief impression which it left upon me was that of its tameness. The only movement in which any spirit is to be discovered, is the last. In this, too, the melodic element is better represented than in its predecessors. In these, in fact, it is sadly deficient; nor are the harmonic combinations and effects striking enough to supply the other deficiency. It is, altogether, an uninteresting work, and one in which you will discover but little more at the fourth or fifth hearing, than at the first; a pretty good proof that there is not much in it to be discovered. Very different this from a Symphony by Beethoven or Mozart, where the twentieth, or even fiftieth hearing will bring out new beauties, hidden before. The Overtures were a "Faust" by Lind paintner a noisy, rather common-place affair, and Beethoven's ever beautiful "Coriolanus," which was, however, greatly marred by the want of spirit which, emanating apparently from the Symphony, characterized the performance of the orchestra during the whole evening. The instrumental solos were in the hands (and mouth) of Messrs. MASON and KIEFER, the latter a most skilful performer on the clarinet. He played a very

pleasing, melodious composition by Mr. Eisfeld, which we heard from him a few years ago. Mr. Mason rendered with his usual excellence, two movements from a Concerto for piano and orchestra by Henselt, and interesting work, but well adapted to the spirit of the occasion by being singularly quiet and calm.

On that evening, for the first time, I remounted Olympus, and mingled with the "gods." My experience leads me to think that they have decidedly the advantage, in our Academy, over the rest of the audience; for not only does the orchestral music reach them in such a blended volume as to produce an entirely different effect from that it has below, but every note of a solo instrument (even the piano), and every breath of the voice is heard as distinctly as if you were within two feet of the stage, instead of perhaps two hundred. One has a queer feeling in looking down from there, however, and I would hardly advise any one inclined to dizziness, to venture up there.

The "Huguenots" was brought out with great splendor last night, and, in spite of the increased prices and a severe snow storm, the house was quite full. The daily papers, however, can give you a better account thereof than I can, as I was not present. — t —

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 13, 1858.

Our Journal—New Arrangements.

We are about to be emancipated. We have found a publisher. Henceforth we shall be what for six years we have longed to be, simply the Editor and not the Business Manager of our Journal. Ever since we started it we have united all the functions of editor, business manager, clerk, collector and pay-master in our own person. This has been a heavy weight, full of untold annoyances, and sadly interfering with the full and free carrying out of those very editorial ideals which we had most at heart. Neither in the high sense nor in the popular sense, neither to the exacting few nor to the many who require "milk for babes" in Art, has our paper been all it would have been, had cares of business left us more free hours for thinking out and serving up all the right varieties of matter. Of this short-coming no one has been more conscious than ourselves; our main reliance meanwhile has been in the evidence of true intention, in the spirit of impartial loyalty to Art, which we are assured has first and last shone clearly through these columns, and in such not altogether hopeless approximation to our design as, with the aid of noble helpers and contributors, we have in spite of all been enabled to make. Now we shake off the business chains, and shall be more free to think and feel and write and seek welcome and instructive access to the sympathies of a much larger circle of readers.

On the third of April DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon its *Sixth Year* and *Thirteenth Volume*, under the auspices as business managers and publishers of Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co., well known as the most extensive music-publishers in the United States. They have abundant means of adding to it many desirable elements which we alone could not. They

will double its number of pages, without increasing its subscription price. They have agencies by which largely to expand its circulation everywhere and make it widely sought and read. But it will be "Dwight's Journal of Music" still; with the same Editor; the same pledges of a high, impartial, independent tone; the same contributors, and more; the same title, form and general beauty of external style; and with the addition of new claims to a more general regard. What we have done that was useful, we shall still do better, we trust, than before; old friends shall still know where to find us without turning aside from that true and upward way in Art in which they have kept us company, or led us while they seemed to follow us; and new friends we hope will welcome us when they find that we have words and sympathies for them more than they have hitherto perhaps supposed.

We hope, therefore, that all our old friends and subscribers will stand by us, and will enter with us upon this new era of our musical journalism. Let your good cheer conduct us through the change; continue to "assist" in the experiment, and so help it, spiritually and materially, to a good issue. We, on our hand, are confident that we shall stand in a much better position than ever heretofore to serve the truest interests of Art and Music in this country.

SPECIAL REQUEST.—Not quite yet can we shake off all the chains of business,—especially not the galling, thankless duties of collector. That is the fault of many of our Subscribers and Advertisers, who are delinquent in their duty to us. It is all important to us, and we most respectfully and earnestly request, that those who owe us for the current year (ending this March 27th), and for years before this, will instantly remit the amount of the bills sent them to the address of J. S. DWIGHT.

Congregational Singing.

On the principle of *Audi alteram partem*, we cheerfully give place to the following, in which we think there must be some truth.

Brooklyn, March, 8, 1858.

J. S. Dwight, Esq.,—Dear Sir: I desire to offer my earnest protest against the position taken by your Brooklyn correspondent of last week upon the subject of congregational singing. More especially do I repudiate the laudation of the musical performances in Plymouth Church. As a *victim* to torments only to be appreciated by one who has in his temperament some sensitiveness to chords and discords, I cannot patiently hear such a panegyric pronounced upon the authors of my misery. I am not whimsically sensitive nor over-expectant when I attend public service; but when spiritual songs become, as in this instance, a Babel of noise—when to an organ constitutionally afflicted with the rickets and forever possessed of a quinsy in every one of its throats, is added a stentorian alto in which quantity is exemplified and quality ignored—said alto resolutely keeping some few seconds below the pitch; some collapsed basses, and a few straining tenors who never attain the summit of their ambition, nor the pitch, and into the mouths of this motley choir is put a tune which seems a compromise between "We'll not go home till morning!" and "Down among the dead men," I am in utter misery, and welcome the confused *bourdonnement* of the congregation as a grateful screen between my ear and the horrible, excruciating sound. It is not much short of amusing to cast a glance of the eye around during the distressing performance, and notice here and there faces which you perhaps recognize as habitués of the Philharmonic, now wrought up to the frenzy of despair. One can-

not but think of insects with pins run through them. Sir, the grating of a comb or the sensation of a flannel blanket between the teeth, would be sweet and soothing after the performances of Plymouth Church choir. There is much similarity between the "time" mentioned and the precision with which raw recruits perform their evolutions. Most assuredly to sing in such style, such music is little short of blasphemy. Surely no one would think of such an offertorium to a man of distinction—how much less to Him who embodies in himself all harmonies. Sir, I beg of you, by the obligations incumbent on you as in some sort a leader of the public notions upon this subject, to rebuke such retrograde ideas—to show the higher, sublimer standard of church worship through music, and utterly confound those who prate of choirs led by "professors" (of chemistry or geology) and the vast noise of congregational singing. Ah, what a day shall that be for mankind, when in temples suited for the worship of the Soul of Beauty there shall go up from concordant voices songs of devotion which shall exalt every sense! Then, when man has learned that it is not volume alone which constitutes devotion, we shall have music truly exercising its appropriate influence upon mankind. Avaunt, then, upon those who would retard that day by callousing themselves to such distorted efforts as are weekly witnessed in Plymouth Church.

MALACCINCIO.

Mr. Zerrahn's Benefit Concert.

There was a large assembly at the Music Hall last Saturday night, and had the weather not been so inclement we doubt not the hall would have been filled completely. As it was, it was quite an enthusiastic and successful entertainment, and the excellent conductor reaped from it some substantial benefit. The selections did not average of so high a character as at the last two concerts, but they were generally fine and quite acceptable. Of course variety was more sought on a benefit occasion. Spohr's Picture Symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne* ("The Consecration of Tones") has been often heard here in past years, but not recently. A translation by C. B. Burckhardt of Pfeiffer's Poem, gave the listeners the thread followed in the musical allusions, and aided much the general understanding and enjoyment of the music. We do not think it a *great* Symphony, but it is full of artistic and poetic beauties, and is one of the best works of a masterly musician. There is certainly something very charming in the flowing, graceful melody with which sounds as it were first melt into music in the first movement, waking up all the songs of birds, and streams, as it flows on; the labyrinthine interweaving of the parts is most artistic. Very noble, too, and solemn, are the religious Chorales introduced; and that military march is one so captivating that we wonder all the bands have not got hold of it:—spare us, however, from hearing it reduced to the monotony of mere brass!

Robert Schumann's Festival Overture on the *Rhein-Wein Lied*, was the novelty of the occasion. Composed for the Düsseldorf Festival of the Männerchor Societies of the Rhine region, its idea was to form an overture to a festival, to all the music that would follow, instead of to an opera. Hence for a pervading theme, he takes the popular old "Rhine-Wine Song," and after sufficient introduction, and less and less remote allusion, and contrapuntal working up among the instruments, he brings in a male chorus and a tenor voice, who sing it, somewhat after the manner of the "Choral Symphony." There was much that was beautiful and grand in it on first hearing, and we were greatly interested, but should not call it one of Schumann's happiest inspirations. In its strength it was, nevertheless, refreshing after Spohr. The solo was well sung by Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER, and the choruses by the "Or-

pheus Club," led by Mr. KREISSMANN, whose voices blended far more beautifully in the Music Hall than in the Melodeon. The same was observable in their singing of Marschner's Serenade, and of that much nobler, richer strain of harmony, the *Wanderers Nachtlied* by Lentz. Never have the "Orpheus" done themselves more credit.—But to return to the orchestral pieces, the ever welcome "Oberon" overture, which closed the concert, was the most delightful feature, the one thing perfect, of the evening. Like all the orchestral pieces it was finely rendered, with more subdued and sympathetic tone in the brass instruments than usual.

Mrs. HARWOOD sang *Ah! mon fils* with admirable effect. Her fresh, true, firm and penetrating voice seemed to convey just the right color of every note, whether in the soprano or contralto region; phrasing and dramatic accent excellent. *Qui la voce* was less perfect, yet indicated rare powers of execution.

Mr. ZERRAHN, in honor to the occasion, appeared for once, after five years' suspension, in his old character of a flutist. (What a charm his flute always used to lend to the old Germania Orchestra!) In two elaborate solos, with orchestra, one an Andante and variations from *La Sonnambula*, the other a Fantasia on themes from *La Fille du Regiment*, he proved himself still as perfect a master of his instrument as we have had among us, and both his appearance and withdrawal after each piece were the signals for most hearty and prolonged applause.

The Ladies' Fair.

Never has the beautiful Music Hall looked more beautifully than this week. The Ladies have taken possession of it for their Charity Fair, and under the tasteful superintendence of Mr. Snell, the architect of the Hall, it has been transformed. The long rows of seats have disappeared, and in their places have risen graceful pavilions of colored, striped awnings, such as we see in Venetian and Oriental scenes upon the stage and in pictures. A pyramid of fragrant flowers rises in the centre of the hall, and the stage is bowered in evergreens, over which looks the statue of Beethoven, the noblest ornament of the hall. Two bowers rise, pagoda-like, on either side, one enshrining the Post-mistresses, whom no administration could have the heart to rotate out of office: the other, a Temple of Flora, where surely the goddess presides in her own person over the flowery treasures, and the eye of the buyer forgets to watch the safety of his fragrant purchase, lost in admiration of the presiding genius of this fairy-like pavilion.

At the feet of Beethoven is an aquarium, full of little monsters of the deep, crawling and swimming in their transparent dwelling, and looking quite happy in the illusive glare of gas-light.

The floor, the balconies, every seat, every available foot of standing room is crowded in the evening to excess, and the scene is as gay and picturesque as can be imagined. No end of pretty and costly things crowd the tables, but we cannot tell anything about them, for you look at the vendors, and not at their stock in trade. For there they sit, elegant matrons, fascinating the crowd scarcely less by their alluring tongues than the beautiful wives and lovely maidens over whose heads fewer summers have passed. We might perhaps, after the fashion of newspapers, go through the alphabet of fair names, but we doubt whether we could get beyond the letter C, nor dare to say whether Mrs. or Miss should bear away the palm of beauty.

On Thursday evening Miss FAX delighted the vast audience with her exquisite vocalism. The unwonted sound roused from slumber the feathered warblers in their gilded cages, who raised their heads from beneath their wings, and were fired to emulous rivalry by the sound. The higher the voice of the silk-clad singer rose, the more bird-like her runs and trills, the louder rose the clear responses of the feathered chorus, beginning always when the lady had a few bars rest, ringing out in full chorus and subsiding into

an approving silence as she began again. (An example worthy of imitation by all people who go to concerts. The birds understand what is due to the singer.) The audience was equally delighted with the lady and the birds. The former was recalled from her cage as often as she retired, to receive the applause of the listeners, and the birds are there in permanent session.

But we forbear,—and in the name of sweet Charity adjure all our readers to go before it is too late, and help the good work.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Concerts are few in Boston for a week or two to come; while of Opera there is none, and as yet no speck upon the far horizon, so big as a man's hand, of approaching rain. This week our noble Music Hall reveals one of its finest capabilities, and serves Art and Charity at once, both day and evening, by the Ladies' Fair. It is the loveliest spectacle of the kind, the most artistic and fairy-like, that we ever beheld. From the balcony, free from the presence of the crowd, you can feast your eyes and soul upon it for hours. All forms of living, growing, artificial beauty there combine in richest, sweetest harmony. And there is music every evening; sometimes a band, sometimes singers; once Miss FAX, accompanied at the piano, by Sig. BENDELARI, sang to the dense standing crowd of upturned faces, to the delight of all. To-night there will be music of some kind (there are hints of an orchestra), and this most beautiful and fruitful Festival will close.... Next Tuesday is the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB's night at Chickering's, holding out choice attractions to the lovers of true classical music, for which, see announcement below.... The Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION are to be resumed next Wednesday afternoon, with a good Symphony, overture and sparkling varieties, as usual.... Mr. ALFRED HILL's Complimentary Concert, so mercilessly scattered by the storm a few weeks since, is now fixed for next Saturday evening, and will lose no interest by the postponement.... Mr. ECKHARDT's first public production here of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise," is announced for Saturday, the 27th, at the Tremont Temple. His choir will be composed of members of the Mendelssohn Choral Society..... The GERMAN TRIO's fourth Concert takes place to-night.

The hot months are coming, with dog-days and brass music, and our readers will be glad to learn that a movement is on foot to furnish Boston with a genuine old-fashioned Band, with reeds, French horns, &c., instead of the usual coarse monotony of cornets and Sax-tubas. The "Germania Military Band" propose to increase their number to thirty instruments, and were to organize this week for practice with seven clarinets, two flutes, two bassoons, four French horns, four trumpets, &c., &c., to the end of keeping themselves in readiness for any calls for band music of a better order than mere brass; such as evening concerts on the Common, serenades, civic processions, festivals, promenade concerts in the Music Hall, as well as military parades. This involves for them a large expense for new uniforms, instruments, &c., which the Band are not able to incur in anticipation of engagements; and to meet this they will soon give a Grand Military Concert in the Music Hall, which it will become all who are weary of the age of brass to patronize.

Mr. BARRY, a young artist of decided talent, has just executed a capital and most speaking crayon portrait of our "Diarist," which all the readers of these pages must be interested to see. They should know how "Brown" looks, after so long tasting the flavor of his quaint and charming fancies, reminiscences and pertinent opinions and suggestions with regard to all things musical. The picture may be

seen at Mr. Barry's studio in Liberty Tree Block, corner of Washington and Essex streets.... Our German "Orpheus Club" are preparing soon to give a Concert of Sacred Music, including some of the Chorals by Bach, which ought to be sung more or less by all our Choral Societies, by way of holding up a higher standard in the general wash and deluge of bad psalmody.... The "Orchestral Union" improved their occasion last Wednesday by giving orchestral concerts, afternoon and evening, in Worcester. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was played entire—the first time, fancy, that any entire Symphony has been heard in the "rural districts."... A "Grand Opera Concert" was given at Manchester, N. H. this week, by Mr. G. W. SLATTON, the music consisting of eleven of the principal pieces from his new American Opera, "The Buccancer." The words and sketch of the libretto, written by Mr. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS, as given on the programme are pathetic and romantic in the extreme, and are founded on the adventures of the famous Captain Kidd. The Manchester critics seem delighted with the music.

The "Huguenots" has been a great success at the New York Academy. Fry's "Leonora" will come next.—MARETZKE, fresh from Charleston and Havana, opens at the Philadelphia Academy on Monday, with GAZZANIGA in *La Favorita*.

The following is a list of the additions to the Library of the Harvard Musical Association, during the past year.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL. By Victor Schœlcher. pp. 444. London, 1857.
DON GIOVANNI. (Score.) Leipzig.

A SELECTION OF ANCIENT PSALM MELODIES, by F. E. Oliver. pp. 42.
(Presented by Dr. F. E. Oliver.)

BACH'S WERKE. Vol. vi.
(Presented by Nathan Richardson.)

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Vols. ix., x.
THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS. (George Sand.)

ANNUAL REPORTS of the Sacred Harmonic Society, London, from 1837 to 1855, inclusive.
CATALOGUE (and Supplement) of the Library of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

PROSPECTUS of the Grand Handel Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace in 1857.

ANALYSES of the Oratorios, the Messiah and the Creation, Mozart's Requiem, and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, written for the Sacred Harmonic Society, by G. A. Macfarren.
(Presented by Dr. J. B. Upham.)

CÆCILIA, eine Zeitschrift für die Musikalische Welt. Gottfried Weber & S. W. Dehn. Berlin. 13 vols. COLLECTION des Septuors, Sextuors, Quintetti, Quatuors et Trios pour Instruments à Cordes, de Beethoven. Réduits pour Piano. 21 Nos.
BOSTON, JAN. 18, 1858.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—There is something rotten in the state of the administration of the Théâtre-Italien. With such artists as Mario and Alboni, if properly managed, no establishment should fall off in its attraction. M. Calzado seems to have wearied his public with his ventures on new prima donnas, not one of whom has been a success; and yet he persists in adhering to his faith in *débütantes*. Flotow's *Martha* is in rehearsal, for Mademoiselle Saint-Urbain, and will be shortly brought out. Madame Nantier-Didé has a part in it. Grisi is expected next month, and a new impetus will be given to the performance. The theatre will remain open during the whole of the month of April. *La Gazza Ladra*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Giuramento* are in rehearsal.—Mr. Ambrose Thomas' lively opera, *Le Caïd*, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique with success. The principal parts are sustained by Mlle. Héritier, Mad. Decroix, MM. Faure, Sainte-Foy, Ponchard, and Nathan. *Fra Diavolo* is performing three times a-week without any decrease of attraction. One of the great features of the performance, on the occasion of Madame Ugalde's benefit, will be the appearance of that accomplished danseuse and great favorite of the public, Mlle. Fanny Cerito.—The mother of M. Gounod, composer of the new opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, lately brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique, died the day following its produc-

tion.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived in Paris, having been engaged, it is said, to bring out *Tannhäuser* at the Grand-Opéra.

LONDON.—*La Zingara* is the title given to the Italian version of Mr. M. W. Balfe's popular opera of the Bohemian Girl produced in its new form, for the first time in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday Feb. 6. The cast was as follows:—Count Arnheim, Signor Belletti; Devils-hoof, Signor Violetti; Florestein, Signor Mercuriali; Thaddeus, Signor Ginglini; Arline, Mlle. Piccolomini; Queen of the Gipsies, Mlle. Saunier.

In the last ten years the Sacred Harmonic Society has given 196 concerts, more than one fourth of which have been devoted to *Elijah*. The *Messiah* has been given 48 times within the same period. Handel's *Samson* was to be given on the 3d inst., Sims Reeves sustaining the tenor part.

The following was the programme of one of the last Crystal Palace Concerts, and is a fair specimen of the programmes which have been given every Saturday for months:

Overture (Athalie)—Mendelssohn; Aria. "Ah, perfido," Madame Borchardt—Beethoven; Fantasia for violin, Mr. Watson—Perry; Song, "Frühlings Toaste," Herr Deck—Lachner; Symphony No. 4—R. Schumann; Duet, "O lieto momento!" Madame Borchardt and Herr Deck—Boieldieu; Scherzo from Symphony No. 1—Mendelssohn; Song, "I dreamt that I dwelt," Madame Borchardt—Balfe; Bacchanalian Song, Herr Deck—Dorn; Triumphal March from the tragedy of *Turpeia* (first time of performance)—Beethoven. Conductor—Mr. A. Manns.

Miss ARABELLA GODDARD is again reaping fame by her performances of classical music. Her programme for Feb. 2, was as follows:

Sonata in E major, Pianoforte and Violin. Haydn
Grand Sonata in G minor, "Didone Abbandonata," (Scena Tragica), Op. 50. Clementi
Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (à la Tarentella), from Book 9 of F. C. Grienker's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach." J. S. Bach
Grand Sonata in E major, Op. 24. Weber
Grand Trio in C flat, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. Beethoven

Haydn's sonata (says the *Mus. World*) was played to perfection by Miss Goddard and M. Sainton, one of the most consummate masters of the classical style now living. The freshness and vigor of this work—which, though it has no *minuet* and *trio*, is on an extended plan—are remarkable, and the wonder is that it should have been so long neglected. The sonata of Clementi is the grandest and most largely developed of all the pianoforte compositions of that very eminent master. Each of the three movements is in the minor key, and yet the sonata, as a whole, exhibits an extraordinary variety.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO. FOURTH SEASON.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the FOURTH Musical Soirée will take place at Messrs Chickering's Rooms, THIS EVENING, March 6th, assisted by Miss HARDWICK, and Messrs. T. H. HINTON and C. EICHLER.
Beethoven's C minor Trio for Violin, Viola and Violoncello, and Trio by Fesca, will be performed.
See programmes at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.
Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Seventh Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Mar. 13, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, Pianist.
Beethoven's No. 3, in C, of the Razoumoufsky Quartettes—Grand Piano Trio in E flat, by Schubert—Mendelssohn's Piano Variations in E flat, etc., will be performed.
See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.
Half Package of Four Tickets, Two Dollars. Single tickets, 75 cents each.

TO PUBLISHERS.

The undersigned, in consequence of a change of publishers, will relinquish the printing of the Journal of Music after the 1st of April. He is now prepared to contract for the printing of a paper of similar size and style, on very favorable terms.
He would take this opportunity to return his thanks to the Musical Profession for the liberal patronage extended to him in years past, and would be happy to see them, and any others who may have occasion for his services, at his NEW AND BEAUTIFUL OFFICE, Savings Bank Building, 34 School St. where he has every requisite for FINE JOB PRINTING.
EDW. L. BALCH.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. ANNOUNCE

That they will issue on the 3d of April, and continue to publish every week thereafter,

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Each number will contain SIXTEEN PAGES, of the same handsome quarto form and the same beauty of external style, which have heretofore characterized the Journal of eight pages.

From two to four pages each week will be filled with CHOICE MUSIC.

The literary contents will, as heretofore, relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Books, the Drama, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, &c.

The Editorial Management will remain with JOHN S. DWIGHT, who is pledged to conduct the paper in the same fair and independent spirit, which has won for "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC" its high name among Art journals during the past six years. He will be assisted still by the same able corps of correspondents and contributors, including the "Dwight" and author of the much admired "Brown Papers"; while new correspondents and reporters from all quarters will from time to time be added, thus making the Journal as complete and true an organ as possible of Musical Art and Musical Culture in this country, and indispensable to every family and individual of musical and artistic taste.

THE PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION will be but \$2, per annum, (by Carrier \$2.50), payable in advance. General and Local Agents are wanted in all parts of the United States and Canada, to whom the most liberal per-centage on subscriptions will be allowed.

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NOTE TO ADVERTISERS.—The wide circulation of this paper renders it a most advantageous medium of advertising to Music Publishers, Teachers, Piano-forte Manufacturers and Dealers, and to all parties whose relations to Music make a publicity of their business or profession desirable. It will include among its list of weekly recipients Colleges, Seminaries Musical Societies, and Teachers of note in the United States and Canada, together with thousands of the musical public.

CONCERT.

MR H ECKHARDT begs leave to announce to the public of Boston and vicinity that he will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert in the

TREMONT TEMPLE,
On Saturday Evening, March 27, 1858,

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first time in Boston entire, with Grand Orchestra. Further particulars of the Concert will be duly announced.
Special Rehearsals on Saturday the 13th inst. and on Sunday the 14th, with String Quartet, at Messrs. Hallett & Davis's Warerooms.

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Sketch of the Life of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

(Concluded from page 394.)

Lablache proved himself a consummate vocalist in every school of music, from Mozart down to Bellini. Whether in Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, the old wife-seeker in *Don Pasquale*, Geronimo in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, or the Corporal in *L'Etoile du Nord*—embracing all the principal modern operatic characters excepting one—he was equally admirable. Verdi alone he avoided, or perhaps was not called upon to attempt; and indeed it is questionable if Lablache could have sung Verdi's music at any time, and in all probability would not if he could. It is curious that neither he nor Tamburini ever played a part in any of the operas of the modern maestro, whose works are now laid hold of by all singers, sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones and basses, as if there existed only one kind of dramatic music worthy to be designated good, and adapted to display the powers of the singers to advantage. Lablache's *répertoire* belonged legitimately to the pre-Verdian composers, and stopped with Donizetti and Bellini.

Perhaps in no branch of the vocal art did Lablache so triumphantly declare his genius as in recitative, whether accompanied or *parlante*. In the former he was always forcible and impressive—in the latter, he had the peculiar skill of half intoning the notes, which was neither speaking nor singing, but seemed wonderfully to coalesce with the spare chords of the violoncello, always, as it seemed to us, out of keeping with the perfect enunciation of the tones of the voice. But, withal, he gave you no idea of tune, and his time was as correct as that of a metronome. In fact, if Lablache only made a motion with a limb, or a grimace with one of his features, he never broke his time. He sang in time—he acted in time—he thought in time. What a splendid example such a singer might have afforded the modern race of vocalizers, if they could only have followed him.

All the renowned Italian singers have been

remarkable for their power of sustaining notes, which can only be attributed to capaciousness and expansibility of the lungs, in which a large supply of air can be obtained at a breath. Lablache was perhaps more extraordinary than other Italians in this respect. While singing the loudest, or articulating the most rapid passages, unless you paid the most earnest attention, you could not ascertain when he took breath.

As an actor Lablache has hardly enjoyed less reputation than as a singer. The name of "great comedian" and "great tragedian" have been almost universally coupled with that of "great vocalist." Lablache, beyond all dispute, was one of the most original, powerful, and varied comic actors that ever trod the boards of the opera. High comedy, middle comedy, low comedy, were equally native to his genius. None who ever saw him will deny this. The universality and force of his humor were seen and felt in one performance. Other artists you were compelled to see frequently, to consider thoughtfully, to compare with others, to sift in your judgment, to hesitate before pronouncing a verdict upon, or fear the influence of prejudice when weighing their merits. With Lablache you were immediately and for ever satisfied; you were assailed by no conflicts of reasoning; you utterly rejected hesitation, and felt satisfied with your judgment; you dreaded no results from prejudice; and bounded from safe and sure premises to a consolidated conclusion, as an Alpine chamois leaps from a series of rocky heights to *terra firma*.

Lablache was the most original as well as the greatest of comic actors. He possessed no stage conventionalities; subscribed to no tricks of the scene; smelt not of the foot lights. In playing old men he did not deem it necessary, as is the invariable custom, to crook his knees into an acute angle, open his legs wide apart, and shake his head as though he was troubled with the palsy. He had seen many old men with straight knees and perpendicular legs, who displayed very steadfast heads on firm shoulders. He preferred copying what he observed outside to what he witnessed inside the theatre, or, in all probability, when he acted, like Dudu—

"He never thought about himself at all,"

but was governed by his instinct. His natural gifts were prodigious. His walk was wonderfully easy and life-like. How he filled up the stage—not with his size but with his intellect! Every action had its propriety—every movement its meaning—every look its significance. No artist ever took greater liberties with his audience; but in all his freedom and "gagings" there was no extravagance or caricature. The very absurdities in which he indulged became intrinsic qualities of the character as soon as Lablache created them. In his hands alteration suffered no change. Nay, new-model it as often as he might, the character lost neither force nor vitality. The mould alone was broken—the clay remained the same.

A great many of Lablache's comic characters would furnish matter for lengthy essays. What a world of genial fun and racy humor, for instance, was comprised in his performance of Doctor Bartolo—certainly one of his most striking impersonations! The very spirit of Beaumarchais seemed incorporated in him, and Rossini's

spirituel music acquired new force and character from his interpretation. As we think of this wondrous personification, what looks, and tones, and attitudes, and gestures come back to us and fill our hearts with merriment once more! We again behold the amorous old guardian, with mincing step and slightly-shaking head, play the gallant before his tender ward, leering at her as his huge shadow walks into the light of her loveliness. Now with Basilio his jealousy is fired, and he whispers him aside and consoles himself with his sage adviser, and, as he listens to the tempter—"La Calunnia"—rubs his hand at the prospect of the gigantic plot laid for the discomfiture of his rival. Figaro enters, and a severe look of cunning is assumed, and he perambulates the stage, sunning himself before the spectators, saying as plainly as is possible without words—"See how wise and cunning I am! But this rascal here is more wise and more cunning, and I must become his victim! Behold how I make myself a martyr!" And straight he sits down in an arm-chair, and the barber proceeds to lather him forthwith. Lablache, with instinctive genius, perceived that in Rossini's opera, whatever necessity might have existed in Beaumarchais's comedy to carry out the contrary, the character of Doctor Bartolo should not be played precisely with a view to rendering it real and natural. The actual guardian of the comedy is not intrinsically a comic part, and the more closely it is allied to truth in the performance the further removed will it be from creating that effect which is the direct end of all comic acting. Had Lablache preserved the verisimilitude of the part, Doctor Bartolo would have resolved himself into an amorous, jealous, and disappointed old man, whose sudden forgiveness at the end of the piece would have been utterly unaccountable. He did not assume the natural or real side of the character, but the comic and effective. From the earliest scene in the opera it was plain that Lablache took the audience into his confidence, and, as it were, exclaimed to them, aside—"They think me an old fool! Well, I know I am, but I'll plague them before I have done with them. If you stand by me, I'm a match for a dozen rascally Figaros and twenty intriguing Counts!" And so he went through his part, and appealed to the audience in every dilemma and strait, and pretended to receive consolation from their laughter and approval. In the last scene, when the Doctor's long hopes of happiness are blasted by the very rival he hated and the servant he fostered, would it not have been the most natural act in the world for the man to have gone mad in despair, or at least have fled the scene in wrath, and not have braved the gibes and sneers of all the lookers-on by remaining. Lablache knew all this, and could have interpreted it so had there been a necessity. But he went beyond the poet and musician, and realized more fun in the character than ever was contemplated by either.

In short, when he played Doctor Bartolo the spectators became as much a part of the performance as Figaro or Rosina, and his exaggerations were consequently the result of the intimacy between audience and actor. How if these exaggerations had been dispensed with? The world would have lost some of the most exquisite displays of comic fancy ever beheld or recorded.

Every scene was full of them, and they alone who have witnessed the performance of Doctor Bartolo by Lablache can imagine how capable such a part is of being translated into the highest regions of comedy.

Of Lablache's tragic powers we do not hold as lofty an opinion as many of his admirers, and believe that the celebrated saying of Dr. Johnson respecting Shakspeare's genius might, with far greater propriety, be applied to him—namely, that "his comedy was instinct, and his tragedy skill." In such parts as Oroveso in *Norma*, Elmiro in *Otello*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, the Doge in *Marino Faliero*, Henry Eighth in *Anna Bolcna*, and others, he certainly was grand and imposing, but these did not require the purely tragic element so much as a commanding look and figure, power of voice, and an amount of feeling and pathos which as often appertains to comedy as tragedy. In the higher walks of passion, Lablache did not feel at his ease. He had "no laughing devil in his sneer," to give seeming and force to the terrible Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia*, nor could he invest such a part as Enrico in *Maria di Rohan* with that concentrated fire and energy so necessary to endow it with vitality on the stage. So grand a singer, with so magnificent a voice, so perfect an artist, so experienced an actor, gifted with such splendid personal qualifications, could not fail to render any part attractive and important; nevertheless, upon examination, it will be found that none of the serious parts with which his name is identified contains the real tragic element. Lablache has played first-rate tragic parts both in London and Paris—Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and the father in Paer's *Agnese*, for instance—but has left behind him no reputation in their assumption. The Doge in Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*, written expressly for him, may be cited as an example to the contrary, as exhibiting him in a tragic character of the loftiest kind. The fact, however, that the opera, although one of the composer's most masterly, had no success in England or France, and has now been laid on the shelf for a number of years, is some proof, at all events, that the performance of the leading character was not supereminent. How different the fortune of other operas written for him—*L'Elisir d'Amore*, *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., &c. In *I Puritani*, Count Pepoli and Bellini measured to the greatest nicety the serious capabilities of Lablache, and consequently the Giorgio of the artist was a consummate performance—grave, earnest, solemn, tender, pathetic, and powerful in the extreme. Like our own Charles Kemble, Lablache rose to a certain height in tragedy, and then stopped short. He was no more a Tamburini or a Ronconi, than Charles Kemble was a Kean or Macready. But this is not depriving him of any praise. Every great artist has his speciality and his limitation, and of him who plays everything well it may be predicated that he plays nothing transcendently. Genius—to start an old metaphor—like the solar beam, requires concentration to give it its greatest force, and when the rays are separated its power is lost. Lablache's genius was concentrated and burned in the focus of comedy. It is his just and deserved eulogy, that he was one of the greatest comic artists that ever adorned the operatic stage.

Imagination.

From the "Democrat of the Tea Table," of the Transcript.

Washington Allston, beyond all reasonable question, had far more genius than any other American painter, and though it was not limited to landscape painting, one almost wishes that he had confined himself to it. He seems to me to have been the only truly imaginative landscape painter this country has given to Art. He had not that dramatic imagination which a great historical painter must have. One turns from his Jeremiah to the scribe at his feet, and would have turned, (I cannot doubt) in looking at the Belshazzar's Feast, had it been completed, from the Daniel and the Belshazzar to the Hebrew girl and the still life. His genius lay in the contem-

plative and dreamy rather than in the personal and constitutional direction. What a beauty and what a charm it threw over the man and over his works! How he must have seemed to his friend Coleridge, as if just stepped out of a dream to listen! How thankful all who really knew him here were, that there was one man among hurrying, nervous Yankees, whose character lacked will and self-assertion, whose life to them seemed objectless, and before whose mind the visions of boyhood grew nearer, clearer and more constant as they trooped with him through this world towards heaven! See how that pensive and self-absorbing imagination looks at you from the faces of his women, whom one grows to cherish as his near and necessary friends. How like him they are—and apart from all other faces ever painted in America—in unconsciousness and dreamy immersion of thought! Faithful and exact studying and copying of nature are as indispensable to a landscape painter as a thorough mastery of the more purely technical processes of his art. How far he can go beyond these, if at all, is a question of imaginative capacity in at least one healthy direction.

We go to *Man* to find absolute superiority to Shakspeare's men and women, as we do to *Nature* for the same absolute superiority to a perfect artistic landscape, itself excelling—because completing (in artistic integrity,) the piece of nature it embodies.

Imagination is an informing, shaping and executive faculty, working, when paramount in a great and balanced nature, through the understanding, and bringing it up to its potential capacity—making common sense profound,—making Burke a greater statesman than Fox,—Bacon greater than any English philosopher,—and not necessarily showing itself, (as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton,) in a single, original, imaginative expression in language. The creative imagination in this country has developed itself almost entirely in other than literary and artistic directions.

The simplest and best illustration which ever occurred to me of the creative action of a mind like Shakspeare's is what we all have in dreams. We "enact spectatordom" and look upon the procession of characters and events woven by our own brain, as we should at an unexpected pageant passing before our waking eyes. In other words, the characters are as "objective" to our minds—as free from our own peculiarities of personal character as are Ophelia and Lear from Shakspeare's. Whereas, "subjective" writers, like Byron and Bulwer, reproduce themselves in their characters. We detect Shakspeare by his sweet and supreme power and by his manipulative treatment; we detect Byron by his Byronizing everything he touched.

The creative faculty, vitally considered, gave Shakspeare Hamlet as instantaneously as Minerva was given to Jove—gave, at last, in that creative flash, thorough illumination, congruity and completeness—the soul to the body. Writing Hamlet out was a subsequent thing—those imaginative dips into the work and perpetually recurring and voluntary withdrawals (like the elder Booth's joking one minute at a side-scene, and in the next having the big tears of a realized Lear running down his cheeks) are as far away from the vital original creation of Hamlet as they are from the (miscalled) "transcendental" nonsense of unconsciousness. Just so it was when combination after combination and theory after theory had swept, ghostlike, by the shaping, unsatisfied, and rejecting brain of Newton, that he at last flashed the relating and vitalizing soul of the true principle; and what followed was only deducing statement and bridging process for tenth-rate mathematicians. In illustration of this, even in music, is this "piece of testimony" from Mozart's famous letter to the Baron:

Provided I am not disturbed, the subject enlarges itself, becomes methodical and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture or a beautiful statue at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The committing

to paper is done quickly enough, for everything, as I said before, is already finished.

This capacity for the highest creation implies such a precedent growth and exercise of a great nature as is given in these remarkable words of Coleridge:

Shakspeare—no mere child of nature: no *automaton* of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration: possessed by the spirit, not possessing it—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and finally gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class.

So this instantaneousness of conception implies vast precedent imaginative labors, in the assimilation, rejection and mastery of resources.

The true "unconsciousness" of consummate genius is this—that it cannot, while creating, see, objectively and critically, the law of the birth and growth of the creation; because full genius only becomes supreme when completely and joyously occupied and merged in its work—though there must be the most sensitive consciousness within *this limit* which separates man from omniscience. Thus truth and nature can pass unimpeded and unalloyed through the mind of the true poet, himself all alive with executive consciousness. Shakspeare's creations are as characterless as he was full of character—only in so far as and because they are free from his own individuality. As we are sure that Hamlet, *where a duty was simple and sufficient*, and the work to be done vast and complex, would have had greater conceiving and executive power than Richard or Macbeth, so we are, that in any given direction where personal character was necessary, Shakspeare would have overborne Ben Jonson or Milton.

Fresh Impressions of Old Themes.

Thalberg, Vieuxtemps and the rest must have been amused by the following criticism, which appeared in a Mobile paper (the *Mercury*), when they were passing there a few weeks since. We agree with the friend who cut it out for us, that the author ought to have *carte blanche* to all the concerts given in his town, during his natural life. Says he:

Next came a 'fantasia,' from *Norma*, (my left hand neighbor inquired of me where that town was situated,) by the miraculous Thalberg, who sat down to the piano as if he had made up his mind to polish off *Norma* to its heart's content—which he proceeded to do, and did do. It was thrashed out of that piano till the instrument quivered with rage; it was banged into it, jerked through it, and dragged over it, as it were, by the hair of the head, until the very wires groaned again. After being thus brayed in a mortar, 'so to speak,' *Norma* was taken gently and led trippingly up the scale, as if walking on eggs, and there made to dance and frisk about like a fairy spirit, while a deep rumbling down among the bass notes showed a vivid remembrance of the violence which had been just been done to their feelings.

The sparkling melody then subsided into sadness, into mellowness, into melting sweetness, and then into almost an 'echo of soft silence,' at which time you might have heard a pin drop—a rolling pin, for example, had any body have so far forgotten the proprieties of the occasion as to bring to such a place that useful culinary implement. Suddenly recovering itself, the piece started off afresh, this time into hysterics, warbling incoherently like an insane cockatoo, the notes tumbling over one another like boys let out of school, each outscreeaming the other, when, finally gathering up all his energies, the performer suddenly finished by a stunning blow at all the keys together, which closed the business at once for that piece, and settled Mr. *Norma* forever."

The writer's feelings having somewhat recovered from the stunning blows of Thalberg, he is prepared to appreciate the great violinist:

"The performance by Vieuxtemps of Lucia was so enthusiastically applauded as to bring him out again, and the audience fairly exploded when he commenced the national air of 'Yankee Doodle,' but silence was imposed at once by the ravishing notes with which that inspiring tune was rendered. It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such an ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by this king of violinists. He played it 'low down,' and then high up on the E string—with all four parts at once—with the bow up against the bridge—without any bow at all; he played it backwards and forwards, and I believe sideways and crossways—began at the end, and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar, growled it like a bass-viol, ('a base violation of the time,' quoth my neighbor,) squeaked it like a fife, warbled it like a flute, and 'picked' it out like a banjo. It was Yankee Doodle all the time, however—sometimes solus, like a boy whistling; anon as a duet, like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the 'variations,' all of which displayed and set off the original air, as a multitudinous array of jewels adorns and enhances the beauty of the fair wearer."

Finally, and in conclusion, Madame Johanssen claims a place, and of her he thus speaks:

"At last quiet was achieved, and Madame Johanssen sang the popular 'Ricci Song'—brief, but saccharine—and on being called out again, gave the beautiful German air, accompanying herself on the piano, adapted to the words, 'We've met by chance'—scarcely appropriate to the occasion, as that can hardly be said to be a chance meeting, where tickets are secured two days in advance, at the sacrifice of three dollars each, for the privilege of being present."

"The Huguenots" at the N. Y. Academy.

[From the *Tribune* (W. H. FRY), March 9.]

..... All the European States at this moment furnish but one dramatic composer who may be relied upon for a constant and steady supply of operas, intended for the Italian stage or stage for all countries, and having a reasonable chance of world-wide success. In speaking thus casually, we do not forget the charms of Meyerbeer as a composer, who is yet occupied seriously and devotedly with musical composition. But as M. Meyerbeer produces only one opera about every ten years, his fecundity does not keep pace at all with public requirement. Hence Verdi has the field all his own. But when Meyerbeer does make an opera, it is generally one to endure. It has breadth and strength. The intellectual nature of his designs and the religious, historic and transcendental quality of his musical paintings, rightly viewed, and estimated as products of brain-power and as noble human achievement, will give to operatic representations a meaning not dreamt of by those who only consider them as amusements. Indeed, in regard to M. Meyerbeer, it must be remembered that one of the most eminent dramatists of this or any other period, Scribe, is his collaborator in the work of operatic making. Scribe and he work together. And look at the great and ingenious scenes they produce. Regard the grand historical pictures they summon up. Not going beyond the drama immediately in hand, what grander, more terrible, or more sublime event in history is there than that hell-inspired massacre of some 200,000 Protestants—sacrificed by one of those fierce delusions of the human intellect, by which it attempts to play the part of the Almighty, fix faith and creed by mathematical rule, and decides that the eternal soul must soar or sink, so and so, as though it were physical matter, capable of man's handling and graduations. A truly sublime subject for historic painting; and at the risk of being misunderstood, we do not hesitate to say that no other medium of presenting it vividly to the human imagi-

nation can be found equal to that of the opera-house. We may read Luther; we may study his square-cut, solemn countenance; but let the vitalities of his hymns be heard on the stage in character and set forth with the resources of scenery and costume, and it is as though the stern old reformer again lived and breathed, and sang the praise of his Creator.

But not to dwell too long on the abstract, let us look a moment at the music of Meyerbeer, in proof of this intellectuality of music. Let us take the full score, as it is called, containing the notes played by all the instruments placed one under another in due proportion of simultaneous utterance, and divided by common lines into measures; hence the scoring down the page from top to bottom. As a new evidence of human labor, viewed apart from every other consideration, an operatic score can claim its respectabilities. For it covers a thousand pages, each page containing from five to ten times as much as ordinary music pages printed for popular use. As to the power of combination—the chromatic or coloristic quality—a full score presents upon every page a mass of combinations fitting an historical painting on canvas; the masses of light and shade and color, the foreground and the background, the solid central figures and the retreating accessories, the bold front projections and the aerial perspective of the canvas, all being found, in their peculiar expression, equally in the full score. The musical work under consideration opens with an instrumental prelude, the curtain being down. Let us look at the artistic skill and appropriate meetings of this. First, the very dark-toned kettle-drums strike a few ill-boding notes. Then comes a piece of actual history—the Luther's Hymn, as much intensifying the Reformation history beyond all else, as did the Marseilles Hymn that of the French Revolution. This hymn is heard on the clarionets and bassoons, and the cor anglais, wooden reed instruments, which at once recall the church organ, and all church psalmody of the period. Then come the brass instruments—typical through all ages of the thunders of war; and the idea of the Cromwellian-like heroes, the Huguenots, fighting against the Pope and the Devil, is incontinently vivified. This dies away, as the violinish instruments, with pieces of wood acting as mutes, and placed over the strings, giving a mysterious temper to the sound. Then the hymn dies away, as a few notes are played on the latter instruments, harp-fashion, by the player pinching the strings. Then come smooth, soft passages on the violins, suggesting the soft, feminine element which runs through the opera, and being in rhetorical contradistinction to the stalwart temper of the reformer's lyric. Then this sweet fluent passage is mixed up with this direction on the score: Half the stringed instruments played with fingers, the other half with the bows, a minute effect worth the amateur's study. Sequent come little bits of dialoguery, in which the instruments may be supposed to be interchanging courtesies as to health; and talk becoming more general, we may imagine ladies in hair powder, chattering in sweet, courtly French. To this succeed a number of measures exactly marked by four notes each in the bass, while are above heard snatches of the old canticle, mixed up with nice little dames d'honneur frivolities on the violins. But now the musical sky darkens, and the composer makes the violin firmament darken with rage, and doubling as to quickness of time some of the elephantine accents of Luther's Hymn, we are led to an allegro where the old 72-pounder is hammered out in its rushing and crushing plenitudes of theological ecstasy—a very awakening of Zion—a camp-meeting frenzy of olden time. And here we may insist that music—music in its connection with the opera, and purely instrumental music alone, aiming at dramatic expression—is one of the best historians. It speaks out more than the silent page or picture. Painting and sculpture are quiet and particular. Music is living, as it comes from the throat or hand, and generalizes facts by association in a manner all its own; but to see into its logical and æsthetic cupboard, we must have the key. The music where we left off is succeed-

ed by a short storm of syncopations—the same word as taken from the Greek and applied to certain conditions of the human body; and indeed, the gasping of the orchestra, syncopationally treated, merits the appellation. Now we have short passages in 12-8 time, or that formed of four groups of notes in a measure or bar, each group having three notes—the passage being formed on that black musical uncertainty, the diminished seventh, a chord belonging to every, and hence, to no scale or key in particular; a chord composed of lugubrious, angry minor thirds, (the intervals which the winds use in their mournful howlings,) one added to another, down, down, to the lower deep of infernal harmony.

Here endeth the first chapter, for the curtain is raised on Act 1, Scene 1.

PASSING REMARK.—Life is short, and Meyerbeer is long. He is very rich and liesurely, though furiously and abominably industrious. (A man of genius must "loaf" extensively.) Being so well off, and having so much time on his hands to doubly sugar-up his periods, he mosaics away his details up to the fuzz on the animalcula's wing (which often does not improve it.) In addition to this, he has the disposition to be colossal in length, and has the "Imperial" Academy of Music in Paris, with its latitude of rehearsals and huge patience of its auditors, to back him up. So he deals in length. Time is the succession of ideas, but his are so long that eternity is included in hearing one of his words. When a people are very busy, like our own, they must cut down Meyerbeer vastly (they do so even in Paris), to bring one of his works into reasonable compass. And probably the unkindest cut of all, was done in the Italian version played last night, the descriptive music which opens the first act. But the Ullman had, Hamlet-like, to be cruel in order to be kind, and he began with the scalpel, excising a musical discourse reaching from page 16 to page 46—a discourse on all that the nobles did in the scene marked A, B, C, (the subdivisions of the scene,) and began on D—an "orgie" where the nobles sit down to supper and sing a good rousing bacchanalian—subject, also, by way of adding insult to injury, to two "judicious cuts." A recitative leads to a romance, beautifully colored, in the orchestra. This romance reveals one of those curiosities of musical literature for which Meyerbeer is remarkable. For example: it is given to a single alto-violin, (a la viol d'amour of the olden days) to accompany the sentiment. A change, certainly, from the hurricane of multitudinous orchestral sounds preceding it. This accompaniment opens with some new chords, harmonic-wise. It is a remarkable fact that every sound taken within, say, the limits of the human voice, generates sounds millions of octaves above it, one of which is appreciable by the human ear. We say millions of octaves, because, as there is no end to the extension or divisibility of matter, and it can be mathematically proven that two lines may approach each other forever, and never meet, so by the same operation of psychological transcendentalism it is evident that there can be no beginning to the lowest bass note, or end to the highest treble note of the universe. Wherever there is light there is sound, and music exists in all creation. That is, there must be an eternal song—literally musical chords, the perfect major—harmoniously playing by the undying spontaneities of erotic nature; and this music is only rendered evident to the limited human sense through vibrations caused by bodies moving on earth by physical and natural means—by the act of the singer or players, the hymn of nature as exhibited in the waterfall, the thunder, the lion's double bass, the cupiding utterance of birds, the sweet complainings of the æolian harp. But to come back to first principles: this higher heaven of sound, this harmonic quality, is used by Meyerbeer most poetically in the symphony on the single alto violin in question, which accompanies the words sung, "*Ah, quel spectacle enchanter vient souffrir à mes yeux.*" Then in the *Andante cantabile* (slow singing, in contradistinction to vigorous declamation, or ornate many-note strains) the alto violin takes its "position neutre," and descending from the cerulean harmonics, discours-

es in flowing groups of three and then four notes to a very sweetly contented strain, having the following words:

Plus blanche que la blanche hermine,
Plus pure qu'un jour de printemps,
Un ange, une vierge divine,
De sa vue eblouit mes sens;
Vierge immortelle, qu'elle était belle, &c.

The merest hint of feminine chorus is heard afterward. The power of coincident musical allusion, without the poverty of a twice-told tale, is remarkable. No literature, no painting bears its broad statements over again, there must be new forms and facts. But music has its *da capo*, its encore; and the auditor, if much pleased with a melody when given in the first portion of a composition, will be more pleased at its repetition.—Indeed, the whole theory of classical instrumentation is based upon such repetition (developments) and much of successful vocal music, though not to an equal extent.

Let us next mark the song of the old Huguenot where he describes the Protestant triumph at the siege of Rochelle. The fife, the drum, the crash of encounter, the whizz of bullets, the rampant joy of military triumph, connected with religious faith—such faith as people had a few centuries back—undiluted by doubts, speculations, or individuality in theological apprehension—there all are clearly rendered in the coloring and tones of this remarkable song.

It would surpass our limits at this late hour to treat extensively of the qualities of the pieces of this colossal work. A good sized book might be written. But we would point especial attention to the conspiracy scene, the duet between the lovers which follows, as models of great musical design and treatment. Unquestionably, the thundering rhapsody of the Catholic monks, nobles, and crowd, surpass in grandeur anything heard on the operatic stage. It is superb in every vital requisite of art. The duet is not less grand in its character, and had Meyerbeer never written anything else but these two pieces, he would have taken the highest place in musical—and hence in expressive, spiritual art.

Mr. Ullman cannot be too strongly congratulated for the manner in which he has put this work on the stage. We have at last, an orchestra in the opera which is sufficiently large. One with body, fulness, soul. The minimum of a good orchestra in a house of the size of the Academy, is sixty performers. With that all the interstices which lie between the instruments under reduced numbers are filled out, and the ear is satisfied with a full repast of sounds. The chorus was magnificent. The German addition to it was especially voluble, certain and powerful.

We have seen this opera many times in Paris, but never so well done as regards the principal singers. Never at the Imperial Academy of Paris did we hear a singer equal in the part to Madame LaGrange; never one equal to Madame D'Angri; never one equal to Formes; never one better than Gassier; none superior to Tiberini, except Duprez; none so good in his part as Tafanelli.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17.—Last week brought us two very fine concerts. The first one, given by Mr. SATTER, was, I am glad to say, very well attended, and is said to have proved satisfactory in every respect. It seems that our public have not forgotten that this artist roused their enthusiasm some years ago. My recollections of the enjoyment received from his playing at that time were so vivid, that I doubly regretted being unable to be present at this concert. On another occasion, I hope to give you my personal impressions. MASON and THOMAS's third Matinée on Saturday, was not quite as interesting as the previous one. A Sonata by Schubert, for violin and piano, very finely rendered by the concert-givers

themselves, disappointed me, after what I had been led to expect of these compositions. Beethoven's ever-beautiful Quartet, op. 59, was of course acceptable, and showed better than anything previously played, the manifest improvement of the performers. Among these, by the way, we gladly welcomed Mr. BERGMANN back to his old place, he having been absent from the city until now, and Mr. BRANNES having taken his part only until his return. After this great work of the great master, a dashing, brilliant Italian Trio of Louis Wolff did not appear to great advantage. Had this been placed first on the programme, it would have pleased better, and have had such credit given to its merits as they deserve.

I regret that I have been obliged to delay my letter until the last moment, and so that it may reach you in time for this week's issue, must leave unsaid several things, which, however, will bear delaying till my next. I cannot, however, refrain from a dire complaint with regard to the cruelty of your printers, who have mutilated my last letters to a most unconscionable degree.—Fortunately, their misprints make such nonsense, that their being mere misprints is evident. One ridiculous mistake of my own, however, caused by haste in writing, I must rectify. I did not mean by any means that the "rubbish shaken out of the old viola and 'cello" at my friend's, was "found to be very useful," but that this was the case with the instruments. —t—

LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 7.—Enclosed I send you the programmes of the three Concerts, (Public Rehearsals, as we call them,) which have been given by the "Mozart Society." From them you will perceive that we have not been idle.—

FIRST REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Chorus: How bright and fair the morn is breaking, Rossini.—2. Duet, Sopranos: I would that my love, Mendelssohn.—3. Air, Soprano: Long I've watched beneath the willow, Weber.—4. Chorus: Hail to thee, Liberty! Rossini.—5. Duet, Soprano and Baritone: From the Barber of Seville, Rossini.—6. Cavatina: Una Voce poco fa, Rossini.—7. Chorus: Softly treading, silence keep, Meyerbeer.—8. Duet, Sopranos: Dark day of horror, Rossini.—Duet, Tenor and Soprano: Parigi o cara, Verdi.—10. Phantom Chorus: From Sonnambula, Bellini.

PART SECOND.—1. Duet for two Pianos: Themes from Norma, Thalberg.—2. Chorus: Kyrie Eleison—from Mass in C, Beethoven.—3. Oratorio of Elijah, Part First, Mendelssohn.

SECOND REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Chorus, from Semiramide: Hail to thee, Liberty, Rossini.—2. Solo, Soprano: Ah! sure he'll ne'er deceive me, Donizetti.—3. Chorus: Kyrie—from Mass in C, Beethoven.—Duet, for Piano-Forte, 4 hands: Overture to William Tell, Rossini.—5. Solo, Soprano: Sommo cielo, Ricci.—6. Solo, Baritone: Arm, arm, ye brave, Handel.—7. Chorus from Elijah: He, watching over Israel, Mendelssohn.—8. Scene, Soprano, Der Freyschutz: Before my eyes beheld him, Von Weber.—9. Solo and Chorus: from Elijah, Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.—1. Duet and Chorus, Soprano and Baritone: from the Creation, Haydn.—2. Trio, Sopranos: Like as a Father pitieth his children, Cherubini.—3. Hunter's Chorus: from Cinderella, Rossini.—4. Duet, Soprano and Baritone: from Ivanhoe, Concone.—5. Chorus: from the Gipsy's Warning, Benedict.

THIRD REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Oratorio of Elijah, Part First, Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.—1. Chorus: Joy! Joy! freedom to-day, Benedict.—2. Romanza, Soprano: The brightest eyes, F. Abt.—3. Chorus: Night shades no longer, Rossini.—4. Aria, Soprano: Vedrai carino, Mozart.—5. Solo and Chorus: Crowned with the Tempest, Verdi.

The last Programme the members of the "Mozart" look upon with considerable pride, especially when they consider that, outside of Boston and New York, "Elijah" has never been given in this country, as a whole. Although we did not perform the whole of it, but only the first part entire, (excepting the dreaded double Quartet), it was only from considerations of policy that the second part of the work was omitted. We believe that our audience were not yet quite prepared for all of it in one evening; for the success

of our enterprise depends in a measure upon their co-operation, as we do not give public Concerts, but derive our revenue exclusively from subscription.

Our Chorus consisted of the following force:—Soprani 20, Alti 16, Tenors 12, Bassi 22;—rather a small number for such choruses, you will say. But, if small in numbers, yet they were all animated with a determination to do their duty to the best of their ability, and their whole soul was in the work before them. The choruses were performed admirably. From the beginning, to the last note of the "Rain" Chorus, all passed off smoothly, with the exception of the commencement of the "Fire" chorus, where the Bassos and Tenors made "the fire descend from heaven" in not a very satisfactory manner, and for a moment threatened utter annihilation to our hopes. It was only momentary, however. Nobly did the Sopranos restore order and confidence by the prompt and energetic manner with which they attacked the F natural, immediately after the response to the Bassos and Tenors. The "Baal" chorus, the lovely chorus after the Duet of the widow and Elijah, (the second part of which reminds one so forcibly of "For unto us a child is born," of Handel's Messiah), and the chorus "Thanks be to God," were given with great spirit. The responses to Elijah in the latter chorus, as well as those in the "Baal" chorus, were rendered absolutely perfect, and the fury, vehemence and wrath, which the chorus poured into the Presto movement of the Baal chorus, when driven to desperation by the taunts of the Prophet, told with wonderful effect.

Now allow me to say a few words about the Solos. This part of Elijah was undertaken by our much esteemed townsman, CORRADI COLIERE, and a most worthy representative of the Prophet did he prove himself. Not only does he look the character of Elijah, (as was universally remarked), but what is of far greater importance, he sang Mendelssohn's inspiration, as, (I venture to say without fear of contradiction,) very few indeed, in this country, can sing it. This gentleman has lately removed to our city, from Cincinnati, where he resided for a number of years; but, (to the shame of our sister city, be it spoken), so little was he appreciated by our good friends across the river, that he was unable to support himself by his profession. Possessing a voice of great compass, most extraordinary flexibility and great purity of intonation, he combines these qualities with true devotion to his profession. The moment he uttered the solemn words of prophecy in the opening Recitative, conviction seized every hearer, that the voice of the character was in safe hands. The Duet with the widow, the Recitatives in the Baal and Rain choruses, and especially that grand, almost terrible Bass Solo, "Is not his word like a fire?" all told how carefully and conscientiously his part had been studied.—Greatest, perhaps, was his rendering of the Baal Recitative and the one introducing the chorus, "Thanks be to God." The commanding and prophetic tone with which he commenced the former, the withering taunts which he addressed to the Priests of Baal, and the religious fervor of the Adagio, "Lord, God of Abraham," left nothing to be desired. But his performance of the closing scene pleased me most. With the utmost devotion did he render that beautiful prayer for rain, rising higher and higher in sublimity, when

he sang the words, "Unto Thee will I cry, Lord my rock, be not silent to me;" and the joyous, grateful thanks which he afterwards poured forth with the utmost power and volume of his magnificent voice, seemed to inspire all; for never did our choir sing with so much fire and animation, as in the following chorus.

The other Solo parts were well sustained by our principal amateurs. The rich, silvery, ringing tones of the voice that sang the part of the widow, never fail to afford the utmost pleasure, and certainly, never did the lady sing more truly artistically, never did her magnificent voice appear to greater advantage than in the Duet with Elijah. The Duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands," was sung well, but a little too timidly, it being the first attempt at singing in public by the young ladies. That truly lovely Solo for Tenor, "If with all your hearts ye seek Him," was given with much feeling and expression, as was, also, the Alto Solo of the angel, notwithstanding a very severe hoarseness under which the lady labored.

Forgive this long notice, my dear Mr. Dwight, but I must tell you privately, we all feel a little proud of this performance, which I trust will lead to greater and more extended exertions in the Mozart Society. Considering that nearly all our singers are amateurs, that we were compelled to do without an Orchestra, and that this difficult Oratorio, so far as we know, has never been given in the West, we ought to be excused for this little honest feeling of pride. Besides, the interest which you ever take in anything that may lead to a better appreciation of really good music, leads me to hope,—not only, that you will excuse this long epistle, but that you will rejoice with us in our success. G.

FLORENCE, JAN. 23.—I have won the heart of the Cara Padrona—in a maternal way I mean—by assisting her to envelope various invalid geraniums and rose-bushes, and above all by taking her two little children to the opera. For this purpose I hired a private box, (your imagination will never be able to grasp the idea of the small amount of funds required for such a luxury here,) and attended the representation in solemn state. The children were delighted at first, and bore up manfully during the second act, but in the third, exhausted nature gave way, and they both succumbed, and peacefully slumbered till the close of the opera.

It was not at the Pergola that I appeared in this paternal, or clever-country-uncle role. For, to tell the truth, I have only once attended this famed opera-house, and then the performances were so bad that I felt no inclination to go again. You must know that the Pergola is this season suffering under an accumulation of ill-luck. The tenor BELART was engaged for the Carnival, but being offered a more lucrative engagement in Paris, he coolly broke his Florentine contract, and is now playing at the Parisian capital. He did not notify the Pergola manager in time for the latter to obtain a suitable substitute, and so the season opened with *Ernani*, Signor LORINI in the tenor role, which he sang as well as he could, but he was not successful in pleasing the public. The management then made an engagement with one PUGET, a tenor of fair rank; but Puget, the day he arrived in Florence, was taken sick with a fever, and has been in bed ever since. So the management attempted *Lucia*, but it was

played only once, and that was just once too often, according to the critics. Since then *Ernani* (omitting the second act,) has occupied the stage, with the ballet of *Hulda*.

The *La Pergola* theatre stands in an obscure street, which in American cities would be thought only worthy the name of alley-way. The front, of yellowish stone, has a stable-like appearance, but is distinguished from the neighboring buildings, by the arms of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany upon the pediment. A wooden shed overhangs the side-walk, and the entire external appearance of the building is very indifferent. It is not shabby or dirty, for the street is kept wonderfully clean and neat; but it is not at all calculated to strike the stranger with admiration.

Entering the vestibule, the first object that met my eye was a painted placard, evidently for the benefit of English and American visitors. I copy *verbatim* the inscription:

PRICE OF TIKETS.

Tiket of Entrance, 3 Paoli.
Stalls of Orchestre [besides *tiket of Entrance*, 5 "

It should be borne in mind that this is not a temporary notice, hastily scribbled with a pen, but a handsomely printed placard, permanently and conspicuously posted up, in the most fashionable theatre of Florence, in one of the most celebrated in Italy, and where nightly gathers as highly educated an audience as can anywhere be found. When there are so many English people in Florence, this original method of English orthography seems more surprising.

The interior of *La Pergola* is much more elegant than the exterior would lead one to suppose. The vestibule is supported by superb columns of polished marble, of various colors, and connects with the auditorium by means of doors of huge plate glass. The interior decorations are very tasteful, consisting as usual, of gold and crimson, the Royal Box being fitted with a richness that adds greatly to the appearance of the house. It is customary in the continental theatres to have two Royal Boxes, one for State occasions, in the centre of the tiers directly opposite the stage, and the other at the right of the proscenium, only distinguished from the ordinary proscenium boxes by its additional decorations and the large gilded crown above it. The Pergola contains one hundred and two private boxes, exclusive of the grand Royal box, which of itself occupies the place of a dozen. The Parquette is the only part of the building accessible to the general public, and the "tikets" to this part of the house are sold at three paoli, or 30 cents each. The first few rows of seats near the orchestra are kept as reserved seats—*posti distinti*, as they call them here—and are attainable at an additional charge of 50 cents. *La Pergola* being an aristocratic theatre, there are no elevated accommodations for the "gods." The upper boxes, if not all engaged for the season, can be hired by the night; but if you want a box, you never ask for the box itself, but say you want to buy "a key," and offices for the sale of the *chiavi dei palchi* may be found in various parts of the city. The Pergola is much smaller than I had expected. It is not more than half the size of the Teatro Ferdinando. The scenic decorations are fair, and, as usual in Italian theatres, are drop scenes instead of slides, in the style copied by the Academy of Music, in New York.

During the performance of *Ernani*, which was

as badly rendered as ever I heard it, there was a constant murmur of talking throughout the house. Very few paid any attention to what was going on upon the stage, excepting perhaps during some favorite aria or cadenza of the prima donna, one GOLDBERG ROSSI, a second rate artist. There was none of that vehement applause, that excited enthusiasm, that are so frequently met with in Italian theatres; as far as the Opera was concerned, everything went off coldly and flatly. But when the ballet commenced there was a change which showed at once, that dancing, not music, Terpsichore, not Euterpe, was the chief attraction of *La Pergola*. The ballet was *Hulda*, an incomprehensible affair of knights, and Turks, and demons, and ever pervaded by a ferocious personage with a magic sword. The star of the ballet was LUISA TAGLIONI, and her dancing was such exquisite poetry of motion as I never before beheld. She was, of course, most liberally applauded, and after the ballet had concluded, about three-fourths of the audience left, not caring to wait for the last act of *Ernani*.

TROVATOR.

From my Diary, No. 27.

MARCH 17.—When I first became interested in musical literature, it was the fashion to seek an explanation of the fact that in our country good voices are rare, and very fine ones not to be found—while all the really great ones come from Italy. As my reading extended, a doubt arose, whether Italy alone did furnish these extraordinary vocal organs. I found that within a hundred and fifty years as many singers born North of the Alps have obtained a European reputation, as were born South of them,—both men and women. Statistics prove that no European country has a monopoly of this kind. In time, a doubt arose whether it would not be well before trying to explain the fact that American voices are inferior, to enquire, whether it be a fact? And this is a matter upon which I have bestowed no small attention during the last ten years, arriving at the result that the average goodness of American voices is equal to that of any country. The trouble is that there is little opportunity for their proper culture, and where the talent is given it is usually buried in a napkin. Had we, in every town of twelve thousand inhabitants, a huge church in which a musical service like the Catholic Mass was a part of every Sunday's ceremonies, we should have such a school of musical culture as would necessarily elevate the vocal talent, which now is a useless gift of Providence. The musical Conventions which for some years have been so much the fashion, I look upon with great favor, as doing something towards awakening an interest in something higher than the village singing school, with its infinite repetitions of easy psalm tunes and sing-song anthems. But something further than what may thus be gained, seems to be within easy reach.

Why cannot singing clubs be formed in our cities and large towns which shall all take up the "Creation" or the "Messiah", and study the choruses thoroughly, and in the pleasant autumn weather have a grand convocation somewhere, which shall be a real Musical Festival? Who can tell how great an influence might thus be exerted, and how many might form for the first time an idea of a really high standard of vocal music? For at such a gathering it would be a matter of pride and pleasure, and mediately of profit, to our best solo singers to appear.

In our larger cities and towns, we have already many a singer of far more than average ability. The trouble with most of them is, that they have begun too late to acquire the highest excellence, and that

they are impressed with the idea that great execution is great singing. But in fact, the greatest singing is that which causes the greatest music to have the greatest effect upon the heart of the auditor.

I suppose no person at all acquainted with musical history would deny that, from 1750 to 1850, the four women, who stand out as above and beyond all other songstresses, are MARA, CATALANI, MALIBRAN and LIND; and yet many might be named, who in execution surpassed them all.

Certain voices are nothing if not capable of great execution; others, which might be made to move the hearts of thousands, are ruined by the effort to acquire it. Talk as much as you will about the musical advantages, which we can have in Boston or New York,—the fact is patent to every one, who has carried an observant eye to Europe, that these advantages are after all, but small. The opportunity for really high musical culture is *not* given here.—Hence the absolute necessity—just as with painters and sculptors—of going to Europe. But where to go? Jenny Lind ought to know; read that capital letter of hers, published in *Dwight's Journal*, Oct. 6, 1855.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 20, 1858.

CONCERTS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave us a programme of uncommon interest last Tuesday evening, to wit:

- PART I.
- 1—Quartet in D minor, No. 76.....Haydn
Moderato—Andante—Minuetto.
 - 2—Grand Trio in E flat, op. 100.....Franz Schubert
Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro moderato—
Finale, Moderato.
- PART II.
- 3—Quartet in C, No. 3, op. 59.....Beethoven
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, and
Finale, Presto.
 - 4—Andante with Variations for Piano, in E flat, op. 82.....Mendelssohn
 - 5—Tema con variazioni and Finale, Andante and Allegro
Vivace, from the Quintet in B flat, No. 6.....Mozart

The Quartet in D minor was new to us, and in some respects presented a new phase of Haydn. It had something quite peculiar and original, especially in the Andante; a certain individuality of its own, apart from the characteristic charm of Haydn's manner; a variation from his usual circle of ideas.

The Beethoven Quartet, after what this Club and the 'German Trio' have done this season, made the Rasoumoffsky set complete. This No. 3 is certainly the most eccentric, and perhaps the most interesting of the three. What a riddle is the introduction—those thirty measures of ambiguous chords, giving no hint of any key-note, creeping through mysterious modulations, now loud, now in a whisper, and anon pausing altogether! It is all twilight of mystery and expectation. But the last cloud-chord resolves; out shines the sun, C major, *Allegro vivace*. Its first phrase of two chords seems to say: Now hear! and the theme, a strangely interesting one, is recited solo by the violin, and then the whole develops gloriously, as always do the pregnant thoughts of Beethoven. There is an episode of marvellous beauty in the second part of this first movement, which has the rhythm and the spirit of some of the most exalted passages in the "Joy" Symphony (the Choral), where the music seems to step on tip-toe with delicious sense of mystery and excitement. It is a splendid movement and a very difficult. The second movement, in A minor, six-eight, has an almost Mendelssohnian romance-like character,—very beautiful. The Minuetto, fresh and vigorous and graceful, leads right into the rapid fugue theme, which, as softly echoed and repeated, has a hum and flutter as of fairy wings, that may remind one of Mendelssohn, at the same time that it is very unlike

him. This very complicated, evenly sustained and rapid fugue was quite well rendered.

The Trio by Schubert was very finely played by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, and the brothers FRIES.—The young pianist has made decided improvement, and is always master of his music. To the first movement of this Trio we had been introduced some time ago by OTTO DRESEL. It is one of the best of its author, and one of the most perfect of first movements of this kind, both in vigor and imaginative beauty of ideas, and in clear, concise, exhaustive treatment. After the strong, downright leading subject, what an exquisite surprise awaits you in the second theme! The Andante, also, is delicious. And the Finale contains a thought too dangerously beautiful to the brain from which it sprang, for it seems as if he could not let it go; this movement is anything but concise; it is indeed, very, very long; yet we enjoyed it all. The Mendelssohn Variations were beautiful and very nicely played.—The selection from Mozart would have been keenly relished, had not the senses got already cloyed by excess of beauty.

The Eighth and last Concert of the Quintette Club will be given a week earlier than usual, namely next Tuesday evening, to make up for the week that was dropped some time since.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Music Hall looked bright and gay last Wednesday, with a large audience of adults and juveniles, for the commencement of a new series of Afternoon Concerts. CARL ZERRAHN and orchestra were welcomed as old friends.—The programme furnished enough for either class,—for those who like the very best, and those whose highest heaven is whipped syllabub. Here it is.

- 1—Symphony No. 4, (in Bb).....Beethoven
Adagio and Allegro—Adagio Cantabile—Scherzo—Finale.
- 2—Waltz. Juristen Ball Taenze. (1st time).....Strauss
- 3—Overture. "Freyschutz".....Weber
- 4—Cantabile, for Violoncello.....F. Suck
Performed by A. Suck.
- 5—Duet, from "Jessonda".....L. Spohr
- 6—Wecker Polka.....Faust
- 7—Jong Without Words, for Trumpet.....Nutzer
Performed by Anton Heinicke.
- 8—Trovatore Quadrille.....Zerrahn

The Symphony in B flat makes six Beethoven Symphonies that Zerrahn has given us this winter,—this poverty stricken, "panic" season, in which there was to be no music! This Symphony, somehow, is almost always happy in the rendering. It was indeed beautifully played; it does not actually need so large an orchestra as some, although more strings would certainly improve it. And is it not one of the loveliest of the tribe? Perhaps the loveliest (if we confine ourselves to that epithet), of all the nine. It is a delicate, delicious, Keats-like poem of love, and alternating ecstasy and sadness, and purple summer sunsets. Nowhere is the warmth and tenderness of that great heart of Beethoven more purely and confidently confessed. The *Freyschutz* overture went well of course. What an overture that is! Shall we ever hear it with indifference? Is it not more immortality to have written that one overture, than all the learned, clever, dull, or brilliant things that Spohr or Hummel ever did? to say nothing of much smaller fry.

Congregational Singing Again.

Our Brooklyn correspondent returns compliments to him of the ill-sounding name. We hear both sides, and shall soon take occasion, leaving us the local issue, to present our own views on the general question.

BROOKLYN, March 16, 1858.

Your correspondent "Malaccincio" is evidently much exercised in relation to what he considers my "laudation of the musical performances in Plymouth Church." No doubt your readers will be as much surprised as I was, and find it as difficult to discover anything in the article allud-

ed to, that can be tortured into anything like "laudation." Speaking of what I consider to be the true aim and object of music as a part of worship on the Sabbath—namely, Congregational Singing, I said, "I know of no place where this has been so satisfactorily accomplished, as in the Society of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church." All the "laudation" is compassed in this sentence.

But the trouble with your correspondent is, not so much that he is so intolerably tortured with the singing at Plymouth Church, as with the very *idea* of the congregation all singing, or, as he has it, "the vast noise of Congregational Singing." The issue is fairly stated in the first paragraph of your correspondent's letter. He says: "I desire to offer my earnest protest against the position taken by your Brooklyn correspondent of last week, upon the subject of Congregational Singing." This reduces the thing at once into a tangible shape, and renders it quite easy of solution. Your correspondent is a "*habitué*" of the Philharmonic Societies; is accustomed to hear the choicest, most delicious melodies and harmonies, most exquisitely given; how *can* any one, under such circumstances, endure "such horrible, excruciating sounds," as the "vast noise of Congregational singing?"

But seriously, it would be trespassing too much on the allotted space for your Brooklyn correspondent in your valuable *Journal*, to discuss this matter at length. I would recommend to the earnest consideration and careful perusal of "Malaccincio" some one or two of the very able articles, that have appeared in the *Journal* and other musical papers, at different times during the past five years, on the subject of "Congregational Singing" and music in our churches on the Sabbath.

And now a word in conclusion, on the music of Plymouth Church. Every statement contained in my letter is strictly correct, and not in the least exaggerated. I am only an occasional attendant at Plymouth Church, and whenever I have been there, the selection of the tunes has been exceedingly good in *every case*. There are many tunes in the "Plymouth Collection" which never should have found a place in any book designed for the worship of God; others totally unfit for the purpose intended may also be found in the book, but whenever I have attended Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher has selected such tunes as every one, yes, *every one*, will admit to be most excellent. For instance, the last time I attended this church, the old tune "Savannah," 10's metre, was given out and sung very well indeed, and the services were closed by singing that old melody found in many church music books, and known as "Fading, still fading;" and if any one could listen to those beautiful words, sung by that immense audience, to that simple, plaintive melody, and not feel deeply moved, he must not only be destitute of musical feeling, but possess a soul fit only for "treason, stratagem and spoils," and no doubt is much more at home while flirting or coquetting with some young Miss at a Philharmonic Rehearsal or Concert. The attempt at ridicule towards Professor Raymond is in exceedingly bad taste, at least. Mr. Raymond is a gentleman of excellent musical acquirements, and very active in all matters relating to the advancement or growth of musical taste in this city. On the formation of our Philharmonic Society, Mr. Raymond was

elected its Secretary, and by his assiduity and enterprise in the management, has contributed very much to its prosperity. I would recommend to your correspondent "Malaccincio," that he would cultivate the acquaintance of the "Professor;" I am sure it will improve his temper, if it does not modify his very extravagant ideas about Congregational Singing. **BELLINI.**

Musical Chat-Chat.

OLDER THAN WE THOUGHT. In our announcement last week of the great change that awaits our Journal, (which has been kindly copied by many of our brethren of the press,) we were so careless as to say: "On the 3d of April DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon its Sixth Year and Thirteenth Volume." We should have said *Seventh* Year.

Another delightful concert was given last Monday evening to a Chickering room full of friends by that admirable private Club of singers under the direction of OTTO DRESEL. Again we must own that we hear nowhere else such choice selections or such perfect execution. This time the balance of the parts, and the euphonious blending of the thirty voices seemed even more perfect than before. Mr. Dresel's piano accompaniments are always masterly. The programme contained a fresh and beautiful movement of a Cantata by Bach—chiefly instrumental, for violin, viola, flute and piano, with voices coming in occasionally; the *Ave Verum* of Mozart; a Hymn for Soprano and Chorus: "O for the wings of a dove," by Mendelssohn; Schubert's "Miriam" Cantata; Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and for lighter dessert, the elfin chorus from "Oberon," and bright part-songs by Franz and Mendelssohn. We must refer to it at more length when we enlarge our boundaries.

Mr. ALFRED HILL's Complimentary Concert will come off to-night at the Meionaon. The change of place is occasioned by the large demand for tickets—a very pleasant reason. The programme is but slightly changed from that before announced. Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. POWERS, Mr. LANG, pianist, and the Mendelssohn Quintette, all have volunteered their services; for all cherish a grateful recollection of Mr. Hill's obliging courtesy when he was connected with the Musical Exchange.... The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are busily rehearsing with orchestra for four oratorio performances, to be given in the evenings of April 3d, 4th, 10th, and 11th, with the aid of FORMES, D'ANGRI, CARADORI, Miss MILLNER and Mr. PERRING. The pieces will be "Elijah," the "Messiah," "Eli," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." As the last work is new to our public, we shall in the *Journal* for April 3d and 10th, copy a careful analysis of the composition, written by Mr. Macfarren for the London Sacred Harmonic Society.... By a card below, it will be seen that Mr. ECKHARDT is compelled to postpone for the present, his performance of the "Hymn of Praise."

The *Huguenots* is still drawing immense audiences at the New York Academy. The Ullman troupe will not come to Boston. Will Maretzek's? Not very soon, at all events. At present they are reviving the enthusiasm at their old home and starting-point, the Philadelphia Academy, where they commenced in *La Favorita*, with GAZZANIGA, Miss PHILLIPPS, BRIGNOLI, and AMODIO. Among the operas looked forward to are "William Tell," the "Prophet," "Beatrice di Tenda," and others. Gazzaniga's bust has been placed in the Academy, where she still reigns Queen. FREZZOLINI has left the company, and is giving concerts in New Orleans. RAMOS and RONCONI, too, have left it.

"Stella" of the "Palladium" is enthusiastic about the performance of the Fifth Symphony in Worcester, last week, and attributes its intelligent reception by the audience partly to the distribution of printed

copies of an analysis of the work taken from the *Journal*. The first hearing of the Fifth Symphony! how we envy that audience!

Apropos of Verdi: The *Trovatore* was produced recently in the city of Hanover, Germany, and was thus "written down" by the critic of the "*Zeitung für Norddeutschland*":

"It is one of the most lamentable works ever produced in the history of music. We have long ceased to wonder why true art goes a-begging, and mediocrity is surfeited with praise; but that a production like this of Verdi—alike execrable in libretto and music—should for so long a time draw crowded houses in Paris and London—that we must confess, surpasses our understanding."

This will do to offset our correspondent "Trovator", who, by the way, already wavers in his Verdi faith.

We find the following details about the last hours and burial of LABLACHE:

He died of a bronchitis, contracted in Russia during his last engagement. He was attended in his last illness by an old comrade he found in Naples, under the habit of a Dominican friar. This opera singer, who had sung frequently with Lablache, quitted the world in despair upon losing his whole family in a few days' time by the cholera. During the last crisis Lablache found his voice suddenly fail him. He called his daughter to him and said: "Ceochinis, my voice is gone, I'm dying." He was soon afterwards a corpse. The artists of Naples bore his coffin from the chamber to the hearse, and from the hearse to the vault where it was temporarily placed, that no mercenary hands might touch it. The coffin was opened at the grave-yard, and remained open while the last offices of the Church were performed. Just before it was placed in the vault, Mercadante laid a crown of amaranths upon it.

Lablache, whose remains were brought to Paris from Naples, was buried Feb. 20th. A grand funeral service was performed at the Madeleine, which was entirely filled with mourners and spectators. Rossini was present.

The Requiem of Mozart was performed in accordance with the wish expressed by Lablache shortly before he died—a wish recorded, it is said, in his will. The orchestra and chorus of the Italian Opera, reinforced by a number of chorists from the Grand Opera, under the direction of M. Dietsch, had assembled to perform the master piece of the immortal German. The *solis* were sung by Mario, Tamburini, Angelini, Béart, and Mesdames Giulia Grisi, Alboni, Nantier-Didiée and Wilhorst.

It was remarked that the Requiem of Mozart had not been performed in Paris since the day of the obsequies of Chopin, the celebrated pianist, were performed, in the same church, in November, of 1849, on which occasion Lablache sang, for the last time, the part of basso-solo. M. l'Abbé Deguerry alluded to this circumstance in the funeral oration which he pronounced over the remains of the lamented singer, adding the following interesting particulars: "The Requiem sung on that occasion (the funeral of Chopin) impressed me far more than it had ever done before; never had my heart felt so intensely the touching melancholy of that exquisite funeral prayer. I learned afterwards that the singer was Lablache, and I could not refrain from expressing to him my warm admiration and the more than usually great impression the Requiem had made on me. 'Perhaps those you had hitherto heard sing it lacked a quality I am happy to say I possess,' said Lablache, 'and that is Faith! faith, which I beg you to believe, M. Le Curé, I possess.'" I have nothing to add to such a declaration, said the orator.

The chief reason of Lablache's request to have the Requiem performed at his funeral is said to have proceeded from a feeling of grateful reminiscence. It was in 1816 that Pacsiello died in Naples, and, to honor his memory, the artists of the theatre of San Carlo performed the requiem of Mozart at his funeral. Lablache, who had hitherto remained unknown to fame, took a part in the celebration, and in the *Tuba Mirum* his magnificent voice obtained the most complete success—a success that decided his prosperity for life. As he left the church, he was engaged by a judicious impresario, and from that day the basso cantante, of one-and-twenty, had but Galli and Remorini as rivals throughout Italy.

The undersigned, in consequence of a change of publishers, will relinquish the printing of the *Journal of Music* after the 1st of April. He is now prepared to contract for the printing of a paper of similar size and style, on very favorable terms.

EDWARD L. BALCH.

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A CARD.

The undersigned some time since gave notice (Feb. 27th) to the Musical public of Boston and its vicinity of his intention to give a Concert on the 27th of March, when he would bring out the

Hymn of Praise, by Mendelssohn,

with the kind assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society of this city, and of other friends. His last rehearsal with full orchestra was to have been on Saturday, 20th inst., but he is now obliged to postpone his rehearsal and concert in consequence of the Handel and Haydn Society (departing from its usual evenings of rehearsal) having engaged the members of the Orchestra for the very evenings which he had selected for his own rehearsal and concert.

He therefore begs the indulgence of the public and his friends for this temporary delay of his concert, which he proposes still to give, when the arrangements of the Handel and Haydn Society shall leave him free to do so.

Due notice will be given of the next rehearsal.

H. ECKHARDT.

Meionaon, Tremont Temple.

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 Swiss Girl's Song of Home, (E flat) 3....." Friedrich, 25
 Hark, the Vesper hymn is stealing, (F) 4.....Thomas Ryan, 25
 Rule Columbia. National Song, (A) 3.....J. W. Turner, 25
 Mrs. Malone. Comic, (G) 3....." 25
 I long to see thy smile. Mother, (E flat) 3, " 25
 Saw ye not my bonnie lass, (F) 3....." 25
 May of the Valley, (G) 3.....Geo. F. Root, 25

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Who is the Greatest Composer?

If an unqualified answer were demanded, we should say, BEETHOVEN! But what of Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and Handel? What of Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Cherubini, Spontini, Méhul, Boildieu, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c., &c.? No one, it may reasonably be expected, will dispute Beethoven's superiority to these last. But the four first named are by their respective admirers considered equal, if not superior to him. We, too, are aware how much these masters have advanced the art, and how justly they are entitled to all the honor paid their memory. Truly are they great; and before attempting to establish our high claim for Beethoven, we must say a few words of his four great brethren.

MOZART, the classic, the irreproachable,—who does not profoundly admire him? Think of his Quartets and Quintets for stringed instruments; his Symphonies, especially those in C major, (which the English call "Jupiter"), and E flat major; think of any piece in *Don Giovanni*, or in *Die Zauberflöte*,—and be astonished at the genius and the learning there displayed! His instrumental compositions are models of symmetric form, models of the great art of effecting by small means, great results. The taste of the most fastidious declares them faultless, perfect. His operatic pieces command our admiration in almost a still higher degree. One always thinks on hearing the Introduction, the Quartetto, Sextetto, Finale, etc., of *Don Giovanni*, that a divine inspiration must have dictated this music, and our wonder constantly increases. How truly, how beautifully are the characters in that opera delineated by those tones! Therefore the world has justly added to the name of Mozart the title great, and raised him among the immortals.

HAYDN—the ever young and charming,—the founder of modern instrumental music,—the originator of the Symphony and stringed Quartet in their present form,—a form in which he has given to the world master works, as yet unsurpassed in classical grace and beauty,—Haydn well deserves to be called great. His "Creation," his "Seasons," contain a wealth of naive, innocent and charming melodies, as well as of deep science, always so concealed, that it sounds as if it had

been mere child's play, and every one might do it just as well. All with him is natural, clear, symmetrical, unostentatious; and in our time, where monstrous Symphonies, deformed Quartets, unintelligible Sonatas, and the like, are the order of the day among the leading composers, it is refreshing to hear Haydn's music. Who would detract one tittle from his solid fame?

With admiration we regard the unequalled master of counterpoint and fugue, the giant among Organ players, the patriarch, the sage, among Piano-Forte players and composers, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. His compositions are inexhaustible sources for study and learning, to which the greatest composers have borne testimony.—Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others, have have repeatedly declared how much they owe to him. The ease with which he treats the most difficult contrapuntal forms, as double, triple, inverted fugues and canons, is really astonishing, so that one cannot help thinking: Will there ever be a man who has attained to the same skill and science? Can it be possible? His greatest work, the Passion, according to St. Matthew, is considered a wonder in the realm of tones. As for his compositions for the Organ, they are to this day, after nearly a century and a half, the standard works, the most remarkable phenomenon in the literature of that instrument. Wherever a solid Organ Concert takes place, Bach's compositions form, and must form, the most prominent feature of the programme. What can the world call great if not such genius and colossal learning?

And what shall we say of HANDEL, the composer of the "Messiah"? Had he composed nothing but this work, he would have been immortal. The English almost identify the "Messiah" with their religious cultus. It would be useless to say much about its mighty choruses, about the deep piety that pervades the airs. Who can estimate the comfort, the consolation and serenity which the singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," has afforded to timid and desponding minds, that tremble at the thought of death? Listening to this divine music, we forget ourselves and all about us, as if the soul were wafted on the wings of these heavenly harmonies to the other world, and we experience a foretaste of the eternal bliss promised the pure in heart. A composer, whose music has this effect, will ever be entitled to be called great.

But great and unsurpassed as these composers were in their way, there is one who stands out from among them like Mount Washington among the mountains of New Hampshire, the greatest of the great. True, BEETHOVEN is not so pure in style as Mozart; he does not delight and flatter us so cheerfully and innocently as Haydn; nor

is he as scientific as Bach, or as devout as Handel. In regard to science, commonly so called, we must concede that he is surpassed by all the four; no man has ever called him a great master of counterpoint and fugue. Yet as science should include the skill to work up a theme or motive into a large tone-picture, he is at least in this branch equal, if not more than equal, to any of his predecessors. But let us leave science aside, and regard him from that point whence a musical composer, a tone-poet, always should be viewed.

The true mission of the composer ever must be to express in tones the feelings and passions which continually agitate the human soul. Now, no one has felt so deeply, expressed so powerfully, the various throbbings of the heart, as Beethoven. The joyful and the sad, the loving and the angry, the heroic and the gentle, all find sympathy with him; all see their natures portrayed, as it were, with glowing colors in his music. There is, indeed, a peculiar power in Beethoven's creations, which it is impossible to describe to those who do not feel it. We have chanced sometimes to hear a few measures of one or the other of his pieces for the piano-forte, and not being able to trace them at once to their origin, have involuntarily exclaimed: "How wonderful! By whom can that be?" By whom *could* it be but Beethoven. These deeply expressive melodies, these striking harmonies and rhythms, though entirely new, and never before heard, yet seem as if they had always lain dormant in the depths of our soul, and were now at once awakened and brought to our consciousness; as if Nature herself were stirring up the unfathomable sea of harmony within us, from which innumerable particles of sound become crystallized and shaped to wondrous forms and images.

In expressing the whole range of emotions of which the human heart is capable, so powerfully, he consequently enlarged the musical language to an extent hardly divined before. A thorough reformer, he created melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic figures, a resemblance of which we seek in vain in the works of the other masters. In striking out his own path, obnoxious rules and prejudices, which for centuries had been accumulating, were trodden under his feet, and thus the ban was lifted that kept many a genius before his time chained. To be sure, our friends of the wig and queue fashion, who went into ecstasies at a simple Minuetto in a Symphony of Haydn, were terrified with his proceedings. They considered him an impolite, uncultivated fellow, who would do better to display his feelings in a proper, well-weighed measure, in a language correct and elegant, instead of addressing good people with

such force and native vigor. But our time has done him justice, and will do so more and more. In him the tone-art has reached its climax; we are now in the descent; and when his works shall have ceased to interest, it will be the consequence of music having assumed entirely different forms and means of expression, of whose nature we can have no idea. The time, however, when this is to take place, does not seem to be far distant, judging from the remarkable fact that there is not one great composer at the present time.

Need we enlarge on his works in particular? That has so often been done that it would seem a vain beginning. There are many very able critics and Art philosophers, who qualify his claim to the title of greatest composer by confining it to his labors in instrumental music. It is true that in this branch he excels most. Since his Symphonies, his Sonatas and Trios, the composers look hopelessly at each other, not knowing what to write, as it seems impossible that any thing in this line could awaken interest after his mighty works. But his efforts in the other branches are by no means inferior to those of his predecessors. He wrote only one opera, and history has placed it by the side of *Don Giovanni*; he wrote some sacred compositions, among which the great Mass in D is a wonder incomparable, inimitable—a giant in form and dimensions, to explore whose grandeur and manifold beauties will afford ample work alike to the present and future generations.

That his very last, as yet unintelligible works, for instance, the Quartet in C sharp minor, etc., should detract from his greatness, cannot be admitted. The question arises whether we have the necessary genius, and whether we have taken pains enough to follow him in his flight. A genius like his, whose every new work was a progress, could not but be at last a great distance in advance of his time; and have we made an effort to overtake him? The immense flood of shallow dance-music, that originated with Strauss and Lanner, on the very spot where Beethoven created his immortal works; these innumerable penny concerts, nonsensical opera performances, and the like, which characterize our time, are decidedly unfavorable to the study of such works. No one of us is so situated that he can wholly avoid the influence of these bad agencies, which like a contagious mist infect the atmosphere of true and genuine Art. However, there are besides those obtruse works—if obtruse they are—so many in which the stamp of true mastery is clearly presented, that we need not regard the former at all, to establish for Beethoven the claim of the greatest of all tone-poets. It is exclusively these latter for which we feel with enthusiasm, and for which we give him the crown.

It may be that we are partial to him, as he belongs more to our time than any of the masters with whom we have named him—and for that reason his influence is necessarily stronger. We may safely say that the younger part of the musicians of to-day are his followers, and unconditional admirers. Whatever star now rises on the musical horizon, it endeavors to move in the same orbit, still shining with his brilliant lustre—his name, his life, his works, form everywhere the highest topic. It is possible that, with increase of years, our high opinion of him will be modified, so that we shall swear by Haydn or Mozart; or, should we ever rise to the dignity of a Professor of composition at a university, that Bach will be our motto; but so long as joys and sorrows quicken and retard the beating of our heart, we shall stand up for Beethoven.

AD. K.

Congregational Singing in Plymouth Church, Again.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1858.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.,

Dear Sir: He of the mellifluous name (christened perhaps, by some choir leader who had an ear for music), has well advised me to peruse the *Journal of Music*, with whose opinions I am possibly more familiar than himself—since I have thoughtfully read it for the last six years; but let me advise him never to read it lest he be moved from his present very satisfactory position and opinions. In his favor of the 16th, he has in no way rebutted the statement I made in regard to the musical performances at Plymouth Church, but adverted with profound speculation to the probable character of a Philharmonic habitué, and demonstrated that a secretary of a musical society is a thorough musician. With all this I have nothing to do but remark, that the performance of a choir under the charge of any professor is certainly more positive proof of his own qualifications, than any simple assertion. The fact remains undisputed and will be authenticated by your "Diarist", if his oracular presence ever comes into Plymouth Church,—that the music there performed, is usually of a style totally devoid of that element of solemnity and seriousness which constitutes its value as a medium of worship, and more than that, that its rendering is in direct violation of all the principles which organize music as an art and science, so as to make it positively annoying to those whose ears are accustomed to hear perfect harmonies.

The choir never sing in tune or balance. The organ is an instrument of itself enough to distress the ear of a sensitive person, and the ensemble, so far from fulfilling the idea which the *Journal* has held up, which I hope is the faith of "Bellini", is as I stated, congregational noise—not music. My objections were not to the union of all in the musical part of the service, for I have a deep looking forward to the day when to stand in a Christian temple, and hear the great congregation mingling their voices in choral harmony shall be almost like an illustration of the songs of another sphere,—but to the assertion that in Plymouth Church was to be found the grand exemplum fit for all to follow. From such a source as your *Journal* this would have authenticity and weight with a numerous class, who are accustomed to take their quene from the columns of your paper, and it was to controvert such an influence that I ventured my pasquinade. Let rather the idea be held up before young and old that "delicious harmonies," not of necessity elaborate, are not to be confined to the concert room or the opera—that in the house of God, where all things should be done devoutly and in order, we may have, even in this generation—pure and noble music, which shall be seriously interpreted with devotional spirit—by a choir who shall be capable of observing the proprieties of the performance artistically considered—and in which the spirit of the whole congregation shall be moved, elevated and touched with all the force of worship. Mere sound is sympathetic and psychologically potent. We see this in Plymouth Church. With what greater dignity and fitness would the whole service be invested, if the discords could be attuned and harmony made to pervade the vocal worship of such a congregation! It is not enough that they "take a part"—they should do it properly. Who goes to hear a preacher now, who is not prepared with the choicest thoughts in the choicest rhetoric? If then we require such perfection there, why may we not elevate our ideal of the choir's performance to at least the level of respectability? When your correspondent can controvert the fact I assert, or suggest any reason why the accomplishment of Congregational Singing in Plymouth Church is satisfactory, I beg we may hear from him again.

MALACCONICO.

Musical Lions in Paris—Littolf.

From the London Musical World, Feb. 27.

We have often had occasion to state, and we have now a pretext for repeating, that the Parisians are the greatest gudgeons (*goujons*) with respect to music on the face of the earth. True, France gave birth to Méhul, Boieldieu, and Auber—three men of whom Germany or Italy might have been proud; and yet we have the intimate conviction that the greatest beauties of these great composers* are least of all appreciated by the French. The instances in which they are bewildered in their attempt to adjudicate on the claims of foreign musicians are numberless. A Paris critic is sure to set down everything German either as profound or lofty—as diving into the depths of philosophy, or aspiring to the clouds. Innately bored with German music—as Frenchmen are naturally bored with anything serious (good or bad) that is not French—they, nevertheless, affect a certain veneration, which, mingled with a faint reflex of the critical and cynical spirit of Voltaire (who—honest and outspoken Frenchman—laughed at almost everything exotic), has something akin to the ghastly frolics of the nuns, in the resuscitation scene of *Robert le Diable*. As those wretched phantoms, called up by the infernal agency of Bertram, aped the wild, licentious dances and motions of living and breathing sensualists, so French critics—just as dead to the impression of foreign beauty as the mock-animate corpses of the nuns to the attractions of positive existence—abandon themselves, under the influence of *their* Bertram (the fiend of hypocrisy), to a feigned enthusiasm for Beethoven, Weber, and the kings of German music. How hollow, or how shallow, is this enthusiasm, becomes apparent when anything German, not ratified by the verdict of *time*, is brought before them. At such periods the French connoisseurs and the French "*dilettanti*" are at sea, betraying a misapprehension of the actual state of art only surpassed by the easy nonchalance with which it is exhibited. Just now M. Flotow's *Martha*—an opera which has gone the rounds of the Teutonic cellars for the last ten years—is produced in Paris, and apostrophized as if it was something altogether new! Why don't they read M. Fétis? His lucubrations are commonplace enough; but so far as history goes they may be relied on; and M. Fétis writes French—the only language *bonâ-fide* Frenchmen think it necessary for any inhabitant of this earth to know—passably well. M. Fétis could have told them all about *Martha*, and thus have saved them from committing themselves in respect to that well-known production.

A short time preceding the advent of *Martha*, the execution of a fragment of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* afforded the French *feuilletonistes* an opportunity of explaining to admiring nations (all nations read French, as a matter of course) the origin and signification of *oratorio*. The "admiring nations" might just as well have explained to self-admiring France (Paris) the origin and signification of whales—which, comparing nature and art, and allowing for differences, are not much more mysterious than oratorios. Do Frenchmen (Parisians) ever look at a map? If so, cannot they picture to their ardent imaginations that France does not cover the entire globe, and that *something* may have been going on, time out of mind, somewhere else than in France, which would have gone on precisely in the same way if there had been no France at all?

At this very moment we have a case in point. A new Rubinstein has arisen, and driven the old Rubinstein clean out of the heads of all polite Parisians. Mr. Henry Littolf (whom, two years since, the French critics knew no better than they did M. Rubinstein) has appeared on the horizon, played his "Fourth Concerto-Symphonique," and "astonied" all Paris. "*Credat Judæus Ap' Ella!*"—many will exclaim, who, remembering Littolf in England, at the society of British Musicians, have since, with very small

* Méhul was always making "*fiascos*;" and Gustave III.—one of Auber's finest works—is "*pooh-pooh'd*" by his countrymen, although popular all over Germany.

expense of trouble, followed his career in Belgium and Germany, and are aware of his precise claims and position, just as they are cognizant of those of Mr. Barnum, or general Tom Thumb. Mr. Littolf has "astonied" all Paris—not merely as a composer, but even more, as a *pianist*! A short, cadaverous looking gentleman, with light locks, long and sparse—who keeps a music-shop, quietly in the little town of Brunswick (without ever invoking the demon of the Hartz) and officiates as Kapellmeister (on continual leave of absence) to the very unassuming Duke of Saxe-Gotha—has arrived at Paris, played a so-called "*Concerto-Symphonique*," and been immediately apostrophized as "lion" of the first class. He has extinguished M. Rubinstein (the "lion" of 1857), and set the Boulevards in a ferment. The papers are mad about Mr. Littolf. The only one we have seen that ventures upon criticism is a class journal—the *Ménestrel*—which thus, with true French (Parisian) unconsciousness of the events of the last few years, apostrophizes the newly discovered prodigy:—

For us the real success of this *Concerto-symphonique* (which occupies an hour and a quarter in performance) lies in the *scherzo* and the *adagio religioso*. The first *allegro* and *finale* belong to that vast category of musical conceptions which are glorified at the present time in certain German and even French high places, and which comprise all the elements of the *School of the Future*, which, under pretext of discovering new horizons, displaces all the points of view of the past—that school in which the trees prevent us from seeing the forest, in which noise predominates, melody is ignored, and rhythm has lost its compass—in which the hearer is ill at ease, the mind distracted and the heart oppressed. Now and then a gleam appears, which allows you take breath for an instant; but such gleams are withdrawn precipitately, as if in remorse, and you re-enter chaos—unless, indeed, you are sufficiently lucid to be able to apprehend at a glance the music of future ages.

Assuredly this school does not proceed from Haydn or Mozart; its disciples even avoid it and are vain of the fact. But does it at any rate proceed from Beethoven or Weber? Not a bit more. Weber and Beethoven sing. Beethoven, and still more Weber, possess clearness.

"Be it so. Let the *School of the Future* know, however, that this concession will always be imposed upon it; since the so-called vulgar taste is *melody*; and *melody* is eternal. Without melody there is no music, past, present or future."

Is this not strange? Why, it was only two years since that the musical press of Europe was filled with anecdotes about Littolf's contempt for the school of the "Future"—his defiance of Liszt, at Weimar—his confarreation with M. Berlioz, after the rehearsal of "*Lohengrin*"—his breaking a walking stick in two, as a sign of his disaffection, &c. &c. And now we are admonished that Mr. Littolf is a disciple of the *Zukunft*! The Parisian papers themselves related the anecdote at the time—and, if we are not mistaken, the *Ménestrel* among the number.

M. Rubinstein will, no doubt, speedily return to Paris and vindicate his rights. Meantime, between the two, what is to become of Madame Szarvady-Wilhelmine Clauss (the "*lionne*" of 1852), who has once more launched her fragile bark on the sea of competition, and gave her first concert a few days since? She—poor tender thing!—will be like an antelope striving to make head against two hungry tigers.

Musical Correspondence.

FOLIGNO, ITALY, FEB. 1.—The time of my departure being near at hand, I prepared to tear myself away from Florence, and exclaimed one morning to the Padrona, as she brought my breakfast: "Cara Padrona, after a few more diurnal revolutions of the orb of day, I shall be pen-

* When, according to the French correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, "her exquisite touch and wondrous power were manifested, more especially in that charming sonata in sol major in BEETHOVEN'S 31st SYMPHONY." We leave the *Morning Advertiser* to explain how a sonata can be in a symphony; but we must protest that Beethoven only composed nine symphonies.

sively musing among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars! A little more sugar, please, Padrona."

The Padrona not seeming to understand the first part of my remarks, I benignantly explained that I was going to Rome. The Padrona received the information with a cough, and thought that it was very strange I should want to go to Rome in such cold weather; but her argument did not probably have the effect she intended, for I immediately assured her that it was the cold weather that hurried my departure—at which she flounced out of the room, and I shortly after heard her scolding the Italian maid-servant in very vehement Italian. Fearing that I had offended the Padrona, I rushed to my bed, seized my bolster, and hastening down to the yard, wrapped it around a fright of a cactus that I knew to be one of the Padrona's pets that she ranked amid the gems of her collection.

Ineffable Machiavelli that I am! This stroke of policy had, as I anticipated, a mollifying effect upon the Padrona, and she shortly issued forth and joined me in the yard, where I was standing lost in the admiration of the plant, as she approached. I asked where she had been so lucky as to obtain this beautiful floral specimen,—to tell the truth, it was the most horribly ugly, jagged old wretch of a cactus that ever mortal beheld, and by a few more judicious remarks, quite insinuated myself again into the good graces of the worthy lady. From that time to the day I bade her farewell, our conversation was marked by a tender shade of melancholy, caused by my approaching departure,—the coming event casting its shadow before. The Padrona wishes me to recommend her to my friends, and I take this public method of informing anybody about to visit Florence, that a more amiable and honest landlady than Cara Padrona, it would be difficult to find in any part of the Florentine capital.

Now when the time of my departure was fully come, I packed up my worldly goods in a red silk handkerchief and prepared to bid a last farewell to the excellent Padrona, whose real worth I felt I had never appreciated till that moment.—We said good-bye and then, when I arrived at the end of the entry by the front door, I did like the heroes in the Italian opera, when they take leave of ladye fayre, just before making their exit at the wings,—I raised my hands and cried in a loud voice—"Addio!" And you know, that the Padrona, being temporarily the prima donna of this extempore operatic scene, ought to have responded with a prolonged *Ad---di---o*, (the last vowel being sounded on high A at least), and then have fallen senseless on the entry floor, while I was to rush wildly out of the front door and disappear. Instead of this however, the Padrona merely exclaimed, as she gave one of her little girls a box on the ears for spilling some milk.

"Good-bye sir, and a pleasant journey to you!"

The Padrona means well, but is not of a poetic temperament.

* * * * *

So having left Florence, I turned my face Rome-ward. Going to Rome! There was something thrilling in the idea, and I felt it would argue a sad lack of appreciation, did I not signalize the event by a little spouting. So I referred to one of my opera librettos for an appropriate quotation, and of course finding one quickly—the opera libretti are invaluable for quotations—I proudly repeated with Attila:

Gia piu rapido del vento,
Roma iniqua, io movo a te—

Having said this several times with striking effect, I felt much relieved and wound up by attempting to sing in a touching tone the duet from "*Norma*:" *Vieni in Roma, o cara*, but after a few bars I was choked by tears. "There are chords," says Mr. Guppy, and I had unwittingly struck one of them, and at that instant was reminded of the Cara Padrona.

My first resting place on my route from Florence to Rome was Arezzo, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, where they have an opera house, named after the poet Petrarch, who was a native of this place. There had, however, been some squabble among the artists, and the season had been brought to a premature close a few nights before my arrival. At Perugia however, I found the opera going on successfully; but unluckily, it being a *fete* day when I visited the city, there was no performance that evening, and much as I wished to hear Mercadante's *Vestale*, which was announced for the following evening, I could not wait. So not till I arrived at Foligno was I able to hear an opera.

This Foligno, whence I now write, is a rather bustling little town of some 8,000 inhabitants, and is built at the foot of a mountain, which is something unusual in this part of Italy, where the cities are usually perched upon the crests or sides of steep, sloping hills. Foligno is not remarkable for anything else that I know of, excepting that it once enshrined in its Cathedral Raphael's celebrated *Madonna del Foligno*, now at Rome, and which is familiar to every one from engravings.

At my inn at Foligno, I made the acquaintance of an Italian gentleman from a neighboring town, who invited me to take a seat in his box at the opera. The performances did not commence till about 9 o'clock, being specially delayed to allow the patrons of the theatre to witness a religious procession that took place the same evening, in honor of the patron saint of the city. After beholding this curious torch-light array of priests, crosses and images, we betook ourselves to the theatre, and took possession of a box in the third tier. Such a theatre—such a pigmy of a theatre and such a dirty little pigmy of a theatre, too, you never saw. The ceiling was frescoed, and the centre-piece was a representation of Time, with his sceptre and hour-glass, restrained in his onward course by Pleasure, represented as a young lady dressed in pink,—but was so blackened with smoke that, had I not been quite near the ceiling, I could not have made out the design. The theatre is lighted in the primitive style with oil, the luxury of gas being unknown in Foligno. The house is divided into tiers of boxes, the parquette being thrown open to the general public, while any party of four or five, if it include ladies, can have the use of a private box without extra charge. The building was very well filled, chiefly by the poorer classes, though there were a few handsome toilettes in the lower range of boxes.

The opera was Mercadante's *Giuramento*, which is, I believe, considered one of his best works;—but it was so wretchedly performed that I could gain no approximate idea of its real merits. I noticed particularly, however, a concerted piece, the finale to the second act, and a very fine duet for soprano and tenor in the last act. The opera has no overture whatever, or at least none was performed, and as the orchestra was very fair,

there would be no very particular reason for omitting it. A tolerable brass band was also on the stage and rendered efficient service in the choruses, playing their instruments at times, and when not thus engaged, using their voices. The female part of the chorus, consisting of five ladies, could not be said to be productive of very gratifying effects. As to the principal performers, with the exception of a passable baritone, they were poor. The *prima donna* was evidently an old stager,—a very old stager in point of fact, and though she acted with intelligence and sang with some skill, yet her voice had departed and with it her glory; it was easy enough to tell that she was some superannuated artist, who perhaps in the days when Sontag and Grisi were in their prime, may have enjoyed a fair reputation in Italy, but, unlike them, she had not found in old age the elixir of youth and when years came, voice left. Once she undoubtedly had taken her part on more famous stages than that of Foligno, but now she is glad enough perhaps, to earn a livelihood by singing in obscure places like this. The salary she gets, is, I understand, fifty dollars a month, and this is considered very respectable for a provincial theatre. Is there not something saddening in this sequel to the life of a *prima donna*?

The contralto, on the other hand, is young and unfledged. She has a powerful voice but no method or execution whatever; some low notes in which she delights, and howls rather than sings, have a great effect with the pit-folks, (remember I am in a box this time, and have a right to be snobby), and bring a *bis* for her principal air.—The tenor is hopelessly mediocre and the baritone, the best of the company, receives the least applause. Yet, it is curious to notice how delighted the audience are with the efforts of these artists. The Italians are not a travelling people, and probably very few of those present have heard an opera elsewhere than in Foligno, and have perhaps never in their lives been twenty miles from their homes. So to them it is excellent; and the cry of Bravo, and Brava, and Bravi.—they make in Italy this distinction according to the sex and number of the performers,—was given with quite as much force and enthusiasm as by the habitués of San Carlo, La Scala or the Salle Ventadour. It is strange indeed, after having heard the operatic performances in the great opera houses in Europe, to attend the opera in a little town like Foligno, and I can hardly tell why,—perhaps it is because of the reminiscences of that poor old *prima donna*.—but I can never think again of my visit to the Foligno opera, without finding something affecting in the whole affair.

Between the acts we had refreshments, consisting of a *punchetta* a-piece, (which being interpreted, meaneth a little glass of punch), and confectionary brought to our box. Our party consisted of five, and the total expense of the evening's entertainment for all of us, including the opera box and the refreshments, amounted to *seventy cents*! The admission to the house is ten cents a head.

At Perugia, which is quite a provincial capital in its way, and the largest town between Florence and Rome, they are a little more aristocratic, and are this season playing Mercadante's *Vestale* and Pacini's *Elisa Velasco* at a fifteen cent admission. I notice that Mercadante is very popular in this part of Italy. At Foligno, his *Vestale* and *Giuramento* are the operas of the present season. At

Spoletto, a town some fifteen or twenty miles distant, his *Vestale* is alternating with Pacini's *Elisa Velasco*, the same as at Perugia.

It should be borne in mind that these towns are what we should consider in America, little villages. Spoletto for instance, has 6,500 inhabitants—Foligno 8,000—Perrigia 18,000—and Terni, which boasts of a really magnificent theatre, about 9,000. Operatic performances are preferred to dramatic, and almost every town in Italy, with a population of 5,000 or 6,000, enjoys an opera at least for five months of the year. Yet in America, it appears that New York and Philadelphia are the only towns able to keep up operatic performances, and they, with their half a million of inhabitants, make more failures in it than the pretty little villages of Italy. It must be said, however, that when they do have it, they have it well done, and I have heard operas produced in Florence in a style that would not be permitted in the Academies of Music of our two great cities.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24.—It is seldom that we have the good fortune to hear a concert so excellent in all its parts, as that given by Mr. EISEL last evening. There was not one drawback to mar its enjoyment. The great attraction was Mr. SATTER, whose name was attached to Schubert's second Trio. How well I remember the first appearance of this artist, three years ago, on a like occasion; and how he raised all his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, by his wonderful playing. He gave us, then, the first of Schubert's Trios, which, until now, I have always thought the finest of the two, having heard the second repeatedly, since, from artists and amateurs. But under the hands of Mr. Satter, the latter appeared like a different thing entirely. He called to life beauties unnoticed in it before, infused the whole with an artistic glow, and gave it its truest and most perfect interpretation. A portion of his own fire, too, could not but be transmitted to his fellow-players, so that the rendering of the whole was one of the rarest excellence; for in both of these Trios of Schubert, as much depends upon the stringed instruments, as on the piano. It can therefore only heighten our opinion of Mr. Satter's artistic merit, when he chooses for performance such works as these, in which he regards their value as compositions more than the prominence which they give him in their rendering. A perfect tempest of applause recalled the artist to the instrument after the Trio, and this time he gave us a fine specimen of his peculiar powers. He played his arrangement of the Overture to "William Tell", and I think I can safely say that I never heard the like before. We seemed to be listening to a miniature orchestra, and it appeared impossible that one pair of hands could bring forth such volumes of sound. I never heard Liszt in any performance of this kind, but it is difficult to believe that he could do more. Mr. S. gives a private *Matinée* tomorrow and an evening concert on Friday. The vocal part of the entertainment was for once, entirely satisfactory, being entrusted to our general favorite, Miss MARIE BRAINERD. This young lady has appeared in public too rarely this winter. Her amiable and unpretending manner must prepossess every one in her favor. She appears to have almost too little confidence in her own merits. Her fine, pure, true voice is always the same, and agreeable in every part of its compass: she sings without effort, and with evident feeling for what she sings, and her improvement in the course of time is very evident.—She sang last night the *Vanne, vanne*, from "Robert", most satisfactorily. But it was in her second piece that she appeared to better advantage than in anything I have previously heard from her. This was

the *Ave Maria* of Franz, and Miss Brainerd sang it with a degree of truth, and feeling, and simplicity, that spoke her full appreciation of the composer. It was only to be regretted that the exciting impression still remaining of Mr. Satter's playing, prevented an encore which she richly deserved. May we not hope that the fair songstress will continue to interpret to our public the songs of the "Saale Swan" (as the poet has called him,) and win for him as high a place as he has gained with you? The little band among us who first learned to love and revere him still remains, though the friend who opened our hearts to him has long since left us to find with you a far greater number of converts. But we still hope that the day may come when this greatest of modern song-writers—than whom none has ever succeeded better in completing what the poet has left unsaid—shall gain a place in the hearts of our music-lovers.

The Quartets were quite as enjoyable as the rest of the concert. The first was the No. 1. in F, of Schumann, which Mason and Thomas gave us at their first *Matinée*, and beautiful as it seemed then, it still improves by repeated hearings. The last was Mozart's lovely gem in G, (also No. 1,) which though familiar to us all, is always heard with delight. In short, this concert was almost too perfect for us to expect to enjoy many such.

* Franz lives in Halle on the Saale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 27, 1858.

After Tuesday next our Editorial Sanctum will be at the music store of our new publishers Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. No. 277 Washington St. Office hours from 11 to 2 P. M.

In the mean time we shall be found at Mr. Balch's printing-office, No. 34 School St. (Room No. 17, up stairs,) where we shall be happy to receive those who have past accounts to settle with the Journal. Subscriptions for the past year, or years, and advertising bills to this date, are payable to the Editor, or to Mr. E. L. Balch, on his account. Subscriptions, &c. for the coming year (commencing April 3d) should be paid to O. Ditson & Co.

OUR JOURNAL.—With this issue our musical journalism is just six years old. On the threshold of a new year we look back with strangely mingled feelings upon our humble efforts and their results, which we will not presume to estimate save by the most material measure, as tangibly embodied in six thick double volumes, bound or ready for the binder. Our work, to say the least, has grown voluminous; and it is no vanity in us to think that these volumes, which we trust have had some influence for good, have not been read so much as they deserve. Consider how much of the best literature of musical and other Art, gathered from all sources, is now concentrated in these six volumes! The best lives and criticisms of the great composers; estimates of their works and genius; surveys of the progress of music in various periods; rare and valuable papers, like those of Liszt on Chopin, of Oulibicheff on Mozart, of Hoffmann, Schumann, Berlioz, Chorley, and others, on many subjects, are here permanently collected. Then where can be found so full a contemporary history of music, here about us, and in all the world, for six years past? What a mass of interesting records, criticisms, notices of artists, operas, and concerts, quaint "Diaries," and pleasant and instructive tales, are here brought into one heap, indexed for reference! We do not see how any intelligent musician or amateur, how any library, can well afford to be without a complete set of the JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

With this view, we are taking measures to reprint at once one or two exhausted numbers, and shall then be able to furnish at low prices full sets of the six years, bound or unbound. Many subscribers,

who commenced to take the paper in the midst of its career, will do well to obtain the earlier volumes and complete their sets before it is too late. Application should be made to the editor.

So much for the past. And now we enter upon a new era of our journalism. What we have waited and toiled to bring about is now in some sense to be realized. We are to be free to give our whole mind to the editing of our paper, leaving its outward business in abler, that is to say, in real business hands. It will be the same Journal, the same editor and writers, the same purpose, the same spirit, but with more variety of matter and of means, and with new wings to waft its seeds of truth into wide fields and corners inaccessible before. Under the auspices of our new publishers, OLIVER DITSON & CO., we feel that we shall have a fairer field for our own cherished work than we have had before, and trust that all our old friends and subscribers will go with us in the change.

There is but one theme of regret. It grieves us to take leave of our excellent and faithful printer, to whose taste and skill the good looks, and not a small part of the welcome, of our little sheet has for five years been owing. We have assurance that our paper shall not suffer by the change; but we cannot part with our friend BALCH without expressing our gratitude to him, and recommending him most cordially as one of the most tasteful and best of printers, especially in musical matters.

CONCERTS.

Our Concert notices this week must be brief—mere record and not criticisms.

1. Mr. ALFRED HILL's Complimentary Concert at the Meionan was well attended and gave great pleasure. A better collection of singers, all our own, too, is rarely brought together. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice seems more and more beautiful; but its full power was too tremendous in that hall in the strong bursts of *Robert, toi que j'aime*, otherwise well sung. Her ballads: "Auld Robin Gray" and "Charlie is my Darling," were charming in tone and simplicity of rendering. Miss TWICHELL's contralto has gained power and extension. She sang a cavatina from Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, and a charming "Fishermayden" song from Meyerbeer. Mrs. LONG gave a splendid rendering of *Ah! mon fils*. The tenor of Mr. ADAMS and the basso of Mr. POWERS set airs from *Luisa Miller* and *La Favorita* in a good light. The duet *Mira la bianca luna*, (Rossini), by Mrs. Long and Mr. Adams, and Curschman's Trio: *Io prego*, (Mrs. Long, Miss Twichell, and Mr. Adams), were beautifully sung. The Mendelssohn Quintette contributed of their lighter selections, operatic "arrangements," &c.

2. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB closed their series on Tuesday night with a most crowded audience. The programme contained:

- 1—Quartet in B flat, No. 3.....Mozart
- 2—Air from *Figaro*, "Dove sono".....Mozart
- 3—Grand Trio in E flat, op. 100.....Franz Schubert
- 4—Andante and Scherzo from the Quartet in A minor, op. 13.....Mendelssohn
- 5—Ave Maria, with Clarinet obligato.....Cherubini
- 6—Quintette No. 1, in E flat, op. 4.....Beethoven

The Schubert Trio, played by Messrs. PARKER, A. and W. FRIES, we enjoyed even more than in the first programme. Mrs. WENTWORTH's voice in these two favorite pieces was welcome after long silence, and she has lost none of her artistic excellence.

The Club announce their annual Complimentary Benefit Concert for April 6th.

CONCERTS AT HAND. There will be another chance this evening to hear the fine voice of Miss FAY, who sings at the Melodeon for the benefit of an invalid. To-morrow (Sunday) evening, our excellent German Männerchor, the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB, offer us a fine Concert of Sacred Music, at the Lowell Institute Hall. Mr. KREISSMANN

will conduct, of course; and the charm of Miss DOANE's voice and presence will not be wanting.—In fact, the Concert is for the benefit of these two artists, to whom the Club are naturally grateful for valuable and constant aid;—how could either of them be spared from an Orpheus Concert? Mr. EICHBERG, violinist, from New York, too, and Mr. JUNGNIKKEL, violoncellist, will contribute each a solo; and such a solo, as the Ciaccona, by Bach, with Mendelssohn's accompaniment, is not heard every day in this part of the musical solar system. A Lutheran choral, Mozart's most beautiful *Ave verum corpus*, Schubert's Psalm, Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, are of the finest kind of sacred music; so too the air by Bach. But what Donizetti's *Elisir* can have to do with such high and holy company, we are at a loss to understand. Why should so beautiful a concert have one blemish? The GERMAN TRIO give their Fifth next Tuesday night, when we hope there will be more than twenty-five persons, (as on that last stormy night) to hear that glorious No. 1 of the "Rasoumofsky" Quartets of Beethoven. The programme also shows the best of Mozart's Quartets, that in E flat, and a Quartet by Haydn. The party consist of Messrs. GAERTNER, C. & J. EICHLER, and JUNGNIKKEL. The ORCHESTRAL UNION still serve up cheap, every Wednesday afternoon, a good Symphony and Overture besides a variety of and so forths.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are as busy as they can be rehearsing for the four Oratorio performances with FORMES, D'ANGRI, &c. Last Sunday evening the Lecture Room of the Music Hall was packed and rammed full of sonorous harmonies; the great chorus occupying nearly all the amphitheatrical tiers of seats, and the full orchestra the pit below. The piece was "Elijah," and it made all ring again. This week there are four rehearsals of the work which is new here, the *Lobgesung* of Mendelssohn.

RUSSELL & RICHARDSON announce a fresh list of new publications this week. Among them we are glad to see three of a new set of twelve of the most original and unsurpassed Songs of Robert Franz.—Nothing better could be offered to those who care for the real soul and poetry of song. As specimens of musical engraving, too, especially in the artistic vignette, which is copied *pure et simple* from the German edition, these three issues are the most tasteful that have yet come from the American press. Among the lighter matters on the list many will be glad to find music to the Charity Ode of the late Fair, aptly set by Mlle. Gabriel DeLamotte. NOVELLO's successors in his New York branch, Messrs. WEBB & ALLEN, advertise all manner of approved good music for the approaching Festivals of the Church, such as Easter Carols, hymns, anthems, &c., for Good Friday, Ascension, Whitsuntide, &c. See next page.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO.

FOURTH SEASON.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the FIFTH Musical Soiree will take place at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, next TUESDAY EVENING, March 30th, assisted by Messrs. C and J. EICHLER, on which occasion will be performed:

- 1—Beethoven's Quartet in F major, (by particular request)
- 2—Mozart's Quartet in E flat.
- 3—Haydn's Quartet in B flat.

See programmes at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3 Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

MELODEON.

MISS ABBY B. FAY

Will give a Concert at the MELODEON, on SATURDAY EVENING, March 27th, for the benefit of an invalid. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mr. Lang will assist. Signor Bendelari will accompany Miss Fay.

To commence at 7½ o'clock precisely. Tickets Fifty Cents each, at the Music Stores and at the door.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

The Members of the Orpheus Glee Club will give a Concert of SACRED MUSIC, at the LOWELL INSTITUTE, 231 Washington Street, on SUNDAY EVENING, March 28th, under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN, on which occasion they will be assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, from New York, Violinist, and Mr. HENRY JUNGNIKKEL, Violoncellist.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

- 1—Choral. "Eine fies e Burg ist unser Gott.".....Luther
- 2—Ave verum.....Mozart
- 3—Duet. "Tibi omnes Angeli,".....Giordani
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—Ciaccona, for the Violin, (with Mendelssohn's Piano
Accompaniment.).....Bach
Mr. Julius Eichberg.
- 5—Kyrie.....Hasslinger
- 6—Aria, for Soprano. "My heart ever faithful," with
Violoncello obligato,.....Bach
Miss Doane and Mr. Jungnickel.
- 7—Prayer.....Weber

Part II.

- 1—Psalm XXIII. "The Lord is my Shepherd,".....Schubert
- 2—The Chapel. (Dix Kirchein,).....Becker
- 3—Recitative and Quintet, from Psalm XLII.....Mendelssohn
- 4—Elegy at a Graveyard, for Violoncello,.....Linduer
Mr. Henry Jungnickel
- 5—"This is the Lord's own Day,".....Kreutzer
- 6—Reminiscences from "L'Elisir d'Amore,".....Eichberg
Mr. Julius Eichberg.
- 7—Das Felsenkreutz.....Kreutzer

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores, and principal hotels, also at N. D. Cotton's, and at the door on the evening
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Particulars in future Advertisements.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. ANNOUNCE

That they will issue on the 31 of April, and continue to publish every week thereafter,

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Each number will contain SIXTEEN PAGES, of the same handsome quarto form and the same beauty of external style, which have heretofore characterized the Journal of eight pages. From two to four pages each week will be filled with CHOICE Music.

The literary contents will, as heretofore, relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Books, the Drama, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, &c.

The Editorial management will remain with JOHN S. DWIGHT, who is pledged to conduct the paper in the same fair and independent spirit, which has won for "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC" its high name among Art journals during the past six years. He will be assisted still by the same able corps of correspondents and contributors, including the "Dilettant" and author of the much admired "Brown Papers"; while new correspondents and reporters from all quarters will from time to time be added, thus making the Journal as complete and true an organ as possible of Musical Art and Musical Culture in this country, and indispensable to every family and individual of musical and artistic taste.

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